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A GREAT DEBATE

ON the same day that a section of the House of Commons was engaged in a bear-fight with the police, a debate of the greatest national importance had been concluded in the House of Lords. The discussion was, in many respects, remarkable. For the most part no trace of party feeling could be discerned in the speeches. Such staunch Unionists as the Duke of Bedford and Lord Dunraven differed from the views expressed by Ministers not less decidedly than did Lord Rosebery. On the other hand, the acting leader of the Opposition and the Prime Minister were in substantial agreement. Even Ministers, though their conclusions were the same, did not think it necessary to pretend that the reasoning which brought them to these was in each case identical. No one spoke unless he had something to say, and as soon as he had said it each resumed his seat. With hardly an exception, no speaker strove for effect or indulged in rhetoric. On a subject of less interest the sobriety of the speeches might have made them dull. As it was, it served to heighten the impression of earnestness and reality. Seldom has there been a more useful or a more admirable debate, seldom has there been a clearer manifestation of the political instinct of Englishmen. It is not too much to say that the discussion was worthy of the Great Council of a great nation, and such as could have taken place in no other assembly in the world.

From the nature of the case the debate was in the main

concerned with general principles. There was no definite plan before the House, and except in the speeches of Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Devonshire, and to some extent in that of Lord Wolseley, no effort was made to work out in detail the general ideas of the different speakers. All that was attempted was to arrive at the general principles which should govern the solution of the problem how to secure a military administration efficient for its purpose and at the same time consistent with the universal supremacy of Parliament. The problem is a difficult one. It arises in some form or another in every State, for the army must always be the servant of the State. But the difficulty is most acute with us. For, where the form of government is essentially autocratic or oligarchic, those in authority have commonly had some military training, or, at the worst, are not wholly ignorant of the military requirements of their country. Moreover, the Continental system of compulsory military service gives some military insight to every male citizen and makes him less impatient with the peculiarities of the soldier's mind than the English civilian is apt to be.

It follows, from the conditions of the problem, that it may be approached from two points of view. One man will think most of the improvement of military efficiency, while another will have most regard to the sovereignty of Parliament. In the House of Lords both these points of view found exponents. Soldiers like Lord Chelmsford and Lord Wolseley cared only for the necessities of the Army. To them the one thing desirable was that the Army should be governed by a soldier. And though Lord Wolseley in terms conceded that the ultimate control of military matters must be left with the Secretary of State, he conceived it possible to allow the Commander-in-Chief to appeal from the decisions of the Minister to an authority which he vaguely described as "the public." This proposal was unanimously condemned, and indeed, upon the face of it, it is unworkable. Some speakers supposed that Lord Wolseley contemplated an appeal to the

public press! Such a suggestion can only be described as farcical, and we do not think that was the meaning of the late Commander-in-Chief. To give an appeal, even to the House of Commons, would not be much better. It is enough to say that no representative Assembly is capable of administrative work, and the House of Commons is no better in this respect than its neighbours. None were more outspoken in their condemnation of Lord Wolseley's proposal than Lord Rosebery. He described it as a "great flaw in his speech." We do not differ. But it is only fair to Lord Wolseley to point out that his plan is nothing more than a somewhat elaborated version of the proposal made by Lord Rosebery last year. Lord Rosebery then suggested that the Commander-in-Chief should be invited to express publicly his opinion upon the military situation. If that suggestion had been adopted, one of two things must have happened. Either the Commander-in-Chief's opinion would have accorded with that of the Minister, and then nothing would have been gained; or it would have been different from that of his official superior, and then Parliament would in effect have been asked to arbitrate between the two.

To judge by the opening sentences of Lord Rosebery's speech, he does not appear to have altogether abandoned this idea. But he now prefers a modification of it, by which the Appellate tribunal should be a Committee of Parliament. This he advocates on the ground that it is impossible to continue "the hide-bound system of absolute secrecy and of personal responsibility to one individual." We confess that we like Lord Rosebery's new scheme as little as we like that of last year. As far as secrecy is concerned, it probably is not of much importance as a general rule. But there is already complete publicity as to the broad lines of our future military policy, and there is complete power for Parliament to inquire into the minutest detail of military administration in the past. This seems to us sufficient. That every detail of contemporary military administration should be the subject of public dis-

cussion we do not think to be desirable. The other allegation of Lord Rosebery, that too much responsibility is thrown upon the Secretary of State, we hold to be altogether unsound. Decentralisation is an admirable thing, but since Lord Rosebery admits that the ultimate power of decision must be vested in the delegate of Parliament, we are opposed to diminishing his individual responsibility by allowing him to share it with a Committee. Such a plan would greatly complicate the administrative machine, and would, besides, make it absolutely impossible, in case disaster occurred, to say whether it was due to the Secretary of State or to the Committee of Parliament. The only purpose which such a Committee could serve would be to compel the sanction of proposals by the Treasury or by Parliament not on their merits but by the sheer weight of the Committee's authority. Theoretically this might be of use in times of great national emergency, but in the present state of feeling we do not think that the hands of Ministers require strengthening. If the authorities of the War Office should be agreed that certain steps ought to be taken in the interests of the safety of the country, neither House of Parliament, and still less the Treasury, would resist their proposals or refuse the funds necessary to carry them out. We do not, therefore, think that even on this ground there is any necessity to adopt Lord Rosebery's plan, which for all other purposes would be a very disadvantageous one.

The truth is, that the object of the soldiers, and it may be of Lord Rosebery also, is to water down the control of Parliament by increasing the power of the Commander-in-Chief at the expense of that of the Secretary of State. Such an idea is impossible. The smallest part of the difficulty is that Parliamentary supremacy is the foundation of our Constitution. This we take to be the meaning of Moltke's celebrated phrase about our Government making it impossible for us ever to have an army. He saw that, since Parliament has absolute control over the money, and has thereby obtained the power of dismissing any Minister or Ministry, it follows that every

Minister must be supreme over the department over which he presides. Ministers are the agents of Parliament to carry on the government of the country; but, if their functions are to be discharged by other people, it is clear that the government of the country will no longer be carried on by the agents of Parliament. Even if this difficulty were overcome, and we were content to rearrange our Constitution for the purpose, we should not be nearly half way towards our end, for we should have as a further step to alter the national character. The fact is that, partly from historical and partly, perhaps, from racial causes, the English are essentially unmilitary. They resent the control of soldiers. They distrust military ideals. No Government that ever existed in this country was more unpopular than that of Cromwell and his Major-Generals. Its unpopularity left an indelible mark on English institutions. For many years it made it impossible to have a standing army. Even when the course of events made it necessary to concede that much to the military necessities of the time, it still remained a maxim for centuries with all politicians that as little power as possible must be granted to the soldiers, that their business was to fight our wars, and this being done, that there was little or no place for them in the body politic. We do not think it necessary to defend this attitude of mind. Like most popular feelings, it is largely unjust, but also, like many popular feelings, it is based to some extent on a true conception. Politically, using the word in its largest sense, the domination of the military idea in a State is calamitous. It tends, we believe, to destroy individuality and adaptability, and is a serious menace to individual liberty. In saying this we are, of course, not imagining the possibility in England of any attempt at military despotism—for us the very word *Emperor* has lost its meaning—we are thinking of a social and political danger of a far more insidious kind. If, on the whole, we have the freest national life and government in the world, and if we have acquired enormous territorial possessions by the initiative and tenacity of our people, we believe that

those results are to some extent due to our freedom from the bondage of militarism.

The general principle upon which we have insisted was conceded by almost all the speakers in the House of Lords, and since it was therefore admittedly impossible to make the military administration independent of civilian control, the only question that remained was how best to accommodate the two. This was reduced to the relatively narrow question whether there should be in the War Office one supreme military official without whose assent nothing should be done, who alone should have the right of making official proposals to the Secretary of State, or whether there should be several co-ordinate officials, each supreme in his own department and each directly subordinate to the Secretary of State. It was round the two Orders in Council of 1888 and 1895 that the discussion principally turned. The earlier Order had settled that the Commander-in-Chief should be the sole military adviser of the Secretary of State. The Hartington Commission had gone to the opposite extreme. It recommended the complete equality of several superior officials, going so far as to abolish the office of Commander-in-Chief and substituting for it that of Chief of the Staff. By the Order of 1895 a compromise was carried out. The office of Commander-in-Chief was retained, but four other military officials were put in direct relations with the Secretary of State. Over them the Commander-in-Chief had no control, though it was still his duty to supervise their work and, if he thought right, to make to the Secretary of State any recommendations thereon that seemed good to him. We agree with Lord Salisbury that the difference between the Order of 1888 and the present arrangement does not seem to the civilian mind to be a large one. It is said that under the Order of 1888 it was easier to bring home to some individual responsibility for any failure that occurred. The theory appears to be that, since the Commander-in-Chief had to advise the Secretary of State on all military matters, he was the official responsible if anything went wrong in any

military department. A responsibility so extended as that is very little worth having. It does not materially differ from the constitutional responsibility of a Minister over all the details in the administration of his office. In point of fact, it is useless to expect from human nature a knowledge and an energy which would enable any one man to deal with so vast a quantity of detail, and since every one in his heart recognises that this is true, the theoretical responsibility ceases to have any actual signification, because no one would wish to see it fully enforced. Under the existing system it is, no doubt, difficult to say that a failure in military operations, for instance, arose exclusively from the defect of one department in the War Office. Still in some cases this can be done, and then the responsibility of the individual who has charge of that department ought to be a real one. Experience shows that even in such cases the value of personal responsibility may be easily exaggerated. After a failure has occurred, and the first burst of indignation has passed by, Englishmen feel that to punish an official who has done his best, however indifferent that best may have been, verges on the ungenerous. This we take to be the explanation of the indignant protests aroused by what is called Lord Lansdowne's attack upon Lord Wolseley. Men felt that Lord Wolseley was a soldier with a great reputation, who had served his country well, and if towards the end of his career he had not shown to the full the energy and foresight which he once possessed it was ungenerous to tax him with the disasters of which this was only one of many causes. The sentiment may not be strictly logical, but expediency, not logic, is here the test, and from the practical point of view this feeling exposes us to little danger. The only object of punishment is to encourage the others, and in such employments as that of Commander-in-Chief a man must be singularly—we had almost said inconceivably—unfitted for his post if the fear of disapprobation at some uncertain future time is the only thing that makes him do his duty. Such possibilities as the negligence of officers in the field, or their disobedience to orders,

or disloyal failure to support each other, belong to a different category, and should, we agree, be guarded against by simple deterrents unflinchingly administered.

The only other advantage said to be possessed by the system established in 1888 is that under it the position of the Commander-in-Chief was of greater importance than it is under the Order of 1895. The meaning of those who take this view seems to be that, if the office of Commander-in-Chief is rendered of great dignity and importance, he will be more likely to defeat the civilian Secretary of State in the perpetual conflict which they conceive to be the normal result of the working of the War Office. They also suppose that by entrusting the Commander-in-Chief with the nominal control —for it can be nothing more—of all branches of the military service he will be enabled to direct the Army completely according to his wishes. We differ on both points. Though, as we have explained, we believe it to be essential that the ultimate decision of military matters should be left to the Minister, we do not mean that he should decide them contrary to the advice of his military experts. The administration of the Army can only be carried on effectively if the relations between its military chiefs are such that they are normally in perfect agreement, and, if that is so, from that point of view the dignity and importance of the chief military adviser are not of essential moment. As to the other suggestion, nominal control is of no use. To overwhelm a man with duties is to destroy not only his responsibility but also his power.

For these reasons we do not regret that the Government has provisionally determined to adhere to the arrangement of 1895. Lord Roberts and Mr. Brodrick believe that they can carry out the great changes that have been announced with the present machinery, and we feel confident that, if they cannot be carried out under the Order of 1895, they will be equally impossible under the Order of 1888. The truth is, that in the Army as in the law, and as in many other institutions of Govern-

ment, it is not the machinery that matters so much as the men.[1] Unless you have good Judges, no code of law and procedure, however admirable, will work satisfactorily; and unless you have a competent Secretary of State and Commander-in-Chief, it matters very little what functions you assign to them. Certain improvements are to be made, but all that can be hoped from improvements in administrative arrangements is that the men employed may be more able to make good use of their energies. No polishing or lubrication will enable machinery to develop greater energy than is imparted to it by its motive power. Where that motive power is a human being, he may exceptionally be so gifted as to enable him to carry out his will whatever the defects of the means at his disposal. With ordinary men there is, doubtless, a danger that their efforts will be exhausted in making the machine move before they have done anything with it. The great objects, therefore, should be simplicity and division of labour, summed up in the present controversies by the word "decentralisation." If that can be secured, we do not think that the War Office will prove to be a worse administrative machine, whether under the Order of 1888 or under the Order of 1895, than the other departments of Government. This was the obvious meaning of the concluding words of Lord Salisbury's speech, and it is only ignorance or prejudice

[1] Lord Wolseley himself unintentionally supplied a strong corroboration of this argument. Towards the conclusion of his first speech he said: "It may be reasonably argued that 'if our present army system is so bad, so unlike that of the great military nations, how were we able under it to despatch the large army to South Africa we so lately sent there in such a satisfactory manner'? The answer, my Lords, is a simple one. No army system, however bad it may be, would be allowed to stand in the way at such a time by officers like those of whom the Headquarter Staff of the Army consisted in 1899. . . . . All worked hard day and night, and all were determined that the Army required in South Africa should be despatched from England without a hitch, system or no system. But in so doing they were not helped by the new army system. If ever the history of what then was done is fully written, the country will realise how much it owes to those officers and how little to the . . . . system under which they were supposed to work."

that can see apathy or cynicism in such an opinion. If it were possible to construct an administrative machine which would work equally well whether its chiefs were able or incompetent, differences in the details of its arrangement would be of vital importance. But so long as society and its institutions depend on the characteristics of human nature, we believe with Lord Salisbury that national success depends mainly on the character and ability of the men who serve the State, though it is right that care should be taken to prevent their work from being hindered by unnecessary administrative complications.

ON THE LINE

THE charm of the pages that follow it is well suggested in the title chosen by Mr. C. D. Roberts for his latest book, **The Heart of the Ancient Wood.** (Gay and Bird. 6*s.*)—Forest Dukes—Forest Lovers—Children of the Forest—forests, to the limited number of those who love them, are fascinating as islands are to the majority of readers. Bitter tongues drive Kirstie, a deserted wife, from her native village to a clearing where she lives alone with her little Miranda. Mowgli, of "The Jungle Book," was clearly the boy Miranda should have married; they have the same brotherhood with beast and bird, the same elfin quality of still demure wildness that Sir Joshua depicted in Puck and Robinetta. Mowgli being of a different continent, however, she is wooed and won by a mighty hunter, who tracks her down relentlessly as he would a fine deer. The dramatic moment of conflict between Miranda's love of old Kroof, the bear, and her new love of Dave, the hunter, ends this beautiful idyl just where it should be ended. The author—like the author of "Walden"—must surely number a tree among his ancestors.

It is a far cry from these sylvan solitudes to the little life of the old-maidenly household described by Mary Findlater in **A Narrow Way.** (Methuen. 6*s.*)—An old maid is an excellent foil to a young maid (especially in the city of Edinburgh), and the young maid of Morningsfield Terrace, whether submissive

or in gentle rebellion, delights the reader at every turn. The story is—that there is no story. Catherine is not even allowed to go to a Shakespeare Reading with a widower. She is not allowed this, she is not allowed that; she has to wear a waterproof; she is not supposed to walk alone; yet she is never even discontented for more than five minutes at a time, nor does it occur to her to think of that "Duty to Herself" which some young ladies find more attractive than the other two prescribed in the Catechism. She is a welcome change from the usual heroine just because she is quite unheroic. Her head is strong as her heart. Common sense governs even her charity—the last thing that it governs as a rule; yet she is never cold. She weds her widower at last after many difficulties, none of them of her own contriving; and she becomes the mother of "a very nice, ordinary baby." The characters are drawn with quiet, subtle humour. They never surprise, except as living men and women surprise us when we cry, "Oh, how like them!"

M. Bergeret à Paris. Par Anatole France. (Paris. Calmann Lévy. *3fr. 50c.*)—M. Anatole France is certainly the "Chef" of literature. No one else can dish up contempt with such delicious sauces, or invent such subtle flavours, or make cynicism so tempting to the palate. He mingles the unction of Renan with the satire of La Rochefoucauld—with that great aphorist's gift for profound epigram. But the qualities which go to make up Anatole France are too delicate to be touched by any words—unless they could be his own. If at one moment he is a cynic, at another he becomes idyllic, almost Virgilian: in his descriptions of a landscape, for instance, of the shape of a tree, or the bookstalls on the Quays.

M. Bergeret in Paris is as fascinating as M. Bergeret in his provincial University town. Everywhere he is the same suave, terrifying critic of life and manners—the philosopher whose indulgence kills by its severity. But we feel happier about

him in this volume than in the previous ones. He is living peacefully with his dog, his daughter, and his sister Zoë—"esprit positif," who, compared to himself, is a man of action. One of the most charming passages in the book is that in which M. Bergeret and she, in their search for a house, revisit the home of their childhood, and recall their parents' visitors and the look of the drawing-room clock, whence "Spartacus, les bras croisés, jetait un regard indigné." But the fine flower of his irony comes out best in the company of men, and when he is facing a crowd, a political party, or any other exhibition of collective banality. On these occasions his wit and his diagnosis of mediocrity cause positive dismay. The portraits of M. Bergeret's acquaintance are exquisite, sardonic, inimitable in their discretion. So is the description of the crowd waiting at the railway station to see the President depart on a short journey—and of all the bourgeois in flys, with parcels in their hands, who "manquaient leurs trains avec déférence."

Many of M. France's pages are filled by his comments on current matters; on l'Affaire, on the character of M. Méline and other Ministers, on the royalists and the socialists. His pen unerringly probes every foible, and there is no more brilliant piece of sarcasm than the quotations he reads out from his newly discovered sixteenth-century satire, "Les Trublions," a masterpiece of Rabelaisian style. But if any one inquires who the Trublions were, we can only reply like M. Bergeret to M. Goubin: "Qu'il le saurait par la suite, et qu'il était bon de lire un texte avant de le commenter."

Shifting Scenes. By Sir Edward Malet, G.C.B. (Murray. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)—We confess to having begun this book with misgivings: the recollections of so distinguished an Ambassador could not fail to be interesting; but we doubted whether they would be best printed in the form of an interview with Mr. Whiffles, the supernatural little gentleman who sits on a man's feet in the small hours and describes himself as "The Reporter." We had not gone far, however, before we acknowledged the hand of

the artist, to whom alone it belongs to choose the form in which he will work. Mr. Whiffles has a real purpose, and completely fulfils it; not least during the very interesting narratives towards the end of the book, when he almost drops out for a time. The volume is short and light, but there is a good deal to be read between the lines. Among many good stories and some discreet revelations—which we shall refrain from quoting—there is throughout a strong woof of geniality, good sense and straightforward piety. The reader will agree with M. Desbarolles, the palmist, who, when told that his visitor was in the diplomatic service, replied, "Eh bien, Monsieur, je ne puis que féliciter votre gouvernement."

Studies in Peerage and Family History. By J. Horace Round. (Constable. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)—We are justly proud of our ancient and honourable peerage. Unfortunately there have been members of it who in striving to appear more ancient have succeeded in becoming less honourable. We can forgive them—even their own descendants may almost forgive them—for their fraud or credulity, since they have unwittingly procured for us the pleasure of reading Mr. Round's book. It is a collection of speeches for the prosecution, and no *cause célèbre* or detective story could be more absorbing. Perhaps the best single instance is the case headed, "Our English Hapsburgs: a Great Delusion," in which Mr. Round, like another Sherlock Holmes, exposes stage by stage the well-known pretensions of the Earls of Denbigh; showing not only that their claim is not true and could not be true; not only that it is a late invention and supported by forgeries; but even when and how, and for whom, and perhaps by whom the forgeries were prepared. But to the antiquary who loves truth the whole book is a skittle-alley of delight, in which Heralds and their rules, "X." and Mr. Fox-Davies, sham Normans and bogus Stewarts, are bowled over with a perpetual rattle. At this rate we may live to see genealogy restored to its place as a branch of social and historical science.

Canada under British Rule. By Sir John Bourinot, K.C.M.G. (Cambridge University Press. 6*s*.)—In reading this plain and sober handbook we are struck with the tone of quiet assurance which seems to mark the Canadian point of view. The restless anxiety to be noticed and appreciated at the full value, so characteristic of Nationalist feeling in France, America and modern Germany, is here conspicuously absent. Canada has arrived: she has behind her a past already long and proud, and before her a future in all probability more brilliant than that of any other member of the Empire. She does not need to advertise either the romance of her three hundred years' story or the unique interest of her political development. But they are worthy of close study by all Imperialists, especially at the present moment.

Sir John Bourinot's chapters on "Confederation" and on "The Evolution of Confederation" are particularly in point while we are following the Duke of York's Australian voyage, and looking forward—some dismally, some with good hope—to the settlement of South Africa. Canada, too, has had to meet the difficulties caused by an incomplete fusion of races, and in this as in other respects we have her example to cheer us.

> Although there is a large and increasing French Canadian element in the Dominion, its history so far need not create fear as to the future, except perhaps in the minds of gloomy pessimists. While this element naturally clings to its national language and institutions, yet, under the influence of a complete system of local self-government, it has always taken as active and earnest a part as the English element in establishing and strengthening the confederation. It has steadily grown in strength and prosperity under the generous and inspiring influence of British institutions, which have given full scope to the best attributes of a nationality crushed by the depressing conditions of French rule for a century and a half.

It is one of those Canadians of French descent—Sir Wilfrid Laurier—who has just said of the Boers, "I pledge my reputation and my name as a British subject that, if they have lost their independence, they have not lost their freedom. There is

but one future for South Africa, and that is a grand confederation on the pattern of the Canadian Confederation."

China: Her History, Diplomacy and Commerce. By E. H. Parker. (Murray. 8*s*. net.)—Mr. Parker's right to be heard is undeniable: he has been British Consul at Kiungchow and Adviser on China Affairs to the Burma Government; he has passed twenty-five years at a dozen Chinese ports, and travelled seven thousand miles in half a dozen provinces; he has resided in Corea, and visited Indo-China and Japan frequently. His book bears ample witness to this intimate knowledge of the country, but it possesses the still rarer merit of originality. It is in every way first-hand. Even in that considerable part dealing with the history of China and her past relations with Europeans, which is necessarily compiled from Chinese documents, Mr. Parker has examined the original records for himself. Such thoroughness can hardly be overpraised. It results in a book which is unlike any other English work on the subject, and will probably be a standard book of reference for a long time to come. The following passages indicate the trend of the author's opinions on the two points of strongest current interest. Of our trade, he says on p. 3:

> It is thus evident, from a commercial point of view, that the interests of Great Britain lie almost entirely upon the coasts, upon the embouchures of three or four great rivers, upon the valleys of these rivers and their tributaries, and upon the head waters of the Yang-Tsze. If this region be kept open to us, we can relegate to a second place Manchuria, Tibet and Yün-Nan.

Of the Chinese social system he tells us in the chapter on "Government":

> The Peking Government makes no new laws, does nothing of any kind for any class of persons; absorbs successful men, and gives out needy or able men to go forth and do likewise. Hence every man, be he squeezer, middleman or squeezed, has, or hopes to have, a finger in the pie. Thus there is a sort of live-and-let-live feeling all round. There are no passports, no restraints on liberty, no frontiers, no caste prejudices, no food scruples, no sanitary measures, no laws except popular customs and criminal statutes. China is in many senses one vast republic, in which personal restraints have no existence. There

is no jealousy or class feeling in the country: it is simply a question of big fish feeding on little fish, unless and until the little fish can keep out of the way, eat their way up, and become big fish themselves.

With this should be read the two most interesting chapters on "Personal Characteristics" and on "Religion and Rebellion."

Japanese Plays and Playfellows. By Osman Edwards. (Heinemann. 10*s.* net.)—Good print and twelve coloured plates by Japanese artists make this a book of attractive appearance; but its merits are far from ending there. In its pages we meet again Mr. Kawakami and the charming Madame Sada Yacco, whose acting so delighted us last year, and we learn much that is new and suggestive about the drama and consequently about national character and development. Mr. Edwards disclaims the intention of confining himself, as too many writers have done, to the feminine side of Japanese life, but this does, in fact, provide more than half his material, and the opportunity for his most conspicuous success. The four chapters called "Playing with Fire" are thus described by the author:

> This is the love-story of René Beauregard and O Maru San. It does not illustrate the cynical conceit of a French dandy, æsthetically explaining and profaning love to amuse an indelicate public, nor does it demonstrate the folly of mixed marriages, . . . hypocritically served up to suit the British palate. It is the straightforward story of an ordinary attachment in the Far East.

To this we must add that its straightforwardness is balanced by its refinement. "The Scarlet Lady" is another section which shows Mr. Edwards to have mastered the art of telling broad truth innocently. He has also a gift for rendering the charm of Japanese poetry.

The Shadowy Waters. By W. B. Yeats. (Hodder and Stoughton. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)—Mr. Yeats's poem has been out some months, but for reading poetry or recommending it no one time is more suitable than another. And this is especially true of poetry so remotely beautiful as that contained in the

volume now before us. It is a tale, or rather a dream, of no possible age or country; a thing apart from all life except the life of the soul or the imagination; and yet we can believe that it might be so put upon the stage as to move deeply an audience that cared for poetry. This is no place to estimate or to praise a poet of Mr. Yeats's rank; we can only say to those who feel, as we do, that he is destined to be a great figure in a great age of poetry, "Here is a new volume by the man you know," and to save those who do not and cannot care for such things we may add the following lines, taken from the introductory poem:

> I had not eyes like those enchanted eyes,
> Yet dreamed that beings happier than men
> Moved round me in the shadows, and at night
> My dreams were cloven by voices and by fires;
> And the images I have woven in this story
> Of Forgael and Dectora and the empty waters,
> Moved round me in the voices and the fires; . . . .
>
> How shall I name you, immortal mild proud shadows?
> I only know that all we know comes from you,
> And that you come from Eden on flying feet.
> Is Eden far away, or do you hide
> From human thought, as hares and mice and coneys
> That run before the reaping-hook and lie
> In the last ridge of the barley? Do our woods
> And winds and ponds cover more quiet woods,
> More shining winds, more star-glimmering ponds?

Milton. By Walter Raleigh. (Edward Arnold. 6*s.*)—Professor Raleigh has done his countrymen a service: he has given them a much-needed book, of exactly the right kind and size. It goes without saying that the writing is never dull: in our judgment the history is also fair and the criticism sound. We commend to some of our newspaper critics two passages which have a bearing on the work of some poets more recent than Milton, and, alas! probably better known.

> In a long poem variety is indispensable, and he preserved the utmost freedom in some respects. He continually varies the stresses in the line, their

number, their weight, and their incidence, letting them fall, when it pleases his ear, on the odd as well as on the even syllables of the line. He never forgets the pattern, yet he never stoops to teach it by the repetition of a monotonous tattoo.

Eclecticism and the severe castigation of style are dangerous disciplines for any but a rich temperament; from others they produce only what is exquisite and thin and vapid. The "stylist" of the modern world is generally an interesting invalid. . . . . Sunbeams cannot be extracted from cucumbers, nor can the great manner in literature emanate from a chill self-culture. . . . . The grandeur of "Paradise Lost" or "Samson Agonistes" could never, by any conceivable device of chemistry or magic, be compounded from delicate sensibilities and a superfine ear for music. For the material of those palaces whole provinces were pillaged, and the waste might furnish forth a city.

Truths New and Old. By the Ven. James M. Wilson. (Constable. 6*s.*)—The reasons given by the author for the publication of these sermons are interesting. They are twofold: first, a belief

that the old doctrines can be expressed in ways not out of harmony with new modes of thought, and that all new knowledge can be absorbed into the Christian faith without destroying its continuity.

And, secondly, a sense of historical obligation:

I am vicar of a church in whose porch I have placed a board with the names and dates of all the vicars for 700 years. How greatly we should value a volume of ordinary parochial sermons preached by my predecessors of 100, 200, 300 years ago in that pulpit! How interesting it would be to trace the continuity of substance and the change of form!

That is a fine idea, and one which is corroborated by the universal interest lately shown in the daily reprints of the *Times* from the news of a hundred years ago. Of Archdeacon Wilson's own views we may be sure that, whatever they may be in a century's time, they are far enough from being out of date to-day. In him the best spirit of the Broad Church lives and thrives.

It is common teaching to say that the Church is the Kingdom of God; and, of course, there is a sense in which it is true: but by that some people mean that our Church system—perhaps even that of the Church of England

alone—represents the organisation of the Kingdom of God, its ministers holding the highest rank as the delegates of Divine power. The Kingdom of God is the sum total of the hearts and lives in which the Spirit of Christ . . . . is living and working; and only so far as the Church is filled with Christ's Spirit, and understood to include all who are so filled, so far is it the Kingdom of God.

Of the manner in which the problems of the modern Church are dealt with we cannot here say more than that it is singularly direct and simple for work founded both on scholarship and great scientific attainment.

THE CIVIL SERVICE AND REFORM

THE Civil Service of any country is the object of a great deal of abuse. It is here made the ordinary scapegoat for all real or supposed failures or defects in our vast administration. The critic who generally derives his knowledge of it, solely from his own inner consciousness, can find no more bitter term of reproach than the word "official" which is used to denote an almost incredible degree of perverse blundering obstruction, or else crass ignorance and negligence.

But we are not always consistent in this matter. According to the humour of the speaker, information is called "official" as a guarantee of unimpeachable accuracy, or it may be used in order to hold up to scorn and contempt information supposed to be trickily calculated to deceive and mislead.

So far as my observation goes, those who desire to reform our Civil Service compare the results of our actual administration with those of some ideal one, whose characteristics are only vaguely indicated.

They do not point to any other government administration which is more successful than ours under conditions anything like those we have to deal with, or which they would substitute for ours.

My belief, is, that our permanent Civil Service at the present time will compare favourably with any that has ever existed in our own or any other country. In integrity, it is

quite unimpeachable, and in intelligence, quite up to the average, if not above it. Every human organisation whatever must of course have the defects of its qualities, and the practical point to be considered by those who propose alterations, is whether the defects overbalance the qualities, in which case a revolutionary reform would be necessary, or whether the inevitable defects must be accepted in consideration of the good qualities, in which case we have only to look for and remedy minor defects, leaving the organisation substantially as it is.

To those who desire to consider this subject fairly it is, I think, of consequence that particular attention should be fixed on one peculiar and fundamental feature of our organisation, which is perfectly familiar to everybody, though nobody seems to notice its marked effect on most of the matters in which complaints have been made now and at other times.

The *personnel* of the Civil Service is divided into two distinct parts, the first of which, though it comprises a comparatively small number of persons, is the most important by reason of its occupying all the highest and ruling posts and making the appointments to all the posts under them.

It consists of those officials who occupy their positions by reason of being members of Parliament belonging to the party in political power.

Of these, the tenure of office is quite uncertain; it very seldom lasts more than a few years, sometimes only a few months. It depends in no degree on their success in administering the departments they govern.

The other portion of the Civil Service is by far the most numerous. Holding their offices technically, at the pleasure of their political chiefs, they are liable to removal or to some smaller punishment for misbehaviour or incompetence, but subject to this contingency, their tenure is practically permanent and continuous with a right to pension on retirement from ill-health or on attaining the age of sixty.

The higher offices in the permanent Civil Service such as

under-secretaryships and offices of that grade, are filled by the personal selection of the political chiefs above referred to.

Patronage, which was till thirty years ago the channel of admission to the service, has, as regards all offices below these, given way almost entirely to the competition system, which provides by examination for a certain standard of intellectual efficiency, but fails to provide against certain other defects which may mar a man's usefulness. Entering the service generally in the lower grade of the various divisions, and remaining, with exceptions, always in the same department, they may under such conditions as may be imposed, rise through all the grades open to them, or to obtain any special appointments which are filled by selecting from among them.

By reason of the permanence of this branch of the service they must acquire considerable knowledge and experience in the work of the department they serve in—experience which is not only useful but essential to the parliamentary official above them, whose mind may be a perfect blank on the business he is to be head of. It further ensures continuity of action and guards against previous decisions being ignored or lightly set aside from ignorance of the reasons for which they were arrived at. In thinking of the great body of the civil servants, it is too common to consider only the clerical elements and to leave out of sight the large number whose duties are more practical and technical.

The political section of the Civil Service are selected by the party leader who is called on to form a government from among his particular supporters, and apparently for various reasons such as facility or power of speaking, debating power, connection with important personages or members of the party in power, the necessity for conciliating one who has a following or a standing in the country, and so on. I have never heard of administrative capacity being considered a special recommendation, and certainly, for the most part, they are appointed to the highest offices without administrative experience of any sort, and, in fact, I am under the impression

that to have any special knowledge of their duties is sometimes held to be a disadvantage. There has never been, for instance, any one appointed to be Secretary of War who could be supposed to have any knowledge of military administration, and when the propriety of appointing a naval man to be First Lord of the Admiralty is discussed the (alleged) failure of Lord St. Vincent in that position is always brought up to prove that practical naval experience is an absolute disqualification. When the office of Surveyor-General of the Ordnance was revived about thirty years ago the first holders of the office were men of military experience, for which object in fact the office, I believe, was created, and in order to secure that advantage it was arranged that the holder of that office need not be a Member of Parliament. But it was soon found convenient to use the office to provide for some political claimant, and now for many years past it has been held by men with no military knowledge whatever.

Since 1852—that is for forty-eight years—there have been twenty-one changes of the head of the War Office, and in only four cases did the same person hold the office twice—*i.e.*, seventeen were quite new to the business. The Home Office has seen nineteen changes in which two persons held the office three times, and one twice—*i.e.*, fourteen were quite new to the work. The Colonial Office has seen twenty-five changes, among whom three held the office twice—*i.e.*, twenty-two were quite new to the work. Nor is it at all common for a parliamentary Under-Secretary to become a Secretary of State. All of which shows that administrative knowledge and experience either general or particular are considered of no importance as a recommendation for the highest administrative offices.

Some weeks ago Lord Rosebery, on one of those occasions on which he appears in public and gives a direction to public opinion, remarked that we had to reform our administration "on business principles" or something of the kind. "Business principles" are of all sorts—they include even those by which

Jeremy Diddler carries on very large operations, and we must be careful how we carry these into the public service.

It is a very common figure of speech, when some official proceeding is criticised, to say that any private business so conducted would soon find itself in the Bankruptcy Court, and it certainly cannot be denied that this may be said of the whole principle on which the Government administration is carried on as above described. If we might take the Bank of England to represent the Treasury, Cunard's Company and the P. and O. to correspond to the Admiralty and three or four great railway companies to represent the Army, and it was the practice that each of these instead of being controlled by directors practically permanent, all having a strong personal interest in their companies and acquainted with their duties, were controlled by men who knew nothing whatever about them, who held their offices by an uncertain tenure, perhaps for a few months, at most for a few years; that having all being appointed because they agreed, say, on the subject of cheap beer for the working classes, they were all simultaneously liable to be turned out at any moment for no reason whatever connected with their work, but because of the views they or some of them held on the subject, say, of discipline in the Church of England, we should have a fair parallel to the administrative system which our constitution in its present phase imposes on us. In such a case it surely might be assumed that bankruptcy would be the result.

If this system had been brought to notice as an abstract proposal for governing a great country, it might perhaps have been thought to be a *jeu d'esprit* in the style of Dean Swift, or such as forms the groundwork of Mr. Gilbert's plays; but as it has grown up and we have not come as yet to any special grief under it, it has no doubt its merits and must contain within itself, or has developed, some compensating action that prevents the consequences which apparently ought to follow from its unreasonableness. I believe that compensating action to be the general efficiency of the permanent Civil Service and its

unswerving loyalty to its changing parliamentary chiefs, in accordance with which its members give the latter in succession the best advice their experience can suggest, and inform them of previous decisions so that continuity of policy may not be needlessly interrupted; they also loyally carry out the decisions of their political chiefs even if contrary to the advice they have given, and do their best to make the course prescribed successful.

It happened to me some years ago to hear two leading members of the political and permanent divisions of the public service give quite independently but within a short interval their views of the relative values of the two branches. Sir William Harcourt's remark was to the effect that if the Government of the country were left solely in the hands of the permanent Civil Service there would be a revolution in six months. Lord Lingen's was that if it were not for the permanent Civil Service the administration of the country could not be carried on for six months. Of course these opinions were expressed in a merely conversational way, and clothed in the figure of speech called hyperbole; yet no doubt there was some meaning and an element of truth in both of them, and it was simply that though the English people like their business to be done well, they also like it to be done in accordance with their own ideas, and perhaps more importance is attached to the latter than the former.

