

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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A SECOND VOYAGE TO LAPUTA

CHAPTER I

NOTWITHSTANDING that very honourable mention hath been made in several quarters of the plain relation which I have lately given of my voyage into the Antipacific Ocean, yet I have continued hitherto in the opinion that we are at the present overstocked with books of travel, and the publick appetite well glutted on the narratives of the adventurous. And in particular I have forborne to publish any account of the second visit which I made to the island of Laputa, thinking this to be a journey rather than a discovery, and not worthy to be reckoned among my Voyages, upon which I was ever wont to encounter something new as well as marvellous.

But now, by the advice of two or three worthy persons to whom I have privily communicated the remainder of my papers, I venture to send into the world these inconsiderable passages, hoping that they may be, at least for some moments, a better entertainment to our young noblemen than the common scribbles of politics and party.

I am, therefore, to inform the reader that after my return from that which I have named my Last Voyage, I stayed but three months with my wife and children; for my active and restless life had bred in me a lust of wandering, which I was moved to satisfy, if possible, before my strength should leave

me. I desired, however, in this my riper age not so much danger as diversion, and therefore resolved to shape my course for Laputa and Balnibarbi, in which places I remembered to have suffered little or no apprehension for the safety of my person.

I took shipping then at Bristol on the 5th day of August, 1717, in the *Little Mary*, an old tub of good capacity but somewhat uncomfortable in rough weather. She carried a full cargo of Bristol milk, and was so deep loaded with it as to be half seas over during the most part of the voyage. I left her at Alaska, and chartered a half-deck fishing-boat in which to pursue the more private end of my adventure. Having stored this with victuals, I procured it to be taken in tow by the *Suni-jim*, a Japanese man-of-war homeward bound and commanded by a very obliging gentlemanlike officer. In his company I passed my time agreeably enough until he informed me that we were now by his lieutenant's observations in the latitude of 46° N. and of longitude 183° , this being the point at which I had told him I should be in the necessity of parting from him. We took leave of each other accordingly with many honourable expressions, and going on board my boat I cut the painter in fine weather a little before moonrise.

I shall not at this time trouble the reader with a particular account of my voyage to the main or continent of Balnibarbi, which lasted five days, and brought me in the dead of night upon the same coast whereon I had made my landing eleven years before. For the rest, I was now in a very different case, having a stout boat under me and no manner of disquiet in my mind. I had no need or inclination to seek out a cave for shelter, but lay aboard at my moorings till daybreak, when I landed, and began to look about with my perspective for some sign of the Flying Island. I discovered nothing all that morning, but about two in the afternoon, when I had taken some refreshment and was much inclined to sleep, I perceived all on a sudden the vast body of the island descending towards the elevation upon which I chanced to be lying. But at the

same time the reader can hardly conceive my astonishment to behold around it in every direction a number of opaque bodies of similar movement and appearance, but smaller in size by many degrees ; and to hear proceeding from all of them a noise which for emptiness and monotony resembled the cawing of rooks or the bleating of sheep.

The principal island had now become stationary at a distance of about two English miles, but the others advanced nearer, and, as though animated by some feeling of emulation, descended upon me all together. This gave me, I confess, some inward motions of alarm, but I soon perceived that their approach was in no way hostile to me. Upon each of them stood a crowd of people surrounding a single individual, who appeared to be in a position of authority, for on looking circumspectly I could see that when he shouted those about him shouted more loudly, and when he raised or lowered his arm they all with one consent waved their hats and handkerchiefs. I found by their gestures that I was plainly visible to all of them, and it soon appeared that it was the determination of each of the leaders that I should join that particular band by which he was surrounded, in order, as I afterwards discovered, that I might add my voice to swell his own peculiar cry ; for I could now distinguish several different noises or notes among them, but mainly two, which I have already described.

I conjectured, however, by the energy which they displayed in their gestures that in proportion as I made myself acceptable to one or other of these parties, so I should be an object of hatred to the rest. I decided, therefore, to attach myself at first to none of them, but to procure a footing, as I had formerly done, upon the principal island itself. I had acquired during my stay there a tolerable proficiency in the language and manners of Laputa, and I now made bold to proclaim in the loudest voice I could command, that my business was with his Majesty the King.

At this the several crowds turned again to their various leaders, and the whole of the smaller islands retired until the

vociferations proceeding from them became once more as insignificant as the clamour of birds. The Flying Island, however, for so I shall continue to call the main bulk of this aerial system, now descended somewhat and moved to a position directly over me, those upon it having perceived my intention or being apprised of it by signals; a chain was let down from the verge, with a seat fastened to the bottom, to which I fixed myself and was drawn up by pulleys into the royal city of Laputa.

CHAPTER II

AT my alighting my first concern was to inquire of those nearest to me what might be the meaning of the concourse of islands which I had witnessed from below. A civil person of the better quality answered me that these platforms, as he called them, were indeed new-fangled and illegitimate in their nature, being an entrenchment upon the royal prerogative; for, according to the ancient government of that kingdom, the people had no leader but the King himself, and it was not tolerated that his lieutenants or deputies should make for themselves platforms, except it were each in his own garden or park, where he was at home among his proper friends. But of late, as I now heard, it had come to this, so many Ministers, so many platforms, and each of them moving from place to place more rapidly and incessantly than the others, with danger to the State and much injury to private persons. For whereas at my first coming among this people I observed that their heads were all reclined either to the right or the left, with one of their eyes turned downward and the other directly up to the zenith, I was now shown how that the most part were no longer so, but carried their heads at all manner of strange angles, and some even twisted once and twice round upon their necks. And this, as it appeared, had arisen from the efforts which they made to follow the movements, counter-move-

ments and revolutions of the several platforms in their aerial flight.

I then demanded of my informant whether these platforms were indeed as like to the principal island in their nature and working as they were in their outward appearance. He said no, that there was in truth a vast difference; for in the first place the royal island had its foundation upon a base of adamant many hundred feet thick and in all probability everlasting, while these were but ephemeral structures, some of rubble and pasteboard, some of laths painted to resemble iron; and in the second place the great island is sustained by the magnetic force of the loadstone embedded in it and past the power of man to remove. Whereas, on the other hand, the little platforms are wholly supported by a kind of gas, which must be continually supplied to them by their makers or directors; and this skill being almost entirely a gift of nature and dying with each possessor, every such platform in its turn must one day come to the ground and be broken. And I afterwards found that in what he told me of the frailty of these little islands my informant was within the mark; for in that country leaders will abandon their platforms and make themselves new ones not only once in a lifetime but twice and thrice: and this they do when they find them uncomfortable or heavy to sustain or not much resorted to by the common people who assist at the making of gas—for this operation cannot proceed without the furtherance of a crowd. As for the use or meaning of these practices, they are upon the whole unaccountable, but I doubt not that they arise in some sort from the strong disposition which I formerly observed in the Laputans towards news and politics, perpetually inquiring into publick affairs, giving their judgments in matters of State, and passionately disputing every inch of a party opinion. And this quality, which they display both upon their platforms and in many other places, springs, as I have elsewhere noted, from a very common infirmity of human nature, inclining us to be more curious and conceited in

matters for which we are least adapted either by study or by Nature.

