

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY
HENRY NEWBOLT

VOL. XVI.
JULY—SEPTEMBER 1904

2048

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INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
APPONYI, COUNT ALBERT	The Army Question in Austria and Hungary July 1
BARNES, MONSIGNOR	Suggestions on the Origin of the Gospels Sept. 84
BENSON, A. C.	Julian Sturgis July 117
BRIDGE, ADM. SIR CYPRIAN, G.C.B.	Classical Education in the Navy . July 63
BRIDGES, ROBERT	English Music : a Practical Scheme . July 105
CARTWRIGHT, JULIA (MRS. ADY)	George Frederick Watts Aug. 23
COLERIDGE, MARY E.	The Questionable Shapes of Nathaniel Hawthorne July 74
" "	The Romantic School in France . Aug. 132
COOK, THEODORE A.	The Romance of Coinage Sept. 101
CORBETT, JULIAN S.	The One-Eyed Commission . . . July 38
DE LA MARE, WALTER J.	Four Sonnets July 124
DE SAN CARLOS, PEPITA	The Popular Poetry of Spain . . Sept. 135
DURAND, RALPH A.	The Case for the Congo Officials . Aug. 87
EDITORIAL ARTICLES	Last Year and Next Sept. 1
	Motors and Manslaughter Aug.
	On the Line July 34, Aug. 9, Sept. 17
ELWIN, THE LATE REV. WHITWELL	Thackeray at Cambridge Sept. 151
IDDESLEIGH, THE EARL OF	Captain Marryat as a Novelist . . Sept. 121
JERROLD, LAURENCE	Church v. State : the Real French View Sept. 26
LAUGHTON, L. G. CARR	War Under Water Sept. 60
LEIPOLDT, C. LOUIS	The Rebel July 152
LUBBOCK, PERCY	Julian Sturgis July 111

	PAGE
MACKAIL, J. W.	The Place of Latin and Greek in Human Life July 50
MARSTON, R. B.	German Dreams and the Downfall of England Sept. 39
MATTHEWS, PROFESSOR BRANDER	Seed-corn for Stories Aug. 123
MAUDE, LT.-COL. F. N.	The Place of War in the World's Life Aug. 41
MOORE, J. E. S.	The Cancer Problem To-day Aug. 97
MOORE, MABEL	Recent Excavations at Carthage July 128
OKUMA, COUNT	The New Japan Aug. 83
PEDDER, LT.-COL. DIGBY	Under which King? Aug. 110
PHILLIMORE, GODFREY	The Case of British East Africa Sept. 53
RAVENHILL, ALICE	Physical Training and National Development Sept. 70
REID, W. C. JAMESON	What I saw in Thibet Aug. 60
SCHNEIDER, BARONESS AUGUSTA VON	Recent Excavations in Ægina July 146
TAYLOR, ALICIA CAMERON	Pictorial Relics of Third - Century Christianity Aug. 137
WELLS, H. G.	George Gissing : an Impression Aug. 159

Army
Britis/
Cance
Captai
Churc
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Moto
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On th
Physi
n
Picto
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Recer
Recer
Roma

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

	PAGE
Army Question in Austria and Hungary	COUNT ALBERT APPOŃYI July 1
British East Africa, The Case of	GODFREY PHILLIMORE Sept. 53
Cancer Problem To-day, The	J. E. S. MOORE Aug. 97
Captain Marryat as a Novelist	THE EARL OF IDDESLEIGH Sept. 121
Church <i>v.</i> State : the Real French View	LAURENCE JERROLD Sept. 26
Classical Education in the Navy	ADM. SIR CYPRIAN BRIDGE, G.C.B. July 63
Congo Officials, The Case for the	RALPH A. DURAND Aug. 87
English Music : a Practical Scheme	ROBERT BRIDGES July 105
Four Sonnets	WALTER J. DE LA MARE July 124
George Frederick Watts	JULIA CARTWRIGHT (MRS. ADY) Aug. 23
George Gissing : an Impression	H. G. WELLS Aug. 159
Gospels, Suggestions on the Origin of the	MONSIGNOR BARNES Sept. 84
Japan, the New	COUNT OKUMA Aug. 83
Julian Sturgis	PERCY LUBBOCK AND A. C. BENSON July 111
Last Year and Next Sept. 1
Motors and Manslaughter Aug. 1
Music, <i>see</i> English Music	
Nathaniel Hawthorne, the Questionable	
Shapes of	M. E. COLERIDGE July 74
On the Line July 34, Aug. 9, Sept. 17
Physical Training and National Develop- ment	ALICE RAVENHILL Sept. 70
Pictorial Relics of Third - Century	
Christianity	ALICIA CAMERON TAYLOR Aug. 137
Recent Excavations at Carthage	MABEL MOORE July 128
Recent Excavations in Ægina	BARONESS AUGUSTA VON SCHNEIDER July 146
Romance of Coinage, The	THEODORE A. COOKE Sept. 101

	PAGE
Sturgis, <i>see</i> Julian Sturgis	
Suggestions on the Origin of the Gospels	MONSIGNOR BARNES Sept. 84
Thackeray at Cambridge	THE LATE REV. WHITWELL ELWIN Sept. 151
The Army Question in Austria and Hungary	COUNT ALBERT APPONYI July 1
The Cancer Problem To-day	J. E. S. MOORE Aug. 97
The Case of British East Africa	GODFREY PHILLIMORE Sept. 53
The Case for the Congo Officials	RALPH A. DURAND Aug. 87
The New Japan	COUNT OKUMA Aug. 83
The One-Eyed Commission	JULIAN S. CORBETT July 38
The Place of Latin and Greek in Human Life	J. W. MACKAIL July 50
The Place of War in the World's Life	LT.-COL. F. N. MAUDE Aug. 41
The Popular Poetry of Spain	PEPITA DE SAN CARLOS Sept. 135
The Questionable Shapes of Nathaniel Hawthorne	MARY E. COLERIDGE July 74
The Rebel	C. LOUIS LEIPOLDT July 152
The Romance of Coinage	THEODORE A. COOK Sept. 101
The Romantic School in France	MARY E. COLERIDGE Aug. 132
Under which King?	LT.-COL. DIGBY PEDDER Aug. 110
War under Water	L. G. CARR LAUGHTON Sept. 60
Watts, <i>see</i> George Frederick Watts	
What I saw in Thibet	W. C. JAMESON REID Aug. 60

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WRITERS IN THE "MONTHLY REVIEW"

FROM OCTOBER 1900 TO SEPTEMBER 1904

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 Bridge, Admiral Sir Cyprian, G.C.B.
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 Brooks, Sydney
 Burke, J. Butler
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 Buxton, Noel
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 Carlisle, The Earl of
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 Cecil, Lord Hugh, M.P.
 Childers, Erskine
 Cholmeley, Robert F.
 Cholmondeley, E. C.
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 Corbett, Julian S.
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 De Sélincourt, Basil
 De Thierry, C.
 De Viti de Marco, Marchesa
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 Douglas, R. Langton
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 Durham, Miss M. Edith
- ELLIS, Havelock
 Eltzbacher, O.
 Elwin, Rev. Whitwell
 Evans, Arthur J.
 Evans-Gordon, Major H., M.P.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

- FALKINER, C. Litton
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 Edmund, G.C.B.
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 Fry, Roger E.
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 Fyfe, H. Hamilton
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 Grey, Henry M.
 Griffin, Professor W. Hall
 Guyot, Yves
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 Hamilton, Lord Ernest
 Hanbury-Williams, C.
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 Hayashi, His Excell. Viscount (*Japan*)
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 Bart., M.P.
 Hinks, Arthur
 Hobbouse, Rt. Hon. Henry, M.P.
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 Hodgson, W. Earl
 Hogarth, D. G.
 Holland, Bernard H., C.B.
 Holmes, C. J.
 Hope, Anthony
 Horne, H. P.
 Housman, Laurence
 Huchon, R.
 Hutchinson, Horace G.
 Hutton, Edward
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 Jonescu, M. Take (*Roumania*)
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 Lang, Andrew
 Laughton, Professor J. K.
 Laughton, L. G. Carr
 Lawless, Hon. Emily
 Legge, J. G.
 Leipoldt, C. Louis
 Long, R. E. C.
 Lubbock, Percy
 Lucas, E. V.
- MACFARLANE, H.
 Machray, Robert
 Mackail, J. W.
 Macleod, Fiona
 Macpherson, William C.
 Macritchie, David
 Malleson, Major, R.A.
 Mallock, W. H.
 Mardon, Evelyn J.
 Marriott Watson, H. B.
 Marston, R. B.
 Matthews, Professor Brander
 Maude, Lt.-Col. F. N., late R.E.
 Maxwell, Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert, Bart.,
 M.P.
 McTaggart, J. Ellis
 Menchikoff, M. O. (*Russia*)
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 Meynell, Mrs.
 Miller, Sir Alexander E., K.C., C.S.I.
 Moore, J. E. S.
 Moore, Miss Mabel
 Moore, T. Sturge
 Morrison, Arthur
- NELSON, The Earl
 Neuman, B. Paul
 Neville, Ralph, K.C.
 Newbolt, Henry

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

- OKUMA, Count (*Japan*)
Ollivant, Alfred
- PARKER, Professor E. H.
Paston, George
Pedder, Lt.-Col. D. C.
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Younghusband, Brevet Lt.-Col. G. J.,
C.B.

To these must be added "Anon," "Galeatus," "Auditor," "Equus," "Cavalry," "The Author of 'Pro Christo et Ecclesia,'" "The Writer of an Englishwoman's Love-letters," "The Author of 'An Englishman in Paris,'" "Majority," "Apoikos," and the contributors of "The Loss of the Cobra," "The Veil of the Temple," "Reviews of Unwritten Books," "Lord Salisbury," and "Wanted: A Scapegoat," besides the writers who have contributed editorial articles, and the reviewers of books "On the Line."

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES ON SUBJECTS CONNECTED
WITH THE PRESENT WAR HAVE APPEARED IN "THE
MONTHLY REVIEW"

- Nov. 1900 THE TRANS-SIBERIAN-MANCHURIAN RAILWAY—A. R.
COLQUHOUN
- Jan. 1901 THE PROGRESS OF JAPAN—His Excellency Viscount
HAYASHI
- Mar. 1901 TRADE AND THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY—ALEXANDER
KINLOCH
- Aug. 1901 THE TACTICS OF THE SUBMARINE—A. HILLIARD
ATTERIDGE
- Oct. 1901 THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF JAPAN—ROBERT
MACHRAY (*endorsed by H.E. Viscount Hayashi*)
- Feb. 1903 THE CRISIS IN THE FAR EAST—ROBERT MACHRAY
- Mar. 1904 BUSHIDO: THE JAPANESE ETHICAL CODE—ALFRED
STEAD
- April 1904 RUSSIA'S FINANCIAL STAYING POWER—M. A.
GEROTHOHL
- June 1904 UNCONQUERABLE JAPAN—Professor E. H. PARKER
- June 1904 ANCESTOR WORSHIP IN JAPAN—ALFRED STEAD
- July 1904 THE NEW JAPAN—Count OKUMA
- Sept. 1904 WAR UNDER WATER—L. G. CARR LAUGHTON

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C
G
T
W
P
S
T
C
T
T
T

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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SEPTEMBER 1904

EDITORIAL ARTICLES.	Page
LAST YEAR AND NEXT	1
ON THE LINE	17
CHURCH <i>v.</i> STATE: THE REAL FRENCH VIEW—LAURENCE JERROLD	26
GERMAN DREAMS AND THE DOWNFALL OF ENGLAND—R. B. MARSTON	39
THE CASE OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA—GODFREY PHILLIMORE	53
WAR UNDER WATER—L. G. CARR LAUGHTON	60
PHYSICAL TRAINING AND NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT—ALICE RAVENHILL	70
SUGGESTIONS ON THE ORIGIN OF THE GOSPELS—I. ST. MARK—MONSIGNOR BARNES	84
THE ROMANCE OF COINAGE (<i>Illustrated</i>)—THEODORE A. COOK	101
CAPTAIN MARRYAT AS A NOVELIST—THE EARL OF IDDESLEIGH	121
THE POPULAR POETRY OF SPAIN—PEPITA DE SAN CARLOS	135
THACKERAY AT CAMBRIDGE—THE LATE REV. WHITWELL ELWIN	151

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (AUGUST).

EDITORIAL ARTICLES :

Motors and Manslaughter

On the Line

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS—JULIA CARTWRIGHT (MRS. ADY)

THE PLACE OF WAR IN THE WORLD'S LIFE—LIEUT.-COLONEL
MAUDE (late R.E.)

WHAT I SAW IN THIBET—W. C. JAMESON REID

THE NEW JAPAN—COUNT OKUMA

THE CASE FOR THE CONGO OFFICIALS—RALPH A. DURAND

THE CANCER PROBLEM TO-DAY.—J. E. S. MOORE

UNDER WHICH KING?—LIEUT.-COLONEL DIGBY PEDDER

SEED-CORN FOR STORIES—PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL IN FRANCE—MARY E. COLERIDGE

PICTORIAL RELICS OF THIRD-CENTURY CHRISTIANITY
(Illustrated)—ALICIA CAMERON TAYLOR

GEORGE GISSING : AN IMPRESSION—H. G. WELLS

The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents (i) to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter ; (ii) to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration ; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the EDITOR, "Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London, W.

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LAST YEAR AND NEXT

THE Prorogation of Parliament marks a very definite stage in the fiscal controversy. Governments, like individuals, must always "lead a dying life"; from the very beginning the end is really certain, and all calculations must be based upon this certainty. But there is in feeling and in practice a wide difference between the healthy period of life when the end is still remote, and the time, short or long, after sentence of death has been pronounced by competent opinion. To the present Government, as to many before it, the day has come beyond doubt when the adverse feeling of the electorate, the natural destructive force, is evidently gaining the upper hand with increased rapidity, while the power of the ruling party in the House, which corresponds to the vital force of the human body, is suffering constant diminution. Something very like a wasting disease has already set in: it is morally certain that the patient, though respited for a few months, will never see another summer, and whatever activity is left will tacitly or avowedly be devoted to setting affairs in order and preparing for that which is to follow the inevitable.

The moment is one for a retrospect: not for party leaders only, but for all of us; for we have all, whatever our opinions, filled the position of units or factors in the total of the past, as we shall do in the total of the future immediately before us. Our own retrospect will naturally survey the road by which we have ourselves been travelling; and the excuse for

describing it in public will be that it has led us through a region of marked features and famous names, and has taken a direction similar to that of the great body of the nation during the same period.

The MONTHLY REVIEW came into existence in September 1900, and the question of the development of our national commerce was not long in attracting its attention. For our readers the first note was struck by Sir Henry Roscoe in February 1901. In those early days it was still desirable to begin at the beginning, to lay a foundation of principles. "Imperialism," said Sir Henry, "is the cry of the hour. What is Imperialism? It is the principle of union for security of existence: united we stand, divided we fall. Our stability depends upon the maintenance of our industry and wealth. The struggle for existence is an industrial one, and if we fail in this, the extension or retention of our naval and military power will become impossible: even if possible, it will be ineffectual to prevent national decadence." The next step in the argument was to show that however well we may be doing at present, we are not doing so well as we might be, or so well as certain of our competitors: we must not be ostriches, but lift our heads and look to the future. "The fact is that the whole conditions of success in modern industrial undertakings of every kind are entirely changed. The change may be described in a word. It is the difference between rule of thumb and rule of science. It is the difference between ignorance and knowledge: between groping in the dark and walking in the sunshine. The want of appreciation, amounting in many cases to absolute distrust, of the application of scientific method to industrial pursuits, the clinging to old habits of work rather than embracing new opportunities, is the creeping paralysis which threatens the life of the nation."

The remainder of the article is a plea for the establishment of a national system of technical education: the foundation by the Government of a complete high school for science, such as would place England, "at least on a level with little

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Switzerland." The same distinguished writer followed this up two months later¹ by a still more definite appeal. After an array of telling quotations from Osborn, Huxley, Fleming, Locyer, Meldola, and other "Prophets of Science," Sir Henry concluded by proposing the immediate appointment of a small but influential "Royal Commission for Technical University Education," to include among its members, Lord Goschen, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Chamberlain—these persons to have the absolute disposal of a sum of not less than £100,000 a year to be voted by Parliament, and to be granted by the Commissioners among the Universities of London, Victoria (Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds) Birmingham, Wales (Cardiff) and Glasgow.

A few months later, we find Mr. Haldane taking a similar view of the international position, and coming to the same general conclusion.² Great Britain "must continue to increase her commercial output. For it is the foundation on which rest her financial resources, her fleet, her hold on her colonies and dependencies. And yet, if anything is clear, it is that she is under the necessity, in these early days of the twentieth century, to make a resolute and successful effort, if she is to hold her own." Then follows a detailed and very interesting object lesson from Germany. "The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be that we could establish in Great Britain and Ireland a system of teaching of a university type, with the double aim (scholarship and science) of the system of Germany, and that without injury to culture. The Victoria University and the University of Wales have taken the way we want." Let us give further, that is public, assistance, and include in the scheme Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Bristol, the four Scottish Universities, Dublin and Belfast. Work of this kind must be far more largely assisted and fostered by the State.

¹ "The Outlook for British Trade," by Sir H. E. Roscoe, MONTHLY REVIEW, May 1901.

² "Great Britain and Germany: a Study in Education," by the Rt. Hon. R. B. Haldane, K.C., M.P., MONTHLY REVIEW, November 1901.

The expenditure cannot but be great, but it will be salvage expenditure: it touches the sources of that commerce which is the life blood of the nation.

These utterances, coming as they did from two men of widely different outlook, but both highly distinguished in Parliament and in the public life of the nation, made a marked effect, and helped to promote an effort of which the last has not yet been heard. They are especially interesting, however, at the present moment, because now that the fiscal storm has gathered and burst and the sky appears to be clearing again, we can see on looking back to them that the country has never lacked sound and experienced guidance: there were always among us those who knew the right path and pointed it out: and when the hasty and unnecessary rush into the wilderness has tired out the followers of the loudest shouter, the same far-sighted and reasoned counsel will be still available. We shall have lost two years, but we shall have re-established the truths of arithmetic and acquired settled convictions: a good foundation upon which to base a belief in scientific training and methods of business.

It is instructive to remember, too, that these same articles appeared in the midst of a sort of orgy of sensationalism, when writers like the now almost forgotten author of "Drifting" were pounding us with statistics of national ruin. Mr. Mallock, in exposing some of these nightmares' nests, pointed out¹ that an obvious arithmetical error of £100,000,000 was a trifle compared with other slips in the same series. It would seem, then, that here were already economists who needed no one to teach them the use of figures "merely as an illustration," and as "not affecting the argument."

Mr. Benjamin Taylor, of Glasgow, was our next witness. He dealt with "A Century of Sea Commerce," and, after showing that 1840 was the real birth year of our maritime supremacy—though "even for several years after the initiation

¹ "The Alleged Economic Decay of Great Britain," by W. H. Mallock
MONTHLY REVIEW, September 1901.

of ocean steam navigation, progress was slow, because the enterprise of our shipowners was paralysed by Protection"—he went on to trace the "leaps and bounds" of sea-traffic and shipping which at last took us, in the years of our "decay," from under eight million tons in 1890 to over fourteen million tons in 1900. He then, in December 1901, presented us with an exhaustive study of "Shipping Subsidies," the conclusion from which was that "the best way to promote the shipping industry is to leave it alone."

The last paper in our preliminary series was contributed by Mr. J. Holt Schooling in January 1902. After a clear and unbiased statement in tabular form of the premises upon which he relied, he drew the inference that our export trade (say 15 per cent. of the whole) is less prosperous than our internal trade (85 per cent. of the whole). "We may still be quite prosperous as a whole." "Many persons who rightly believe that our foreign trade is not prosperous, have jumped to the conclusion that we as a nation are in a parlous condition. To think this is to misperceive the meaning of facts. . . . Two essentially different things have been confused." He ended with an appeal for a healthy optimism, a belief that "we possess those qualities of mind and character which will enable us to put our foreign commerce into a sound condition."

But now the storm was driving up; the hours of cool and reasonable consideration, of unbiased evidence, of "healthy optimism" were quickly passing away; gusts of ominous sound were heard. It was still only June 1902, a whole twelve months before the deluge, but the signs were unmistakable. Mr. Seddon had stated that he would, at the coming conference of Colonial Premiers in London, promise for New Zealand a customs rebate on British goods carried in British ships. Mr. Chamberlain had stated in the House of Commons that his attention had been called to the declaration of the New Zealand Premier, and that it was proposed to discuss the commercial relations of the Empire with the representatives of the self-governing Colonies when they came to England for the

Coronation. Thereupon the whole question of the possibility of "Preferential Trade" and of "Retaliation" was definitely raised in an article¹ written by Mr. J. B. C. Kershaw and published in the MONTHLY REVIEW for June 1902. This article, which was at once quoted in the House and attracted wide attention in the country at large, was, in fact, a complete forecast of the policy or policies since advocated by Messrs. Chamberlain and Balfour. The writer, a free trader by inclination, took for his premises the relative decline, per head of population, of the value of our export trade, and the dangers of foreign tariffs, unforeseen by Cobden and ineffectually met by Free Trade and "moral suasion." From these he deduced the desirability of "a Preferential Tariff System for the Empire" and "an International Tariff System based on Reciprocity," and argued that "free traders ought not to raise objections to a policy which is likely to hasten forward the realisation of their aims." A reply to this article, published two months later,² gave very clearly the main arguments which have been heard so often since then, but was also noteworthy for the very different view which the writer took of the two parts of the proposed scheme. In his opinion Retaliation, "unlike a preferential tariff, is not a question of immediate importance, and is unlikely to come within the range of practical politics." It is not, however, to Mr. Brand's discredit that his imagination had not grasped the possibilities of Lord Lansdowne and his big revolver. "From an economic point of view," he wrote, "this theory of reciprocity and retaliation has not a leg to stand on. It would be a foolish policy to injure ourselves on the chance of doing still greater harm to our competitors." This was certainly to omit altogether "the political point of view" which sees so much in the power to use a blank cartridge threat "for purposes of negotiation." In one

¹ "The Promotion of Trade within the Empire," by J. B. C. Kershaw, MONTHLY REVIEW, June 1902.

² "The Promotion of Trade within the Empire : a Reply to Mr. Kershaw," by the Hon. R. H. Brand, MONTHLY REVIEW, August 1902.

sense, however, Mr. Brand's expression was justified; Retaliation has come within the range of actual politics, but not within the range of any politics which can be called "practical."

Up to this point our survey has shown two things very clearly: first, that Mr. Chamberlain's policy was not in reality a bolt from the blue, but an outbreak which had been threatening for some time, and need have surprised no one; secondly, that it was launched with a fatuity and a recklessness without parallel, since in the preliminary discussion which we have described most of the serious difficulties involved had been clearly set out beforehand. One would naturally expect even a born-blind protectionist to gain some tactical advantage from a knowledge of the exact points upon which his adversaries were to direct their attack; these points a responsible general would either fortify or abandon. Mr. Chamberlain did neither; renegade free trader though he was, familiar with Free Trade arguments and forewarned to boot, he has at one time or another risked and received defeat at nearly every weak place in his position. It is not to be wondered at that he begs us to look to the end rather than the means, the argument rather than the figures; or that his satellites try to divert attention from his arithmetic by proclaiming him "a man."

His scheme was, in fact, brought out before its time, owing to difficulties within the Cabinet connected with the corn duty. It was both half kneaded and half baked; not only full of indigestible lumps, but drawn from the oven in the middle of the Session instead of at the end of it, when no Parliamentary troubles were to be feared. Mr. Balfour succeeded in gagging the House of Commons during the whole of the three months which remained: an "inquiry" was necessary before the Government could declare themselves; in the meantime there was nothing to discuss. Fortunately there remained the House of Lords, so often the scene of timely and exhaustive debates. The event of the day was unquestionably Lord Goschen's speech, an examination of Mr. Chamberlain's policy from the effect of which it never entirely rallied. The substance of the

arguments and comments put forward by Lord Goschen on this occasion was reproduced immediately afterwards in the MONTHLY REVIEW,¹ and later on was reprinted more than once in a separate form. It was accompanied in our pages by a contribution² from a distinguished lawyer and Parliamentarian, Mr. Ralph Neville, K.C., whose line of inquiry was as good a study of abstract economical principles as Lord Goschen's was of practical and concrete measures. But they had this in common, that they started from no narrow basis of hostility or prejudice. "A protectionist," said Mr. Neville, "would, I think, be justified in maintaining that Free Trade is not an absolutely and universally true doctrine; that it is not, in all time and places of necessity the only sound system of national trade. But when we turn to Mr. Chamberlain's present proposals we are at once confronted by the fact that the protective measure intended is a differential duty not on manufactured articles, but on food. Now cheap food is one of the primary requirements of an industrial community doing a foreign trade; moreover, food is the principal object upon which the effective demand of the mass of the people spends itself. A rise therefore in the price of food may limit effective demand in more ways than one." Lord Goschen was equally far from the use of "shibboleths" or "musty dogmas." "Personally," he wrote, "I believe the most effective method of bringing home to the general public the difficulties which beset the execution of any project involving preferential tariffs is to argue the subject less by reference to what are called the formulas of Free Trade than by a common-sense examination of the bearing of the new scheme on the facts of to-day." With Mr. Chamberlain's object, he declared, "all will sympathise"; but the changes suggested are so vast and deep that their practicability must be searchingly tested.

¹ "Mr. Chamberlain's Proposals," by Viscount Goschen, MONTHLY REVIEW, July 1903.

² "Free Trade and Preferential Tariffs," by Ralph Neville, K.C., MONTHLY REVIEW, July 1903.

We do not propose to restate Lord Goschen's criticisms: they have never been satisfactorily met, and they may be profitably read again at this or any other stage of the controversy. Two points, however, must be noticed: one is the speedy disappearance from the new programme of the Old Age Pensions, which formed, with Colonial Preference and Retaliation, an integral part of the original proposals; the other is the question raised by Lord Goschen as to the corn tax: how high was it to be fixed? "Is it to be a shilling or two shillings? Duties on such a scale would not offer the slightest chance of proving sufficient. They could not realise the prospects held out; they could not protect agriculture; they could not bring back the labourers to the land; and it is difficult to imagine that without a more distinct preference the hope of largely expanding the wheat-growing area of Canada could be attained." We know now what Lord Goschen could only guess then: we know that the duty is to be two shillings, and that, as Mr. Chamberlain himself admits, it will not benefit the farmer, much less the labourer: and this the labourers and the farmers of the Oswestry district, at any rate, appear to know also.

In the House of Commons, the centre of interest at this time was the attitude of the "Free-Feeders," the Unionist members who were against the taxation of food. These gentlemen held a meeting on July 1, at which a resolution was passed unanimously affirming, (1) a desire to further the "Inquiry" proposed by the Government; (2) a desire to promote the unity of the Empire and the social and industrial welfare of the United Kingdom; (3) a desire to place before the country the objections of the meeting to protective taxation of food. This meeting and the views there expressed were commented upon in our August number by the Right Hon. Henry Hobhouse, M.P., who had presided over it as Chairman. After stating his argument with great force and lucidity, Mr. Hobhouse concluded by protesting against the gagging of the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain had, in a speech made in the House on May 28, invited discussion in Parliament

and out of it. Mr. Balfour had, in his speech at the Constitutional Club on June 26, laid it down that differences on economic subjects were not to be regarded as a test of party loyalty. Thereupon Sir Michael Hicks-Beach asked on July 15 for an opportunity for discussion, before the close of the Session, on a non-party motion: and was refused by Mr. Balfour, who no doubt fully realised that his destruction would at that moment be almost equally certain, whichever side he took. He survived to be more useful to Mr. Chamberlain.

The same number of the MONTHLY REVIEW contained an article on Imperial Trade and Tariffs by Mr. Hugh Bell, who speaks from an experience of over forty years as an ironmaster, and has throughout the present controversy shown himself by far the ablest and most clear-sighted representative of the employers in any one industry. It is not too much to say that his arguments and figures have placed in the hands of those who care to study them impartially a complete answer by anticipation to the recently published Report of the Steel and Iron section of the Tariff Commission. The fact that this Report came stillborn into the world is probably due as much to Mr. Bell as to any single man in the country.

Parliament now rose in a mood of unslaked bitterness not often paralleled. A short breathing space was to be allowed before the opening of the autumn campaign. In this interval we were able to lay before our readers an examination of the new policy¹ by the statesman whom, of all others, the House of Commons and the country had been most anxious to hear. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is the oldest member of the House, and one of the greatest living authorities on national finance; his opinion on the different branches of the Government inquiry was as follows: (1) The alleged dangers of "Dumping" need to be proved; a difficult matter in face of the rise in profits assessed to Income-tax, *e.g.*, in the iron trade from £1,840,350 in 1896-7 to £5,380,418 in 1900-1. (2) As to the

¹ "A View of the Fiscal Controversy," by the Rt. Hon. Sir M. E. Hicks-Beach, Bart., M.P., MONTHLY REVIEW, September 1903.

means of bargaining for reduction of foreign tariffs, we are not so helpless as Mr. Balfour suggests. We might increase or rearrange Customs duties—though even then we must take care that we do not do more harm than good to ourselves. (3) We can, of course, brook no interference by foreigners between ourselves and our Colonies; but, as the Colonial Conference has unanimously decided, “the Colonies have an effective remedy in their own hands.” (4) As to Colonial Preferences, a low duty may benefit the colonial farmer, but not the English farmer or labourer. The imposition of a duty, however small, would pledge us to any subsequent increase found necessary to carry out the object of Protection; and what was granted to one trade or colony must be granted to all. “What is to happen to our Crown Colonies and possessions, including those where, as in India, great commercial interests have been developed on a basis of virtual Free Trade?” and so on through a number of other disconcerting questions. Finally, we cannot capture more than a portion of the foreign trade of our Colonies, because they buy much that we do not produce. They also wish to produce much of what we too produce. “What if our iron industry was eventually threatened by (dumped) imports of Canadian steel and iron, stimulated, as now, by colonial bounties?” Are we to apply “Retaliation” to Canada? “You cannot base a fiscal policy for the Empire on the two opposite principles of Free Trade and Protection.”

It will be remembered that in attempting to evade this difficulty Mr. Chamberlain fell into one of his worst blunders. He proposed that in return for our duties on food the Colonies should agree to arrest their own development as manufacturing communities: a suggestion so inevitably revolting to the Colonies that its author, in reprinting the speech in which he had made it, so changed his language as to enable himself to deny that he had ever intended such a proposal. The difficulty, however, whether met or ignored by Mr. Chamberlain, remains a very real one.

The resignations of Mr. Chamberlain and four free-trade members of the Government were followed by the outbreak in full force of the "raging tearing propaganda." Mr. Chamberlain made speech after speech in rapid succession: but though the first of these was received with enthusiasm, it soon became apparent that the movement was not one of those which gather force as they go. Not only did the prophet's physical strength show signs of the strain put upon it, but he proved unable to produce figures which would bear examination, or a plain and well-defined policy which could be stated and adhered to without continual tinkering. The result of this was seen in the alteration of course shown by the stream of discussion which followed Mr. Balfour's Sheffield speech. Preference was left gradually on one side, and Retaliation became the question of the hour. Sir Edward Grey and Lord Hugh Cecil had already dealt with this branch of the subject¹, and they were followed by Mr. Winston Churchill.² Sir Edward's experience at the Foreign Office, in the House of Commons, and in the business world, his clearness of insight and of speech, and his freedom from partisan failings, have gained for him a unique position even in the eyes of his political opponents. He is speaking of what he knows when he declares that "it is nonsense to say that we have no power of Retaliation at present. We have the power, and given certain conditions I for one would support its use in a particular case." But before he did so, he continues, five things must be proved: serious injury, failure of ordinary diplomacy, impossibility of political pressure, and certainty that Retaliation would not injure ourselves, and would attain its object.

Lord Hugh Cecil was in a somewhat different position. He too thought Preferential tariffs impossible, but towards

¹ "Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal Policy," by the Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Grey, Bart., M.P.; and "Preference and Retaliation," by Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P., both in the MONTHLY REVIEW for October 1903.

² "Sheffield and Its Shadow," by Winston Churchill, M.P., MONTHLY REVIEW, November 1903.

Retaliation he had a leaning which was either the cause or the effect of a reluctance to break with party loyalty. But "even as to Retaliation," he wrote, "there seem grave practical difficulties and dangers." The worst of these is that Retaliation would grow so easily into Protection, which would in turn bring in "its hideous attendants—industrial monopoly and political corruption." Mr. Winston Churchill put the same point very strongly, and added that, unjustly though we are treated, by Germany for instance, the wrongdoers suffer more than we do. "In Germany the injustice is to the many, the gain to the few; in England the few suffer and the many gain." That is why the Trade Unions are on one side on this question and the Tariff Commission of Employers on the other. Mr. Churchill's whole article was full of vivacity and good sense, and within a week of its appearance had been quoted in every direction, by Mr. Morley among others in his Preston speech.

Mr. Chamberlain's greatest failure—that at the Guildhall—was still to come. It was due no doubt to the sound sense and experience of the London mercantile community, who have an unenthusiastic habit of expecting even those who think imperially to add up their figures correctly. But the most conspicuous among the adverse influences of this occasion was certainly Mr. Felix Schuster, a Vice President of the Institute of Bankers, and Governor of the Union of London and Smith's Bank. His essay on "Foreign Trade and the Money Market," originally read before the Institute of Bankers, was printed in the MONTHLY REVIEW for January 1904, and formed a crushing exposure of the needless panic, the reckless crudity of thought, and the ignorance as to the course of trade, which underlie the new programme. It was a challenge which could neither be ignored nor satisfactorily met, and Mr. Chamberlain's effort to deal with it had all the marks of a conscious failure. There was, however, one section which probably cost him not a moment's thought; namely, that which urged the "Need for Scientific and Technical Education and Improved Methods." Bathing in Jordan has no attractions for the sensationalist.

To conclude our list, we have also heard the evidence and the opinions of M. Yves Guyot, an eminent French economist and Parliamentarian,¹ of Mr. Westenholz, the President of the Agrarian League of Denmark,² of Mr. H. J. Tennant, a well-known member of Parliament and man of business,³ and of Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, the editor of the *Spectator*.⁴

We venture to claim that this series of articles has formed not only a chain of landmarks showing the direction taken by the fiscal controversy, but a body of fact and of opinion worthy of the study of all to whom truth and a practical policy are the first object. In weight of authority, in diversity of standpoint, and in freedom from temptations to follow self-interest, the writers stand immeasurably above the members of such a body as Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Commission; while their arguments form a striking contrast both to the inconsistent and shifting policy which they examine, and the hare-brained enthusiasm of its supporters. The conclusions which—unless we are to reject, in defiance of reason, the testimony of all these experts, Unionist, Conservative, Liberal, patriotic and Imperialist, skilled in commerce, in economics, in politics, and in diplomacy—are irresistibly pressed upon us may be briefly summarised as follows:

(1) **The present position of our commerce** is not such as to justify anything like panic or desperate measures. Our internal trade—85 per cent. of the whole—is satisfactory; our external trade is increasing, but not so rapidly as that of Germany and the United States. It is time to consider the causes and remedies for this state of things.

¹ "La Thèse de M. Balfour," by Yves Guyot, MONTHLY REVIEW, November 1903.

² "Danish Agriculture and Free Trade," by R. A. Westenholz, MONTHLY REVIEW, February 1904.

³ "The Favoured Foreigner: a Comparison in Burdens," by H. J. Tennant, M.P., MONTHLY REVIEW, March 1904.

⁴ "Free Trade the Foundation of Empire," by J. St. Loe Strachey, MONTHLY REVIEW, June 1904.

(2) **Our union with the Colonies** is based mainly upon our common history and descent, and upon loyalty to the Crown as a fitting centre and symbol of national life. It is also based upon a broad principle of self-interest—the need of the Colonies for defence, which, apart from England, they could only gain by crushing expenditure or the sacrifice of independence. It would be dangerous to attempt to base it upon a narrow set of individual trade interests, the possible subject of complex and acrimonious discussions, and inter-Colonial jealousies.

(3) **Neither Preferential Duties nor Retaliatory Tariffs** can be shown to be practicable aids to our commerce or our Imperial union. The experience of the past and all clearly reasoned anticipation of future possibilities is against both of them.

(4) **The Chamberlain Scheme** is not a careful or considered one, based on exhaustive inquiry, and the outcome of long experience and conviction. It is a hastily devised proposal supported by a subsequent and very inadequate inquiry, and involves the denial of all the economic principles hitherto held by its author. It has been already changed and mutilated to meet difficulties which ought to have been foreseen, and has throughout an unfortunate air of political opportunism.

(5) **The criticism** to which the scheme has been subjected has been, on the whole, irreproachable. There has been no misunderstanding or misrepresentation from serious opponents. The critics have expressed strong sympathy with the ideas of Imperial union and commercial expansion, and strong appreciation of the services of Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office. They have been entirely free from suspicion of unnational feeling. They have based their objections, not upon any orthodox conservatism or dogmas of Free Trade, but upon experience and purely practical considerations. They are an overwhelming majority of qualified and independent thinkers, and conspicuous among them are quite as many Unionists and Conservatives as Liberals.