They like, in fact, to feel that they govern themselves, and having their chosen representatives at the head of affairs gives them this feeling. It devolves, of course, specially on the parliamentary official to bring before Parliament for legislation any measures which are called for by the country, or which he may think for the public advantage in connection with his department, and in framing these he must make use not only of the information and experience of the permanent staff, but of any other help and advice that he may find useful. But as regards ordinary current administration, as he is not equipped with

any knowledge of the business he presides over, he must until he has served long enough to acquire some knowledge inevitably fall under the influence of those who have it already; and in this a good deal depends on the hands he happens at first to fall into. The person he chances to rely on to put him "up to the ropes," to tell him how the office is worked, to help him as to precedents, to inform his mind as to the qualfications or official characters of the various members of the staff, must have no doubt very great influence on his career as an administrator.

I remember hearing years ago of an incident which aptly illustrates the power that must reside in the person who knows his business when brought into contact with those who do not. About thirty years ago the Government determined to settle the old struggle which used at times to be very hot between the War Office and the Horse Guards. It was determined that the supremacy of the political chiefs should be asserted. With this end in view the Horse Guards staff was removed from the separate buildings from which it derived its name, and located in the same building as the Secretary for War.

Periodical meetings of the Secretary of State, the Commander-in-Chief, and other high officials were arranged. At the first of these it was thought necessary to take precautions against the Commander-in-Chief seeming to assert or claim any special position or authority, and it was settled that the Secretary of State should sit at one end of the table as chairman, and that the parliamentary Under Secretary should place himself at the other end, so as to exclude the Commander-in-Chief from that position. This arrangement was duly carried out, but my informant, who was a member of the Government, told me that, notwithstanding all their pains, they could not prevent the Commander-in-Chief taking a very leading part simply because he knew all about the subject, and they knew hardly anything.

As regards current administration, the special function of

the parliamentary official is to watch and understand public opinion, to form his own opinion on new suggestions, whether they emanate from inside or outside the department, and to give his instructions accordingly, and generally to take care that the business of the department is carried out efficiently so far as he can judge, and in harmony with public opinion. As part of this a certain function of the political heads of department has been very much developed of late years. It is common in these days for members of Parliament to endeavour to control or influence the action of the administration in all sorts of details, small and great. At the same time that fault is found with the excessive centralisation of administration, such centralisation is almost forced on the minister by his being called on to answer, and at short notice, for any act of a subordinate, high or low, far or near, to interfere personally in every detail, and to answer personally for every act of administration, however technical.

Though often carried to excess this practice is not without its advantages. All sorts of matters come before the minister; they are, I can vouch for it, always carefully inquired into, and thus abuses are checked or brought to light and stagnation prevented, because the practices and traditions of the department are every now and then brought up for judgment, and their soundness and applicability to existing circumstances have to be established to the satisfaction of an unbiased mind, or else changed. But the practice of detail interference by members of Parliament may easily be carried to excess, and be productive of weakness and inefficiency. No ordinary business suffers such interference. How would a public company get on if the shareholders were in session for six months or more and any one of them could harass the directors by questioning the action in detail of the manager or the head of any of the branches, and how much would the clerical staff have to be increased in order to be prepared for these questions?

For the proper working of this fundamentally illogical system, in which one body has all the power but no know-

ledge, and the other has all the knowledge and no power, it is quite clear that a certain balance must be preserved. Public opinion is very uncertain in the objects it devotes its attention to, and by the nature of things is not always well directed. In such a case the parliamentary chief may have to choose whether he will conciliate public opinion at the expense of real efficiency, or take the consequence of withstanding it, and he is under great temptation to adopt the former course, especially if the Government or minister is weak and cannot afford to alienate any fraction of support. As a variation on the old saw we used to hear—"Efficiency combined with economy": the object to be aimed at may be described as "Efficiency subject to expediency."

It is somewhat remarkable that whereas the Government has been constituted expressly in such a way that the chosen of the people have all the supreme power, directly anything goes wrong or anybody thinks it goes wrong, it is set down to the inefficiency or perverseness of the permanent officials who are their subordinates. The strange doctrine is set forth and apparently believed that so soon as the minister gets seated in his office chair he becomes hypnotised by the permanent officials, that the trusted representative of the people becomes a helpless tool and a blind behind whom a number of obstructive, perverse, wrong-headed officials prevent an enlightened public from managing their own affairs as they should do. It is true that at election times, when the object is especially to discredit the politicians, the blame of every supposed administrative failure is attributed to them, so that we have, for instance, Lord Lansdowne charged with failure in such a purely technical matter as the (erroneously supposed) inferiority of our field-guns in South Africa, with which he cannot, by the nature of things, have possibly had anything to do. But in ordinary times the current belief is somewhat as expressed in the following passage in a recent letter to the *Times*:

> One wonders what comes over men when appointed to Goverment office —whether they lose all feeling as Englishmen and think that the world was

made, or the British Empire at least, that they might draw their salaries monthly and without disturbance. If any one ventures to call attention to any matter of urgent importance to the well-being, or even to the safety, of the empire, they immediately attempt to suppress him, by overwhelming him and burying him under tons of "minutes" as a rash disturber of their peace. Too often, alas! they succeed.

The *vis inertiæ* of the permanent officials of all Government departments is so great that, even when a strong, patriotic and far-seeing statesman (a combination unfortunately not often met with in the politicians of this country) is appointed to the head of a department, such obstacles are interposed to anything and everything he may suggest and desire to see carried out, if these are not exactly in accordance with the tradition and ordinary routine of the office, that he becomes at last utterly worn out, and has to give up the attempt to bring business and common-sense principles to bear upon the Government of the country; he subsides into the ordinary commonplace defender of, or apologist for, all official doings, and tries to quiet his conscience by hoping that the system may last or the peril be averted for his time.

It does not seem to occur to people who hold these views that their theory is disproved by its very absurdity. Permanent officials are met with among us, and are found to be in no way different to all the rest of the world, nor in their morals and intelligence, or public spirit as regards other matters are they otherwise than they were before they were appointed, or than others like them who have not been appointed; and yet it seems to such critics reasonable to think that in these official positions they develop into such monsters as above described, and that the successive ministers they serve are all incapable of judgment and of soft yielding disposition, easily imposed upon. It is important to observe that the parliamentary officials themselves never speak in this way, whether in or out of office. On the contrary, they invariably bear testimony to the value of the assistance they receive and the entire loyalty of the permanent staff.

We may take a few examples of defects which have recently been charged against the permanent Civil Service in order to show what is the real source of them. The permanent staff of the Post Office has come in for a good deal of rough handling because the Postmaster-General refuses to adopt certain pro-

posed improvements, in the service. The objection to most of them is found on examination to arise from their cost, which would diminish the revenue derived from the Post Office. That it should be a revenue department is clearly a matter of policy, for which successive Chancellors of the Exchequer alone are responsible, and not the permanent staff. No doubt, this principle having been adopted, it is the duty of the permanent officers to carry it out until it is reversed, and to advise their changing political chiefs from that point of view, thereby, of course, obstructing the reformers; but this is not exercising "a malign influence" due to innate perversity on the part of the permanent official; he is merely doing his duty by carrying out his orders, and the reformer, if he wants the principle to be set aside, should attack the Chancellor of the Exchequer instead of reviling his subordinates. Take again the alleged want of information of Transvaal armament, said to be due to insufficient secret service money. I believe that the officers who were blamed on this occasion had, in fact, managed to get all the information required, but the insufficient supply of secret service money is a fact, and is due to the action of former Governments in yielding to the pressure of a small clique —to Parliament itself in fact. Yet the blame of the supposed consequences was at once thrown upon the permanent officials.

The War Office, and more especially the civil side, is made the mark for torrents of abuse. I am under the impression that the organisation of the War Office is unduly cumbersome, and in some respects this could be altered by the minister, but in other respects it is largely due to the necessity for complying with the statutes which regulate the practice of audit and account and are intended to ensure the proper expenditure of stores and money and their due appropriation to the services for which they are provided by Parliament. A great deal of what is called "red tape" arises from the strictness with which these objects are fulfilled, and any facility in conducting business obtained by a relaxation of this strictness might be very dearly

purchased if it gave an opening for financial irregularities or carelessness. I venture, therefore, to think that in these matters it is the political element which is responsible and as this element is supplied by the choice of the people themselves they are themselves to blame for the shortcomings they believe they suffer from, and while people rail at this mysterious influence called "officialism" which is so mythical that nobody can fix it, but to which every politician however strong is supposed to succumb, they seldom or never bring to book the political officials at the head of affairs, though it is they who have all the power and are supposed to be responsible; a rare exception being made in such a case as the Cordite matter in 1895, only because it suited party purposes. *The trail of the party system is over it all.* The so-called responsibility of the ministers who are the heads of the great departments is in fact no responsibility at all. The worst that can happen to them if they fail from whatever cause and however culpable they may be is to lose their positions a little sooner than they otherwise would, but even this penalty is never inflicted on account of administrative failure. If the failure of any minister is such as to render it undesirable to include him in a future administration it is usual to console him by creating him a peer just as if he had won the honour by his success.

There are some who hold the doctrine that the country ought to know the opinions of its expert advisers of the various departments and should not be content to see through the eyes of the parliamentary officials, and the theory is that the Government would then be forced to do the right thing. This theory is evidently quite opposed to the one which puts all blame on the permanent official, because it reveals a suspicion that maladministration may be made possible by the views of the permanent officials being burked rather than be due to their "malign influence." But the aim is the same in both cases—viz., to throw the blame off the shoulders of the public at large which has chosen to make the Government the prize of a party system. Each party in turn has to try to get into power

by means of conciliating the suffrages of a mass of electors, who from the necessity of the case cannot be fully informed on the merits of all the important matters which a Government has to deal with, so that however good a measure may be, or however much a minister may know it to be necessary, he cannot carry it out if it is of any magnitude and especially if it costs money, unless in some way a public opinion has been created in its favour, because his party opponent would surely turn the popular ignorance against him and he might not only fail to carry his measure but endanger his hold on office.

But when the failure to carry out such a measure produces its natural effect, perhaps under some subsequent Government, the blame is most generally attributed to the negligence, obstruction, or want of foresight of the permanent staff. For instance, about 1846 the Government were aroused to the defenceless state to which the neglect and false economy of former years had reduced the country. They proposed a considerable expenditure to remedy this. But Cobden and others, with their prejudiced ignorance, so worked on the ignorance of the constituencies that they succeeded in forcing them to withdraw their proposals, so that the French Revolution of 1848, with its dangers, and the Crimean War found us still unprepared. But when the consequences of this condition of affairs developed themselves the natural failure was not attributed to its right cause, but was freely cast on the *personnel* of our army which the nation had refused to make efficient.

The plain fact is that, under the existing phase of our Constitution, nothing of great importance can be carried through, especially if it costs money, unless the country has been previously well instructed on it, and this very often can only be done by creating a "boom" or "scare."

A "boom" was necessary in order to rouse the country to the necessity of very largely increasing our navy, as has been done within the last few years, and this has, as is well known, saved us from being in the most perilous position. We have pulled through the Transvaal War by the aid of an extraordi-

nary outburst of feeling in the kingdom and the colonies which has enabled us immensely to increase the force our regular army could put in the field. We are, only now, warned by this example, increasing our artillery up to the strength it should have had even for the force originally sent to South Africa. Surely it is the politicians who are responsible for our, till lately, insufficient navy and our still insufficient army. No one would venture to say that the professional or non-political part of the Admiralty or War Office are likely to have opposed any "malign influence" or "obstructive officialism" to any suggestions for increasing our force. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that there always is a readiness on the part of party ministers to shirk the necessity for spending more money or increasing taxation,—steps always unacceptable to the ill-informed public unless it is aroused by a scare or a boom. Yet there are people who expend their energies in girding at "the organisation of the War Office," "official obstruction," and so on, when in fact it is the act, or negligence, or failure of our own chosen representatives which creates the difficulty. We might have the best possible War Office organisation, but it would be of no avail unless we had an available field-army much stronger than that which we sent to South Africa in 1899, and which exhausted our regular military strength. We fought through the Peninsular War with a War Office much less completely organised than we have at present, and need not be diverted from the main object of providing a sufficiently powerful force by allowing the cry for War Office reorganisation to be dragged as a red herring across the scent.

I should be sorry if it were supposed that because I have tried to point out that our failures are for the most part traceable to our political and party system, and not to any malign influences residing in the public offices, I wish to assert that there are no improvements to be made in the permanent service. But I do say that unless the political system is altered any radical change in the permanent system might easily make things worse instead of better. There have been

at least two very important commissions to inquire into the permanent Civil Service within a small number of years, one presided over by Lord Playfair, the other by Sir Matthew Ridley. It is hardly conceivable, if it were so vitally inefficient or actively maleficent as some critics represent it to be, that such a condition would escape notice and comment by one or both of these bodies. No doubt the permanent Civil Service has the defects of its good qualities, but these can be largely counteracted by judicious measures. The condition of permanent employment with a rising salary and a pension on retirement is a most valuable feature, but it should not be considered so sacred and be enforced so rigidly in favour of the employé as to tempt him to neglect his work or fail from want of goodwill. Nor should failure in ability in the course of service be passed over, and the development of ability should meet with appropriate reward. There are those who advocate the casting aside entirely of the principle of seniority in promotion and considering solely merit. I am under the impression that in any large business it is found impossible to ignore altogether the element of seniority on account of the dissatisfaction it would create among the staff; and, indeed, this must be the experience of anybody who has had to deal with such matters. But this does not exclude the desirability of selecting specially qualified men for special positions or of passing over for promotion those who show themselves unworthy of it, both of which principles are recognised in the Civil Service, though perhaps they are not always duly enforced.

Over-centralisation is an undoubted evil. When the War Department was formed in 1854 by the combination under one head of the duties formerly performed by the Colonial Secretary or Secretary for War, the Secretary *at* War, the Horse Guards, the Ordnance Department, the Commissariat Department of the Treasury and the Militia Department of the Home Office, the whole business was amalgamated as if it were one office. When in 1863 I took up an appointment in the Prison Department under the Home Office, I was at

once struck by the immensely greater facility with which the business of my particular department was done. The reason was that the Prison Department was like a satellite with an organic life of its own; whereas in the War Office each department could run only as part of the whole machine. It was as if an army of 100,000 men were organised as one division instead of being in ten divisions, each capable of independent action.

It would not be difficult to provide against most of the defects which can justly be attributed to the permanent Civil Service, but notwithstanding these defects I think it would be safe to challenge any critic to show us any service which has ever been more reliable, more single-minded or on the whole more efficient than ours under its present conditions. My object has been to try and show that when the public is told to attribute any great failures to a sort of supernatural influence which is imbibed on entry into the Civil Service or grows up afterwards, its attention is diverted from the true cause of such failures, and therefore it is likely to be led to apply the wrong remedies, and perhaps introduce other evils much greater than those for which the permanent Civil Service can be held responsible.

E. F. Du Cane.

SIR ROBERT HART ON CHINA

AT the conclusion of the instructive series of articles on China which Sir Robert Hart has contributed to the *Fortnightly Review*, he says that the only remedy for our present difficulties which much thought suggests to him is to give a trial to the Golden Rule, and "let 'Do unto others as you would have others do to you' be given an international interpretation."

But surely this admonition should have been addressed first to the Chinese; for, as regards ourselves, do we not already treat Chinamen here in England as we would wish they should treat Englishmen in China? While our representative in Peking was being attacked; when every day brought news of fresh outrages, and massacres of defenceless women and children, under circumstances of indescribable horror; when we had what we believed certain information that the whole of the Legation had been murdered; Chinamen in England were able to go where they would in perfect security, without let or hindrance, and without fear of danger. Then, as heretofore, they could come and trade as they liked, and travel as they liked; they could reside wherever they wished, and stay as long as they wished; and wherever they went, and whatever they did, their persons and their property were secure. And as it is in England so it is in India, Burma, and the Straits Settlements, where thousands of Chinamen settle of their own accord under the British flag; enjoy all the freedom and

security which that affords; engage in trade enterprises on a scale they were afraid even to contemplate under their own rapacious officials: prosper exceedingly and multiply unceasingly. In our young colonies alone are restrictions put upon them in British territory; and with some reason, for Canada and Australia are still in the first stages of their national life, and it is important that their foundations should be true and sound. Even there, however, Chinamen can count upon full security of property and person.

Everywhere, then, in the British Empire Chinamen are sure of security, and, except for special reasons in our young growing colonies (which, it may be remarked in passing, the Chinese might have built up for themselves centuries ago if they had displayed the same pluck and enterprise which our colonists have shown) they enjoy full freedom also. What more do we ask of the Chinese to accord to us? Let them give us the same freedom to travel and trade in China as we give them to trade and travel in Great Britain, India, or the Straits, and ensure to us the same security of property and person as we afford to them throughout the British Empire and the Chinese Question is solved at once.

A glimmering of this side of the question seems to be just dawning upon the Chinese, for in a recent Imperial Edict officials were reminded that there were 100,000 Chinamen abroad who were enjoying freedom and security under the rule of foreigners, and the officials were enjoined accordingly to give foreigners in China due security. If only we could see this idea drilled and driven into the Chinese official mind and Chinamen be taught that they should treat us in China as we treat them in our country, our difficulties would at once be over.

But Sir Robert Hart, perhaps because he has not left China for more than thirty years, takes no consideration of our treatment of the Chinese outside their own country: his articles refer only to our treatment of them in China. So when he says that we should do unto the Chinese as we should

like to be done unto, he means that we should treat Chinese in China as we would like Chinese to treat Englishmen in England, and that we should not insist upon the Chinese granting us extra-territorial privileges, but put ourselves unreservedly under the laws of the country, and trust ourselves to their courts of justice in the same way as we expect Chinamen to submit themselves to our laws when they come to England. "To secure a settlement," he says, "only one change is necessary, but that is a complete change, a radical change—a change of principle . . . the principle of extra-territoriality—could we but give up this relations would at once right themselves, rancour disappear, and friendliness rule instead."

Now, next door to China is another country not dissimilar to her in character, and at one time equally anti-pathetic to foreigners. But Japan has not lagged behind the rest of the nations as China has; she has moved with the times, and has thrown aside that isolation which it is impossible to maintain at this stage of the world's history. She has reformed, purified, and strengthened her administration so thoroughly that we are now perfectly willing to entrust ourselves to her Courts; we have given up our demands for extra territorial-privileges; we submit ourselves, while in Japan, to the laws of the country, feeling that the Japanese will afford us the same freedom and security which any civilised Power of the West would give; and on this condition we are allowed to trade, travel, and reside there as we should be permitted to in France, Germany, or Russia.

What more could we desire than that China should inspire us with the same degree of confidence that Japan now does: and show us some signs that, if we submitted to her laws as we do to the laws of Japan, we could be sure of proper treatment?

Sir Robert Hart accurately sums up our demands when he says: "What we want is, in a word, that our people shall be as safe and their interests receive as certain protection in China as elsewhere." But it is not encouraging to hear that "to go to

the root of the matter at once, this will never be the case till we treat China and the Chinese in just the same way as we treat any other civilised Power or people, say America or the Americans;" for how can we class the Chinese among the civilised Powers till they have followed the example of Japan and redeemed their past? Sir Robert Hart, by the interpolation of the word "other" before civilised, would apparently put them on the same footing as ourselves, but are they entitled at present to such a position? What has been the history of our relations with China?

From the beginning of our intercourse with the Chinese we have met with continual obstruction, ceaseless, never-ending opposition, culminating at times in acts of the grossest treachery. Our trade was, up to the middle of the nineteenth century, confined by them to the single port of Canton —a port at the extremity of the Empire furthest removed from the Court, and from those provinces which produced the principal articles of Chinese export, or consumed those of foreign import. Besides this, the privilege of trading with foreigners was restricted to a small body of monopolists called Hong merchants, who had not only the exclusive right of dealing with the subjects of Christian states, but were invested with the actual control over them as a barrier between them and the Government of the country. The trade was hampered in every way. Mandarins simply blackmailed our merchants, and jurisdiction of an intolerable nature was claimed by the Chinese over Europeans. Lastly, the Chinese Government conducted its intercourse with the civilised nations of the West on degrading terms of inequality, and allowed its functionaries to assume an affected superiority over the representatives of those nations in their official correspondence.

We made many efforts to remedy this unsatisfactory state of affairs. At the end of the eighteenth century Pitt sent out Lord Macartney at the head of an imposing mission to seek by direct intercourse with the emperor to improve the conditions under which we traded with China. But, though the emperor

himself proved friendly, the obstruction of the official ring prevented the attainment of any satisfactory results. In 1816 another important mission under Lord Amherst was sent to China, but it, too, was unable to improve the position in any way. A third great attempt was made in 1834, when Lord Napier was sent to Canton as Superintendent of Trade; but after many futile attempts to negotiate with the Chinese he died out there from sheer exhaustion.

Three great efforts had been made to come to an ordinary business understanding with the Chinese as to the conduct of our trade with them; but each had failed. The obstructions put in the way of it and the arrogance of the officials only increased, till at last, in 1840, we were compelled to send an armed force for the purpose, in the words of Lord John Russell,

> Of obtaining reparation for the insults and injuries offered to her Majesty s superintendent and her Majesty's subjects by the Chinese Government; in the second place, of obtaining for the merchants, trading with China, an indemnification for the loss of their property incurred by threats of violence offered by persons under the direction of the Chinese Government; and in the last place of obtaining certain security that persons and property, in future trading with China, should be protected from insult and injury, and that their trade and commerce be maintained upon a proper footing.

Then ensued the war which was called the "Opium war," but, which according to so high an authority as Mr. E. H. Parker, the Chinese themselves admit to have been caused by the stoppage of trade and not by the destruction of opium.

But even after the war our intercourse was still unsatisfactory. The people of Canton placarded the town with a notice in the following terms: "Now for the native Chinese and foreigners to mix together will indeed be a vexatious thing, in the highest degree annoying to the feelings. It is a matter which most deeply concerns every one of us—gentry and people, both in our families and in our estates, and can by no means be permitted." And Sir J. Davies, our envoy in China, observed that "among some in power there was a secret feeling

which rather sympathised with than disapproved of the temper which actuated the people against foreigners, and the leaders no doubt received some quiet encouragement."

Ten years later Sir J. Davies' successor wrote in the same strain of the Chinese that "their purpose is now, as it ever was, not to invite, not to facilitate, but to impede and resist the access of foreigners." Eventually the Canton Viceroy categorically refused to admit the English to Canton, or to have any personal relations with the hated foreigners, and from this cause rose the second Chinese war of 1857, in which the French also joined, and it is noticeable as typifying the attitude of the Chinese towards us that it was found necessary to insert a special clause in the treaty concluded at the end of the war that the word "barbarian" as applied to Europeans should be no longer used. Yet so ingrained was their antipathy to foreign intercourse that as soon as the British fleet had withdrawn the Chinese again resumed their annoying attitude, they sought to inflict further indignities upon the English, and it became necessary a third time to send an expedition against them. It was on this occasion that Messrs. Loch and Parkes (afterwards Lord Loch and Sir Harry Parkes) were treacherously seized and tortured by the Chinese while negotiating terms of peace. The result of this third expedition was the occupation of Peking, and the final ratification by the Chinese of the Treaty which had regulated our intercourse with them till they attacked our representatives in Peking last year.

I have made this short *resumé* of our relations with the Chinese so that we may review their attitude towards us not at one particular moment or on one special occasion, but in its entirety during a century. We have made effort after effort to regularise our relations by friendly means; but the Chinese throughout have shown themselves stubbornly unwilling to hold intercourse with Western nations as civilised nations are accustomed to deal with one another. And that they are still disqualified for treatment as a civilised Power we have Sir Robert Hart's own evidence:

That the attack on the Legations was not due [he says] to failure to understand the inviolability of the representative character can hardly be questioned . . . that it did occur is disgraceful to the Government itself, humiliating to all connected with it and a warning for all future time.

Let us then take the warning. We cannot yet treat China as a civilised Power—as we now treat her neighbour, Japan. The impediment which has always stood in the way has been the overweening conceit and obstruction of the official classes.

The isolation in which as a people they have lived [says Sir Robert Hart], the habit of considering theirs the chief of kingdoms and all others tributaries, and the intellectual pride which superiority of cult has developed in all its intensity, have combined to lead the Chinese to expect from all who approach them an acknowledgment of superiority and a submissive tone and attitude.

National pride is an excellent trait in the character of a people if it is thoroughly justified and is kept within reasonable limits. But the Chinese of the present day have little to be proud of and much to be ashamed of. Japan has far more to be proud of than China has, and yet Japan treats European nations as equals, whilst China seeks to treat them as inferiors. Chinese national pride has simply degenerated into conceit, and just because this conceit has been at the bottom of all trouble it becomes the more essential for us to make the establishment of our true position in regard to them absolutely clear. The Chinese mandarin must in the first place be made to understand that an Englishman is his equal; and then we may expect security. Again, to quote Sir Robert Hart: "All the same had the Chinese officials everywhere carried on their duties intelligently and energetically, and the Chinese people been everywhere taught to treat the foreigner in their midst as one of themselves, there need have been no such trouble" as the recent risings against us.

Our course therefore is clear. We have to unceasingly impress upon the officials that they *must* do their duty, and teach the Chinese people to treat us in China as we treat them in England.

And in my opinion we should do well to concentrate our attention and our efforts upon impressing that one point alone upon the Chinese. We often talk about setting up a stable government in China; reforming its finances, reforming its army, reforming its navy, reforming this, that and the other. But I personally am no greater believer in extensive reforms in China than (I should gather from his article) Sir Robert Hart is; and it always appears to me childish to talk of them as many Englishmen do. Even men who have lived long there, and members of Parliament who ought presumably to have some knowledge of the conduct of public affairs, recommend long lists of reforms which they say we must carry out in China. The entire revenue system of this the hugest Empire in the world must be radically changed; the administrative machine re-organised throughout; and the army and navy placed upon an altogether different footing. If any of those who glibly advocate these extensive measures had had practical experience in reforming an Asiatic state they would realise how futile were their aspirations. In India we have over the native states an influence which we may perhaps never possess over China; and yet there we do not even attempt to carry out such huge schemes of reform as are so confidently advocated for China. In one of the native states over which I have recently held political charge, my predecessors for thirty years advocated the construction of a single metalled road, and it was only when the old Chief died that the road was made. Throughout his lifetime he contended that what was good enough for his forefathers was good enough for him; they had always ridden horses, and not driven in carriages, so he would ride too, and no road was therefore necessary. But, it will be said, the Chinese are not so backward as this conservative old Rajput Chief, and the Viceroys on the Yangtse are most intelligent and progressive. So was the Prime Minister of another state in my political charge. He was an uncle of the Chief; he had been Prime Minister for twenty-five years: no man had greater power and influence in the State than he

had; he could speak English; he read the English papers every day; he realised the backwardness of the State; he saw most clearly where reforms were needed; he ardently desired to see those reforms effected; and he knew he could count on the support of the British Political Agent in carrying them out. At the same time the Political Agent, because the State had run hopelessly into debt, had absolute control over its finances. Yet even under such favourable circumstances as these reforms have been very, very slowly effected. One of the most urgent was the reform of the army, a useless and expensive rabble for whose maintenance there is absolutely no necessity in present day circumstances. Yet to this day that army remains almost as useless an encumbrance as ever to the State. The dignity of the chief is hurt by any reduction in its numbers: the officers and men consider they hold their positions by prescriptive hereditary right; and, if it is suggested to them that they should do some useful work and gradually replace the police, not only do they themselves protest against being used for such an ignoble purpose, but the police officials also beg that such worthless men may not be put in their charge. I see no reason to believe that it would be any easier to reform the army of China than it has been to reform the army of this Indian Native State. And those who desire an example nearer home may reflect on the difficulty we find in reforming our own army.

One other lesson we may learn from our Indian experience with Native States to show how great are the obstacles which every long-standing arrangement puts in the way of re-arrrangement. It has frequently happened that during the minority of a Chief, the administration of a Native State has come directly under the control of a British Resident or Political Agent, and that under his guidance, measures of reform have been introduced; the police, or the army, or the revenue system has been re-modelled and a thorough attempt has been made to place the administration on a business footing before it was handed over to the Chief on his attaining his majority.

But it has been our experience that if too large a measure of reform is attempted, if we seek in a short space of time to effect great changes, chaos instead of improvement ensues. An administration is formed of a large number of individuals, and the character of the whole must depend upon the character of those individuals. If they are corrupt, and, by nature and training, opposed to change, it is not of the slightest use to expect that an honest and progressive administration can be formed of them. Strong outside influence may give an impetus in the desired direction and may guard the administration from taking a wrong one. But no power on earth will make a sound building out of bad materials. Until the materials themselves are improved no good edifice will be erected.

Advocates of reform in China seem, however, to have vaguely floating in their minds, ideas of what we have accomplished in Egypt, and in the portion of India which is directly administered by British officials. But in those cases we have the country in direct military occupation; we are able to impose our will, and in the highest positions of the administration we place the ablest Europeans we can find. What we do in fact, is to bring sound materials from outside, put them in the most important places in the edifice, and keep them there by the outside pressure of our military force. We should err greatly in comparing China with Egypt or the British Provinces of India. It is only with the Native States of India which are still governed by their own rulers that China of the present day can with accuracy be compared. And if in these Indian States, with a population averaging between three and four hundred *thousands* of inhabitants, it is impossible to affect large reforms in a short time, what can we expect to accomplish in China which has a population of three or four hundred *millions* of inhabitants, and over which we have nothing like the political influence we possess over a Native State in India?

Progress and improvement if they are to come at all in China, and if they are to be worth anything, will I believe

come by the process of imitation rather than by that of coercion. Any forcing of reforms upon the Chinese by foreigners is, moreover, just as likely to set them against us as to produce progress. Here again an example from our Indian experience may give us help. For many years the ruler of one of the most conservative Native States had steadily resisted the advice of successive Residents to improve his administration and had only grown more sulky the oftener advice was proffered him. But when he attended the great Durbar at Delhi, where all the Chiefs of India were assembled to hear the Queen proclaimed Empress of India, he realised for the first time what a number of other chiefs there were as great and even greater than himself, and that many of these were advancing far ahead of him. Then he saw clearly how backward he was; and on returning to his State he set to work of his own accord to imitate the progressive chiefs. What the advice of a British Resident had never been able to accomplish the opportunity for comparison effected in a few short days. So it may be with China. As she comes out into the world and realises that she is not at the head of the universe, but very far behind even her despised little neighbour, she may attempt to imitate Japan. We read accounts even now, indeed, of progressive Chinese officials and young students going over to Japan to study for themselves. And in this way only lies the hope for China.

In the meantime while China is learning her lesson our wisest course would be to curb our inherent craving for reforming the administration of peoples we very imperfectly understand; and to concentrate our attention upon the more important and legitimate business which has been defined above, that is merely of ensuring that we are treated with the same respect we show to others. I would go farther than this even, and would say that having focused our attention on this one object, and eliminated other distractions from our field of view, we should direct our thus concentrated attention upon achieving our object in that part of China in particular, which, because of its

accessibility to our sea-power, we have come to regard as specially under our influence.

I notice that the Russians proceed on this system of concentrated and persistent effort, and for years I have watched the work of their consul in Chinese Turkestan and marked the gradual spread of his influence. When I arrived at Kashgar in 1887 he had only recently been established and Russian influence was small. Even a few years later a Russian merchant, whom I had met in a distant part of Turkestan, was thrown into prison by the Chinese and barbarously treated. In 1890 and 1891, when I again visited Kashgar, Russian influence was growing rapidly. And at the present time I hear it is incontestable. Year by year the Russian Consulate had insisted, on every little point, that their treaty rights should be observed to the letter, and the Chinese officials have been taught by many a sharp experience that whatever else they do they must fully respect the rights of a Russian subject. So important, indeed, have the Chinese learnt to regard this consideration that they look upon an ability to preserve friendly relations with the Russian Consul as the chief qualification for the post of Governor of Kashgar. No governor who cannot "get on" with the Russian Consul is now appointed to that place. At the same time the consul, so far as I am aware, has never attempted to affect or to recommend reforms, or to interfere with the purely internal administration. But the one single object which he has persistently sought to attain, and which he has incontestably attained, is the respect of the Chinese for the rights of Russian subjects.

Similar results we might well seek to attain in those parts of China which are as accessible to our influence as Turkestan is to Russian influence. I doubt if we shall ever effect very much from Peking itself, for the capital is distant from the points where our power can most easily be made felt; and besides this our representative there lacks the inestimable advantage of personal contact with those in whom the control of affairs really lies. Though at European capitals our

ambassadors can and do discuss important matters personally with the rulers of the states to which they are accredited, and with the principal ministers; in Pekin our representative is only on a very few occasions, and as a great favour, allowed even the privilege of making a ceremonial bow to the Chinese Emperor; he has no opportunity of discussing business, however important, with his august Majesty, nor even with the chief ministers of the empire; but has to carry on business with a board of inferior officials called the Tsung-li-Yamên. Under such circumstances we have no means of keeping our relations with the Chinese on a satisfactory footing; they must be constantly liable to the violent disruptions of last year. In the Yangtse region, however, we are better placed. There the Chinese officials have the best means of judging of our status and forming an opinion as to whether we are or are not their inferiors. As a consequence they did during the recent crisis show some respect for our rights; they did do their duty, and by so doing prevent the spread of that outburst which arose against us in North China where our influence is less felt, and we are consequently less respected. At Shanghai, Nanking, Hankow and other treaty ports along the river, our navy is always *en evidence;* and at the critical period we were able to land Indian troops. It was thus possible to bring before the eyes of the Chinese our two great sources of strength in Asia, our navy and our Indian army; and, what was equally important, our officials were able to keep in close personal contact with the Chinese officials who directed affairs in the region—the Yangtse Viceroys—instead of having to deal with underlings. Our Consul-General at Shanghai with the British Admiral beside him, and the fleet and Indian troops behind him, could talk the situation over personally with the great Viceroys who have such power and independence in China. It never, therefore, became necessary to resort to active military measures in the Yangtse region, and our interests were preserved without the use of force.

For these reasons I think that, having concentrated our

attention on the simple, single object of securing respect from the Chinese, we should, in practice, seek to carry out this object, chiefly and more especially, in the Yangtse region. Here lies our opportunity. Here we can bring ourselves into contact with the Chinese officials on terms which command respect, and the chance is given us of using that genius for impressing Orientals which is the secret of our influence in Asia, and which has so often been displayed by our representatives in China.

In the Yangtse region by the presence of our fleet and the proximity of India we can ensure respect; and by the opportunities afforded for exerting personal influence we can create that friendliness which Sir Robert Hart rightly considers as more important than progress. Upon these foundations our position in China must rest.

It will remain with the Chinese to decide whether they will rouse themselves to imitate Japan, come into line with the civilised world, and treat foreigners as civilised nations have learned to treat each other: or whether they will permit their country to sink into the ignominious position of a protected State.

FRANCIS EDWARD YOUNGHUSBAND.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF PATRIOTIC FUNDS

AT the conclusion of a great war many questions are brought under consideration with grave interest to all who have been nearly affected by it; and with lessons to be learnt for future guidance which many mistakes and shortcomings have brought prominently to our notice. But I venture to think that none are of more importance than the provision to be made for the support of the widow and orphan, or for the help of those incapacitated by wounds, and at all times for the care of the wives and families of those who have gone out on foreign service. The War Office directly and by help of the Soldiers' Effects Fund, and the Admiralty through the Greenwich Hospital Fund, already make some provision to meet such cases, and the Government are pledged to bring out a scheme of pensions for widows of all below the rank of officers losing their lives in or by war service, officers' widows and orphans being already granted, under existing regulations, special war pensions. This is just as it should be, but the idea that many entertain that this would enable us to put an end to all charitable assistance is a most delusive one.

When a great war or famine, or other great catastrophe, occurs, it is neither possible nor desirable to restrict local effort; there must ever be a necessity for supplementing any Government scheme of allowances; peculiar circumstances of distress must produce calls for more help than any general scale of

Government allowances according to rank would afford; again, a Government scheme could hardly recognise the widows of those married without leave, or those married contrary to law, and in such cases the careful management of charitable funds would be able to meet many sad cases which the necessary adherence to regulation of a Government department would leave out in the cold.