It was necessary to give the reader the benefit of these observations, without which he would be at a loss to understand my emotions as I was conducted to the top of the island and from thence to the royal palace. When I was brought into the chamber of presence, I perceived that the King took not the least notice of us, being deep in a problem of mathematics, which he was considering with the aid of three of the most eminent among his financiers. His Majesty, like most of the Laputans, is exceedingly conversant with that kind of abstruse speculation in exact science. He hath invented a short method of calculations on the law of chances by means of numerical cards, and hath also composed thereon a manual, or "bridge for beginners," as they call it in their idiom. In problems of this kind the whole court is most diligently and profitably employed both by night and day, and the inferior nobility, so great is the influence of a salutary example in high places, are even more indefatigable, sacrificing to this only duty their affairs of all kinds, their wealth and most of the amenities of a social life. The temper of this devotion is with many so fervent that they have turned it, by the common bent of their national character, into a test of virtue and a proper part of their religion: they practise it accordingly upon their holy days more than at other times, and there is talk among them of a new coronation oath, by which the King upon his accession should once for all make a declaration of no trumps, as ours does of no Popery.

We attended an hour or more, during which I saw from a respectful distance one problem after another laid successively before his Majesty. He appeared to me to have a greater facility than any of his councillors for the conduct of these operations, and he presently rose from the table with an appearance of satisfaction which I did not remark in those who had assisted him. I was now presented, and made my duty in the customary form, when the King was graciously

pleased to remind me of my first visit to his dominions. I replied that I had indeed had the honour of seeing him then, but it was during the reign of his predecessor and now eleven years since, so that I could but marvel at the tenacity of his Majesty's memory. And I was afterwards informed that both this prince and others of his family differ herein from many of the Laputan nobility, who will commonly fail to recognise the faces of some with whom they have met only the day before.

The remainder of our converse turned entirely upon mathematics. The King acquainted me with his preference for the study of kinetics, and asked me what principles we employed in my country for the sailing of yachts and the lifting of cups, and what formulæ were in vogue amongst us for expressing the relative swiftness of horses. He also informed me that these animals were the cause of an approaching crisis in the affairs of State; for his nobles being seized upon by an inordinate love of speed, had caused to be invented a kind of go-cart which ran of itself, and were now for prohibiting the use of horses, pigs, or children upon the highways. The commoner sort, on the other hand, had brought in a bill making it capital to be found travelling upon any publick road without visible means of persistence. This division proceeded to great lengths on both sides, with nightly maiming of horses and now and then considerable persons broken on the wheel: and it was still going forward when I left the island.

CHAPTER III

AFTER my first presenting to this illustrious prince it was not my good fortune to see him again; and for this reason. It hath ever been his especial care to provide for the sick and wounded in the hospitals of his kingdom, and to that end he maintains in divers parts of the country pens or breeding-boxes of a kind of fowl, whose flesh is very fit for the use of such afflicted persons. And since the work of killing these

fowls for the table is both wearisome and dangerous, so that few or none can be found willing to perform it, his Majesty is accustomed to take it upon himself with the aid from time to time of such neighbouring monarchs as are most humanely inclined. The birds are driven into narrow spaces by shouting and beating of well-disciplined troops, and are there despatched two at a time, or it may be singly; for in this business a man had need be fortunate as well as philanthropick.

The King therefore soon afterwards departing on this errand, I was minded to quit Laputa and resort to the mansion of my Lord Ladas, on the lower continent of Balnibarbi, where I had before had much hospitable entertainment. I was accordingly let down from the lowest gallery of the Flying Island in the same manner as I had been taken up, and proceeded without misadventure to the nobleman's country house, which, as I well remembered, hath the name of Durdans, or in our language, Primrose Hill. His Excellency received me in a little tent or tabernacle set up in a secluded part of the gardens, and hung with a pattern of horse shoes and rose berries. He bade me welcome with the most grateful condescension, but was pleased to warn me that I had come to a place of but poor entertainment, for he was now living more out of the fashion than ever, and spent his time for the most part in the lonely occupation of ploughing.

I perceived that although he spoke simply, yet he had meant more in his thoughts. I therefore ventured to inquire whether publick affairs no longer enjoyed his Excellency's attention. He answered that he had been in several minds upon this matter, but the last phase was forced upon him, and he was now intending to be reconciled with his friends some four or five times before the turn of the year. I asked discreetly what might be the urgent cause of these exertions. He replied, the condition of the Empire; for that since my last visit the country had been afflicted with a plague, of a kind unknown there since the dark ages, which under divers forms had depressed the vital spirits of the whole nation, and at last

subverted the intellects of nearly one-half. That this disease customarily began with a period of imaginary depression, hatred of neighbours, suspicion of universal conspiracies, and fears of approaching ruin; it was then developed into one or other of its specific forms, which were all of them of the nature of delusions or desires *contra naturam*—such as Dumpophobia, in which the patient exhibited an insane impulse to expend money unnecessarily; Tariffyxia, when he would subtract in the belief that he was adding, call robbery protection, prosperity bankruptcy, and so on; or Fiscalitis, when the faculties were so gravely disturbed that two and two, for example, would appear to be equal now to five and now to three, or eighteen farthings to eight million pounds, and in general every set of figures to mean anything that the imagination might propose to itself.

Having practised the art of Surgery in my youth, I could not but admire to hear of a form of mania quite unknown among my own more fortunate countrymen; but I demanded of his Excellency, since he was no physician, whether he had not intended to speak rather of disease in the body politick than in the persons of individual citizens. He replied that I had not heard all; that this malady had been sporadic and in a manner harmless, until it had attacked a chief member of the Government, when it had suddenly taken the proportions of a publick calamity. That this had come about not so much by the further spreading of the disorder among the common people, which was little to be apprehended in so wholesome an air, as by the infecting of a number of the other Ministers. Whether or no they had indeed taken the malady, his Excellency could not determine, but the result was the same, for being very desirous of an unanimous spirit in the State, they resolved if they could not turn back their colleague to sanity, then to convert the rest of their countrymen to madness.

An argument was therefore prepared and issued by the Pamphleteer, as they call the First Lord of the Treasury,

showing how the glory of science is to conquer nature and not to follow it; so that it behoves a nation, if they would advance themselves, to be in all things unnatural. The conclusion was that in all kinds of publick affairs the policies and methods of former generations must be fundamentally reversed.