(6) **Further discussion** of the policy of Colonial Preference is undesirable. A Conference has twice been held; the Colonies have not made, and could not make at a third Conference, any offer which would make it worth our while to go back to Protection or to tax the food of the people. They cannot offer to buy from us what we do not produce, or to refrain from competing with our manufactures.

(7) **The true policy** for us in our present circumstances is a two-fold one:

(a) **Education**, both general and technical, must be taken seriously in hand, and expenditure upon education looked upon as our best method of national investment. We must learn to recognise that in trade as in war the best "man of action" is the one who is best trained and best brained; and we must trust in science and cease to hanker after legislative or fiscal panaceas.

(b) **The Powers of the Government**, both consultative and diplomatic, must be placed whole-heartedly at the service of British commerce. An Empire depending for its existence upon trade and desiring no extension of territory, should guard its commercial at least as watchfully as its political interests. Its machinery should include a Ministry of Commerce, and a permanent Committee of the Privy Council to represent all component parts of the Empire, and to sit and advise the Crown continuously.

Such is the result of our survey; and we cannot but regret profoundly that the motive force, which if applied on such lines might carry us once more ahead of all our rivals, should be wasted in a vain attempt to browbeat or hypnotise a nation of sensible men.

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ON THE LINE

TO judge from his novel **Brothers** (Murray, 6s.) Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell is a good writer, a good storyteller, and a good man. We shall pay him the compliment of speaking frankly about his book. To begin with, it is one of the half-dozen most readable stories we have opened this year. The plot is an impossible one—artistically impossible; it may have every right to placard itself “a true story;” but if so, it is accidentally and not typically true—still you will no more put it down, or wish to put it down, unfinished than you would leave a theatre before the curtain falls. It is a drama: the plot is absurd; very well; you swallow the plot and find the situations good. What is more, you find the acting good too: the characters are real people, in a real world, well-mannered, amusing human people, so natural indeed and so full of life that they have persuaded their author to let them put a preposterous fraud upon him and us. The “Brothers” are of the same clerical profession, and in love with the same enchantress: the elder is big, pretentious, and successful; the younger weakly, a genius, and a stammerer. He plays the game, the other takes the gate-money all through life. Why? because the elder brother gets the younger to write his letters for him and to lend him the soul-stirring sermons which he cannot preach himself without a breakdown. The Dean exclaims “Inspiration,” the Premier marks him for a bishopric, the heroine says he has “revealed God to me,” rebukes his

tongue-tied brother for not congratulating him, and finally marries the imposing prig, while the one she really loves is away curing an imaginary lung complaint. No, it will not do,—off the stage and away from the footlights;—from page 148 to page 161 the audience almost revolts; but that crisis once over the story grips you again. The fact is, that the author is really in no need of a plot: he is in earnest about life, sees great meanings in it, and believes that others see them too. Look at his study of school life in the earlier part of the book; it has been compared to "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and quite rightly: it is a fragment not a whole, but it has all the insight of Hughes's work. With powers like these Mr. Vachell needs no deceptions, reticences, misunderstandings, or imaginary diseases to make a novel: let him tell a story without an end, or without a beginning, fill it with men and women, and leave us to get on with them. But above all, let him never again be guilty of such treason to himself and his art as to hint in a preface that he is speaking scandal of the living.

The Life of Lope de Vega, by Professor Rennert, of the University of Pennsylvania (Johnson, 12s. 6d. net), is one of those monumental works which can never be fairly reviewed. The critic must be either a comparative ignoramus or a rival scholar, too far from the subject or too near to it. Happily the present book has much to justify an uncritical recommendation of it to the general reader. For the library it is indispensable, not only on account of its bibliography and its mass of newly established facts and dates, but because it is the only biography of Lope de Vega that has appeared in English since Lord Holland published his "Life" in 1807. And we are glad to note that, although the present work must be put to the credit of American research, England is not without a share in the honour, for the author in acknowledging his gratitude to Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly for his help and criticism, adds that "to the kindly encouragement and assiduous aid of this brilliant scholar the volume chiefly owes its existence."

We take this for something more than a semi-formal compliment, for we have found Professor Rennert's large and intricate work very much easier to traverse with the aid of Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's admirable pamphlet on *Lope de Vega and the Spanish Drama* (Johnson. 1s. net), which contains the substance of his Taylorian Lecture, delivered in 1902. Lope de Vega cannot but remind those who read his biography of Stevenson's description of Dumas, "the gigantic earner worker and waster." He is one of the Titans of literature, of the kings of the world who are above the laws. His life was always as adventurous, often as immoral, as Benvenuto Cellini's; the vast profusion and mass of his creative work leaves Rubens and Michael Angelo behind. He wrote 21,300,000 lines of verse; he owned to 1500 dramas, and is credited with 1800; we know the titles of more than 600; 430 have been preserved. He is acknowledged to have owed something to those who preceded him, but "he humanised the sketches of his forerunners to such an extent that his alert, vital humour evolved a new type, which amounts, in fact, to a new creation." The phrase fits Shakespeare equally well. As for those who followed him—they followed indeed. To say nothing of his fellow countrymen, who had some right perhaps to borrow, he supplied from the vast and inexhaustible quarry of his genius the substance of the plays of all Europe: Scarron, Molière, Cyrano de Bergerac, Corneille, Shirley, Rotrou, and Boisrobert are among his immediate plunderers, and we are told that there are pickings for a hundred more. In his prodigal vitality he seems almost to have rivalled the entire output of our own Elizabethan age. He touches it also at another point—one of the greatest interest. At the age of twenty-six he was in danger of the law; he had not only infringed a sentence of eight years banishment for criminal libel, but had carried off from Madrid the daughter of Philip II.'s Royal King-at-Arms. He married the lady by proxy and took refuge on board the *San Juan*, which was about to sail in the Invincible Armada. "Sailing

up the Channel he used his manuscript verses in honour of Elena (his first love) as gun-wads, fought against the dragon Drake, lost his brother (so it is said) in action, and landed at Cadiz with the best part of *La Hermosura de Angelica*, a huge epic which he had written on board." With wives and mistresses almost past counting he lived many lives in one, the intimate friend of great nobles, the darling of the Spanish people. His amazing career ended in a kind of living apotheosis, of which the concluding years were spent in priestly habit, and in the performance at least once of the horrible duties of a familiar of the Holy Inquisition. Children he had had, but endless sorrow with them. To one, a boy who died at seven years old, he wrote the exquisite poem, two stanzas of which are all that we can quote here of his work :

And thou, happy child, who in the seven years of thy life wert never once disobedient to thy father, free me by thy example from my illusions ; solace my sorrowful paternal eyes, thou who art now the light ; from thy cradle to thy last bed, thou never gavest an hour of sorrow.

When I saw thee so saint-like and so wise, I recognised in thy tender years the age which was already leading thee to the cold shadows of death ; then did I weep what now I gain and lose, and then I said : Here doth age end, for never doth youth begin in this way.

For thee the little birds of varied song and colour did I cage, solicitous to please thee : for thee I planted trees and flowers, in which I could better contemplate thee. . . O Carlos, what divine birds dost thou now enjoy, that with bright painted wings flutter through the celestial fields, in the eternal garden.

The charm of ease, of quick sympathy, of the sensitive regrets and prophecies that come of it, is to be felt everywhere in Mr. Legge's *Land and Sea Pieces* (Lane, 4s. 6d. net). It is a companionable little volume, a book to take out walking, especially in London, to muse with on the Embankment, or under a tree in Kensington Gardens. The quiet, sober, everyday aspect of Milton in his youth, as he appeared to a stray visitor at Horton, is so naturally described, that one almost feels as if Mr. Legge had been the visitor :

The plaintive voice of the woman, when she sings, reveals in her nature something that, for the most part, she hides behind a mask of laughter. For him "each day carries a hidden dream." He is more conscious than she that they have played and trifled—that Michael Angelo, who never played, got more from life than they. Many writers would have ended this with a cry of despair or of mockery; there is better stuff than either in the last verses. Yet more remarkable is the grave, reflective hope with which the poem on "A Suburban Junction" ends. It is full of ugliness. There is no shirking the monotony, the flat, revolting deadliness of the whole place, but even here:

Could I but sing the words branded—an unknown tongue,—
 On yonder soiled and tattered page, ere long
 The weary world would dream of old things ever young,
 And hearts, that have not stirred when other notes were sung,
 Would waken and be thankful for the song.

"All the prophets are dead" is the text of "Eversley," but yet, even from the memory of those who are gone springs the new hope of those who are to come,

And we see the land we had lost, and forget the din
 Of a jarring age, and learn the wisdom anew,
 That tells how only the losers in life shall win
 And only the dreams be true.

Of one loser in life—Sir Walter Raleigh—Mr. Legge writes with great beauty and pathos. He has not tried to fathom the whole character of the man. He who could do that would be indeed a mighty sounder of hearts. Even Scott only glided over the surface in "Kenilworth." Perhaps, after Bacon, there is no one among the giants of that gigantic age more bewildering to those who think they know black from white. As he paces the deck, on his "Last Voyage," it is the deep, unutterable sadness, the magnificence and the completeness of his failure, that are borne in upon us. It is he himself failing himself—if he were not old, if he did not know

The last fall taken in Life's tournament,

he could conquer yet. Therein lies the tragedy of his defeat—therein, for us who read, the strange, familiar appealingness of it. This man had been Spenser's friend.

Poor "Shepherd of the Ocean!" fugitive
From blighted pasture-lands, he gathers home
Few sheep and sickly, with his broken crook.

Sometimes the old wild spirit of adventure, the old longing wakes in him. A scholar's exquisite craft weaves in this mood with the true Renaissance simile of

frantic Ariadne on the shore
Of Naxos, claiming from life's pitiless sea
The joys it bore away.

One more quotation—a quotation irresistible to all lovers of Devon—and we have done.

No kingly, Scotch buffoon, but Raleigh reigns
In cloven valleys under sapling oaks,
Where the wood-pigeon's soft contralto cry
Answers hoarse baritone of calling rooks;
Where shaggy, rust-red cattle climb the steep
Green slope that ends in sky, or ruminant
Knee-buried in luxuriant meadow-grass
Beside the winding river; where tall herons
Wait, statuesque, for ruby-spotted trout.
And on the heather-purpled moorland wastes
Where antlered kings hold court; and on the cliffs
Where shag and sea-gull house; through all the land,
The sweet, damp pasturage and apple-land,
Whose strong, amphibious sons alike could chase
A Spanish galleon or a hill-side fox,
Is Raleigh named and honoured.

The *Ancestor* (Constable: 5s. net, quarterly) has now reached its tenth number. It is always beautifully printed and illustrated, edited with spirit and stocked with both the trophies and the ruins of noble houses. But we note with especial satisfaction a certain change. The rather miscellaneous character of the contents, the exceedingly genealogical type of the

genealogy, the entirely destructive nature of the criticism, have gradually given place to something not less attractive and, in our judgment, much sounder and more profitable. The historical note is more audible; there is less stucco-smashing and more foundation-laying. "Destructive criticism," says Mr. Barron, the editor, "has not yet done its full work among our ancient English pedigrees. But the work of those who clear away the rotten timber of the Elizabethan and early Victorian constructions has gained in some measure the notice of the public. The long pedigree is suspect, and the attack upon it may count beforehand upon the sympathy of honest folk. *It is time perhaps to point out that such sympathy may be as ill-founded as yesterday's credulity.*" And so saying, with the aid of Mr. Falconer Madan, he re-establishes Gresley of Drakelowe, to the satisfaction of all good genealogists. Two other family histories are given, one—that of the Cartwrights—of considerable social interest; the other—the Pett genealogy—of historical importance as an account of "the Builders of the Navy." "I am credibly informed," says Fuller in his "Worthies of England," "that that mystery of *Shipwrights* for some descents hath been preserved successively in Families, of whom the *Petts* about *Chatham* are of singular regard; *good success have they with their skill*, and carefully keep so precious a pearl."

The article of widest interest is, however, that on Marguerite of Valois, the famous Queen of Navarre. It is tantalisingly short—a mere note of some ten pages—but it contains three letters, two of which are new to us, and some interesting details on the Lart family, Seigneurs de Birac, of whom the best known is the notorious Jean d'Aubiac, one of the Queen's lovers, who came to his end in 1586, being hanged in company with Bussey d'Amboise and Lamolle: names which to the reader of Dumas sound oddly in connection with the halter.

Ancient wills and fifteenth-century costume are well represented: there are some good seals and a certain "Friar

Brackley's Book of Arms," and some decidedly amusing correspondence. Mr. Round's papers on "The Trafford Legend" and "The Origin of the Comyns" are of unequal interest, but both bear the hall-mark of the most accurate and vivacious of antiquarian scholars.

CHURCH v. STATE: THE REAL FRENCH VIEW

ON no other question in the affairs of modern France have such distorted opinions been spread in England as on that of Church v. State. The minority of English writers who have defended "Combisme" have been the more irritating precisely because they have persisted in narrowing down the issue to Combisme and anti-Combisme. The majority of those who have treated the question in England have painted outrageous and absurd pictures of the present condition of France "under Combes." Irreligion sapping morality; jacobinism everywhere, which has no hammer for building, and can only throw down the pillars of society; the sacred traditions of a nation oppressed; a weeping people mourning exiled nuns and monks, and now clinging to the robes of priests who are to be beggared in their turn; a ban put upon whoever worships or teaches his sons to worship; a Terror, in fact, without the tumbrils—and they may come soon; such ludicrous pictures are drawn daily in the Paris press, and they have been copied by some English writers. The fact is that the latter have borrowed all their materials from the Nationalist Paris papers, as though no other papers existed in France, and as though public opinion in France were not far more independent of the Press than in England, because the French Press has by its own methods lowered its own influence. The *Gaulois*, which becomes more Royalist the more the Duke of Orleans calls its editor, M. Arthur Meyer, a "dirty Jew" (*sic*);

the *Figaro*, which is not quite sure whether to be Royalist Bonapartist, Nationalist, or something else; the *Echo de Paris* and the *Eclair*, which vie with each other in pandering to the Nationalist element in the army; mad Paul de Cassagnac's *Autorité*; madder Henri Rochefort's *Intransigent*, which calls "Combisme" "double-dyed clericalism"; the irresponsible *Patrie* and the *Presse*, which is practically the same paper; the ancient Royalist *Gazette de France*; the Nationalist *Liberté*, as intolerant and almost as absurd as the *Patrie*; *l'Univers*, the organ of the Vatican; *la Croix*, the organ of the abusive and truculent school of French Christians; the anti-Jew *Libre Parole* of M. Drumont, credibly said to be the son of a Rabbi;—all these papers commonly and calmly write of the "Terreur combiste," but no one who knows even feigns to take their absurdities seriously, least of all the supporters of the policy of those papers, for their view is that mendacity is the only useful political weapon nowadays. The Combes Cabinet "has disorganised the navy"; "there is no army left"; "the Bench has been corrupted through and through"; "the University has been whipped into subjection"; and so on: the policy is to repeat all this over and over again until the Combes Cabinet be defeated. There is not the slightest need to believe it while you say it. But what passes the comprehension even of the Frenchmen who say these things is that some English writers sincerely believe them. It might be imagined that even the Cook's tourist in France could see the signs of prosperity and content everywhere. He would, by the way, be surprised if he could visit some of the many convents thriving in Paris (in spite of the Terror), with their immense and splendid parks, comparable to those of ancient English estates, and the prosperous and lively world within of sisters and their fashionable lady visitors, none of whom seem to suspect that the tumbril may soon be awaiting them at the street door.

Yet the case of Church v. State has reached an acute stage. The crisis is an actual and present fact. The Vatican and the

Republic are no longer on speaking terms. The Concordat may be denounced next session. What then does the French people really think of it all—the French people which has never prospered, busied itself, worked, spent, amused itself so much as now? The whole secret is that the present crisis is entirely and absolutely political. Of course its immediate cause has been the persistent, tireless, sometimes open more often secret, struggle of the Catholic Church in France against the Republic. It is impossible to understand how unremitting, patient, and minutely resourceful this long hostility has been, unless one has watched it actually at work, wearing opposition slowly away, like water dripping on a stone. Obvious and deliberate campaigning need merely be mentioned, such as the frank warfare with all banners flying in Brittany and Vendée, where, of course, the alternative is put candidly to each peasant by every priest: Vote for the Droite candidate and absolution, or for the Republican and damnation. It is only of late years that the necessity of framing this dilemma at all has arisen, and Bretons and Vendéens still are in the very great majority Monarchist. The Church campaign has required much more careful strategy in other rural districts, and especially in large centres where such guileless priests as do well enough for Brittany and Vendée would be useless or dangerous. The method is essentially gradual and roundabout. It is not often that a Père Ollivier preaching in Notre Dame can call the Charity Bazaar fire a visitation of Providence for the sin of France in taking unto herself the Republic. It is true that *la Croix*' virulence is weekly, but it is intended only for the uneducated masses, and has for that matter made few converts. The usual rule of the Church has been to work persistently but by degrees. The success with which she steadily encompassed the corps of officers in the army, especially the cavalry, and in the navy, was startling. Until the revolution brought about by the Dreyfus case, promotion was well-nigh exclusively reserved to men of known clerical opinions. The great majority of the chiefs were in close touch with the

Church, and prompted by her. How she achieved her object as thoroughly as she did is still something of a mystery. For the process by which it was attained, though marvellously efficient, was as covert and discreet as possible. It was a clever compound of drawing-room influence, of steady but very cautious manœuvring to capture the Press, of skilful manipulation of the feminine element, and of determined and successful striving to secure practically a monopoly of education. Admirable teachers, the priests modelled boys' brains to suit the policy of the Church. The boys, crammed by effectual processes, took their examinations brilliantly, and more than that parents did not ask. In cases of failure, the school knew the value of judicious push, for the forte of the priest as schoolmaster was and is his invariable care never to lose sight of a former pupil in after life. In the slang of the French schoolboy of the Lycées, the "postard" (a boy of the priests' school of the Rue des Postes) is a sneak, and a postard is reputed to remain a postard all his life. In the sense that he never, except by a violent and unusual effort, wrenches himself away from the influence of the Church, the lycéen's dictum is true. All this, however, would only prove that the Church has legitimately sought, and in a measure succeeded, to increase her influence, were it not that simultaneously she spread disaffection towards the Republican State. Disaffection formed part of the curriculum of education. Whenever a moral was drawn from history, it was to prove that Republics in general are works of the devil, and the third French Republic particularly so.

At the 1900 Exhibition, the model papers and essays sent up by pupils of priests' schools would have done quite well, with a little touching up, as political leaderettes for the *Gaulois*, and even the *Libre Parole*, on historical subjects. Throughout the Church has worked simultaneously for herself and against the Republic. Where she gained influence she spread so much disaffection *ipso facto*. The clerical army officer as such was, and is, hostile to the Republic. Where the Church won the

good graces of Bench, Bar, University, literary salons, even of officialism, there by the same action the Republic lost ground. It could not be called conspiracy. It was worse—absorption, where it succeeded. The great question of course is, whether a State has the right to suffer absorption in the name of freedom which the Church—in the words once put in her mouth by an ironist—“claims by virtue of the principles of others while she refuses it them by virtue of her own.”

If, however, the Church has fought the Republic, it must be said that the servants of Rome in France could not always help themselves. They rarely tried with any sincerity to “rally” to the Republic. They still more rarely succeeded. Pope Leo XIII.'s appeal has remained famous, but it has long since been a dead letter. Its one plain result among the political men, to whom it was indirectly addressed, was to label a minority of Monarchists Republicans. These few “rallied” with the fixed intention of bringing about another “*seize Mai*”—a successful one this time—and thereby a Restoration. The majority in the Royalist party was furious with Leo XIII., and registered an oath to harass and browbeat his clergy in France out of any vague and reluctant intention it might form to carry out his injunctions. The Church view, of course, now is, that she proffered the hand of friendship to the Republic, and was received with fresh blows. But this construction can hardly be put upon the facts, as clerical opposition relaxed only in the slightest degree, and for a short time. The clergy, indeed, either only made a pretence of “rallying,” or else, when it did so, as a rule in rather lukewarm earnest, soon found that the price to pay for the doubtful friendship of Republican France was certain, not to say brutal, dismissal by Royalist society. The latter may be dwindling in influence, wealth and even numbers; but it is the society that keeps the clergy, for it is not likely that Republican France will do so, beyond paying the *curé's* £40 and the Bishop's £400 a year under the now shaky Concordat. That minority of the clergy which had sincerely thought of making advances to the Republic, finding

itself in this dilemma, determined to stay where it was, and can hardly be blamed for so doing. There was no question of shilly-shallying with the Republic on the left hand and Royalist society on the right. No one who has not watched, for instance, the treatment to which an aristocratic set subjects a priest suspected of Republicanism has any conception of the thoroughness with which Royalist society framed the dilemma to the few ecclesiastics who had nursed the delusion that they might "rally" to one side and yet keep in with the other.

It is only in a certain middle class in France that the priest is looked up to socially. In aristocratic society all due deference is, of course, paid to his cloth—as is done almost universally in France, in spite of horrid stories spread by clerical writers of ribald irreverence among a godless people—but the priest must not expect to rank with the nobles as one of themselves. He is, for obvious reasons, usually much less cultivated than an English clergyman, and, while he is treated with far more outward ceremony than the latter, he hardly ever occupies the same social position. In a great house he must be a dependent. Often the unfortunate parish priest only gets a good dinner once or twice a week, on the days when he has been cordially, if patronisingly, told that "his cover will always be laid." If he gets in with the Sub-Prefect in any country town—except in certain thoroughly Catholic provinces where even the representatives of the Ministry of the Interior "practise religion"—his cover ceases to be laid in the great house, as a matter of course. This extraordinary policy of keeping the priest in hand by appealing to his stomach is not the exception, but the rule, whenever applicable. When the country priest is a frugal, simple, devoted servant of God, content with bread, cheese, grapes, and sour wine, and a fowl or a rabbit on Sundays, he is yet forced to cultivate the nearest county family, which alone will give him funds for his poor or for his crumbling grey stone old Romanesque church. How can he help being in politics what his patrons tell him to be? For they are rarely content to suffer him to keep aloof

from politics, a course which the plain parish priest would often much prefer.

But the most potent instruments on which Royalist society preserves a sturdy grip are, of course, the ecclesiastics who, through ambition and by superior capacities, rise to power in the Church. The hold of Royalist society on a priest is tightened when he becomes *Monseigneur* and *Sa Grandeur*. As is known, one of the immediate causes of the dispute which has led to the rupture between the Vatican and the French Government has been the hostility of the Conservative party to two Republican bishops, of Dijon and Laval. A now famous anecdote about the predecessor of the present Bishop of Laval, chief town of one of the most Monarchical departments of France, is typical of the whole policy of systematic browbeating which Royalist society applies to recalcitrant divines. The bishop, tainted with Republicanism, came to his See with a bad name as a "rallied" ecclesiastic. During his first visitation he was naturally asked by the Duke of —, the foremost "grand seigneur" of the country, to put up at his country seat. At dinner time the majordomo, according to old custom, announced "Monseigneur est servi." In walked the Bishop to the dining-room. One cover only was laid. The form of polite speech had a literal sense. All the party in the drawing-room, headed by the Duke, followed the Bishop, and stood to watch him eat. They could not sit down at the same table with a Republican bishop. Monseigneur, smarting under the insult, naturally never returned to the Duke of —'s château, and naturally, also, all the lesser nobles of the country took their cue from the Duke in their treatment of *Sa Grandeur*. The policy was continued against the present bishop, the result being that Rome has "discovered" him to have carried on an immoral intrigue with a mother superior. How, after that, can French churchmen, who are not invariably heroes, be expected to stand up for the Republic?

What, then, is the attitude to-day of the majority of the French people towards the Church? Critics who only know

French life from the outside fail to understand that the feeling of the bulk of the French people towards the Church is largely what the Church has made it. Undoubtedly the Grand Orient began with the Third Republic to be in open warfare against religion. But the influence of French freemasonry, though certain, has been grossly exaggerated. It solely spreads among political wire-pullers and their puppets, and has penetrated little into the mass of the nation. Undoubtedly also the various political parties which can be grouped for convenience under the name either of Radicalism or Socialism, inscribe freethought and anti-clericalism prominently on their programmes. But the bulk of the French nation is not Socialist by a long way, though the majority certainly has accustomed itself to the idea that Socialism, in the most comprehensive sense, is not a mere wild-cat scheme of shouting zealots or another name for the policy of "getting on somehow," to be dropped when you have got on, not, in a word (a delicious one, a few years old), *arrivisme*. What, then, does the mass of the people think *in re* Church *v.* State? Some English writers will not understand that the French papers (which for them are solely the Paris papers) in no wise reflect French public opinion completely, or even adequately, in part. The French people, as a whole, have been gradually but continuously estranged from the Church by the Church herself. If these had been the days of Peter the Hermit, the French nation might have forsaken the world for the word; but the last thirty years have been the most practical period ever recorded in the life of the French nation, and the people have no intention of giving up this world for the Church—a world of peace and prosperity under the rule of the Republic. It is all very well to talk—with the *Gaulois* and without a smile—of the Republic holding her own by "appealing to the grosser needs of the masses." Very likely. Luckily for the French, they have as a nation ceased to yearn for the generous idealism of the Napoleonic period or for the soaring spiritualism of the Second Empire which brought them to the very hard facts of

1870-71. The Republic is securely founded on material prosperity, which is exactly the same thing as saying that she is broadbased upon a people's will. Between the Church and the Republic, the majority of the French nation has no hesitation in choosing the Republic, and, if it has come to this, the greater fault lies with the Church.

The aristocratic attitude in contemporary France towards the Church has been outlined above. It is somewhat similar to that of the eighteenth century. If anti-Clericalism and Flaubert's chemist, Homais, be hopelessly vulgar, it is at the same time not at all distinguished to be "steeped in devotion," save for dowagers. The type of the "well-thinking" French Conservative is a "believer;" but he does not "practise," *i.e.*, he avoids going to Mass except on special occasions, though his womenfolk, of course, confess and attend Church regularly. His usual view is the old one, that religion is particularly beneficial for the masses. He talks of present "persecutions," and commonly hints at future tumbrils; but he is thinking of France—"pauvre France!"—of the "godless people," of the "land of St. Louis, Louis XIV. and Napoleon I. going to the dogs," not of himself or his set, who are quite happy as they are. That, by the way, he has no hold or influence whatever on the masses about whose fate he professes to be concerned, he as a rule knows privately, but can hardly be expected to acknowledge in public. As religion is especially needful for the masses—for a God-fearing people "keeps its proper station"—it follows that the chief duty of the clergy is towards the people—*i.e.*, it must be to work on the mind of the nation against the Republic as much as possible, which is not very much. To over-zealous ecclesiastics who preach at fashionable society, the latter is inclined to say frankly, "Mind your own business, which is to preserve Conservatism among the masses." Since the Third Republic, in fact, the Royalist party in France has come to look upon the Church almost entirely as a political instrument. That is the crux of the whole question. The Church cannot afford to lose the support

of the militant Conservative party. The latter only lends its support on the condition that the Church shall use what influence she has with the bulk of the nation against the Republic. At the same time, that influence dwindles precisely for that very reason. Because it dwindles, Conservative support of the Church is given more and more grudgingly. The more the Church strives to please the party, the more her influence with the nation decreases. It is already too small to permit of her dispensing with Royalist support. The situation of the Church is thus inextricable.

Should the Concordat be denounced, it is quite possible that the Church may find her steadiest standby in the *bourgeoisie*—in the provincial *bourgeoisie*, at all events. The Royalist aristocracy will help her neither more nor less than now—militant Royalist politicians, perhaps, if anything, rather less, as, after disestablishment, she will be a less useful weapon against the Republic. Of course, were all the rest of France to become anti-Christian, the peasant of Brittany and Vendée would still remain devoted to the Church, but he can do little to help her. The *bourgeoisie*, on the other hand, can do almost everything, and it is a mistake to imagine that the French middle class as a whole is deeply estranged from the Church. The womenfolk in the great majority are Catholic to the backbone, and, when that is the case, the children are invariably brought up in the Catholic faith. The one cause of antipathy among the *bourgeoisie* towards the Church has been precisely the identification of the latter with the party of political intrigue against the Republic. Whatever else may be doubtful in France, it cannot be doubted that the great bulk of the nation, and the *bourgeoisie* principally, has thrown in its lot with the Republic for good. However good Christians French business men may be, there is not the least hesitation in their conviction that a mass is not worth a revolution, and the plunge in the dark of a Royalist restoration, a Dictatorship, or any such public freak. To a great extent the political attitude of the Church has served more than it has harmed the Republic.

Catholic Republicans have become not less Republican but less Catholic. Under the circumstances it is possible that the *bourgeoisie* may increase its support of the Church if the Concordat be denounced and the Church thus cease to be a State within the State and in constant warfare with it.

From the industrial labouring classes the Church has probably little to hope, save in certain districts, chiefly in the North, where, owing largely to the influence and authority of powerful Catholic employers, the priest has retained a firm hold on the "proletariat." But in general there is no doubt that the *ouvrier* distrusts the *curé*. In Paris, the Church is looked upon as a convenient dispenser of alms when the worker goes down in the world, but once he has accepted her charity he is classed definitely by his fellows as a failure. "They have been to the priests" is the Parisian equivalent of our London poor's branding phrase, "They have been in the workhouse." The "poor but respectable" *femme de ménage* (charwoman) in Paris tells you she "may be poor, but, *Dieu merci*, she has never begged of the *curés*." The working classes, not altogether wrongly, hold the conviction that the fact of receiving alms from the Church presupposes subjection to the latter. The priest, often from sincere motives, is inclined to favour the whining and very 'umble type of cadger at the expense of the honest and sturdy worker out of work.

Has the Church much to expect from the peasantry, the backbone of the French nation? The peasant's attitude towards his *curé* is not that of the artisan. Once more, of course, the Bretons, Vendéens, and the natives of certain other provinces of the West and South-West must be set apart, as they will remain undoubtedly devoted to the Church through thick and thin. All over the rest of France, the peasant's disposition towards the Church is almost unvarying. He is very rarely a *mangeur de curés*, save in certain parts of the Ile de France. On the other hand, he is just as seldom "clerical." The fact that he is almost universally a freehold owner of land gives him a certain independence towards the

Church, or towards other forms of authority, though none respects them more than he. He recognises and respects among other institutions the Church. It is right there should be *curés*, as there are *gendarmes*, *gardes champêtres*, M. the Prefect, M. the Deputy, M. the Judge, and so on. But let each one keep to his own proper place in the comfortable order of things. Beyond all, the meddling *curé* is an object of suspicion and disgust to the countryside. Let the *curé* marry the peasant, baptize his one or two children, give them their *première communion*, and duly, on occasion, officiate at a *bel enterrement*, worthy of a prosperous peasant family; perhaps the priest may also confess the peasant at Easter. But, if exercised outside these limits, the *curé's* activity becomes ominous. At the slightest attempt of the parish priest to interfere in the peasant's affairs, in bargains of land, in the complicated legal settlements beloved of French country-folk, in intricate and prolonged family wranglings, his flock turns on its pastor and rends him. It is a common saying of the French peasant that there are too many *curés*, that they have not enough work to do, and consequently are tempted to busy themselves with other people's business. In the Ile de France distrust of the priests is carried to great lengths, and touches on questions of morality. It is a fact that the common advice of mothers to their girls in those parts is: "Do not go alone to see *M. le curé*." The strangest thing is that even in these extreme cases he remains *M. le curé* all the same, and is looked up to still, in a way. He is the *curé* of the Church, and the Church is a necessary institution, which has nothing to do with the morals of the parish incumbent. It can be easily understood that, the general attitude of the French peasantry towards their priests being considered, the political enterprises of the Church have not served her in rural France. Her leaders have been wise enough to see that the least favourable field for the campaign against the Republic is agricultural France—Brittany, Vendée, etc., always excepted. Nevertheless, political action, more or less cautious, has been

attempted in some cases by country priests, and in all with damaging results to the Church. If ever the peasantry be completely convinced that the Church means uncompromising war on the Republic, thenceforward the influence of the country priest on his parishioners will be gone.

Throughout the bulk of the nation the position of the Church in public opinion is much the same. Few who know real popular feeling in France will deny that the whole question of Church *v.* State lies in the fact that the Church loses ground with the nation at each step she takes in the field of politics. On the other hand, has she advanced too far already in political action to back out now? If she does retire, leaving the Republic mistress of the field, her powerful allies of the Royalist party will instantly sever their compact. Is there yet time for her to gain in influence with the bulk of the nation what she would be bound thus to lose by the desertion of the Royalists? Or will the generals of the Church decide that the substance of Conservative support is worth all the shadowy hopes of peaceful amity with the Republican majority, the first condition of which would be the laying down of political arms altogether? If they do choose that course, one thing is certain: the allied forces of the Church and of Royalism in France will eventually stand alone against the rest of the French nation; and the odds are that even this compact minority will have to face the prospect of gradual reduction of their strength by desertions, the opposite chance of fresh followers swelling their ranks being infinitesimal.

LAURENCE JERROLD.

GERMAN DREAMS AND THE DOWNFALL OF ENGLAND

UNDER the title of "Der Weltkrieg Deutsche Träume," August Niemann, a German Imperialist, has recently published a work in which he describes the downfall of England. It is a forecast on the "Battle of Dorking" lines, and is decidedly interesting reading; interesting inasmuch as it unquestionably voices the hopes and aims of a large section of German opinion, and also because it points out many defects in our system of Empire defence. The writer has made a study, certainly more than superficial, of the military and political conditions under which we hold India, especially in the north-western districts through which Russian armies would pass in a successful campaign against us, a campaign such as is described in this work.

In a brief introduction to his "World-War of German Dreams," the author asks if the three powers who stood together after the victory of Japan over China, and by the treaty of Schimonosaki spoiled England's plans, will remain idle, or will they again join hands for their common good. He thinks they will again do so, and in spirit he sees the armies and fleets of Germany, France, and Russia setting themselves in motion against the "common enemy." His book closes with the triumphal entry of the German Emperor at the head of the Allies into London.

It was a British colonel, whom he met in Calcutta, who said to him :

Three times I have been ordered here to India. First, five and twenty years ago, as lieutenant. Then the Russians were fifteen hundred miles from our frontier. Then as captain ten years later, when they were five hundred miles away. Again a year ago as lieutenant-colonel—and I found the Russians standing close to the passes leading to India.

All seas, says our author, are ploughed by the keels of British warships, all coasts provided with the coaling-stations and strongholds of British world power. The lordship of the world is England's, and England intends to keep it ; she cannot endure that the Russian colossus should draw life and power from the sea. It was the feeling of resentment against England's selfish world-hunger which, says this writer, made the German Emperor's telegram to Kruger find such a " profound and lasting echo in the hearts of the entire German nation."

The book opens with a conference of Russian ministers in the Imperial Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. At this conference the world policy of England is considered and condemned. The Archduke Michael leads off by declaring that the Government of the Czar is convinced that we owe the attack of Japan to the enmity and intrigues of England. From the China Sea through the whole of Asia to the Baltic England places difficulties in our way, in order to rob us of the fruits of our work of civilisation. Everywhere throughout the world where our interests are in question we meet with this open or disguised antagonism of England.

Then the War Minister, Kuropatkin, unfolds his plan of campaign against India. A despatch from the Russian Minister in Paris is read, stating that M. Delcassé has given the most binding undertaking on behalf of his Government that France will declare war on England the moment the Czar sets his armies in motion against India. M. Delcassé is made to say that he holds it no Utopian idea to suppose that the German Emperor will join the holy alliance against England. It is admitted that William II. is " the great sphinx of our time," that he preaches peace and professes friendship for England,

but it is felt that he will not hesitate to strike her when the favourable occasion presents itself. Pages are devoted by this German Anglophobe to prove that it is the duty, the Christian duty, in the interests of humanity, of Germany, France, and Russia to sink their differences, forget their jealousies, and let bygones be bygones in order to join in a mighty crusade by land and sea against the intolerable burden of England's greatness.

WAR WITH RUSSIA

This story of our downthrow opens at Chandigot in India, where a Lancer regiment is stationed. The officers are described as engaged in their usual evening occupation of drinking whisky and gambling for high stakes. Two foreigners are present, pretended merchants, but really officers, one of the Russian and one of the German army, who have been sent to study the military organisation of the country while enjoying the hospitality of our officers. The German officer, Heideck by name, who is represented as the soul of honour, falls in love with the beautiful but badly-used wife of a Captain Urwin. This impossible English lady puts herself under the protection of her German admirer, and becomes so infatuated that she in the end betrays her country by disclosing the plans of the British Admiralty—but this is anticipating events.