But although we do not desire to check charitable efforts, we do very much desire to regulate them, and to prevent that overlapping which has been such a grievous evil in dealing with the Transvaal War cases, resulting, not only in an extravagant waste of funds, but in the demoralising effects of indiscriminate charity upon the recipients.

During the great war with Russia an endeavour was made to regulate the distribution of such charitable funds, and as far as it went, in reference to the distribution of the moneys entrusted to the Patriotic Fund Commission, it was a great success. Under the presidency of Prince Albert, who took an active interest in the work, and by the help of such men as Lord St. Leonards, Admiral Lord Colchester, the Right Hon. Henry Corry, and others, and with the able advice of Mr. Hubbard (afterwards Lord Addington) as to financial investments, a very sensible scheme was put forth and carefully acted upon.

It is noteworthy that in the original Commission, in addition to the names of the Royal Commissioners, the following were named as Commissioners in Aid, thus embracing all parts of the country in the collection and distribution of funds: Lord-Lieutenants and Sheriffs of counties, Lord Mayors, Lord Provosts, Mayors, Provosts, Bailiffs and Bailies for the time being of cities, boroughs, and corporate towns; and the desired effect was obtained, for there was very little, if any, overlapping, and a generous and prompt response to the appeal for aid came from all parts of the Empire, the large sum of £1,466,000 having been handed over to the management of the Commissioners. This has enabled the Commissioners to

help in the education and support of 6000 children, and to give suitable allowances to over 4000 widows, over 1000 of whom are still receiving assistance.

Many special funds were raised by *different Committees*—the *Captain* Fund, the *Eurydice*, the *Zulu War* Fund, the *Atalanta* Fund, the *Ashantee War* Fund, &c., and after partial administration by the Committees were handed over to be administered by the Patriotic Fund Commissioners.

When the *Victoria* went down the Commissioners availed themselves of their powers and made a direct appeal for funds, and though there were some local funds raised at Portsmouth and Malta very little overlapping occurred, and the balances of these were paid into the *Victoria* Relief Fund raised by the Commissioners, bringing the total of the fund to £73,265. When, however, on the breaking-out of the Transvaal War the Royal Commissioners again made a direct appeal through the Lord Mayor of London, although a large sum was committed directly to the management of the Commission from all parts of the Empire, there were a large number of special funds, the collectors of which distinctly claimed local management, and refused to trust their money to the management of the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund. In fact, the Commission had come to be one of the best-abused bodies in the United Kingdom. As I still consider that the original design of the Commission—carried out in all its fulness and with its powers enlarged to deal, *in conjunction* with other bodies, with the cases of the wounded soldiers and sailors and the families left behind when the husbands are on foreign service—*is the true solution of all our difficulties*, I must add a few words to explain the reasons for the general want of confidence which undoubtedly has arisen in the administration by the Commissioners. It has become almost a proverb to say, "What is in a name?" I venture to think if the Commission had been originally called a "Commission for the Support of the Wives and Children of those who have lost their lives in War," much of the present misapprehension would not have arisen. Under the

grander title of the Royal Patriotic Fund they have often been applied to for help to the wounded or aged soldier or sailor, which of course is entirely beyond their powers. Again, the limit in the original Commission that the widow must trace her husband's death to the effect of wounds received or sickness contracted during the war, obliged the Commission to decline many cases, causing great heart-burning—to say nothing of other applications quite outside the rules, and of the cases of widows whom for serious misbehaviour the Commissioners have from time to time been obliged to strike off the relief list.

But perhaps the greatest and most persistent cause of misunderstanding is the large amount of investments, and the large amount of admitted surpluses on nearly all the funds. From this misunderstanding the Commissioners have been deliberately accused of capitalising the money and only giving to the recipients a miserable pittance from the interest of the capitalised funds.

The Royal Commissioners never entertained such an idea. When the war was still raging, to make the money go farther they invested £668,000 in *terminable annuities*, and it was only after the unexpected closing of the war that, under actuarial advice, having provided enough to secure sufficient payment to all probable recipients, the Commissioners built and endowed schools and purchased nominations in other schools on behalf of the sufferers of future wars.

As to the large investments, it is as plain as A B C that if you are to secure the payment of a pension to a young widow who may (if not re-married) be on the Fund till she is eighty or more, you must invest capital to secure such payments; under actuarial advice certain sums are set apart which with the expenditure of capital and interest will secure such promised pensions to all the widows on the list.

In dealing with 4000 widows these capitalised sums must be very large.

Then, as to the admitted surpluses, these have arisen

mainly from the increased value of the investments in these later years, since gilt-edged securities have risen enormously in price.

To illustrate this, and to show at the same time the absurdity of the accusation that any have been defrauded of the original £1,466,000 entrusted to the Commissioners' charge, a statement in the 18th Report, page 6, shows that the original amount was brought up to £2,968,000 by amounts received in dividends, interests, annuities, and the result of changes in the investment, and even up to that date, 1879, no less a sum than £1,518,600 had been spent on the widows and orphans of the war. The Royal Commissioners have up to date expended twice the money originally entrusted to them, and are now supporting under their last Commission Russian War widows married before the peace. Then as to the surpluses which have been fairly won by the increased value of good investments, the Act of 1881 specially dealt with them, ordering them to be paid into a general fund, as a nucleus for sufferers in future wars. Mr. Justice Henn Collins' Committee ignored all reference to past administration, directing its consideration to the present administration of the Transvaal War Funds. It was overwhelmed by the want of confidence in the Commission manifested on all sides (to which I have just referred) and to the fearful amount of overlapping which has occurred by the attempt to deal with these matters by independent committees without any guiding authority.

I am informed that the Committee desired to reflect upon the Royal Commissioners' management of the Transvaal Funds entrusted to them. But this was a *brutum fulmen*, for whatever has been granted can only be provisional till the war is over, and the full number of widows and children and the total sum available to meet such charge are all definitely known.

It was maintained that the Royal Commissioners ought to give the widows at least eight shillings a week or ten, instead of five or six; but a rough estimate will show that continuance

even of these latter rates might lead to bankruptcy of the fund if it were not for the promised pensions by the Treasury and the War Office, and the hope that the holders of other funds will agree to work together with the Royal Commission. It is a noteworthy fact that the great recommendation of Lord Justice Henn Collins' Committee was but a repetition of a recommendation for the creation of a consultative council already made by a Committee of the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund, of which the late lamented Lord Herschell was Chairman, and adopted by a House of Commons Select Committee in 1896.

To avoid overlapping we must have all local committees in close accord with the central body, who must have a power of supervising their recommendations. In some way the work of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Committees should be under supervision to make their action more uniform: when large sums—perhaps in excess of their actual requirements—are given to wives in the absence of their husbands, it too often induces them to give up work which they had before willingly undertaken, and in case of their becoming widows great disappointment will be caused from the widows' pension being a great reduction from the former allowance given them as wives. I know also from sad experience the demoralising effect of giving a widow more than she had before; she too often is induced to give up work for her family which she willingly undertook. The great lesson to be learnt from these things is a complete general agreement in the distribution of funds. The funds contributed are in many cases the outcome of great self-denial on the part of the donors, and it is our duty to take care that they are not wastefully distributed. The original rule of the Commissioners was assuredly the best—to *help* those who were able to work to maintain themselves, and to give them a "living wage" in sickness and old age.

The first great lesson then is the importance of careful supervision to prevent imposition and the giving of the funds to unworthy recipients. A careful consideration of these points

may enable us in future to supplement the Government allowance and to help others outside the Government scheme; but to do this effectually relief must be given under certain general principles. The original scheme for distributing the Russian War Fund was laid down by the master-mind of *Albert the Good*, ably supported by first-rate administrators, and the principles then laid down have in practice witnessed to the wisdom of the first rules of administration. In the forty-six years work there must have been mistakes and shortcomings in the administration of the Fund, but it would be very unwise in consequence of this to depart wantonly from the original scheme. To prevent overlapping there must be some central authority to maintain sound principles of administration; subject to this, executive committees fully representing the subscribers to each division of the Funds, and in close connection with local committees should be allowed great freedom, but in all things it is essential that Charitable Funds, raised by the public often at great individual self-sacrifice, should be administered under sound actuarial advice and with a strict audit of accounts.

NELSON.

GERMAN ANGLOPHOBIA

THE extraordinary display of hostility towards this country on the part of the German press and, it is to be feared, of the majority of the German nation, which the Transvaal War brought to a climax, but which is evidently destined to outlive that war, as it has existed before it, has very naturally astonished people in England. We are absolutely at a loss to suggest any cause that we can be supposed to have given for that strong outburst of adverse feeling. We, on our side, have always studied to play the part of good neighbours by our half-kinsmen on the Continent. Willingly setting an example of the "open door," we have freely admitted them to our coasts, our markets, our colonies. Keen competitors as we know them to be, we have allowed them to carry on their competition against ourselves right in our midst. To those who have come to settle amongst us we have gladly held out the right hand of fellowship. Many of these have become part of ourselves; the remainder do not, at any rate, judge us as do their countrymen at home. We have rejoiced at their union in a strong and prosperous empire. One of our ministers has gone so far as publicly to offer them an alliance—which they themselves had previously desired—only to find that the offer was contemptuously rejected. All that our neighbours do to demonstrate their ill-will does not, it is quite true, affect the conduct of their Government, except by lending every now and then a rather brusque and even offensive tone to its com-

munications, addressed to us, but intended for "the gallery," such as Count Bülow's recent "abrupt" message. But so powerful an expression of public opinion as we see in Germany even quasi-absolute Governments cannot under all circumstances be counted upon to ignore, more particularly in times of internal crisis. And in any case an abiding "union of hearts," or friendly relations, such as we naturally desire to see established if they are attainable, are scarcely possible with a nation filled with prejudice and animosity, which not only does not hesitate to express its dislike very freely, but goes beyond that in putting, in utter disregard of the truth, an invidious construction upon all our acts, and sacrificing even the highest moral interests, as happened in the case of the Armenian atrocities, to its hatred of us, deliberately and falsely giving it out that the reports of those horrid massacres were nothing but "English lies," invented "with an object."

We ask ourselves in surprise: What can be the cause of all this Berserker fury? Envy, resentment of our haughty manner, some deep game—all these things may account for some of the feeling exhibited, but not for all that settled and continuous flood of apparent hatred which now astonishes us.

There is one reassuring feature about this protracted display of ill-will. It has lasted some time, it is true, as years go. But measured by the life of nations, it is only of very recent origin. Up to the time when Prince Bismarck set out upon his bold career of conquest and aggrandisement, so far from being hated, we were, on the contrary, looked upon with a very friendly eye, at any rate by the bulk of the German nation—by everything, in fact, that was popular in it. That nation admired our greatness, our freedom; it never grudged us so much as a foot of colonial territory. It remembered that we two had never been engaged in war with one another, except in special cases, under compulsion, and that as fast allies we had fought out together the great battles of the Reformation and those of European freedom against Louis XIV. and Napoleon. It thanked us for having helped it by our example to

re-nationalise its literature, which had become servilely French, and cherished the hope that we might perform the same service for it in the domain of politics, by enabling it to obtain for itself our coveted unity and self-government. English precedents and English customs were freely quoted by way of example and argument in Parliament, so continuously, and as such conclusive arguments, as to make even the all-powerful champion of extended prerogative, Herr von Bismarck, wince under the oft-repeated rebuke.

We have now come to the very reverse of all this. There is nothing that we can do that is not censured in Germany. Every inch of our colonies is supposed to have been virtually filched from that country, which goes on "pegging out claims," so far as it can, behind our back, in order to forestall us, at any rate on new ground, deliberately frustrating thereby such favourite schemes of ours as the North and South African Railway by means of sly interposition, and glorying in "treading on the lion's tail." Some of this animosity is no doubt designedly "put on." It is to serve the purpose of obtaining a higher price for German co-operation or consent, where such can be given, and of making us more pliant in view of German demands. In this art German politicians are known to be special adepts. Much of it also is manifestly due only to the novelty of Germany's consciousness of her own greatness. Germany has been small, and divided, and insignificant, so long that, like a young man rapidly grown to maturity, she does not quite know what to do with all her newly gotten strength. She must needs show it, and that means coming into collision with others. Under the sway of Prussian militarism people in Germany are not accustomed to measure their words. Strong language is considered "all in the day's work." The general addresses it to the colonel, as the private does, having it handed down to him through a scale of ranks, to the civilian, the first-class passenger to the railway guard, and the railway guard to the third-class passenger. That is considered merely a convenient form of serviceable emphasis.

There is supposed to be nothing in it. A gentleman now dead, at that time chief editor of the leading newspaper published in Hamburg—which city used to be so pro-English as almost to count as an English advanced post—when questioned by the present writer in 1889 upon the remarkable change observable in public sentiment, frankly replied: "We are not hostile to England. We used to suffer ourselves to be barked at. *Now we bark back.*" That "barking back" is often overdone, of course, and not infrequently indulged in without the provocation of previous barking on the other side.

Allowance ought also to be made for the disappointing discovery which dawned upon Germany when, waking up late in the day to the value of colonies, she suddenly set her heart upon acquiring such—the discovery that practically nearly all territory worth having had been already occupied by ourselves. We seemed to have forestalled her at all points. This was of course no more than might have been expected, no more than Germany would have done in our place. While Germans were fighting out their intestinal feuds—Prussians against Austrians, and Saxons against Prussians—England peacefully consolidated her power, took up commerce, conquered the world's markets, and spread out her rule over all the globe. It cost Germany not a little in blood and treasure to make good her position in the world. England seemed to have done this without any serious sacrifice that short-memoried Germans could remember—without, at any rate, engaging recently in any European war. The reflection rankled so much in German minds that the advantages which we were held to have enjoyed came to be considered as scarcely fair. We must have acted disingenuously, setting others by the ears among themselves to fight our battles for us, and resorting to the practice of scheming and intriguing which is so often wrongly laid to the charge of "perfidious Albion." When Prince Henry set out on his memorable voyage to China, armed with that "mailed fist" which easily secured for his country Kiao-Chau, but subsequently set the world ablaze with a Chinese war, it seemed a

perfect revelation to Germans that almost every port at which his vessel touched was seen to be flying the Union Jack. German newspapers went so far as to make a grievance of it. All this is perhaps very natural. But it is scarcely reasonable.

Allowance ought also to be made for a further fact which people in this country do not generally realise, because very few among them so much as suspect its existence. For centuries Germany had been divided, and therefore helpless. As it happens, it was an English king who, at the Pope's and the German archbishops' instigation, first brought this state of things about, letting in the troubles of the deplorable interregnum, "the terrible time, when there was no Emperor *(die kaiserlose, die schreckliche Zeit)*," as it is still called. Partly to revenge himself for the indignity put upon him by ambitious Henry VI., whose talk about "world power" reads curiously like certain utterances familiar to us in the present day, and who, as a step towards such "world power," made Richard Cœur de Lion swear fealty to him under duress, it was that Cœur de Lion in 1198 carried, *multâ pecuniâ*, as Roger de Hoveden has it, *muneribus et xeniis suis*, as Ralph of Coggeshall confirms, the election of his nephew Otho the Guelph—that is, the declared ally of the Pope—as German Emperor, against the popular candidate, Philip of Swabia, a scion of the best-loved of old German dynasties, that of the Hohenstaufens. Thus began the political disintegration of Germany. And our Henry III. made matters worse by placing Richard of Cornwall, once more by not quite straightforward means, upon the imperial throne. After that Spaniards and Frenchmen rushed in to compete for the crown. For a long time Germany lay at the mercy of foreigners, who, sparing their own territory, used it very freely as a convenient battle-ground or as welcome spoil to fatten on. As a matter of course France was in this respect the greatest sinner. We ourselves have, since the days of Richard of Cornwall, a perfectly clear conscience in the matter. But after the great victories of 1870 and 1871 it was thought beneath the dignity of mighty Germany any longer to

make complaint of past encroachments by her now humbled neighbour, up to then the declared *Erbfeind* (hereditary enemy). Some *Erbfeind*, it appears, there must be. Austria had, like France, been humbled. Russia, although every German realises that it is with that Power above all that serious troubles are likely to arise, must, for political purposes, be conciliated. Consequently no possible *Erbfeind* remained worth quarrelling with except ourselves. What the Germans chose to forget in connection with all this matter is that the foreigners, who, as they complain, so long held sway over them, did not come unasked. It was the German archbishop-electors who invited Otho of Poitou, it was German Maurice who gave the three western bishoprics away to Henry II. of France, and so established French suzerainty. It was German princes, ambitious of being "kings," who welcomed Napoleon, who gave them the coveted crowns. And it was the Germans' own studied worship of everything foreign in the time when *omne exterum* stood *pro magnifico*, their Josephus-like adulation of their foreign masters triumphing over themselves, which prolonged foreign domination. Whatever genuine patriots like the Great Elector might do, importuning Germans to "remember that they were Germans," many of them actually scorned to be thought so. Their princes rendered willing obeisance to French kings. They adopted French as the official language at their Courts. They aped French Court manners. The humbler people loved to masquerade as foreigners, it might be as French, it might be as "Sommerengländer." They gallicised their manners, and gallicised their speech. The Germans' worst foes in this matter were those of their own household.

But there has been a patriotic awakening, which we, certainly, are the last to resent. Germans, become powerful, carry their heads high, and show themselves as demonstratively German as Louis I. of Bavaria and his friends affectedly did in old-fashioned days when they prided themselves on being "teutsch." They have their visiting cards printed in unreadable German characters. After 1871, from pure patriotism,

they gloried in uncouth fashions in the matter of clothes and of the most oddly shaped hats. And, like Clovis, they now "burn what they used to worship," and they put the blame and odium attaching to past worship upon those upon whom as a matter of fact it was pressed. Though in the matter of dress, of domestic arrangements, of "tubbing," of feeding, of clubs and messes, and of those thousand and one little things which stand to us for evidences of modern civilisation, they freely adopt more specifically our British habits and practices, they profess to scorn whatever is foreign, and delight in paying out the present generation of foreigners for the wrong supposed to have been done by their ancestors.

However, all this would have been of only small and purely ephemeral effect had there not been a deeper and more serious cause to alter the current of public sentiment and turn past love into hatred. Like the "Boxer" movement, the present Anglophobia is distinctly "a product of official inspiration."

The German people, it ought to be remembered, have long been every bit as much in favour of national union as was its reputed founder, Prince Bismarck—indeed, very much more so, though aiming at it by a different road. For in the sixties, the time that we are now dealing with, he and his Government used their power directly to thwart and repress unionist aspirations, and actually to persecute those who gave expression to them. The bait of union and constitutional government had in 1813 been held out to Germans as an inducement to make them take up arms against their French masters. And they accepted those promises as genuine. In 1848 and 1849 they fought for those promised boons, which were still being withheld, and in the brief moment of their apparent triumph they went so far as to offer to the King of Prussia the crown of a constitutional empire to be then formed. He would not accept it on such terms. In the opinion of his successor he showed weakness in dealing with the revolution, which in consequence secured the Prussians some liberties. But a crown offered by the people he would not have. All the Prussian Government's ideas in

aiming at the restoration of German unity and greatness pointed in a different direction. The Great Elector had united the scattered fragments of his hereditary dominions into a powerful and homogeneous State by means of a strong grasp of his sceptre, and the suppression of feudal and municipal liberties. A strong central government, not constitutional evolution, was the main pillar of his "Staatsidee," his "idea of a State," which all his successors have accepted as a sacred bequest, none more thoroughly so than William I. and his minister Bismarck. Accordingly, about the sixties Crown and people were essentially at variance in their aim. The people looked, so to put it, for Victorian institutions to follow those of the Stuarts, for a diminution of prerogative, an increase of popular power. Their hope was set upon English institutions, and such they demanded. English institutions, however, were very gall and wormwood to the king and to his minister. They had a grudge notched up against free Albion already. Grateful as King William might be for the protection given to him by England when his future subjects forced him to fly his own country, his ministers could not forget that we had at the same time readily afforded sanctuary to their intended victims, the leaders of the revolution, and to all sorts of political heretics of that restless period.

Seeing what German government is in these days of reaction, it is difficult to realise what Prussia was in the period spoken of, the early sixties, when, be it remembered, a recent royal marriage had brought the recollection of things English very near to German constitutionalists. Prussia was then pronouncedly Liberal, it sent a strong Liberal majority to Parliament, ably led, and sufficiently powerful openly to defy the Cabinet and the Crown. So great was the power of these Liberals, when refusing to listen to King William's military proposals, that their Sovereign, in abject despair, resolved to abdicate.

Under such circumstances, when assumed necessity compelled the Crown to govern the country for a time in direct

defiance of the law, the perpetual harping upon British methods as desirable models must needs exasperate Herr von Bismarck. He was about, without the sanction of Parliament, to double the Prussian army and to push home all the rigours of the conscription. Such constitutional and specifically pro-British ideas as were popularly indulged in must accordingly, he thought, be mercilessly knocked out of people's heads. And knocked out they were, to our cost, most effectively, as it now turns out, and as could only be done in a country in which the power of influencing school, church, universities, and, through the official and military classes and higher society, the whole of public opinion, invests the Crown with irresistible force. By means of repression, prosecutions, and the striking effects of a brilliantly successful military policy, the Liberal party, dominant forty years ago, was rapidly crushed out of existence, not to return to anything like life even in the present day, when it is represented only by a handful of politicians dissenting among themselves. The whilom detested militarism has become the people's idol, and has triumphed to this point, that men of great attainments in science, literature, trade, or industry, glory, not in possessing such attainments, but in being majors or captains of the reserve.

The example of England must not now any longer be quoted. To discredit the typical home of the constitutionalism which German ministers will not have, the history of that country has been deliberately falsified, its army has been calumniated, its victories have been blotted out. Our army more particularly has suffered severely at the hands of foreign detractors—so severely that people in Germany now laugh at the very idea of our having an army and having obtained victories in the field. The laurels that Britons and Germans honourably gained in friendly alliance are carried exclusively to the account of the latter. It is instructive under this aspect to compare the works of German historians written before and after the Bismarckian era, say, Dahlmann, Raumer, or Gervinus, and modern Treitschke. For the systematic dis-

paragement of our "mercenary" army—so much remarked upon in our Press during the Transvaal War, but a matter of much older standing—there was, of course, very good reason. Germans must be taught to believe in their own military institutions as the only institutions possible consistently with success, and more particularly in the absolute necessity, nay, the merit and distinction, of being under conscription. Accordingly, our "mercenary" soldiers are represented as inefficient, fighting only for wages, like the mediæval German *lansquenets* and *reîtres*, "brutal" (*roh* has long been the favourite word). Our officers are supposed to be mere idle dandies. The popular historian, Treitschke, whose word is taken for gospel, will not allow even Wellington to have been a great general—anything more than a moderately good officer who managed to achieve some minor successes. Our boasted Parliamentary institutions, self-government, and individual self-reliance have been made to fare in much the same way, as gross caricatures, in the country in which patriotism demands that every one should believe implicitly in the German methods of constant and universal government interference, keeping the people in perpetual tutelage.

The German people have accepted all this new teaching. It took some time to din it into them, but it has been so dinned, and, by dint of dinning, it has for the time sunk deep into the German mind. It is assumed now that we are habitually unfair, self-seeking, and scheming, and indulging in crooked ways, that the success of our institutions is a lie, that nearly everything English is, if not downright bad, yet at any rate quite unsuited to German circumstances, and is to be belittled accordingly. And when we now complain of German methods or manners, brusquerie and the like, the habitual answer given by people who have not yet become well seasoned in the consciousness of their own greatness is, "That is your envy" (*Das ist der Neid*). For an advance so great as Germany has made is not believed to meet with due justice unless it provokes envy.

The question which we shall have to put to ourselves is this: Is this condition of things likely to last? There seems no reason to apprehend it. Prejudice and ill-will have become rather firmly rooted in German minds. It will take some time to eradicate them. But they are not indigenous to the soil. And as special influences have produced them, other more kindly influences, and, above all things, time, may be counted upon to remove them. After all, our interests, even where we are competitors, run in the main on common lines. And—among Teutons, at any rate—interests are sure to prove more powerful than sentiment. We must not make too much of that common descent which is sometimes spoken of as a natural bond, seeing that on both sides there has been a considerable infusion of foreign blood, more particularly in the present Germans, who have absorbed the whole of one of the three great branches of the Slav family, that is, the Polabians, and a considerable portion of another branch, the Poles—not, of course, without becoming somewhat assimilated in their national character to those with whom they have become fused. But our interests are in the main identical, they were never more so than now, when the very rivalry which we complain of shows that Germany has, like ourselves, become a commercial and industrial Power, therefore a Power whose "greatest interest is peace," in striking contrast with some of its neighbours. To emphasise our community of interests, which must in the end assert its influence, conflicts of interest keep announcing themselves as approaching in other quarters. Germany would rather that *we* tackled Russia, in her interest, to save her the trouble and produce the same effect. During the last Russo-Turkish War the evidence of this was particularly observable. But in any case, though the German Press observes a discreet silence on the point, people in Germany know well and admit freely at home that trouble is brewing in that quarter and will have to be faced some day. The tables will then be turned in the matter of German sympathies. Germans had not yet ceased crying out against

British "land hunger" in the Transvaal and clamouring for German interference to withstand it, when Dr. Delbrück, not an Anglophil, reminded them, in his *Preussische Jahrbücher*, that before very long they might be praying that Lord Roberts' army, actually the *only* really "mobile" in the world, might be spared to protect European, and therefore German, interests, as it alone could do, in China, against Russia. It may be held sound policy to raise the value of German co-operation by creating an appearance of its improbability, but it is not likely that things will ever be pushed beyond a certain tolerable point. And we may rely upon it that public opinion, which in Germany is very plastic, will in future be judiciously "held in hand."

Meanwhile the methods so long employed against us have, as Germans themselves remark, come to defeat themselves, and are becoming played out. On the face of it it cannot be true, as is nevertheless again and again asserted, almost in the same breath, that our power is "dangerously excessive" and that we have dropped to the position of "a second Holland," showing a bold face but internally worn out. The edge of such weapons naturally wears off with too frequent use. Those favourite predictions of our impending humiliation have proved particularly unfortunate, as, once more, Dr. Delbrück bids his countrymen observe. We seem, so he says, invariably to rise stronger from the crisis to which Germans are taught to look for our discomfiture. So it was in the case of Fashoda. So it is in the case of the Transvaal. Though we are represented as grasping and intolerant, habitually showing unfriendliness to Germans, those Germans who come among us—and their number is large—know that absolutely the reverse is the case. And from them others learn it, more especially as points of contact among us grow more numerous. The very Germans who rail most against us in the matter of the Transvaal War are among the first to admit that in respect of material results they have reason to look for very substantial gain to themselves as resulting from our victory.

They now openly speculate upon business to be carried on in British colonies as if those colonies were their own. You cannot long uphold the myth of British envy and unfriendliness in the face of this.

Moreover, those unkind stories circulated against us "with an object" have long since served their purpose. They are, even now, no longer put to use, as they once were, with a view to prejudicing Germans against British methods, as possible examples for themselves. The purpose which they are now intended to serve is purely to stimulate German emulation in commerce, and to put a new "piece" into the hands of the German Government wherewith to play its diplomatic game. That takes very much of the old sting out of those absurd tales. The example of British Constitutionalism has quite lost its charm. Germans have become thoroughly reconciled to those strong Hohenzollern methods which thirty-five and forty years ago they viewed with disgust and repulsion. They honestly consider them better suited than ours to their own case, and look upon a powerful, strongly centralised Government, with an army of brass-buttoned men to do for the people, and make them do, what we would rather do for ourselves, as a source of national strength, and would not for a minute go away from it for other methods. The argument that they should do as we have done in matters political, in order that they might become great like ourselves in matters economic, is no longer applicable, seeing that their own method has advanced their prosperity to such a degree as to bring them within a short thirty years into keen and dangerous competition with ourselves. To do them justice, Hohenzollern ideas of absolute government are very different indeed from Bourbon and Stuart ideas. That is the explanation of their success. If Hohenzollerns ask for autocratic power and ready service, on the other hand they are themselves very "diligent about their business," and study to perform their part of the contract. They are also in modern days manifestly judicious in their use of their power, giving way with truly Elizabethan discernment

when public pressure becomes troublesome. They know that they will not suffer in the end. When public clamour becomes pressing they sacrifice a minister—whom they place in some other comfortable berth. If the vote for a largely increased navy is not conceded in one year, they make a merit of withdrawing it, knowing very well that, for the very reason of their giving way once, it will be all the more willingly granted in the next session. That being so, Germans have ceased to see anything derogatory to individual freedom in the centralisation of power. Where there is no party government, government becomes a scientific or expert calling which may, it is thought, be left to the emperor and his ministers with as little hesitation as the command of a ship is left absolutely to the captain. That principle is scarcely likely to hold good under all future developments. But for the time nobody so much as questions it. This triumph obtained, and the powerful wave of popular aspirations repelled which set in against the Government in the days of Waldeck and Virchow, there is no object left for making us a bugbear to the German people. Rather are we likely to become popular once more, as a useful example to hold up for imitation, now the foe to be contended with at home is no longer quasi-English Liberalism, but Socialism, which runs counter to all our traditions.

So the fire of hostility may be expected to burn itself out. The cries of "Hosanna!" and "Crucify!" are apt to succeed one another very rapidly in the clamour of nations. Circumstances have conspired to keep the two countries, curiously alike in habits, thoughts and interests, apart in sentiment for an unusually long time. It would be strange if that were to continue very much longer. The present violent ebullition of pro-Boerism, more particularly, which so seriously irritates some of us, is not likely to outlive the war. It is, on the face of it, artificial and opposed to nature and reason. Indeed, from articles and letters now appearing in German newspapers it seems evident that the German Titania has already become rather painfully conscious of the fact that she has, in an hour

of fevered frenzy, rather ridiculously thrown away her affections upon a "translated" Bottom. Quite evidently, also, no nation expects to reap a richer harvest of gain out of British rule in the Transvaal than the German—and the realisation of that hope, well-founded as it is, may be counted upon to cover a multitude of sentimental grievances. Finally, demonstratively as German speakers and writers are pleased to parade their "fraternal" devotion for a race which is in truth far more nearly related to ourselves, nobody knows better than the Germans, and the people of Dutch blood to whom they address themselves, how utterly hollow are all these specious protestations, seeing that there is no country of which the Dutch at home are more genuinely afraid, and accordingly more naturally suspicious, than Germany, which is supposed to have an eye persistently on the Netherlands seaboard. Accordingly, the Transvaal war over, German Boer sympathies are pretty certain to cool, and all the fire and fury now indulged in against ourselves is likely to come to an end without so much as leaving an enduring sting behind. Germans are, after all, like most other people. They may take up a hostile cry for a season to serve their own purpose, but that is rather in selfishness, coupled with a little vanity, than in malice. And their own interests, which may be trusted in the long run to determine their conduct, cannot require that they should bring themselves to believe persistently a pure myth against us and carry on an unreasonable campaign of public opinion, to the prejudice, ultimately—as it must be, seeing how necessary we are to one another—of themselves.

HENRY W. WOLFF.

THE NATIVE PROBLEM IN OUR NEW COLONIES

IT is agreed on all hands that as soon as the war in South Africa is at last finished, one of our earliest tasks will be to determine on what lines the native coloured population is to be governed. Our original quarrel with the Dutch colonists, who founded the two states we have been engaged for many months and at a terrible cost of lives and treasure in subduing, was about their enslavement of the indigenous races. It has remained our deepest and most permanent source of antagonism with their descendants. In the Transvaal the policy of the founders has been perpetuated by the Government; and the general conduct at least of the Boers in the sister-state has been the same. British colonists have too often shared the guilt of the Boers. The settled policy of the Imperial and Colonial Governments, however, has been different for the greater part of the century. We enfranchised the slaves. We have sought to put an end to the remorseless hostilities which were the only alternative to slavery. We have admitted men to the rights of citizenship without distinction of colour. Moreover, by the Convention of 1881, when after our temporary occupation we gave back a limited independence to the Transvaal, we constituted ourselves the protectors of the natives. Though we never succeeded—indeed, because we never succeeded—in performing the duties which that stipulation laid upon us while the Boer Government existed, now that

it is at an end we are bound by every moral, as well as every political, consideration to enforce their fair treatment as human beings, and not *Schepsels*—mere brutes.

The problem is itself a difficult one; and it is complicated by the political events of the past five and twenty years, and still more by the discoveries of mineral wealth in the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony and the adjacent districts already under British control. It is claimed that native labour is essential for the working of the mines. Natives are actually employed under conditions which are the subject of much controversy. Legislation in reference to this employment cannot be postponed. It will be found to raise the entire question, both of the relations of the coloured to the white population, and of the relations of the members of the coloured population among themselves. For the contact with civilisation which has been slowly breaking up their tribal organisation assumes in this employment one of its most acute forms, affecting a larger number of individuals than the ordinary intercourse with settlers, traders or government officials, and affecting them more permanently. Thus the problem is not only a difficult one; it is an important one.

It is important, too, for another reason. Some Englishmen call the natives of India "niggers," with an emphatic adjective often prefixed. Persons of this kind, with the same exquisite accuracy and the same just sense of superiority, call the races of South Africa "niggers" also. Such persons are neither wiser nor better bred than the Boers who habitually refer to the natives as "black cattle" or "black trash." The fact is that the natives are neither Negroes nor black. The Aborigines appear to have been Bushmen, who are of a dingy yellow colour. These have been pressed southwards and broken up into scattered communities by invading peoples of Bantu stock. The Hottentots are believed to be of mixed Bushmen and Bantu descent. In physical characteristics they resemble the Bushmen; and they speak a tongue like theirs full of clicks, and like theirs in grammatical construction. To the similarity

of grammatical construction, however, there is one important qualification. The Bushman language is of that primitive type which has no genders, while the Hottentot language is sex-denoting. The Bantus of eastern and central South Africa are generally divided into two great peoples known generically as the Bechuana and the Zulus. To these two peoples (I do not attempt here an enumeration of the various tribes) the native inhabitants of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony chiefly belong, though there are isolated communities of Bushmen. Soft is their speech and pleasant to the ear, full of vowels and devoid of the clicks and harshness of the Bushman dialects. Though they are not Negroes, they are prolific, and thrive, as the Negroes too, thrive in the presence of civilisation. Hence they are likely to remain a permanent element of the population, and an increasing rather than a diminishing element. The Bushmen are hunters at a relatively low level of savagery, but furnished with the bow and possessed of considerable artistic power. Far inferior to them in the latter respect, the Bantu tribes are otherwise much further advanced. They are pastoral and warlike peoples, living under the government of chiefs in communities organised on a patriarchal basis.

Of these indigenous populations no accurate census has ever been taken. Including Swaziland, 1,000,000 would probably be a liberal estimate of their number before the war. It cannot be put lower than three quarters of a million; and at this figure they outnumber the white population by at least three to one. Five-sixths of them inhabit the Transvaal, where their proportion to the whites is believed to be fully five to one. A majority so overwhelming might in easily conceivable circumstances become a source of serious danger to the colonists. Even if the revival of commercial prosperity lead to a great increase of immigration, still for some time to come the indigenes are likely to retain a numerical preponderance which must be a source of anxiety to the Government.

No small share of this anxiety is contributed by the preva-

lence of their ancient religion, institutions, and customs. During the greater part of the century missionary enterprise has been directed to them with more or less result. Statistics are as hard to get on this subject as on that of the total population. Basutoland is outside the area of the new colonies. There, in a country hardly so large as Belgium, a devoted French Protestant Mission has laboured for seventy years. For the last twenty years, or thereabouts, it has laboured in peace and prosperity under the British Protectorate. Its results, therefore, may be expected to compare favourably with those of missions in the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal, where, especially in the latter, the hostility of the white people and their government has greatly hindered the work. Yet even in Basutoland one of the missionaries has recently described the native Christians as forming only "une infime minorité."[1] In these circumstances it may be safely assumed that the vast majority of natives in the two new colonies are still heathen and untouched by any truly civilising influences.