His Excellency was good enough to give me many examples of the proposals whereby this policy was put into action; but the greater part have escaped my recollection. I remember, however, some few of them, such as that henceforth the Colonies were to govern the Mother Country, and the caucus to direct the Cabinet; Ministers were to be the least distinguished of the House of Commons, and the Premier to be the least powerful in the Ministry; curates to instruct bishops, and sergeants officers; the cavalry to be unhorsed and the infantry mounted; traders to sell in the cheapest markets and buy in the dearest. Certain other proposals of a like kind were abandoned, because, though sufficiently unnatural, they were believed to be impossible of execution; as that orders be given for merit, and appointments for knowledge of affairs; that the War Office be organised for war, the Navy trained to use their great guns, and children instructed in religion by those who believe in it.

CHAPTER IV

THIS Lord Ladas was a person of the first rank, and had been some years Governor of Lagado, the capital town, and afterwards of the whole kingdom; but, by a cabal of Ministers, was brought to a desire for retirement. At the time of my arriving he seemed, however, in a fair way to be employed again. Yet I discovered in him no sign of his being hurried or over-eager for this turn of fortune; for he was, of all those whom I remember to have seen in politicks, the one most strenuous in biding his time, and, besides that, the most apt to stand apart and find diversion in looking^s down upon the

extravagant behaviour of his fellow men. And this I observed particularly when he took me into the town of Lagado to visit the grand Academy of Projectors; for by that name I had formerly known it, though it was now entitled the Imperial University of Technical Science.

I inquired what might be the meaning of this change, and was told that it imported much; for that afflicted Minister of whom I had before heard spoken had obtained a monopoly to call by the name of "Imperial" anything in which himself had a concern, and to forbid the use of the word to others who could show no such privilege. And for the rest of the former title, he disliked it heartily, having been called a projector himself in his saner days, which at present he abjured and utterly put from him; whereas the mere sounds of "technical" and "science" and "university" were now taken by the crowd for a charm or magick not less effectual, as I understood, than that blessed word Mesopotamia hath long been among our own people. So that the Academy was very fitly renamed, seeing that this Minister was now the Governor, Dean, and Principal Lecturer therein, the First Lord or Pamphleteer being his Sub-Dean or Deputy.

By this time we had entered the great gate of the University, and I found it to be much enlarged since my former visit, but the newer part of the court was in a taste which assorted ill with the older, and seemed less substantial in the building. Upon ascending the great stair we asked for the Sub-Dean, and were ushered at once into his room. We found him not yet arisen from his bed, though it was long past noon; but he received us with the most urbane effrontery and took us into his own workshop, where he bade us be seated upon the front bench. He had been employed, as he told us, for a year or more upon a project for making hay of everything. I asked him what he found to be the best material for this purpose: he replied that he had lately experimented upon an old wooden cabinet with good success. The method was to break it up very fine, to cast away the stouter portions, and

add a little chaff or straw to the remainder ; he thus obtained a litter of passable appearance, though hardly palatable enough for stable use. The process, he assured me, was an infallible one, and he intended to practise it upon every kind of matter that came in his way.

This Sub-Dean was undoubtedly a person of the most fertile invention, for he told us that the next ten or a dozen rooms were all of them used by himself for his own experiments. We assured him that we had rather bestow our time upon visiting these than any others, at which he seemed well satisfied. He then showed us a room in which he was about preparing a new project for the making of warming-pans out of materials such as would commonly be thought the least suitable, and therefore the more easily come by. For an example, he had lately found in a corner a disused pad such as boys have for keeping the wicket in their games of ball : this he had lined with tin, and was even now making trial of it in the Governor's own bed. It was not, he said, deficient in capacity, and since subtlety was nothing to the point in a warming-pan, he expected it to do very well for such brief time as it might be required.

In the next room he had several young men employed in drawing the mechanism of a new kind of revolver. This project was not yet brought to a completion ; but from what I was shown of the plan I judged it to be as like to cause an injury to the holder as to any one else. Upon this I was told very courteously that I had mistaken its purpose ; for it was to be loaded with blank and wadded with any soft stuff, such as lambsdowne. My opinion was still that it might easily burst, to which the reply was, that it was not designed to be shot off, but to be used only for pointing and for the moral effect.

We then entered another room very little and dingy, but encumbered with a multitude of clerks. This place, as the Sub-Dean informed us, had been a toy manufactory time out of mind, and many thousands of dolls were there turned out by the year, in full dress. But the demand for the common

sort of toy-soldiers being now very pressing, and a project for making them out of paper having come to no good end, he had bethought him of procuring a supply of old ship timber from Belfast, from which he looked for the best results. I saw something of this timber; it was heart of oak and sound enough, but a little particoloured, of an orange tint.

The next room was a private chamber in which the Sub-Dean discharged his office of Pamphleteer, according to a project not less new than the others which we had seen. He had here collected a vast number of torn golf-cards, the most of them being clean or very nearly so. These he made up into little books of not more than one thousand words each, which he sold in great numbers, advertising them very artfully as economic Notes; for the word "cheap" is now held to be improper, though the quality of cheapness is privily as much favoured as ever it was.

In a little closet behind this room we were shown an ingenious machine devised some years before, and at present laid aside, for converting gold coins into silver, by which the projector declared the country would be much advantaged. For let gold be once of no more value than silver, then silver would be worth as much as gold, and a debt of a pound could be repaid with more ease than before. This was, he said, a great benefit from a small change; but it was the kind of small change that a nation of money-lenders did most dislike. For my part, being asked my opinion, I confessed that this project seemed to me as well included under technical science as anything I had seen in the Imperial University.

CHAPTER V

OUR converse was broken at this point by a messenger from another part of the building, who informed us that the Dean himself was in the great hall, delivering a lecture; that he had

been at it some two hours already, so that if we would hear him we had but little time to lose. I was overjoyed at this chance befalling, but my Lord Ladas, to his great sorrow, was constrained to forego it for himself, having by ill-luck appointed that hour for a certain person to wait upon him at his town house. We therefore took leave of the Sub-Dean, and went our several ways; the messenger conveying me to the great hall, where he made way for me to enter with some difficulty.

I enquired of him before he left me what might be the subject of the discourse I was to hear. He told me that it was upon the Religious Aspect of Arithmetic, which surprised me not a little; and I observed that a good part of the audience were also by their countenances perplexed or disappointed. These were a rustic sort of folk, labouring men and farmers, who had come, as one of them informed me, from the nearest poor-house in the expectation to be shown how their broken state might be repaired. They made some murmuring among themselves, but not loudly, being under the eye of their Chaplin, who had brought them thither; and several times at his bidding they gave applause, but not, as I thought, very hopefully.