It is soon evident to these foreign spies, from the hurried movement of troops towards the north-west frontier of India, that war with Russia is expected. Our whisky-drinking gambling officers think nothing of disclosing the British plan of campaign to these travelling merchants, who in private make no concealment of their contempt for our military methods, and of our reliance on the loyalty of the native troops. The first blunder we are supposed to commit is the hurried collecting together from all parts of India of regiments taken from all kinds of different corps, thus destroying their tactical union and organisation. It was evident that the aim of the Government was to send forward at all costs, and as quickly as possible, strong

bodies of troops to the frontier where Lieut.-General Sir Bindon Blood was collecting a great field army at Peshawar. Viscount Kitchener and the staff officers in India, as well as the Viceroy and the cabinet in London, seemed to take it for granted that the English army would be victorious from the outset, and did not dream of its being compelled to fall back on the fortified places of the north-west provinces. The contempt with which the officers in Chandigot spoke of the Russian army and of the Afghans was typical of the general feeling of the English,

The Russians having entered Afghanistan, in reply to representations from the London Cabinet as to their object, said the Amir had asked for their help as he was fearful of British designs on the independence of his country. On this Great Britain declared war, and General Blood was ordered to march into Afghanistan by the Kyber Pass with all speed. Lieut.-General Hunter, in command of the Bombay Army Corps, was ordered to march from Quetta on Kandahar. Simultaneously, so it was said, an English fleet was to be despatched from Portsmouth, and it was known that England was also arming against France. Only as regards the intentions of Germany was there wanting any trustworthy information in regard to this threatening world-war.

RUSSIA INVADES INDIA

While the Lancers under Colonel Baird at Chandigot are preparing to join in Hunter's advance to Kandahar, an officer from General Blood arrives and informs the colonel that all the plans of advance have been altered, and that instead of going to Quetta he is to march with all speed to Moultan.

"What is the reason for this change of plan?" asked the colonel.

"The Russians are coming down from the Hindu Kush. They are marching down the Indus Valley in the rear of our army, and General Blood is retiring southward to avoid being cut off. I am sent by him to direct our troops to concentrate on Moultan."

"But surely there must be some mistake? How can the Russians have crossed the Hindu Kush?"

"I have myself seen Russian Infantry in the defiles of the Indus Valley. The Russian advance on Herat and occupation of Kabul by General Jwarrow is mainly a demonstration. Jwarrow is advancing towards the Kyber Pass with 20,000 men supported by 20,000 Afghans, but the chief Russian advance is from the Pamirs towards Rawalpindi and Lahore."

"Rawalpindi?" said the colonel. "If the Russians descend along the Indus they must reach Attock and that strong fort will delay them long enough."

"It is to be hoped so, colonel, but we cannot count too much on that. The strength of the Russian army is at present unknown to us. But its advance has evidently been most admirably prepared for. The pioneers must have worked wonders in the difficult passes of the Hindu Kush, and the Russian soldiers seem made of iron."

"Well," said the colonel shortly, "we shall show them that we are made of steel."

An exceptionally fine and dry spring favoured the advance of the Russian army over the mountains, and then across the wide plains of the Panjab. It seemed as though the fortune of war favoured them from the outset, for they effected the dreaded and difficult crossing at Attock with unexpected ease.

FIRST RUSSIAN SUCCESS

The English commander of this elevated fortress had orders to blow up the bridge over the Indus as soon as General Blood's army, which should have held Peshawar and the Kyber Pass, had passed in its retrograde movement.

The bridge at Attock, built very high over the narrow bed of the raging torrent of the Indus, is reckoned among the marvels of engineering skill. It is built in two stages, of which the upper one carries the railway and the lower a road for ordinary traffic and foot passengers. On each bank is a fortified gateway. The English commander relied on the strength of the fort perched 800 feet above the river, and imagined that the Russians were still far away. In the meantime the Russian advance had crossed the Kabul River above Attock (where it joins the Indus), and arrived in the vicinity of the fortress almost at the same time as General Blood's army,

of which the greater part had safely crossed to the south side of the Indus. By one of those strokes of fortune, which occur occasionally in war, the Russian troops arrived at the head of the bridge unnoticed in the early morning mist; the crossing of the British had been interrupted through some faulty disposition of the troops, so that the Russian general had nothing to do but seize the bridge thus left at his mercy. The British rearguard of 5000 thus cut off was attacked by General Jwarrow, whose army had advanced through the Kyber Pass, and 2000 British, with their 3000 Mohammedan comrades, fell into the hands of the Russians. When the victors assured the Mohammedan soldiers that they fought against the infidels for the true faith, the Indians without further to-do joined the Russian army.

Before continuing their successful advance the Russian commander waited near Attock while the troops coming from the Hindu Kush, which had crossed in small detachments, arrived and swelled his army to over 70,000 men.

It was a blood-stained road along which the Russian army followed the retreating English. Over it Alexander the Great had invaded India, and it had been the scene of some of the greatest battles of Indian history.

CRITICISMS ON OUR INDIAN ARMY

The movements of the Russian army had upset the plans of the English commander. The troops concentrated at Moulton were hurriedly set in motion towards Lahore directly it was clear that the Russians intended to advance to the south-east. The time required to enable General Jwarrow to unite his troops at Attock enabled the English to reach Lahore before he did. At Lahore the English found their army greatly increased by the strong garrison of the place, and every day fresh regiments arrived from Delhi and Lucknow, thus increasing the strength of Sir Bindon Blood's army to 100,000 combatants.

Heideck, the German spy, was a keen and deeply interested

observer of the English preparations for a decisive battle, and was little impressed by them. It seemed to him that the troops were neither well led nor showed any particular aptitude for fighting. They often appeared helpless in bivouac and in camp, and suffered great privations, in consequence of the absence of necessary supplies, including food, the commissariat department being in hopeless confusion.

Heideck found himself in an army which knew nothing of war on a great scale, indeed nothing at all of war against regular troops. It was true the English were used to fighting, as they were obliged continually to come to blows with wild or semi-wild peoples. They had made costly expeditions and earned dearly bought victories. But it had always been irregular brown or black hordes that they had had to do with. The experiences of the Boer War had not yet passed into the flesh and blood of the troops. The personal bravery of each individual had nearly always been the factor which told in their success, and this accounted for the fact that the English officers were filled with self-confidence. They looked with contempt on all foreigners, because in their wars they were accustomed almost invariably to defeat a numerically superior foe.

With amazement Heideck found that execution of tactics and military instruction in the British Army were often in absolute opposition to the conditions required by modern armaments. The infantry was still taught that the highest form of war was to let off their rifles steadily and simultaneously at word of command, and then in dense masses to charge with the bayonet. Proud Albion clung to the idea that English methods must be right, and considered anything new or foreign unworthy of attention. Or were the English afraid to employ the open fighting formation because they feared if they did they would be unable to manage and control their Indian troops ?

As the English were hampered rather than helped by their native troops with their immense following of non-combatants,

so also were they distracted by anxiety for their womenfolk ; the lines of railway leading to the great seaports were monopolised by the military, and there was nothing for it but to let the women and children await, in the already overcrowded city, the result of the coming battle with the Russians, now only a few miles away.

THE BATTLE OF LAHORE

The German observer, Heideck, who had been requested by Colonel Baird to look after the ladies, did not fail to note the terrible danger to which they were exposed. He saw what he thought was half-heartedness among the best of the native regiments, and heard rumours of mutiny among the Mohammedans. To add to the difficulties of the English commander, he had found it necessary to alter his plan of battle almost in sight of the Russians. The battle once begun, it soon appeared that on hearing the cries of "Allah!" resounding from the ranks of the Afghan and Turkestan troops in the Russian Army, the Mohammedan Indian troops refused to fight or openly joined the enemy in spite of the entreaties and threats of their English officers, who in some cases were attacked and killed by their own men. Then the ancient enmity between the Hindoos and the Mohammedans broke out, and instead of fighting the Russians these troops in many cases fell to fighting among themselves.

General Blood and his officers did their best, the white regiments fought superbly, but the British artillery being silenced by the superior numbers and weight of the Russian guns, the British general was obliged, chiefly owing to the treachery of the Sepoys and other Mohammedan native troops, to retreat with the remnant of his army, leaving Lahore to its fate.

And what a fate! At the first rumours of disaster the native population and the thousands of camp followers had assumed a threatening attitude towards the white non-combatants; as their numbers were increased by the arrival of

thousands of renegade native soldiers from the battle they became bolder, and after setting fire to the hotels, began to re-enact on the defenceless white women and children the horrors of the Indian Mutiny.

By this time Lahore was surrounded by the Russians, and their general sent squadrons of Cossacks through the streets to quell the massacres and burnings and restore some sort of order.

GERMANY AND FRANCE DECLARE WAR AGAINST ENGLAND

This period of Russia's first triumphs in India was chosen by the Emperor of Germany as the time to declare war with England, now fighting France and Russia. It was evident that an invasion of England was contemplated, Germany occupied the Netherlands, France invaded Belgium, so that between them the two Powers had the whole coast opposite England at their service.

There was a meeting of the Cabinet in London to hear the news that their best general had been defeated in a battle before Lahore, in which the whole of the Sepoy regiments had deserted to the enemy. The Viceroy reported that the Commander-in-Chief was at Delhi with an army of thirty thousand men and would defend the town. The Sepoys in his command were obedient, as they were kept imprisoned in the fortress and unable to run away.

THE BATTLE OF DELHI.

Re-inforcements for India are shipped in feverish haste, and then comes the news that the Russians are again victorious in a great battle before Delhi, in which the English lose 8000 men, twenty guns, and many standards. "England has lost India, and Russia consoles herself for the loss of East Asia by taking the Indian Empire, which gives her access to three great ports, and will enable her to build a war fleet in accordance with her needs. If the English Ministers thought

that Japan would fight for any one but herself they were strangely mistaken."

In the English Admiralty divided counsels exist. The fleet is divided into three sections, one to meet the French fleet, one the German, and one the Russian, but nothing is done except that the country is denuded of regular troops in order to make good the Indian losses.

HOW ENGLAND WAS INVADED

In the German and French ports great preparations for invading England are being made. At Kiel are collected sixty great Atlantic liners drawn from the fleets of the North German-Lloyd, the Hamburg-American line, and the Stettin Company. To escort them are the battleships *Baden*, *Wurttemberg*, *Bayern*, and *Sachsen*, with three first-class and six second-class cruisers, and a strong torpedo boat division.

On the declaration of war by his country Heideck, the German spy and officer, returns to Germany to take up active service. He is now affianced to Mrs. Urwin, whose husband was killed in India, and she goes to stay with friends at Dover until the war is over and they can be married.

While at Dover she gets possession of an important Admiralty paper, which she gives to her lover, in which the British design to make a crushing attack on the German fleet on a fixed date is exposed. The German fleet is lying off Flushing, and the German Prince Admiral sends to the French Admiral at Cherbourg news of the intended British attack, and begs him to reach Flushing early on July 15 with the strongest battle fleet he can muster. In the Admiralty paper all the British war ships destined to take part in the attack are mentioned. Knowing how and where the British Channel fleet is to be engaged on July 15 the Germans select that day for the attempt to invade England. The sixty transports with their protecting warships leave Kiel early on July 15, on the evening of the 16th land is sighted, and a few hours later the whole fleet is at anchor in the Firth of Forth.

Not a warship or vessel of any kind was met with on the voyage, and the two cruisers found in the Firth of Forth at once haul down their flags in face of the superior German force. Then the good people of Leith and Edinburgh are astounded to see over 60,000 German soldiers of all arms with artillery and horses landed near Leith by the electric light from the German warships.

The garrison of Edinburgh surrendered without striking a blow, being too weak to think of resistance. The two German army corps after a rest began their march southwards towards London.

DEFEAT OF THE BRITISH NAVY OFF FLUSHING

It was, we are told, with secret anger that Admiral Sir Percy Domville read the *Ordre de bataille* sent to him from London, a copy of which, by the treachery of an infatuated Englishwoman, was also in the hands of the foe . . . The British Admiral had more than once endeavoured to prove to the Lords of the Admiralty the dangers involved in having to carry out strict written orders, evolved from the strategy of the green table, which can take no account of the unforeseen circumstances attending naval warfare. But he held in his hand proof of the folly of supposing that Lords of the Admiralty would admit that plans evolved by their wisdom could possibly fail. He must, of course, obey, although had he been able to foresee the full consequences of the great tactical blunder underlying the task allotted to him he would probably as a patriot have sacrificed his career to save his country; for the proud British nation had more at stake now than ever before in any sea battle. It was a question of England's prestige as the world dominating sea power. All-powerful Albion, the dreaded mistress of the seas, was to fight for honour and existence. A great battle lost might well mean a fatal wound from which the British lion could never recover.

It would occupy too much space to give in full this

German patriot's stirring account of the terrific naval battle of Flushing.

The British Fleet in two divisions consisted of seventeen battleships, twenty-two cruisers, nineteen destroyers, four torpedo boat flotillas, and, among the officers who fought on that most fateful day, were Sir Percy Domville, in chief command, on the *Bulwark*; Lord Charles Beresford on the *Majestic*; Vice-Admiral Lambton on the *Magnificent*; Vice-Admiral Walker on the *Bacchante*. A squadron under the command of Commodore Prince Louis of Battenberg on the *Implacable* was to remain in reserve in case of the approach of a French Fleet. If that occurred then the reserve squadron was to unite with the first division of the fleet under Sir Percy Domville and immediately attack the French, leaving the second division to deal with the German fleet. The latter, under the command of the Prince Admiral on the *Wittelsbach*, consisted of ten battleships, six first-class and seven second-class cruisers with a large fleet of destroyers and torpedo boats.

The German Admiral's plan was to divide his fleet into two parts, the battleships in the eastern arm of the Schelde, the cruisers with a strong torpedo boat flotilla in the western mouth of the river, his aim being to make the British Admiral think he had the whole fleet before him.

This plan succeeded and the English Admiral suddenly found his rear attacked by the squadron of the Prince Admiral, while the cruisers and torpedo boats of the other German division bore down on his advance. The English commander was completely surprised by this double attack and several of his ships were so severely damaged by torpedoes as to be rendered unmanageable. In the confusion which followed, the *Formidable* rammed and sank the battleship *Renown* and injured her own bow so severely as to detract greatly from her fighting power.

A general engagement followed this disheartening blow to the English, and the great superiority of Krupp guns and

German marksmanship soon made itself felt. The English Admiral giving up all hope of carrying out his orders to capture and not to destroy the German warships, gave the order to ram them. But the Prince Admiral foiled this attempt by a manœuvre quite unknown to the English. Instead of waiting for the attack the German squadron divided itself into two halves, the first division of which, swinging in behind the flagship, together with her, made "left turn," while the second division, also making "left turn" ranged behind the other flagship.

The English Admiral's plan was completely foiled by this rapid and clever evading manœuvre and he found his advancing ships under a terrific cross fire from the two German lines with the result that two of his ships were put out of action and one of them sunk. Although in spite of their great inferiority in numbers, thanks to their superior technical knowledge and skill, the Germans had so far had much the best of the fight, the odds were still heavily against them, when suddenly from the south-west a fresh and apparently very strong fleet came into sight. If it was the British Reserve Squadron the victory must remain with them, but after a few anxious moments, it became clear that the rapidly approaching fleet was commanded by the French Admiral Courthille. Admiral Domville, seeing all hope of victory was lost as he could not hope to cope with ten large battleships and many smaller ones in addition to the German ships, gave the signal to retreat and made off to the north-west before the French could join in the fight.

THE HUMBLING OF ENGLAND

While the German columns were marching on London, a great French army, with a regiment of the Imperial Russian Guards, had landed at Hastings. The invaders met with no serious opposition in their march on London; the British volunteers fought bravely, but, without skilled leaders, knowledge, or training, their efforts were fruitless. The victories of the Russians in India, the defeat of the British fleet at Flushing,

and the presence of two foreign armies marching on London, convinced the British Government and public that further resistance was useless. The Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour, was empowered to sue for peace, the preliminaries of which were signed by him and by the Lord President of the Privy Council, the Marquis of Londonderry, at Hampton Court, where the German Chancellor, von Grubenhagen, the French Minister, Delcassé, the Russian State Secretary, Witte, with Count Lamsdorff and a whole staff of officials were assembled, the French and German armies being quartered at Aldershot.

As a result of her defeat in this World War England was compelled to give up India to Russia, Egypt to France, which also took Belgium, while Germany contented herself with Antwerp, Zanzibar, some ports in South Africa, and sundry conditions which secured her the preponderating position in the trade of the world.

Peace was declared, and at the head of the allied armies his Majesty the Kaiser entered London.

With all its wild improbabilities, Herr Niemann's book is well written, and some English publisher would do good service by publishing a translation of it, as it contains useful lessons for our people, not the least of them being the fact that an alliance of Russia, France, and Germany against us is not so improbable as some people imagine—whether we should fight alone, or whether the outcome would be what German dreamers dream, is another matter.

R. B. MARSTON.

THE CASE OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA

THE resignation of Sir Charles Eliot has given that personal flavour to the question of the future of British East Africa by which the public mind is most strongly attracted ; and it would be a thousand pities if both the personal and the general interest were to die away—even in the excitement of Russian seizures and Government closures—before the considered strength of the Commissioner's action had elicited an equally purposeful enunciation of our East Africa policy.

It was the writer's fortune to disembark at Mombasa towards the middle of April, when, as we now know, those despatches were on their way to Lord Lansdowne, in which Sir Charles justified his tendered resignation of March 4. During these months of March and April the aspect of land settlement had been most dramatically reversed. Until the railhead had reached Nairobi the possibilities of British East Africa for good or for evil remained undeveloped, for on this side Nairobi the country is either waterless or tropical, and in either case not well suited for permanent European colonisation. Even Mr. Alexander Whyte, an agriculturist of tropical experience, and obviously something of an enthusiast, could not deny in his report on the Sea-coast Belt, which was presented to Parliament in May 1903, that an occasional trip to Europe must prove a necessity to the white planter.

With the arrival of the railway at Nairobi such difficulties

disappeared, and the settler can now reach in twenty-four hours from the coast that white man's paradise, which Sir Harry Johnston brought so forcibly before our eyes, when as yet it was a province of the Uganda protectorate. No reader of his book could doubt that before many years that part of the British dominions would present itself for settlement in both senses of the word. Depression in South Africa furnished the occasion, and the occasion was enforced by a glowing letter to the *Johannesburg Star* from Mr. Bowker, a Cape colonist of long standing and strong local influence, and reinforced by the enterprise of Messrs. Chamberlain and Flemmer. Hitherto the few settlers had been drawn chiefly from the ex-employés of the old East African Company and of the Uganda Railway Construction, and these had occupied plots of land round Nairobi, Kikuyu, Naivasha, and the various hill stations up to the Mau escarpment.

But even this small band had their effect, and their warning for the alert-minded, and the necessity of defining, restricting, and regularising the occupation of the country was recognised in the "Settler's Ordinances" of 1902 and 1903. These ordinances can only be read as pledging the Government to the policy of a white occupation; although, in view of the strong claims of the natives to be considered, a wide freedom of restriction was retained. The settler could within ascertainable limits choose for himself an agricultural homestead of 160 acres and reserve a right to take up a further area of pre-empted land not exceeding 480 acres—this for the modest sum of 2 rupees (2s. 8d.) an acre, or 2 annas (2d.) per acre for sixteen years. Or, again, he could take up acres of grazing land from 1000 to 10,000 acres at a rent of half an anna per acre. Such rules can hardly be taken otherwise than as a direct encouragement to the individual colonist.

Nor had Parliament been unmindful of the dismal history of the concession system in Africa. A return was presented to both Houses in June 1903 "showing the names of the firms or individuals to whom concessions have been granted in East

Africa or Uganda ; the exact nature and terms of those concessions ; and the exact localities and areas of their operation."

Accordingly, under the heading " East Africa Protectorate," are set out a concession of 10,000 acres of agricultural and grazing land to the Italian Trading Company ; concessions for tram lines, cocoa-nut plantations, and pearl fisheries to a Mr. Anderson ; and lastly, two concessions granting the exclusive prospecting right for six months, with power to take in exchange during those six months a mining lease of lands not exceeding forty square miles, within the area : first, of 100 square miles round Lake Magadi to the south-west of Nairobi ; second, of four separate areas (not exceeding 500 square miles each) to be selected by the company within six months of the date of agreement.

By what means, it may well be asked, was the option of a forty square miles mining lease converted into a general lease of 500 square miles, together with the option to buy outright these 500 square miles at any time during the remainder of the lease, after the completion of the survey and the stocking of the five farms, for £50,000, *i.e.*, three shillings and three halfpence the acre.

In the Foreign Office paper presented to Parliament in July last it is stated that

Only two large land concessions were granted in 1903, namely, to Lord Delamere and the East Africa Syndicate ; and it is not the present policy of his Majesty's Government to grant further very extensive areas for grazing or agricultural purposes in one block. . . . At the time when applications were first received for the two concessions in question, difficulty had been experienced in attracting attention to the capabilities of the Protectorate.¹ Lord Delamere was an early pioneer and settler, and the East Africa Syndicate was held to have earned special consideration by the strenuous efforts it made in 1902 and 1903 to ascertain the geological and mineral possibilities of the Protectorate. It proved to his Majesty's Government that it had spent over £30,000 for this

¹ Sir Charles himself admits that up to June 1903 he was ready to lease the 500 square miles in return for an expenditure of £10,000, but without the option to buy.

purpose, and it has communicated to them the information obtained, which is of considerable value.

The grant of these two large areas will enable his Majesty's Government to judge whether the country can best be developed by wealthy capitalists or by persons of smaller means.

In another paragraph we are told that

the search for gold and other minerals has not fulfilled expectations. A large soda deposit has been found, but it is doubtful whether it can be worked at a profit.

Surely this is the first instance of a profit-seeking association in search of gold and valuable minerals being rewarded on the ground of their public spirit !

Possibly the failure of their search was held to prove their disinterestedness. But supposing the ordinary settler abandons work on his homestead for a year of prospecting, will he, too, be rewarded with square miles of land in proportion to his failure, while a grateful Government falls on his neck for the information that their country is minerally worthless ?

However, "it is not the intention of his Majesty's Government to grant further very extensive areas for grazing or agricultural purposes in one block." In fact, the Foreign Office admit their mistake. In which case was it very wrong of Sir Charles, when he realised the blunder, to interpose objections to this grant of 500 square miles to an exploitation company, who, as things now stand, pay on demand one peppercorn during the first seven years of their occupation of the said 500 square miles, and during the remaining eighteen £500 a year.

True they must thoroughly equip within the seven years at least five farms of 5000 acres, each of which must be controlled by at least one resident of British origin. But as to the remaining 295,000 acres, there is no stipulation whatever beyond that of survey.

More light on this ominous change is imperatively required—ominous because the conversion allows a wholesale confiscation of land, some part of which is almost certain to fall within

the native area of occupation, or, at least, the grazing range of the Masai tribe. As a fact, the territory of the syndicate is described as lying in Gilgil, which is the name of a river flowing into Lake Naivasha, and the Naivasha plains have always been the favourite haunt of the Masai.

This is hardly the moment to enlarge on the peculiar constitution and habits of the formidable Masai, who subsist entirely on their flocks and herds, and who, until twenty years ago, successfully barred the way into the interior.¹ It will, however, be remembered that it was precisely because of the danger of interference with the Masai that Lord Lansdowne, on the advice of Messrs. Bagge and Jackson, refused to grant two blocks of 32,000 acres to Messrs. Chamberlain and Flemmer.²

It was then just during the months of negotiation with the East Africa Syndicate that the inevitable tide began to flow, and a steady stream of emigrants poured out from Delagoa Bay.

Can we feel surprise that Sir Charles wrote on February 2, "I should like to see the syndicate obliged to settle at least ten farmers within one year. I think terms offered too easy and the time limit too large." Lord Lansdowne defends himself by saying that "it is only fair to observe that by this time we had, with Sir Charles Eliot's full knowledge, so far committed ourselves to the syndicate that it would have been difficult to withdraw our offer." Then why had they so far committed themselves in face of the Settlers' Ordinances and the policy therein set forth of an occupation by yeoman farmers? It is this indecision of purpose, or ignorance of the subject-matter, whichever it be, that is so much more dangerous than the lust for conquest which Mr. Gladstone sternly rebuked in our generals of the 'forties and 'fifties.

Meanwhile, boat after boat discharged at Mombasa its

¹ See Hinde, "The Last of the Masai."

² In his letter to the *Times* of August 9, Sir Charles points out that by the draft agreement with Messrs. Chamberlain and Flemmer, native rights were very strictly protected, and but 10,000 acres could be converted into freehold after the expenditure of £5000 within five years.

quota of expectant immigrants, a new town, dubbed "Tentfontein" by the wits, sprang up at Nairobi, and the offices of the land officer were beset by the eager crowd of applicants for land. Even with the rich promise of the dark black soil before them, and the poignant contrast of the sandy veld behind, much disappointment was in store for this restless tribe of pioneers. Too late to stop the rush, a semi-official notice had been published in the South African papers emphasising the need for at least £500 of capital. Men had smiled then, either in the happy consciousness that their £500 was already lucratively and busily employed in South African business or in the eagerness of the mind wound up to go and not unaware that new lands are not often broken by decent capitalists. Now, however, they found, tramping the country, where transport is human and the settler is not allowed to shoot his natural meat until confirmed in the occupation of his homestead, was an expensive enough business. Still more expensive is life in the newest of tin towns, while claims are weighed and registered by the harassed yet courteous officials.

The labour question offered its problems here too. Would the Wakikuyu come out in their thousands to work, when land in plenty was reserved for their own peculiar use? How much, too, of the land was already taken up in native reserves and game reserves? It was hopeless to go too far from the railway, and the pink expanse that had loomed so large on the map began to dwindle down to extremely limited proportions. Yet each fresh band of arrivals must march further and further. Even the unoccupied lands round Nakuru and towards Fort Hall grew less and less. More discouragement must await those who yet lingered in the Transvaal, delayed in the winding up of their affairs or by the terms of their employment. Indian competition cut off the possibility of trading on a small scale with the natives, the accustomed refuge of the hard-up in South Africa. Government officials said plainly that they could not afford to pay for white labour. And last of all, as the countryside began to be mapped out over the bar counter

in Rayne's Store or the Hotel Stanley, and the packing cases drawn together in a ring of growing sympathy, men were surprised and irritated to discover how much of the good land near the railway was in the hands of syndicates and persons of influence at home. Neither capitalists nor aristocrats themselves, they yet felt that in them lay the advancing energy of the British race, and were hurt to find the fire of their eagerness so early played upon by a Government which they had expected to find whole-heartedly British. Why, indeed, should they be thwarted? Of South Africa we have now a fair working knowledge, the fruit of a long and bitter experience. Must we wait for similar misfortunes to develop our intelligent interest in the East?

GODFREY PHILLIMORE.

WAR UNDER WATER

IN naval warfare there is now, as there has always been, a school which desires to attain great results without a corresponding expenditure of men or money. In our own naval history we have prominent instances of this in, for example, Elizabeth's scheme of war at sea by limited liability company, in a proposal by Sir Walter Raleigh that hoys and petty craft should be constituted into a flotilla for use in home waters, and above all in the introduction of fireships and infernals. Each and all of these devices, together with many more of like nature, have been greeted at their introduction by flourishes of trumpets. Each and all have failed to revolutionise naval warfare, and have speedily been consigned by the stern test of war to the subordinate position best fitted to their nature. The youngest of the children born to this school are the locomotive torpedo and the submarine. Of these inventions the former may be said to be approaching maturity; the latter is still in need of careful fostering.

In approaching the subject it is very necessary to clear the mind of prejudice and misconception. To do so is not easy. The locomotive torpedo, even after an existence of a quarter of a century, has not yet fully emerged from the cloud of myth which has enshrouded it since its birth; and, as to the submarine, it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the public regards it as a warlike equivalent of the sea serpent, and possesses but little more reliable information concerning it.

That this should be so is, of course, largely due to the temptation which so mysterious an instrument holds out to the sensational writers whose facts and fancies flood the daily press and cheaper magazines. It is also due in part to the fact that the few men qualified to speak with expert knowledge on the subject are still controlled by that great rule of silence which is so loyally respected in the Royal Navy. So it happens that the submarine has as yet almost no literature of its own in England. One or two volumes, indeed, have recently been devoted to the subject, but what utility they might have possessed for the general reader is more than counterbalanced by their journalistic and imaginative tendency. The mere possibility of constructing a vessel navigable under water has much taken the popular fancy, which, after according due recognition to the fact, has proceeded, naturally enough, to transfer to the submarine of fact many of the attributes of the submarine of fiction. Decidedly there are beliefs here which a latter-day Sir Thomas Browne might include in his "Pseudodoxia Epidemica"; and false beliefs contain a certain spice of danger.

It must not be forgotten that there is a great difference between submarine navigation and submarine warfare. That considerable advance has been made in the former direction is well known; and it has been shown that the submarine boat has so far overcome many of the difficulties which beset it that it has already, for certain purposes, a definite commercial value. But the difficulties in the way of mercantile success are as nothing compared with those which must be encountered if the submarine is to be of use in war; indeed, the conditions are so widely different that it is safe to predict that there will in the future be as great a divergence between the warlike and the peaceful types of under-water vessels as there is to-day in surface craft. At present the only submarine built for a non-warlike purpose is the Lake boat, whose object is to search for, and to salvage, property lost in sunken ships. If any other peaceful method of using submarines is to come to the fore, it

will consist presumably in the conveyance of passengers for short distances. This could be done now, if it were worth while. It would, for instance, be quite feasible to run an under-water service from Dover to Calais, and details of such a scheme have been worked out. That it is not carried into effect is due seemingly to the fact that even the sea-sick majority are not yet prepared to trust their lives beneath the waves.

The primary difficulties which have to be removed are in respect of speed, vision, stability, diving, and armament. When all these are overcome it will be possible to construct an effective submarine man-of-war. In the case of an effective passenger-boat not one of these considerations need enter, for such a vessel might have her propulsive power outside her, and be worked like an electric tram; and, if this were so, she would have no greater need of vision than has a train running in a tunnel.

But for the man-of-war boat the analogy of the tram will not serve; she is more directly comparable to the motor-car. As to speed, however, she is as yet very severely limited, and will continue to be so until some engineering development of a revolutionary nature takes place. The popular belief that the man-of-war submarine runs below water, seeing but unseen, is very far from the truth. Her normal condition is awash. To be effective she must be more or less visible, and as soon as she goes out of sight she becomes all but innocuous. But her only protection lies in her power to vanish completely. She is not in reality a submarine proper at all, she is a submersible. The submarine pure and simple is even more strictly limited in point of speed and vision than the submersible, and has been relegated by experience to the functions of harbour defence. The result of this amphibious disposition is that the submersible needs two sets of engines, one for use on the surface, the other for use beneath it. The surface engine will not serve below water; and to use the below-water engine on top of the water is out of the question on the score of economy. As it is, the crux of the matter is that the only known power which is satisfactory for submerged work is derived from electric accumulators.

Accumulators are accountable for the fact that there are practical submersibles at all, but an enormous disadvantage of them is that their weight is quite out of any reasonable proportion to the power derived from them. The greatest possible submerged speed is at present only about eight knots at the best. Working on the surface with the gasoline-motor used for that purpose a speed of about twelve knots can be attained; but even this is contemptible enough when compared with the twenty-five knots of the latest type of torpedo boat, and the thirty knots of the destroyer.

However, it is at least conceivable that an improved method of propulsion may be introduced which will give the necessary increase of speed. There are, indeed, those who profess that the time will come when the submarine will draw her motive power from an outside source by means similar to wireless telegraphy. This would indeed solve the riddle, but at the expense of the submarine herself. She would then cease to be a boat: all that would be necessary would be a glorified Brennan torpedo, dirigible from a position either ashore or on board a big ship. But though such a device has long been spoken of, and though numerous rumours have been floated concerning it, there is not a particle of evidence that it is as yet within any measurable distance of actuality.

This being so it is necessary for practical purposes to confine the attention to the submersible of to-day, which in addition to being very slow is very blind. Great sacrifices have been made in order to gain a reasonably good power of vision, but the only method that answers at all well is to fit the submersible with a high conning tower, such as proved so vulnerable in the unfortunate A 1, and to work her with that rising above water. Obviously this method sacrifices invisibility, and cannot be followed in the near neighbourhood of hostile ships. The attacking submersible approaches with her conning tower above water as near as she dares, then she sinks down till only the periscope remains visible, and relies upon that. The limitations of this instrument are well known:

it reveals only a small sector of the horizon, it makes it impossible to judge distances, and it is liable to be obscured by spray. But, such as it is, it is small and gives the submersible a reasonable chance of getting within torpedo range without being discovered. Once discovered there is nothing for her to do save to dive completely below the surface, where all is darkness.

Other difficulties there were, such as the power to keep to the desired depth, the power to pass quickly from the awash to the submerged condition, and even the power to fire torpedoes with impunity. But all these have been definitely overcome, and the submersible is fit to take her place in the ranks of fighting ships as a possible substitute for the torpedo boat. The important questions that remain are as to whether her poor speed and limited power of vision handicap her so severely as to render her innocuous. Opinion is certainly divided on this point. Many hold that there is nothing that she could do which could not be done as well, or better, by the surface torpedo boat. Others again believe, with the First Lord of the Admiralty, that she has already attained to some practical utility. But both classes of observer are in favour of a continuance of experiments, either in the hope that some radical improvements in speed and vision may transform her into a really formidable instrument of war, or in the faith that the moral menace held out by this form of attack will make it worth the risk to life and the cost in money which it entails. Sceptics, of course, exist who maintain that the moral menace could be conveyed without the practical risk, and that all that would be necessary would be to post at desirable points a few big notices to "Beware of the Submarines." It is likely, indeed, that in war, as has already been done in manœuvres, means will be found by ingenious officers to magnify the existing threat; but it is improbable that any Power known to be entirely devoid of these weapons—and no Power has succeeded yet in building one without the secret leaking out—would succeed in inspiring awe in an opponent by a simple exhibition of bogus conning towers and counterfeit

periscopes. Fraud, no doubt, will supplement the available supply, but it will not prove an absolute substitute for it.

Such, in terms of navigation, are some of the limitations of the submersible. It remains to consider the vessel with reference to the weapon which it is designed to use.

The locomotive torpedo, after a history of more than a quarter of a century and repeated use in warfare, has definitely confirmed itself in a position of importance afloat. It is not necessary to refer at length to the performances of earlier models in former wars, to the negative results given by the war between Spain and the United States, or to the recent Japanese successes, with the more perfect weapon. All experience tells the same tale,—that the torpedo, if it hits, is irresistible. No device hitherto discovered will palliate its effect. There has accordingly been no attempt to add to its destructive capacity, and attention has been centred upon increasing its accuracy, range, and speed. Thanks to the gyroscope its accuracy is now incontestable, and it has of late been possible to direct efforts towards adding to the range. Probably by far the greater number of torpedoes still in service both in our own and in foreign navies range but 800 yards; but the newer models can run for a considerably greater distance than this, and it is reasonably certain that in the next great war effective torpedo range will have been extended to 3000 yards or even more. The Whitehead itself is, like a ship, a thing of compromise. Large additions to any of its qualities become possible by sacrificing others in an undue proportion. All calculations have to start from the consideration that the weapon has reached its maximum weight, and that the present explosive charge is adequate. A constant of 1000 lbs. remains for the shell, the complex machinery, and the motive power. It is only since the introduction of the gyroscope that any addition to the range was thought of; for up to that date sufficient accuracy could not be obtained to make full use of the range then available. But with the discovery that, instead of running true for a bare 800 yards, the torpedo could now be

made to run straight for as long as the motive-power lasted, there came the desire of extending its radius: and an addition to the store of compressed air used as a propellant was found to be possible. It is not necessary to expend this extra power in largely increasing speed, for the present service speed of some 30 knots is sufficient: it is therefore possible to maintain the present extreme speed over longer distances than hitherto, and to increase the range very largely. Such is the weapon of to-morrow, which will be in use when the submarine first goes forth to war.

This paper is concerned solely with the torpedo in its relations to its handmaidens, the torpedo boat and the submarine; and it is not proposed to touch upon the use of torpedoes in fleet actions. A remarkable fact about this ingenious, and now most accurate, weapon is that down to the present war there had been no instance of a ship under way being struck by a torpedo. All its victims had been caught at anchor or were otherwise stationary. And, from the best information available, the same thing has happened between Russia and Japan. Now the question arises, if the torpedo boat, which has power to catch the hare, cannot cook him, how is the cooking to be done by the submarine, which can neither see him nor catch him? The design certainly is to use the submarine against ships under way to replace the torpedo boat, which cannot act in daylight. And it is an open question, which experience alone can decide, whether it will be easier for a submarine to catch the hare by day than it has hitherto proved for the torpedo boat to catch him by night. Certainly enthusiasts will be by no means satisfied if the submarine proves capable merely of attack on ships at anchor.