The first condition for solving the problem is knowledge—an accurate knowledge of the native, his institutions, his customs, his modes of thought, his superstitions. We need have no fear that we shall not find the men to rule, if we can provide them with that. But that is exactly what we have not yet got. Though the country has been known more or less to Englishmen for at least three quarters of a century, though the Orange River Colony has been known intimately for half a century and the Transvaal for more than twenty years, of the indigenous population we know very little. Of the various classes—hunters, missionaries, traders, mining adventurers—that have either dwelt or sojourned in the land, none save the missionaries have had any real interest in the natives. Consequently few or none have recorded anything of value concerning them. Even the records by missionaries have been for the most part scrappy, and for practical purposes, and still more in regard to scientific accuracy, not to be implicitly

[1] Christol, *Au Sud de l'Afrique*, p. 128.

trusted. The early missionaries found unexpected difficulties in reaching the savage mind. It was not merely the difference of language; that, wide as it is, they had no doubt anticipated. What they did not anticipate was the imperfect development of mental conditions which they found. It not merely prevented the savage from comprehending the missionary's message; it equally prevented the missionary from understanding those whom he had set out to teach. Besides, the science of anthropology had not yet come to birth, and what the missionary learnt of the native manners and customs he did not think it becoming to repeat in books written for the British public. Moffat says expressly that a description of these things "would be neither very instructive nor very edifying."[1] No more was, therefore, said or written about them than was necessary for the elucidation of the missionary narratives on the platform or in books.

This attitude, however easy to explain, is, in the interests alike of science and of government, much to be deplored. Later missionaries, though not often interested from an anthropological standpoint, have indeed given us somewhat more information. But what they have given is not always exact. At best it is incomplete, and requires to be supplemented in almost every direction. Of professedly scientific writers I need mention only the German, Fritsch, whose work on the natives of South Africa, published at Breslau in 1872, covered a large field of observation. But, because it covered so large a field, it is wanting in detail; and detail is just what we need. It was also an expensive work; it is now out of print and not easily accessible.

I must not omit one other reason for our defective knowledge of the customs and institutions of the coloured peoples of these two provinces, namely, that until the country was settled by the Boers there was a state of intermittent warfare, which frequently resulted in the dispersal and even the extermination of whole tribes. The conquering hordes had not necessarily

[1] Moffat, "Missionary Labours" (London, 1842), p. 249.

the same organisation and customs as those which they supplanted. Though no doubt there is a general similarity in these respects among most of the South African peoples, there are also well-marked distinctions. In view of the changes consequent on their ferocious wars, therefore, even in the cases when the missionaries—at all events, the early missionaries—condescended to speak of native customs, we cannot assume that the same customs are still rife where they found them.

Of the differences of organisation and customs just referred to, some are racial, others tribal, some descend from an immemorial past, while others are modern. A few illustrations of these differences may be interesting from more than one point of view. And inasmuch as our information is so limited with regard to the peoples actually occupying the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, most of my examples must be drawn from cognate tribes in the older colonies and Basutoland.

I must be content with a passing allusion to one of the most obvious divergencies of custom—that in the authority of the chiefs. It is matter of common knowledge that their authority varies from almost absolute power among certain Zulu tribes to a vanishing point among Bushmen. Setting aside the case of the Bushmen as probably due to imperfect development of their social organisation, the conditions of this variation are still obscure and well worth study. We cannot attempt to govern the natives without taking the power and position of the chiefs into account. It will not be enough to consult merely their personal susceptibility. The circumstances of each tribe must be considered, and its law ascertained and recorded for future reference, in case of difficulty with the existing chief or his successors.

Passing from government to domestic life, take the punishment of theft. In the Umzimkulu district "theft is punishable by fine and restitution, unless in aggravated cases, when it is punished by death."[1] Among the Gaikas the utmost punish-

[1] "Cape Comm. Rep.," App., p. 197.

ment is "eating up"—that is, confiscation of all the offender's property by the chief—and then only when the offence has been committed against the chief himself. Theft from any one else "is punished by fine amounting from five to ten head of cattle for one, when the stolen property is not recovered; when recovered, a lesser fine is imposed." In all cases, however, the fine is graduated according to the rank of the person injured.[1] The Tambookies punish the stealing of live stock by "a fine of ten for one; but," we are told, "the full amount of this fine is seldom enforced in the present day, especially when the number stolen is more than one or two head. If the property be recovered uninjured, no fine is paid; and if part of the property is restored uninjured, the thief is only fined for the missing or injured part. In cases of petty thefts, the fines inflicted are very insignificant, and seldom amount to more than the value of the articles stolen.[2] The Bechuana of the greater part of the area of our new colonies are fully as lenient, unless the thief be a slave, or a very hardened sinner without means of reparation. In general, the punishment was "to restore twofold or fourfold, *different tribes giving different statements as to what their law is*, or rather was, on this subject. The practice, now all but universal in Bechuanaland, is simple restitution of what was stolen." Slaves or persons without means receive corporal punishment, and hardened offenders are maimed.[3] The crime of theft thus furnishes examples not only of wide differences in the law, but also of its uncertainty.

Seduction is another subject viewed very differently by different tribes. Among some, such as the Tambookies (a tribe of Kaffirs) and the Baronga of Delagoa Bay (a tribe of Zulus), so far is it from being punishable that it is not even

[1] Brownlee, in Maclean, "Kafir Laws and Customs," p. 112; *cf.* "Cape Comm. Rep.," App. C., p. 151.

[2] J. C. Warner, Tambookie agent, in Maclean, p. 65.

[3] Mackenzie, "Ten Years North of the Orange River," p. 375. The same, in "Cape Comm. Rep.," App. C., p. 233.

considered disgraceful to either party; rather it is a most ordinary occurrence.[1] The Gaikas on the other hand inflict on the man, for the benefit of the girl's parents, a fine of three or four head of cattle, or more if pregnancy ensue.[2] The Bechuana of the interior, including our new possessions, for the most part take the same view. Formerly, indeed, it is said that so highly was the affront resented that the girl's father would sometimes spear her.[3] Among the Basuto likewise the man is fined; but if he choose to marry the girl the fine is small.[4] The Amaxosa fine the guilty man the whole of his own stock and that of his relatives in the same kraal, unless he marry the girl, in which case only so much is retained by the offended parents as suffices for the bride-price.[5]

The laws relating to marriage and inheritance vary in many points. A few examples only can be given, and they must for want of space be confined to the former. It may be a hardship that a man may not marry his grandmother, but the South African native has to put up with hardships much heavier; for, generally speaking, all blood-relationship which is recognised, however distant it may be, is an absolute bar to marriage. If such a marriage take place by any chance among the Gaikas, it is dissolved and a very heavy penalty inflicted on the man.[6] But among the Tambookies it is merely a question how large a bride-price the man is willing to pay for a wife who is related to him by blood.[7] On the other hand, hardly any previous relationship by marriage is a bar. The Fingoes and some other tribes are said to recognise the marriage of a man to his uncle's widow; and it seems admitted that a younger brother's marriage to his elder brother's widow is usually considered correct. The Amaxosa, however, disallow it, though I infer

[1] Warner, in Maclean, p. 63; Junod, *Les Ba-ronga*, p. 29.

[2] Brownlee, in Maclean, p. 112.

[3] Mackenzie, in "Cape Comm. Rep.," App. C., p. 233.

[4] "Cape Comm. Rep.," App. B., p. 23.

[5] *Ibid.* p. 29. But *cf.* App. C., p. 167.

[6] Brownlee, in Maclean, p. 115.

[7] Warner, in Maclean, p. 63.

that they would not object to the marriage of an elder brother with his younger brother's widow.[1] Some tribes, the Tambookies for instance, permit a man to be married to two sisters, both living; others require, like the Hebrews, that one sister shall be dead before the other is married to the same husband.[2]

Most, if not all, of the tribes are polygamous. Polygamy renders family arrangements very complex; and some of the most difficult questions that come before the courts, whether native or colonial, are questions of inheritance. In some districts these cases are few. In others they are very frequent. Hitherto they have been unknown in the Boer parts of the Transvaal, for the simple reason that, among its other iniquities, the Transvaal has refused to recognise any marriages of coloured persons.[3] All trustworthy information, therefore, as to the difficult subject of inheritance among the tribes of the Transvaal is wanting. It may be that the native law is not in every case so complicated as among the Cattle Damaras, or Ovaherero, who occupy a portion of the western side of the continent. A missionary, who was well acquainted with this tribe, told Dr. Hahn "he believed they themselves had no very clear ideas about it."[4] At all events the missionary had not—an apt illustration of the difficulty experienced by Europeans in penetrating the mysteries of native thought and institutions.

It is easy to understand that the large number of tribes which occupy veldt and mountain in South Africa would furnish an interminable series of differences of custom. The foregoing examples have been taken without any intention to select the most striking or the most important. But an

[1] Rev. H. Dugmore, in Maclean, p. 163.

[2] Warner, Dugmore, *loc. cit.*; J. Knox Bokwe, in "Cape Comm. Rep.," App., p. 38.

[3] In January 1899 a law was passed recognising native marriages, but only on terms with which it was practically impossible to comply.

[4] *Cf.* "Cape Comm. Rep.," App., pp. 46, 282, with *ibid.* p. 277, and App., pp. 76, 253.

administrator, I venture to think, will regard none of them with indifference. Cases of theft often come before the courts, for some peoples are inveterate thieves. It cannot be said to be a matter of no concern whether the crime be punishable by death or the terrible penalty of "eating up," or by a trumpery fine hardly or not at all exceeding the value of the stolen property. Disputes about inheritance are a fruitful cause of quarrels which endanger the peace. While questions relating to marriage and the sexual relations are of serious moment, if only because status and inheritance depend on these things. Indeed, we could only afford to treat the native customs and institutions with indifference, on the supposition that we intended to continue the Boer policy of oppression. The supposition, as I have shown, is impossible, alike on moral and political grounds. Philanthropic persons often imagine that it is quite enough for us to have good intentions. Armed with these, they think, we may safely rule the natives as benevolent despots according to our own ideas, no matter what theirs are. There could not be a greater mistake. With the best intentions we have constantly blundered in more than one quarter of the world into wrong, and even into unwitting cruelty, solely because of our ignorance of savage customs, institutions, and superstitions. The same conduct in our new colonies will meet with the same result, and ultimately lead us into fresh difficulties.

Twenty years ago the Cape Government, which had already had a considerable experience of the natives, came to the conclusion that it ought at last, both for legislative and administrative purposes, to learn something seriously and accurately about their customs. A Commission was accordingly appointed to make inquiries. The Report of that Commission, presented to the Cape Parliament in January 1883, is perhaps the most valuable document we possess upon the coloured races of South Africa. A large number of witnesses, both white and black, were examined. Codes of questions were drawn up and submitted to persons who were

qualified, by lengthened residence among the natives and acquaintance with the subject, to give information and express opinions upon the native laws and customs and the desirability of legislation. The result is that we can speak with some confidence about the indigenous peoples of Cape Colony; we really do know what their marriage laws and land tenure are, and something of their criminal law and other branches of their jurisprudence. This is no small gain, and is in strong contrast with the fragmentary, vague and slipshod condition of our knowledge of the tribes to the north, over many of which we have by the event of the war extended our rule.

Two great facts demonstrated by the Commission would readily have been presumed by any one familiar with savages and savage life. The first is the existence of the multitudinous variations of law and custom on which I have already dwelt. On this point all that I desire to add is that we have no reason to think that there are fewer or less important variations among the tribes of the new colonies. What those variations may be we have yet to ascertain.

The other great fact was the extraordinary difficulty experienced by Europeans who are not trained anthropologists in understanding the native customs and modes of thought. Of this the Damara law of inheritance, to which I have already referred, is an example. Still more glaring was one which occupies a considerable space in the discussions of the Commission. Among the objects specially marked out for investigation was the marriage law. In nearly all the tribes a necessary incident of the most honourable form of marriage is the bride-price. The bridegroom, or some one on his behalf, bargains with the father of the bride for the delivery to him of a certain number of cattle, or occasionally of other goods, in exchange for the bride. The goods are not always actually delivered before the marriage; but if not, the contract is a binding one, and they remain a debt due from the bridegroom or his family. These are the patent facts; and the question to be determined was whether the transaction (which is called

lobola or *ukulobola*) is a bargain and sale of the bride, and therefore according to our ideas immoral, or, if not, what it is.

The most contradictory answers were given by missionaries, resident magistrates and other officials and persons familiar with the natives. But the general result of the inquiries by the Commission was to establish that, though there are elements of sale about the transaction, it is important in the present state of native civilisation to retain it, in the interest and for the benefit of the bride and her children. It is a safeguard of her morals both before and after marriage. It imposes a liability on her father and all her relatives among whom he may (as he generally does) distribute the cattle paid for her, to maintain her and her children if they are in need, to protect her in person and property at her husband's kraal, and to listen to any appeal she may make against her husband and his family. This, in a polygamous community, is no unimportant responsibility. It amounts to a substantial pledge for her good treatment. It is also a pledge to the husband for her good conduct, for if she misconduct herself he may be entitled to a return of the whole or a part of the bride-price.

Important as this result was, the process by which it was reached was not less important. For it revealed a startling proportion of men of education, men experienced in native ways, teachers of religion and administrators of the law, misled by words or by abuses of the practice, or from prejudice or ignorance wholly incapable of penetrating below the surface of the custom to its real meaning and value. Some of them could not distinguish between the slavery and the tutelage of women, and would have declared every Roman matron to be a slave. Stronger arguments for the necessity of anthropological teaching for our missionaries and our administrators may perhaps be adduced. They would have to be founded on instances where not merely injustice and misery, but bloodshed and war were the results of the prejudices or ignorance of our officials. Unhappily there are too many examples of this in the history, even the recent history, of the British Empire.

The instruction of our missionaries must be left to the religious societies which send them forth. But with respect to our administrators we have a national duty. They have too long been selected in a haphazard way, because they have been successful in other professions, or because they have had interest in high quarters; and they have been flung down untrained in the ways and thoughts of the people whom they have to manage, and among whom they have to administer justice. Sometimes of course the man appointed has risen, as a Briton does, to the emergency. Too often the results have been lamentable to all concerned, and we have been indebted to fortune rather than to skill and wisdom if serious consequences have been averted. It is high time we changed our methods. It is high time we sent out to the savage and barbarous races under our sway rulers who have been prepared for their career by a general training in anthropological science, as well as by a special study of the people they are intended to control.

Meanwhile the example of the Cape Government points out unmistakably the first step to be taken in reference to the tribes of the new territories. Had the Cape Commission done no more than clear up the real character of the custom of *lobola*, humanity would have owed it a debt of gratitude, for its labours would have been the means of preventing serious injustice to a large number of native women. Had it done no more than exhibit the misconceptions among white men who might be supposed to be better informed of the exact meaning and contents of native institutions, it would have taught us a valuable lesson. It did much more. It resulted in a valuable code of laws under which the Native Territories belonging to Cape Colony are administered.

In view of the considerations already adduced and of the success attending the experiment in Cape Colony, the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland and the Folklore Society lately presented to H. M. Secretary of State for the Colonies a joint Memorial, praying that as soon as the

condition of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony permitted, and prior to any legislation affecting the natives, a Commission should be appointed to inquire into the customs and institutions of the natives, and into the relations between the natives and the European settlers, with power to make recommendations for both legislative and administrative purposes.

Neither of these purposes must be lost sight of. It may be admitted that in putting an end to the Boer oppression we must allow the natives to be governed by their own customs and traditions. If Europeans have such difficulty in understanding these, is it any wonder that the natives should have a similar difficulty in understanding our laws and customs? To impose on them laws they do not understand is obviously unjust, and must lead to dissatisfaction and unrest. As a missionary told the Cape Commission, "They are much attached to their customs; or rather, I should say, their customs are a part of themselves; they cannot imagine any others."[1] Tolerant, however, as we may be, there will of course be customs we cannot away with. Such customs must be abolished, or at least modified. But the evidence obtained by the Cape Commission as to the custom of *lobola* shows that very careful inquiry will have to be made, lest we prohibit customs which are suited to the stage of civilisation the natives have attained, and which under proper safeguards may be unobjectionable or even positively advantageous. Nor must we be less solicitous to ascertain how to deal with such customs as we may determine to modify or abolish, so as to change them with the least disturbance of tribal conditions. You cannot civilise a savage race all at once. A veneer of civilisation imposed from without remains a veneer and nothing more; the smallest scratch upon the Russian discloses the Tartar beneath. Contact with civilisation may lead a savage to discard some of his customs. He will only discard those which are inconvenient to him. He will shed all such portions of his

[1] "Cape Comm. Rep.," App., p. 186.

ancient superstitions as are disagreeable. He will still keep everything he thinks may benefit him. In the same way he will imbibe from civilisation all the sweets and reject all the bitters as soon and as completely as he can. Small blame to him; but the result is to make a being far more dangerous than a savage naked and unsophisticated; for he is freed from the moral and legal restraints of his own religion and social state, without being subjected to ours. Civilisation is a slow and tedious process; a process extending over generations, and demanding all the wisdom and statesmanship alike of our missionaries and our rulers. To know exactly how and when to prohibit or modify objectionable customs is not the smallest of the demands made on that wisdom and that statesmanship.[1]

There is, moreover, one special reason for the appointment of a Commission; the immediate necessity for considering the terms of the employment of native labour in the mines. It will prove a very thorny question, and one on which the advice of a competent and impartial Commission will be invaluable. It is of course comparatively easy to obtain evidence of the manner in which natives are actually employed, the terms on which they are engaged, the provision for their maintenance during their period of service, the enclosures in which they are kept, and the rules they are required to obey, We shall be compelled to go much farther than that. We must also acquaint ourselves with the conditions of native life, the manner in which employment at the mines affects tribal organisation and tribal and individual *morale*, and the views and wishes of experienced natives. These are things it will be practically impossible to ascertain, unless by the aid of a

[1] A remarkable illustration of the difficulties which beset a civilised government in dealing with these South African peoples is afforded by the evidence taken before the Native Commission issued by the Natal Government in 1881. No more instructive reading can be found, whether we regard the inherent difficulties of the question, or those created by the best-intentioned legislation without adequate knowledge.

Commission: and yet they are essential to the equitable solution of the problems of native labour.

In thus trying briefly to present the case for inquiry by a Commission I have purposely dwelt on what I may call the secular side of native organisation and institutions, because it is likely to appeal to the practical sense of "the man in the street"; and I hope what I have said will render clear the desirability of a systematic effort to collect the facts of native culture. The religious side, however, is not less important. A savage acts almost as often from what we call superstitious motives as he does from such as are more obvious to us because more material. Religion is as deeply ingrained in savage as in civilised natures, perhaps more deeply. At all events it plays a larger part in savage life, because it has been less perfectly differentiated from secular concerns. Of fetishes in the strict sense of the term the South African native has none. But the rainmaker is powerful. The witch is the cause of deep-seated terror, and of crimes that are caused by terror. The process of "smelling-out" a witch was one of the subjects considered by the Cape Commission; and it is one of the subjects which must be dealt with in any legislation affecting the natives. Ancestor-worship leads to practices which require close scrutiny, since at least some of them mean cruelty to man or beast. We have reason to remember the strength of religious fanaticism in the neighbouring territory of Mashonaland.

Missionaries have paid more attention to beliefs than to jurisprudence. Notably, Dr. Callaway has given us a precious though unfinished volume of Zulu religious texts. But what we know, whether from missionaries or from travellers, concerning the religious beliefs of the indigenes of our new colonies is as superficial and fragmentary as the rest of our information. It seems hardly possible, but it is the fact that to this day it is matter of dispute whether the Bechuana believe in anything which can be called a god. All the effective worship of most of the tribes known to us is addressed to the spirits of their ancestors. But it has been confidently

asserted and as confidently denied that, in addition to these, they recognise the existence of a deity. And a few years since a German missionary published a statement in some detail to show that the Bechuana of the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, and Basutoland were, after all, developed polytheists.[1] I am not aware whether the statement has been confirmed by subsequent inquiries, or whether such inquiries have ever been made.

Some of these matters may seem to be of scientific rather than practical interest. If the suggested Commission be granted, no doubt its inquiries will prove of much value to science—mainly of course to anthropological, but also to geographical and economic science. They can hardly avoid throwing light upon many questions relating to tribal organisation, the development of civilisation, the influence of environment and the arts of life, and so forth, still *sub judice* among scientific men. For this purpose, as well as for the more immediate purposes of the Commission, it is to be hoped that some skilled anthropologists from this country would be among the members of the Commission. This request has indeed been made in the memorial. Compared with many foreign governments our own contributes in a paltry way to the advancement of science. Notably the German and the American Governments annually spend considerable sums on anthropological investigations. In the year 1898 the former spent no less than £25,000 in this way. It is no great credit to the richest nation in the world—the nation that has a greater interest in the results than all other European nations put together, because she rules over a greater variety of savage and barbarous peoples—to do nothing. Here is an opportunity incidentally and at small cost to obtain a trustworthy record of an early stage of culture, which is every day being pushed into remoter and remoter regions by the pressure of European civilisation, and which can never recur. In years to come such a record would, moreover, possess an historical interest second

[1] *South African Folklore Journal*, vol. i. (1879), p. 32.

to none in South Africa, as an account of the condition of the natives when they passed from the Boer domination to our own. It would be a standard for measurement of the advantages conferred by British rule.

For my own part, however, I am always loth to admit the opposition between matters of scientific and matters of practical interest. In common parlance it may be convenient to distinguish them. But it has so often happened that recondite and apparently useless investigations have turned out to be of the greatest benefit to mankind, that we can no longer scorn any scientific problem on the ground that its solution would lead to no practical consequences. We may depend upon it that anthropology is no whit behind the other sciences in this respect. It, too, has its message for the man of affairs, be he statesman, philanthropist, missionary, merchant, or manufacturer, as well as for the student in the library or the museum.

E. Sidney Hartland.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF BRITISH ABILITY

IN studying the characteristics of British genius, the first and most elementary question we have to settle is the distribution of British ability in the various parts of the United Kingdom. It is desirable, for instance, to determine what proportion of British genius has been produced, respectively, by England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. In so doing it is obvious that we shall not have classified our British men of genius strictly according to race—we shall not even have determined precisely the contribution of the so-called "Celtic" elements to British genius—but we shall have taken an important and interesting first step.

This is the question which, in the course of a somewhat elaborate study of the characteristics of British men of genius, founded mainly on the "Dictionary of National Biography," I have made an attempt to answer. I find that among the 30,000 individuals included in this "Dictionary," 902 stand out as of pre-eminent ability.[1] It is with the origin, so far as it can be ascertained, of these 902 men and women of British race, who have chiefly built up English civilisation, that the present paper is concerned.

[1] It would be tedious to explain here the principles of selection by which these 902 were obtained. For an account of this, and for the names themselves, I may refer to the first of the series of articles entitled "A Study of British Genius," now appearing in the *Popular Science Monthly*.

In determining the place of origin of men of genius on a large scale the usual method hitherto has been to adopt the simple plan of noting the birthplace. I have so far as possible discarded this method, for a man's birthplace obviously tells us nothing decisive as to his real place of origin.

It has seemed to me that a man's place of origin can most accurately be determined by considering the districts to which his four grandparents belonged. If we know this we know with considerable certainty in what parts of the country he is really rooted, and in many cases we can thus form an estimate as to his probable race. It is only, however, in a very small proportion of cases (even when the information derived from the "Dictionary" is supplemented), that I have been able to determine the origins of all four grandparents; I have usually considered myself fortunate when I have been able to tell where the father and mother came from, and have often been well content merely to find out where the father came from. Only in a few cases have I admitted the evidence of birthplace.[1] London as a birthplace has been ignored altogether. When the facts are available it is nearly always found that the parents had migrated to London; we may reasonably assume that this is probably the case when the facts are not available. It very rarely occurs (as in the case of Bentham) that even one grandparent belonged to London.

In order to represent the varying values of this evidence, I have adopted a system of marks. If the four grandparents are of known origin, an eminent man is entitled to four marks, these marks being divided among the counties to which he belongs; when the evidence is less explicit the marks are correspondingly diminished. By this method I am able to give due weight to the very numerous cases in which the parents (or grandparents) belonged to different parts of the kingdom.

Speaking generally, and for the present ignoring all those

[1] This evidence varies in value; in the case of an eminent person whose father was a farmer, it is fairly acceptable; but if the father was a clergyman it has little or no value.

eminent persons who are known to belong to more than one of the main divisions of the United Kingdom, it is found that 598 eminent British men and women are English, 117 Scotch, 41 Irish and 23 Welsh; *i.e.*, 76·8 per cent. are English, 15 per cent. Scotch, 5·3 per cent. Irish, and 2·9 per cent. Welsh. The preponderance of the English contingent is enormous, but if we take the present population as a basis it is a reasonably fair distribution, a very slight excess over the just proportion being accountable by the greater advantages necessarily enjoyed by the English. The Welsh contingent is also fairly proportional, though a little below what it should be. Here we have to bear in mind the difficulty of a language not recognised as a medium of civilisation. As regards Scotland and Ireland the discrepancy is marked; the contribution of Scotland to British genius is much too large, that of Ireland much too small, in relation to the population. We probably have to recognise that intellectual aptitudes are especially marked among the Scotch, and also that the tendency has been fostered by circumstances, since, as is well known, the lowland Scotch are almost identical in racial composition with the northern English, and there are no artificial barriers of language. On the other hand, the Irish have been seriously hampered by geographical and to some extent by linguistic barriers, as well as by unfortunate political circumstances, in contributing their due share to British civilisation.

Ireland shows better when we proceed to take account of those eminent persons who do not belong exclusively to one main division of the United Kingdom.[1] We then find that

[1] When Dr. Conan Doyle, some years ago (*Nineteenth Century*, August, 1888), examined "Men of the Time" to ascertain their place of origin on the crude basis of birthplace, his results as regards the proportion of eminent men furnished by England and Scotland fairly correspond to mine; but he found a higher proportion of eminent men in Ireland than I have found in this wider survey. In a more recent study of the origins of over 2000 British men of ability belonging exclusively to the nineteenth century, Mr. A. H. H. Maclean ("Where we get our Best Men," 1900) found that 70 per cent. are English, 18 per cent. Scotch, 10 per cent. Irish, and 2 per cent. Welsh.

70·4 per cent. represents the total English contribution, 17·2 per cent. the Scotch, 8 per cent. the Irish, and 4·4 per cent. the Welsh. On the present basis of population, England thus has about her correct proportion of eminent persons, Ireland still has too few, while Wales, and especially Scotland, have too many. The advantage gained by the Irish and Welsh elements through crossing is clearly shown if we consider the eminent persons of mixed race alone; we then find that while the English proportion is 50 per cent., or as high as it could be, the Scotch is 20 per cent., the Irish element has risen to 17 per cent., and the Welsh is as high as 13 per cent. We may apparently infer that, from the point of view of the production of intellectual ability, people of Irish and Welsh stock are better adapted than the Scotch for cross-breeding with the English. There are other facts pointing towards the same conclusion, which is not impossible of explanation.

I have not hitherto taken into account the foreign elements in the blood of British men of genius. The "Dictionary" gives us no reason to suppose that these are considerable. It is true that a fair number of individuals of altogether foreign race—like the elder Herschel and Romilly, and many Normans of early time—are necessarily included in the "Dictionary" and necessarily excluded from my list. Taking into consideration the British of partly foreign race, we find twelve are described, usually somewhat vaguely, as of Huguenot descent; probably many more may be so described. Leaving aside this Huguenot French element—which is known to have everywhere had a favourable influence on the production of intellectual ability—we find among men of genius who are half, or at least a quarter, of foreign race, that twelve are French, six German, six Dutch, three Italian, while seven are Danish, Belgian, Spanish, Bohemian or Russian. The most interesting point here is the peculiarly beneficial effect of the strain of French blood. As evidence, if evidence is needed, of the singularly subtle influences of race, it may be mentioned that of the two Englishmen of modern times who have left Protes-

tantism to attain a place in this "Dictionary" as cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church, one (Newman) had a strain of French blood, the other (Manning) a strain of Italian blood.

We have now to consider in somewhat more detail the relative fecundity in genius of the various districts of the British Isles.

When the respective genius of the English counties is estimated on a numerical basis the results are, on the whole, clearly marked, though they may not altogether correspond to our anticipations. There can, however, be no question as to the situation of the great foci of English genius. There are two of these, and their reality is shown by the fact that each consists of a homogeneous group of counties. One of these great centres, and by far the most important, is in East Anglia, the other is in the south-west.

Speaking more precisely, the East Anglian focus may be said to include Lincoln, Rutland, Norfolk, and Suffolk, with Cambridge and Essex allied in character, though somewhat less prolific, while Kent (which I do not include) is a probably distinct secondary centre. The south-western focus is most prolific in Devon; its most characteristic representatives probably come from Somerset; it includes Gloucester, and Wilts is probably allied in character; while Cornwall seems to have much the same relation to this focus as Kent has to the eastern focus.

It is perhaps not generally recognised that Norfolk stands clearly at the head of English counties in the production of eminent men. In absolute numerical value it nearly equals Yorkshire, though the latter county is about three times its size, and its population (during the present century, at all events) of much greater average density. The quality of this eastern focus of genius is as remarkable as its quantity. Bacon belongs to Suffolk and Essex; Nelson belongs to Norfolk, and, in a very different field, Gresham; Gilbert, the "father of experimental philosophy," was a Suffolk man, as also, it is probable, was Chaucer; Newton belonged to Norfolk and Rutland, while Darwin had his ancestral roots in Lincoln; so that the two great men who may be said to represent the chief scientific

contribution of Great Britain—if not, indeed, of Europe—to human thought during two centuries have alike come from the same small and thinly populated district. East Anglia is productive of great statesmen and great ecclesiastics; it is also a land of great scholars. At the same time nearly half the British musical composers and more than a third of the painters have come from this same region. It will thus be seen that the East Anglian genius is of extraordinary versatility. It has no aptitude for abstract thinking, for metaphysics, but in concrete thinking, in the art of treating science philosophically, it is easily supreme. Its special characters seem to be its humanity, its patience, its grasp of detail, its deliberate flexibility; the characteristic English love of compromise is rooted in East Anglia. So typically English a statesman as Walpole, with his sound instincts in practical affairs, belonged to Norfolk. In spite, however, of the marked sanity and self-possession of the East Anglian, there is a weakness to be noted; while East Anglia has produced many of the best Englishmen it has also produced a considerable proportion of the worst. Those who figure in English history chiefly by virtue of their villany do not appear in my list, but it is noticeable that many of the great men who have come down to us with a somewhat flawed reputation belong here. Bacon is a typical example of the first rank; Wolsey and Coke are others. When the East Anglian temperament loses its self-control and lets itself go, the results are not always admirable. The unscrupulous scamp, Theodore Hook, represents the bad side of the East Anglian character, just as his nephew, the sagacious ecclesiastic, Dean Hook, represents its good side. The worst side seems specially apt to come out when East Anglian blood is combined with the blood of more western counties.[1]

[1] It must be added, at the same time, that the records of criminality, at all events during the present century, by no means show the East Anglian counties among the worst. I may add that, as is indicated by Dr. Conan Doyle's analysis of "Men of the Time," Norfolk and Suffolk maintain their intellectual supremacy to the present day.

When we turn to the south-western focus of English genius we find ourselves among people of different mental texture. They constitute a smaller group numerically, and in positive intellectual achievement also they cannot be compared with the slow and patient people of East Anglia. But if their achievements are less positive and substantial, the men of this district are, as brilliant personalities, in the very first rank. They are sailors rather than scholars, and courtiers, perhaps, rather than statesmen; they are innovators, daring free-thinkers, pioneers in the physical and intellectual worlds. Raleigh, on both sides a Devonshire man, is the complete type of these people. They are, above all, impressive personalities, aggressive, accomplished, irresistible, breaking rather than bending, without the careful foresight of the laborious and self-distrustful people of the east coast. This district has alone furnished a third of the great sailors of Britain, and the most brilliant group, with Drake and Hawkins and Gilbert as well as Raleigh. The expansive Elizabethan age gave the men of these parts their supreme chance, and they availed themselves of it to the utmost. Great Britain's most eminent soldiers have not usually been English, but one of the most famous of all, Marlborough, belongs to this region. In the arts of peace this south-western focus shows especially well in painting. It cannot, indeed, be compared to the East Anglian focus in this respect, but Reynolds belongs to Devon, and is a typical representative of the qualities of this region on the less aggressive side, just as Raleigh is on the more militant side, both alike charming and accomplished personalities. Turner, it may be interesting to note, belonged on one side to this district, just as on the other he seems to have been connected with the East Anglian district. Fielding is associated with this region. Keats apparently belonged here, and probably Coleridge. Wesley, the founder of Methodism, was a Devon man, just as Browne, the founder of Congregationalism, was an East Anglian, and any one who understands the differences between these two organisations will grasp some of the fundamental

differences between these two districts. Both in the material and spiritual worlds there is an imaginative exaltation, an element of dash and daring, in the men of this south-western district, which seems to carry them through when the more self-conscious East Anglian, once losing his self-control, would be apt to fall into mere helpless turbulence. This seems to be why it is that the mingling of the blood of these two districts has produced persons who, if brilliant, are apt to be unbalanced.

I have so far been speaking chiefly of Devon, which has furnished the majority of the men belonging to the south-western focus. This group is not, however, quite so homogeneous as the eastern group, the proximity of Cornwall having apparently affected the men of Devon. Somerset, which is the centre of the focus, seems to me to present its real and characteristic kernel, especially on the purely intellectual side. We do not find here quite the same reckless dash, the somewhat piratical tendency, nor quite the same brilliant personal qualities, these perhaps being strengthened by the neighbourhood of Cornwall. The Somerset group of men are superficially more like those of East Anglia, but in reality with a very distinct physiognomy of their own. Like the rest of this region, Somerset is a land of great sailors, but the typical sailor hero of Somerset is Blake, and the difference between Blake and Raleigh is significant of the difference between the men of Somerset and the men of Devon. Somerset has produced the philosophers of this region, Roger Bacon, Hobbes, Locke; and in more recent days Bagehot has been a typical thinker of the group. Hooker, the "judicious," is among the men of Devon. They are not often scholars (notwithstanding the presence of the "ever memorable" Hales), being prone to rely much on their own native qualities. One recalls the remark of Hobbes, when charged with an indifference to books: "If I read as much as other people I should know as little as other people." While less concrete than the East Anglians, these eminent thinkers have not the abstract metaphysical tendencies of the North British philosophers; they reveal a certain practical sagacity,

a determination to see things clearly, a hatred of cant and shams, a certain "positive" tendency, which is one of the notes of purely English thought and may be said to have its headquarters here. The representative scientific man of this region is the brilliant and versatile Thomas Young, whose luminous intelligence and marvellous intuition render him a typical example of genius in its purest form.

In taking a bird's eye view of the distribution of English genius, it is interesting to note (as I have also had occasion to note in a study of French genius) that all the districts peculiarly fertile in intellectual ability are maritime districts. The English Midlands have always been comparatively unproductive of genius, although they have yielded a few persons of exceptional eminence. Speaking more precisely, Middlesex, Surrey, Sussex, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, Huntingdonshire, Northamptonshire, Warwickshire and Leicestershire present a compact region infertile in genius, all these counties together scarcely equalling Norfolk and Suffolk. The extraordinary poverty of Middlesex in genius (it stands lowest of all the English counties) is specially notable; even among the numerous eminent men born in London few or none can be definitely located as belonging to old-established Middlesex families. Shakespeare and Milton, it is true, belong to the Midlands, which have likewise produced numerous statesmen, though seldom of the first rank, men of character rather than of intellect, stolid, tenacious of their rights; they had their chance in the days of Charles I., and Hampden represents them at the best. Cromwell belongs by birth to this district (though by race he comes from East Anglia on the mother's side and Wales on the father's), and the Midlands furnished him with some of his best lieutenants. Northampton (to which, as also to Lincoln, the Cecils belonged) is the sturdiest and richest portion of the Midlands as regards genius, but we must remember that this county benefits by driving a considerable wedge into the East Anglian district.

I do not purpose to consider the distribution of genius in Wales, Scotland and Ireland in the same detail as England. We are here dealing with smaller groups, and it is less easy to trace local differences. Variations in distribution are, however, well marked. In Wales, Denbigh, a maritime district, is especially rich in genius, as are to a less extent, Radnor and Montgomery. The genius of Scotland, roughly speaking, has been produced by the tract between the Cheviots and the Grampians. While, however, the whole of this district is prolific in ability, a narrow central belt has proved itself pre-eminently able to breed men of intellect. This belt runs from Aberdeen in a north-westerly direction through Forfar, Fife, Edinburgh with the surrounding district, and Lanark (including Glasgow); on reaching Ayr and Dumfries it widens out and stops abruptly, not extending beyond the English border. Aberdeen and the country around Edinburgh have always been the two great centres of Scotch genius. Turning to Ireland, we find that intellectual ability is less concentrated in one region than is the case in Scotland, but here also there is a tract of country almost entirely destitute of genius of the rank which the present investigation alone covers. Dublin has been peculiarly rich in eminent men. Its pre-eminence over the rest of the country is much more marked than in the case of Edinburgh; and largely, though not entirely, on that account Leinster stands at the head of the Irish provinces. Munster comes next, Ulster follows closely after, but Connaught, the north-western region of the island, is, like the north-west of Scotland, almost barren of intellectual ability. Outside Dublin, which is probably a somewhat factitious focus of genius, the really compact centre of Irish genius lies in the south-eastern group of counties: Kilkenny and Tipperary, Waterford and Cork. These counties alone have furnished a third of the whole genius of Ireland. Another, though smaller, centre of genius is found in the north-west, in Antrim and Down.