The Lecturer was at a distance from me; but standing on a very elevated platform and turning continually about he contrived to keep himself in view of all. He was attended by a number of pupils in manner of a bodyguard, wearing the uniform of the Imperial Salvation Army, of which he was the founder and General. Upon his right and left hand stood two young men holding a kind of rag-bag or wallet, such as children use when wool gathering, from which they furnished him with figures whenever he paused for scantness of breath or of argument. They were veiled and blindfolded, so that the audience should not see their faces nor they the order of the figures, which appeared as if chosen at haphazard. These, as often as he received them, the Lecturer wrote down upon a blackboard and added them up aloud. If by chance the

sum did not answer his expectation he rubbed it out quickly, saying very truly that it was but an illustration of his ideas and of no moment. When he had done this several times, he left the board on a sudden and made as though he would find something in the hinder pocket of his coat. Then, rising to his full height, he held forth in each hand a bun newly baked. By these, he said, it was clearly shown how carefully his examples had been cooked, for five pennyweights of flour had gone to making the one and but four to the other, yet he would pledge his hat that the two were now of equal size: the secret being that the deficiency was made up by the adding of some tea-leaves kindly lent by the Secretary for War.

At this the hall was filled with a tumult of cheering, and the Lecturer passed by an easy transit to his peroration. He warned his hearers in a tone of deep solemnity that although their Imperial system was based upon religion, yet even religion was nothing without arithmetic. It was not religion but arithmetic that would enable them to keep up Colonial bonds, to achieve the perfect Trust, and to leave a first-class security to every one of their descendants. But the arithmetic now practised among them was obsolete and unscientific; it had served for fifty years and was naturally worn out by long use. They must wake up: they must enfeeble themselves no longer by taking foreign food—above all by taking it lying down. Let them remember that one man's boom is another man's doom, and that in Imperial races the devil takes the hindmost. Let them follow manfully the sacred rule of a black eye for a black eye, and they might yet bring back the good old days when their nation lived under the blessing of divine protection.

At this moment, from some cause or other, I felt myself seized upon by a violent attack of nausea. I was conveyed from the hall to the town house of my Lord Ladas, who comforted me as well as he could and sent me two of his own physicians. They pronounced my complaint to be a kind of

homesickness, which I had by all likelihood brought with me. So soon, therefore, as I could travel I took farewell of his Excellency and sailed for England, thinking myself fortunate to have escaped with my life. For my own belief was, and still is, that I had suffered some contagion or poisoning of the blood.

ON THE LINE

IF we were challenged for some one proof that the England of to-day is still far from decadence, we should point to the vigorous unpopularity of her poetry. With a public such as ours immediate and wide success should not, it seems, be difficult. We know our national poets; both by tradition and by instinct we admire their work; we hate change and ask for nothing but the familiar. If a man has but a certain skill and taste in versification, surely he need only reproduce the form, the line, the cadence of the great masters; he will be recognised for their legitimate successor by the sound of his voice; the crowd will be saved the pain of thinking, the lecturers will be able to pigeon-hole "the new poet" without disturbing their theories or their syllabus; the scholars will add to their stock of "parallel passages," every one will be congratulatory, and some perhaps will buy.

This is decadence; and it is this which has no hold upon our poets. The opportunity is undoubtedly there; to prove it, once in a century some weakling plays the mocking-bird, and feathers his nest for a season or two; when he falls at last, it is from a lack of endurance not in the public but in himself. Meanwhile poetry goes from strength to strength; loving the past too well to imitate it, and the future too much to sell its birthright of freedom; generally neglected, sometimes hooted, popular, if at all, by accident and not as poetry, or when long years have made some name at last as comfortably familiar as a barrel-organ tune.

Among these consecrated and unassailable names will be one day that of Laurence Binyon; one day his poems, now the possession of a few, will be quoted by the orthodox to crush the claims of a succeeding generation. "Those were the days of our glory; then, besides Swinburne and Meredith, we had Bridges, Yeats, Binyon, Alice Meynell, Margaret Woods, and the rest—*real* poets, all in their prime at once," and some less mannerly may add: "Will any one contend that we have a poet *now*?" while the Churton Collins of the moment will lecture on "the Yattendon School," "the Binyonian *ethos*," and the place of our poet among the formative influences of contemporary thought.

The Churton Collins will be entirely right; and there will be no more interesting passage in his discourse than that in which he treats of the volume we hold for the first time to-day. The poem after which the book is named, **The Death of Adam** (Methuen, 3s. 6d. net), is the most sustained piece of work, and one of the most successful, in which Mr. Binyon has yet shown his strength. It is better than any one of his Odes; even better than "The Renewal." Since it made its first appearance in our pages (February 1902) it has brought to many readers the conviction that Mr. Binyon is no longer to be reckoned among "minor" poets. In style it is simple enough to lose at once all chance with those who demand above everything a heated ecstasy and the beauty of disorder; it has no more "thrill" than a Greek marble, no more prettiness than a Michael Angelo. But the simplicity, however extreme here and there, never falters or wanders into weariness; and it attains on every page to a majestic beauty which no passing of fashions can ever touch.

Peace also rests on Adam : not such peace
 As comes forlornly to men dulled with cares,
 Whom no ennobling memory uplifts ;
 Peace of a power far mightier than his own,
 Outlasting all it fostered into life,
 Pervades him and sustains him : such a peac

As blesses mossed and mouldering architraves
 Of pillars standing few among the wreck
 Of many long since fallen, pillars old,
 Reared by a race long vanished, where the birds
 Nest as in trees, and every crevice flowers,
 As mothering Earth, having some time indulged
 Men's little uses, makes their ruin fair
 Ere in her bosom it be folded up.

The conception is throughout worthy of the execution; the too obvious possibilities are touched and quietly left aside. We realise that Death is come upon earth for the first time in his natural and inevitable form, but for Adam the agony lies not in any doubt for himself, but in the prophetic dread of all that life may bring upon his children's children to the world's end.

He ended sighing: for his mind was filled
 With apprehensions rolling up from far
 The doom and tribulation of his race.
 Looking upon the faces of his sons,
 Well he divined their weakness from his own.
 He knew what they should suffer; yet the worst
 He knew not; had he known, he would have rued
 Less to be parent of their feebleness
 Than of their strength, the power to maim and rend
 And ravage even that which to their hearts
 Is dearest, though they know not what they do,
 Trampling their peace in dust; had he seen all
 The dreadful actors on the endless stage,
 Sprung from his loins,—the triumphing blind hordes,
 Spurred by an ignorant fury to create
 An engine of fierce pleasure in the pangs
 Wrung from the brave, the gentle, and the wise,
 And raging at a beauty not their own
 That taxes all their vileness; till the world
 Discovering too late its precious loss,
 Loves and laments in vain: had he seen this,
 His grief had gone forth in a bitterer cry.

We refrain from quoting the final passage in which this thought attains its climax, and is answered by a strain full of solemn and uplifting music; music destined not for the pleasure of a

careless moment, but for the profound and lasting consolation of humanity.

Mr. Dobell's curious book, *Sidelights on Charles Lamb* (published by the author, 5s. net) is one that no lover of Elia (and who is not Elia's lover?) can do without. In the first place, he has unearthed from the pages of the *London* three essays which have every right to be called *Essays of Elia*, whether or no Elia had anything to do with them. The hand may be anybody's hand, but the voice is Elia's voice.