But how then is the catching to be done? It is proved satisfactorily by a simple diagram that a submarine moving at eight knots, its extreme speed submerged, cannot hope to reach a big ship steaming at double that pace, unless the submarine when she first sights the ship is about eight miles distant and not more than two points on her bow. If the

distance is less, the danger angle is very considerably reduced. In this case the boat, if unperceived, could sink to the submerged condition and, by heading the ship off, could approach to within half a mile, that is, to within torpedo range under existing conditions. With the long-range torpedo the case alters somewhat. The submarine, if three points on the bow of the ship at first sighting, has still just a possible chance of getting within one mile and a half of her, that is, to extreme torpedo range. In the former case the danger zone for the ship is four points, and in the latter is but six points, out of the thirty-two. The initial odds therefore are heavy enough against the submarine's getting a shot at all. But even these odds fade into insignificance when it is remembered that they presuppose a ship steaming on a straight course and taking no precautions whatever against submarine attack. But her captain would know if he was in waters likely to be infested by submarines, and would take measures accordingly. He would, for instance, alter course constantly; a thing which of itself would be likely to baffle the submarine in view of its utter lack of speed. It has been suggested that, as a further measure, a couple of destroyers a short way ahead, one on either bow, would prove effective both in discovering and in destroying submarines. But this raises the question as to how the destroyer is to damage the submarine. Her guns would do no hurt, and she could not afford to run it down, even if it were not sunk below her draught. Various devices have been suggested to meet the case; a spar torpedo used by the destroyer, a big Whitehead exploded by a time-fuse, a hawser towed between two destroyers, and finally nets similarly used. The former of these suggestions appears to have been already shelved, and the netting devices would presumably stand a chance of success only in narrow channels. A plan suggested by the present writer was for the introduction of a small quick-firing torpedo. Such a weapon could probably be used with effect by surface torpedo craft against submarines either in connection with, or independently of, the hawser device. The

essence of it is simple, and hinges merely on whether it is possible to construct a reliable torpedo of small dimensions.

The present service weapon is 18 in. in diameter, 16 ft. 8 in. long, is over half a ton in weight, and carries a charge of about 200 lbs., which is enough to disable the biggest ship afloat. With this weapon a rate of fire of one a minute is accounted good in favourable circumstances, and on board a destroyer the conditions would not be favourable. But quite apart from the slowness of fire there is the enormous waste of power to be considered. To use such a weapon against a small submarine would be breaking a butterfly upon the wheel with a vengeance. But if the dimensions of the big torpedo be halved, we arrive approximately at the following proportions: Diameter 9 in., length 8 ft. 4 in., total weight 150 lbs., explosive charge 25 lbs., speed 21 knots. Two questions are suggested by a contemplation of these figures: could the thing be constructed, or does it lie in the same category as Horatio Oliver Hampden's cocoa-valve? Secondly, at what rate could it be discharged?

The suggestion has been well spoken of in the service press, and may be held to be, at first sight, within the bounds of possibility, and it will be interesting to see if any developments in this direction take place. Probably such a torpedo would be sufficiently powerful, and it is not unreasonable to presuppose for it a rate of fire six times as fast as that of the full-sized weapon. It would be snap-shooting at close ranges, and probably the gyroscope, even if possible, would not be necessary. But there is the secondary consideration, that if the surface torpedo craft could carry such weapons for use against submarines, the submarines in their turn could carry them for use against torpedo craft.

The surface torpedo boat revolutionised the gun, but the gun cannot be used against the submarine. It is not unlikely therefore that this type of vessel will in like manner revolutionise the torpedo, the only weapon which can be employed against it.

But, conceding to the submarine a modicum of effectiveness,

it is still debatable as to how far it will prove of use to the weaker power and how far to the stronger. As to its uses in attack or defence, in breaking up or maintaining blockades, in attacking ships at sea or ships in harbour, all this is on the knees of the gods. That it might prevent such indirect long range bombardments as Port Arthur has been subject to is obvious; but its functions will be many, and will postulate different types of craft. Different types are being evolved, but all as yet are subject to the heavy disabilities indicated above. The removal of these disabilities may come early or it may come late; but if its advent is not immediately followed by the rise of some new weapon able to neutralise the threat held out, then let there be no more faith in the history of navies and of human inventiveness.

L. G. CARR LAUGHTON.

PHYSICAL TRAINING AND NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT

THERE must have been many interested readers of Mr. W. Beach Thomas's recent article in the MONTHLY REVIEW,¹ wherein he traces, from his point of view, some causes for the national degeneration now exciting considerable uneasiness. He dwells on the superior energy and resourcefulness of the country man, and advocates with force and eloquence the absolute necessity of organised daily training of the young in the precepts and practice of hygiene. To organisation he pins his faith, and no doubt stimulus is derived from this method. Personally, I feel profoundly grateful to him for demanding from his own sex first a knowledge of health laws, referring to its necessity for women merely at the conclusion of his paper. I am convinced that it is only by the co-operation of men and women, of boys and girls, that the practice of hygiene will reach the high level to which its theoretical status has long entitled it. But surely the results of country life upon the labouring classes are painted in too roseate a hue. The revelations of the Rural Housing Association and the economic conditions, exposed by published inquiries into wages and their purchasing power in country districts, demonstrate the existence of prevalent insanitary methods and of an often debilitated and far from quick-witted population.

Undoubtedly in intelligent adaptation to environment,

¹ June, 1904.

whether in town or country, is to be found one important element of success in life. Experience of rural and urban conditions has taught me that energy, though undeniably affected by "air and exercise," is pre-eminently a personal quality, inherent in the individual. I doubt ability to prove that a higher percentage of villagers possess more energy than their town brethren. The man or woman endowed with that nervous spring we call energy is not peculiar to any district. Ignorant habits and unwholesome environment may sensibly weaken, but cannot wholly break or dissipate this innate power; it rises superior to discouragements, and contributes largely to the display of that tactful adaptability to circumstances which the Americans call "resourcefulness."

In the consideration of all social problems allowance must be made for the influence of numerous and complex factors. To generalise on insufficient data is universally accepted as a grave error. To condemn all town workmen as deficient in resourcefulness on the strength of even the most carefully recorded observations of one individual lends itself to classification under this head. How much of the regrettable want of interest in work to which Mr. Beach Thomas refers results from poor nutrition or physical disabilities it is hard to say. The low standard of duty, the omission to realise that wages paid must be earned by faithful devotion to the master's interest, the exaggerated absorption in sport and betting, are all elements which must be taken into account. The want of interest in his occupation, which leads the workman to dawdle and gossip at the expense of his employer's pocket, may be in part attributed to the absence of a sense of personal responsibility, which some call honour and others honesty; and also to a lack of comprehensive outlook upon life, which might be defined as inability to view his own work in relation to the general scheme of national productiveness. The history of labour troubles affords, unfortunately, too numerous illustrations of my point. To the wise and consistent development of the faculty of imagination, that is, of the power of projecting oneself into

another's place, I look for a partial solution of this problem—a work to be fitly undertaken in schools of all grades. At the same time the vigour of redundant health, when disciplined by judicious training, sheds a radiance upon work and play alike, never dimly perceived by the stunted, underfed weakling.

Happily there are many women in England who are giving their best powers to the promotion of that instruction in the details of daily home life from which Mr. Beach Thomas justly anticipates such beneficial results; but the influence of their efforts has been largely minimised by the indifference to their aims of the more favourably situated classes of the community, as well as to a regrettable want of funds adequately to carry on the work.¹ The sense of active duty to their poorer neighbours is sadly dormant among the well-to-do. I do not deny that much strength and money are expended upon the hospital bazaar, or that much time is lavished on attendance at drawing-room meetings organised to procure support for convalescent homes and fresh air funds. But the conception has barely dawned on the directing classes of to-day that the remedy for the ills these are designed to cure lies ready to hand in the form of the unexciting task of attention to the practical improvement of the people's homes. For instance, to take some of Mr. Beach Thomas's points. Food *can* but be bought from hand to mouth when the only provision for storage is a dark, ill-ventilated cupboard, perhaps the receptacle also for the gas meter. Overcrowding cannot be avoided where rents run at fancy prices. Long hours of work in confined postures are unavoidable when orders are placed and demanded at the shortest notice. Tastes are inevitably depraved where foul air and insufficient water supply diminish the already low standard of health.

¹ It is probably known to few, for instance, that, on the score of expense, the food prepared by girls in elementary schools is not eaten and enjoyed by the young cooks unless they purchase it; a false economy on the part of the authorities concerned, whether viewed from the educational, hygienic, or economic standpoints.

Unfortunately, the commonplaces of physiology are as frequently unfamiliar to the majority of the rich as to the masses of the poor. The recognition that with our existing knowledge constant deviations from health are actually a disgrace is as absent from the mansion as from the cottage. The responsibility of civic duties and of rightly regulated altruism needs impressing on all classes alike. It is true that at the present moment considerable uneasiness exists as to the quality of the web of national life. Do the flaws it exhibits reflect upon the warp of the wealthy or the woof of the masses? is the thread of our national stock at fault? are the shuttles of training carelessly thrown? are the looms out of date? At the first glance it might appear that the faulty threads are to be found wholly among the unskilled labourers or the industrial classes. It cannot be contradicted that the infantile mortality rate may be taken as a sure indication of overcrowded locality or of maternal occupation. The thousands of children who fall victims annually to want of care when suffering from measles or whooping-cough are undoubtedly chiefly resident in the slums of our great cities or in the cottages of our rural districts. The drunkard, the degraded, the defective are all popularly classified as units among the great unwashed, and as the principal sources of menace to England's prosperity. Less superficial observation will, however, reveal other contributory agents to the growing dependence of our population of all ranks upon the continual supervision of the medical profession, which may be in part, by no means wholly, looked upon as an indication of diminished vigour and sound health. Crowded as are the hospitals and dispensaries for the poor throughout the country, the proportion of ailing or debilitated among the paying population can be but little smaller. It is true, surgery can now afford relief to minor as well as to major ills, where formerly passive endurance was the only course; but, apart from this laudable aid to human needs, will not every doctor frankly confess to the demands upon his time made by the carelessness and

inexcusable ignorance of the well-to-do? Underfed or overfed children; errors of dress in infancy which lay the seeds of future suffering; neglect of adequate light or ventilation in nursery or schoolroom; insufficient normal exercise; late hours; over-stimulation of already excitable brains: these are but a few of the needless handicaps too often laid upon the children of the wealthy. They can indeed be ameliorated, perhaps remedied; but at what cost of irritation, disappointment, suffering, and money, not to mention diminished powers of resistance, and perhaps permanent scars! Neither are these sins of commission or omission confined to children. Dyspepsia and shaken nerves; unsymmetrical figures or defects concealed by the wiles of art; premature loss of power or eccentricities which verge on insanity, are present among adult dupes to fashion's vagaries or wealthy slaves to self-indulgence, where not the excuse of even a crumpled roseleaf can be raised in extenuation of the thoughtlessness or wilful ignorance which are their promoting causes.

The attempt to condense in one general term the source from which may be sought a remedy for this national ignorance and resultant suffering is sure to bring a heavy penalty of exceptions; but it is worth the risk. In training—judicious, practical training—in a knowledge of the human body, its functions and their needs, its requirements and dependence for perfect development upon its predispositions and environment, lies, in my opinion, the solution of one of our most momentous social problems; and that training must not be confined to one age, or to one section of the population. The theory and practice of human hygiene must be inculcated by precept and example from early childhood onwards; it must be linked with habits and must influence actions; it must accentuate responsibilities and stimulate reforms among all classes.

Not to waste words upon the ignorance which conveniently relieves itself of undesired responsibility by describing hygiene as a fad, there is still a recognisable percentage of the more intelligent who limit its aims to the purely personal and domestic,

and its claims to women only. Its actual scope has been admirably expressed by Professor Royet Collard—"Le monde entier," he writes, "est de son domaine, car rien de ce qui est humain ne lui est étranger, et l'histoire de l'homme est celle de l'Univers."

The demand I make is no new thing. It may be assumed with tolerable certainty that the birth of hygiene coincided with that of civilisation. Certain contrivances, to which Professor Boyd Dawkins calls attention in his description of the centres of population in the pre-historic age, were probably constructed from a recognition of mutual life interests. Early Brahminical teaching indicates a very clear perception of the value to the individual of bathing, rest, diet, and self-control; the tenets being closely linked with religious ceremonial, and indicating an acquaintance with the effects of climatic conditions on the health of the community. There seems good evidence to support the assumption that "the wisdom of the Egyptians," to which the Hebrew race owes so much of its admirable sanitary code, was largely concerned with hygienic practices based upon sound principles.

That which is more immediately to my point, however, is the evidence which can be gathered of the systematic training of young people during school life in the elements of hygiene, as applied to the formation of good habits and to the physical culture of their bodies. Training in bodily exercises would appear to have occupied a large proportion of the childhood of a Greek lad in the time of Plato, with "the idea of promoting general serviceableness for the ends of life," and of fostering a race of strong, well-balanced, worthy citizens. The control of the body by the mind, in such a degree as is evidenced by grace of carriage and movement, was recognised as well nigh god-like, and as such systematically enforced; the conception of temperance, proportion, or harmony was discovered and utilised as a sure guide in Greek educational methods.

Dr. W. T. Harris, United States National Commissioner of Education, brought out this idea when he wrote of the

“repose of voluntary self-restraint” shown in the best Greek sculpture ; not the relaxation of rest, “but the repose of considerate purpose, grace itself, the acme, indeed, of self-control.”

Among both Greeks and Jews this coercion of natural physical inclinations by the power of education was well appreciated. The close connection of the right care of the whole being, body, mind and spirit, seemed fairly well conceived by all the early Eastern civilisations. In Assyria and Egypt, in India and Greece, the priest-teacher exemplified a perhaps scarcely formulated conception of education as “an atmosphere and a discipline, affecting heart and mind and body, and neglecting none of the three.” A similar idea was clearly present in the minds of English educationists more than fifty years ago, when national education was taking on a new life. To it the eyes of progress were at once turned, as a means by which the personal and public practice of hygiene could be “wrought into” the people. To a few thinkers it was given to anticipate the recently expressed conviction of Professor M. E. Sadler, that “a national system of education involves implicitly, or explicitly, a definite theory of the right ordering of national life.”

The fact that for the majority of the population the time necessary for such study and definite instruction is limited to their early years prompted the presentation of a memorial on the importance of school instruction in hygiene to the President of the Committee of Council in 1853, signed by sixty-five leading physicians and surgeons. A too intimate acquaintance by the laity with what Locke described as our “clay cottage” was considered of questionable reverence and decency half a century ago ; consequently far greater importance attached to the following decided expression of opinion on the part of the scientists of that date than to a somewhat similar memorial presented a few weeks since.

“Our opinion having been requested as to the advantage of making the elements of Human Physiology or a general knowledge of the Laws of Health a part of the education of youth,” so runs the memorial, “we, the undersigned,

TRAINING AND NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT 77

have no hesitation in giving it strongly in the affirmative . . . and we are convinced that such instruction may be rendered most interesting to the young, and may be communicated to them with the utmost facility and propriety in the ordinary schools by properly instructed schoolmasters."

In the concluding words of my quotation the memorialists touch on the crux of the whole matter; given "*properly instructed schoolmasters,*" then children's minds *will* follow their natural bent and deal gladly with the concrete facts of daily existence, to which a new attraction is lent by skilful guidance into observation of the "reason why." But teachers were as much, or even more, disposed to "inform rather than to train" in 1854 than in 1904. Certain remarks in the Fourth Report of the Education Department (1857) bear witness to the fact that the art of memorising had then, as now, attained a higher degree of development and popularity than that of observation. It is first set forth that "the sciences of observation, such as zoology, botany, and physiology, are more suitable to the children of primary schools than the abstract physical sciences (mechanics, physics, or chemistry), which are better adapted for secondary schools;" their Lordships are then invited to consider whether it would not be desirable to introduce an increased study of the sciences of observation in the training colleges. There is little indication, however, that any official effort was made to adopt the expert advice of either the medical profession or the school inspectors. This is the more remarkable in that reiterated testimony as to the national importance of hygiene and to its fitness for educational purposes was given by men whose judgment in such a matter was, and is, unassailable in its integrity. Huxley, Spencer, and Charles Kingsley, for instance, plead with one voice for a suitable and systematic, though necessarily general, introduction of the subject into schools. So numerous are the allusions to this matter contained in their writings that to attempt quotation would prove wearisome. Religion, sociology, economics, all furnish forth incontestable arguments that the right conduct of life should be inculcated upon physical as well as upon

spiritual grounds. For fifty years our Medical Officers of Health have raised the same cry. Sir John Simon embodied eloquent appeals for a riper national education in one after another of his classical reports.

Education, in the full sense of the word [he wrote] is the one far reaching true reformer—not the mere elementary school business of reading, writing and arithmetic, but the education which competes for self-help and for social duty; the education which teaches standards of moral right and wrong . . . and applies its own hygienic discipline to . . . life.

And in the fulness of time the long-expected moment has come. Widespread attention has been called to the new spirit animating this year's Board of Education Code for Elementary Schools.¹ The school is henceforth to afford to children every opportunity for the healthy development of their bodies. The wise American method is to be adopted; that is to say, their intelligent co-operation is to be secured in the execution of physical exercises and in the maintenance of hygienic conditions by "instructing them in the working of some of the simple laws of health." They are to be furnished with a reason for the faith that is in them. Of even better import, by example and influence they are to have implanted habits of self-control, purity, consideration and respect for others; while parental interest is to be enlisted to assist in the production of useful members of the community.

The patriot is filled with hopeful satisfaction! as he reads these instructions; but his next concern will be to inquire by what means teachers are prepared to fulfil duties so onerous. Of the high morale, the devoted self-sacrifice of our great army of elementary teachers there can be but one opinion. But their opportunities for self-preparation in a subject of such vast scope have hitherto been decidedly limited. So far as I can trace the movement for its study has been retrograde rather than progressive in the Training Colleges.² A short theoretical

¹ See "Revolution at the Board of Education," by Cloudesley Brereton, MONTHLY REVIEW, JUNE 1904.

² Considerable impetus should result from the Regulations for the Training of Teachers, issued in July by the Board of Education, which lay wise stress

course in School Management contains allusion to the subject, it is true ; but hygiene in its entirety, correlated as it should be with physics, chemistry and physiology, does not appear ; while the always despised domestic economy has dropped out from King's Scholarship Examinations for girls. General elementary science, including optional biology, occupies the field ; and though no one will deny its right to this position, if man's place in nature be but fairly recognised and included in the scheme of study, it is surely desirable that more impetus be given to the needs and habits of the highest work of creation than is contained in the suggestion that acquaintance with elementary general hygiene should not be "wholly omitted" by candidates for the Acting Teacher's Certificate.

The application of scientific principles to the world's industries has resulted in benefits so manifest as to be universally acknowledged ; but, so far, few realise the equal gain to the community which would as inevitably follow a similar employment of known principles in the complications of daily life. The elements of this knowledge (now securely based on the foundation of proof, theoretical, experimental, statistical, and practical) are indispensable to the complete training of young people in the science of home life, and in the duties and responsibilities of good citizenship. They are to be obtained from a study of hygiene, in the most comprehensive significance of the term. Hitherto this subject has been ignored in all grades of schools, or its scope has been limited to its purely theoretical or personal aspects ; consequently its intimate bearing upon every relation and condition of life has been overlooked. It is yet sparsely recognised that the principles of hygiene can be applied in every case to the daily and familiar experience of young people ; the home, school, and workshop providing ample illustrations and a wide field for useful, practical exercise.

upon the acquirement of hygienic habits by students during their training, and furnish alternative schemes for a detailed study of School Hygiene, which can be only adequately realised if based upon a broad, practical, and scientific study of its general principles.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that parental as well as scholastic interest will be aroused by the recently issued Board of Education Regulations for Secondary Schools. Interspersed among the sections devoted to the functions and work of these schools suggestive references may be found to the fundamental principles of the education which it is their duty to impart. For instance, the training of our boys and girls is to be general, "physical, mental, and moral." It is to keep in view the development and exercise of *all* the faculties; and a "solid basis" is to be laid for the duties of later life. Ample time is allotted to systematic physical exercises for both sexes, while those interested in the well-being of the population will take heart when they observe that the elements of housewifery is suggested as a suitable subject for the instruction of girls. This is consistent with the further intimation that school curricula should be planned with "due regard to the differences inherent in the nature of the two sexes." In Section 12 of Chapter 1 the domestic arts are specified under the head of manual instruction for girls, while their brothers are to acquire skill in the manipulation of wood and iron. Although it is a much debated point whether cookery, laundry work, dairy work, and needlework can justly be so classified, it is nevertheless a matter for sincere congratulation that the Board of Education should thus set its seal of official approval upon the general introduction into secondary schools of these subjects. They not only possess high educational value, but also sorely need raising to that honourable status, to which their bearing upon health and their susceptibility to advanced scientific treatment justly entitle them.

It is remarkable that though throughout these Regulations wise emphasis is laid upon due attention to sanitary conditions in schools, no indication appears of any opening for arousing in scholars a sense of their hygienic duties. Not merely should these be exercised in the form of loyal co-operation in the maintenance of such conditions in schools, but good habits should be intelligently acquired, such as will conduce to the

right fulfilment of personal, domestic, industrial or social responsibilities in subsequent years, if a really "solid basis" is to be laid for the duties of later life. The subject of personal hygiene can fitly be introduced to both boys and girls in connection with physical exercises. A quarter of an hour's talk twice or thrice a week on the objects of these exercises will suffice for this purpose, if linked with practical teaching of the elements of human physiology, to which the nature-study course forms an admirable introduction. Sufficient general acquaintance with domestic sanitary appliances can be gained by properly directed employment and care of school fittings. As regards other and equally important branches of hygiene, I have dwelt at length, in various published addresses, upon the valuable medium offered by "Civics" for training boys in a recognition of their share in the promotion of public health, whether in the capacity of employers, employés, or householders. I have also repeatedly drawn attention to the fact that general hygiene constitutes the basis of housewifery, the details of which assume a fresh interest and acquire a new dignity when perceived to be the application of scientific laws. Its entire omission from the curriculum suggested in these Regulations is therefore to be regretted.

But antecedent to the repair of this omission it is apparent that a fairly exhaustive study of hygiene must form an integral part of a secondary as of a primary teacher's professional equipment; short theoretical courses would not suffice; only by experimental and observational work can the real educational value of the subject be estimated. To this end a more dignified status must be assigned to it by educational authorities, and facilities must be increased for its intelligent pursuit in colleges and technical classes attended by both sexes. For some years past the County Council of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and more recently that of Sussex, have led the way in this respect. Staffordshire is following suit, while such important cities as Manchester and Birmingham are organising courses of training for the coming session. But hitherto

attendance has been confined to elementary teachers, and has been of a purely voluntary character, no additional pecuniary or other advantage accruing therefrom. The Sanitary Institute has also endeavoured to stimulate the right method of study by the type of test it has initiated; its examination for school teachers demands proof of practical ability to apply intelligently that which has been acquired theoretically; the result has amply justified the means employed.

This preparation in the right conduct of life is the kernel of social science. Twentieth-century civilisation demands for its social reformation intelligent self-activity on the part of its individual units; without this assistance what Professor de Chaumont described as the "ideal period" in the hygienic history of a nation cannot be attained. In England, do we not recognise "rational freedom" as the goal towards which we aspire—can we deny that progress is hampered by preventable race deterioration, selfish class interests, inexcusable indifference to the lessons of history and the revelations of science? To correct our defective perspective in social and educational ideals, with the consequent disappointment in their anticipated realisation, shall we not enlist the assistance of the highest scholarship, and ask of it that guidance and honourable service recently described by the President of the Columbia University, New York City? After referring to the unity of effort between church, state and scholarship "to produce a reverent, well-ordered, and thoughtful democratic civilisation in which the eternal standards of righteousness and truth will increasingly prevail," Dr. Murray Butler proceeded:

But a university is not for scholarship alone. In these modern days the university is not apart from the activities of the world, but in them and of them. It deals with real problems, and it relates itself to life as it is. The university is for both scholarship and service; and herein lies that ethical quality which makes the university a real person, bound by its very nature to the service of others. To fulfil its high calling the university must give, and give freely, to its students, to the world of learning and of scholarship, to the development of trade, commerce, and industry, to the community in which it has its home, and to the state and nation whose foster-child it is. Every legi-

timate demand for guidance, for leadership, for expert knowledge, for trained skill, for personal service, it is the bounden duty of the university to meet. It may not urge that it is too busy accumulating stores of learning and teaching students. Serve it must, as well as accumulate and teach, upon pain of loss of moral power and impairment of usefulness. At every call it must show that it is

"Strong for service still, and unimpaired."

The study of hygiene in England needs promotion in a double sense: promotion by diffusion, promotion by exaltation; and this latter, not merely by recognition, but by the opening up of opportunities for advanced study to the laity. All honour is due to Bedford College (London University) for its attention to this subject; but the great resources of all our leading universities should be available to students of hygiene. At present the Diploma of Public Health is open only to members of the medical profession, surely an anomaly. The preservation of health is the concern of all; it is the cure of disease, which is wisely confined to a close corporation. College courses in sanitary science have been established in universities of high standing in the United States, and have amply justified their position. It will be a day of good omen for this country when popular opinion secures a similar step. The promotion of national efficiency prompted this action in America; it may well serve as a worthy motive to Great Britain too. National efficiency depends upon the well-being of the people; statesmen, philanthropists, philosophers and physicians, realise the extent to which the public health is suffering from ignorance, indolence, insanitary habits and conditions; evils by no means confined to one class, but dependent to a large degree upon complex social obligations. In education lies one means for amelioration. The units of the population must be persistently and intelligently trained in "intellectual thoroughness, practical efficiency, and moral vigour" by well qualified and interested instructors, whose own training should, indeed must, include a study of the underlying ideals of national life, which "are involved in all reforms worthy of the name."

ALICE RAVENHILL.

SUGGESTIONS ON THE ORIGIN OF THE GOSPELS

I. ST. MARK

THE first question which meets any student who desires to take up in a scientific spirit the study of our canonical Gospels, is that which goes by the name of "the Synoptic problem." Even the most careless reader can hardly fail to notice the singular resemblances and coincidences which exist in the narratives of the first three Evangelists; resemblances which are to be found not only in the general plan of the whole story, or in the particular incidents and discourses which have been recorded, but also in the actual words, the turns of the sentences, and even in the connecting particles which are used. Nor are these coincidences the result merely of imperfect translation. The resemblance is even closer and more striking in the original Greek than it is in the English or the Latin; the effect of translation has been to obscure rather than to increase its force. Whole chapters are found to be contained substantially in each of the three gospels, while instances can often be found in which for two or three verses together there is scarcely the smallest discrepancy, even verbal, between the three narratives. On the other hand, there are considerable differences and variations which are no less difficult to account for, and which are to be found not only in the actual words themselves but still more in the framework and

the general contents of the narrative. To find a solution which shall satisfactorily account both for the resemblances and the discrepancies, which will tell us why certain paragraphs are contained in one gospel and omitted, apparently without any reason, in another—this, in a word, is “the Synoptic Problem” which has occupied the labours and baffled the ingenuity of numberless scholars, especially in Germany and in England, for more than a hundred years, since it was first raised by Griesbach and Eichhorn in the last decade of the eighteenth century.

It will tend to clear our thoughts if, at the outset of our inquiry, we take a passage which may be considered typical of those which occur in all of the three first gospels, and print the three versions side by side in parallel columns, breaking up the paragraph in each case into short sentences. By these means we shall see at a glance how very great the resemblance is between the three narratives, and shall also get an idea of the kind of way in which they are differentiated one from the others. The murmuring of the Scribes at Capernaum at the claim of our Lord to forgive the sins of the paralytic man will provide us with a suitable example. The quotations are from the Revised Version, as that most nearly represents the original Greek, and therefore brings out the resemblances and differences with the greatest accuracy and fairness.

St. Matthew ix. 2-8.

And behold they brought to him a man sick of the palsy lying on a bed

And Jesus seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven.

St. Mark ii. 1-12.

And they come bringing to Him a man sick of the palsy, borne of four . . .

And Jesus seeing their faith, saith unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins are forgiven.

St. Luke v. 18-26.

And behold men bring on a bed a man that was palsied . . .

And [Jesus] seeing their faith, said, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee.

St. Matthew ix. 2-8.

And behold certain of the Scribes said within themselves :

This man blasphemeth

And Jesus knowing their thoughts, said,

Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts ? For whether is easier to say,

Thy sins are forgiven ; or to say : Arise, and walk ?

But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (then saith He to the sick of the palsy),

Arise, and take up thy bed and go unto thy house.

And he arose and departed to his house.

St. Mark ii. 1-12.

But there were certain of the Scribes sitting there and reasoning in their hearts :

Why does this man thus speak ? He blasphemeth. Who can forgive sins but one, *even* God ?

And straightway Jesus perceiving in His Spirit that they so reasoned within themselves, saith unto them,

Why reason ye these things in your hearts ? Whether is easier to say to the sick of the palsy,

Thy sins are forgiven ; or to say : Arise, and take up thy bed and walk ?

But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (He saith to the sick of the palsy),

I say unto thee, Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thy house.

And he arose, and straightway took up the bed, and went forth before them all.

St. Luke v. 17-26.

And the Scribes and the Pharisees began to reason, saying :

Who is this that speaketh blasphemies ? Who can forgive sins but God alone ?

But Jesus perceiving their reasonings, answered and said unto them,

What reason ye in your hearts ? Whether is easier to say,

Thy sins are forgiven thee ; or to say : Arise and walk ?

But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (He said unto him that was palsied) :

I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy couch, and go unto thy house.

And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his house, glorifying God.

Now the remarkable thing which at once strikes us about these passages is that the verbal identities are not confined to our Lord's actual words or to those of His opponents, but that they extend to the way in which the story is told. It is conceivable that our Lord's words may have been preserved with scrupulous accuracy and handed down without suffering any change of any kind, but it is surely quite impossible that any two independent narrators of the incident should both have fixed upon so awkward and unusual a form of speech as is involved in the use of the parenthesis, "then saith He to the sick of the palsy." When we find that not two only, but all three, have preserved the same words here in the same order, the conclusion that the narratives at this point are not independent, but must be in some way connected with one another, becomes impossible to avoid.

There are two main families into which the possible explanations of this phenomenon naturally fall. Either one of the Evangelists wrote independently, and the other two, writing later, had access to what he had written, or else all three are indebted to some earlier document, portions of which they have incorporated into their own work. In our own day, and with our modern ideas, we should be inclined to give a hard name to either of these processes, and to call it plagiarism, but this was not so in those days in the East. There was no copyright and no idea of property in literary productions. Books were frequently made by thus incorporating whatever had been well said by others on the same subject. In any case, the object of the Evangelists was not to win money or fame for themselves by their work, but to provide their converts with an absolutely full and faithful portraiture, so far as was possible, of the Master's life. And from this point of view the incorporation of all earlier and trustworthy material, unchanged except in merely verbal matters, became not only a right but a positive duty.

Although we have now arrived at the conclusion that inter-relation of some kind must exist between the Synoptic Gospels, it is evident that we are still very far from having arrived

at any satisfactory answer as to what that relation actually was. Either of the two families into which the possible solutions may be sorted is sufficiently large to admit of many variations. For instance, any one of the three may have been the first to write, and the one who wrote last may have seen both or only one of his predecessors' books. Or again, if the common source is to be found outside of the actual Gospels as we have them now, it may have consisted of a single document, or of two or more, and these documents may have been in Aramaic or in Greek, or may perhaps never have been committed to writing at all, but may have been handed down exclusively by oral tradition, which crystallised at last into a fixed form of words. If all these various possibilities are taken into consideration, it will be seen that there is a very large number of possible permutations and combinations among which we have to choose. Almost every one of these has found some able supporter in the course of the last century, who has put forward on its behalf all that could possibly be said in its favour, but, in the general discussion and criticism which has followed, one after another has been shown to be untenable, and the number of possible theories which still remain open has in consequence been very materially reduced. The battle between the supporters of oral tradition as the common source and those who felt obliged to postulate a written document has continued even to the present day. In 1888, when Dr. Abbott wrote his well-known article on the Gospels for the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the division of opinion seemed to him to be "almost national," the German critics being unanimous in demanding written sources, while the English, on the other hand, were almost equally unanimous in holding that oral tradition was by itself sufficient to account for all the phenomena. This unanimity among English writers was due to the commanding personality of a single great teacher, the late Dr. Westcott, but since his influence has been removed English opinion has tended more and more to coincide with that which has all along been held in Germany, until now Dr.

Arthur Wright, one of Dr. Westcott's pupils, stands practically alone on the other side. The oral hypothesis accounts well and easily for the discrepancies in the three narratives, and in any case must be accorded a prominent place among the influences which were at work, but it is now almost universally agreed that it altogether breaks down when it is attempted to explain, by its aid only, such constant and minute coincidences as are also found. Some kind of documentary connection is absolutely demanded by the circumstances of the case.

For several years past practical unanimity among all critics has been secured as to certain broad outlines. It will, perhaps, be convenient to put down these main points of agreement, together with one or more of the reasons which have led to the adoption of each. It must be understood, however, that the reasons here laid down are by no means the only ones available, and that the conclusions have been reached as the result of many converging lines of argument, linguistic as well as critical.

(1) It is agreed that St. Mark's Gospel is, if not the earliest of the three in point of actual date of composition, at least the one which has most faithfully preserved one of the original sources.

(2) St. Mark has not seen either of the other two. If he had, it is inconceivable that he should not have included something of what they relate, but he omits. We cannot conceive, *e.g.*, that St. Mark had the record of the giving of the Lord's Prayer in writing before him, and yet, while borrowing other matter, did not think it worth while to give it to his readers.

(3) Both St. Matthew and St. Luke may have seen St. Mark's Gospel, for almost the whole of that Gospel seems to be contained in one or other of them, but they were neither of them in possession of what the other had written. The omissions would be inexplicable on any other hypothesis, and the two narratives of the Sacred Infancy may be taken as the best example. Neither could have been written as a complete

account had the Evangelist had the other story before him as a trustworthy record when he was writing.

(4) Both St. Matthew and St. Luke had, besides the Marcan document, access to another written document, which there is very much less reason to suppose that St. Mark had seen. This follows from many instances of coincidence between these two Evangelists in portions of the narrative which are not found in St. Mark.

These four conclusions, which constitute what is known as "the Two Document theory," are now held by practically all competent scholars. Even Dr. Wright, though he would demur to the use of the word "document," is quite in accordance with the rest on every other point. Those few scholars who still hold out are not agreed among themselves, and have not won much acceptance from others for their views. It is not too much to say that "the Two Document theory" holds the field alone, and that no other theory has at present drawn to itself enough support to demand any special consideration.

We can add certain other points on which there is a good deal of agreement, though as yet they do not command the same degree of consent as do those we have already mentioned. For instance :

(1) The Marcan document used by St. Matthew and St. Luke, although it must have very closely resembled our present Gospel of St. Mark, both in its arrangement and its contents, yet was not identical with it. For many of the special vivid touches and expressions which form the great charm of our present Gospel are to be found in neither of the other two. It is easy to account for either St. Matthew or St. Luke having omitted any one of these. The Evangelists were not trying to make a vivid picture, but to hand down a narrative that should be substantially true. But it is almost impossible to conceive that both should with such singular unanimity have fixed on precisely the same points, to us almost the most valuable and interesting of all, as being of no value or interest to their readers, and therefore not worth transcribing into their own

narrative. This difficulty seems much greater than the alternative one of the complete disappearance from history of this earlier document without leaving a trace of its existence behind. It disappeared because it was so nearly identical with St. Mark's Gospel, and because it was indeed wholly contained in it, so that its separate existence had become needless.

(2) It will explain a great many points which are now obscure if we can allow that there were, not one only, but two such earlier documents, each of which had very much in common, and was, indeed, in the main, identical with our present St. Mark's Gospel—so as to be practically two earlier and less complete editions of that Gospel. The earlier and shorter of these will then be the source on which St. Luke depended in these portions of his narrative, and the second and longer will be the authority used by St. Matthew. This theory has only lately been put forward as an explanation of the circumstances, indeed it has not been put forward at all as yet in precisely the form in which it is here given. It has not, therefore, yet been sufficiently discussed to enable us to say whether it will win general acceptance. But to the present writer it seems to explain almost all the difficulties which remain, and to be a most valuable suggestion, one of the most valuable indeed that has been made for several years. It has all the advantages of the *Urmarkus* theory of the German critics without any of its difficulties, and may very possibly prove an important step towards the final solution of the problem.

But, for the present, it seems as if criticism based on the internal evidence of the books themselves has reached its limit, so far as any such elucidation of the problem is concerned. Practically no advance of real importance has been made for many years past, in spite of the great number of acute and able minds which are engaged upon the study in every country of Europe. Every by-path of knowledge which offers the vaguest hope of supplying any further clue to the mystery has been explored to the uttermost, but without any substantial result being attained. Every possible theory, it has been said,

has been brought forward in turn, has been advocated by writers of ability and learning, only to draw the fire of others upon itself, to be drawn out for dead, or laid aside. It almost seems as if the long-wished for solution, when it comes at last, will come rather as the revival of a theory which has been laid aside, than as anything entirely new and unexpected.

Under these circumstances, since there is so little to hope for from the criticism of the actual text and the internal evidence which the books afford, there is still one obvious course remaining. We turn once more to the external evidence, to the writings of authors of the earliest ages, in the hope of finding in the witness of tradition something which may help to shed a further light upon this difficult question. If we examine it again, and subject it once more to a careful scrutiny, and especially if we are careful while we do so to keep in our minds those few conclusions which seem to be firmly proved by the internal evidence, it may well be that some valuable hint may be detected which will go far towards unravelling the problem. If not—if tradition fails us as completely as internal criticism,—we may well begin to wonder whether any final and absolute answer to the question can ever now be reached, for we shall have exhausted all the evidence at our disposal, and can then only hope that some lucky find in Egypt or elsewhere may clear the matter up.