Speaking generally, Wales and the Welsh border have produced soldiers and divines, and to a slight extent poets and

musicians. Scotland stands at the head as regards soldiers, having produced, wholly or in part, no less than a third of all our eminent soldiers. Scotland has produced, moreover, nearly a fourth of British men of science, including some of the most eminent, and over one-fourth of British philosophers; at the same time nearly all the great travellers, explorers, and adventurers (with the exception of a comparatively small contingent coming from our south-western English focus) have been produced by Scotland. This is a very high record indeed. Ireland has produced more than her share of soldiers, and there is one department in which the supremacy of Ireland is overwhelming: a very large proportion of British actors and actresses—including both the Kemble family, to which Mrs. Siddons belonged, and Garrick—have been, in part at least, Irish. It is difficult to state precisely the proportion of this Irish element, for the ancestry of actors is often obscure, but at least half of them have almost certainly had one Irish parent, and it is probable that this is the case with several others. The genius of Ireland is a curiously paradoxical subject, and requires a study to itself. Though so many great men have been associated with Ireland, when we analyse them according to race we find that a remarkably large proportion of them are of English or Scotch descent. Bishop Berkeley, for instance, is often called an Irishman, though his father was English (his mother's origin is unknown), and though he always considered himself an Englishman. The great Irish patriots have usually had English blood in their veins, and have sometimes even been proud of the fact. And yet, while this is so, Ireland has somehow had the art of imparting some of her subtlest qualities to those happy Englishmen who have had the good fortune to possess some slight strain of her blood, or to be born in her land, or even to have lived there in youth. The greatest English humorists and wits—Swift and Sterne and Congreve—have had this good fortune. In the same way, while Ireland has scattered her saints over England and the Continent, her own patron saint is a Scotchman who was never

canonised. The contribution of Ireland to our national genius cannot well be stated in numerical values.

It is interesting to consider separately the eminent women of Great Britain and to ascertain their geographical distribution. This distribution is quite different from that of masculine intellectual ability; in some respects, indeed, the order is reversed, for Ireland comes out first after England, and Scotland is but little ahead of Wales. The intellectual brilliancy of Irish women is very notable. While less than one-twentieth part of eminent British men are Irish, not less than one-third of eminent British women are on one or both sides Irish. Nor is this pre-eminence due entirely to the dramatic aptitudes of the Irish, for a considerable proportion of women of letters are Irish, Charlotte and Emily Brontë and Mary Wollstonecraft being among them. The Welsh contingent includes George Eliot. The Scotch women are not only few in number but are not of a very high order of eminence. The notable fact about the distribution of English eminent women is the very large proportion that comes from our East Anglian district generally, and especially from Norfolk and Suffolk. Of twenty-five women who can be definitely located in an English county, not less than nine belong altogether or in part to our East Anglian focus. It is true that they can scarcely be said to include those of finest imaginative or artistic qualities, but the concentration of eminent women in this region is still one of the most notable and definite facts we encounter.[1] It contrasts with the poverty of the south-western focus in eminent women, only three having any connection with that region.

We may, finally, glance at our various groups of eminent persons as classified according to their activities, noting in which district each tends to predominate. As might be expected, politicians, divines, and men of letters abound in all

[1] The tendency has been well marked during the present century, and Dr. Doyle remarks that "Suffolk appears to be pre-eminently the county of famous women."

parts of the kingdom. It is curious to note, also, that great lawyers are also scattered over the whole kingdom with notable impartiality. Soldiers come from Ireland and Wales, and especially from Scotland, whence also explorers come. Sailors, on the other hand, are nearly all English, coming especially from our two great centres of genius, but also to some extent from Cornwall, Yorkshire and Staffordshire. While poets are to be found everywhere, they are distinctly more predominant in the South of England, and to a less extent in Wales and the Welsh border counties; but when we consider the origins of the English poets who are unanimously recognised to stand first, we find them scattered over the whole country as widely apart as possible, Chaucer probably in Suffolk, Spenser in Lancashire, Shakespeare in Warwickshire, Milton in Oxfordshire, Wordsworth in Yorkshire, Shelley in Sussex, Keats in Devon or Cornwall. There seems to be an antagonism between the aptitude for poetry and the aptitude for science. In the counties along the south coast we find scarcely any names eminent in science (except Harvey in Kent and one or two names in Cornwall), but as we go northwards, and especially as we reach Lancashire and Yorkshire, they rise in frequency to reach a climax in the southern counties of Scotland. The distribution of philosophers seems on the whole to follow that of scientific men. Scholars are more widely diffused, but they have their chief centre in Yorkshire, no fewer than one-sixth of British scholars, including the typical figure of Bentley, coming from this county; it must be added, however, that an even larger proportion (including Porson) belong to the group of counties included in our East Anglian district. The aptitude for painting is very definitely located. Its great centre is in our East Anglian district, its secondary centre in our south-western district. The tempers of these two schools are distinct, the eastern being naturalistic, with little regard for tradition, the western more enamoured of tradition. If we extend the East Anglian group so as to include Yorkshire, it may be said that outside these two districts there are scarcely any English

artists. Scotland is the chief home of British painters outside England, though Ireland has produced a fair proportion. Musical composers, like painters, come chiefly from East Anglia, but there is also an aptitude for music on the Welsh border; the greatest of British composers, Purcell, probably belongs to Shropshire. While actors come in largest proportion from Ireland, there is a small secondary centre in our south-western district, and also, it seems, in Wales and the Welsh border, while the varied ability of East Anglian men and women includes some dramatic aptitude.

A survey of the racial elements of British genius, it may be pointed out, when conducted on a broad and impartial basis, effectually puts out of court those who contend that the intellectual ability of Great Britain belongs exclusively, or even in some disproportionately high degree, to one racial element only. It is evident that "Anglo-Saxons" and "Celts," the fair elements of our population and the dark elements, have alike contributed, according to their special aptitudes, to build up the varied civilisation of Great Britain.

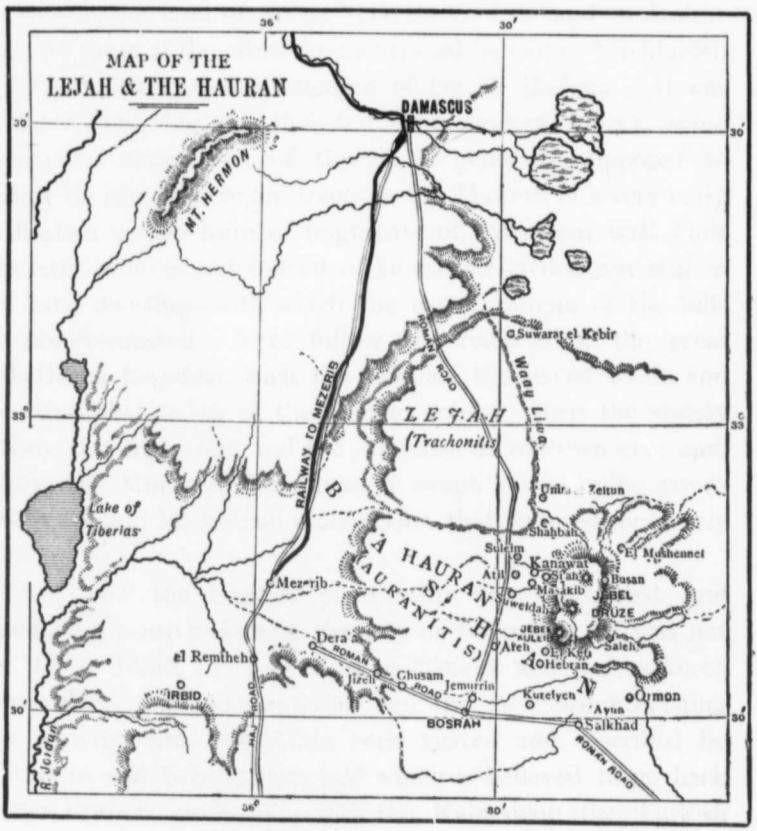
HAVELOCK ELLIS.

THE RUINS OF THE HAURAN

THE mountains and ruins of the Hauran have been visited by many distinguished travellers and archæologists. Burckhardt, Witzstein, Waddington, de Vogüé, to mention a few out of the roll of famous names, have explored the country and given an accurate description of some of its remains, yet even a cursory survey of the hills which separate the corn growing plain to the east of the Lake of Tiberias from the unfurrowed desert that stretches to the Euphrates Valley, impresses the traveller with a keen sense of how much is yet to be discovered, how much may be added to the history of Eastern empires, both Semitic and Roman. The difficulties in the way of further exploration are great. In the first place, the very idea of excavation fills the Oriental mind with cupidity and alarm, and the two sentiments are equally harmful to the excavator. Either you must be looking for treasure, in which case the right of search had better be reserved until some government envoy or local magnate can spare time to exercise it—and that would mean nothing but wholesale destruction—or your secret ends are without doubt evil and not unconnected with magic. In the second place, the Turkish Government will not permit the foreigner to enter the Druze territory, and it is only by using a disguise, or by rapid and unexpected movement, that he can force a passage through the barrier reef of Ottoman garrisons. Unfortunately, while the prohibition lies over the land, the monuments it contains are falling day by day into a

more indistinguishable decay. The temples are turned into barracks and dwelling-places, the Druzes have re-occupied the stone houses of the Jebel Hauran, pulling down and building up as it suits their requirements; theatre, church, and therme are used as quarries, and the inscribed stones of the Nabathæan king and the Roman governor are broken up or built topsy-turvy into a cottage wall.

The general character of the Hauran architecture has been well described by Witzstein, de Vogüé, and others. Its distinguishing feature is the exclusive use of stone. The builders, having no wood to their hand, were obliged to adapt the hard black basalt of the country to their need. Though the material is difficult to work in, it has the advantage of great strength, even when cut comparatively thin, as in the case of the long stone slabs with which every house was roofed. The space to be covered was reduced by a continuous corbel, and, if it was still too wide, one or more arches were thrown across the middle of the room to support the end of the slabs, the unlighted depths between them adding to the general obscurity. Windows there were often none, and what windows there were did not admit much light since they were made of stone, perforated with holes, which were arranged in patterns more or less elaborate. The doors, too, were of solid stone. Besides their extensive use of the arch, the later builders of the Hauran attacked with success the problem of the dome, and it is here that the pendentives, afterwards so marked a feature of Arab architecture, may be observed in their earliest and simplest form. Two or three square towers rose above every village, and every village possessed at least one great rectangular tank lined with stonework. By this Birkeh, as it is called in Arabic, stood the temple in later days when the Auranitis had been incorporated into the Roman province of Palestina Tertia; but it is a curious subject for speculation to consider how many hundreds of years previously the main features of the Hauran villages had been established. "Three score cities, all the region of Argob, the kingdom of Og, in Bashan, and all these


MAP OF THE
LEJAH & THE HAURAN
DAMASCUS
MT. HERMON
Suwarat el Kebir
ROMAN ROAD
Wady Liwa
LEJAH
(Trachonitis)
RAILWAY TO MEZERIB
Lake of
Tiberias
Umm Zeitun
Shabbah
Salem
El Mashennet
Kanawat
Atil
Busan
Mezerib
Mashakib
JEBEL
Weidah
DRUZE
HAURANITIS
JEBEL
HAURAN
Afeh
Saleh
Hebran
Dera'a
ROMAN ROAD
el Remtheh
Ghusam
Jizeh
Jemurrin
Kutelyeh
Qrmon
IRBID
BOSRAH
Ayun
Salkhad
ROMAN ROAD
R. Jordan
36°
30'
33°

cities were fenced with high walls, gates, and bars; besides unwalled towns a great many," says the book of Deuteronomy (iii. 4), implying that an advanced civilisation existed in the Hauran when the Jewish tribes first conquered northwards from Moab and the borders of King Sihon. It was the heritage of the tribe of Manasseh—"all the region of Argob and all Bashan which was the land of giants" (Deut. iii. 13)—and in Joshua (xiii. 31) some of the cities are mentioned by name: "Ashtaroth and Edrei, cities of the kingdom of Og, in Bashan." It was at Edrei that Og was defeated; the modern Dera'a, some twenty-five miles west of Bosrah, is generally supposed to occupy its site. There are traces in the Hauran of a very early civilisation in the form of fragments of cyclopean wall built into later edifices, and indeed of an earlier civilisation still in the cave dwellings with which the eastern slopes of the hills are honey-combed. Next follow the remains of the great Nabathæan kingdom, then the temples, the paved roads, and the triumphal arches of the Roman colony; then the stately houses, the city walls, and the churches of our own era; and, finally, the Mohammedan invasion swept a destroying sword over it all, and left behind a desolation that endured for nearly 1300 years.

I entered the Hauran plain from the south-west and pitched my camp at Dera'a, the city of King Og. It was not the black basalt town of ruinous towers and half-restored houses that I was anxious to see, but the far more interesting city underground, which has been visited and described by Witzstein and Schumacher, and which is believed to go back to the hoariest antiquity. But the Kaimakam, the Turkish Governor, put too many obstacles in my way, his object being to delay me until he had received definite orders from Damascus authorising him to prevent me from entering the Druze mountains. I have been told by a traveller, who visited the underground city a year or two ago, that it is now very difficult of access. The roofs and passages have fallen in and the air-holes are stopped up or built over; the Sheikh's family alone have

any knowledge of the winding corridors, and they are afraid to penetrate far, being convinced that they are inhabited by evil spirits. Accordingly I rode next day across the plain to Bosrah. On my way I passed through several of the black stone villages, and saw, at Jizeh, the first example of typical Hauran building. It was a small truncated tower, some fifteen feet square, with a stone cornice running round the top; there was no window, and a minimum of light was admitted by the low doorway. The door was of stone, the stone rafters rested on a projecting corbel and were supported in the centre by a single arch. It is difficult to imagine that this building can have been a dwelling-house, nor did it exhibit any of the distinctive features of a shrine, such as those described by de Vogüé. It was the first of many that I met with in the Jebel Druze, and I continued to be puzzled as to their purpose. I was also shown a fine house with stone doors and massive walls, from which the original rafters had fallen and had been replaced by wood. It had been converted into a mosque—I may observe that in a Mohammedan village the mosque, and in a Druze village the Khalweh (the Druze place of worship), is always worth visiting. It is usually the best preserved of the old stone houses, and whereas the domestic building suffers considerably at the hands of its new owners, the mosque or Khalweh remains unaltered. I passed through the village of Ghusam, where I saw a house with a fine stone door and perforated windows built, by way of ornament, into a wall, and here we struck the paved Roman road, the Rasif, as the Arabs call it, which led us straight to Bosrah. Leaving my servants to find a camping-ground under the castle, I entered the town by the triumphal arch, the Gate of the Wind, and found myself in a narrow paved street, lined on either side with stone houses, razed almost to the ground, and so climbed over ancient Bosrah for a quarter of a mile before I came to any inhabited houses. The history of Bosrah does not cease with the Mohammedan conquest in 632. The city was for the invaders, as it had been for their remotest predecessors, an

Fig. 1.—The Gate of the Wind, Bosrah.

Fig. 2.—Village Tank and Church Tower at Kureiyeh.

important station upon the great road south, but "the judgment is come upon Bosrah" as Jeremiah predicted, and it would be impossible to conceive a more desolate spectacle than that of age after age of successive civilisations—temple, church, and mosque—lifting their ruined towers and columns above the black ruins of the town.

I was accompanied in my explorations by the Sultan's agent, the Ma'amur, a young Beyrouti, who was eager to prove to me his familiarity with modern research and his superiority to the Arabs of Bosrah, and especially to the Mudir, the Governor, who was a native of the place and to whom the Ma'amur never alluded without a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders and a murmured "Fellah!"—peasant. *His* friend was the captain of the soldiers, a Turk from Constantinople, from the civilised world to which he and I equally belonged. The Ma'amur would stand before each gigantic arch or ruined gateway and exclaim: "What can have been the origin of this!" but my explanations, based on the remarks of former travellers, he dismissed as too prosaic. Nothing would satisfy him, for instance, but that a ruined mosque at the corner of the great tank must have been "the house of some mighty prince, perhaps a consul!" This tank bears the proof of being work earlier than Roman. On every stone is scratched a still legible character, which is supposed to have been a builder's mark, and de Vogüé has identified these characters with those used in Nabathæan inscriptions. The castle presents an interesting problem to the archæologist: the outer walls are post-Mohammedan, the core being the theatre of Hellenistic Bosrah; but on the south-west side are some layers of very large stones which seem to be considerably earlier than the Saracen building resting on them. It is conceivable that both theatre and castle may have risen on the ruined fortifications of the fenced city of Bashan. I rode out from Bosrah to the almost deserted village of Jemurrin, where I explored several large houses. One contained a stable with stone mangers for some twenty horses, and built into its walls were many scraps of

moulding and carved ornament, the latter exhibiting that vine pattern which is universal in the Hauran.

My further progress eastward was attended with difficulty, and during my stay in Bosrah my camp was a hot-bed of intrigue. I was determined to enter the Jebel Druze, the Mudir was equally determined to send me to Damascus through the plain, the Ma'amur was inclined to take my part out of jealousy of the Mudir (Fellah! it must be remembered), and the situation was complicated by a Druze Sheikh and a bedouin of the desert, who sent me offers of assistance, and with whom I could not come to speech lest the Mudir's suspicions should be aroused and my tents watched. Finally I struck camp and rode off, in the middle of a moonless night, to the Druze village of 'Areh, where I threw myself on the protection of Yahya Beg, a member of the great Druze family of the Attrash, who received me with all civility and sent me on my way rejoicing.

The contrast between the western slope of the Jebel Druze and the Hauran plain is very striking. The plain, though exceedingly fertile, is entirely devoid of running water, the heat, even in April, was great, the dust intolerable, and the black, half-ruined villages indescribably dirty and dreary. In the hills, though the elevation is small, the air was cool and pleasant, little streams flowed through meadows deep in grass, the villages were clean and well ordered, an occasional fig or mulberry grew before the cottage door, and the higher slopes were clothed with dwarf oak. I pitched my camp that night at Hebran, a most delectable camping-ground it was, among tiny oaks, by the edge of a large pond and close to a Mazar, the shrine of a saint, which was a remarkably well preserved specimen of the old stone house. The Khalweh, too, was a fine house. It consisted, like all those that I have visited, of a big empty room, the walls divided into compartments by the arches that supported the roof. A few felt rugs upon the floor, one or two rush-woven book-rests to hold the sacred books, and a thin black curtain to separate the women from

Fig. 3.—View from the Castle at Salkhad, showing the Roman Road across the Desert.

Fig. 4 —Vine Ornament at Jemurrin.

the men, were all it contained. No one but a Druze may take part in the services, but I have been told by one who knows the Druzes well that he believes the service to be more in the nature of a political meeting than of a religious ceremony. I breakfasted next day with the Sheikh of the village. The conversation ranged over many topics, from the Boer war to the Paris Exhibition, one after another of the notabilities of Hebran dropping in and, after due salutations, taking his place in the circle. My especial ally, a pleasant old man, by name Hamud Hamid (upon him be peace!), was spokesman for the rest, and as I answered his questions he would turn to the others and exclaim: "Hear you, oh, my friends, what she says!" and so repeat my reply. When many cups of coffee had warmed our souls, he laid his hand upon my shoulder and said: "Repeat to us, oh lady, a verse from the Evangel." I searched my memory for a sentence that could offend the susceptibilities of none, and finally hit upon the injunction to love our neighbour as ourselves, a sound maxim, free from dogma, and appropriate to the lips of a guest and a wanderer. It was received with acclamation. "Hear you, oh my brothers"! cried Hamud, and the company nodded their heads approvingly over the coffee cups.

I rode that morning southward to the Castle of Salkhad, through a charming country of little hills, well watered and covered with grass and orange-coloured poppies. I halted at the village of 'Ayun, attracted by its tall square towers. It is deserted, but while I was climbing among the ruins I came upon a large party of Druze women and children bearing branches of wild rose and long stalks of flowering hemlock, who were holding festival at the shrine of I forget what prophet. The Mazar was a perfect stone house with a stone door—Halaseh, they call it—and solid stone windows opening on stone hinges. The lintel and the door posts were still wet with the blood of a sheep that had just been sacrificed. Within, there was at one end of the room a kind of pedestal with a bit of shiny black stone upon it, half covered with a green velvet

cloth and a heap of red cotton rags. The women tore off a long strip of the red cotton and tied it round my horse's neck, "against the eye" they said. It is impossible to see a stone playing any part in the religious observances of an Arab race without being reminded of the most famous example of such a practice, the Black Stone at Mecca. According to De Vogüé there have been found in the Hauran a number of Nabathæan inscriptions, mentioning gods who were, he says, worshipped under the form of a conical stone. Now the Nabathæans also were an Arab race and probably brought their stone worship from the Arabian deserts. One cannot restrain an impulse to connect the stone in the 'Ayun shrine with a similar cult, practised in this very country by people of the same race. Moreover, I am persuaded that these Mazars are not merely well-preserved stone houses adapted by the Druzes for religious purposes, but shrines of a far earlier period, and that they are an example of local traditions kept alive by the nomad Arabs, who have always come up to the hills, as they do at this day, for the early summer pasturage. The Allath and Kosiu of the Nabathæan inscriptions had already in Christian times made way for a more orthodox object of worship, but the shrine continued to preserve the emblem of an older divinity and the vestiges of more ancient rites. It is idle to speculate on such a subject, but the following peculiarities are worthy of notice as tending to prove that the Mazars have a special character and are not simply Druze holy places; they are often placed at a considerable distance from the village, whereas the other houses are clustered close together,—Hebran and El Mushennef are good examples of this; they are found in villages which have not been reoccupied by the Druzes, as at 'Ayun, where the Mazar is the only building that has been kept in repair; or they form part of edifices which are of a religious character, as at Kureiyeh, where the Mazar is a domed chapel opening out of a large building, the roof of which is supported by rows of columns, and at Kanawat where it is a chamber in the thickness of the wall of a former church or temple.

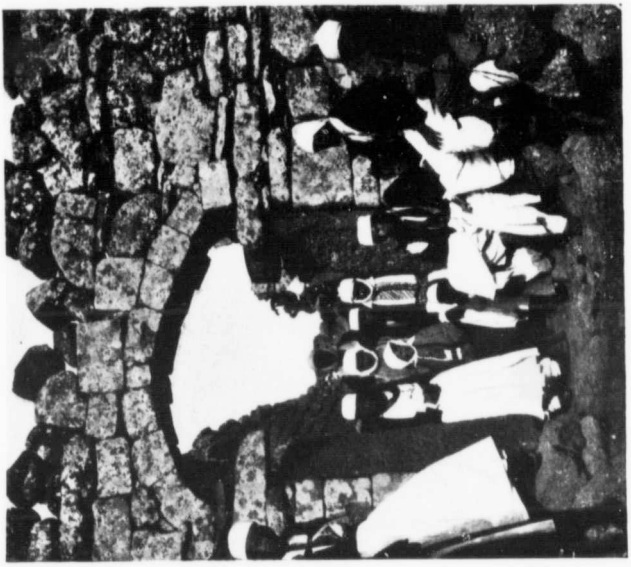


Fig. 6.—Stone Gateway at El Kefr.

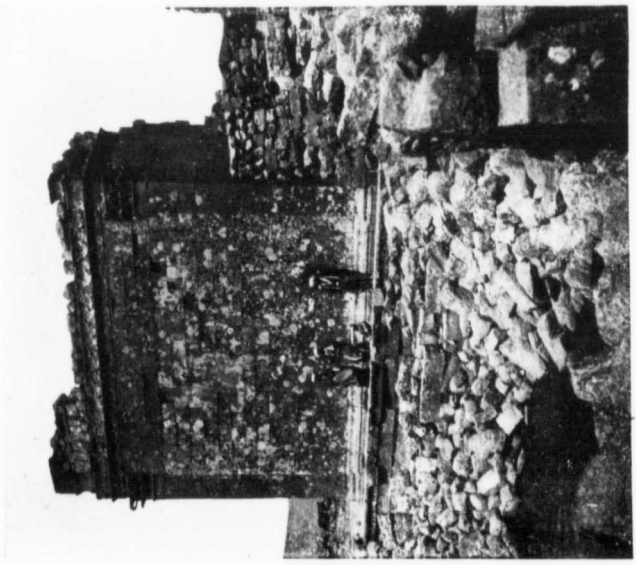


Fig. 5.—Temple at El Mushennef.

Salkhad, which we reached at noon, lies under a small volcano, in the crater of which rises the castle, the most imposing ruin in the Hauran. It, also, was a city of King Og, "he that reigned in Mount Hermon and in Salcah and in all Bashan" says the book of Joshua (xii. v. 5). It must always have been important as a military outpost of Bosrah, since it commands the road into the desert, and for this reason, perhaps, the Mohammedan invaders settled in it, rebuilding the fort and erecting a hexagonal minaret. As far as I know, it is the only town in the hills, except Shahbah, which contains Mohammedan ruins. The paved Roman road from Bosrah turns south-eastward at Salkhad and plunges into the desert, to emerge, men say, at Busorah on the Persian Gulf, but no traveller has followed its course. I myself turned westward and rode through what had once been a country of vineyards, and is now the pasturing ground of herds of camels. In a long past age the stones had been cleared from the surface and piled into heaps, and in that volcanic soil the vine must have flourished as it flourishes to-day on the slopes of Vesuvius. I camped at Kureiyah, another village of great antiquity, which bears traces of having been twice reinhabited. The foundations of the houses are in many cases of huge dressed stones, like those of the so-called Treasury of Atreus at Mycenæ; upon these the usual Hauran stone work has been superimposed, and even this, though evidently of a later age, has an air of antiquity, the houses being simpler and more primitive than those of Kanawat and other large villages; these have fallen into decay in their turn and been patched up again by the Druze colonists. The following evening found me at El Kefr, at the foot of the volcanic cone of Kuleib, the highest peak of the Jebel Hauran. El Kefr was a fenced city, of which the walls are traceable; the gateway with enormous stone doors is still standing. A Roman road from Bosrah runs past the village; to the south there is a hill covered with ruins, which is called by the inhabitants El Husn, the Acropolis—a fine commanding place for a fort, with the additional advantage of a spring of

water under the highest rock. The Sheikh was absent when I arrived, having gone to 'Areh to visit Yahya Beg, but while I was sitting in the Mak'ad, or reception room, drinking coffee with his son, he rode up and greeted me warmly. He said he had expected me, for Yahya had asked him whether he had seen "a queen travelling, a consuless." That night there came to the tent of my highness one bearing a paper on which were written some elegant verses, composed, he assured me, especially in my honour. I accepted it with many expressions of thanks, but he still lingered in the tent door. Then I said: "It must be forgiven to me if I do not know the customs of your country, but in mine if any man were to write a poem concerning me I should without doubt give him a quarter of a Mejideh." He replied gravely: "It would be so" and I pressed the equivalent of a shilling into his hand. The verses —saving my modesty—ran as follows:

Welcome to one who has visited us, the dispeller of sorrow!
To one who is gifted with intelligence and penetrating thought, who has illuminated wit, and surpassed the lord of the ages,
Our leader, the most high, to whom praise is due, and of whom perfection is the attribute;
Verily the pure of heart has been encountered in the paths of God, the Exalted, the Sublime.

The eastern slope of the hills has been visited less frequently than the western. The country is of a different character; to a great extent the charm of it vanishes, the bare rocky ground covered with thin coarse grass looks as though it had caught some baneful infection from the immense desert that stretches below it. Here only did I observe troglodyte caves, and Witzstein, who explored this district more thoroughly than any other traveller, says that he found whole colonies of such caves in the eastern hills. On the other hand, the villages are extensive, and do not appear to be as ancient as those in the west; they abound in Christian architecture, the cross figures largely in the decorative scheme of lintel and arch, and the houses themselves are spacious and

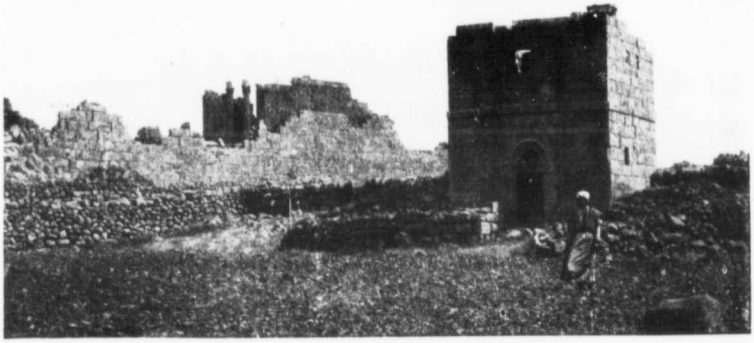


Fig. 7.—The Walls, Kanawat.

Fig. 8.—Old Houses at Basan.

many windowed, and belong to a more luxurious age than any that I had yet seen. There seems to be no connecting link between the dwellers in caves, who were presumably the same people that excavated the underground city of Dera'a, and the builders of the large stone houses and churches of Saleh, Busan, and Orman, and I hazard the suggestion that the bleak eastern slopes were not colonised by the earlier invaders, and that they owed their development mainly to the overflowing population of the Roman province. The most interesting of these villages, El Mushennef, contains a charming little temple. The western end is raised by a few steps above a tank hewn out of the solid rock; of the southern wall little remains; the northern is standing precariously, a great bulge outward showing that its days are numbered; the eastern has fallen, and been roughly built up again out of fragments of column and frieze, and the carved blocks that formed part of the doorway. A paved area lies in front of it, on which can be seen the bases of columns that stood on either side of the path leading up to the temple door. The simplicity and good workmanship of all the details are very rare in the Hauran. I have not seen any published photograph of this temple. The village stands on the top of a steep ravine, in the slopes of which I saw a fine cave dwelling, opening out into smaller caves, such as those which Witzstein describes as having been used as stables for cattle. I noticed in several places flights of steps running down below the houses, and the Sheikh explained that every house had formerly a great cellar, and that these cellars were connected with one another so that they formed a second town underground. This would resemble Dera'a.

After I had enjoyed the Sheikh's hospitality, which took the form of fried eggs and a kind of treacle, he inquired whether I wished to gaze upon an idol, a suggestion with which I instantly closed. The idol was lying upon the top of a ruined wall; it was a recumbent figure of a man, almost life-size, carved in the rudest manner out of a single block of stone, and so much defaced by time and weather that no detail

of dress or feature remained. In imagination I set it before the temple door, a pious founder or restorer of one of the most attractive edifices in the Hauran.

At Busan, a village inhabited by some twenty Druze families, I saw the ruins of several magnificent houses. In the block of building on the left-hand side of the photograph there was a small corner room into which water had been run along stone conduits, which were still in almost perfect repair. An agreeable Druze, who had appointed himself my guide that morning took me into it and said: "This was the Hamman of the lady of the house—you see there are no windows so that she could wash unseen." The other rooms were well lighted by large apertures, but I found none of the perforated stone windows which seem to belong to an earlier period than that represented by these houses. The Prophet Job has a Mazar in Busan. A broken column stands before the door, with a capital placed upon it for an altar stone; both were brown and sticky with the blood of sheep that had been sacrificed there. The Prophet Job is much reverenced in the Hauran. He has another shrine at Kanawat, near which I camped that night, under the columns that have served temple and cathedral and still point a silent finger to Heaven above the ruins of both.

Kanawat, which was the ancient Kenath, the city taken by Nobah, "and the villages thereof," and called by him after his own name (Numbers xxxii. v. 42), has been described by travellers far better qualified than I am to pronounce judgment. It contains large and splendid houses with stone doors carved into panels, several temples, a small theatre, a nympheum, and extensive fortifications. Moreover, the Roman pavement still lies in the streets. I give a view of the group of ruins, which Rey conceives to have been the episcopal palace and cathedral built on the site and out of the materials of temples of the late empire, and details of one of the doorways, which is a good example of Hauran decoration; also of a peripteral temple outside the town, and a view of the city wall with a square tower, supposed to be a funeral tower like those of Palmyra,

FIG. 9.—Cathedral of Kanawat.

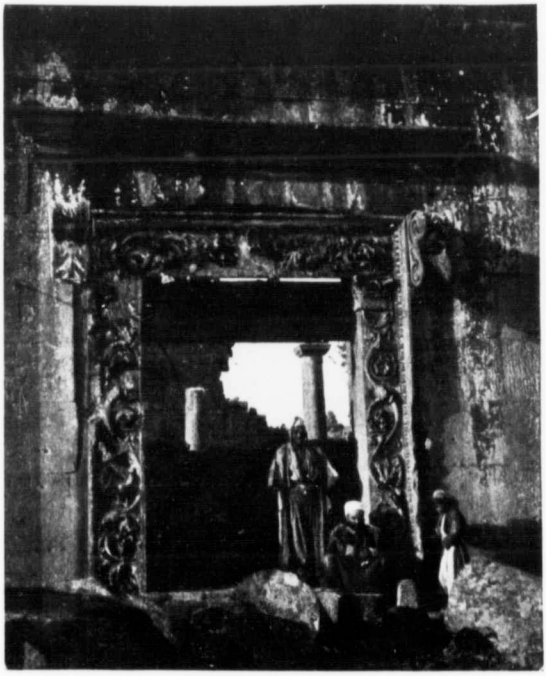


FIG. 10.—Doorway, Kanawat.

on the right, and a prostyle temple behind, and a nearer view of the same temple.

The most interesting of the "villages thereof" is undoubtedly Si'ah a suburb of Kanawat, though it is razed almost to the ground and presents the appearance of a confused mass of fallen stones. The Comte de Vogüé spent some time examining it, and discovered the remains of a temple, which he proved by inscriptions in the Nabathæan character to have been founded by Maleikath I. in the year 23 B.C. Here then is a monument of that great Nabathæan empire which stretched from the Red Sea to Damascus, and of which so little is known. It has been established by their inscriptions, which are in the Palmyrene script, that their language was Syriac, their race Arabian; indeed, Diodorus, in his account of the siege of Petra, their chief town, in 312 B.C., describes them as a powerful race of nomadic Arabs; and Josephus, in relating their wars with Herod the Great, always speaks of them as Arabs. They succeeded to the country and the commerce of the Edomites, extended their kingdom northwards, profiting by the weakness of the Seleucids, and in 85 B.C. seized Damascus. "Aretas the king," in St. Paul's account of his escape from that city, was a Nabathæan monarch. In 105 of our era Petra was taken by the Romans, and the whole country submitted to Trajan; but the northern provinces had lost their nominal independence, when the Trachonitis and the Auranitis (the Leja and the Hauran) were granted to Herod. From Si'ah to Petra is a far cry, yet a certain parallel may be found in the architecture of the two places, not in the great rock-cut tombs of Petra, which have no counterpart in the Hauran, but in the buildings that stand in the middle of the valley, the palace, and the triumphal arch. These, like the Si'ah temple, are imitations of Greek work, modified by Arab traditions and transformed by Arab artificers. The note was struck by the Nabathæan builders, and the later workmen of the Roman colony, whether in the Hauran or at Petra (for I do not know that the buildings there

can be accurately dated), followed in their steps. All along the east of Jordan the style is, roughly speaking, the same; the same overloaded decoration combined with flatness and crudeness of execution, the same immoderate use of columns in street and temple, the same exaggeration of proportions, the lengthening upwards of the members from stylobate to architrave. Possibly there is still some temple or frontier fort in the eastern desert, unknown except to the herdsmen of the 'Anazeh and the Beni Sakhr, which may afford to future explorers a further clue to the elucidation of that most interesting and difficult subject, the relation of oriental to occidental architecture.