Of these three essays, by far the finest is "An Appeal from the Shades." The other two are full of gracious humour; the "Whist Players" come of the same family as Mrs. Battle; the Donkey may have run her races in the neighbourhood of "The Old Margate Hoy,"¹ but this is written from the heart within the heart of imagination. It is deeply prophetic of the pathetic modern sentiment concerning ghosts. The author holds a brief for disembodied humanity. The lean thing, weaker than is "a wreath of thin wood-smoke," affects us, not with fear (he could not make even the man who had betrayed him for one moment afraid), but with horrified pity. It was a man, and it is not a man; and yet it is a man in everything but flesh.

It were a brave stretch of human hospitality to entertain, not the outcast flesh merely, but the fleshless wanderer, more naked than the naked—from the Stygian coast forlorn. Shall there be no refuge for the uttermost destitution? Can the houseless have a claim above the worldless?

Towards the end comes a fine touch:

Tremble not so wrongfully at a frail ghost's intrusion. Shrink not so abhorringly from his fond hand's impalpable grasp! 'tis for me to shrink, if shrinking must be, from the gross mundane clay.

The cry of Keats, "I feel the daisies growing over me,"

¹ Perhaps, as the Editor is at the pains to suggest, the Donkey *may* have been Hood's. Whoever claims it at the Judgment Day, 'tis a sweet Ass.

finds expression here, when "the summer's springing flowers, with their stirring roots, tug at the buried heart."

This beautiful ghost of an essay comes among us, as a ghost should, with every circumstance of mystery. If it is not by Charles Lamb, whose can it be? He seems, without doubt, to allude to it in a letter to Rickman; yet the letter is dated 1803, and the essay was only published twenty-three years later. If, as Mr. Dobell supposes, it may have seen the light earlier in some obscure magazine, it is strange that, however obscure the magazine, there should be no allusion to it anywhere; and strange that, when he came to collect the scattered children of his fancy, Lamb should have left this lovely exile unfathered. Our part is clear enough; we "therefore, as a stranger, give it welcome." Perhaps he shunned a further manifestation of the hostilities evoked by "Witches" and by "New Year's Eve," when his more orthodox friends flung "Pilgrim's Progress" at his head, and Southey remarked that little boys who felt afraid of the dark had not been taught to say their prayers. Horror, in many forms, hung round his path, and dogged his steps. He knew what madness was on his own account—he knew it in his "guardian angel"—the friend than whom "a kinder friend has no man" was poisoning his mighty mind with a drug—the colleague whom he so much admired, "light-hearted Janus," *alias* Thomas Wainwright, about whom odd facts are told in this volume, was a murderer. He knew too much of the Night side of Nature to care to talk about it, though he could write of it with touches of Elizabethan familiarity. Is not this the explanation of the abrupt, apparently motiveless words recorded by the anonymous author of "An Evening with Charles Lamb and Coleridge," another brilliant piece of observation discovered by Mr. Dobell? Coleridge had said that he feared death, not because of punishment, not because of bodily pain, but because of a dread "lest, after the attempt to 'shuffle off' this mortal coil, he should yet be 'thrown back upon himself.'" There was a pause; Lamb looked sceptical and made what was

clearly a desperate attempt to turn the talk into a different channel.

Coleridge smiled very quietly, and then spoke of some person (name forgotten) who had been making a comparison between himself and Wordsworth as to their religious faith. "They said, although I was an atheist, we were upon a par, for that Wordsworth's Christianity was very like Coleridge's atheism; and Coleridge's atheism was very like Wordsworth's Christianity."

Certainly Charles Lamb is not in the least like other men. Why do short and silly stories about him nail themselves into the memory when better stories about more solid people are fast forgotten? There is one here, and, having once been read, the story will not out of mind. It only amounts to this—that when great scholars mounted their high German hobby-horses and rode them to the tune of "Faust," Elia would insist on singing:

Gëuty, Gëuty,
Is a great beauty.

It was really rather foolish of him to call Goethe *Gëuty*, and if the little song was sung to "the Chelsea Jeremiah," Thomas Carlyle, why, then, as Mr. Dobell suggests, we have an explanation of a passage in his Diary, the detestable ill-nature of which has hitherto distressed his warmest admirers. There was never anybody who could not forgive Lamb anything—except Carlyle; but no doubt the little song tried his temper.

Who shall say wherein lies the charm of Elia? It is not a charm acknowledged out of England apparently; foreigners do not quote his name. It is not a charm that works among the people; readers of newspapers, of penny novelettes, do not read the Essays. Everywhere else he is a quiet passion. Ancient men and boys, husbands and wives, old maids and young, those who read everything and those who hardly ever turn a page, they are one and all devoted to the Old Benchers of the Inner Temple, to Bridget, to Barbara S., to Alice W.,

to the Dream Children, to every one and everything that Charles Lamb thought it worth while to talk about. He is a book for the country, a book for the town, a book for the seaside, a book for the sickroom, and—if he must be a book for the library also (and we incline to think that he must) then the **New Edition** by E. V. Lucas (Methuen, 7s. 6d. a volume) is justified. Except for the library, we cannot think that it is. A row of great big red volumes like these does not suggest the author of them. People who are fortunate enough to possess an old grey Talfourd will hug him to their hearts more closely. Others the little pocket editions will attract—and Canon Ainger. To our mind, every edition of Elia ought to be either old or small. But this is an individual way of thinking. There are who believe that his fame is increased by the addition to his published works of every unsuccessful farce, of every trifling acrostic and *jeu d'esprit* that he ever wrote in a friend's album because he was too kind-hearted to say *No*. They are entitled to their opinion, and for them this edition exists. Let them study it from cover to cover! We have only seen the second and fifth volumes, which contain the Essays and the Poems and Plays, and it is therefore impossible to write about the whole. Innumerable as epitaphs on young ladies are, the "Epitaph on a Young Lady" here given is very charming. Lamb was a master of exquisite compliment, and every one must rejoice at the inclusion of such lines as those "To Miss Burney on her Character of Blanch":

the pure romantic vein
 No gentler creature ever knew to feign
 Than thy fine Blanch, young, with an elder grace,
 In all respects without rebuke or blame,
 Answering the antique freshness of her name.

But we cannot think that Elia himself would have liked this fussy Elia-hunting. He was dainty about his work. Born with a genius for selection, accustomed to select with faultless taste, for from his verdict there is no appeal, he held that only the best was worth preserving. Here the best and the worst are

forced into equal prominence, printed as if there were no difference between. For ourselves we do not care to see a picture of Mackery End in Hertfordshire as it was in Lamb's time, to have a map of Blakeware and the Temple, and a portrait of the pretty girl who inspired "When maidens such as Hester die." It is just because these places and these people are not real that, in the Essays, they live for ever. When we see the actual presentment, it is with a shock of disappointment. Is that all? Why, there are a hundred thousand houses just like that, a hundred thousand girls very like this! No; let us keep every man his own Mackery End—his one especial Hester! Even to know her surname is impertinent. In a Life of Charles Lamb such things may have their place; never in that ideal Life which is called The Essays of Elia!