It is indeed nothing less than extraordinary to notice how absolute has been the neglect of this other source of evidence among the critics of recent years. In former days, of course, this was necessarily the case, for the very object of Ferdinand Baur and of the whole Tübingen school was to show that tradition was quite untrustworthy, and that the Gospels, instead of being written, as had been supposed, within the lifetime of the Apostles, were only documents of the latter half of the second century. But of late years, in which the tendency even of Rationalistic critics has been so markedly to return, as Harnack has confessed, "in the direction of tradition," it seems strange that the old prejudice should have been strong enough to

prevent any real and careful analysis of what tradition actually has to say. Certainly this side of the evidence has not received one hundredth part of the labour which has been given to the study of the text, and it may well be, therefore, that some hint may still remain in the various traditions of the early centuries, which has till now been overlooked, and which yet may provide a key which will unlock for us some of the problems which have proved so difficult and so complex.

We begin then by simply writing out, without note or comment, the actual words of the various early writers who have touched upon the subject, using where we can translations already published by competent scholars, so as to avoid, on the one hand, quoting the original languages, which are unsuitable for the pages of a review for general reading, and, on the other, the suspicion of any attempt to twist a translation to support any private view or theory of our own. For the present we confine ourselves to the notices of St. Mark.

The earliest writer is PAPIAS, who wrote about A.D. 135 and is giving us the testimony of an unnamed "elder," whom we understand by the context to have been either one of the Apostles, or at least one of that generation, who had himself known the Apostles and had lived with them. The passage is therefore of peculiar importance, and runs as follows :

This also the elder used to say, Mark having become Peter's interpreter, wrote accurately all that he remembered ; though he did not record in order that which was either said or done by Christ. For he neither heard the Lord nor followed him, but subsequently, as I said [attached himself] to Peter, who used to frame his teaching to meet the wants of his hearers, but not as making a connected narrative of the Lord's discourses. So Mark committed no error, as he wrote down some particulars just as he recalled them to mind. For he took heed but to one thing, to omit none of the facts that he heard, and to make no false statement in [his account of] them.

The next witness is IRENAEUS. (c. *Haer.* iii. 1. 1.) A.D. 180.

Matthew published his Gospel . . . while Peter and Paul were preaching and founding the Church in Rome. After their departure (*cf.* 2 Pet. i. 15) Mark, the disciple and interpreter of Peter, himself also has handed down to us in writing the things which were preached by Peter.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. A.D. 190. (*Hypotyp. vi.*) This again is given as "the tradition of the elders of former time."

It is said that when Peter had publicly preached the word in Rome, and declared the Gospel by the Spirit, those who were present, being many, urged Mark, as one who had followed him for a long time and remembered what he said, to record what he stated; and that he having made his Gospel gave it to those who made the request of him; and that Peter, when he was aware of this, was careful neither to hinder him nor to encourage him in the work.

Also in another place (*Adumbr. in Pet. Ep. i.*); the Greek is lost:

Mark, the follower of Peter, when Peter was openly preaching the Gospel at Rome in the presence of certain horse-soldiers from Cæsarea (*equites Cæsarini*), and was putting forward many testimonies of Christ with a view to what he said being retained in their memories, wrote down out of the sayings of Peter the Gospel which goes by his name and is called that according to Mark.

ORIGEN. (*Comm. in Matt. i.*)

I have learned by tradition . . . the second Gospel is by Mark, who made it as Peter guided him.

Most of these various testimonies were collected by EUSEBIUS, and are now known to us only by his quotations, since the original books have all perished. We come now to Eusebius' own witness on the matter. (*Hist. eccl. ii. 15.*)

So greatly did the splendour of piety illumine the minds of Peter's hearers that they were not satisfied with hearing once only, nor were content with the unwritten teaching of the divine Gospel,—but with all sorts of entreaties they besought Mark, a follower of Peter, and the one whose Gospel is extant, that he would leave them a written monument of the doctrine which had been orally communicated to them. Nor did they cease until they had prevailed with the man, and had thus become the occasion of the written Gospel, which bears the name of Mark. And they say that Peter, when he had learned through a revelation of the Spirit of that which had been done, was pleased with the zeal of the man, and that the work obtained the sanction of his authority for the purpose of being used in the Churches.

Later testimonies can be put more shortly. EPIPHANIUS says that St. Mark wrote his Gospel in Rome, and, when he had written it was sent by St. Peter to Egypt. ST. CHRYSOSTOM stands alone in asserting that he actually wrote his Gospel in

Egypt. The Chronicle of Eusebius puts his arrival in Egypt in the first year of Claudius, about A.D. 41, while the "Paschal Chronicle" puts it as early as A.D. 39—and the accession of his successor, Annianus, is put at A.D. 62. Eusebius and Jerome both say explicitly that St. Mark took his Gospel with him when he first went to Egypt.

The general impression given by these traditions is one of confusion and incompatibility one with another. Two points stand out strongly—that the Gospel was written at Rome and that it embodies St. Peter's preaching. Now when trustworthy authorities seem to disagree, it is a sound rule of criticism to try to find a way in which they may be reconciled. Are they, for instance, all referring, as they seem to be, to precisely the same event, or have two similar events been confused? It is the extreme of unscholarly and uncritical conduct to throw over any statement by an ancient writer until every effort has been made to explain how it may be true, and in what way it has come to be misleading. These writers none of them wrote as they did without what they thought to be sound and trustworthy authority, and such trustworthy evidence was easier for them to obtain in the first and following centuries than it is for us in the twentieth. Every word that they have written is worthy of the most careful study at our hands.

Now in this case, may not the theories which have been reached on critical grounds be of assistance? Is it possible, for instance, that there was more than one edition of the Gospel, and that some of these passages ought to be referred to the earlier? Is it possible, again, that the strong tradition that the Gospel was published at Rome has caused some writers to transfer a tradition to that city which really belongs to an earlier edition at some other place? We go back to the passages in question and read them over again from this point of view. At once our attention is arrested by the second passage from St. Clement of Alexandria. What were horse-soldiers (*equites*) from Casarea doing at Rome? Casarea was not near to Rome; it was in Palestine, on the coast

between Joppa and Carmel. The word is not *Cæsarianus*, which might mean a dependent of the Emperor, but *Cæsareanus*, which must be connected with the town. Who can these soldiers from Cæsarea possibly be? And then at once the solution comes to us. It is not at Rome but at Jerusalem that the incident really happened—and the episode is that which is recorded in the tenth chapter of the Acts. It is Cornelius and his friends who are thus designated, and who were the true originators of the Gospel of St. Mark. And if so the original writing of that Gospel—the foundation of all the three Synoptics—took place not at Rome in A.D. 67 or later, but at Cæsarea in A.D. 42, or perhaps even earlier, within a dozen years of the death of Jesus Christ. St. Clement is in that case responsible for the mistaken references to Rome. The suggestion certainly is not lacking either in interest or importance.

The supreme test of such a theory as this comes when the new assumption is brought into relation with other and cognate records. If it is true, it is almost certain to explain something else which, up to then, has been obscure. It, on the other hand, it is false, it will only make the confusion which already exists more involved and hopeless than it was before. We proceed then to apply this test, and to re-write the history of St. Mark in the light of this new idea, so as to see whether the total effect is now to clear things up, or to confuse them more.

St. Mark was a native of Jerusalem, the son of Mary (Acts xii. 12). His mother was a woman of some property, and lived in a rather large house in Jerusalem. Some rather late but very interesting traditions say that it was at her house that our Lord ate the Last Supper, and that the Apostles were gathered together at the time of Pentecost. St. Mark himself has been supposed to be the man with the pitcher of water (Mark xiv. 13) and also the young man who fled naked (Mark xiv. 51). He was then but a stripling, and had not himself been a follower of our Lord so as to have any first-hand knowledge (Papias). St. Peter, however, was well known at his mother's house, and it is thither that he went at

once on being freed from prison (Acts xii. 12). It is by no means improbable, judging from the narrative in the Acts, that St. Peter actually lived in the house. In any case, he was intimately known, so that even the servant at once recognised his voice, and the house was a common meeting-place of the Christians in Jerusalem (Acts xii. 12-14). This again helps us to understand why it was that St. Peter many years afterwards speaks so affectionately of St. Mark as "Marcus my son" (1 Pet. v. 13). The church in Jerusalem was bi-lingual, and there were many who spoke Greek only (Acts vi. 1), so St. Peter, whose knowledge of Greek at this period was probably very slight, was wont to use St. Mark as an interpreter (Papias), to translate what he said, and in this way St. Mark came to have a very intimate knowledge of the Gospel story. After twelve years or so, when we may suppose St. Mark had come to be about thirty years of age, comes the episode of Cornelius, the first Gentile convert. St. Mark, we may suppose, was as usual the vehicle by which St. Peter's instruction was conveyed (Acts x. 34 *seq.*). His hearers, desiring to keep at Cæsarea some record of these facts on which their faith was to be founded, begged of him to write down the story for them so that they might have it always by them. St. Mark acceded, and so the first draft of the Gospel came to be written (Clem. Alex.) But the story, regarded as a personal record, was one-sided and incomplete. It was accurate so far as it went, and a very faithful record of St. Peter's preaching, but naturally it lacked the fulness and precision which such a record ought to possess (Papias). St. Peter, therefore, when he heard what had been done, withheld any definite approval, and the Gospel was not actually published, but Cornelius retained the writing and preserved it (Clem. Alex.).

Shortly after this St. Mark was sent by St. Peter to preach the gospel in Egypt. He landed there somewhere about A.D. 41-43 and was the first to preach and to found the Church at Alexandria (Epiphanius, Eusebius, Pasch. Chron.). After

some years he came back to Jerusalem and joined Barnabas and Paul on the first missionary journey. Before leaving Egypt we may suppose that, according to the tradition preserved by St. Chrysostom, he re-wrote his Gospel—but this time in a rather fuller form, and left it there when he went away, so that the record of these all-important events might not be lost when he was no longer there to teach them with the living voice. We shall be able to produce a collateral proof that this really was what happened, at a later stage of the argument. After his union with Barnabas and Paul had come to an end St. Mark probably went back to Alexandria and may very likely have stayed there till A.D. 61, the date given by tradition for the appointment of his successor.

After A.D. 61, we find St. Mark at Rome¹ and in the company once more of St. Peter (1 Pet. v. 13). The old affectionate and intimate relations have been resumed, and it is very probable that St. Mark once more took up the old work of an interpreter, though it is most likely that St. Peter by this time had a far more extensive and practical knowledge of Greek than he had possessed in the old days at Jerusalem. In any case, St. Mark could constantly have been present at his master's preaching, and it is in this period that he noted down all the little vivid touches which are the special feature of the Gospel as we have it to-day, and the absence of which in the two other Synoptics is so incomprehensible on any other theory. Finally, he put forth his Gospel in its finished form at Rome, possibly in St. Peter's lifetime and with that apostle's approval, as Eusebius asserts, but much more probably after the martyrdom of the two great apostles had left the Romans once more destitute of the living voice of one who had been an

¹ It does not seem necessary to discuss here the question whether St. Peter was ever at Rome. Practically all scholars now admit the fact. It may suffice to mention Lightfoot, Westcott, Ellicott, Gore, and Farrar among English writers; and Harnack, Hilgenfeld, Renan, Thiersch, and Ewald among non-Catholic writers on the Continent.

eye-witness of the Gospel history. In that case Irenæus has preserved the true tradition.

Now here is a story which could hardly be simpler or more likely to have happened. It does not conflict at any point with any fact that is otherwise known. On the other hand, it is attested in every detail by some ancient and trustworthy witness, and is, indeed, almost wholly made up out of their statements, not one of which is left out as impossible or untrue. Such a story is, surely, at least not unlikely to represent the facts as accurately as they can now be known.

But, further, this story, which has been drawn up from tradition alone, does fit in most astonishingly with the conclusions which have been arrived at by the internal criticism of the books themselves. We have only to suppose that the first draft of the Gospel, which was given to Cornelius, passed at some later time into the hands of St. Luke, and the longer form drawn up at Alexandria into the hands of St. Matthew, and that these documents were by them used carefully and incorporated into their own writings—to obtain a solution that is entirely adequate and satisfactory of all the larger questions which have been raised. How far this is probable or not we must leave for discussion in connection with these other Gospels, for the question belongs to them rather than to our present subject. Meanwhile, if any one is sufficiently interested to care to know roughly what were the contents of each of these successive editions of St. Mark, the answer is not difficult. The portions in St. Luke which are also in St. Mark, represent roughly the document given to Cornelius, the first germ of the Gospel, the true *Ur-markus*. Similarly the portions in St. Matthew, which are common to that Gospel and to St. Mark, represent the second and larger edition published in Egypt. Lastly, the bits which are found only in St. Mark represent the extra touches which were added to the Gospel at Rome after fresh experience of St. Peter's teaching. Looked at in this light they will be found to be of exceptional interest. We may rough out the three documents somewhat as follows :

1. *The Cornelius Document*.—St. Luke, iii. 2-4, 16, 21, 22; iv. 1, 2, 14, 31-2, 33-44; v. 12-15, 18-39; vi. 1-19; viii. 4-18, 22-56; ix. 1-50; xviii. 15-43; xix. 29-38, 45-48; xx. 1-47; xxi. 1-36; xxii. 1-19, 39-57, 66-71; xxiii. 1-3, 18-26, 33-39, 44-56.

2. *The Egyptian Gospel (principal additions only)*.—St. Matthew, iii. 4-6, 13; iv. 18-22; xii. 46-50; xiii. 31-32, 53-58; xiv. 2-12, 22-32; xv. 1-29, 32-39; xvi. 1-11, 22, 23; xvii. 9-13; xviii. 6-9; xix. 1-9, 15, 30; xx. 20-29; xxi. 18-22; xxii. 34-39; xxiv. 21-25; xxvi. 6-13, 21-24, 31-38, 41-46; xxvii. 59-63, 67, 68, 71-75; xxviii. 12-14, 27-31, 46-49.

3. *Principal Roman Additions*.—These are mostly little more than verbal, and rarely amount to an entire verse. The longest are St. Mark, iv. 26-29; vii. 31-37; viii. 22-26; ix. 49-50; xiii. 34-37; xiv. 51-52.

It must be understood, of course, that this list does not aim at being more than an approximation to the truth, and that no notice has been taken of what are apparently verbal alterations or short additions made by the later Evangelist.

ARTHUR STAPYLTON BARNES.

THE ROMANCE OF COINAGE

“WHOSE IMAGE AND SUPERScription IS THIS?”

IT is usually of the commonest objects that our ignorance remains most dense. The atmosphere in which we live, the daylight of a summer afternoon, the weather of to-morrow morning—these things are as inscrutable to us as the pulse of our own heart's blood, or the working of our neighbour's brain. We “take them for granted”; and are content with lesser matters, with more abstruse and limited interests, on which to bestow the privilege of our research and knowledge. So I make no excuse for taking as my theme the one common possession without which civic life is impossible, the one piece of portable property which is identical in the pocket of millionaire or 'bus-conductor: the coin of the realm.

I shall refuse to enter upon the fascinating study of money considered as wealth, and shall even deprive my readers of the happiness of a disquisition on bi-metallism; for my modest aim is merely to point out that coins may not only be serviceable as a medium of exchange, but may also be a delight to the eye and a worthy attribute of national taste and refinement.

It is to comment, from this point of view, upon our English coinage, and incidentally upon some English medals, that I have brought together here for your impartial consideration a few typical illustrations of the coins and medals of this and of other countries. In my illustrations I have enlarged some of the originals, and reduced others, with the general object of

giving a fair average chance to the merits of each design by showing them all as nearly as possible on the same scale.

It was a long time before what can be defined as a true coin made its appearance; but Ægina dealt her most successful stroke of opposition to the obscurantist policy of the Spartan Kruger when Pheidon, King of Argos, stamped his first metal bean, or oval bullet, with the signet of the State to guarantee its purity. By that time all the Mediterranean coasts and islands knew the rounded pieces of pale yellow Ionic gold which was formed out of electrum from the Pactolus. The iron or bronze bars formerly used in Argolis, and utterly unsuited to foreign trade, soon disappeared when Pheidon boldly adopted in 670 B.C. both the money and the weights which the Phœnicians and Lydians had instituted on the Hellenic coasts of Asia Minor. The Eastern talent, a fixed unit both of weight and money, containing sixty minas and one hundred drachmæ, provided the standard for the new money coined in Euboea and Ægina, stamped with the tortoise of Aphrodite, the Phœnician Goddess of Trade and of the Sea. Rude as they were, and showing on the reverse the hollow square of the spike or anvil on which the workman had held his hot metal when he hammered down the stamp, these primitive coins were the beginning of a series which rapidly reached perfection, and which has never, in sheer beauty of workmanship, been surpassed. As soon as Solon had changed the old ox of Euboea upon the Attic type to the head of Athene, the real artistic advance began.

It may be said that the first improvement of the early mints was the discovery that by placing a second engraved die upon the anvil, one stroke would give a design in relief upon both sides of the coin. At the present day, when an essential distinction of the coin is that it must be machine-made, it is no less essential that it should be completed with a single blow; and his Majesty's Mint can now turn out one hundred and ten a minute. This is one reason why it would be unfair

to make too close an artistic comparison between coins and medals, for the latter take more blows in proportion to the amount of metal used. The large gold Coronation medal took three blows. The South African War medal needed four blows in a machine-press locked by hand. The gold Jubilee medal of 1887 took about forty blows. The new Great Seal of King Edward VII.'s reign took no less than four hundred blows and over one hundred annealings. It is also essential that current coins should be capable of standing in upright piles, and of being packed closely into "cartridges" for the convenience of bankers and others; but I have only mentioned such technical details in order to obviate any accusation of an unfair ignorance when I compare modern work with ancient art.

In the symbols of the tortoise, the ox, or the head of Athene, upon the earliest Greek coins, we can trace the first stage in a development of these original works of art which records both the successive phases of national attainment and the local varieties of tribal culture, as no other monuments could do, from the seventh century B.C. onwards. The smallest in bulk, the widest in range, they provide the most authoritative evidence for mythology, for historical portraits, for political and constitutional occurrences, for ancient alphabets, for relative values of metal or standards of weight, and for the great lines of Mediterranean commerce. The value they are to us at the present time is but one among many other warnings of the care that we in our turn should take to make our own coins worthily representative of our country, of our political position, and of the personalities of our ruling dynasty. These earliest coins of Hellenic sea-trade bore religious symbols stamped upon them because the highest divine authority was invoked as the oath and testimony of their true value. In many such cases they may have actually been struck by priests at those great temples where offerings were always pouring in, where property was often stored for safety, and whence the accumulated sacred

hoards were frequently sent out for the assistance of a new colony or for the completion of some great public work. Nor were the civic powers slow in recognising the convenience and resources of a mint; but when they took the right of issuing coin, they kept for long the sanction and the symbols of a religion that was an integral part of ancient life.

Thus, after the death of the great Alexander, it was as those of a god that his features were stamped upon the coinage by Lysimachus of Thrace. A far smaller man, Ptolemy Soter of Egypt, was almost the first to put his own face, in his lifetime, on his coins. Even then it was as divinities that both he and his Queen Berenice appeared upon the currency of later reigns. That mighty brigand, Demetrius Poliorcetes, appears as Dionysus, and those who know the marvellous "Victory of Samothrace," upon the great staircase of the Louvre, will know that it was recognised from one of his coins as the greatest religious masterpiece in marble of his time. Frank realism was naturally slow of growth; but in the huge, fat face and heavy jowl of the Eunuch Philetaerus we can trace the founder of the Attalid dynasty of Pergamus, as he lived, and as he ate and drank. The portraits of Mithridates seem unidealised as well. Upon a coin of Ascalon is a marvellous portrait of Cleopatra, that seems true to life, for the eyes are eager and wide open, the nose prominent and slightly hooked, the mouth large and expressive; the hair, bound with the royal diadem, is simply dressed, as it might be when she sat to the artist of this Mary Stuart of the Nile.

As in the case of the greatest cathedral-builders, few indeed are the artists of the finest coins whose names are known. But one of them was Evaenetus, whose signed work has been found at Syracuse, at Camarina, and at Catana. In all antique gems or medals, in the "Maenad" of Scopas, for instance, in the British Museum, you will notice at once that the figures, in spite of their small size, have a good balance, an air of magnificent proportion, a proud interpretation of Nature, which is very different to a cold copy of her. They seize upon the

Plate I



1. Dekadrachm of Syracuse, n.c. 400



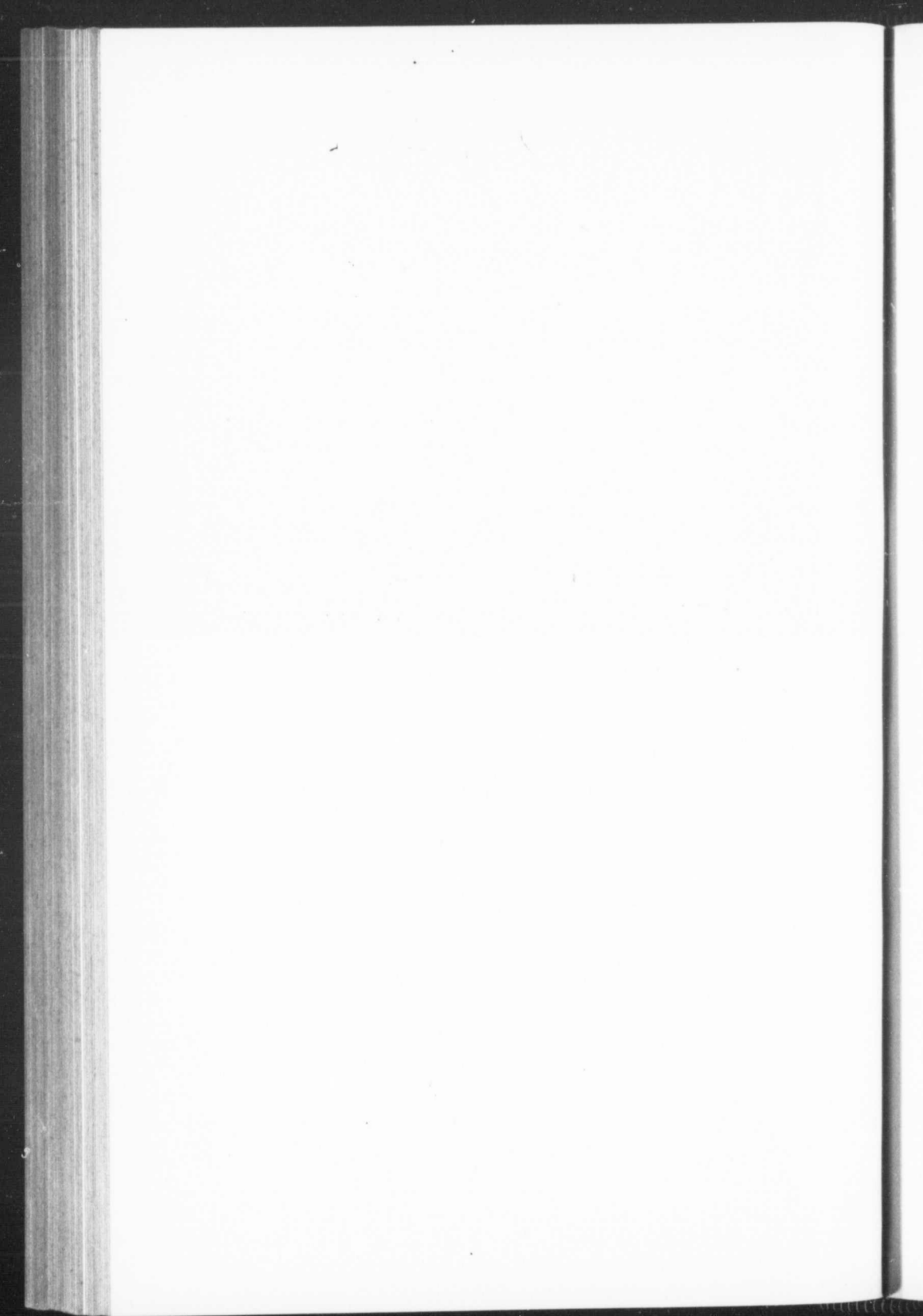
2. Tetradrachm of Syracuse, n.c. 250



3. English Penny of 1902



4. French Sou of 1902 (enlarged)



typical character, the generic accents of human or divine existence. They show that greatness, being a quality of the mind, is independent of the dimensions in which it is expressed ; and because they had no space for details their general style is all the more emphatic. Nothing is so difficult as the portrayal of intelligent life, and only by the selective processes of the keenest artistic intelligence can it be portrayed at all. The coin reproduced in my first plate is a dekadrachm of Syracuse, by Evaenetus, struck in gold in about 400 B.C. (Fig. 1). Upon it he has made the magnificent head of Persephone, crowned with the cornleaves in her curling hair, while the dolphins of the sea of Syracuse swim round her, and on the other side is the victorious chariot of her armies on the land. This head seems full of detail when you look for it ; the necklace and earrings are as carefully modelled as the lobe of the ear, the full, open eye, the gently swelling neck, healthy and full-blooded, or the splendid brow ; yet it is the large majesty of the whole conception that is the most striking part of it. Though but her head is seen, she moves and breathes a goddess, the mighty guardian of a mighty State. One hundred and fifty years later comes the portrait, Philistis, wife of Hiero II, upon a Syracusan tetradrachm (Plate I., Fig. 2). Not, as I think, so noble a conception as the Persephone, this head has yet the wonderful humanity of the best thirteenth-century Gothic work, and I have seen many a Saint and Virgin in the Ile de France which might have been inspired by this unknown Greek workman. The coin is struck somewhat more roughly than its splendid predecessor, but you may still see the delicately beautiful shadow under the eyebrow, the kindly smile of this well-born princess, the gently curling hair beneath her royal coif.

The coin-artists of Syracuse were influenced, no doubt, by the gem-engravers of Sicily and Magna Graecia ; but they were great, original artists too, who never lost their large, free treatment through having studied other methods. Not until the strongest manifestations of the Italian Renaissance do we find anything worth comparison with this Hellenic workmanship,

and even then it is only with medals, cast in bronze or lead, and usually chased by hand, that Pisano himself can compete with the beauty of the old Greek coins.

Upon my second plate are two examples by this artist: the first, a portrait of Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, who died in 1468 (Plate II., Fig. 3). Here is a Lord indeed, and a right strong one. Look at his mouth, and those wonderfully modelled lips that betray the domineering cruelty of the unquestioned tyrant; look at the bull's neck above the armour, and the cold, disdainful eye. Portraiture perhaps; but art as well: art in its highest form of the idealised expression of character, by means of the acute perception of personality, and the vigorous selection of the essential. Here in the bronze breathes a living man that can appeal to living men, a soul evoked by the great soul of the artist. Of Alfonso V., King of Arragon and Sicily (1442-1458), I have chosen the reverse (Plate II., Fig. 4) as a fair comparison with some of the mythological subjects of Greek coinage. "Venator Intrepidus" says the legend. A huge wild boar, the very descendant of that fateful beast of Calydon which Atalanta hunted, is pressing forward with a dog holding to one ear, and yet another (whose curved tail, bristling with excitement, shows above the creature's back) worrying his right shoulder. A naked man, armed with a dagger only, mounts on the brute to strike it to the heart. I know not why it is, but the nakedness of a man shown stark beside some animal which he subdues invariably produces a peculiar effect on the beholder. Watts knew it, when he modelled the naked rider on his mighty steed. Others of the greatest among "makers" have done the same. The inadequacy of the human animal, the unlimited courage of the human brain and heart—this may be the contrast that stirs the ancestral fibre in every man who realises it. Pisano has realised it here. In the small circle of his medal he has immortalised it—more, under such conditions, were impossible.

Next to my first Greek coins I have placed the French sou and the English penny that were struck many more than two thousand years after them. That juxtaposition may be a little

Plate II



1. Brass of Nero, A.D. 65



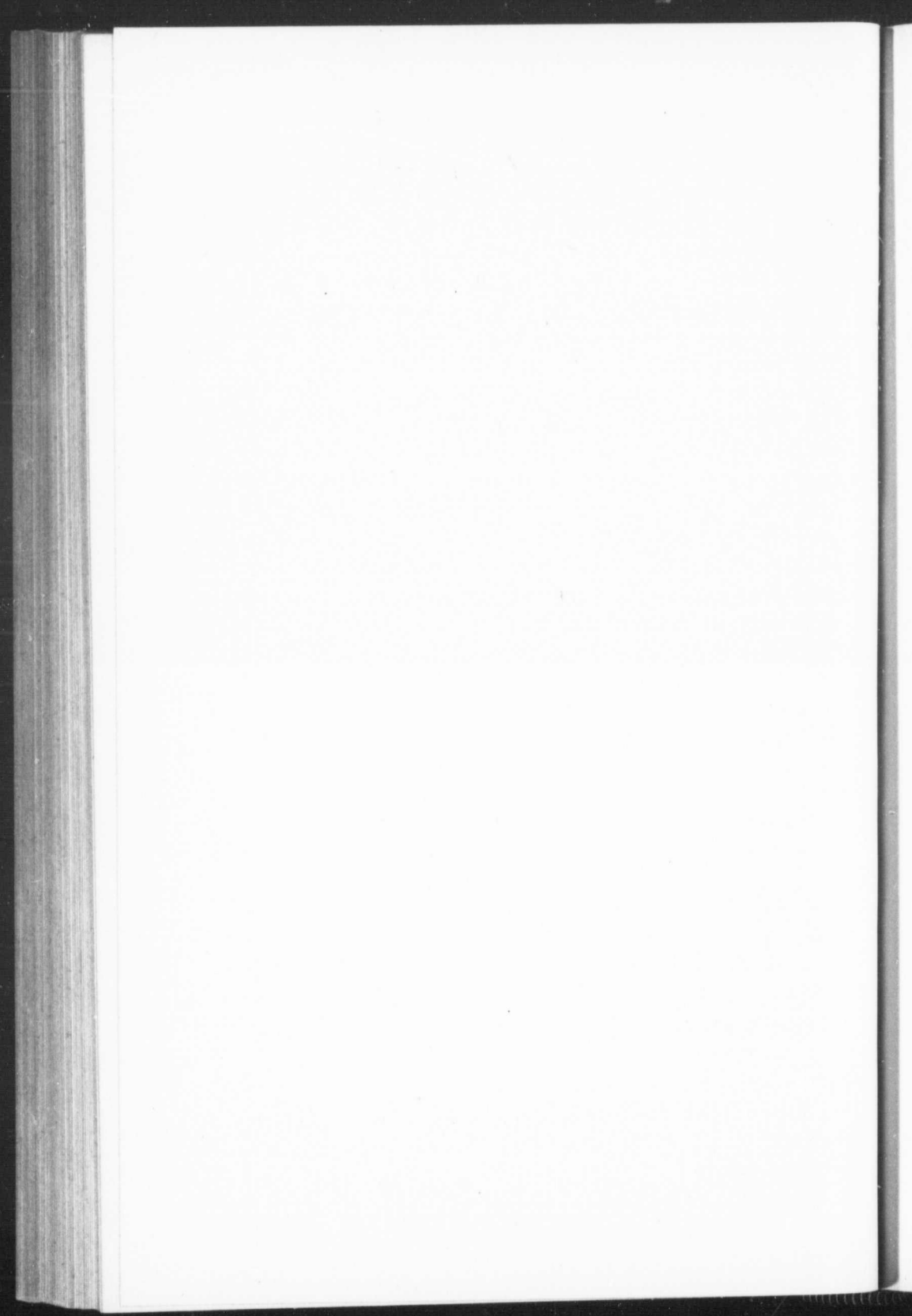
2. Brass of Faustina the Elder, A.D. 140



3. Medallion of Sigismondo Pandolfo,
1460



4. Medallion of Alfonso V., 1450



ruthless, and it must be remembered that the conditions of modern currency are very different from those of ancient Syracuse. Yet it is obvious which of these two modern coins is the nearer to the old ideal. The head upon the penny (Plate I., Fig. 3), modelled by G. W. De Saulles, shows very careful study in the outline of the skull, the growth of hair, and the drawing of ear and nostril. But take the design as a whole. The letters and the insistent rim, rather overwhelm the light relief of the head, in which the ear is the only part as high as the rim in the whole coin, which is, of course, a new one. And can it be said that, to those unbiased by personal affection and racial loyalty, this design conveys the idea of the ruler of an empire upon which the sun never sets—depending, as it does, wholly upon the treatment of the head without a single symbol or attribute of royalty or dominion? It is, no doubt, better to leave these symbols out if they are wrongly treated. Men are still living who can remember not only the welcome accorded to Wyon's first design of a crowned Victoria, but also the indignant comment aroused by the suggestion of a laurel wreath, an ineptitude first introduced, I believe, by James I., in imitation of the deified presentments of the Roman emperors. Yet, with a few exceptions, this uncrowned penny has been contentedly accepted, which seems to indicate a certain growing carelessness about matters of artistic and suitable coinage which was not so noticeable fifty years ago. In 1848, for instance, there was a perfect hurricane of indignation when Mr. Sheil, then Master of the Mint, ordered Wyon to omit the words *DEI GRATIA* from the legend on the florin, words which were first placed on the large gold and silver coins of England by Edward III., on all those coins by Henry VIII., and on the copper coinage by more modern monarchs. They have not been omitted now, though "*Britt: Omn:*" and "*Ind: Imp:*" are much later, and perfectly appropriate additions; but they are additions which only emphasise the absence of the royal symbol, and cannot excuse the general weakness of the whole design.

I have already implied that the French coin is nearer to the Greek ideal than the English, in the examples here compared. This hardly needs further emphasis by any one who has eyes to see; and our inferiority has not the excuse of national shortcomings, for in the long roll of Engravers to the English Mint an English name is the exception. A republic is under no necessity to blazon a list of dynastic titles on its coins, and Dupuis has therefore taken full advantage of having only a small amount of lettering. It needs a coin-engraver, born and bred, to do the best for lettering, and to enjoy its embodiment in his design. It was an obvious hindrance to all the sculptors who were invited to send in designs for our Jubilee coinage; and it may well be that Dupuis himself would not have dealt with it quite satisfactorily. But, having settled the terms of his problem, he certainly solves it with sufficient success (Plate I., Fig. 4). His rim is well proportioned, and not emphasised by a circle of small, inner dots. His design fills the whole space, and here again he possibly enjoys the advantage of having an ideal head instead of a portrait to compose. It is in his large treatment of his theme, in his modelling of hair and headgear, in his artful branch of laurel, in the beautiful shadow beneath the brow, that he recalls the Greek. His relief is even lighter than that of the English penny, and the surface of his sou feels quite smooth to the finger; yet he has light and shade and poetry in that small fraction of an inch, for he has had a true conception of the dignity of coinage.¹

As a link in the portraiture of coins and medals I have placed two Roman brasses on my second plate, above Pisano's work. Both were struck and used as coins, both probably owe what excellence they have to decadent Greek workmen. The first is evidently a portrait-study of Nero;

¹ The saddest example I know of the way an artistic nation may suddenly fail is the appalling Reverse on the new 25-centime French coin. The smaller denominations have always been a difficulty; but this solution is even worse than Belgium's return to the prehistoric methods of ring-money formerly confined to China.

the strong, sensual head of the man, his fat face, his self-willed chin, are all treated on the most realistic lines (Plate II., Fig. 1). The laurel-wreath alone proclaims the Emperor who died in A.D. 68 at the age of 31. The head of the elder Faustina is of rather rougher workmanship and shows her bust draped, with the hair elaborately plaited and arranged so as to terminate in a knot on the top of the head (Plate II., Fig. 2). She was born in A.D. 105, and became the wife of Antoninus Pius, in the third year of whose reign she died, after a somewhat unedifying career. Her daughter, the younger Faustina, became the mother of Commodus, of whom we shall hear later. It does not, I think, need much perception to observe a distinct falling off in Art in the eighty years which separate these brasses; and that gradual diminution in power continues, with only occasional exceptions, until the Renaissance, and until such men as Petrarch and his friends the Lords of Carrara turned their attention to the artistic possibilities of coins and medals. Petrarch left his collection to the Emperor Charles IV. and the royal fashion of collecting coins began. Such attempts to revive a noble art as that of the Hohenstaufen Emperor Frederic II., who engraved his gold coins after antique models, remain isolated because they were misunderstood. It was not until the great artists of the Italian Renaissance realised the Greek spirit that it could be again embodied for the enjoyment of the world. That Alfonso of Aragon whose medal by Pisano I have described always carried his Greek coins with him in an ivory cabinet. To Maximilian I. is owing the nucleus of the Imperial collection at Vienna. Henri II., whose portrait we shall examine later, was as ardent a dilettante in these matters as Francis I. or Charles IX.; and that broad-minded monarch, Henri Quatre, honestly avowed his determination to improve contemporary artists by directing their attention to the older models. The best present the Abbé de Camps could give Louis XIV. each New Year's Day was a classical gold coin; and the taste which our own Charles I. displayed throughout his life in coins and

medals is pathetically concluded with his gift, on the very scaffold, of the gold medal to Bishop Juxon which is now in the British Museum.