From Si'ah I rode to the top of the hill that I might take a Pisgah glimpse of Suweidah, a town full of important ruins. It is occupied by a Turkish garrison, the only garrison in the Jebel Druze, and connected with Damascus by a telegraph wire, on both of which grounds I felt that the extremely unofficial nature of my entry into the mountains rendered it inexpedient that I should visit it. The hillside, down which we rode, was scattered over with small square towers, and I passed one completely deserted village standing by the edge of a pool of water, gay with a white flowering weed. So perfect were the houses of Masakib, that it was difficult to realise that for nearly fourteen hundred years the fires had been extinguished on the hearthstones and none had come at sunset to draw water from the shining pool. The hills were clothed with hawthorn and thickets of dwarf oaks, the degenerate descendants of the oak forests of Bashan that furnished wood for the oars of Tyre. It seems inconsistent with the allusions to the oaks of Bashan in the Old Testament to speak of the exclusive use of stone for building purposes as having been necessitated by the absence of wood. I can only imagine that the stone architecture originated in the Hauran plain, which is destitute of trees, and was subequently copied in the hill towns. Before we reached Kanawat we passed over the field where a great battle was fought against the Turks five years

Fig. 11.—Peripteral Temple, Kanawat.

Fig. 12.—Prostyle Temple, Kanawat.

ago. My companion, who had himself been a combatant and had lost two brothers on that day, showed me where the fight had swayed between Suweidah and Kanawat, and the Druze line of retreat northwards.

I spent an exciting and difficult evening at Kanawat. The Sheikh ed Din and various other notabilities of the town came to my tent in turn, at dusk and stealthily, and told me important political secrets in flowery Arabic, extremely hard to understand, and further complicated by the necessity of our all speaking under our breath, like conspirators in a melodrama. They were mainly concerned with the quarrels and reconciliations between the Druze sheikhs of the Lebanon and the Hauran; but, like Herodotus, I feel bound not to reveal what I heard, for a reason somewhat similar, perhaps, to that which actuated the father of history. Four days later I reached Damascus by a route which is well known and has been often described. I will only add that the most interesting of the two temples of 'Atil is daily falling into more hopeless decay in the hands of the Druze sheikh who occupies it, and that the great theatre of Shahbah will soon share the same fate.

As I came to the top of the last hill and saw Damascus gleaming white among its gardens in the plains below, I felt my royalty and my consulhood drop from me. I have hidden my crown and the staves of my lictors by the edge of the dusty road; there they await the day when I shall ride back and dig them up again, and return to a country where the traveller is so well received and where the archæologist would be so amply rewarded.

GERTRUDE LOWTHIAN BELL.

IN DEFENCE OF REYNOLDS

Somewhat paradoxical, as well as original, is Sir Walter Armstrong's presentation of Sir Joshua. It is difficult to imagine a great artist, the creator of a splendid succession of masterpieces, who was yet not endowed with artistic fire or original inspiration; but this is practically what the author requires of us.

I WAS really surprised to find that the *Morning Post* was right; Sir Walter Armstrong had made this demand. After reading his book I am bound to confess that, while it bears witness to considerable stores of information, and a real effort to keep up with the van of studio opinion, Sir Walter's original creation has impressed me like a new town or raw suburb, where the contrast that glaring brick and mortar make with grass and cows jars on the mind. He has a great admiration for Gainsborough; it goes a long way, too far I think; yet one cannot help liking admirations that go too far; though, alas! the object of a man's admiration may be his angel altogether as Brutus proved himself Cæsar's: and thus we find that, in order to glorify his angel, Sir Walter has not only produced a complete theory of art, but written a book to put Reynolds in his right place—that is, considerably lower than the angel's. And since he believes that "What a man wants from a work of art is knowledge of the man behind it," Reynolds has to be proved less admirable as a man than Gainsborough. But even this noble purpose can scarcely palliate such methods as these. Of the painter Ramsay he says:

Unfortunately, when a happy idea occurred to him, he was afraid to make the most of it, and left it often in a state of tantalising incompleteness. Perhaps this deficiency helped him with Reynolds: certain it is that, when Ramsay was appointed painter to the king on the accession of George III., Reynolds showed no symptom of disappointment or jealousy. (P. 42.)

Now, is that a fair way to interpret any good man's life whose faults seem all too few, for the support of our theory about his art? Reynolds' cold and jealous nature is part of Sir Walter's new theory, and such a passage shows how he tries to establish it. He reproaches Reynolds with "deductive and inductive weakness," and certainly shows his own strength in reasoning from the whole to a part in the following passage:

It was the year . . . of Northcote's departure from the master's house, to set up for himself, an event *which probably left* a less distinct impression on Sir Joshua's memory than his own election into the Academy of Florence. (P. 97.)

On the formation of our Royal Academy he says that Reynolds

reserved complete liberty of action until the bribe of the Presidency was actually pressed into his palm and his fingers closed upon it. I do not say this in the least by way of blame, but merely to support my reading of his character. (P. 56.)

Of course the *naïveté* of this does not excuse the bad taste; but when we consider that even Sir Walter does not wish to deny that Reynolds was patently the right man for this office, it becomes worse than bad taste, it comes as near as *naïveté* can to being "dishonest," to use a favourite epithet of Sir Walter's own. Would it not have been natural to say that Reynolds was restrained from much activity in regard to the preliminaries because he could not fail to see that he had been tacitly appointed to receive the chief honour in case of success? But the most scandalous instance of Sir Walter's (to put it a little more mildly) *unfair* colouring is one in which we should not fail to remark his "inductive strength."

And yet, with all his affection for his favourite niece, the marriage does

not seem to have stirred Reynolds from his normal attitude towards the concerns of other people. Here is the letter he wrote on the occasion :—

My dear Offy,—I intended to have answered your letter immediately, and to have wrote at the same time to Mr. Gwatkin, but was prevented, and have been prevented every evening since. However, I proposed doing so this evening, and disengaged myself from Mrs. Elliott's (where Polly is gone) on purpose. But this moment Mr. Edmund Burke has called on me, and proposes a party, but desires I would write while he waits at my elbow, for that he will add something himself. You must suppose, therefore, that I have wished and expressed everything that affection to you and friendship to Mr. Gwatkin would dictate.

That you may be as happy as you both deserve is my wish, and you will be the happiest couple in England. So God bless you ! I will leave the rest to Mr. Burke.

Your most affectionate Uncle,

January 30th, 1781. J. Reynolds.

Burke was less summary, and, putting aside one little touch of pomp, sent as graceful a letter as any young couple could wish for at their setting out in life.

This is on p. 123 ; on p. 153 we find :—

Offy, his favourite Offy, was allowed to marry an approved suitor without even a letter of goodwill, *until Burke forced it from him.*

Now, if Burke forced Reynolds at all, it was to write a note with some one at his elbow instead of a letter at his leisure and alone as he had intended. "A method of this kind can make anything out of anything." It would have been natural to suggest, by way of comment, that under the circumstances, from a nature respectful of its own emotions and of those of one dear to it, such a note very probably conveyed far more than Burke's graceful letter. The above are only a few out of many instances. Now, if Sir Walter shows so great a bias on matters in dealing with which our common humanity and the civilised atmosphere we breathe might be expected to keep one fairly erect, what will he not do when treating subjects in which the majority have not yet learned to take an interest, and therefore in dealing with which our common humanity lends no aid ? Let us see.

In the first place, Sir Walter's excuse for thus detracting from Reynolds' character is that it helps his view of Reynolds' art. He considers that Reynolds' cold and cautious nature hampered itself with theories, and frequently stifled his genius under the ashes of calculation. One is tempted very often by Sir Walter to have resort to a maxim of the late Lord Tennyson which is of greater convenience than truth: "Men always impute themselves"—their own motives. Indeed, I cannot forbear to suggest here that Sir Walter's energy and self-reliance are, if not frustrated, reduced in radiance by raw and gusty theories, not cautious, it is true, but hasty.

By way of introduction to his "Gainsborough," Sir Walter exposes his theory of fine art at some length, and therein attempts to define beauty as "fitness expressed"—I do not think with success. As we are the happy contemporaries of a clear and fine thinker on these subjects, may we not surmise that, had he read Mr. George Santayana,[1] he might not have felt so pleased with this definition. He artlessly tells us his theory may be tested in objects "more modern than the form of woman. Take a railway engine for instance." But suppose we take instead a really simple case. Could he distinguish tints of blue as such by means of the fitness they express, or that "essential harmony of their phenomena" which he calls to his aid in regard to "things which have no definite use," such as a "Swiss landscape." True, we call beautiful whatever is fitted to recommend itself to those who possess a sense for beauty; but to others, in whom this sense is lacking, such fitness could never express itself, while it suffices the seers of beauty without advertisement and never betrays them. Yet Sir Walter finds himself forced to suppose that unfitness may be palmed off on us by a lying outside, and fitness often kept in unmerited obscurity by incapacity to express itself, such, it would seem, is the dignity of his fundamental premise! Of his conclusion, no more need con-

[1] "The Sense of Beauty," "Poetry and Religion" (Messrs. A. & C. Black).

cern us than may be put shortly thus—that we do not admire works of art for their beauty, but as revelations of their author's character.

> What a man wants from a work of art is knowledge of the man behind it, and through that knowledge a comprehension of the highest or at least most essential faculties of his own kind.

Sir Walter considers these faculties highest because they "compete with the creative powers of Nature herself." And thus we and she may go on teeming for ever. But nature and men create both bad and good, hideous and lovely; and the bad and hideous are often, for all we know, as fit as the good and beautiful. The now happily extinct popularity of steel engraving well illustrates this admiration for the man behind the work. Have we not heard old gentlemen, oblivious to the result, wonder at the fineness of the lines, the hardness of the steel, and the time and patience expended; being indeed wholly enamoured of the man behind the work, and what, perhaps, Sir Walter would not be wrong in calling "most essential faculties" of our kind, patience and industry? But patience and application by themselves, nay, even energy and self-reliance by themselves, are a mere perpetual-motion theory; they need conceptions of beauty, virtue, truth to give them purpose, to make them rational. Pictures would be equally admirable were they produced like the pearl, by a disease of the oyster. Beauty is "an idea that subsists only in the mind; the sight never beheld it," says Sir Joshua; yes, it is what gives us the immediate perception that this or that is beautiful, full of resemblance to beauty, just as a sense for colour makes us distinguish red, blue, and green things from those that are colourless.

Beauty is the same in art as in nature. This being so, it is natural that, in common speech about works of art, the man's name should be a convenient handle for beauties known to us through his work; but it is he that is admired on account of them, and not they on his account; essential excellence is in the work itself quite apart from the fact as to whether it was produced by a man or an oyster. I should not have discussed

Sir Walter's theory, which is neither new nor true, had he not taken upon himself to be very severe on Reynolds' theories, and even gone so far as to print the words, "His ideas not profound," as a headline for p. 183. Sir Walter's own ideas are perhaps profound, yet they have not that lucidity and reasonableness that the more part of Reynolds' ideas possess in an eminent degree. But I will do him the justice to own that he seems to me never to have understood ideas whose depth he has fathomed and pronounced "not profound." He gives an epitome of the "Discourses"; I cannot hope to surpass it in brevity, but will try to in all other respects.

Sir Joshua Reynolds' discourses were delivered to students. In addressing young beginners, a master will naturally insist on the resources that, accumulated by the past, await us all; he will strive to show how these resources may be turned to account. Having an assembly of variously gifted individuals before him, he will in a general way sketch different lines of development that have been followed in the past; while pointing out that each must be true to that which he is naturally fitted for, he will none the less insist that, in his own opinion, and that of the most mature judges, one line of development is considered the most excellent, even if that be not the one he himself has followed. He will bid them all, whether naturally inclined or not, to give this their earnest consideration, so that they may not choose an inferior walk from ignorance, but if they choose one as he himself had done, that their choice may be founded on the limitations imposed on them by a knowledge of their own capacities, and not made because an external accident has shut them off from perceiving a better way, one both better in itself and to which they were better adapted. To this end he will tell them to study in a less degree all great schools that they may assimilate excellences from all, and will warn them that the heights which it took a Michael Angelo a lifetime to scale they must not expect to seize at the first rush, even if sufficiently endowed to reach them later on. That they must have patience with what they do not yet understand, and,

like little children, imitate their betters as a means whereby to grow like them. To this main line of argument Reynolds returns over and over again, showing in relation to what part of it any particular advice is to be taken. And then Sir Walter tells us:

> Be Venetian, if you like, but, at all events, draw correctly, keep ideal forms of men, women, draperies, etc., before your minds; generalise, and do not be seduced into any kind of particularity; beware of Nature, she is only to be looked at through the eyes of others; do not imagine you can invent, the modern substitute is imitation, and the only invention now possible is the making of some infinitesimal addition to previous inventions. That is a fair epitome of his advice to students, but he reversed it in practice. (P. 181.)

Yes, it is as fair as Sir Walter's use of Reynolds' note to his niece or his treatment of the Ramsay incident, and brings us no nearer the truth. Now let us hear Reynolds:

> The art which we profess has beauty for its object; this it is our business to discover and express; the beauty of which we are in quest is general and intellectual; it is an idea that subsists only in the mind; the sight never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it: it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist, which he is always labouring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting; but which he is yet so far able to communicate, as to raise the thoughts and extend the views of the spectator; and which, by a succession of art, may be so far diffused, that its effects may extend themselves imperceptibly into public benefits, and be among the means of bestowing on whole nations refinement and taste; which, if it does not lead directly to purity of manners, obviates at least their greatest deprivation, by disentangling the mind from appetite and conducting the thoughts through successive stages of excellence, till that contemplation of universal rectitude and harmony which began by taste, may, as it is exalted and refined, conclude in virtue. (Discourse IX.)

Now we see how much truth Sir Walter's epitome contained, and how little Sir Joshua thought had been done when compared with what remained to do; how little he supposed that the artist drew everything from the past, how much he relied on inborn faculties, and what great benefits he desired for the raw world. If pompous and abstract, it is serious, earnest and careful, and in a style that certainly does not deserve the strictures of a man who indulges in negligences so

purposeless as this: "*England*, no doubt, is an inartistic *nation*" (page 33).

Sir Walter Armstrong has, perhaps, mistaken his vocation: he does not seem felicitous as a theorist, or as a judge of character, or as an art-critic; many and amazing and preposterous are his more particular mistakes. Yet some of them are very fashionable at the present time. He talks of Romney's methods of execution being "infinitely sounder and more honest" than those of Reynolds. Reynolds experimented in order to produce effects for the production of which the tradition had been lost, and some of his experiments were disastrous to the durability of his pictures. But the durability of a picture has nothing to do with its merit as a work of art. Just as Gainsborough pre-eminently did, every born artist, if unsupported by an adequate tradition, will become an experimenter. There are no effects by which beauty is attained "more honest" or "sounder" than others. Least of all those of the lucky and good-for-nothing Romney who takes what little he has from Reynolds and spoils it. In the "Discourses" we read:

> The great end of all these arts is to make an impression on the imagination and the feeling. The imitation of nature frequently does this; sometimes it fails, and something else succeeds.

And the same argument applies equally to technical methods; in proportion as the result is beautiful we have art: of course we desire that works of art shall last, and Reynolds altered his methods when he found that his pictures were cracking and changing. In the fourteenth "Discourse," which is unique as a monument of the dignity, generosity, sweetness, and lucidity with which a man, though a contemporary, may judge another, though he be a rival, Reynolds says of Gainsborough:

> Though he did not much attend to the works of the great historical painters of former ages, yet he was well aware that the language of the art—the art of imitation—must be learned somewhere; and, as he knew he could not learn it in an equal degree, from his contemporaries, he very judiciously

applied himself to the Flemish school . . . . And to satisfy himself as well as others, how well he knew the mechanism and artifice which they employed to bring out that tone of colour which we so much admire in their works, he occasionally made copies from Rubens, Teniers, and Vandyck, which it would be no disgrace to the most accurate connoisseur to mistake, at first sight, for the works of those masters. What he thus learned he applied to the originals of nature, which he saw with his own eyes, and imitated, not in the manner of those masters, but in his own.

We now can add Reynolds' own name to the masters from whom Gainsborough gained not a little; but in another place he adds:

This excellence was his own, the result of his particular observation and taste: for this he was certainly not indebted to the Flemish school, nor, indeed to any school; for his grace was not academical or antique, but selected by himself from the great school of nature; and there are yet a thousand modes of grace, which are neither theirs, nor his, but lie open in the multiplied scenes and figures of life, to be brought out by skilful and faithful observers.

What becomes of Sir Walter's epitome, "and the only invention now possible is the making of some infinitesimal addition to previous inventions"? He cannot, surely, have read these "Discourses" disinterestedly, but with his theory and the glorification of his "angel" in his mind; and as these were to be served, Reynolds was misunderstood. Sir Walter seems to have thought that genius must be like the spider in the "Battle of the Books"; can it have been for the spider's own reason?

For, pray, gentlemen, was there ever anything so modern as the spider in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? he argues in behalf of you, his brethren, and himself with many boastings of his native stock and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without.

Originality—as it is wrongly called, for what is meant is not that but the most unfurthering self-assertion—has become a deadly affliction during the last fifty years. The conditions which formed the nurseries of all great schools of art have been precisely those most calculated to repress immature self-assertion. But the popular adoption of education by means of an applied veneer, instead of a transforming discipline com-

bined with the accessibility of the results of learning, has produced a vast emigration of facile talents and crude hopefuls; their "power-generators" are our huge advertisement machines; their America is the accumulation of recorded thought and fact which lies within easy reach of the modern mind; and thus many writers and artists of to-day appear very much as do the manipulators of trusts and rings, when compared with the merchants and master craftsmen who in their guilds gave and received dignity to and from historic towns. We may know where information is, we may turn it over as the Chicago merchant "handles hogs," we may turn it to such account as to be envied and honoured; and yet with their few scrolls and narrow world men in ancient Greece may have possessed more, enjoyed more, and created more that is excellent than we have had any guess of. Though we be as contented with our progress and more so than they were, how difficult it is in regard to oneself and one's contemporaries to distinguish what is fatuous from what is serene.

Has not the old world in things intellectual been tempted to become a new world, and, driven by a supposed necessity of developing huge resources, yielded to a truly American neglect of its inner self and good manners? Has not the cry for originality risen like a "yellow Press" with its straining for sensation, its demand for the "authentic thrill"? Every writer on art will now astonish us with a brand-new theory. He gazes over the realm of past achievement as an acrobat views a gymnasium; he seizes Giorgione for a trapeze and is head over heels to amaze us. The world goes on and on, and who knows what the upshot will be? A sparrow in the hand is worth more than a bird of paradise on the wing, and yet—excellence! to attain that or keep it undiminished the wisest and noblest men have not only lived strenuously but been willing to relinquish their hold on life and the world. Mr. George Santayana, in his admirable volume of essays, has underlined this new-world barbarism; he points out how some vigorous modern authors have viewed the universe as the solution of the problem of perpetual motion, and seen the wheels of life and

passion turning for the sake of turning, without producing anything but the next revolution, happy in the consciousness that they were helping to keep up the stir. We have all heard people call something like this "life," and seen them constantly longing to be in "the thick of it"—experience for the sake of experience! and in the young this temper will at times have appeared charming. But when we gaze back into the past, works executed in severe obedience to high standards of excellence, lives given wholly to the service of perfection, kindle in our own breasts thoughts and ideals that make life for the sake of living seem a cheap and tawdry notion. This is the great claim of the past, its power, its spell.

Sir Walter Armstrong has perhaps been too eagerly drawn into the exploitation of our vast modern resources, as his rapidly sequent publications on the life and works of Velasquez, Gainsborough, and Reynolds might suggest. As one reads, by a kind of magic, the spirit of his words embodies itself, and there appears a complete man, enviably self-reliant, frank, and with that air of despatch which one imagines for a ruling spirit of the firm that undertakes the Atbara Bridge. Yet I am forced to conclude that Sir Walter Armstrong, though a lover, is not likely to be a leader of fashion, since for his view of the "Discourses" all the eloquence and enthusiasm of Ruskin had already failed to make a fortune, and very likely his notions about "paint" are, in the studio world, as a witty friend of mine once said, only what the last frock-coat but one is to the would-be dude. Like that of so many honest secretaries, Sir Walter's imagination serves his ruling interest alone. It deserts him when he has to deal with the scribbled notes that Reynolds made in Italy. He cannot realise that they are like dust from the wings of a moth, a Psyche, once light of wing, who visited many flowers from which no pollen can be found mingled with the meal brushed off in her bygone vagrancy. It is just as much a foible of fashion to call Baroccio a "paint slinger" to-day as in the eighteenth century it was to leave the great primitives nameless and speak of them under the collective appellation of "the Gothic Masters." There is only a difference of breeding in the

two cant terms, for Baroccio is a painter of real merit, whose works Sir Walter perhaps has not looked into with sympathy for the very reason which he supposes led Reynolds to neglect Giotto. Wiser it must have been to assume that a large share of the mature and just praise which Reynolds gave to the "Gothic Masters" was paid to Giotto, than, as Sir Walter does, to conclude from the fragmentary pencil scribblings of a young man's pocket-book, that Reynolds had failed to appreciate what perhaps he had no sufficient opportunity of seeing; and certainly scanty time had been his in which to bridge over the gulf that separated those days from the thirteenth century, across which now the labour of many leisured scholars has thrown a roadway that any tramp may traverse. Imagine Sir Walter without his Baedeker, without Morelli or Crowe and Cavalcaselle! Reynolds might more justly be called the discoverer of Bellini, as Burne-Jones was, I believe, of Carpaccio, than found fault with for only making a single mention of his work. One is almost led to think it not improbable, so extravagant is Sir Walter's bias, that he considers the four caricatures at Dublin "technically" Reynolds' best painting, not even on account of some cherished theory so much as that they happen to be under his charge. Such personal enthusiasms are not unpleasing in the director of a public gallery; we like to know that national treasures are dear to him who is their warden. The energy, enthusiasm and self-reliance that Sir Walter displays, if severely directed to research work, might lead to far more valuable results than his essays in the grand style of fine-art theory, well meant but not favoured by nature. How ridiculous it is to say that Rembrandt never tells a story! Who, among painters, except Giotto, can compare with him as story-teller and dramatist? But Sir Walter takes seriously the fashionable nonsense about pictures not having literary merit when good. Reynolds often, apparently, takes into consideration the like balderdash current in his day, diplomatically soothing his hearers, but slips in some phrase the while that lets a careful reader know that he had a shrewd guess of its real value.

The "Discourses" contain what I believe is the best art-criticism yet written. Reynolds brought to bear on these great questions not alone vast practical experience, but a rare docility of disposition which enabled him to benefit by experience and observation. In studying the great historical painters he saw that, in order to "give a future to their past," it was necessary to go back on the false road made by his immediate predecessors. As I have not space to give a detailed explanation of his theory here, I will briefly point out how a major part of the art achieved in the past century has been produced on the lines he, with so sure an instinct, indicated. Turner, Alfred Stevens, Watts, Ingres, Delacroix, Barye, Millet, Puvis de Chavannes, and Rodin have all attained a European reputation as men of genius, and deserve, I believe, the highest places among their contemporaries; but, in any case, they are pre-eminent for the large part they have given to study of past masters, and many of them for that eclectic catholicity advised by Reynolds. Our pre-Raphaelite school was also a return to the past, but set out with insufficient information, and retained technically too much the character of an adventure of amateurs. Millais was professional enough, but, unfortunately, cannot be said to have possessed himself of a spirit such as great masters evince, or of any substitute for such of sufficient dignity to give him much weight as an exception. Sir Walter quotes him with approval for his strong sense in saying that "paint was paint and talking talk"; not only did he fall a victim to our English self-assurance but also to our "Anglo-Saxon commonness and vulgarity." When will our men of parts mark the example of Milton and heed the advice of Reynolds, and so become aware of the trap that is laid for them in our national self-sufficiency, till by trusting less to, they make more of, their gifts? Alas, most of them, like Sir Walter, are so wide awake as to seem quite blind. Had he been as disinterested as a critic should be, he might perhaps have remembered that the greatest living painter is one whose native endowments constrained him to study and imitate those whom Reynolds called "the great historical

painters" in a more direct way than Reynolds' genius permitted to him; and that not only can a large section of his work be looked on as a splendid vindication of the great President's advice, but in his portraits also he is the only name of the past century who has worthily continued the successes of Gainsborough and Reynolds. I refer, of course, to our venerable English master, Watts.

The career of the greatest modern French painter bears witness to the same thing. Puvis de Chavannes breathed from the antique and the earlier Renaissance the sweet serenity of his gay and noble creations. In sculpture, Europe has had three names of the first rank—Alfred Stevens, Barye, Rodin. Alfred Stevens derived solely from the later Renaissance; Barye refound the Greek tradition before the age of Phidias; and Rodin, an experimentalist, has studied everywhere. Especially has he drawn from that fountain-head, Michael Angelo, and his work bears deep traces of this commerce; though, as Reynolds says of Gainsborough, he has "found out a way of his own to accomplish his purpose." With these men's work before my eyes, I fail to fathom Sir Walter's profound idea—that Reynolds' notions on sculpture have been discredited by latter-day achievements. Nevertheless, the past century has produced a considerable and genuine art, which, without roots in the past, has presumed to despise, or remained indifferent to it. Of sincerity, it has so much as may be wedded to shallowness; of beauty, either a raw, a narrow, or a perverse perception; but it has vigour, hardihood, and sometimes the charm of effrontery. Its methods are rough and ready and its instinct advertisement. In Courbet we have it simple, ignorant, honest; in Manet, impudent and sprightly; in Claude Monet, seeking a support from scientific thoroughness. It has since, in Paris, been carried to caricature extremes which have produced a clumsy echo in Germany, of more real effort than the wild-fire whimsies of the small fry here and elsewhere.

Before jumping we take a run back, and he who imagines he can leap as high from where he stands will probably

bring down the lath. Of like utility is that recourse to the past so strenuously advocated by Reynolds. The principle is universal. Ben Jonson advises poets often to read over the foregoing parts of the work in hand. May we not consider it a sign of sanity when we regard the human spirit as such a poet, and art as a half-written poem? Shall we not have a sorry disappointment if its conclusion is merely novel, and not the fulfilment and vindication of those great things gone before? Keats said he always felt as if he had read the best things long ago, however much their novelty had surprised him. No doubt it was the recognition of their kinship to beauty, and also to all foreknown glories, which he was thus quick to feel. Ah! if the final consummation of art is to be novel only, then, indeed, will seers of beauty be forced to join in that sad wail—"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!"

So, though Sir Walter or anybody else should tell me he preferred Courbet, with his ignorance behind him, or Manet with the unseasoned painting of Goya behind him, to Gainsborough based on Rubens and Vandyck, or Reynolds based on Titian and an eclectic study of all the art he came across, I am content; he may have his opinion, I mine: even as should a man tell me that what I call green was red, I should refer it to his being colour-blind; but if he argues that he is right, and in so doing tries to damage the characters of those to whom with gratitude I look up, or distorts the meaning of their all-too-scanty writings, I feel a righteous indignation, and prepare the best defence I can for the ancients whom I love.

I will attempt to draw a distinction between eccentricity and originality, for it is the confusion of these two ideas which, as it seems to me, leads many gifted persons into error. We may call those conceptions which rationalise and give purpose to human life "central"; such are beauty, excellence, perfection; and any new discovery or creation which enhances, elucidates, or establishes these deserves the praise conveyed by the word "original"; any other novelty is necessarily more or less eccentric, any that makes more of a man than the excellences

he embodies, or puts a higher value on vigour than on beauty, or that prizes skill and productiveness for their own sakes—all, in fine, that seek to be justified by aimless perpetual-motion theories. If I am right, we may say that Millet was original, Turner first original then eccentric, while Monet's work is chiefly eccentric.

I have often thought, in reading his pages, that Sir Walter himself did not realise the full import of many of his pronouncements; he so obviously put the emphasis in the wrong place, and seemed to suffer from what we all suffer from, not having the "habit of contemplating and brooding over the ideas of great geniuses." "It is impossible, in the presence of those great men, to think and invent in a mean manner," and men who do this as Reynolds did it, as Legros and Rodin have done—"such men surely need not be ashamed of that friendly intercourse which ought to exist among artists, of receiving from the dead and giving to the living, and perhaps to those who are yet unborn." Sir Walter himself has some excellent passages unclouded by his theories, in which his energy and information add to our enlightenment; and his enthusiasm for Gainsborough, however fashionable, would do credit to any man. But in a period like the present, when every unripe thought and every hasty judgment may be carried far and wide among the intellectually raw, we need to be more than ever self-exacting in sifting our opinions and weighing our words, and to remember the lesson that Swift makes his Æsop draw from the famous quarrel between the spider and the bee, in a passage which furnished an admirable critic with one of those texts he was in the habit of using to such happy effect:

> As for us the ancients, we are content, with the bee, to pretend to nothing of our own beyond our flights and our language. For the rest, whatever we have got has been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature; the difference is that, instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.

T. Sturge Moore.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISHMAN

OF course if you ask "the man in the street" what nation has done most in the way of development during the last decade he will answer you readily "The Japanese." The man in the street is often a thoughtful fellow, and the development of the Jap is obvious, taking the form of assimilation of Western ideas, buying top-hats, frock-coats and ironclads. Moreover the Jap, as a fighting man, set the example to the Western Powers with whom he worked on the way to Pekin.

It is much easier to see developments at the distance of Japan from England; far more difficult for the man in the street to form a right estimate of what is passing on the other side of it. It is too near his nose to be in focus, and moreover he is in the middle of the stream of traffic—of the evolution of his own people—and has not the same opportunity of looking at it from the outside. Evolution is essentially one of those games of which the spectator sees more than the player. It is not impossible that a clearer view may show the Englishman to have developed as much as the Jap, if less obviously. One of his developments is that he has begun to call himself a Briton.

You do not find the Englishman calling himself by this nickname a decade or so back. He has grown to adopt it by way of compensation to Ireland for the wrongs that Oliver Cromwell or Mr. Balfour did her. Ireland is not sure which.

Her wrongs are so many that they defy analysis, and she accepts anything by way of compensation, without gratitude. Yet if Ireland, collectively by her elected mouth-pieces in Parliament, continues to make a vain cackling, her sons individually do yeoman's service for the Kingdom against whose Union these mouth-pieces protest, and, as Paris was cheaply bought at a mass, so such services are cheaply bought by the assumption of the name of Briton—as good a name as Englishman after all is said and done. Curiously enough, Scotland, though partly Celtic too, does not seem to care what the Englishman calls himself, but she has shown a superior faculty for forgetting Cromwell and Cumberland and some other little historical incidents that Ireland would have held in everlasting remembrance.

The chief feature, beyond question, in the Englishman's evolution is his recognition that he is the inheritor of a great estate. It is a different matter to talk in large-sounding phrases about an empire on which the sun never sets, and to realise at all adequately what these fine phrases mean. This is a recognition that has come to the Englishman—that is to say, the average Englishman of the educated classes—only within the few last years of this decade, and the man to whom, first of all, the Englishman is indebted for that recognition is that best of all his friends, ex-President Kruger. To Lord Salisbury and to Mr. Chamberlain we owe a great deal, to Mr. Cecil Rhodes perhaps we owe more, for showing us what imperial possibilities and imperial responsibilities mean, but by no one man has so much been done for the solidification of the British Empire, and for bringing home to every Briton (let us use the all-embracing term) the sense of what Empire means, as by Mr. Kruger, whom, nevertheless, we must deem to have done all this without precise knowledge of the end to which he was working. Some day, with or without Mr. Kruger's kindly aid, the Englishman would no doubt have awoke to a sense of what he was. It is to Mr. Kruger that he owes it that he has won this knowledge before the nineteenth century came to its

close. "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us, To see oursel's as others see us"—and Robbie Burns, looking down from his own particular niche in the poet's corner of Paradise, will see the *deus ex machina* to that end, for the Englishman, in the Dutch figure of the exiled ex-President.

Adequately to trace from its beginnings the evolution of the Englishman, it would be necessary to go back to his earliest historical days, when the infancy of the nation was created by a blend of the Anglo-Saxon with the Norman. Since that time, through all his days of feudalism, autocracy, revolution, reformation and constitutional monarchy the Englishman, be it said to his everlasting credit, has been capable of sacrificing much for an ideal. When he goes crusading with Richard Yea-and-Nay, buccaneering with Drake, iconoclasting with Noll Cromwell, shaking the pagoda tree in the service of John Company, he is, in each and every incarnation, fighting for something more than the material rewards of victory. Even in the buccaneering he is something of an idealist. It is seldom that he realises the ideals for which he fights, but he leaves the realisation and the possession for his posterity. He sows the seed in blood and treasure; his children reap the harvest.

Is this not really the justification and the true motive of the Englishman in seeking Empire? Immediately, he gains the empty glory that is dearly bought, but for his sons he lays up an invaluable possession. His justification for possessing the earth is that he, more than any other, can fulfil the mandate to replenish it. Who shall point to a corner of the earth where the Englishman has proclaimed his Empire and declare that it is not the better for the proclamation? There is no such place on the map.

The work of his Empire, the meaning of himself and his work in the world, the Englishman has grown to appreciate only within the last decade, and within the last year or two of that decade. He has also grown, within the last few months, to appreciate the price that he has to pay for Empire. He is in the position of a man who balances his accounts at the end

of the century, and asks himself rationally whether his expenditure is worth its objects. On the whole, the answer of the Englishman is a steadfast affirmative. He has said his say at the recent elections—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in preference to Mr. Leonard Courtney. He is prepared to pay the price, whether in blood or treasure. In the Transvaal he has shed his blood, the best and bluest, even the blood royal, and his treasure to the degree of a shilling's income tax in the pound. The price is very terrible. But he is steadfastly resolved to pay it. It is the price of Empire, and Empire is worth the price. That is the way that the balance is struck by the "nation of shop-keepers."

The alternative has been brought very near. When disaster after disaster came upon the few arms we had in South Africa, at the outbreak of the war, the Englishman went about the streets asking himself how it would feel to come down to the position of a third-class power. The possibility seemed to be on the horizon of practical politics, and it was wonderful how calmly, how bravely, the Englishman faced that possibility, even as his power of facing all kinds of music has made him the wonder of Europe—perhaps, in some measure, the wonder of himself. But though he accepted the possible situation calmly, he prepared to pay the price, even to the utmost farthing, that should save him from it, and he has his reward—a reward that has come to him in the form of the hand-clasps of his brother Englishmen all the world over, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, wherever Englishmen live, so that the truth is brought home to him—which yet again he had no means of gauging before—that Empire means not weakness, but strength.

It is a truth that the Englishman's critics were not disposed to let him trust in; it is a truth that his critics themselves were far from realising. In the early days of that South African war which has let light into so many dark places, the critics were not slow in speaking of the British Empire as the "Colossus with feet of clay" to be overturned by the gentle pressure of

Mr. Kruger, the great and good. Then Englishmen came from Canada, Englishmen came from Australia, the Princes of the Indian Empire (most startling apparition of all) wished to join the Imperial forces. It appeared that the Colossus stood on some solid foundation after all. The Englishman heard a deal less from his critics about "the feet of clay."

Amongst other things of which the last decade of the century has given the Englishman a clearer recognition is the attitude of the Continent towards him. Ten years ago it was often said that the Englishman was unpopular on the Continent of Europe. But did the Englishman believe it? Not for a single moment. He read about it in the Continental papers, but he said to himself "Tush," or more likely "Bosh. It's impossible that anybody can really fail to like such a good fellow as I am." That was his view about it. It seemed to him incredible, and he declined to believe it. The only people whose dislike he did believe in were the Americans, and it filled him with the most unfeigned astonishment. He could not make it out at all; ascribed it to all sorts of causes, such as the teachings of the American history primers depicting all Englishmen as animated towards America by the sentiments of George III. At all events, whatever the reason, he had to believe the fact, and he accepted it with the greatest surprise. Then came America's war with Spain. America, with scarcely less astonishment, found the Englishman to be her friend. In the meantime on the Continent the attitude was sufficiently pronounced to convince the most sceptical. There was the German Emperor's telegram to Mr. Kruger, on the occasion of the Jameson raid—which latter was emphatically a buccaneering exploit of the wrong kind—and there was the feeling excited by the affair Dreyfus (in which pie the Englishman had no earthly right to put his finger as he did), and by the incident of Fashoda, which France would have done well not to raise. These things sufficed to convince even the Englishman—the astonishing fact became beyond question—that he was not popular. The reason was altogether hidden

from him, but the bare fact was sufficient to make him begin to suspect himself.