"A man is but his parents, or some other of his ancestors, drawn out!" If this be true, what a goodly line must have preceded that thorough-going Radical, Leigh Hunt! It was a favourite reflection. He would often, we are told, comfort himself for the ungrateful behaviour of some one whom he had helped and trusted, by remarking: "It is impossible to say what share, now, X.'s father and mother may have had in his doing so, or what ancestor of X.'s may not have been *really* the author of my suffering—and his." The words are characteristic of the kindly and beautiful nature that makes his *Life of Himself* the most delightful of all his works. The excellent new edition, edited by Roger Ingpen (Constable, 21s. net.), is warmly welcome. Biography that has in it the stuff of life is rare, but autobiography is rarer still. It demands a very uncommon blend of two qualities that are common enough, self-consciousness and simplicity. Autobiography is one of the finest of fine Arts; and no pieces of it except masterpieces can stand the shocks of time.

Among our English autobiographies this charming record of loves, friendships, fortunes and misfortunes takes a high

place. "I am not naturally a teller of truth," said the author. Most people *think* they are telling the truth, even if their opinion be not shared by others. Goethe, indeed, protected his "Life of Goethe" by calling it "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*," but to do this is to run with the hare and to hunt with the hounds. *I am not naturally a teller of truth.* He that could say this of himself knew a great deal of himself, and knowing himself, he knew others also, and felt assured that the simplicity of the statement would not offend. If a man can speak thus to his own character, he may be as inaccurate as he likes, we are bound to believe that he speaks truth in the main. And the assumption proves correct. It is truth to the inner and the outer world that makes this book such rare good reading.

The Golden Age of poets and critics was, as a sensitive age always must be, an age of friendship. Friend studied friend and wrote him down, as in the days of Boswell. They loved each other and annotated each other as they loved and annotated their books. Leigh Hunt, of course, would have lived in a book all his life long, if he had not possessed about fifty intimate friends, each one of whom was as good as a book, and better. His notes upon these existing classics with whom he ate, drank, and corresponded, are worth his notes upon the dead twice over; though these also are alive. He put friendship to the test, for, in the prime of life and in the full blush of success, he chose to annotate the Regent, and thereby got himself into prison. Thither his comrades flocked, transforming it into a Paradise of Poetry, a Fairyland of sweet flowers. Cebes and Simmias and the rest were not more constant to Socrates. His very chains and he grew friends, for he made a friend of the gaoler.

The man who tells the story of his own life is, however, his own hero, and it is by his portrait of himself that he stands or falls. By everything that he lets in, by everything that he leaves out, he must conjure up before the public an image that breathes and moves. This is the secret of the triumph of

Benvenuto Cellini, and of the older Dumas in his "Memoirs"; it is the secret of the partial failure of Goethe. Perhaps genius of the highest order cannot consider itself apart from the Universe. It has no inclination to keep a diary. There is not a sign that Shakespeare or Milton ever attempted it. Genius of the secondary order has time to look about, around, and within. This genius of sympathy enlisting sympathy Leigh Hunt undoubtedly possessed. Who can but love the little eager, frightened child—the boy at Christ's who grew so weary of writing abridgments of *I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth* that he came to "prefer mirth to cheerfulness"—the youthful poet, resting in the Quakerly quietness and beauty of West's studio—the pert young journalist who drove the actors of the town mad with independent criticism when he was only twenty? Through every phase we follow him, laughing, and loving him. The serene hopefulness of pure, untroubled faith in the final glory of goodness never forsook him. He looked to meet again those who had gone before. He lived in large and perfect charity with his kind. In his heart at the moment of death were perhaps the words that he so touchingly records as the last words of the son who preceded him: "I drink the morning!"

There is a field of English literature, as yet not overstocked, which lies on the confines of serious history, but does not belong to the domain of historical romance; we mean the poetic historical monograph; to this form, in French, Michelet contributed a perfect example in his short study of the Crusades. We have now a volume before us of *Miscellaneous Essays*, collected from the ceaseless contributions to the literature of India, from the pen of its most felicitous historian, Sir William Hunter, *The India of the Queen* (Longmans, 9s. net), and we welcome in this collection two such prose poems, "A Pilgrim Scholar" and "The Ruin of Aurungzeb." They are fresh studies, spontaneously and easily thrown off, all stamped with the writer's sense of the dignity

and pathos of Indian life, and they are worthy to take their place with "The Annals of Rural Bengal," "The Old Missionary," and "The Thackerays in India," which have attained such wide popularity. "A Pilgrim" is the great Thibetan scholar, Alexander Csoma, who worked under incredible difficulties for the British nation under the Viceroyalty of Lord Amherst, and died in 1842 at Darjeeling. "The Ruin of Aurungzeb" is a description of "the great puritan Mohammedan Monarch" who was the contemporary of Charles XII., and with whose downfall the Moghul Empire ends and the history of modern India begins. The narrative includes some of the ever-charming annals of the Taj Mahal. The description of the green grave of Shah Jehan's daughter at Delhi is given in contrast to the splendid tomb of his mother beneath the many-domed Taj at Agra :

The grave lies close to a saint's and to a poet's in that Campo Santo of marble and lattice-work and exquisite carving and embroidered canopies of silk and gold, near the Hall of the Sixty-four Pillars, beyond the Delhi walls. But only a piece of pure white marble with a little grass piously watered by generations marks the princess's grave. "Let no rich canopy surmount my resting-place" was her dying injunction inscribed on the head-stone. The grass is the best covering for the grave of a lowly heart, the humble and transitory ornament of the world, the disciple of the holy man of Christ, the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan. But the magnificent mosque of Agra is the public memorial of the lady who lies in that modest grass-covered grave.

"The India of the Queen" is the title of a noteworthy contribution by Sir William Hunter to the *Times* in the year of the Queen's first Jubilee, reprinted here; it reviews the changes which passed over India during the Victorian era. "England's Work in India" was written, Mr. Skrine tells us in his preface, as a counterblast to unpatriotic doctrines in 1879-80. We have difficulty in recalling these to-day, such a change has passed over the feeling of our democracy towards a high Imperial policy, but writers like Sir William Hunter may have contributed much towards the change. "A Forgotten Oxford Movement" is a pleasant addition to the history of

missionary work, towards which Sir William Hunter's tone is so sympathetic. The following is valuable from his authority:

I think it within reasonable probability that some native of India will spring up, whose life and preaching may lead to an accession on a great scale, to the Christian Church. If such a man arises he will set in motion a mighty movement whose consequences it is impossible to foresee. And I believe that if ever he comes he will be produced by influences and surroundings of which the Oxford brotherhood in Calcutta is at present the forerunner and prototype.