No finer epitome of the Civil War could well be imagined than the contrast between the portraits of Charles I. and Cromwell which I have placed together on my third plate. They are evidently good personal likenesses; but they are much more than this, for they typify the Royalist and the Puritan ideal. The medal of Charles I. in armour (Plate III., Fig. 1) was struck after the designs of Nicholas Briot, who worked with Thomas Rawlins for the King while Abraham and Thomas Simon worked for the Parliament. The original dies of the Cromwell medal, struck as a military reward after the battle of Dunbar, in 1650, were discovered in pulling down Sir Thomas Heathcote's house at Hursley, Hants, where Richard Cromwell had at one time lived. Four days after the battle of September 3, the Commons resolved that a medal should be given, and on February 4 Cromwell wrote, suggesting the design (Plate III., Fig. 2), from Edinburgh, whither Simon was immediately sent to begin his modelling. Thomas Simon¹ was certainly one of the greatest of English engravers, and he was fortunate in having men for his models who shook England to her very heart, men of iron mind and mould; and in his metal he has had the art to reveal the greatness of his opportunity and of their desert.

The two French medals beneath this Cromwell, with his charging Ironsides, represent respectively Henri II. (1559) and Pierre Jeannin, the secretary and treasurer of Louis XIII.

¹ He studied engraving under Briot, but was a true Englishman, born in Yorkshire in 1623. His masterpiece is the "Petition Crown," and he usually chased and engraved the designs modelled by his elder brother Abraham, who went to Holland and to Sweden before he worked in England. Thomas died in 1665 in receipt of an annuity, and on the 9th July, 1656, a payment is recorded in the Commonwealth Accounts "To Tho. Symon as chiefe engraver of y^e irons and for the mony of his Highness xxxl. per ann: payable quarterly, and commencing from the 25th of March 1655, and as meddall maker to His Highness 13l. 6s. 8d. payable and comencing as afores."

Plate III
Four Medallions



1. Charles I., 1648



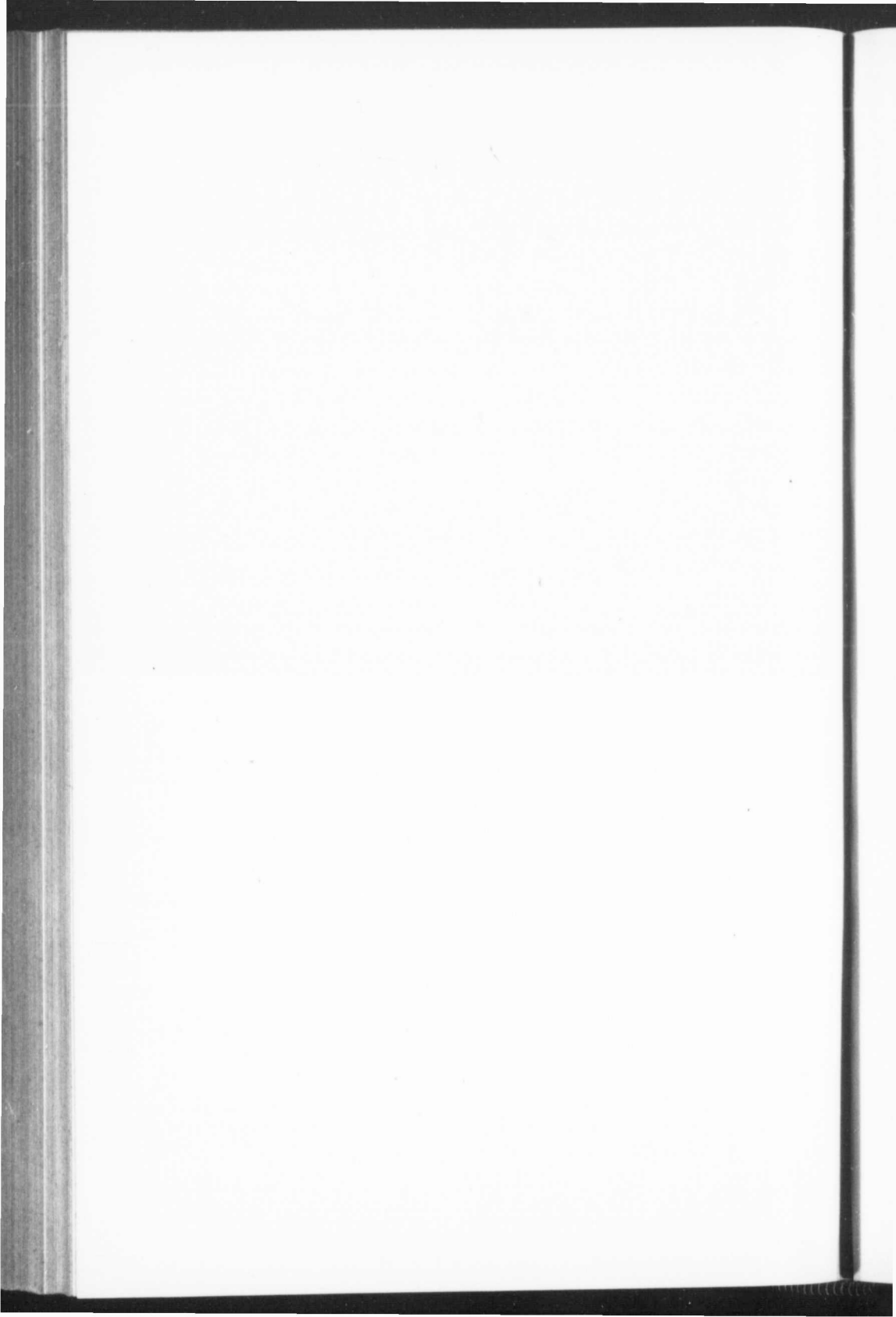
2. Oliver Cromwell, 1650



3. Henri II., 1559



4. Pierre Jeamin, 1618



(1618). Both are cast (Plate III., Figs. 3 and 4), and almost certainly hand-chased. They need no detailed description; but they are placed here as an indication of the foreign schools which influenced so much of the medal-work in England, where it is foreigners who almost invariably set the style.¹ The modelling of the "Henri II." may be especially compared with the style of modern French work; but the example of a full-face bust is not a profitable one to be followed upon coins. The pure profile is far preferable for currency.

My last plate resumes some indications of the present state of medal-work. The two lowest are athletic medals, chiefly of heraldic design, and some fifty years old (Plate VI., Figs. 3 and 4). To my mind we have not improved upon their dignified simplicity and their well-cut lines. The most modern of the four is the medal commemorating the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's reign, which was modelled by Brock and engraved by De Saulles. Again I place next to the English design the contemporary French workmanship of Dupuis. In the last instance I compared two coins. Here are two medals (Plate VI., Figs. 1 and 2). The superiority of the foreigner is, I think, even more obvious than before.

By the ingenious Sir Thomas Browne it was discovered that the coins of the Iceni, the earliest inhabitants of the district of Newmarket, displayed, by a curiously prophetic

¹ *e.g.*, Mercator, Jacopo, Trozzi, Primavera, and Stephen Holland, to begin with. After the national interlude of the Simons, who were contemporary with Briot, we find Varin, another Frenchman, a whole dynasty of Roettiers, and Blondeau. Then come Dutchmen like Jan and Martin Smeltzing, or Jan Boskam; then Jan Crocker of Dresden, who succeeded a Roettier at the Mint. Later come Daniel Haesling and Dassier, who was also at the Mint; and so we reach Lawrence Natter, the famous gem-engraver, Richard Yeo, of the Culloden medals, Thomas Pingo, whose Jacobite Britannia I have reproduced, and John Kirk. Of these last not one was the equal of their predecessors, and the best that can be said of them is that they were better than the Westwoods, Gosset, Mills, or Parkes, or Tassie. Pistrucci came to England in 1815, and his George and Dragon are worthily with us to this day. The Wyons were the Roettiers of the nineteenth century; and after them we reach the work of men still living.

appropriateness, the figure of a horse on the reverse; and in many other cases the study of coinage opens up interesting bypaths of romance to the judicious wanderer. One of the most delightful little chapters in the story of our English coins is to be found in the origin, development, and perpetuation of the figure of Britannia. One or two popular myths in connection with this story have almost become embodied in the folk-lore of the nation; but though the poorest of our fellow subjects has occasionally had a penny in his pocket, the great majority, even of the richest, are quite unaware that the figure symbolising his own island on that coin has a history as old as the Roman occupation of this country, a history full of surprising gaps, and still more surprising accidents, but still a continuous history older than that of any other symbol or figure upon the coinage of any nation in the world; and I have therefore chosen it as a typical example of what may be involved by loyalty to good traditions on the one hand or by forgetfulness of high ideals upon the other. On my fourth and fifth plates will be found some traces of the development which the original "Britannia" has undergone, and of the sad fate that has attended any conspicuous variation from the primeval type.

It must not be imagined that the two Roman coins at the top of my fourth plate are the only ones in which reference is made to British affairs in the legend. The earliest of these occurs on a gold coin of Claudius in A.D. 43, which shows the letters DE BRITANN across the top of a triumphal arch. After the arch of Claudius there is almost as long an interval in mentions of Britain upon Roman coins as there was in the visits of Roman Emperors to British soil; and the next occurrence of the word after the reign of Hadrian is on a brass of Antoninus Pius (A.D. 86-161), which shows a female figure, helmeted, clothed and seated on a rock holding a javelin in her right hand; her left hand reposes on an ornamented shield by her side, and her right foot rests on a globe. Round the coin is inscribed IMPERATOR II. and BRITAN

Plate IV



1. Medallion of Commodus, A.D. 190



2. Coin of Antoninus Pius, A.D. 160



3. Gold Pattern Farthing of Charles II, 1665 (enlarged)



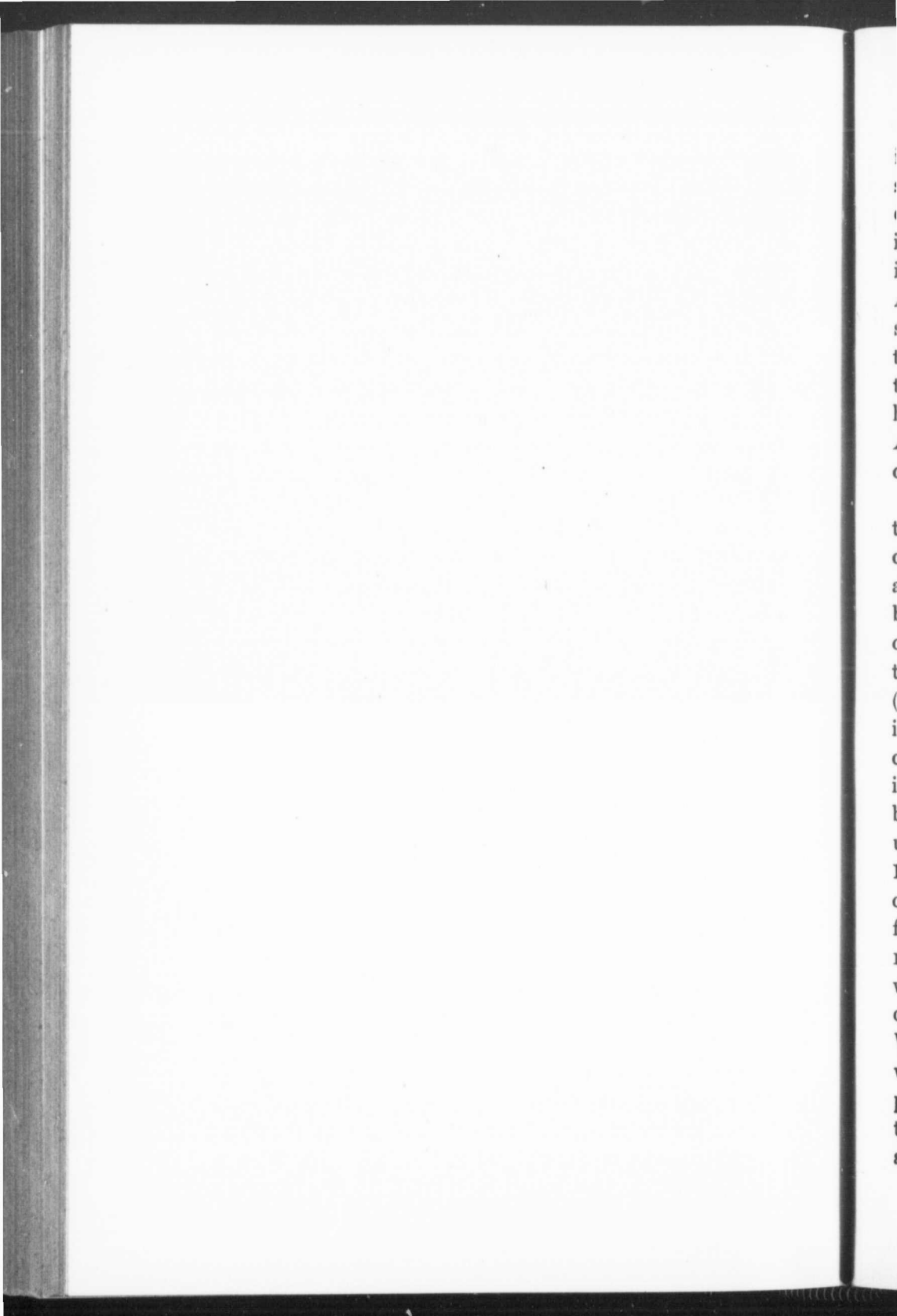
4. Farthing of Queen Anne, 1714 (enlarged)



5. Penny of 1797



6. Penny of 1860



is written across the field. Though it differs from all the coming series, this is a very noteworthy design, and the figure without doubt represents the personification of Rome triumphant. But it is a second coin of the same Emperor which is of the greatest interest. On the obverse is the laurelled head, with the legend ANTONINVS PIVS PPTRPCOSIII. On the reverse are the letters S.C. in the exergue, which show that this is a coin struck by the Senate, and not a medal. Above them a female figure sits to the left upon a rocky island, with a standard in her right hand; her left rests from the elbow on a buckler by her side. Around the figure is the one word BRITANNIA. This is the one reproduced as No. 2 on Plate IV.

Three other brasses of Antoninus Pius contain references to Britain in the legend, but the sixth, struck in A.D. 145, and often found in England, bears the word BRITANNIA COS IIII., and shows a female figure dejectedly seated on a rock, while before her are a large oval shield and a standard. These are only interesting as steps in the development. For a vital contribution to the series we must pass to the reign of Commodus (161-192). The first of his coins showing the word BRITANNIA is the rare and large brass in the French National Collection, on which a male figure is depicted on a rock holding a standard in the right hand and a javelin in the left, the shield at the side being inscribed with the letters SPQR. But on a splendid and unique medallion of Commodus, which was sold for £75 in 1848, we find a type which happily combines the old models of Antoninus with a brass of Hadrian (*circ.* 131) that shows a female figure seated full face on a rock, and the word BRITANNIA on the exergue. This medallion of Commodus, which displays a fine bust of the Emperor on the obverse, shows on the reverse the legend BRITANNIA PMTRPXIMPVIICOSIIIPP. Within is the figure of Britannia Romana, Britannia as she was to be found 1700 years afterwards upon the English penny. Wearing a short tunic, mantle, and "braccae," she sits to the left upon a rock, holding a standard in her right hand, and a double-pointed spear in her left, while her left forearm

rests upon an oval shield, in which the letters SPQR are replaced by a spike, and a helmet supports it. This is No. 1 on Plate IV.

In several other cases the words signifying Britain are found on coins of Hadrian, Commodus, Septimus Severus, Geta, and Caracalla. But in none of them is the same type of that far-off rocky island so boldly personified. It is almost incredible that for fourteen hundred years that fine symbolic figure never reappeared upon our English coins. It was another foreigner who brought her back, one of the many Roettiers who made their name as engravers.¹

A Roettier modelled the head of Charles II., which Pepys so much admired when he met Mr. Slingsby of the Mint at dinner with the Lord Mayor in March 1662-3, where he also saw the head of Cromwell by Simon, which is reproduced in these pages, and other new pieces "made for the King by Blondeau's way." A Roettier was again responsible for the pleasure given our delightful diarist in February 1666-7, when "at my goldsmith's," he writes, "did observe the King's new medall, where in little there is Mrs. Stewart's face as well done as ever I saw any thing in my whole life, I think; and a pretty thing it is that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by." The lovely Frances Stewart had caught the impressionable heart of Pepys before, "with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille*"—all of them considerations which

¹ Two were named James, of whom one became goldsmith to Louis XV. and the other (born in 1663) was at the Mint in London from 1690 to 1698. John, the eldest son of an Antwerp goldsmith, was at the Mint till 1697, and died in the Tower, a younger brother, Joseph, having worked at the Mint in London till 1672, when he went to Paris on the same business, and died in 1703. John had two sons, Joseph Charles, who was at the Paris Mint in 1727, and Norbert, who was at the Mint in London till 1690, and then succeeded Joseph in Paris in 1727. Two more yet remain: Philip, John's youngest brother, who was at the English Mint till 1678, when he went to Flanders; and Philip's son, who lived in Brussels, and died at Antwerp. The name of Rotier still stands among the highest of the medallists of modern France.

have no doubt influenced every artist in his choice of a model for Britannia, even to the very latest instance of the figure on the florin.

Frances Theresa, eldest daughter of Walter Stuart, third son of the first Lord Blantyre, married the fourth Duke of Richmond in April 1667 and died in 1702. She must have been one of the few maids of honour at the Court of Charles II. for whom the arguments of Progers had no charm, and the King loved her as he never cared for any other woman, because she was impregnable. It was indeed "a pretty thing that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by"; and though Lord Braybrooke suggests Philip Roettier, the authorities of the British Museum prefer (with greater probability) John Roettier as the artist entrusted with this delicate and interesting commission; and from John Roettier's representatives Mr. Young bought another medal, showing the bust of Frances Stewart draped, which is now in the Museum.

The figure of Britannia which John Roettier modelled from Frances Stewart is the first Britannia to appear in the English coinage since that upon the famous medallion of the Emperor Commodus. It was first seen in a gold "pattern" struck from the dies made for a new farthing in 1665, the date which is shown beneath the head of Charles II. on the obverse of the coin I reproduce. (Plate IV., Fig. 3.) It was modelled, therefore, when the lovely Frances, "la plus jolie fille du monde," was in the first flush of her beauty at Court, two years before her marriage to the Duke of Richmond. It is, in my opinion, impossible to compare it with the Commodus medallion without believing that Roettier deliberately took the Roman design and treated it in his own way with a new model. There are many resemblances, but the slight differences are even more convincing. The Roman standard becomes an olive branch, the spear is slightly more upright, the helmet beneath the shield becomes a heraldic flourish, the bosom is even more undraped than in the first design for the

medal of two years later, which was struck to commemorate the Peace of Breda.¹

It will be noticed that the dominion of the seas was announced in the new farthing with the legend "Quattuor Maria Vindico." It is, therefore, quite intelligible that these farthings did not widely circulate in 1665 and 1666; for not only did Louis XIV. openly express his annoyance at this bombast, but the Dutch sailed up to Chatham and burnt our ships at anchor. After that the motto became discredited. "I hear of no supply," says Lord Lucas somewhat bitterly speaking in the House in 1671, "except it be of copper farthings, and that is the metal that is to vindicate, according to the inscription on it, the dominion of the four seas." Another criticism that might be made is on the somewhat inelegant posture of the undraped right leg. This Roettier altered both in the two designs for the Breda medal, and in the halfpenny of 1672, 3, and 5; though the farthing of those dates preserves both the bare leg and the sorry boast about the navy which so annoyed Lord Lucas, and which was omitted in the higher values.

The slight variations in the farthings and halfpennies of James II., William and Mary, and William III., are of more interest to the numismatist than to the general reader; and the fact of the leg being draped or undraped remains the leading subject of controversy. Queen Anne, whose halfpenny I reproduce, boldly proclaimed her partiality for the undraped lower limb, and in the alterations introduced for her Majesty by Jan Crocker in 1714, we find a crown placed above

¹ It is possible, I think, that the researches instituted in connection with this new design may have come to Sir Thomas Browne's knowledge; for in 1658 he wrote, in "Hydriotaphia," "the supinity of elder days hath left so much in silence, or time hath so martyred the records, that the most industrious heads do find no easy work to erect a new *Britannia*." Even if this was originally written as a political reflection, it applies very appositely to our present subject. The medal of Commodus itself presents striking resemblances, in the treatment of the seated figure, to a fine Greek coin of Lysimachus, so the design may have an even longer pedigree than I have suggested.

Plate V



1 Penny of 1901



2. Jacobite Medal of 1715



3. Florin of 1902



Britannia, and her olive branch blossoming into a Rose and Thistle growing on the same stem (Plate IV., Fig. 4).

Queen Anne was evidently full of fancies on this subject, and whether she merely wished to change the design, or whether she desired her loyal subjects to imagine their sovereign transfigured as the impersonation of her country, she certainly "tried Britannia fairly high," as she might have said of her own racehorses. The lady is shown on one coin, for instance, under a classic portico; on another in a two-horsed chariot. But a rare and interesting farthing of 1713 shows Britannia helmeted and standing, with an olive branch in her right hand and a spear in her left. This standing variety I may as well deal with at once, for it recurs in one of our most modern designs, and whether it was suggested by the Roman Victory of the Imperial coins or whether it was an original error of the designer in each case, it has never proved successful on a coin. This farthing is the first modern instance of which I am aware. The next is a penny, designed by Lewis Pingo in 1788. Britannia stands full-faced, a spear in the right hand and a laurel in her left, while a shield and a globe are on either side of her. A far finer realisation of a similar idea upon a medal is the design of Thomas Pingo, in 1745, of Britannia standing on the sea-shore eagerly looking towards the fleet in which the Young Pretender is supposed to be sailing to his own again (Plate V., Fig. 2). Her body faces you, but the head swings nobly round to show the profile. Her uplifted right hand grasps a spear, and the left leans easily upon a shield that bears the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George. Several points in this fine composition deserve closer attention and comparison; but for the moment I will only record the brave words it inspired in Prince Charles when, in 1748, these medals had been distributed all over France during the negotiations at Aix-la-Chapelle. The Prince de Conti had pointed out that Britain's fleet just then was no friend to the Pretender.

That may be [said the Prince], but I am nevertheless the friend of the

fleet against all its enemies. The glory of England I shall always regard as my own, and her glory rests on her navy.

It is only by comparison that we can ever educate our taste. So I have placed next to Pingo's figure on my fifth plate the latest standing Britannia on the florin of 1902 (Plate V., Fig. 3), a design which is faulty enough, as I think, without the untrue charge of a sloping sea being brought against it in addition. The effect of that slope in what is really a straight line is produced by the lilt of the classical galley at the bottom of the coin. A far better variant of the same standing figure was designed in 1895 by De Saulles for the British dollar in Hongkong and Labuan, which circulates with the Mexican dollar throughout the Eastern markets. In this a line-of-battleship is introduced, with fine effect, behind the trident.

That trident only takes the place of the Roman spear in the last years of the eighteenth century. Ever since Queen Anne, or perhaps Jan Crocker, began a slight deterioration in Britannia's figure, that process of gradually demeaning the nobility of the type went steadily on. New symbols were introduced without improving the general effect. Moore, for example, in 1788, placed his Britannia on a four-cornered stone, with a lion's head showing behind it; her left hand holds a cornucopia, and the right points to a large ship, the whole being surrounded by a wreath of wheat. A penny of 1797 might have had "Si vis pacem para bellum" as its motto, for the lady who holds out an olive branch is seated on a gun-carriage. As usual, it was a foreigner who helped us out once more; and it was Birmingham—of all places—which initiated the improvement. Messrs. Boulton and Co., who did a considerable amount of coinage at the Soho Mint, first sent for M. Droz from Paris, who did three fine patterns from 1788 to 1790, one of which showed a nude figure. But they were more valuable as evidence of possible improvement than as actual contributions to the national currency. The man who used the best of the old consecrated themes, and gave them a new dignity and appropriateness, was Kuchler, who brought



1. Medal of the French Republic



2. Medal commemorating the 60th year of Queen Victoria's reign



3. Oxford University Medal
(Trial Eights)



4. Wadham College Medal (Rowing)

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back the Roman figure seated on a rock amidst the sea, among whose distant waves a line-of-battleship is sailing. In her left hand is the trident of her naval empery, slanting above the shield that bears the Union Jack in right heraldic colours. This is the penny of 1797 which I have reproduced in Plate IV., Fig. 5. Inspired, no doubt, by this conception was the Britannia on Leonard Wyon's coin of 1860, which closes my fourth plate. On either side of her are the lighthouse and the ship that are the fitting emblems of the mistress of the seas (Plate IV., Fig. 6). The absence of these two splendid symbols is, to my mind, the chief loss of the finely modelled coin of 1901, which is on the upper half of my fifth plate; but it will be noticed that this work is good enough to stand very considerable enlargement (Plate V., Fig. 1).

The degeneration of symbols on coins or dies may be curiously traced in the stamp of Britannia that was used by the Bank of England in the seventeenth century. That Bank was founded on July 27, 1694, by royal charter, "whereby power was given their Majestys to incorporate certain persons who had contributed a sum of £1,200,000 for the purpose of carrying on the war in France, and were entitled in respect of such contribution to be paid a yearly sum of £100,000." Very properly the Britannia which the Bank stamped upon its ledgers, and which shows every sign of being copied from the Queen Anne coins, was depicted as guarding the heap of money which was due to these patriotic citizens who helped on "the war in France." But in course of time the significance of this was lost. And now "the old lady of Threadneedle Street," an even more degenerate copy of Wyon's Britannia, has at her sandalled foot—a beehive, "representing industry."¹

It may be well if even the few facts and symbols I have

¹ The "heap of money" has become a beehive by 1804, at latest; for this appears on the five-shilling Bank of England token of that date, together with a cornucopia beneath Britannia's shield. The whole design is stamped over a Spanish dollar, the coin which was used for the same economical purposes by the native princes of India.

here collected are kept in mind by those who care either for the national coinage or the national taste. I like to think that in the Britannia of 1901 there is, in spite of her empty sea and coast, more than a chance resemblance to that lovely model of the seventeenth century, for whose sake Charles once sculled down the river alone from Whitehall, and climbed the walls of Somerset House. Her dazzling complexion, light and luxuriant hair, and slender, well-proportioned figure must have looked their best in the straw-coloured satin which Lely chose as her attire. In his famous painting of her you may trace in the movement of the arms the suggestion which appealed to Roettier as well. Put a trident in one, and a shield beneath the other, and the likeness is complete. Kings may come and kings may go upon one side of our coins. But whatever king may reign, let there be "On the reverse our Beauty's pride"; let the ideals first inspired by Frances Stewart still animate the presentment of the guardian genius of these commercial realms. Good coins are not merely an instrument of commerce for the living. When we are dust they shall remain as the sensible rhetoric of the dead; for our coins will survive not our wealth only, but all our greater monuments, either of splendour or catastrophe.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT AS A NOVELIST

WHILE engaged in gossip the other day on the fascinating subject of novels, it happened to me to say that if one could conceive a first eleven of British novelists Captain Marryat would be worthy of a place in the team, though he would be one of the lag choices, not a star like Miss Austen, Scott, Fielding, Thackeray, or Dickens. My friend expressed complete dissent, and said that Marryat supplied capital reading for boys, but that was all. I venture to maintain, however, that this opinion was unjust, and at all events, though we may differ widely about Captain Marryat's merits and powers, we must all of us be pretty well convinced that of immortality he is secure. The principal subject with which his works are concerned is one of which his fellow countrymen can never grow weary, since he has painted in true lifelike colours the British Navy of his day, the men who won Trafalgar and who made England indisputable mistress of the seas. Such pictures can never lose either their charm or their value.

Would it be fair or unfair to say that Marryat as an author was blessed with good luck? Did he select his subject knowing that he had it in him to do it justice, or did he stumble into literature by some happy chance? He was a sailor long before he tried his hand at writing, and accident rather than design may quite possibly have been his guide. In any case he was well inspired, since the tasks which he under-

took were exactly fitted to his capacities, and he achieved them in a manner that has left him entirely without a rival. Indeed, Marryat's descriptions stand out by themselves, and convey to his readers the idea of the Navy, its officers, petty officers, and able-bodied seamen, with a clearness and a force that have never been used in portraying any other profession. Deep is the debt of gratitude that we owe to him, though it may be confidently hoped that we have always been ready to recognise the obligation.

Like most people, Marryat in his writings reveals much of his own character, and no one will be surprised that in his boyhood he should have been a sturdy rebel, and should have run away from school upon several occasions. At length he seems to have gained his end, and in 1806, at the age of fourteen, he was entered on board the *Imperieuse*, under the famous Lord Cochrane, whom, according to the common belief, he reproduced as Captain Savage in "Peter Simple." If so, it is pleasing to think that the stormy lad must have been very fond of his first commander, for Captain Savage is a splendid fellow, and is drawn with a most sympathetic hand.

But it is with Marryat's writings that we are engaged, and if he was fortunate in his introduction to sea life it can hardly be said that he was equally fortunate in his introduction to literature. "Frank Mildmay, or The Naval Officer," with which in 1829 he commenced his career as a novelist, is not an agreeable book, nor is it constructed with any artistic skill. It consists of a series of adventures piled one on the top of the other, and its realism would seem to be its only virtue. None of the characters claim much attention or excite our interest, and when we learn that the tale brought no less a sum than £400 into the pockets of its author, we are inclined to open our eyes in wonder.

It would, however, be easy to indulge in many speculations as to the causes which have led some great writers to give us of their very best in their earliest works, while others have mounted the ladder of fame by gradual steps. Scott with

"Waverley," Dickens with "Pickwick," Thackeray with "Vanity Fair" are in the one class; but in the case of Fielding, "Joseph Andrews" preceded "Tom Jones," and with Miss Austen—but which *was* the first of Miss Austen's novels? If we simply judge by the dates of publication the answer is "Sense and Sensibility," but "Northanger Abbey" and "Pride and Prejudice" can put in their own claims for precedence, and we cannot therefore speak with decision about the queen of fiction. The subject is so enticing that one might gladly pursue it through many pages, quoting such instances as Henry Kingsley, who, in consideration of "Geoffrey Hamlyn," must be placed in the same list as Scott, or, on the other hand, Wilkie Collins, who wrote several almost forgotten stories before he attained the high level of "The Woman in White" and "The Moonstone"; but one must not yield to the temptation. Suffice it to say that Marryat did not write "Peter Simple" or "Midshipman Easy" or "The Dog Fiend" until he had served a sort of apprenticeship to his trade.

To readers who desire to gain instruction as well as pleasure from their reading, every novel which Marryat wrote about life at sea may safely be recommended. His events are events which really happened, and of which Marryat was cognisant; this characteristic never fails to impress one, and it supports the books that do not abound with humour or plot. I cannot pretend that I particularly enjoy "The King's Own" or "Percival Keene" or "Newton Forster," but I know that in them I find men (I am dubious about the women) who actually lived, and whose acquaintance I am glad to make. This is certainly no small matter. Still, as with all artists, Marryat's fame must depend upon the best of his works, and of these I should be inclined to place six in the very foremost rank: "Peter Simple," "Mr. Midshipman Easy," "The Dog Fiend, or Snarleygow," "Jacob Faithful," and the two most enchanting children's books that the world ever saw, "The Children of the New Forest" and "The Settlers in Canada."

In "Frank Mildmay" there is a large amount of savagery; "The King's Own" abounds with horrors; but when Marryat grew skilled in his art he relied far more upon wit and geniality to attract, and he made vast improvement in the delineation of character. It would be almost impossible to name a hero for whom we can entertain more thorough sympathy than the gay, gallant O'Brien in "Peter Simple." He is always capable, always brave, and I think it may be asserted with strict truth that he is never exaggerated. His captivity in France, ending with his brilliant escape from prison, strikes one as absolutely real, and it is told with a masterly arrangement of details, not too many and not too few, "part seen, imagined part." This happy power over details is perhaps one of Marryat's most conspicuous merits. For the other two leading personages in the book, Peter Simple himself and the inimitable Mr. Chucks, we cannot exactly claim a total absence of exaggeration, but they are unsurpassed representatives of their respective types, and if their pictures are somewhat highly coloured the colouring in no way spoils the effect; indeed, it probably has the very opposite result. No boy may ever have said or done all the silly things that are attributed to Peter Simple, but it is hard to conceive how a story of the conversion of a lad not overburdened with sense or brains into an excellent officer could be told in a manner more convincing. And Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, with his two natures! We can only mourn that the exigencies of the service forced Captain Marryat to leave him in the command of a Swedish instead of an English frigate. Of his celebrated speeches, which were said by O'Brien to resemble the siren of the poet, being very fair at the upper part of them, but shocking at the lower extremities, I may give one mild example. Mr. Chucks is addressing an unfortunate man who has stumbled against him, and then excused himself with the plea that the ship had lurched:

"The ship lurched, did it, and pray, Mr. Cooper, why has Heaven granted you two legs with joints at the knees except to enable you to counteract the horizontal deviation? Do you suppose they were meant for nothing but to

work round a cask with? Hark, sir! did you take me for a post to scrub your pig's hide against? Allow me just to observe, Mr. Cooper—just to insinuate that when you pass an officer it is your duty to keep at a respectable distance, and not to soil his clothes with your rusty iron jacket. Do you comprehend me, sir, or will this make you recollect in future?" The rattan was raised and descended in a shower of blows until the cooper made his escape into the head. "There, take that, you contaminating, stave-dubbing, gimlet-carrying quintessence of a bung-hole."

There is another petty officer, Swinburne, who deserves a laudatory notice, and who is made to give an account of the battle of St. Vincent, in which he was engaged, such as rouses the blood. It seems to let one into the very inmost interior of a naval fight, and, above all, it shows how very hard victory was to win, except when a ship could be carried by boarders. This last impression is also conveyed by other descriptions of contemporary conflicts at sea, notably by Fenimore Cooper in his fine novel, "*Miles Wallingford*," wherein the history of the encounter between the *Black Prince* and the *Speedy* with the *Cerf* and the *Desirée* is as minute as it is vivid. But Swinburne is perhaps still better. His narrative, commencing with "The first I heard of it was when old Sir John (Jervis) called out to Sir Isaac (Coffin), 'Who killed the Spanish messenger?' 'Not I, by God,' replied Sir Isaac, 'I only left him for dead,' and then they both laughed, and so did Nelson, who was sitting with them," down to its close where Nelson stands on the deck of the *San Josef* and receives the swords of his enemies, is about as racy and spirited as a narrative can be. Once read, it cannot be forgotten.

Southey wrote good prose, and it may be of interest to compare two somewhat similar passages, each of which contains an account of the order to board the *San Nicolas* towards the close of the action. Captain Marryat can well bear the comparison. Here is Southey in his "Life of Nelson":

The *San Nicolas* luffing up, the *San Josef* fell on board her, and Nelson resumed his station abreast of them and close alongside. The *Captain* (Nelson's ship) was now incapable of further service either in the line or in chase; she had lost her foretop-mast; not a sail, shroud, or rope was left, and her wheel

was shot away. Nelson therefore directed Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard, and, calling for the boarders, ordered them to board.

And here is Marryat :

The *San Nicolas*, knowing that the *Excellent's* broadside would send her to old Nick, put her helm up to avoid being raked ; in so doing she fell foul of the *San Josef*, a Spanish three-decker, and we (*i.e.*, the *Captain*) being all cut to pieces and unmanageable, all of us indeed reeling about like drunken men, Nelson ordered his helm a-starboard, and in a jiffy there we were all three hugging each other, running in one another's guns, smashing our chain-plates and poking our yard-arms through each other's canvas. "All hands to board," roared Nelson, leaping on the hammocks and waving his sword.

It may be that "Mr. Midshipman Easy" is not quite equal to "Peter Simple." In boisterous fun and in dashing adventure it excels, but certainly there is no O'Brien, Jack himself tends to the grotesque, and his servant, the valiant Mesty, is not wholly unsuited to melodrama. Still, there is no doubt about the fun and the adventures. The inimitable triangular duel where the combatants fire with the sun and the gunner gives the word as if he were exercising the guns on board ship : "Cock your locks ! take good aim at the object ! Fire ! Stop your vents," is a truly priceless possession. Jack also is very great when he rescues Gascoigne from his insane desire to take a Moorish maiden to wife, and in the process of the rescue finds it needful to carry off the British Vice-Consul in the clothes of a woman. Especially pleasing is the discomfiture of the outraged official when he fails to obtain redress for his wrongs :

Mr. Hicks was too impatient to tell his wrongs to care for being in his sister's clothes ; he came on board, and, although the tittering was great, he imagined that it would soon be all in his favour, when it was known that he was a diplomatic. He told his story and waited for the decision of the admiral which was to crush our hero, who stood with the midshipmen on the lee side of the deck. But the admiral replied, "Mr. Hicks, in the first place this appears to me to be a family affair with which I have nothing to do. You went on board of your own free will in woman's clothes ; Mr. Easy's orders were positive and he obeyed them. It was his duty to sail as soon as the transport was ready. The boat is alongside, sir." Mr. Hicks, astonished at the want of respect paid

to a Vice-Consul, shoved his petticoats between his legs and went down the side amidst the laughter of the whole of the ship's company.