He had no idea but that he was the best fellow in the world, and yet, since he found himself without a friend in that world, he began to ask himself whether it could be the whole world that was at fault, or whether there might not, after all, be some reason for it in himself. And in something of that attitude the end of the century finds him. He has not fully succeeded in solving the reason of his unpopularity. He is inclined to think it is because he is a success where others have failed, and this is a very human reason for unpopularity. But he has a suspicion that it may not be altogether this, a suspicion that is fostered by the fact that his unpopularity has become less patent since his pronounced success in rallying his brothers all over the Empire to his aid in South Africa. In this regard his evolution within the last decade has not been in the direction of solving and recognising the reason of his unpopularity, but in recognising its truth as a fact and suspecting the hitherto undreamt-of thing that the cause of it may be, partly at least, in himself—that he may not be altogether so pleasant a fellow as he supposed himself. It is not altogether, therefore, for self-edification, but in some respects even for humility, that his latest evolution makes. Nor is his humiliation on this account only. He is beginning to suspect of himself, further, that he is not quite so clever a fellow as he supposed. The conception by the Englishman of his unpopularity came to him, fortunately, at the moment, or but a short while before the moment, when other circumstances combined to help him to recognise that he had strength enough to despise that unworthy sentiment of the foreigner towards him. It was for a few short months only that his "isolation" seemed too heavy a burden for him to bear. When, by grace of Mr. Kruger, he had realised the power as well as the responsibilities of Empire, he acquiesced in recognition of his "isolation," as a necessity of his geographical insulation, and was willing to take his place in the world on those terms.

As regards his suspicions, so newly aroused, of his intelligence, the Englishman, in the latest stage of evolution under which he is known to us, is suspicious and restless still. He is dissatisfied with himself. He is almost fain to regard other nations, French, German and American, as before him in quickness of apprehension in regard of those military and commercial problems which, taken together, seem to contain all the factors of Empire and of success. It is but a seeming. They do not contain all the factors. There remains a residuum —that quality by which, as Lord Rosebery put it, the Englishman "blunders through somehow"—but the commercial and the military qualities are the factors most obvious, and in them the Englishman grudgingly has to admit that he finds himself being outpaced. Germany and America are going faster, are more adaptable to the various circumstances, in the commercial race. Not a nation, according to their own showing, but could give points to him in the great military business of leading men scientifically. In one point, a detail that is of importance, does the Englishman still claim (and his claim is admitted him) a superiority—in the quality of the men to be so led—the material of his battle line. This is the gift that Heaven, in the Englishman's pious judgment, has given him—the Empire-making gift, that he possesses in greater measure even than Germans or Americans, whom he conceives as most nearly akin to himself of all the nations. It seems to him but natural that he should be in alliance with them and no longer in isolation; that all children of the common Teutonic stock have a common outlook and should make common cause. It is to his astonishment that other members of the Teutonic stock do not seem to view the matter with his eyes.

The lack of intelligence, whereof his latest phase of evolution appears to make him aware, the Englishman of the cultured classes is recognising, and he is determined that he will mend the matter. His officers shall learn the game of war in preference to the game of polo. He is going to set his

commercial house in order, to make his adaptability to the wants of foreign customers compete with that of the colonial merchants of Germany; he is going to sweep out the dusty corners of his War Office; he is going to emulate his American cousin in his quicker appreciation of mechanical improvements. All this is very near the heart of the Englishman of average culture in his latest evolution. Unhappily the Englishman of less than average culture, the Englishman of the masses rather than of the classes—that is to say, the Englishman in the great majority—does not envisage these things at all in the same way. His evolution perhaps has not yet reached the phase in which he is able to suspect himself of a defect. On the gallant principle that his fathers brought from Heaven knows where—it hardly can have been Waterloo—that one Englishman is worth three Frenchmen, on that principle and that estimate he reckons his worth in comparison with that of all the world besides. "Such a thing, such a mode of action, is English" is, with him, but another way of saying "such a thing or such a mode of action is ideally right." It leaves no room at all for any improvement. Now this is a gallant and maybe an empire-making mood, but it is not the mood in which evolution accomplishes itself. It is the mood rather of stagnation, the mood of a stagnation only to be described as Chinese. There is danger, in the Englishman's attitude, that his Empire, or at least his island home, may become even like that of the Chinese; but there is salvation for him from that mood in the suspicion of himself that has become the latest possession of the class of average culture. When that suspicion shall have permeated and leavened the mass there will be hope for the Englishman that he may again move on in the course of evolution. For the moment it is heavily arrested. It is blocked by the self-satisfaction of the labouring and the town commercial classes, by the inability of the latter to see that supply must be brought into agreeable relations with demand, by the tendency of the former to strike for more wages than capital can afford to give and to require a standard of comfort

in their way of living that makes them unable to compete with the foreign labourer who lives more simply and more cheaply. For the moment the Englishman of this class has no regard for the foreigner. He is in the phase of the more cultured Englishman of fifteen years ago. He disregards foreign competition just because it is foreign, and therefore in his eyes a quantity to be neglected. We may hope that a few years of further evolution will open his eyes as those of his more developed countrymen have been opened, so that he may bestir himself to compete with his rivals in the game of production. On the other hand, in regard to the relatively greater cost and higher scale of comfort of the Englishman's living in the working class, in this regard we may expect the foreigner to come into an equality with him rather than he with the foreigner, for the tendency is for the general comfort of living to increase as evolution proceeds, not *vice versa*, and one of the Englishman's legitimate reasons for self-satisfaction is that he cares for the housing of his working classes and that his soldiers have a beef-fed courage and constancy.

A trait common to all Englishmen, irrespective of class, in this latest phase of evolution has been an enthusiastic loyalty, centred on an object that could scarcely fail to rouse sentiments of enthusiastic loyalty, but not entirely dependent on the person to whom the feeling was for the time directed. Throughout his history, in which a succession of different dynasties, many of them not directly English, have occupied the throne of England's monarchs, to all alike the Englishman has been singularly ready to render his obedience and his service, though obedience to another's bidding is by no means, nor ever has been, a trait characteristic of him. In opinion he demands a perfect, a Protestant, freedom; which demand is among the reasons that he is not altogether a *persona grata* in the Roman Catholic countries of Europe. Yet within his own borders he is singularly amenable to the powers that be, from Crown to Parish Council and the village constable.

The freedom that he claims for himself he is willing, within

limits, to extend to his wife. Only the more advanced Englishman whom we call the American permits his wife a greater freedom of opinion and action than the Englishman in his own island. Yet there are limits to the freedom, limits prescribed largely by a sense of humour. There is something just slightly ridiculous in the sex that is weaker claiming for itself equality with the sex that is stronger in rivalries into which the elements of strength, mental and physical, essentially enter. The Englishman, for all that he may suspect himself of a want of mental alertness, is able to keep the claims of the woman within bounds by a laughter that is gentle and fatal, permitting woman at the same time the privilege and powers that belong of right to her weakness.

And with all the Englishman's distrust of himself and his intellect compared with the perhaps quicker faculties of others, he is convinced nevertheless that his attitude and his outlook on the world are right in the main. Striking the balance of the mental, the moral and the material gifts, the outcome he finds to be satisfactory; and his self-satisfaction he hardly seeks to conceal, and thereby supplies with yet another faggot the fire of his unpopularity on the Continent of Europe. To be successful, to know it and to show that you know it, this is perhaps after all the head and front of his offending. It may not seem to amount to much, but it is enough, as human nature and human nations are constituted. It accounts for most of the isolation in which practically, however he may strive to persuade himself to the contrary, the Englishman lives on his island and throughout his world-wide Empire. It is the strength of the Englishman's position, and at the same time an added aggravation of it, that he doesn't care.

In spite of his almost amazing loyalty, the evolution of the Englishman during the last decade has marched rapidly on democratic lines. It is a march that is due to several causes. The old aristocracy has descended from its pedestal and meets the democracy more than half way. A belted earl is a member of the Stock Exchange, and loses so little in caste as to hold an

office in a Conservative government—a case typical of the course of events, a silent sign of the times—and he one of the older creation! Of the later creations, peers are so many that their number must inevitably take something from the respect in which their class, when it was more exclusive and select, was held by the class below it. The middle classes see their own members passing into the ranks of the peerage, and rub shoulder to shoulder with members of the old exclusive class in city offices. For the cause—it is to be seen in the lower value of land, in which, for the most part, the property of the old aristocracy consists, together with a higher cost of living in the smart set which is due more to the increased transport facilities given by railways than to any one other cause. For the effect—the Englishman of the middle classes has lost much of that slightly ridiculous, yet not altogether evil, "respect for a lord," which used to be his more or less unconscious possession, while at the same time a sense of his own necessity has given to the working man the precious belief that he is fully as good as his middle-class employer. The parvenu millionaire takes his place without an effort in the "smart" society of London. All is no doubt for the best in the best of all possible worlds. At least who shall say that the aristocracy is not fully as well occupied in putting its shoulder to the wheel, even though it be but the wheel of a money-making machine, as in the Corinthian manners of life under the Regency? Nor does it spare its brain and its blood in the service of government at home or of Empire abroad. If the Englishman of the masses does not "respect a lord," as in the good days of old, it is surely because such loss of respect is a necessity of his evolution, by no means because "the lord" who is typical has fallen from an estate in which he was more worthy of respect.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

REFLECTIONS ON THE ART OF LIFE

MANY people think that life cannot be filled better than by whirl and excitement. Tell me frankly, does this lend charm to life? Life is what it is; why should we kill ourselves in painting its stucco? It would often be doing us a service were some one to show us the ridiculous side of a crowd of obligations and ambitions in which we consume ourselves, vainly. To do this thing or that because "everybody does it," to know everybody, to take the present time by the forelock, to think everybody's thoughts, to see what every one sees, to eat the fashionable kickshaws and suffer from the fashionable complaint, to reel under the prodigious exertion of doing nothing—truly a fine object in life, this: the life of a circus horse or a squirrel. The world will regard us with admiration, maybe; but the physician before whom we presently collapse after our surfeit will treat us as degenerates.

He will tell us to quit Paris and fly to the sea or the mountains. Stuff! 'tis not the air of Paris that is unwholesome; what is unwholesome is its moral atmosphere. Still, I do find it a little hard to understand how a Parisian, constantly beset by risks so various, can reach manhood limb-whole, unmaimed. To be alive—that is the marvel.

And many persons, amid these futile activities, pass life by after all without touching it. *Who* they were is never

known; you only see their gestures. In sooth, there must be many serious people among the clowns at the fair, judging by the number of clowns and fribbles among serious people.

Not a few of the grave men I happen to meet, lawyers, bankers, men of business, are not really men at all; they are merely lawyers, bankers, men of business. Is this happiness?

Mr. Rockefeller, the petroleum king, has fallen into a melancholy. Like Charles V., he desires to abdicate; but this dream is still to him a fresh source of trouble and sorrow, for he seeks a mortal of fit mould and temper to wield the sceptre in his stead, and, though he scours two hemispheres, this mortal is nowhere discoverable.

Will it astonish you, Madam, if I avouch that this rage of unrest has set its mark upon some of your sex? Would not you yourself think it a slight on your reputation if you were even suspected of being a stay-at-home? Conversation, writing—what outworn, antiquated things! You fling out your words, your notes, in the style of a trademan's list or a telegram; you are seen in the paddock or the polo-field, on charitable committees, in presidential chairs; since man is master, you think you are winning a place among the engulfing sex by adopting mannish modes wholesale.

The most charming of women will cut, at best, but a poor figure as a man; and I cannot, in truth, see what there is in the spectacle of the masculine hurly-burly to attract women who might well live in quietness. To be endlessly getting and spending, to turn all things to laughter and take nothing seriously, to be altogether insensible—oh, a fine philosophy! With all his wealth and titles and decorations, many a man comes to crawling on all fours, and even finds exceeding comfort in his proneness, like the good soul who, being changed into a swine by the enchantress Circe, refused point-blank to resume his former feature. But all our restless strivings represent in reality nothing but a varnish of egotism, wherefore we cannot desire a woman to take pleasure in them. Moreover, she would have to force her nature to attain an egotism so perfect. Such

egotism is very rare among you, ladies; and often, after the loss of those you love has driven you within your last entrenchments, it happens that Death comes, rather than Forgetfulness.

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Shall we at least find joy in the happiness of doing nothing?

I recognise that, for some women, there is a measure of practical wisdom in remaining idle. Unaccustomed to anything that can be called work, constrained often to periods of real enforced idleness, they prefer to avoid all serious undertakings, lest their activity prove mere bungling.

This attitude of mind is familiar to many men also, if they have an income however small, or merely the hope of espousing one. They tell themselves that work brings worry, breeds jealousy and envy: ignorance has its art—the art of shining inexpensively; and all you have to do for the decoration you covet is to unveil a statue in honour of some philosopher conveniently deceased. Meanwhile, it is so pleasant a sensation, so conducive to the peace and order of your country, to smoke your cigar without one thought, one desire, one aspiration!

So pleasant! But stay, my dear sir, let me deal fairly with you: you are always doing something, even though it be only smoking, hunting, reading the newspaper, emitting your political views, riding, eating, digesting. Only, these occupations are useless to your neighbours. It is very lucky, you will admit, that all men do not profess the same principles of ideal parasitism, for then, who would give you to eat?

If we could but hug the assurance that wretchedness belongs of right to the poor, and glory to the rich, we might beseech the poor to batten on the odours exhaled from your kitchens. But no: uselessness seeks to foist itself as a mark of distinction; and vanity, often more ravenous than hunger, excites violent social strictures, especially among workmen of some intelligence, and sufficiently well off already to have an inkling of what luxury means.

Unhappily, our progress in material things serves only to

develop this sense of luxury, by establishing on all sides contacts purely material. Money, and money alone, classifies the passengers on the railway; we all become mere parcels, some in wadding, others not. We are estimated by the weight of our money, though that is commonly a cause of moral feebleness, or at least of torpor. Will social happiness, any more than personal happiness, be found in this glorification of material indolence and the aristocracy of pleasure? It seems not, judging by the jealousy that devours our whole society, from top to bottom. There is endless talk of solidarity, fraternity: that is the court dress of the present day, as were formerly wigs and knee-breeches. But never was egotism so intolerant; never, consequently, was the tedium of life so grievous.

Men mightily deceive themselves by indulging all their life long the dream of an easy time—retirement from business, quiet days of fishing, and so on; seeking a path to this happiness by way of a life of inelastic limitations. "I am not an utter fool," a Frenchman will tell you: "As you are aware, I am a decent fellow, though I say so—a public servant, naturally, like all Frenchmen—a good citizen, and a member of no end of societies—academies too, I assure you. Among the ministers I serve, at least one out of two seems an absolute ass. Oh, but I serve him! Simple obedience to rule makes you happy; that's the thing for peace and promotion. My wife is so devout that she positively does harm to religion; she is driving me to agnosticism: not that it really matters; indeed, I recognise that in my wife's piety there is a narrow, slavish, so to say utilitarian side, which it is well to inculcate upon women so as to silence argument and stifle thought. And as to work, and the money it brings in—well, I take just as much as I need. You can't imagine, dear fellow, how easy and familiar work becomes when you are used to it, and do it mechanically. It's like your morning tub, becomes a positive mania. When I am on holiday, getting a taste of Nature in my garden at Clamart, I feel quite lost, and have half a

mind to go to the office. Still, I look forward with lively impatience to the goal of my life, the time for retiring. Talking of that, I quite envy the *far niente* of my neighbour, a decent little retired grocer. And after all, not being miserly, thank Heaven, or stuck up, I do feel that money is only a means; it's a good thing so far as it relieves us of exertion. For the most part, men only want to get rich out of sheer pride, just to have more than their neighbour. I myself have the sense to believe, like the English, that money becomes respectable when you begin to spend it. O the joy of doing nothing, and letting others slave for you!—the delights of taking it easy, loafing, lolling the time away! Governments could never give you too much encouragement. How easy they make it to govern a country, and what satisfaction they procure for the governed themselves!"

That is how most of us talk. Our life is either whirl or stagnation. To the women who do nothing, as well as to all these mechanical gentlemen, to those who are enamoured of the world, and to persons flourishing and waxing fat, may I present the woman of my dream? She has formed the habit of living so actively on the joys and sorrows of others, she has sustained, encouraged, helped others so often, shared so many fears and hopes, seen so much of birth and death, lived so full a life, that beneath her blanching hair her heart finds it impossible to retire from the service. It grows and grows. Her activity, always fruitful, brings forth ever more and more. A clear proof that there must be a special secret.

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Art has for its aim the perfection, the augmentation, of our sensibility to physical objects. Contact with the True and the Useful being often void of charm, whether because the Beautiful passes "out of range," as hunters say, or because the Ugly presses upon us somewhat too closely, art consists in creating for oneself a nest, a little sanctuary, an environment that one can love, and in presenting to us by their softer sides the things with which contact is inevitable.

Therefore a woman's art consists in drawing from the most modest occupations a ray of beauty and of love; and the surest means of discovering such in those is to put it there.

A gross error of our time is an æsthetic error. The belief is current that there are things which are necessarily artistic, which make you an artist from head to heel as soon as you touch them, and other things which can never be artistic. People rush to the first, and eschew the others. They fancy themselves to be artists by the mere fact of their handling a chisel or a brush instead of a plough; a governess, be she ever such a goose, thinks herself a superior person. In reality there are some things to which art is applied, and other things to which it is not applied. The art of life consists in living steadily, without perturbations, in doing honestly that for which we were born, and in doing it with love.

I cannot forget, for example, the singular impression produced upon me, in a corner of the old hospital of Bruges, where Memlinc worked, by a group of beguines scraping carrots, and murmuring their prayers the while. I was leaving the place with a band of tourists, my eyes filled with beauty, my heart haunted by the exquisite visions of Memlinc: these placid women, not one of whom raised her head at so commonplace an event as a stranger passing, wholly absorbed, as they were, in blending the love of God with the fulfilment of His laws, well reflected the sentiment of the painter, the living ray of grace. I seemed to see around them a glamour of art.

Take a woman who, from an entirely different point of view, showed the same instinct for finding loveliness in common things—the celebrated Madame Roland.

The drying of her grapes and plums, the garnering of her nuts and apples, the due preparation of her dried pears, her broods of hens, her litters of rabbits, her frothing lye, the mending of her linen, the ranging of her napery in its lofty presses—all these were objects of her personal, unstinted, unremitting care, and gave her pleasure. She was present at the village merrymakings and took her place among the dancers on the green. The country people for miles around sought her aid for sick friends whom the doctors had given up.

She ranged the fields on foot and horseback to collect simples, to enrich her herbarium, to complete her collections, and would pause in delight before tufts of violets bordering the hedgerows bursting with the first buds of spring, or before the ruddy vine-clusters tremulous in the autumn breeze: for her, everything in meadow and wood had voices, everything a smile.[1]

When a woman has armed herself with this special force of beauty, she has done much. It only remains for her to nourish and propagate it: her life is a permanent work of art; around her an atmosphere is naturally created, in which all things solicit and give play to our noblest sentiments. Ah! this art is no chimera, no vain or useless thing; it is the very nursery of life. Even in a cottage it smiles upon the wayfarer, offering flowers to his view, teaching him the graciousness and the necessity of joy. M. Guyau defines the artist as "he who, simple even in his profound accomplishment, preserves in the gaze of the world a certain freshness of heart, and (so to say) a perpetual novelty of sensation." That is the impression which a woman should produce around her, and no tremendous exertion is needed, since the first rule is frankness and simplicity. Luxury tends to be hurtful. It is useless to go far afield, to ferret out recondite styles, to complicate, to love the affected, the rare, the eccentric, the languid. Let the house be a living and well-ordered place, where the accessory does not take precedence of the essential, where every object has its own place and its specific character. Breathe into all things a sentiment of unity, and also, as far as possible, of spaciousness and comfort.

In the country, respect the ancient dwelling, even though a little dilapidated—the old walls, the old furniture, the old avenue, the old church. Try to feel in presence of a living personality. A house is a book in stone, and, if you will, you may give to everything a soul, even to stones. Allow your own life freely to enter and pervade this ancient home. Irregularities in structure, recent additions, are all cries of existence. Something of your own soul thus cleaves to all these walls.

[1] O. Gréard.

Is it not true that the architect of a building, the painter of a fresco, the carver of an arabesque, have left upon their work some fragments of their souls? Their thought hovers about the walls. The voice of a singer causes the composer's soul to live again in us; the painter, the sculptor, speak to us, serve us as mentors. I also, in these pages, shall leave some fragments of my soul, with the hope that in the shadow of my thought some one perchance may pray and love.

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Rich or poor, do not crowd your walls; set on them merely a living and friendly note, something that is a final revelation of your self, an element of life—a pretty water-colour, a fine engraving. Is not this a thousand times better than a vulgar glitter, or even than tapestries? It is you, your thought, that you must stamp on these walls! Thereby you extend and fortify your personal action. What recks it me whether I find this or that object in your drawing-room? Am I stepping into a photographer's studio, or into a museum? It is *you* that I want to see. And, to tell the truth, I do not think it very delightful to see above your head your own portrait, the portraits of your husband and children. The end of portraiture is to replace the absent; besides, the painter or engraver strikes me too forcibly as interposing between you and me, and as indicating almost brutally how I am to understand you. What would happen, I wonder, if I should admire the imitation more than the original?

I would rather divine you, come to know you, in my own fashion, as the secret unity among your belongings grows upon me. If the visitor on entering perceives no discordant element; if his eye, wandering presently towards the chimney-piece or some other salient point, rests on a beautiful head enhaloed, as it were, with Christian sentiment and ideals, or on a beautiful Greek statue, calm, dignified, in no wise laboured or strained, natural in pose and expression: at once he is at ease, his confidence is already won.

Presently his glance will range afield; he will perceive

some fine early Italian master, adorable in its artlessness, crowded with ardent ideas, and fragrant with noble aspirations: or, if you are touched with the unrest of life, if needs you must plumb the mysterious and the unknown, you will have made room for some Vincian vision; or maybe for the clever and superficial gaieties of the French school, or the admirable warmth and freedom of some of our landscape painters.

Many people indulge a taste for small canvases, because these will hang anywhere, go with anything, form part of the furniture, and suggest no manner of problem—cow-sheds, to wit, scoured miraculously clean, interiors all spick and span, kettles athrob, alive; or watery meadow lands, with grey trees and grey water, and clouds fretted, or far stretched-out, or close-packed, or flocculent. These do not tire the brain, they offend no one, except that, from the house-decorator's point of view, they are often of too superior a workmanship.

Rembrandt is the divinity of shade, the antipodes of the Italian sunny expansiveness. In an impenetrable cloud he dints a spot of gold, which proves to be a drunkard, a beggar, a melancholy wight, a rotund Boniface, a needy soul, or a Jew from Amsterdam or Batignolles; or possibly himself.

There are also the Gargantuesque old Flemish masters, with their phenomenal processions, their banquets open to the world, bubbling over with gaiety and life.

It seems to me that in matters of art one should say *raca* to nothing; every æsthetic impression has some use. And I really do not see the utility of a dispute like that which has been wrangled over for ages, about the relative importance of form and substance. Certainly there are features that are accidental, and others that are essential: you will choose according to your taste. The arts of design have no title to govern your soul; it is your part to govern and make use of them. Do you prefer to invoke an image, or a thought? Do you wish to surround yourself with the brutalities of so-called Truth, or with suggestions, forms which efface themselves in the interests of impressions or ideas? Do you love beauty of

form, exact outlines, well-defined contours, or a broad effect, a surface whose lines are lost in the ambient shade? These are questions for yourself to answer. Good tools are those which suit you best. It is not the mission of painter or sculptor to reproduce a scene with mathematical precision: a photographer would do this better; the artist's part is to be of service to you, to furnish you with the elements of the art of life. Indeed, it is the distinguishing mark of the artist that he singles out and segregates, in a crowd, in a landscape, the one choice object: upon this he fastens, he is alive to all its manifold nuances, and the charm is so great that around this object he sees nought but gloom.

The æsthetic object does you the delightful service of supplementing your own visions, and of compassing you about with ideas. You do not inquire what it is, but what it expresses; the cleverest of still-life pictures, like those to be seen in Italian houses, would give you but a very superficial pleasure. You need support, not illusions; this marble, as no one knows better than yourself, is marble; but it speaks to you.

Only, the message of art needs to be properly directed. To catch its accents, or to make them heard, one must impart to it something of one's own. How wonderfully the meaning of things, even their most precise intellectual meaning, varies for us, day by day, through distraction or a change of mood! If our mind wanders as we read a book, the loveliest thoughts glide over us as though over marble. A lady who had been stirred to enthusiasm by a somewhat mediocre book wrote asking me to recommend another which would produce the same effect. I told her first to fill herself with the same enthusiasm, and then to take down from her shelves any book she pleased. One day, subdued to our mechanism, we pass on like blind men; the next, if our hearts are moved and our spirits satisfied, we feel suggestion to the full, and go so far as to see, in a phrase or a picture, ideas which the author never dreamed of putting there.

Let us not, then, be anxious to crowd our rooms with

beautiful things; far better display things few in number, but high in worth, adapted to their surroundings, and performing in some sort the office of the conductor of an orchestra.

To enforce this reflection, it is enough to mention the irritating effect produced by certain museums. The genus "collection"—that is the rock to shun! All these hapless canvases, torn from their luminous, hallowed, intimate, unique place, are there exhibited high and dry in philosophic desolation, rootless, forlorn. At ten o'clock you have to don the freshness of spirit necessary to enjoy them, and doff it on the stroke of four or five, according to the season. Instead of entering a gallery with heart at rest, and seeing in the sanctuary the object of worship, you pull it to pieces, compare it with the canons, and puzzle out a needless meaning. Some good souls criticise the subject, others its treatment and technique; and the keepers stroll about or doze in a corner. What a crime to despoil streets and palaces and churches, the very tombs, for the sake of ranging such labels in a row! This is art as officialdom knows it.

In a room of great simplicity, a single work, adapted to its surroundings, and excellently interpreting a woman's tastes, renders us a wholly different service. This is no corpse to anatomise. You contemplate a thing that is loved, and a radiance floods the place; you forget, if only for a moment, the offences of life. And I maintain that the poorest woman in the world, if she has confidence in beauty, will always be able thus to fill her home with light; she can always place in it some flowers or a photograph.

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You may furnish your rooms in a higher sort by adorning your chairs with beings who speak and act. In referring to these familiar beings as furniture I mean no harm, but simply imply that they are no friends of yours, but merely accessories, persons who sink their own ideas and tastes, Madam, to assist your art with theirs.

In this category, musicians probably hold the first place.

Indeed, music plays a much higher *rôle* in æstheticism than the manual arts, a *rôle* scarcely inferior to that of the intellectual arts. Like the latter, it has (so to say) no substance, appealing solely to the feelings; whether we will or no, it rarely fails to take possession of us, though merely by tangled sensations; it catches us as in a web, and does with us what it will; it moves us, lulls us to sleep, stimulates us. It derives its effects from the relations of tone, whether with neighbouring tones on the scale, or with the singer and the listener. A small thing in itself, it is yet of capital importance: all life, all motion even, produces sound, from the wind and the sea upwards; and recourse has ever been had to sound for the purpose of touching men.

Beggars and the blind have always sung, as they do to this day; song has ever been employed to console the afflicted, to hearten soldiers on the march, even to soothe physical pain.

With very good reason, then, do women regard music as their own peculiar sphere. Thus, at the epoch of the Renaissance, in the heyday of their influence, they adopted musical attributes in their portraits; these were, so to speak, their sceptres.

Does it beseem a woman to aim higher, and to seek to create around her a real atmosphere of philosophy, history, science, poetry—in short, an intellectual atmosphere? Yes, and no. If she is so reliant on her own wit and ascendency as to make all the personages she gathers but garniture for her soul or faithful radiators of her glory, mere apostles of her influence, yes. But no, if she has any fear of being absorbed by her surroundings, and reduced to the level of a landlady.

It is often said that salons are things of the past, and the fact is lamented; in truth there are no salons now, and there never will be again, because, what with the ambitions and pretensions of men, the necessities of their careers, the obligations of the struggle for life, the present age knows little of the delight of allowing itself to be embodied or summed up in a woman. A drawing-room very soon becomes a sort of

exchange for literary or sporting affairs, or the like. This does not imply that, for their own purposes, women should neglect intellectual resources; but it will certainly be recognised that real courage is needed if they are to rise superior to tittle-tattle, talk of stocks or the stable, the stuff they read, the things they hear. Happy are the societies where one can still enjoy life, and think! Happy the man who, like Monsieur Jourdain, makes prose without knowing it!

Yet, without holding a salon, women may still exercise in intellectual matters a guiding influence truly indispensable. Instead of allowing themselves to fall a prey to puffery, claptrap, or scandal, why should they not, on the contrary, treat as personal enemies the men who only use their undoubted talents to sport with them, to flaunt everywhere their nudities, to show off the slaves of their pleasure?—why smile upon scribblers, geniuses of Montmartre and the Latin Quarter? It is self-constituted slavery to bow incessantly at the feet of fashion. Always the fashion! A play is bad. Don't go to see it, and tell people so. A poem is a medley of unintelligible catch-words, a rigmarole of sonorous nothings: have the courage to say that it defies comprehension and that *your* mind loves lucidity! We all need our courage: this is yours. Nobody wants you to shoulder a rifle: you are asked to read or not to read, to see or not to see. If need be, effect a grand spring-cleaning! You alone can destroy the literature of the music-hall and the casino, the trashy novelettes that ravage the meanest hamlets worse than alcohol. Is this courage beyond your strength? Do you fancy yourself compelled, because it is a free country, to fuddle yourself on the vile rinsings retailed a few steps away from your dwelling? Why then do you nourish your spirit on things that no one would dare to retail in the open air? Nobody would suggest that you should pass your life in preaching; a light or even a fatuous remark is not likely to offend. But for pity's sake insist that people wash their hands before entering your doors. Many a great personage whom you invite to dinner and make

much of would be wearing a livery and displaying his calves in your entrance-hall if he had remained an honest man. Dare to face and to praise things that are true and serious. Diffuse their fragrance around you. You are responsible for the books that lie about on your table.

What a power you would have at command if you acted resolutely in the interests of beauty! The whole world would lay down its arms at your feet. The sentiment of the Beautiful is so strong! "To fathom the dreams of poets is the true philosophy," said a philosopher. "The mind of the savant stops at phenomena; the soul of the poet essays a higher flight, his inward vision pierces to the heart of reality. If the final knowledge is that which attains, not the surface, but the foundations of being, the poet's method is the true one."

Wherefore, surround yourself at any rate with men who have the taste for rendering life musical; in your conversations encourage clear, clean, warm images, refinements of sentiment rather than tricks of style; spread abroad an air of gaiety, polish, and above all reverence. Your door is not that of a church, but neither is it that of a market.

Some women have too much belief in men of distinction, or so reputed; they imagine them upon a higher plane than they really are, and, especially, more difficult to reach. The majority of men, foolish or eminent, obscure or famous, reck little of grand sentiments, and are satisfied with a modicum of illusion or suggestion; they are led by means quite infantile, provided they are carried out of themselves.

Have you sometimes pondered our extraordinary facility for self-detachment whenever we perform an act of imagination—if we are reading a novel, for instance? We delight in being duped; we want to see and hear everything, we fancy ourselves present at scenes where the novelist himself declares no one was present. Thus, as has been said by a very witty writer, we identify ourselves so thoroughly with the adventures of Pierre Loti that on the day when the Academy

received into its bosom M. Julien Viaud, naval officer, the whole assembly, though so fastidiously select, thought they were really beholding M. Loti.

The art of the novelist consists in riveting us to what he depicts. M. Loti, for instance, to whom I have just referred, has admirably painted the sea, but he has not sought to exalt it to a level with us; he has lent to it neither ideas, nor will, sadness nor ecstasies; but he has marvellously felt and caused us to feel the solemnity of its multitudinous and changeless life, its invincible weight, its aimless perturbation, and it is in this way that he has so powerfully impressed us.

Well, your art is similar. You need not trouble about your merits or ours, but solely about the effect you can produce on us, who love to be duped. Acknowledge this as a guiding principle; for it is easier to regulate illusions than realities.

. . . . . .

Finally, we must clearly envisage the precise duty of women, which is to develop their natural gifts, and boldly to adopt the virtues in which men are lacking.

They are the instrument of life, one might almost say the magic cauldron of life. They set all its elements in fermentation. To transform and to impart is their whole concern. Scarcely have they opened their eyes upon the world but they must needs have a doll to cherish, and tend, and fondle. And they continue thus cherishing, tending, fondling, unless life warps their nature. "Their machinery," as Rousseau said, "is admirable for assuaging or exciting the passions." Theirs is a treasure that grows richer in the spending. Even from a physiological point of view, they exhibit a marvellous power of endurance. They are not armed for attack; the finest natured are the strongest; their chords answer wonderfully to all appeals of sentiment; they love money with resignation, but glory intoxicates them; they live on a glance, a breath of kindness; their enthusiasm is contagious, and they shed around them the youth and freshness of life. So, without intention or effort, they are constantly bestowing their very selves, they

clothe all things with their own enthusiasm. Science they vindicate by the noble fruits they obtain from it; from thorns they cause roses to spring forth, and these roses in their turn they cultivate, giving them an added beauty and fragrance, and fresh blossoms all the seasons round. Excellent gardeners of the world! Their rôle no doubt has varied with the circumstances and needs of different times; but the urgent necessities of the present time serve only to accentuate it and bring it into higher relief. The ignorance and weakness of women work more real mischief than the ignorance and weakness of men. The passive virtues no longer avail for governing; active virtues are the need of to-day.

In olden days, if men loved the king, it was because he belonged to them all, and represented something indispensable to every society, a person with no private interests, but wholly devoted to the interest of the public. Furthermore, he had no possessions entirely his own, not even a park, not even his palace. Now, daring as the idea may appear, let us say that women also can only reign on condition of communising their souls. Otherwise, they will lose all influence, even with their sons. A woman comes short of essential duties if she stops at bemoaning the evils of the times and playing patroness to good little schoolboys, instead of learning for herself and revealing to others what the evils of the times really are, of drawing out the manhood slumbering within us, and giving it new graces. She bears the burden of human joy. And a woman of intelligence and leisure has, in this particular, duties more complicated than she who milks the cows or who minds the poultry.

She must think and love by her own energy, instead of bearing in her heart a thousand undeveloped sentiments. Her husband and her friends hunt, speculate, work, make havoc of their lives. Even so: she has no right to do the same. If she does not redeem men when she can, surely it is she who ruins them?

No difficulty will discourage her if she first fully realises

that she possesses all that is needful for success, and then sets her responsibilities in a clear light.

She will sometimes make mistakes; enthusiasm itself, the delicious art of giving things charm, has its perils, carrying one away into the unreal, opening a loophole for illusion, day-dreams, prejudices, fictions. What matters it, so long as the tree is vigorous? Would you fell a superb poplar because you noticed on it some sprigs of mistletoe?

A woman may also go astray in point of vanity. That is a pretty common folly (even among men), and very provoking when it is shown in questions of etiquette or dress. But why should we not agree that there is a noble, an excellent form of vanity, which consists in being thoroughly acquainted with the things one can love, rejoicing in the apostleship one exercises, and securing success therein by cultivating diligence, refinement, considerateness, industry, persuasiveness? Where is the harm?

But we need not dwell on these fears. The special goal of a woman's life, that in which it is distinguished from the life of men, is manifest: it is the great things, the things to be loved, the things which do not "pay." Man serves money. You make it your servant, ladies, and you must aim higher, at the things that are not bought and sold; attachments, real friendships—those are your speculations. Be faithful to your aim. In faithfulness is redemption.

A moment! As I bow to you, I seem to see on my wall, in place of a modern paper, a grand fresco of long ago, an exquisite symbol of your reign: the Angel from Heaven, kneeling in humble adoration before the spotless Motherhood, proclaiming that from your devotion shall proceed the welfare of mankind. The scene is simple and sweet, the colour serene: a closed room, a curtain hanging, barely a glimpse of the sky.

R. DE MAULDE.

SPRING

THIS is the month, when in the world's young day
The shepherd tribes, from caves and wattled bields,
Lured by the verdure of the virgin fields,
Drove forth their flocks and sought a westward way,
And when the Lordlings of the sea, that lay
Besieged by winter, wearying upon land,
Drew down their ships with shouts along the sand
And launched to wild adventure through the spray.

So longings, as of migrant birds, each spring
Bid us, their children, leave our fireside ease,—
Cross Oceans, brave fierce deserts, wage strange wars,
Float iceberg-borne in the dim Polar seas,
Dare the undared,—and seek on perilous wing
The glistening Eldorado of the stars.

ETHEL WEDGWOOD.

TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XVI

THE NEW LIFE

"YOU haven't mentioned it to the young man himself?" asked Lady Evenswood.

"Certainly not. I've only seen him once, and then he didn't talk of his own affairs. He takes the thing very well. He's lost his position and he's the hero of the newspapers, and he bears both afflictions quite coolly. A lad of good balance, I think."

"Is he agreeable?"