And again the following, which shows that this authority is inspired by the philosophic temper alone:

Apart from other aspects, Christianity as a help to humanity is a religion of effort and hope; Hinduism and Buddhism are religions of resigned acceptance or of despair. They were true interpreters of Asiatic man's despondency of the possibilities of existence in the age in which they arose. They are growing to be fundamentally at variance with the new life which we are awakening in India. I believe that Hinduism is still sufficiently plastic to adapt itself to this new world; that it has in it enough of the *vis edicatrix nature* to cast disused doctrines, and to develop new ones. But the process must be slow and difficult. Christianity comes to the Indian races in an age of new activity and hopefulness as a fully equipped religion of effort and hope. And it comes to them in a spirit of conciliation which it did not disclose before. It thus presents its two most practical claims on human acceptance. For although to a fortunate majority Christianity may be a religion of faith, yet I think that to most of us it is rather a religion of hope and charity.

As regards Sir William Hunter's high place as a historian, "The India of the Queen" was not needed to confirm it. The MONTHLY REVIEW pointed out last April, when a batch of no less than seven volumes of reprinted essays was received for reviewing, that it is not the best way of arriving at the mind of an author. In this volume Sir William Hunter appears too generally optimistic, which he was not when he was writing serious history. Mr. Skrine, who was his biographer, is, in his Preface, as usual, too eager; it is unnecessary to quote the remark that Sir William Hunter was "the discoverer of India in as real a sense as the early navi-

gators who carried home such wondrous tales of its glory ;" it is enough to say that Sir William Hunter's name will live on the roll of the historians, discoverers all, who have succeeded the Grand Old Dryasdust James Mill as historians of British India. Great credit is due to Lady Hunter for her selection and search among contemporary Indian journals ; "The Pilgrim Scholar" and "The Ruin of Aurungzeb" are two more vivid studies added to the domain of the prose poem.

Contemporary France. By Gabriel Hanotaux. Translated by John C. Tarver. Vol. I. 1870-1873. (Constable, 15s.net.)—M. Hanotaux's "Contemporary France" is likely to be the standard work on French history of thirty years ago, so far as a writer living so near the time can gather up in one and see in their due proportion events of such magnitude and import. He compares his own work to that of Henri Martin. The difference is that Henri Martin is a philosopher and M. Hanotaux a politician, though not a partisan ; and having at the same time a dramatic imagination he has evoked a central figure of great dignity and interest, M. Thiers, the saviour of society and founder of the Republic. The book might almost be styled "The Thiersiad," so completely does the protagonist hold the stage. The modern world is inclined perhaps to under-rate Thiers and to see his littlenesses rather than his greatness. France, in the crisis of her fate, has always needed and found a master hand, and she found it in Thiers. He rose at once to the need of his position, and grasped with no uncertain hand the hazardous power entrusted to him by the chances of disaster and revolutions.

He showed no weakness in the suppression of the Com-munard revolt ; if anything, he is to be blamed for allowing his military instruments to act with too little control. If he had been a soldier, he would have led the party of order to attack the forts. Being a civilian and new to the headship of a nation which easily sets up and puts down its chiefs, he showed no resentment at the dragonades of General Gallifet, and

permitted or encouraged the horrors of the *Conseils de Guerre*.

If the chiefs for the most part escaped, the satellites or simple National Guards were cruelly punished. The number of men who perished in this horrible fray, without any other form of law, is estimated at 17,000. The cemeteries, the squares, private or public gardens, saw trenches opened in which nameless corpses were deposited, without register and without list, by thousands. The Councils of War condemned to various penalties nearly 10,000 persons. The number of denunciations was 350,000; the number of trials nearly 47,000. When one part of the nation rises up against the nation itself, and that, too, in the presence of the stranger, an unexampled fury takes possession of the whole social body. It fears its end. It is convulsed before the imminent danger. It strikes at the elements which are separating themselves. It strikes at itself, and blindly inflicts on itself the cruellest wounds. Its wrath is but slowly appeased. Paris cruelly expiated the faults into which she was hurled by light-headed men and criminals. Paris lost 80,000 citizens.

After the heroism and the sufferings of the siege Paris did not deserve so cruel a fate. Pp. 227-8.

Such things, it seems, must always take place in France when revolutions are to be put down; we had rather wonder than judge; but we may feel regret for the fate of Rossel and for the multitudes who perished unjudged and unnamed.

The difficulties of M. Thiers only began after the suppression of the Commune. Abroad, he had to face the vast questions of delimitation of frontiers, settlement and payment of the enormous war fine to Germany, emancipation of French territory occupied by the foreigner, and alleviation of the hardships incurred by the captive provinces.

At home, he had to re-create the army and renew its organization; to deal with the relation of Paris to the great towns and the country; to establish order and with it public confidence; to hold a balance in the combat of religion and politics, and the rival claims of Bonapartists, Legitimists, Orleanists, and Republicans to settle the Constitution; and of the Assembly to settle the Republic. This settled, he had to fight every point of the Republican Constitution, the definition

and confirmation of the President's powers and his relation to the Assembly and the Ministers, and to meet, traversing and running through everything, the incalculable vagaries of experiment without experience, theory without practical compromise; domination of the phrase of the hour domination of the man of the hour; assertion of dogma without the means of enforcing it; the power of ridicule, the division and subdivision of parties and groups; such as these were the difficulties of M. Thiers, and of any man who aspires to rule France at a crisis. To have surmounted them all gives him the right to be called a great statesman; to have trusted and helped him in the gigantic task testifies to the greatness of the nation which he guided into the haven.

His fall was dramatic. He was cried out upon as a dictator and oppressor, but it was at a time when strong action was necessary; he was called a traitor by the men of the "Bordeaux Compact," entered upon in the interest of the Orleanist Monarchy as a "neutral ground," and converted by Thiers into an established Republic with himself at the head as President. He may have been an opportunist, but he was no traitor. His own argument was never answered: "There is only one throne, and there are three claimants"; but this did not prevent Bonapartists, Legitimists, and Orleanists from combining to overthrow him. His "loyal experiment," the experiment of the "Conservative Republic," was not accepted; it was thought that the President took too much upon himself when he refused to consider the Republic as an open question. He pleased neither party. He was neither a Sovereign, nor a Prime Minister, nor a constitutional cipher. He had ruled France at the crisis of her fate; he could not leave public affairs to transact themselves without him. This little Cromwell in spectacles was too powerful to be trusted with power. He had done so much that he would not consent to lay down power; and as he had not, like the greater Cromwell, got an army at his back, he could be removed from a position in which he was felt to be a difficulty and a possible cause of

danger, both by the Monarchists and by the extreme Republicans, who saw in his "Conservative Republic" the ideal of the *bourgeoisie*.