Then we have some splendid fighting both on sea and land, notably in the engagement between the *Aurora* and the Russian frigate *Trident*, and in the defence of Don Reberia's mansion against the galley-slaves with their atrocious leader. Delightful, too, is Sir Thomas, the Governor of Malta, with his boyish heart and his ardent love for the yarns which Jack, out of his own experiences, was always able to supply. And there is a touch of true pathos in the history of poor Martin, who had waited long for well-earned promotion with hopes that ever dwindled, and who died of a wound received in the action which would at length have secured it to him. One may suppose that "Peter Simple" and "Mr. Midshipman Easy" are Marryat's two most popular novels and that they are likely to remain so.

"Jacob Faithful" is not a story of the sea, but it is a story of our most famous river, and nowhere else shall we find such descriptions of life on the Thames or of the quaint population that formerly dwelt by the waterside. After the lapse of two generations, we still like to read of Marables and Fleming, though we do not imagine that in these days barges are used by burglars to conceal their plunder, and we still rejoice in Old Tom, and Young Tom, too, though we know that lighters are no longer controlled by men who had sailed under Nelson and his fellow captains, and who never missed a glass of rum, or an opportunity of fighting their battles once again over their favourite liquor. We cannot hope to run across the wherry of deaf Stapleton with his peculiar knowledge of human nature and his weakness for prize-fighting, but in Marryat's pages he will always be welcome; there is, in fact, a wonderful lot of "go" about most of Jacob's comrades. In Jacob himself, Marryat reverts in a minor measure to the temperament which he has described in "Frank Mildmay," and shows us a man in whom circumstances can easily raise a savage and revengeful spirit. But with Jacob Faithful we are generally in sympathy.

He does not outrage our feelings, whereas Frank Mildmay is, to speak quite candidly, rather a brute. Then Mary Stapleton, the old boatman's daughter, is worth a word. Marryat's most devoted admirers would hardly maintain that he was strong in his delineation of womankind. His lady heroines, Agnes, Celeste, and the rest of them, are faint, uninteresting creatures, who exist because Jack Easy, Peter Simple, and others must find some one they can marry, since marriage only can put an end to their histories. But Mary Stapleton is much superior to these conventional puppets, and I think she affords us the best piece of petticoat work that Marryat ever executed. She somehow contrives to retain our sympathy, though her powers of flirtation were exercised in a manner most indiscriminate, most worthy of fault-finding, and though she did desperate, almost irreparable harm. And, at any rate, when she and Jacob, as boy and girl, exchanged lessons in love and Latin, she must have been in her own robust style an attractive sort of mistress or pupil.

Now tell me, what is Latin? Latin is a language which people spoke in former times, but now they do not. Well then, you shall make love to me in Latin, that's agreed. And how do you mean to answer me? Oh, in plain English to be sure. But how are you to understand me? replied I, much amused with the conversation. Oh, if you make love properly I shall soon understand you. I shall read the English of it in your eyes. Very well, I have no objection, when am I to begin? Why directly, you stupid fellow, to be sure, what a question! I went close up to Mary and repeated a few words of Latin. Now, says I, look into my eyes and see if you can translate them. Something impudent I'm sure, replied she, fixing her blue eyes upon mine. Not at all, replied I, I only asked for this, and I snatched a kiss, in return for which I received a box on the ear, which made it tingle for five minutes.

The "Dog Fiend, or Snarleyow" is a very curious novel and quite apart from its fellows; indeed, I know of nothing like it anywhere. Perhaps we may call it a very auspicious effort at an imaginative book by a man who did not usually rely upon imagination for his driving force. Here we have none of Nelson's sailors, but are transported back into the days of William the Third, and although some British sea-

men appear, the scenes are for the most part laid in Holland, while it is not in their names only that Mr. Vanslyperken, the Widow Vandersloosh, and Corporal Van Spitter are Dutch. Of the nationality of Snarleyow himself no one may speak. The dog was held to have come on board Mr. Vanslyperken's cutter in a mysterious and supernatural manner, and that is all. Of Smallbones, the lad who was the dog's chief enemy and rival, it may be inferred that he was English, though his parentage was unknown, and he seems to have drifted on to the decks of the *Yungfrau* as a misguided foundling. In the "Dog Fiend," therefore, Captain Marryat was no longer describing familiar objects, and if we allow, as I should do, that in this venture he was really successful, we must own that he was at all events something much more than a mere narrator of stories out of real life, upon whom the fates had bestowed the blessing of an appropriate style.

Saul, as one has read, was enrolled amongst the prophets unexpectedly; Marryat has lately been enrolled amongst the poets—witness the "Lyra Heroica" of Mr. Henley—and it may be that his inclusion in the sacred band has caused surprise. But Mr. Henley was, I think, justified in his selection. He gives four verses only, but they are so spirited that I venture to quote them in full:

The Captain stood on the carronade. "First Lieutenant," says he,
 "Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me,
 I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons, because I'm bred to the sea.
 That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.
 Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea
 I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the victory.

"That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*
 'Tis a thousand bullets to one that she will capture we.
 I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys, so each man to his gun,
 If she's not mine in half an hour I'll flog each mother's son."
 Odds bobs, &c.

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough.
 "I little thought," said he, "that your men were of such stuff."

Our Captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to *he*,
 "I haven't the gift of the gab, Monsieur, but polite I wish to be."
 Odds bobs, &c.

Our Captain sent for us all, "My merry men," said he,
 "I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be.
 You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun,
 If you hadn't you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged each
 mother's son."

Odds bobs, &c.

These few lines may almost be said to contain Marryat in microcosm. There is his dash, his swing, his rude sense of humour, his patriotism, all expressed in a manner rough, but singularly effective. There is, perhaps, no suggestion of actual coarseness, but one might guess that the writer could be coarse, as Marryat certainly was at times. No one ever called a spade more emphatically a spade, and when Thackeray declared that no novelist since the days of Fielding had been allowed to describe a real man, he must surely have forgotten such heroes as Frank Mildmay, whose transgressions are told as freely as those of Tom Jones. It is not, however, on account of any coarseness that objection is likely to be raised against the "Dog Fiend," but the horrors with which it is rather amply supplied must unquestionably prove overpowering to sensitive organisations. More robust readers may find compensation in the relieving stream of queer, grim—some might say grimy—fun that pervades the book. At all events, when an author makes an entertaining story out of repellent materials, he gives a proof that he understands his business, and few will deny that in the present instance Marryat has shown great ability. None but himself could so triumphantly have kept up the telling but very peculiar condition of superstitious terror with which Smallbones is regarded by Vanslyperken, and Snarleyow by the sailors, who could never make sure whether "de tog was but a tog," or whether "de tog is no tog after all."

Captain Marryat had retired from the Navy in 1830, after a very distinguished service. He had been presented with the

medal of the Humane Society, and had saved some ten or twelve lives at sea, in several cases at great personal risk. He had received due recognition in France as well as in England for meritorious work in science and navigation. In 1837 and 1838, after he had become famous as a novelist, he had paid a long visit to the United States and to Canada, his reception in the United States having been uncertain. In some places, his daughter says, he was feasted, in others he was burned in effigy. What offence he may have given I know not, but the feasting may have been justly due to a comical quarrel with Fenimore Cooper over American food, in which Marryat praised and Cooper found fault. Some account of the matter may be found in "Miles Wallingford."

It was not till 1841, when he was just upon fifty-one years of age, that Captain Marryat wrote "Masterman Ready," the first of those children's books which many people regard as the most charming of all his writings. I have heard it said, truly or otherwise, that Marryat was irritated by the many impossibilities that may be found in the pages of the "Swiss Family Robinson," and that he determined to publish a story of the same kind which should be free from such blemishes. If this were the case I scarcely think that he can be very heartily congratulated. I do not boast that I ever got to the end of the adventures of the Swiss family—if indeed they ever reached any particular end—but the earlier part of the tale, enlivened by an extreme simplicity that is nowhere else to be met with, seems to me much superior to anything in "Masterman Ready." It is only as the forerunner of better things that we can hail Marryat's initial attempt at this class of literature with sincere satisfaction. But it is my fervent belief as well as hope, that as long as there are children of English birth two of "Masterman Ready's" successors, "The Settlers in Canada" and "The Children of the New Forest," will find enthusiastic lovers.

"The Settlers in Canada" came out in 1844, while Marryat's reminiscences of his visit to that country were still

comparatively fresh. An English family are unexpectedly deprived of their possessions and decide upon emigration as their wisest course. There are the father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, four sons and two nieces; and the youngest son John is a veritable gem. He is very youthful, about ten years old, very silent, and a backwoodsman born. He insists from the outset on having his own rifle and his own fishing-rod, and before the end of the first winter he saves his two cousins from a hungry wolf who attacks them on their way to the cow-house, having first killed Sancho, the faithful old dog who has been accustomed to act as their guardian. The description is perfect. Of the two girls, one has fainted while the other is nearly in the same condition.

If John showed gallantry in shooting the wolf he certainly showed very little towards his cousins. He looked at Mary, nodded his head towards the wolf's body, and saying, "He's dead," shouldered his rifle, turned round and walked back to the house. He was duly questioned on his return, for the family had heard the shot, and he at last stated that he had shot a wolf. "A wolf! where?" said Mr. Campbell. "At the cow-lodge," replied John. "The cow-lodge," said his father. "Yes; killed Sancho." "Killed Sancho! Why Sancho was with your cousins!" "Yes," replied John. "Then where did you leave them?" "With the wolf," replied John, wiping his rifle very coolly. At this all the younger men seized their guns and rushed out. "My poor girls," exclaimed Mr. Campbell. "Wolf's dead, father," said John. "Dead! Why didn't you say so, you naughty boy?" cried Mrs. Campbell. "I wasn't asked," replied John.

John is equally grand when, with overweening confidence, and intent upon fishing, he sets forth alone in the punt which gets carried away by the force of the river. He is fortunately rescued and brought home.

"John, you have frightened me very much," said Mrs. Campbell, "how could you be so imprudent. See what a narrow escape you have had." "I should have been at Montreal to-morrow morning," said John laughing. "No, never, you would have been upset in the rapids long before you could get to Montreal." "Well, mother, I can swim," replied John.

One can fancy how Marryat would revel in depicting this small daredevil.

But it is not in John only that one rejoices; it is in the whole atmosphere of the book. The clearing of the timber,

the hunting in the snow, the long nights of the winter, the fire in the forest, the bear and the sugar-coolers, with many another scene, all told with that happy mastery of detail to which I have before alluded; the result is entrancing, no less.

I will not do so great an offence, to my own feelings if to no one else's, as to enter into any comparison between "The Settlers in Canada" and "The Children of the New Forest." I made acquaintance with this latter book one day at my private school, a heavenly day when I was kept in bed with no lessons to do as a precaution against an illness which never came. There I read of the ingenious Humphrey, a worthy compeer of the sturdy John, of how he captured the hare in his springe, the wild cow in his pit, and the ponies in the snow-drift. Then, after perusing with careful study the sage instructions of Jacob Armitage, I erroneously believed myself to be capable of stalking and shooting a deer, still more erroneously that I should be able, from its antlers, to decide whether it were a brocket, a staggart, a warrantable stag, or a hart royal. I also fancied that I might with very little practice vie with Alice in cooking a stew of venison. In short, the tale, with all its wonderful mingling of the practical with the picturesque trifles which make up life, laid hold of me with a grasp that can never lose its force. I rejoice still to dip into it on occasions, and now one feature which to a boy passed without notice strikes me as rather notable. In "The Children of the New Forest," which, I think, was the last work published during his lifetime, Captain Marryat once more gives us a hero prone to revenge. Edward Beverley, the elder brother of Humphrey, had certainly wrongs enough, inasmuch as his father had been killed at Naseby, and his house had been burned down by the Puritans either through carelessness or by intention during their search for King Charles the First after his escape from Hampton Court. Edward, with his brother and his two sisters, were saved from destruction by a devoted old forester, Jacob Armitage, who took them to his cottage and brought them up as his grandchildren, allowing the world to believe that the young Beverleys had all perished. That

Edward, therefore, should desire to retaliate upon his foes was only natural, but his vengeance fell upon quite the wrong people. Mr. Heatherstone, a moderate supporter of Cromwell and a man of much influence, discovered the Beverleys under their assumed names and suspected their identity. He behaved to them, and especially to Edward, with studious and most delicate kindness, but at last, owing to some misunderstanding which might easily have been cleared up, he aroused very unreasonable indignation in Edward's breast. As a consequence, Beverley, though by this time deeply in love with Mr. Heatherstone's daughter, took himself off abroad in a very ungracious and ungrateful manner, and it was beyond his deserts that the fair Patience should ultimately forgive his conduct. The episode leads one to think that Captain Marryat to his dying day must have been uncommonly swift at resenting an injury.

That Marryat's vigour never failed is proved by the fact that in 1847 he applied to the Admiralty to be employed on active service at sea, the application being inspired by the belief that a change of life would be beneficial to his health. The Admiralty sent a refusal, as under the circumstances they were obliged to do, but it is said that the answer was received with a storm of wrath. Captain Marryat died in August 1848, his death being hastened by the loss of his eldest son in the steam frigate *Avenger*.

In this short sketch I have omitted purposely to mention the novels which deal with life on land, such as "Japhet in Search of a Father," "The Poacher," "Valerie," and others, nor have I alluded to that weird production, "The Phantom Ship." It is not that I would quarrel with any verdict, however favourable, that might be delivered on these works, but that I cannot conceive that they play much real part in supporting Marryat's title to eternal fame. That fame surely rests upon two distinct pillars, the children's books of which I have said so much, and still more assuredly on the unique, glowing pictures of the old English Navy.

IDDESLEIGH.

THE POPULAR POETRY OF SPAIN

THOSE who visit Spain in the present time cannot fail to see that each province produces a race different from the other ; that the proud reserve of the natives of Aragon is in vivid contrast with the expansive loquacity of the Andalusian, and the active vigour of the Catalan with the careless indifference of the Castilian. And, indeed, at first sight, Spain appears to contain regions where the people are isolated from other regions by a network of mountains and rivers, and drawn together more closely among themselves by the bonds of a language which is peculiar to their own district. But the further we penetrate into the character of the Spanish people the more we perceive that the whole race presents a grand homogeneity. Notwithstanding the distinct qualities which have been mentioned, and a diversity of characteristics more apparent than real, it has traits essentially common to the whole nation, in its origin, in its isolation, and in its long struggle against a common enemy. The reserve of the Aragonese has been stamped upon him by the severity of the natural scenery by which he is surrounded, by the arid rocks and barren mountains which bound his horizon ; the gaiety of the Catalan is but the reproduction of the brilliant sunshine and enchanting beauty of the scenery among which he lives ; but all, from the inhabitant of the sierras to the joyous Sevillian, have the same indomitable pride, the same invincible courage,

the same innate faith, and the same poetic fervour in the depths of their soul, and it is perhaps this poetic temperament more than anything else which holds these people in the same bond, in the same worship of the Ideal—a worship almost fierce—which gives to the Spaniard a character at once ardent and passionate—violent, even, when his sensibilities have been wounded through his affections, his desires, or his honour. There is nothing more dangerous than to touch his illusions: the eyes of his heart and soul, riveted upon his ideals, upon his passions, he allows nothing to exist which runs counter to them. This it is which makes him so tenaciously attached to his Faith, to his country, to his people.

The manifestation of this cult of the Ideal is to be found in all its aspects in the popular songs of the country, known by the name of *Cantares*. The descendants of those who wrote their laws in verse have not lost their poetic verve, and these songs, entirely original, improvised by the nation in its moments of expansive enthusiasm, constitute the most precious documents in which may be read the soul and spirit of a people. Every country, it is true, prides itself upon possessing a literature more or less beautiful, more or less generally accepted by different classes of society, but, whatever it may be, it is always composed by literary people. No other nation possesses truly popular works—that is to say, works written, not *for* the people, but *by* the people themselves, not by a coterie of literary men, but by the entire nation becoming at the same time the author and singer of its own works. It may perhaps be said that the songs of the *Ædes* of Greece, the hymns and psalms of the earliest prophets, had this character of spontaneity, that their songs were but an improvisation in which the exaltation of their soul harmonised with the artistic instinct of their nature. Still, these early improvisatores formed by themselves a sort of *élite*, and did not in any way represent the mass of the people.

The songs of Spain, known under the name of *Cantares* or *Coplas*, are simply manifestations of enthusiasm, short poems,

sometimes contained in a single quatrain, composed in a moment of exaltation or of melancholy—made musical by the sonority of the language, and poetical by the extreme sensibility of the soul of the composer.

It is important that we should not confuse the *Coplas* with the *Romanceros*, also, for the most part, anonymous, and which, gathered from tradition, seem to have a similar origin to that of the *Coplas*. This, however, is not the case. The most simple composition of the *Romancero* demands some knowledge of practical composition, be it ever so slight—a previous study, a momentary effort, at least; while that of the *Copla* demands of the Spaniard neither study nor effort; the labourer returning from the fields, the workman wearied with his toil, the sighing lover who takes his guitar in the evening, and inspired by a feeling of happiness or of sadness draws from the chords of his instrument the feelings which inspire him—these are the spontaneous authors of the *Copla*.

Las cuerdas de mi guitarra
 Mis sentimientos repiten,
 Si me ven sufriendo lloran,
 Si me ven gozando rien.

The chords of my guitar
 My joy and sorrow bear,
 They laugh with me in joy,
 And weep with my despair.

In short, these innumerable *Coplas* are nothing but an echo of Castilian sentiment; they bear no signature, but beneath each one may be written, "The Spanish people," for nothing reveals more truly the national character nor the individual traits than these verses—composed without effort, without ambition, without any of the artifices of the man of letters, submissive to the exigencies of his readers. They express thoughts, simple, natural and poetic, sometimes unconsciously profound, always brilliant with local colour and artless perfume; they are sincere, as everything spontaneous is apt to be; they express the feelings of the human soul with the most subtle variations of joy and sadness, of love and desire, of anger and hatred. They are made up of all the sighs and all the exclamations of the Spanish heart; their harmony is like the distant sound of the waves of the sea, with its gradations from joyous

laughter to sobs of despair, for if the gaiety of the Spaniard is frank and infectious, nothing can be more profound than his sadness, nothing more melancholy than his sighs.

To collect all the Cantares would be impossible : there are thousands of them, but some, more beautiful than others, are guarded by tradition, and constitute the Book of Cantares :

<p>Cantar que del alma sal Es pajar que no muere ; Volando de boca en boca, Dios manda que viva siempre.</p>	<p>There soareth from my soul a song As 'twere a bird that dieth never ; From mouth to mouth it flies along, For God hath bid it live for ever.</p>
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'To what period of history must we return in order to find the origin of these compositions ? Would it be reasonable to ask to have them repeated by a people who, in remotest times, made their code of laws into a poem ? Can we ask them of those innumerable Romanceros so full of nerve and spirit ? This custom of improvisation has not had its birth in any definite period ; it is as innate as the Spanish character, and is a part of its joys, its sorrows and its love. But, "flying from mouth to mouth," the greater part of the Coplas have been lost in their course across the ages, and of those which remain it is impossible now to trace the origin. Before the commencement of the nineteenth century no collection of Cantares existed ; some of those which are now collected date from the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, as is proved by the arrangement of the sentences and the now obsolete words they contain.

A profound study of this popular poetry helps greatly to the comprehension of the Spanish character ; psychologists too frequently neglect it in the analysis of the Castilian mind, for it helps to explain a subtlety of spirit and a poetic facility almost too highly developed by a nervous sensibility which shrinks from putting into stern prose the intimate feelings of the heart.

The Coplas display more than a simple manifestation of enthusiasm or love ; one finds in them what can be found in

the people's songs of no other country—*i.e.*, the popular philosophy of Spain. But before analysing them, let us look beneath their purely literary form, and discover the style common to the different parts of the country, and thus we shall see the accent—the particular stamp—impressed by nature and by history on the different regions.

The most common form of the Cantares is the simple quatrain, of which the composition is relatively easy; this may be taken as the characteristic type, although there are many others consisting of three or of seven lines. These quatrains are intended to be sung with guitar accompaniment to the ordinary measure of the *peteneras*, the *jotas*, the *gitanos*, &c. and especially of the *malagueñas*, and of the *seguidillas*; this latter has the advantage of the classic form. Although the true verse demands seven lines, it is generally sung with the ordinary quatrain, repeating the first and the last lines; it is necessary that the verse should end with the principal idea, although it has to be repeated three times.

The coplas of seven lines demand a little more work on the part of the author, and for this reason many of them are overloaded, the three supplementary lines making them heavy and cumbrous. Those of three lines are of course lighter even than the quatrain, and contain with ease and lightness a thought or an exclamation:

Tus ojos son dos ventanas	Thine eyes are the windows
A donde el querer se asona	Whence Love himself looks out
Cuando nocabe en el alma.	When he o'erflows the soul.

The composition of the quatrain presents no difficulties; the lines are usually eight feet, rhythm comes instinctively to the ear of a people accustomed to it from infancy. As to rhyme, one must not be too severe as long as there is a certain assonance, and this is easily found in a great number of Spanish words ending in sonorous vowels. This assonance is only demanded in two of the lines:

Dod besos tengo en el alma
 Que no se aparten de *mi*
 El ultimo de mi madre
 Y el primero que te *di*.

I have two kisses within my soul
 Which nought can take from me—
 The last which I gave to my mother,
 And the first which I gave to thee.

However, notwithstanding the simplicity of its composition, the quatrain demands an idea more or less definite, and more or less clearly expressed, a certain choice of words and a certain rhythmical arrangement; these things naturally require a delicacy of sentiment and a vivid æsthetic instinct, and these one is often astonished to find profoundly developed in the mass of the people. Some of these Coplas are true poems; they lay bare a whole life of love, a soul full of the tumult of passion:

Olvide a Dios, por quererte,
 Por ti la gloria perdi;
 Y ahora me vengo a quedar,
 Sin Dios, sin gloria, y sin ti.

I forgot my God, to love thee,
 My glory was vain to me;
 And now, behold me lonely,
 Nor God, nor glory, nor thee.

In what poem of Dante or Virgil can we find expressed in so few words so much love, so many reproaches and so much sadness.

Add to these colourless translations the sonority of the Spanish language and the harmony of the lines, and we get some idea of these Coplas, which spring into spontaneous life each hour, and which are lost again like the flowers of a day or like a song without an echo.

It must be understood that this fugitive poetry is not proper to only a single region of the Peninsula; the whole of Spain is its cradle, even the Basque Provinces, Catalonia, Galicia and Valencia have their own songs in their own dialect; but the two regions where their production is most prolific are Aragon and Andalusia, a curious union, when one remembers the fact that these two provinces are generally quoted as being most opposed in their tastes and character, but this is yet another proof of the homogeneity of the entire race notwithstanding the modifications of temperament. If the Coplas of

the northern provinces have a more severe and penetrating tone, more abstract perhaps than the tone of exuberant gaiety which characterises those of the south, the same general sentiments animate the entire nation, and the same broad characteristics are found everywhere.

As for the music, it is impossible to pass over it without comment, because it is an integral part of the poetry of which it is at once the support and accompaniment. Although very simple, it is always very sustained and sonorous, each kind of Cantare has a clear rhythm which marks the difference of the melodies; for the dance, the *bandurria* (Spanish mandoline) is united with the guitar, the *seguidilla* is used also for the dance—a reminiscence of the time when the three arts of music, song, and dance were united. The *seguidillas* have a gay and rapid rhythm, there is nothing dragging or hesitating in their notes; contrary to the *malaguenas*, they are light and joyous with an accent of *bolero* or *fandango* in their nature. Upon these airs, more or less classic, the words are improvised. On fête days, at joyous Sunday gatherings, when gaiety reigns supreme and love walks in its train, a poetic enthusiasm animates the people, and when they are weary of the dance, the castanets cease, the tambourines are laid aside, the proud dancer, her hand on her hip, her head high, with a disdainful pout on her carmine lips, comes to captivate some *majo*, to repose after her dance, and to listen to the exclamations of love and the cries of admiration which her supple and willowy figure excite around her. Then the guitar circulates from hand to hand, and each one sings in his turn. With overflowing hearts each arises and expresses, in impromptu verse, the sentiments which he experiences, the thoughts which animate him; he addresses himself to the one he loves, exalts the events of the day or the hero of the fête, and when any one has succeeded in touching the exact note which harmonises with the feeling of the whole assembly, when the vibrations of his soul have corresponded with those of his auditors, then the Copla is repeated, and “flying from mouth to mouth, God

wills it to live for ever." The greater number of the Cantares speak of love, but many speak of all imaginable subjects, for no matter what the occasion, this poetic people are sure to be able to find some original idea to fit it.

A complete classification of the Coplas would be extremely difficult to arrange, because all the sentiments of the human soul—all the conditions of human life—are expressed in them, but in grouping them largely we must divide them into plaintive and joyous, religious, moral, philosophic and amorous, with all the passions connected with them.

Formerly there existed also the *estudiantina*,¹ but since this kind of corporation has died out, their songs have also become extinct. These were ordinarily comic quatrains upon the conditions of their existence and the poverty of the student life:

Tres meses ha que no como,	Since my last meal, three months ago,
Me tiene abatido el hambre ;	I pine with hunger night and day ;
Me pongo en las piernas plomo	I've weighted both my legs, lest so
Porque no me lleve el aire.	The wind should blow me quite away

It is curious to note that in this classification there is no place for the introduction of burlesque poetry. They are witty Coplas—"smart," as the Spaniard would call them, but not really comic; the Spaniard is essentially grave; he has not the spirit of buffoonery, notwithstanding the exuberance openly manifested in the Coplas of the south. Descriptive quatrains are also very rare; if the Spaniard rejoices in Nature, it is with inward contemplation; he delights in the warm rays of the sun or the perfume of flowers; it is in the expansion of his own personal activity that he comprehends it; then he sings of his happiness, of the joy of living, of the joy of loving, but without in the least attributing his feeling of well-being to the natural beauties of which he unconsciously feels the charm. In a word, his thoughts are subjective, and concentrate themselves on himself; the objective in him is

¹ Student Songs.

THE POPULAR POETRY OF SPAIN 143

confused with the sentiments which it is a necessity for him to express openly, and so he sings, as the birds sing in the branches, just as spontaneously and with just as little effort.

The sad and plaintive Coplas are peculiar to the *malaguenas*: their character appears to have been inherited from the Moors. Seven hundred years of domination have not failed to leave their traces upon the Spanish mind, and the lamentations uttered by the Arab upon the sands of the desert still have their echo in Andalusia, in the doleful and lugubrious "Ay" of the *malaguenas*. They begin with modulated and prolonged groans which die gradually away like a long sigh, only to begin again; then, suddenly, the soul which thus groans begins, in a ringing voice, to recount its pains, its complaints, and its bitter griefs, and then once more takes up the long, wailing "Ay" of despair. It is difficult to imagine anything more sad than these plaintive songs when heard in the distance. They grip the heart with an intangible melancholy and weigh down the spirit with a heavy and mysterious sadness.

Al dolo y a la esperanza
Las encuentre en mi camino;
La esperanza me dejo
Y el dolo signe conmigo.

Lo, Hope and Pain were comrades
twain
That met me by the way;
Hope fled afar, and only Pain
Keeps pace with me to-day.

En lo profundo del mar
Noy a sepultar mi pena;
Porque mi pena es tan grande
Que ya no cabe la tierra.

Down in thy depths, O Sea,
I bury all my pain;
Earth is not wide enough
Such sorrow to contain.

A ma piedra en la calle
Le conte mi dolo;
Mira lo que le diria
Que la piedra se partio.

I told a stone beside the way
My grief—and dost thou wonder
What were my words? Behold and
see—
That stone was rent asunder.

Tristezas me hacen triste,
Tristezas salgo a buscar;
A ner si con tristezas
Tristezas podre olvidar.

Oppressed with loads of grief,
I still must seek for more;
If so be, sorrows freshly felt
May banish those of yore,

For rhythm, the *malaguenas* may almost be compared with the chants of the Flamens: they also in some respects resemble the lamentations of the Oriental peoples, although they are certainly more rude, less dragged out, and are sung chiefly by the Bohemians; to preserve their character, they require rough and uncultivated voices, wild and uncivilised sounds.

The coplas inspired by religion, without being very numerous, are, nevertheless, very widespread. These lend themselves especially to the passing of processions and grand religious solemnities; those of the Holy Week offering a great occasion for the outpouring of religious fervour. In Seville, for instance, when from time to time the bearers repose with their heavy load, placing upon the ground the immense *pasos* in sculptured wood (a life-sized scene of the Passion): when the fanfare of the trumpets is stilled, and only the flowers continue to rain from the high balconies upon the Virgin and the Saints, then voices rise from the crowd, and sing to a flamenical air Coplas to the Crucified, to the Virgin, and to the Apostles:

Hermosa como ninguna,
Purissima Concepcion;
A los pies tienes la luna,
Sobre la cabeza el sol.

O Beautiful beyond compare,
Conceived Immaculate art thou;
The moon beneath thy feet so fair,
The sun upon thy brow.

On Good Friday, from 2 o'clock in the morning, when the procession starts from the Macarena, the most popular of all the confraternities, manifestations of enthusiasm begin, which shortly become the true delirium of religious exaltation. I have seen these men of the people singing to the Blessed Virgin, their eyes riveted upon hers, and their faces illuminated with the very ecstasy of love and adoration.

The festival of Christmas also gives rise to these improvisations, which have the candour of the Middle Ages, a simplicity of thought respecting the miracles and the mysteries, joined to the spontaneous effusion of hearts full of faith.

THE POPULAR POETRY OF SPAIN 145

Lo ha dormido entre sos brazos,
 Aquella que lo pario;
 Y su canto era tan dulce,
 Que pudo dormir a Dios.

He lies within His Mother's arms,
 And sleeps upon her breast;
 For ah! her singing had such charms,
 E'en God was lulled to rest.

Generally the religious quatrains express principally admiration, tenderness and ecstasy, without any profundity of conception or grand intellectual effort. The faith of the Spaniard, sincere and steadfast, attaches itself to external manifestations, to the beauty of forms rather than of principles.

Among the philosophic and moral Coplas are to be found a complete code of counsels and truths, which spread by their means among the people, help them to cultivate the love of truth, beauty, and goodness. The philosophic Coplas address themselves to the faculties of the mind and to the dangers of life; the moral ones show the road to virtue and self-control, as well as the condemnation of vice and passion. Many of them have become proverbs, which are circulated among the people, and repeated continually without the help of guitar or melody.

Is not this the best means of germinating grand and noble ideas, of maintaining in the burning and violent spirit of the Spaniard the cultivation of virtue and morality. I subjoin some quatrains, the result of an analysis of the human soul made by the people, of the constant observation of men among each other; they show how common sense is spread abroad among the common people, how penetrating is the human eye without having studied the profundities of metaphysics, and how little need there is for erudition in order to direct the heart in the only road which leads to truth:

Si a cada cual en la frente
 Le escribiesen su afliccion,
 Muchos que nos dan envidia
 Nos darian compasion.

Mes amigos me desprecian,
 Porque me ven abatido;
 Todo el mundo corta lena
 Del arbol esta caido.

If men should bear each anxious care
 Inscribed upon the brow,
 We often should in pity weep
 For those we envy now.

Since I am worsted in the fight,
 My friends think nought of me;
 For all the world may cut the wood
 From the uprooted tree.

Nada contiene el mundo
Que sea durable,
Excepto la inconstancia
Que es la constanti.

El tiempo y la ilusion
Son dos amigos fieles ;
Despiertan los que duermen,
Y duermen los que velan.

Caminaba la ausencia
Por un camino,
Y el olvido seguia
Sus pasos mismos.

Como las esperanzas
Son los laureles ;
Que sin dar fruto a nadie
Siempre estan verdas.

De las potencias des alma
La memoria es la cruel ;
Pues causa el mayal mal,
Recordando el mayor bien.

Nothing is long durable
That the world contains,
Seeing that inconstancy
Constant still remains.

Illusion doth with Time
A faithful friendship keep ;
The sleepers they awake,
The watchers send to sleep.

Absence along a narrow path was
speeding,
Oblivion followed, in her footsteps
treading.

Hope, like the laurel, doth appear
For ever green ;
Yet on its boughs from year to year
No fruit is seen.

Of all the Soul's powers, Memory
Is far the cruellest of all ;
She brings a greater sorrow nigh,
Since greater joy she doth recall.

Mixed with these philosophic and moral quatrains, which enclose in parabolic form certain truths, there are others more serious which reveal observation more penetrating, and show a great aptitude for sarcasm and satire :

La mujer es un conjunto
De bueno y malo ;
En su postrara obra
Dios echo el resto.
El demomo son los hombres
Segun dicen las mujeres,
Cuantas mujeres desean,
Que el demonio se las lleve !
Mi suegra me quiere,
Porque le guardo el tejado
No sabe la pobre vieja
Las tejas que le he quebrado.

Oh, woman is a compound strange
Of things both good and bad ;
For in the last of all His works
God used up what he had.
"Such devils are those men,"
By what the women say,
And if they had their way,
The Devil should have them then.
My mother-in-law she loves me so,
"Because I keep her roof"¹ (by
token
Ah ! did the poor old dame but know
The countless tiles that I have
broken !).

¹ "Keeping the roof," i.e., staying at home.

THE POPULAR POETRY OF SPAIN 147

En el reloj del mundo	The world's a clock
Suena la hora ;	From whence the hours are ringing ;
Amor es la campana	And love's the bell—
Y el diablo la toca.	The Devil sets it swinging.

Side by side with these simple manifestations of faith and moral principles, the Coplas show still another category of study. They give an insight into Spanish customs ; they put us in touch with the manners of the people, and bring into the clear light of day the depth of their heart and intellect. The amorous Coplas are innumerable, and, although the romance of love is common to all humanity, it becomes more harmonious and more ardent under the burning rays of the southern sun, and under skies which remain eternally blue. As love has no laws, and as the most amorous are the most extravagant, I can only select at random some of the numerous Coplas which come from the depths of the heart, for

Es amor una senda,	Love is a path, as all men know,
Tan sin camino,	Yet such a devious way,
Que el que va mas derecho,	That still the further on we go,
Va mas perdido.	The further off we stray.

I have now under my eyes hundreds of Coplas in which love is expressed under every possible form.

Que las nubes lloren,	The sun, the sun must shine,
Que el sol brille ;	The clouds weep from above ;
Que los viegos se quejen,	The old must sigh and pine,
Y los juvenes amen.	The young, the young must love.

All Spaniards love, and all speak of love and sing of love, whether when alone, and thinking of their *fiancée*, or whether, when night has fallen they go to sing beneath the window of the beloved :

A media noche tus ojos	By night, when from the balcony
Se asomaron al balcon	Look forth those eyes of thine,
Y al verlos canto el serano,	The watchman, seeing them, doth cry,
Es madia noche y hay sol.	" 'Tis midnight—and sunshine !"

It would serve no object to quote more of these Coplas ;

there are others besides those which express the ecstasy of love—the exaltation of admiration; for this admiration produces its inevitable parasite—jealousy—that terrible passion born of love and increasing with its increase. No one is more jealous than the Spaniard, because no one can be more violent in his passions or more ardent in his affections, and from those whom he loves he cannot endure the least contradiction nor the slightest degree of coldness :

Besempedraré tu calle	I'll tear the pavement up and strew
Y la cubriré de arena,	With sand the path which leads to you ;
Para mirar las pisadas	For whose the footsteps are I'll know,
De los que rondan tu reja.	That venture here to come and go.

In short, side by side with affections so real, ties so strong, and such transports of jealousy and anger, there arises contempt and scorn, and all the other passions which follow in the train of love; now he dashes to the earth that which he but lately exalted to the skies; he seizes in hate that which he rejected in love, yielding himself up a prey to all those follies and contradictions of which this passion is the fruitful cause, follies which even poesie admits among her sweet harmonies, because they proceed from the human heart when stirred to its depths by sorrows and pain.

Later, when civilisation shall have covered the world, when Spain shall be transformed and when the lover shall no longer go forth to brave the inclemency of the weather to watch under the window of his beloved, then on opening the book of the *Cantares* we shall find the old customs, when love, overflowing the heart, could no longer be controlled, but, impatient and full of ardour, it goes forth to sing in the night, like *Romeo* or *Don Juan* to *Juliet* or *Elvira*. During my stay in *Toledo*, I followed with deep interest the romance of the two lovers. Every evening, in one of the streets near the immense cathedral, "he" came, about ten or eleven o'clock, concealed in a long cloak and large straw hat; at first he approached slowly, and then more quickly, gliding always closely under

THE POPULAR POETRY OF SPAIN 149

the wall, that the clear beauty of the moonlight which flooded the street should not be troubled by his shadow. Sometimes he had long to wait, and walked up and down till at last a light trembling of the casement, and a white hand stealing between the bars, notified him that everybody had gone to bed, and that "she" was ready to hold converse with her love; and long the converse lasted. I could hear the murmur of their voices without distinguishing the words, but in order to know what they said, I had only to open the book of the *Cantares*, for the words which pass and repass through the bars of the window correspond to those passages in the *Coplas* which are sung by the whole nation, echo of each individual which becomes the voice of the entire people :

SHE.