"Hum, I'm not sure of that. No excess of modesty, I fancy."

"I suppose you mean he's not shy? All young men are conceited. I think I should like you to bring him to see me."

For forty years such an intimation from Lady Evenswood had enjoyed the rank of a command; Lord Southend received it with proper obedience.

"The solution I spoke of has occurred to some of us," he went on. "He's poor now, but with that he could make a marriage. The case is very exceptional——"

"So is what you propose, George?"

"Oh, there are precedents. It was done in the Bearsdale case."

"There was a doubt there." Lady Evenswood knew all about the Bearsdale case; though it was ancient history to Southend, she had danced with both the parties to it.

"The House was against the marriage unanimously." But he did not deny the doubt.

"Well, what are you going to do?" she asked.

"It would be necessary to approach Disney." Southend spoke with some appearance of timidity. Mr. Disney was Prime Minister. "And the truth is, none of us seemed to like the job. So John Fullcombe suggested you."

"What brave men you are!" Her face wrinkled humorously.

"Well, he might bite us, and he couldn't bite you—not so hard, anyhow."

"And you want me to ask for a higher rank! That wasn't done in the Bearsdale case, nor in any other that I ever heard of."

"We shouldn't press that. A barony would do. But if Disney thought that under the very exceptional circumstances a viscounty—— "

"I don't see why you want it," she persisted. The slight embarrassment in Southend's manner stirred the old lady's curiosity. "It's rather odd to reward a man for his mother's ——. There, I don't say a word about Addie. I took her to her first ball, poor girl."

"Disney used to know her as a girl."

"If you're relying on Robert Disney's romantic memories ——" But she stopped, adding after a pause, "Well, one never knows. But again, why a viscounty?"

Driven into a corner, but evidently rather ashamed of himself, Southend explained.

"The viscounty would be more convenient if a match came about between him and the girl."

"What, the new Lady Tristram? Well, George, romance has taken possession of you to-day!"

"Not at all," he protested indignantly. "It's the obviously sensible way out."

"Then they can do it without a viscounty."

"Oh no, not without something. There's the past, you see."

"And a sponge is wanted? And the bigger the sponge the better? And I'm to get my nose bitten off by asking Robert Disney for it? And if by a miracle he said yes, for all I know somebody else might say no!"

This dark reference to the Highest Quarters caused Southend to nod thoughtfully: they discussed the probable attitude —a theme too exalted to be more than mentioned here. "Anyhow, the first thing is to sound Disney," continued Southend.

"I'll think about it after I've seen the young man," Lady Evenswood promised. "Have you any reason to suppose he likes his cousin?"

"None at all—except, of course, the way he's cleared out for her."

"Yielding gracefully to necessity, I suppose?"

"Really I doubt the necessity; and anyhow the gracefulness needs some explanation in a case like this. Still I always fancied he was going to marry another girl, a daughter of a friend of mine—Iver—you know who I mean?"

"Oh yes. Bring Harry Tristram to see me," said she. "Good-bye, George. You're looking very well."

"And you're looking very young."

"Oh, I finished getting old before you were forty."

A thought struck Southend. "You might suggest the viscounty as contingent on the marriage."

"I shan't suggest anything till I've seen the boy—and I won't promise to then."

Later in the afternoon Southend dropped in at the Imperium, where to his surprise and pleasure he found Iver in the smoking-room. Asked how he came to be in town, Iver explained:

"I really ran away from the cackling down at Blentmouth. All our old ladies are talking fifteen to the dozen about Harry Tristram, and Lady Tristram, and me, and my family, and—well, I daresay you're in it by now, Southend. There's an old cat named Swinkerton, who is positively beyond human endurance; she waylays me in the street. And Mrs. Trumbler, the vicar's wife, comes and talks about Providence to my poor wife every day. So I fled."

"Leaving your wife behind, I suppose?"

"Oh, she doesn't mind Mrs. Trumbler. But I do."

"Well, there's a good deal of cackling up here too. But tell me about the new girl." Lord Southend did not appear to consider his own question "cackling" or as tending to produce the same.

"I've only seen her once. She's in absolute seclusion and lets nobody in except Mina Zabriska—a funny little foreign woman— You don't know her."

"I know about her, I saw it in the paper. She had something to do with it?"

"Yes." Iver passed away from that side of the subject immediately. "And she's struck up a friendship with Cecily Gainsborough—Lady Tristram, I ought to say. I had a few words with the father. The poor old chap doesn't know whether he's on his head or his heels; but as they're of about equal value, I should imagine, for thinking purposes, it doesn't much matter. Ah, here's Neeld. He came up with me."

The advent of Neeld produced more discussion. Yet Southend said nothing of the matter which he had brought to Lady Evenswood's attention. Discretion was necessary there. Besides, he wished to know how the land lay as to Janie Iver. On that subject his friend preserved silence.

"And the whole thing was actually in old Joe's diary!" exclaimed Southend.

Neeld, always annoyed at the "Joe," admitted that the main facts had been recorded in Mr. Cholderton's Journal and

that he himself had known them when nobody else in England did—save, of course, the conspirators themselves.

"And you kept it dark? I didn't know you were as deep as that, Neeld." He looked at the old gentleman with great amazement.

"Neeld was in an exceedingly difficult position," said Iver. "I've come to see that." He paused, looking at Southend with an amused air. "You introduced us to one another," he reminded him with a smile.

"Bless my soul, so I did! I'd forgotten. Well, it seems my fate too to be mixed up in the affair." Just at present, however, he was assisting fate rather actively.

"It's everybody's. The Blent's on fire from Mingham to the sea."

"I've seen Harry Tristram."

"Ah, how is he?" asked Neeld.

"Never saw a young man more composed in all my life. And he couldn't be better satisfied with himself if he turned out to be a duke."

"We know Harry's airs," Iver said, smiling indulgently. "But there's stuff in him." A note of regret came into his voice. "He treated me very badly—I know Neeld won't admit it, but he did. Still I like him and I'd help him if I could."

"Well, he atoned for anything wrong by owning up in the end," remarked Southend.

"That wasn't for my sake or for— Well, it had nothing to do with us. As far as we were concerned he'd be at Blent to-day. It was Cecily Gainsborough who did it."

"Yes. I wonder——"

Iver rose decisively. "Look here, Southend, if you're going to do exactly what all my friends and neighbours, beginning with Miss Swinkerton, are doing, I shall go and write letters." With a nod he walked into the next room, leaving Neeld alone with his inquisitive friend. Southend lost no time.

"What's happened about Janie Iver? There was some talk——"

"It's all over," whispered Neeld with needless caution. "He released her, and she accepted the release."

"What, on the ground that——?"

"Really I don't know any more. But it's finally over; you may depend upon that."

Southend lit a cigar with a satisfied air. On the whole he was glad to hear the news.

"Staying much longer in town?" he asked.

"No, I'm going down to Iver's again in August."

"You want to see the end of it? Come, I know that's it!" He laughed as he walked away.

Meanwhile Harry Tristram, unconscious of the efforts which were being made to arrange his future and paying as little attention as he could to the buzz of gossip about his past, had settled down in quiet rooms and was looking at the world from a new point of view. He was in seclusion like his cousin; the mourning they shared for Addie Tristram was sufficient excuse; and he found his chief pleasure in wandering about the streets. The season was not over yet, and he liked to go out about eight in the evening and watch the great city starting forth to enjoy itself. Then he could feel its life in all the rush and the gaiety of it. Somehow now he seemed more part of it and more at home in it than when he used to run up for a few days from his country home. Then Blent had been the centre of his life, and in town he was but a stranger and a sojourner. Blent was gone; and London is home to homeless men. There was a suggestion for him in the air of it, an impulse that was gradually but strongly urging him to action, telling him that he must begin to do. For the moment he was notorious, but the talk and the staring would be over soon—the sooner the better, he added most sincerely. Then he must do something if he wished still to be, or ever again to be, anybody. Otherwise he could expect no more than to be pointed out now and then to the curious as the man who had

once been Tristram of Blent and had ceased to be such in a puzzling manner.

As he looked back, he seemed to himself to have lived hitherto on the banks of the river of life as well of the river Blent; there had been no need of swimming. But he was in the current now; he must swim or sink. This idea took shape as he watched the carriages, the lines of scampering hansoms, the crowds waiting at theatre doors. Every man and every vehicle, every dandy and every urchin, represented some effort, if it were only at one end of the scale to be magnificent, at the other not to be hungry. No such notions had been fostered by days spent on the banks of the Blent. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The question hummed in his brain as he walked about. There were such infinite varieties of things to do, such a multitude of people doing them. To some men this reflection brings despair or bewilderment; to Harry (as indeed Lord Southend would have expected from his observation of him) it was a titillating evidence of great opportunities, stirring his mind to a busy consideration of chances. Thus then it seemed as though Blent might fall into the background, his loved Blent. Perhaps his not thinking of it had begun in wilfulness, or even in fear; but he found the rule he had made far easier to keep than he had ever expected. There had been a sort of release for his mind; he had not foreseen this as a possible result of his great sacrifice. He even felt rather richer; which seemed a strange paradox, till he reflected that the owners of Blent had seldom been able to lay hands readily on a fluid sum of fifteen thousand pounds, subject to no claims for houses to be repaired, buildings to be maintained, cottages to be built, wages to be paid, and the dozen other ways in which money disperses itself over the surface of a landed estate. He had fifteen thousand pounds in form as good as cash. He was living more or less as he had once meant to live in this one particular; he was living with a respectable if not a big cheque by him, ready for any emergency which might arise—an emergency not

now of a danger to be warded off, but of an opportunity to be seized.

These new thoughts suited well with the visit which he paid to Lady Evenswood and gained fresh strength from it. His pride and independence had made him hesitate about going. Southend, amazed yet half admiring, had been obliged to plead, reminding him that it was not merely a woman nor merely a woman of rank who wished to make his acquaintance, but also a very old woman who had known his mother as a child. He further offered his own company, so that the interview might assume a less formal aspect. Harry declined the company but yielded to the plea. He was announced as Mr. Tristram. He had just taken steps to obtain a Royal Licence to bear the name. Southend had chuckled again half-admiringly over that.

Although the room was in deep shadow and very still, and the old white-haired lady the image of peace, for Harry there too the current ran strong. Though not great, she had known the great; if she had not done the things, she had seen them done; her talk revealed a matter-of-course knowledge of secrets, a natural intimacy with the inaccessible. It was like Harry to show no signs of being impressed; but very shrewd eyes were upon him, and his impassivity met with amused approval since it stopped short of inattention. She broke it down at last by speaking of Addie Tristram.

"The most fascinating creature in the world," she said. "I knew her as a little girl. I knew her up to the time of your birth almost. After that she hardly left Blent, did she? At least she never came to London. You travelled, I know."

"Were you ever at Blent?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Tristram."

He frowned for a moment; it was odd not to be able to ask people there, just too as he was awaking to the number of people there were in the world worth asking.

"There never was anybody in the world like her, and there never will be," Lady Evenswood went on.

"I used to think that; but I was wrong." The smile that Mina Zabriska knew came on his face.

"You were wrong? Who's like her then?"

"Her successor. My cousin Cecily's very like her."

Lady Evenswood was more struck by the way he spoke than by the meaning of what he said. She wanted to say "Bravo" and to pat him on the back; he had avoided so entirely any hesitation or affectation in naming his cousin—Addie Tristram's successor who had superseded him.

"She talks and moves and sits and looks at you in the same way. I was amazed to see it." He had said not a word of this to anybody since he left Blent. Lady Evenswood, studying him very curiously, began to make conjectures about the history of the affair, also about what lay behind her visitor's composed face; there was a hint of things suppressed in his voice. But he had the bridle on himself again in a moment. "Very curious these likenesses are," he ended with a shrug.

She decided that he was remarkable, for a boy of his age, bred in the country, astonishing. She had heard her father describe Pitt at twenty-one and Byron at eighteen. Without making absurd comparisons, there was, all the same, something of that precocity of manhood here, something also of the arrogance that the great men had exhibited. She was very glad that she had sent for him.

"I don't want to be impertinent," she said (she had not meant to make even this much apology), "but perhaps an old woman may tell you that she is very sorry for—for this turn in your fortunes, Mr. Tristram."

"You're very kind. It was all my own doing, you know. Nobody could have touched me."

"But that would have meant——?" she exclaimed, startled into candour.

"Oh yes, I know. Still—but since things have turned out differently I needn't trouble you with that."

She saw the truth, seeming to learn it from the set of his jaw. She enjoyed a man who was not afraid to defy things,

and she had been heard to lament that everybody had a conscience nowadays—nay, insisted on bringing it even into politics. She wanted to hear more—much more now—about his surrender, and recognised as a new tribute to Harry the fact that she could not question him. Immediately she conceived the idea of inviting him to dinner to meet Mr. Disney; but of course that must wait for a little while.

"Everything must seem rather strange to you," she suggested.

"Yes, very," he answered thoughtfully. "I'm beginning to think that some day I shall look back on my boyhood with downright incredulity. I shan't seem to have been that boy in the least."

"What are you going to do in the meantime, to procure that feeling?" She was getting to the point she wished to arrive at, but very cautiously.

"I don't know yet. It's hard to choose."

"You certainly won't want for friends."

"Yes, that's pleasant, of course." He seemed to hint, however, that he did not regard it as very useful.

"Oh, and serviceable too," she corrected him, with a nod of wise experience. "Jobs are frowned at now, but many great men have started by means of them. Robert Disney himself came in for a pocket-borough."

"Well, I really don't know," he repeated thoughtfully, but with no sign of anxiety or fretting. "There's lots of time, Lady Evenswood."

"Not for me," she said with all her graciousness.

He smiled again, this time cordially, as he rose to take leave. But she detained him.

"You're on friendly terms with your cousin, I suppose?"

"Certainly, if we meet. Of course I haven't seen her since I left Blent. She's there, you know."

"Have you written to her?"

"No. I think it's best not to ask her to think of me just now."

She looked at him a moment, seeming to consider.

"Perhaps," she said at last. "But don't over-do that. Don't be cruel."

"Cruel?" There was strong surprise in his voice and on his face.

"Yes, cruel. Have you ever troubled to think what she may be feeling?"

"I don't know that I ever have," Harry admitted slowly. "At first sight it looks as if I were the person who might be supposed to be feeling."

"At first sight, yes. Is that always to be enough for you, Mr. Tristram? If so, I shan't regret so much that I haven't—lots of time."

He stood silent before her for several seconds.

"Yes, I see. Perhaps. I daresay I can find out something about it. After all I've given some evidence of consideration for her."

"That makes it worse, if you give none now. Good-bye."

"It's less than a fortnight since I first met her. She won't miss me much, Lady Evenswood."

"Time's everything, isn't it? Oh, you're not stupid! Think it over, Mr. Tristram. Now good-bye. And don't conclude I shan't think about you because it's only an hour since we met. We women are curious. When you've nothing better to do it'll pay you to study us."

As Harry walked down from her house in Green Street, his thoughts were divided between the new life and that old one which she had raised before his eyes by her reference to Cecily. The balance was turned in favour of Blent by the sight of a man who was associated in his mind with it—Sloyd, the house-agent who had let Merrion Lodge to Mina Zabriska. Sloyd was as smart as usual, but he was walking along in a dejected way, and his hat was unfashionably far back on his head. He started when he saw Harry approaching him.

"Why, it's——" he began, and stopped in evident hesitation.

"Mr. Tristram," said Harry. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Sloyd, though you won't have any more rent to hand over to me."

Sloyd began to murmur some rather flowery condolences.

Harry cut him short in a peremptory but good-natured fashion.

"How's business with you?" he asked.

"Might be worse, Mr. Tristram. I don't complain. We're a young firm, and we don't command the opportunities that others do." He laughed as he added, "You couldn't recommend me to a gentleman with ten thousand pounds to spare, could you, Mr. Tristram?"

"I know just the man. What's it for?"

"No, no. Principals only," said Sloyd with a shake of his head.

"How does one become a principal, then? I'll walk your way a bit." Harry lit a cigar; Sloyd became more erect, and amended the position of his hat; he hoped that a good many people would recognise Harry. Yet social pride did not interfere with business wariness.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Tristram? It's a safe thing."

"Oh no, it isn't, or you wouldn't be hunting for ten thousand on the pavement of Berkeley Square."

"I'll trust you," Sloyd declared. Harry nodded thanks, inwardly amused at the obvious effort which attended the concession. "If you don't come in, you'll not give it away?" Again Harry nodded. "It's a big chance, but we haven't got the money to take it, and unless we can take it we shall have to sell our rights. It's an option on land. I secured it, but it's out in a week. Before then we must table twenty thousand. And ten cleans us out."

"What'll happen if you don't?"

"I must sell the option—rather than forfeit it, you know. I've an offer for it, but a starvation one."

"Who from?"

After a moment's scrutiny Sloyd whispered a name of immense significance in such a connection: "Iver."

"I should like to hear some more about this. It's worth something, I expect, if Iver wants it. Shall I go with you to your office?" He hailed a passing cab. "I've got the money," he said, "and I want to use it. You show me that this is a good thing, and in it goes."

An hour passed in the office of Sloyd, Sloyd, and Gurney. Harry Tristram came out whistling. He looked very pleased; his step was alert; he had found something to do, he had made a beginning—good or bad. It looked good: that was enough. He was no longer an idler or merely an onlooker. He had begun to take a hand in the game himself. He found an added, perhaps a boyish, pleasure in the fact that the affair was for the present to be a dead secret. He was against Iver, too, in a certain sense, and that was another spice; not from any ill-will, but because it would please him especially to show Iver that he could hold his own. It occurred to him that in case of a success he would enjoy going and telling old Lady Evenswood about it. He felt, as he said to himself, very jolly, careless and jolly, more so than he remembered feeling for many months back. Suddenly an idea struck him. Was it in whole or in part because there was no longer anything to hide, because he need no longer be on the watch? He gave this idea a good deal of rather amused consideration, and came to the conclusion that there might be something in it. He went to the theatre that night, to the pit (where he would not be known), and enjoyed himself immensely.

And Lady Evenswood had made up her mind that she would find a way of seeing Mr. Disney soon, and throw out a cautious feeler. Everything would have to be done very carefully, especially if the marriage with the cousin were to be made a feature of the case. But her resolve, although not altered, was hampered by a curious feeling to which her talk with Harry had given rise. There was now not only the very grave question whether Robert Disney—to say nothing of Somebody Else—would entertain the idea. There was another, a much less obvious one—whether Harry himself

would welcome it. And a third—whether she herself would welcome it for him. However, when Southend next called on her, she professed her readiness to attack, or at least to reconnoitre, the task from which he and John Fullcombe and the rest had shrunk.

"Only," she said, "if I were you, I should find out tolerably early—as soon as we know that there's any chance at all—what Mr. Tristram himself thinks about it."

"There's only one thing he could think!" exclaimed Southend. "Oh, very well," smiled Lady Evenswood.

A long life had taught her that only facts convince, and that they often fail.

CHAPTER XVII

RIVER SCENES AND BRIC-A-BRAC

THE Blent was on fire indeed, and Mina Zabriska occupied a position rich in importance, prolific of pleasure. Others, such as Iver and Miss S., might meet Mr. Gainsborough as he took timid rambles; they could extort little beyond a dazed civility. Others, again, such as Janie Iver and Bob Broadley, might comfort themselves with the possession of a secret and the conviction that they too could produce a fair sensation when the appropriate (and respectable) time arrived; for the present they commanded no public interest. Others again, the Major notably, strove after importance by airs of previous knowledge and hints of undisclosed details. Even Mrs. Trumbler made her cast, declaring that she had always known (the source of the information was left in obscurity) that pride such as Harry Tristram's was the sure precursor of a fall. None of them could compete with Mina Zabriska. To her alone the doors of Blent were open; she held exclusive right of access to its hidden mistress. The fact caused unmeasured indignation, the reason excited unresting curiosity. This state of things ought

to have made Mina very happy. What more could woman want?

One thing only, but that a necessity—somebody to talk to about it. She had nobody. Janie showed no desire to discuss Blent or anything or anybody connected therewith, and Janie out of the question there was nobody to whom loyalty allowed her to talk. The Major, for instance, was one of the enemy. She might pity him as an uncle—he was perplexed and surly, because somehow he never happened to meet Miss Iver now—but she could not confide in him. The gossips of Blentmouth were beneath her lordly notice. She was bubbling over with undiscussed impressions. And now even Mr. Neeld had gone off on a visit to town!

Yet things needed talking about, hammering out, the light of another mind thrown upon them; for they were very difficult. There was no need to take account of Mr. Gainsborough; as long as he could be kept in the library and out of the one curiosity shop which was to be found in Blentmouth, he could not do himself or the house much harm. He was still bewildered, but by no means unhappy, and he talked constantly of going back to town to see about everything—to-morrow. There was nothing to see about—the lawyers had done it all—and he was no more necessary or important in London than he was at Blent. But Cecily's case was another matter altogether, and it was about her that Mina desired the enlightening contact of mind with mind, in order to canvass and explain the incongruities of a behaviour which conformed to no rational or consistent theory.

Cecily had acquiesced in all the lawyers did, had signed papers at request, had allowed herself to be invested with the property, saluted with the title, enthroned in the fullest manner. So far then she had accepted her cousin's sacrifice and the transformation of her own life. Yet through and in spite of all this she maintained, even to the extreme of punctiliousness, the air of being a visitor at Blent. She was not exactly apologetic to the servants, but she thanked them profusely for any special

personal service they might perform for her; she made no changes in the order of the household; when Mina—always busy in her friend's interest—suggested re-arrangement of furniture or of curios, Cecily's manner implied that she was prepared to take no such liberties in another man's house. It would have been all very well-bred if Harry had put his house at her disposal for a fortnight. Seeing that the place was her own, and that she had accepted it as being her own, Mina declared that her conduct was little less than an absurdity. This assertion was limited to Mina's own mind; it had not been made to the offender herself. The fear she had felt of Harry threatened to spread to his successor; she did not feel equal to a remonstrance. But she grew gradually into a state of extreme irritation and impatience. This provisional, this ostentatiously provisional, attitude could not be maintained permanently. Something must happen one way or the other. Now what was it to be? She could not pretend to guess. These Tristrams were odd folk. There was the same blood in Cecily as had run in Addie Tristram's veins. On the other hand, the Gainsboroughs seemed to have been ordinary. Was this period of indecision or of suspended action a time of struggle between the Tristram in Cecily and the Gainsborough? Mina on the look-out for entertainment, had no doubt which of the two she wished to be victorious; the Gainsborough promised nothing, the Tristram—well—effects! The strain made Mina excited, restless, and at times exceedingly short with Major Duplay.

The neighbourhood waited too, but for the end of Lady Tristram's mourning, not of her indecision. As a result of much discussion, based on many rumours and an incredible number of authentic reports, it was settled that at the end of six months Blent was to be thrown open, visitors received, and a big house-warming given. A new era was to begin. Splendour and respectability were to lie down together. Blent was to pay a new homage to the proprieties. Miss Swinkerton was strongly of opinion that bygones should be allowed to be

bygones, and was author of a theory which found much acceptance among the villas—namely, that Lady Tristram would consider any reference to her immediate predecessor as inconsiderate, indeed indelicate, and not such as might be expected to proceed from ladylike mouths.

"We must remember that she's a girl, my dear," Miss S. observed to Mrs. Trumbler.

"She must know about it," Mrs. Trumbler suggested. "But I daresay you're right, Miss Swinkerton."

"If such a thing had happened in my family, I should consider myself personally affronted by any reference to the persons concerned."

"The Vicar says he's sadly afraid that the notions of the upper classes on such subjects are very lax."

"Not at all," said Miss S. tartly. Really she needed no instruction from the Vicar. "And as I say, my dear, she's a girl. The ball will mark a new departure. I said so to Madame Zabriska, and she quite agreed with me."

Mrs. Trumbler frowned pensively. "I suppose Madame Zabriska has been a widow some time?" she suggested.

"I have never inquired," said Miss S. with an air of expecting applause for a rare discretion.

"I wonder what Mr. Harry will do! The Vicar says he must be terribly upset."

"Oh, I never professed to understand that young man. All I know is that he's going abroad."

"Abroad?"

"Yes, my dear. I heard it in the town, and Madame Zabriska said she had no doubt it was correct."

"But surely Madame Zabriska doesn't correspond——?"

"I don't know, my dear. I know what she said." She looked at Mrs. Trumbler and went on with emphasis: "It doesn't do to judge foreigners as we should judge ourselves. If I corresponded with Mr. Tristram it would be one thing; if Madame Zabriska—and to be sure she has nobody to look after her; that Major is no better than any silly young man—

chooses to do so, it's quite another. All I say is that, so far as Bient is concerned, there's an end of Mr. Tristram. Why, he hasn't got a penny piece, my dear."

"So I heard," agreed Mrs. Trumbler. "I suppose they won't let him starve."

"Oh, arrangements are made in such cases," nodded Miss S. "But of course, nothing is said about them. For my part, I shall never mention either Mr. Tristram or the late Lady Tristram to her present ladyship."

Mrs. Trumbler was silent for a while; at last her mouth spoke the thoughts of her heart.

"I suppose she'll be thinking of marrying soon. But I don't know anybody in the neighbourhood——"

"My dear, she'll have her house in town in the season. The only reason the late Lady Tristram didn't do so was—well, you can see that for yourself, Mrs. Trumbler!"

"What must the Ivers think about it? What an escape! How Providential!"

"Let us hope it'll be a lesson to Janie. If I had allowed myself to think of position or wealth, I should have been married half a dozen times, Mrs. Trumbler."

"I daresay you would," said faithful Mrs. Trumbler. But this assent did not prevent her from remarking to the Vicar that Miss S. sometimes talked of things which no unmarried woman could be expected really to understand.

It will be observed that the Imp had been alleviating the pangs of her own perplexity by a dexterous ministering to the delusions of others. Not for the world would she have contradicted Miss S.'s assertions; she would as soon have thought of giving that lady a plain and unvarnished account of the late Monsieur Zabriska's very ordinary and quite reputable life and death. No doubt she was right. Both she and the neighbourhood had to wait, and her efforts did something to make the period more bearable for both of them. The only sufferer was poor Mr. Gainsborough, who was driven from Blentmouth and the curiosity shop by the sheer terror of encountering ladies

from villas who told him all about what his daughter was going to do.

The outbreak came, and in a fashion as Tristramesque as Mina could desire, for all that the harbinger of it was frightened little Mr. Gainsborough, more frightened still. He came up the hill one evening about six, praying Mina's immediate presence at Blent. Something had happened, he explained, as they walked down. Cecily had had a letter—from somebody in London. No, not Harry. She must see Mina at once. That was all he knew except that his daughter was perturbed and excited. His manner protested against the whole thing with a mild despair.

"Quick, quick," cried the Imp, almost making him run to keep up with her impatient strides.

Cecily was in her room—the room that had been Addie Tristram's.

"You've moved in here!" was Mina's first exclamation.

"Yes; the housekeeper said I must, so I did. But——" She glanced up for a moment at Addie's picture and broke off. Then she held up a letter which she had in her hand. "Do you know anything of Lord Southend?" she asked.

"I've heard Mr. Iver and Mr. Neeld speak of him. That's all."

"He writes to say he knew Lady Tristram and—and Harry, and hopes he'll know me soon."

"That's very friendly." Mina thought, but did not add, that it was rather unimportant.

"Yes, but it's more than that. Don't you see? It's an opening." She looked at her friend, impatient at her want of comprehension. "It makes it possible to do something. I can begin now."

"Begin what?" Mina was enjoying her own bewilderment keenly.

"How long did you think I could stand it? I'm not made of—of—of soap! You know Harry! You liked him, didn't

you? And you knew Lady Tristram! I've slept in this room two nights and——"

"You haven't seen a ghost?"

"Ghost! Oh, don't be silly. I've lain here awake, looking at that picture. And it's looked at me—at least it seemed to. 'What are you doing here?' That's what it's been saying. 'What are you doing here?' No, I'm not mad. That's what I was saying myself. But the picture seemed to say it."

There was a most satisfactory absence of Gainsborough about all this.

"Then I go into the Long Gallery! It's no better there!" Her hands were flung out despairingly.

"You seemed to have settled down so well," murmured Mina.

"Settled down! What was there to do? Oh, you know I hadn't! I can't bear it, Mina, and I won't. Isn't it hard? I should have loved it all so, if it had been really mine, if it had come to me properly. And now—it's worse than nothing!" She sat back in her chair with her face set in a desperate unhappiness.

"It is yours; it did come to you properly," Mina protested. Her sympathy tended always towards the person she was with, her sensitive mind responding to the immediate appeal. She thought more of Cecily now than of Harry, who was somewhere—vaguely somewhere—in London.

"You say that?" cried Cecily angrily. "You, Harry's friend! You, who fought and lied—yes, lied for him. Why did you do all that if you think it's properly mine? How can I face that picture and say it's mine? It's a detestable injustice. Ah, and I did—I did love it so."

"Well, I don't see what you're to do. You can't give it back to Mr. Tristram. At least I shouldn't like to propose that to him, and I'm sure he wouldn't take it. Why, he couldn't, Cecily!"

Cecily rose and walked restlessly to the window.

"No, no, no," she said fretfully. She turned abruptly round

to Mina. "Lord Southend says he'd be glad to make my acquaintance and have a talk."

"Ask him down here, then."

"Ask him here? I'm not going to ask people to stay here."

"I think that's rather absurd." Mina had needed to summon up courage for this remark.

"And he says—there, look at this letter. He says he's seen Harry and hopes to be able to do something for him. What does he mean by that?" She came back towards Mina. "There must be something possible if he says that."

"He can't mean anything about — about Blent. He means——"

"I must find out what he means. I must see him. The letter came when I was just desperate. Father and I sitting down here together day after day! As if—as if——!" She paused and struggled for self-control. "There, I'm going to be quite calm and reasonable about it," she ended.

Mina had her doubts about that—and would have been sorry not to have them. The interest that had threatened to vanish from her life with Addie Tristram's death and Harry's departure was revived. She sat looking at the agitated girl in a pleasant suspense. Cecily took up Southend's letter again and smoothed it thoughtfully. "What should you think Harry must feel about me?" she asked, with a nearer approach to the calm which she had promised; but it seemed the quiet of despair.

Here Mina had her theory ready, and advanced it with confidence.

"I expect he hates you. You see he did what he did in a moment of excitement: he must have been wrought up by something—something quite unusual with him. You brought it about somehow."

"Yes, I know I did. Do you suppose I haven't thought about that?"

"There's sure to have been a reaction," pursued the sage

Imp. "He'll have got back to his ordinary state of mind, and in that he loved Blent above everything. And the more he loves Blent, and the sorrier he is for having given it up, the less he'll like you, of course."

"You think he's sorry?"

"When I've done anything on an impulse like that I'm always sorry." Mina spoke from a tolerably large experience of impulses and their results; a very recent example had been the impulse of temper which made her drop hints to the Major about Harry's right to be Tristram of Blent.

"Yes, then he would hate me," Cecily concluded. "And how she'd hate me!" she cried the next instant, pointing at Addie Tristram's picture.

About that at least there was no doubt in Mina's mind. She nodded emphatically.

"I've done what she spent her life trying to prevent! I've made everybody talk about her again! Mina, I feel as if I'd thrown mud at her, as if I'd reviled her. And she can't know how I would have loved her!"

"I remember her when she thought her husband was dead, and that she could be married all right to Captain Fitzhubert, and—and that it would be all right, you know."

"What did she say?" Cecily's eyes were on the picture.

"She cried out—'Think of the difference it makes—the enormous difference!' I didn't know what she meant then, but I remember how she looked and how she spoke."

"And in the end there is—no difference! Yes, she'd hate me. And so must Harry." She turned to Mina. "It's terribly unfair, isn't it, terribly? She'd have liked me, I think, and I'd got to be such good friends with him. I'd come to think he'd ask us down now and then—about once a year perhaps. It would have been something to look forward to all the year. It would have made life quite different, quite good enough, you know. I should have been

so content and so happy with that. Oh, it's terribly unfair! Why do people do things that—that bring about things like this?"

"Poor Lady Tristram," sighed Mina, glancing at the beautiful cause of the terrible unfairness. "She was like that, you see," she added.

"Yes, I know that. But it oughtn't to count against other people so. Yes, it's terribly unfair."

These criticisms on the order of the world, whether well-founded or not (to Mina they seemed to possess much plausibility), did not advance matters. A silence fell between the two, and Cecily walked again to the window. The sun was setting on Blent, and it glowed in a soft beauty.

"To think that I should be here, and have this, and yet be very, very unhappy!" murmured the girl softly. She faced round suddenly. "Mina, I'm going to London. Now—to-night. There's a train at eight."

The Imp sat up straight and stared.

"I shall wire to our house; the maid's there, and she'll have things ready."

"What are you going to town for?"

"To see this Lord Southend. You must come with me."

"I? Oh, I can't possibly. And your father——?"

"He must stay here. You must come. Run back and pack a bag; you won't want much. I shall go just as I am." With a gesture she indicated the plain black frock she wore. "Oh, I can't be bothered with packing! What does that matter? I'll call on you in the carriage at seven. We mustn't miss the train."

Mina gasped. This was Tristram indeed; the wild resolve was announced in tones calmer than any that Cecily had achieved during the interview. Mina began to think that all the family must have this way of being peculiar in ordinary things, but quite at home when there was an opportunity of doing anything unusual.

"I just feel I must go. If anything's done at all, it'll be done in London, not here."

"How long do you mean to stay?"

"I can't possibly tell. Till something's done. Go now, Mina, or you'll be late."

"Oh, I'm not coming. The whole thing's absurd. What can you do? And anyhow it's not my business."

"Very well. I shall go alone. Only I thought you were interested in Harry and—and I thought you were my friend." She threw herself into a chair; she was in Addie Tristram's attitude. "But I suppose I haven't got any friends," she concluded, not in a distressed fashion, but with a pensive, submissive little smile.

"You're perfectly adorable," cried Mina, running across to her. "And I'll go with you to Jericho, if you like." She caught Cecily's hands in hers and kissed her cheek.

The scene was transformed in an instant; that also was the Tristram way. Cecily sprang up laughing gaily, even dancing a step or two, as she wrung Mina's hands.

"Hurrah! *Marchons! En Avant!*" she cried. "Oh, we'll do something, Mina! Don't you hate sitting still?"

"Cecily, you are—you are in love with Harry?"

"Oh, I hope not, I hope not," she laughed gaily. "Because he must hate me so. And are you, Mina? Oh, I hope not that too! Come, to London! To seek our fortunes in London! Oh, you tiresome old Blent, how glad I am to leave you!"

"But your father——"

"We'll do things quite nicely, Mina dear. We won't distress father. We'll leave a note for him. Mina, I'm sure Addie Tristram used just to leave a note whenever she ran away! We'll sleep in London to-night!"

Suddenly Mina understood better why Harry had surrendered Blent, and understood too, as her mind flew back, why Addie Tristram had made men do what they had done. She

was carried away by this sudden flood of enraptured resolution, of a resolve that seemed like an inspiration, of delight in the unreasonable, of gay defiance to the limits of the possible.

"Oh yes, you tiresome old Blent!" cried Cecily, shaking her fair hair towards the open window. "How could a girl think she was going to live on river scenes and bric-a-brac?" She laughed in airy scorn. "You must grow more amusing if I'm to come back to you!" she threatened.

River scenes and bric-a-brac! Mina was surprised that Blent did not on the instant punish the blasphemy by a revengeful earthquake or an overwhelming flood. Cecily caught her by the arm, a burlesque apprehension screwing her face up into a fastastically ugly mask.

"It was the Gainsborough in me!" she whispered; "Gainsboroughs can live on curios! But I can't, Mina, I can't. I'm a Tristram, not a Gainsborough. No more could Harry in the end, no more could Harry!"

Mina was panting; she had danced and she had wondered; she was on the tip of the excitement with which Cecily had infected her.

"But what are we going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common sense.

"Oh, I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received.

It was not the moment for common sense. Mina scorned the thing and flung it from her. She would have none of it—she who stood between beautiful Addie there on the wall and laughing Cecily here in the window, feeling by a strange and welcome illusion that though there were two visible shapes, there was but one heart, one spirit in the two. Almost it seemed as though Addie had risen to life again, once more to charm and to defy the world. An inexplicable impulse made her exclaim:

"Were you like this before you came to Blent?"

A sudden quiet fell on Cecily. She paused before she answered:

"No, not till I came to Blent." With a laugh she fell on her knees. "Please forgive me what I said about the river and the bric-a-brac, dear darling Blent!"

(*To be continued.*)