My First Love! Thou didst teach my heart,
It learnt to love from thee ;
Ah ! never teach me to forget,
'Twere labour lost on me.

HE.

Since thou away my heart hast stol'n,
Thou needs must give me back thine own ;
For thieves of hearts will always find
The theft must be repaid in kind.

SHE.

If sighs of mine with sighs of thine
Should meet up in the skies,
And sighs could speak—canst thou divine
What were their colloquies ?

HE.

If thou in nights of absence drear
Shouldst sounds about thy casement hear ;
Think, true Love, that my sighs they be,
Full lovingly saluting thee.

On the nights of his absence I heard in the distance until late into the night an air of a guitar, a melody slow and sad, while

at the barred window a form stood immovable, listening to that which spoke from afar.

What has become of them? I know not. For two nights "he" did not come, and I went away, far from Toledo and its ancient boundaries, far from its ruins, and the beauties which had ravished me, but I had been a witness of the history of each day, of the romance of each night, carried on in the narrow and sombre streets of poetic Spain.

And soon, when the Spain of to-day shall be no more, when the years, as they flow on, shall carry with them the last vestiges of the individuality of the people and transform them according to the uniform model of modern civilisation; when it shall have become artificial, the slave of gold, and submissive to the maxims which dry up the spontaneous enthusiasms of the heart, then we may seek true and sincere sentiments, and we shall find them written by the hand of an unlettered and ignorant people, in the Book of the Cantares, perhaps then, as is always the case with the things that are past, we shall regret them, for the world is so made that it despises that which it possesses, and regrets that which it has lost.

PEPITA DE SAN CARLOS.

THACKERAY AT CAMBRIDGE

THACKERAY took up his residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, in February 1829. He avowed that there was much of himself in Arthur Pendennis, but in the description of Arthur's University career he has studiously avoided the repetition of his own. To leave no room for identity he takes the first syllable of Oxford and the last of Cambridge, and carries his hero to Oxbridge. He employs the same device in the title he concocts for the servant who waits on collegians. He is styled a scout at Oxford, and a gyp at Cambridge, and joining the two initial letters of the former term with the two final letters of the second he gets the descriptive appellation, a "skip." The river, by an unabbreviated combination, becomes the Camisis. The author might defy all attempts to fix the scene when his designations belong to both universities and to neither. The names of the colleges are entirely fictitious; but for an additional precaution he adopts, in a different form, his system of blending together things distinct, and where the name points to one college circumstances are introduced which belong to another, as when he says:

Saint George's is the great college of the University of Oxbridge, with its four vast quadrangles and its beautiful hall and gardens, and the Georgians as the men are called, wear gowns of a particular cut, and give themselves no small airs of superiority over all other young men.¹

Saint George, and the Georgians, and the four quadrangles

¹ "Pendennis," chap. xvii.

(Trinity had but three), refer to Saint John's and the Johnians. But Trinity was the greatest college in Cambridge, and it was there that the undergraduates assumed an air of superiority. The gown in Thackeray's day was of "a particular cut," in that it had a resemblance to the gown of a bachelor-of-arts, while the undergraduates of all, or nearly all, the other colleges wore gowns of a mean and uniform pattern. They have since been remodelled. The desire for an alteration was thought by some of the rulers to be a symptom of growing assumption in youth, and when a deputation of students in one of the colleges waited on their Master, not long after Thackeray's time, and begged to be allowed to wear a seemlier robe, he curtly dismissed them with the jest, "Gentlemen, you will change your gown by *degrees*." Neither St. John's nor Trinity was the college of Pen. He goes to a small college, Saint Boniface, which is named, I presume, from the landlord in Farquhar's "Beaux' Stratagem," to denote that it had a reputation for joviality. The object of mixing up places together was to avert the suspicion of personalities. None of Thackeray's old college friends appear in his novel. He was not less careful to exclude Trinity authorities. Pen's tutor, Mr. Buck, whose name is his character, has nothing in common with Thackeray's own tutor, Whewell. Buck was a type; Whewell in every prominent trait was an individuality. The Master of Saint Boniface, who bears the name of the celebrated poet and divine, Dr. Donne, a name which expresses his character when curtailed in its spelling, might represent Dr. Wordsworth, who was Master of Trinity during the undergraduateship of Thackeray, but he might equally stand for most of the contemporary masters of colleges, since they were nearly all Dr. Dons.¹ The unlikeness of Pen to Thackeray is the dis-

¹ Thackeray's relation, Dr. Thackeray, the Provost of King's College, may not have been stiff and pompous in his usual bearing, but if he was he could unbend. Dr. Davy, the Master of Caius College, indignantly told me an instance of his unceremonious behaviour. At the election of a Greek Professor, in which he and Dr. Thackeray were on different sides, much bitter feeling

similarity which concerns us most. Pen was a sort of admirable Crichton. He was a competitor for Greek, Latin, and English verse prizes; he was one of the most brilliant orators at the Union Debating Club; he was a prodigal collector of rare books, fine bindings, and costly prints; he was a leader of fashion, exquisite in dress and profuse in jewellery; he hunted in pink, and rode well to hounds; he gave expensive entertainments, with the air of a man who was superlatively knowing in wines and cookery; and completed his pretension to be an all-round accomplished man of the world by gambling with adepts in the art, who cheated him. While his reign lasted he was a king surrounded by a court who did homage to him, and imitated him. His rise and downfall are depicted with exceeding skill, the downfall especially. The character had usually its representative in the University, but it was not the character of Thackeray.

Though his vivid portrait of the undergraduate Pendennis is not the record of his own college life, he tells in his novel his impression of this chapter in his history.

Every man, however brief or inglorious may have been his academical career, must remember with kindness and tenderness the old university comrades and days. The young man's life is just beginning: the boy's leading-strings are cut, and he has all the novel delights and dignities of freedom.

And he repeats once more,

How pure and brilliant was the first sparkling draught of pleasure! How the boy rushes at the cup, and with what a wild eagerness he drains it!¹

His Cambridge residence was therefore a time of enjoyment to him.

The academic year commences in October, and Thackeray not arriving till February of the year following, the men with

arose between the supporters of the two principal competitors. By a combination with one of the rival parties Dr. Thackeray got a third candidate elected, and this accomplished, he clapped his hands in the faces of his discomfited brother dignitaries, and exclaimed, "We have diddled you, my boys!"

¹ "Pendennis," chap. xvii.

whom he would have to compete at stated periods in examinations had four months start of him in the prescribed training of the place. The disadvantage did not check his incipient determination to do his best. He attended the daily college lectures on mathematics and classics, he had a private tutor with whom he read classics one day and mathematics the next, and he went duly to the rooms of one Badger, an undergraduate, that they might study Greek plays together. "I find reading," he wrote to his mother, "a hard, hard matter; it goeth very much against the grain"; but soon he reported that he was "getting more and more into the way of it." "I am just beginning," he said a little later, "to find out the beauties of a Greek play." He adopted the plan of reading the Greek without turning it into English, which "added to his pleasure in a very extraordinary manner," and he was sanguine enough to hope that by evading the difficulties of construing he would get "to *think* in Greek." With all that we now know of his tastes and habits, and his rooted aversion to his school course of study, we should confidently predict that the power to follow his inclinations, coupled with the enticements which beset him, would speedily defeat his opening resolves. Any ambition he may have had would have worked against him, for coming late to the competition he could not overtake the many that were a-head of him. Fits of idleness interrupted his reading arrangements, a pleasanter literature superseded his task work, and the fragile efforts he kept up were sure to decrease directly the May examination in his college was over. On that occasion he did the most that could be expected of him. "He was," says his friend, Dr. Thompson, afterwards Master of the College, "in the fourth class, where clever non-reading men were put as in a limbo," and his position truly represented his claims. He was not in the University sense "a reading man," which meant a reader of mathematics or classics, and it is in another direction that we must look for his mental activity.

Even while struggling to persevere in the University course of study, his predilections asserted themselves. He started

an "Essay Club," which was to consist of ten persons, who were to meet weekly, and every member was to prepare an essay in turn. The Cambridge residence was divided into three terms of about ten weeks each, and his share of essays would be only three a year, "so that," said he, by way of excuse, "it will take up but little of our time." He meditated speaking at the Union, where he had several hard-reading men to keep him company. Some who were highest in examinations turned aside awhile from classics and mathematics to display their powers of argument and rhetoric in that arena. Either there, or in a private debating club, he seems to have delivered a speech on the "Character of Napoleon." The few intimations we possess of his literary efforts at Cambridge tend to show that his mind turned more to questions of present interest than to the antiquated topics in favour at the University. The character of Napoleon was in no way an academic thesis. The mighty contest was too recent for the passions it provoked to be extinct, and Scott's "Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," which came out in June 1827, was a text that invited commentaries.

In his second year Thackeray joined a small literary society which had set subjects for debate. Looking back on these discussions, he smiled at the self-importance of the youths who embarked in them.

Are we the same men now that delivered or heard those essays and speeches, so simple, so pompous, so ludicrously solemn; parodied so artlessly from books, and spoken with smug chubby faces, and such an admirable aping of wisdom and gravity?

But unless the youngsters had taken the business seriously the interest would have gone, and they would have lost the benefit they derived from collecting, shaping, and clarifying their ideas. It was not an unwise instinct which set them aping the wisdom of their seniors. In their limited sphere they were images in little of a bigger world, and the debating club in its place and degree was no bad preparation for their after career. Nobody was more earnest in the matter than Thackeray, and

the society was kept together by his zeal. "Our debating club," says Dr. Thompson, "fell to pieces when he went."

The first number of a miniature periodical, "The Snob," consisting of four small book-pages, was published at Cambridge, on April 9, 1829, and was edited by a fellow student of Thackeray's, named Lettsom. It ran on for eleven weeks, and was stopped, June 18, by the long vacation, which dispersed both writers and readers. A sequel to it, called "The Gownsmen," appeared on November 5, 1830, four or five months after Thackeray had finally left Cambridge, and came to an end, February 25, 1831, with the seventeenth number, in term time, its life not cut short by a vacation. One fate awaits all these premature and rickety births—they die very young from the feebleness of their constitutions.

A "snob" in 1829 was a vulgar plebeian. Thackeray, in his "Book of Snobs," extended the application of the word, and included under it persons in every station who were addicted either to vulgar manners or meannesses. Arrogance, ostentation, false pretension, despicable ambitions, trickery, and sycophancy were all qualities that lowered men to the condition of snobs. Formerly in Cambridge, while the word retained its original sense, it was used for a coarse class of townspeople, the rabble, in contradistinction to a gownsman, and this was its signification in the title of the periodical, "The Snob: A Literary and Scientific Journal, NOT conducted by Members of the University." Designing to deal freely with University topics, the editor selected a title to convey the jesting pretence, not intended to deceive, that the satire proceeded from rude outsiders, and not from impertinent young students. The prevailing use of "snob" in opposition to "gownsman" was familiar to Thackeray, and in a letter to the editor of the "Snob," he says, "Though your name be *Snob*, I trust you will not refuse this tiny poem of a *Gownsman*." He had forgotten the distinction when he wrote his "Book of Snobs." "We then used to consider snobs raw-looking lads, who never missed chapel, who wore high-lows and no straps."

The term was primarily applied to the wearers of "high-lows and no straps" outside the college, and only occasionally to a similar style of men within. The strapless students had usually the stimulus of poverty, and read hard, which earned them respect, unless their manners were obtrusively offensive, and this was rare.

The announcement that the "Snob" was a "literary and scientific journal" was inserted under the notion that it was a stroke of pleasantry to call it what it was not. "The contents," says Moy Thomas, "were scanty and slight, and consisted entirely of squibs and humorous sketches in verse and prose." Thackeray's first contribution, as far as is known, came out on April 30, in No. 4, and was a piece in rhyme, called "Timbuctoo," the subject of the University English prize poem in 1829. The perilous adventures of Mungo Park and his successors had drawn unusual attention to the exploration of the Niger. Timbuctoo, in the Soudan, was the centre of the Mahometan commerce in Africa; and, because no European had succeeded in getting to it, the city had long been invested with the splendours created by imagination. Major Laing escaped the twofold source of danger from the weapons of robbers and the waterless desolation of the vast Sahara, and was the first modern traveller to reach the goal. He performed the feat to no purpose. He arrived at Timbuctoo in August 1826, and in September he was murdered on his return journey, and his papers were lost. He was followed by Caillé, a Frenchman, who, disguising his nationality, got safely to and fro, and informed the world that the rumoured glories of the Mahometan capital consisted of a circle of clay tenements and fragile huts, with rude mosques of some size, but no artistic beauty, in the middle. Caillé was not home till late in 1828, and it may be presumed that his account had not, if published, got to Cambridge when the subject for the prize poem was given out. Those who selected it as a theme for poetry were thinking of the fabulous Timbuctoo, which they took for granted was a true picture of the

real. The prize poem had not been made public by April 30, nor could it yet be known that its author was Alfred Tennyson. The subject alone was the theme for Thackeray's burlesque. His plan was to dismiss the poetic fantasies which had gathered round the unknown Timbuctoo, to put forward in their stead the disagreeables of African life, and to wind up with the description of the author's love for a blackamoor maiden, and with a prediction that Africa would ultimately be revenged on her oppressors, and would triumph over the armies of Europe. All this he essayed to set forth in the compass of thirty-two lines. The general idea of describing the true Africa was better than the execution. Thackeray's details are crude and ill-chosen. The misty satire has not any perceptible purpose, the humour is feeble, and the conception, as a whole, is very youthful. His knowledge of Africa was not superior to that which the public had of Timbuctoo. He believed that the tiger was an African beast of prey, and there is a strange confusion between the staple commodities of the country and the sugar and rum which were products of African slave labour in the West Indies. A facility in the flow of the verse, and in the language, is the principal merit in these and other early rhymes of Thackeray. The form is much in advance of the ideas. Appended to the poem are some notes, which purport to be humorous irony. They throw no light on the text, and have not a sparkle of pungent satire, of wit, or of fun. But the author was two months short of nineteen, and it was to a world in teens that he addressed himself. He hit the taste of his boyish audience, who understood him better than we do. He was a guest in May at a wine-party in Caius College, given by his friend and old schoolfellow, Young, and his "Timbuctoo" came up in the conversation.

It received much laud. I could not help finding out that I was very fond of this same praise. The men knew not the author, but praised the poem; how eagerly I sucked it in! "All is vanity!"

He is not priggishly moralising on this whiff of applause.

He is punning on the literal meaning of the maxim, and applies it to himself by taking vanity in the sense of being vain of praise.

From a contributor to the "Snob," Thackeray became a coadjutor with the editor in preparing the four small pages weekly, and he says, in writing home, that they sat down together to compose No. 8. "We began at nine, and finished at two, but I was so afflicted with laughter during our attempts that I came away quite ill." The absurdities started by a couple of wags engaged, half-work, half-play, in devising jocosities between them, were likely to furnish more comicality in the process than found its way into the published jests. Such remnants of fun as may have appealed to University contemporaries will now be sought in vain. Hamlet might as profitably have looked for Yorick's "flashes of merriment" in his skull.

When we have taken the measure of the trifles Thackeray wrote at Cambridge, there is not any object in tracing them step by step. They confirm the testimony of Dr. Thompson, who says, speaking of his performances at the debating club, "We did not see in him even the germ of those literary powers which, under the stern influence of necessity, he afterwards developed." The fact is singular, for nothing was plainer subsequently than that his native genius was great, whatever it may have owed to cultivation. "He had a big mass of soul," says Carlyle, and it was visible in his massive head, and in the expression of his eyes. His faculties did not sleep from torpor. He broke away from University drill, but we never lose the trace of his love of letters, and of his desire to be a producer. The enigma remains, and we have to confess that his turn for literature at nineteen showed itself rather in his relish for it than in his writings. His admiration for the famous novelist upon whom he formed himself was already confirmed.

He had a vivid appreciation [says Dr. Thompson] of English poetry, and chanted the praises of the old English novelists, especially his model, Fielding.

He got hold of Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," and shows discrimination in what he says of it. "It is an odd kind of book, containing poetry which might induce me to read it through, and sentiments which might incline one to throw it into the fire." There were not ready-made opinions on Shelley to guide him then, and these few slight words are an example of the distinguishing mind he brought to the books which fell in his way.

His reading and writing left him a wide margin of leisure for sociality. "He led," says Dr. Thompson, "a somewhat lazy, but pleasant and gentlemanlike life." The life, lazy in appearance, was more intellectual than it looked. The solitary study of endless books never gives the breadth, and seldom the precision, of view that is got by intercourse with living men. Thackeray, we know, was not idle here. His other books closed, he at least read the book of human nature. He was a favourite in the superior circle to which he belonged. "He had always," says Dr. Thompson, "a flow of humour and pleasantry, and was made much of by his friends." It was not the only sort of humour for which he was noted. "He is as full of *good* humour and kindness as ever," Fitzgerald wrote of him when, college days over, they met in London. Singing was then in vogue at the parties of undergraduates, and he was a popular performer. He gave "Old King Cole," and other songs, with a comic effect which drew forth peals of laughter and great applause. He had a genuine love of music, and was accustomed to vent his jubilant feelings in song. Fitzgerald, in January 1864, writing under the influence of his recent death, says :

I keep reading his "Newcomes" of nights, and as it were hear him saying so much in it; and it seems to me as if he might be coming up my stairs, and about to come *singing* into my room, as in old Charlotte Street, thirty years ago.

He was somewhat sparing of conversation at college parties; "not talkative," says Dr. Thompson, "rather observant," which was true of him through life. Large miscellaneous parties,

distinct from meetings of his chosen associates, were little to his taste, and in recollection were hateful to him.

We then used to consider it not the least vulgar for a parcel of lads who had been whipped three months previous, and were not allowed more than three glasses of port at home, to sit down to pine-apples¹ and ices at each other's rooms, and fuddle themselves with champagne and claret. One looks back to what was called a wine-party with a sort of wonder. Thirty lads round a table covered with bad sweetmeats, drinking bad wines, telling bad stories, singing bad songs over and over again : milk punch, smoking, ghastly headache, frightful spectacle of dessert-table next morning, and smell of tobacco.²

He broadly asserts that all "wine-party-givers were snobs." He was over critical. Social gatherings of college acquaintances was an ineradicable instinct, and there was no more convenient hospitality than, once a term, to ask friends to come, after their dinner in hall, and partake of that wine and dessert, which, in their station, was the universal accompaniment of feasts. The snobbishness of sham grandeur was assuredly not concerned in the usage, and a boy's brag of tipping as little. If youngsters sometimes drank more than was good for them, excess at a college party, as elsewhere at that date, was the frailty of individuals, and was not often allowed to proceed far with these. Searching for snobs to fill his long gallery of portraits in *Punch*, Thackeray detected them in situations which would not have suggested themselves to unprejudiced eyes. The whole body of undergraduates were not paragons of virtue, there were vices to be reprobated; but they did not come under the denomination of snobbishness.

Thackeray's greatest acquisition at college was his friends. When he was asked by his daughter, towards the close of his life, which of them he had loved the most, he answered,

¹ Before commerce was carried on by steamers, pine-apples were all of home growth and expensive. They would have been absurdly out of place at an undergraduate's wine-party, but could not have been usual. I never saw one there myself.

² "Book of Snobs"—chap. xv. "On University Snobs."

"Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure, and Brookfield."¹ How ardent his love was for the former may be read in a letter he wrote, October 27, 1852, when he was about to start for his lecturing tour in America, requesting Fitzgerald, if he did not return, to act as his literary executor.

I should like my daughters to remember that you are the best and oldest friend their father ever had . . . I shall send you a copy of "Esmond" to-morrow or so, which you shall yawn over when you are inclined. But the great comfort I have in my dear old boy is that recollection of our youth when we loved each other as I do now while I write Farewell.

In the consciousness that he might be bidding him a final adieu, his mind, gathering up the whole sum of its affection, went back to the youthful time. The reason is seen in his exclamation, when he describes University life in "Pendennis": "What *passions* our friendships were in those old days!" Fitzgerald speaks for himself: "My friendships are more like loves, I think," was his language at twenty-five. In "Pendennis," Thackeray goes on to tell "how the arm you were never tired of having linked in yours, under the fair college avenues, or by the river-side, was withdrawn of necessity," when a divided destiny sent friends separate ways. This happened in a measure to him and Fitzgerald. At Thackeray's death they had not come together for five years, and but seldom for ten. The affection, quiescent in a not irreparable absence, woke up in Fitzgerald when they could meet no more. "I am quite surprised," he wrote to Crabbe, the grandson of the poet, "to see how I sit moping about him; to be sure I keep reading his books. Oh! the 'Newcomes' are fine!" And to Thompson he wrote:

I have almost wondered at myself how much occupied I have been thinking of Thackeray; so little as I had seen of him for the last ten years. I had never read "Pendennis" and the "Newcomes" since their first appearance till the last month. They are wonderful; Fielding's seem to me coarse work in comparison. I have, indeed, been thinking of little this last month but of these books and their author.

¹ "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald," vol. i. p. ix.

Thackeray dead, he had immediate recourse to the books; they were the means of holding communion with his departed friend. "I keep hearing him say so much of it." "Really, a grand figure has sunk under earth."

Fitzgerald was two years and four months older than Thackeray, and was in his last year at Cambridge when Thackeray was in his first. The sum of the time during which they were in residence together could not have exceeded eight months. The two ingredients essential to friendship are mutual trust and sympathy. Length of acquaintance is sometimes necessary to trust, but youth, having little experience of deceit, is believing, and where the sympathies are strong the rest is assumed. Between Thackeray and Fitzgerald there was an unusual community of feeling—both in the last degree frank and truthful, both ardent in friendship, both enjoying literature with juvenile enthusiasm, both delighting in the use of their pencil, both lovers of music and song. The fervour of their youthful demeanour got chastened, as usual, in maturer manhood. Fitzgerald once or twice fancied that Thackeray, in his celebrity, had got to disdain him, and in April 1850, he said, "Thackeray is in such a great world that I am afraid of him; he gets tired of me; and we are content to regard each other at a distance." The man of leisure could not estimate the vortex in which Thackeray was whirled, distracted between social entanglements and the labours of the pen, and he imputed to indifference a neglect which grew exclusively from the want of a disencumbered hour. It was in the momentary misunderstanding of April 1850, that Fitzgerald omitted Thackeray from the list of the "only men he ever cared to see again"; but before the December of the coming year the suspicion of estrangement had died away, and Thackeray had his place in that contracted circle of peerless friends.

The affection of Thackeray for the friend who stood next in his favour to Fitzgerald is written in the "Collection of Letters," published by Mrs. Brookfield in 1887. The letters

which lay bare the affection are silent on the characteristics of the man. It is the sonnet Tennyson wrote on Brookfield after his death that reveals his qualities at Cambridge. "Old Fitz," "old Thackeray," was the usual term of endearment, and in the sonnet we learn that Brookfield was "old Brooks" to those who knew him best. With Thackeray he was sometimes simply "dear *vieux*." The sonnet also tells us how often old Brooks and Tennyson conversing heard the midnight chimes of St. Mary's Church; how often the supper-table echoed with helpless laughter to Brookfield's jest; how often he and Arthur Hallam, who loved him well, paced, in company with the poet, the beautiful walk beneath the limes at the back of Trinity College. The pacings with such associates bear witness to the solid acquirements that underlaid his ready wit. And his moods were often more than grave. Tennyson calls him "a kindlier, trustier Jacques," blending melancholy with humour. Thackeray himself had a deep vein of melancholy within him, and it is clear from a sentence in the letter he wrote to Brookfield, in March 1852, on the death of Brookfield's father, that the dejection in both had been gathering force the older they grew. "We've lived as much in forty as your good old father did in his four-score years. Don't you think so? And how awfully tired and lonely we are." Thackeray would not have used this positive language to Brookfield unless he had heard from himself that the wheels dragged heavily. A propitious lot is not a cure for despondency. Brookfield was an inspector of schools, had a chapel in London, where he was an admired preacher, refused preferment when it was offered him, and was welcome everywhere; for his easy talk retained its zest, and his humour, never misplaced, enlivened conversation without interrupting it. Life looked darker to Tennyson when he was gone. And in the golden era when Thackeray and Brookfield were fellow collegians, and formed their friendship, they were not weary and depressed, but were bound together by intoxicating enthusiasms, and had the conviction that the bigger world in front of

them would provide nobler pleasures than any they had yet enjoyed.

A third intimate with whom Thackeray passed much of his time at Cambridge was John Allen, afterwards an archdeacon in the diocese of Lichfield. Fitzgerald maintained a correspondence with him for years; and, writing to him, says, in 1834, "You are a dear, good fellow, and I love you with all my heart and soul." "I owe more to you than to all others put together," he says to him in 1837; and in 1840 he concludes a letter with these words, "John Allen, I rejoice in you." Allen's family did not doubt that Dobbin was drawn from him. The outward resemblance was not altogether omitted, and Dobbin had Allen's tall, gaunt figure and long feet. One wore a black coat, the other a red; but soldier and divine were alike in their moral qualities—in their uprightness, simplicity, and generosity. Dobbin was not so lettered as Allen, who usually had a folio open before him. Being the son of a Welsh clergyman who had several children, he was compelled to practise economy, and the one extravagance he could not resist was the purchase of books. From boyhood upwards he was very devout, and, intending to take Holy Orders, he made divinity his principal study, but not to the exclusion of literature. At Cambridge he shared Fitzgerald's enthusiasm for poetry. Milton was his favourite, and he must have been an ardent admirer of Wordsworth, for on November 30, 1830, there is the entry in his diary, "Virgilium vidi! This day I saw William Wordsworth." Intermingled with his lovable endowments of heart and mind were peculiarities which brought him into the class of humourists. Archbishop Howley said to Mr. Lonsdale, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, when he was Principal of King's College, and Allen was Chaplain, "That chaplain of yours is a very pig-headed man," and his stubborn resolution in obeying a conscience that was not unfrequently directed by a short-sighted judgment, turned at times an exemplary virtue into a vice or a jest. His most conspicuous singularity grew out of his indignation

against wrong. He would denounce supposed culprits in private, often misled by false rumours, and made it a rule to report his hasty and violent utterances to the object of his censure. He heard, for example, that Bishop Wilberforce, who was accustomed to write letters on a journey, had said in a railway carriage, to a person entering it, that a seat he kept for his correspondence was occupied. "Then he told a lie," retorted Allen, and wrote off his remark to the Bishop, with the addition, "I am sorry that if my information is correct I cannot withdraw the statement." Wilberforce addressed his reply to Allen's bishop, and the issue was a second letter from Allen: "Bishop Lonsdale bids me apologise to your lordship, and I therefore do apologise." With amazing simplicity, we find him saying, when he was verging upon sixty: "As I believe, my quarrels spring up and grow in an unexpected manner. Something moves me strongly, and I write; but I little anticipate what will follow after the first letter." Experience, we should conclude, must have shown him that the usual sequence would be indignant replies or disdainful silence. If he had lighted in the course of his extensive reading on two brief sentences in Burke's "Letters on a Regicide Peace," they would have explained to him the nature of his error, and taught him a safer plan of action.

Falsehood and delusion are allowed in no case whatever; but (as in the exercise of all the virtues) there is an economy of truth. It is a sort of temperance by which a man speaks truth with measure that he may speak it the longer.

And that he may speak it efficaciously at all times. Nobody well acquainted with Allen ever doubted the purity of his motives. His love of righteousness prompted his indiscretions in vindication of it, and Bishop Lonsdale tersely summed up his ruling principle when he said of him, that "he had never known any man who feared God more, or man less."

The undergraduate, it may be taken for granted, did not venture to exercise the censorship practised by the archdeacon.

His friends enjoyed his stores of reading, his worth, his open nature, and his warm affections, undisturbed by his misdirected zeal. His parents, gathering from his letters that his company was courted at Cambridge—his mother said he had been counted an agreeable companion from a child—reminded him that the more he kept to himself the less waste there would be of time and money. He knew too well the value of his associates to loosen his hold. Thackeray, who was the most frequent disturber of his studies, comes before us, in an unexpected manner, as the patron of them, in a letter from Allen the father to his son.

This morning we received your letter, which mentioned that your friend Thackeray was commissioned to look out for a second master to a school at Pimlico, and he thought that you were qualified to undertake the duties of the situation.

It was a proprietary school; the salary two hundred a year; and that the headmaster should have trusted Thackeray's judgment, at nineteen, to select a second master for him, is a practical tribute to the sense and discernment which, in that young time, were conspicuous among his lighter traits. Allen declined the post for the present, and accepted it directly he had taken his degree. He did not stay long. He next became a lecturer at King's College, in the Strand, and remained in London for several years, where he furnished Thackeray with numerous fresh sittings for Dobbin. They both lived for some time in Coram Street, and Fitzgerald, writing to Allen, in April 1839, says: "Give my love to Thackeray from your upper window across the street."¹

Thackeray's knowledge of Allen and Brookfield, become clergymen, was gained from close neighbourhood and constant intercourse. In his chapter on "Clerical Snobs," he accepted them for representatives of their sacred calling, and marked, in the most decisive manner, his estimation of them and their order. Excusing himself for not "showing up the parsons,"

¹ "Fitzgerald's Letters," vol. i. p. 57.

in company with the other classes of society, he breaks out with the exclamation, "O Jimmy, and Johnny, and Willy, friends of my youth! how should he who knows you, not respect you and your calling? May this pen never write a pennyworth again if it ever casts ridicule upon either." "Jimmy" I take to be Thackeray's old friend James White, the author of "The Earl of Gowrie: a Tragedy" and other works, which have not survived him; and "Johnny" and "Willy" are the John Allen and William Brookfield of his Cambridge set. The fondness of friendship might dwell exclusively on virtues, but they were there, and some share of the frailty common to man is always to be assumed, and need not always be mentioned.

Among the remaining intimates of Thackeray at the University was Robert Groome, afterwards an archdeacon in the diocese of Norwich, a lettered man of eminent worth; Thompson, the future Greek professor and master, whose classical attainments were accompanied by genial conversation, and "a character," says Sir F. Pollock, "noble and generous"; and James Spedding, a unique personage, who might have been numbered among humourists, had not his singularity consisted in a concentrated resolution and a perfection of good sense, that seemed to exempt him from the weaknesses of ordinary mortals. His father was a Cumberland squire, who farmed his own estate, and whose whole bent was to the practical business of life. Poetry, to his apprehension, was an excrescence, an unreal domain; and poets, whom he judged by the worst side of the specimens that had cropped up at the Lakes,—by Shelley's mad vagaries, by Coleridge's rumoured laxities, and Wordsworth's imperious outbursts of temper,—were, in his eyes, an unprofitable or a disreputable race. He was jealous of his son's critical conferences with Tennyson over manuscript poems of the latter, and in general it could not appear business to him that James should be a searcher after truth, a lover of literature for its beauties and wisdom, and a scorner of aggrandisement for himself. Spedding had

been a schoolfellow of Fitzgerald's at the Grammar School of Bury St. Edmund's, and their friendship, at Spedding's death in 1881, had lasted for sixty years. One of his peculiarities, in Fitzgerald's judgment, was that he began where he ended, and was unaltered from fourteen to seventy-four. Wise in his boyhood, and with plenty of the boy in him when he was old, he had throughout combined, in heart and head, all that was best of youth and age—a man “incredible, had one not known him.” Two qualities Fitzgerald singled out in him, his calmness and his wisdom. No matter what the trial, he kept his quietude, and was, says Fitzgerald, “immutable.” “He was the wisest man I have ever known,” is the language of his friend. He was the oracle of Fitzgerald, who referred doubts and difficulties to him, and always got from him the light he required. His range was wide. He was an excellent classic, was acquainted with the elements of science, and had studied Christianity, history, poetry, the drama, and politics, in some of their branches, with the unpretentious exactness that was habitual to him. His steady employment for upwards of forty years was to edit the Works, and unravel the life, of Bacon. With a prodigality of obscure research that made no show, and earned him little credit or none, he pursued his subject through dull and dusty mazes of books and manuscripts, not diverted for a moment by outward discouragements and inward weariness from his immovable purpose. It is a venial anomaly that he, who was accustomed to approach every question with a rectitude superior to prejudice, should have been misled by personal bias in his verdict on Bacon's moral obliquities. This partiality of a noble nature admitted, the book remains a monument to Spedding's integrity.

A man is known by his company. Thackeray's friends at college were men of a superior class, some of them learned, all well read, all desirous of assimilating to themselves the works that had credit in their circle. He owed none of the friendships to previous ties. They were formed on the spot from community of tastes, and the future lives of these confederates

attested the stability of their early leanings. Thackeray was not among the number of painful students who vex themselves with tasks of repulsive dryness. He followed his inclinations, and wisdom could not have chosen a better method for training his mind in the direction suited to his genius. That his reading was not less earnest because it was pleasant and discursive, is plain from its effect on him. At school, at college, and in the interval between the two, his English education had gone on unceasingly. His published pieces were trivial. The essays he read at his little clubs displayed no precocious talent. But the masterpieces he admired with all his mind without attempting to emulate them, for the effort was beyond him, remained lesson-books to him from choice, if not upon system, till he had learnt to rival or surpass them.

At the date of the Cambridge Easter vacation of 1830, Fitzgerald, who had taken his degree in the previous January, was staying with an aunt in Paris. Thackeray was in possession of twenty pounds, and determined to join him there. It was a clandestine jaunt, to be kept secret from his parents, and when he went for his *exeat* to his tutor, Whewell, and was asked where he was going to spend his vacation, he answered, "With a friend in Huntingdonshire." The pleasure he anticipated from his stolen expedition was realised. On his future journeys to Paris, he constantly grew insensible to the sights and sounds around him, and reverted in imagination to the superior charms of his first experience, with its animating novelties, and those "delights of the jolly road," which rendered grateful to the effervescent spirits of youth the forty hours by diligence from Calais to Paris.¹ After two or three weeks of pleasuring, he left Paris suddenly.² His twenty pounds were nearly exhausted, and he had barely sufficient money to take him to London. His sensations were reversed on the homeward journey. The fun was over; the deception and risk of detection remained. "What a long, dreary, *guilty* forty

¹ "Roundabout Papers"—"Notes of a Week's Holiday."

² "Letters of Fitzgerald," vol. i. p. 3.

hours it was from Paris to Calais, I remember!" he said, thirty-two years afterwards in his *Roundabout Paper*, "Dessein's." He always thought of "this escapade" when he was crossing to Calais. "Guilt, sir, guilt remains stamped on the memory." The day before he wrote his essay he met his college tutor, now become Master, at an hotel where they occupied adjoining bedrooms. After exchanging kindly greetings they parted, and Thackeray, with his self-reproaches renewed by his recent passage across the channel, was inclined to knock at the Master's door and acknowledge the fib of April 1830. He kept the revelation instead for the "*Cornhill Magazine*."

There it is out. The Doctor will read it, for I did not wake him up after all to make my confession, but protest he shall have a copy of this *Roundabout* sent to him when he returns to his lodge.

The gay narrative in the magazine had a grave underlying purpose. "I feel easier in my mind," Thackeray said, "now that it is liberated of this old peccadillo." He deceived his tutor, but did not injure him. The reparation he owed was to his own conscience, and his manner of atoning for the ancient delinquency, never forgotten, was an instance of that punctilious regard for truth which was habitual and invincible with him.

He seems to have remained at Cambridge till the commencement of the Long Vacation, in June 1830, and did not return. The examination for his degree would have been in January 1832. When he conjured back his early days, in looking at a coin of George IV., he described the manner of his final departure, which had a certain prominence, because it marked the period, and had vanished with the coming in of railways:

What is this? A carriage, with four beautiful horses all galloping—a man in red is blowing a trumpet. Many young men are on the carriage—one of them is driving the horses. Surely they won't drive into that— Ah! they have all disappeared.¹

The trumpeter in red was the mail-coach guard; the young

¹ "*Roundabout Papers*"—"De Juventute."

men were collegians going home for the holidays, and the undergraduate who drove was an amateur who had feed the coachman to have the privilege of taking the reins. A consummate driver in the days before railroads had the reputation which attaches to a famous cricketer in ours. Many noblemen and squires were adepts in the art, and the extreme test of their dexterity was to pass at full speed close to objects on the way, and almost touch without grazing them. It is recorded to the glory of the notorious Sir John Lade that "his eye was precision itself, and that he was distinguished for driving to an inch." He laid a bet, and won it, that he would go at a great pace, twenty-two times in succession, through a gateway only wide enough to admit his carriage, and would turn each time without stopping. The undergraduate, proud to display his power of shooting past the carriage in front with nothing to spare, had in appearance the intention of running it down, and the daring performance with a mail coach and four, and the horses at a gallop, must have made a considerable impression on Thackeray, since in the retrospect it was to him the most memorable circumstance in his exit from Cambridge.

He had traversed the entire circuit of undergraduate life before he left; and, unless he had been pursuing the special studies of the place, there was nothing to be gained by a repetition of the round. The remaining time before he would be qualified for what to him would have been a useless degree, could be spent to better advantage than in the sterile sameness of college routine.

THE LATE REV. WHITWELL ELWIN.