Mr. Tarver's translation is very faithful — too faithful, indeed. We seem to be listening to M. le Comte de Florac when we read such Gallicisms as "the subscribers streamed to the wickets," "much surrounded and distributing indications," "one of the highest physiognomies of the Republican party," "the conquered majority pared his nails." To render French words by English words is not the same thing as to translate from French into English; students of French like to read books in French, and the English-reading public should be served in their own language. But, discounting this defect, we are grateful to Mr. Tarver for putting so important a book in the hands of English readers.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE HOUSE

THERE are, perhaps, moments when John Bull, thinking of his Empire, is tempted to quote Mr. Kipling's time-expired man :—

“ This world so wide,
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried.”

It would be strange if the weary Titan was not, at seasons, conscious of that “ tired feeling ” which is libellously stated to be the special birth-mark of his children in Sydney, Australia. One of these hours, I am told, came to many in this country after the South African War had dragged its slow length along to its appointed end. Together with a natural reaction came the equally natural wish on the part of social reformers at home to devote themselves once more to the problem of the condition of England. They were anxious to give domestic reform a turn again, and let the Empire and its affairs take second place for a while. It would ill become a colonist, blessed with the right of self-government and the leisure to use it, to sneer at this desire of English reformers. I am not so heartless as to forget the gigantic claims on their energies. Selfish, indeed, would be the part played by Britons beyond the seas if they did not sympathise with the labours of reformers in the Mother Country, or understand the paramount

importance of the fights fought at Westminster for the factory hands and school children of England, or the tenant farmers of Ireland. Yet it would appear that the innings of certain postponed social questions is not to begin just yet. When you own an Empire you are apt to be reminded of it at the most unexpected times. This is all the more likely when the Empire's most daring and popular statesman is determined that you shall not forget it.

With the feeling of impatience above hinted at a colonist writing on Imperial subjects has perforce to reckon. Relatives—even affectionate relatives—cannot draw closer together without the possibility of some little friction. When the younger members of a family grow old enough to express views with freedom they may now and again irritate their elders. The old folks may be tempted to recall their own self-sacrifice and forbearance in the past; the young folks are prone to dwell upon their claim to rank as adults, with a right to opinions and a hearing. There are moments when tact and good humour are needed on both sides.

The burst of generous English applause which welcomed the aid volunteered by the Colonies in the Boer War has been succeeded by a certain reaction. There have been signs of restiveness in not a few newspapers—a restiveness that takes the form of suggesting that where the Empire is concerned the Colonies are inclined to say too much and pay too little. "We are told in season and out," say protesting Britons, "to value gratefully the affection of our Colonies. But this much-bragged-of affection does not induce them to contribute a farthing towards the Empire's army outside their own local forces, or more than a yearly three hundred thousand or so to the upkeep of the navy which we maintain to guard their shores. Their fiscal policy, too, is unfriendly. They make full use of England's open door, and in return keep their own doors three parts shut. Their tariff barriers rise higher and higher, and are built up with so much skill and pains as to shut out the British manufacturer." Protests to this effect, almost

in these words, I read from time to time in this or that newspaper. Lately they have appeared more often than usual. But they are no new thing. Nor is the feeling they give voice to confined to any special political section; at one time the military party express it; at another, some of the friends of peace and free trade. Just now it finds utterance as part of the opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's vision of fiscal Imperialism.

I do not wish to hint that these feelings are acute. Usually they do not go further in expression than a little good-humoured growling. Now and then, however, they do go further. And it might be a mistake to ignore symptoms because they are not violent. If in what I am writing I try to meet some of the complaints above hinted at, and put the case from a colonist's point of view, it must not be supposed that I forget for a moment the immense reserve of goodwill which England has for her daughters. Nor, however warm some passing controversy may grow, have colonists any business to ignore the historic debt they owe the Mother Country. Men who grow up in young countries, well fed, well clothed, educated, with room to turn round in, and enjoying peace, social freedom and self-government, are sometimes, it may be, apt to take these good things a little too much as matters of course. They look upon them as natural rights, and are tempted to think hastily that England in giving her Colonies full scope to work out their own destinies only did them simple justice. It may be so. But how often in history have the strong been fully just to the weak, and the great indulgent to the small? The record of the relations of Mother Countries and Colonies, from those of Corinth with Corecra to those of Spain with Cuba, is often so melancholy that students who try to learn lessons from history are sometimes disposed to claim, that for the last two generations the daughter States of Great Britain have held the most fortunate of mankind. That being so, it is the duty of friends of the Imperial bond at once to meet with fair argument anything that appears to make for

irritation. The lot of the Colonies has been so lucky among nations, the growth of their relations with England so happy, that a hundred reasons exist on both sides for not impairing the good feeling which has quickened and increased, and which was never better or stronger than it is now. We all—home-staying Britons and colonists alike—belong to a proud and rather sensitive race. Eighteen hundred years ago Tacitus in the life of Agricola wrote a passage which is thus rendered by the Elizabethan translator, Sir Henry Savile :

The Britans endure levies of men and money and all other burdens imposed by the Empire patiently and willingly, if insolencies be foreborne ; indignities they cannot abide.

This is still the way of the "Britans," whether dwelling in the northern hemisphere or the southern. If I plead for a patient hearing from the colonial point of view, I only ask for what colonists on their side should be prepared to give. I ask with confidence, because leading Englishmen and the best English newspapers habitually show a consideration for the Colonies which cannot be too fully acknowledged.

To begin with, then, let me point out, with all respect, that if, nowadays, colonists are found expressing opinions on English affairs, Englishmen have ever talked in the freest way of Colonies and colonists. Formerly Great Britain not only ruled the Empire, but, as far as Imperial policy went, governed it. She might make concessions to colonial public opinion, but these concessions were temporary or local. They were slowly and sparingly made—especially where they touched on the interests or sentiment of any foreign country. The self-governing Colonies were occasionally snubbed, and more often thought they were. They were reminded that they were small, unarmed, inferior communities—above all, that while the hospitality of the parental mansion would not be denied them, they must not give themselves the airs of "paying guests." Polite but chilly British officials kept colonial governments in their proper places. British journals gave them fatherly advice,

delivered as from a pinnacle of infinite altitude—advice which often had the supremely intolerable quality of being logical. Above all, British tourists visited them, scanned them, and wrote books about them. When these note-taking globe-trotters were young Britons—and more often than not they were youthful—they were sometimes very hard to endure. For many years any colonist who was at all thin-skinned often had cause to writhe under the patronising virtue of politicians and journalists, and the social condescensions of nobodies. If, nowadays, John Bull grumbles that his children talk to him too much like equals, it must not be forgotten that, through the nineteenth century, the children had to put up with much plain speaking. Even now there are British newspapers which treat them regularly to heavy lectures illuminated with flashes of insolence. Their domestic politics, their social experiments, the character and manners of their public men, are treated in the freest fashion week by week in British journals. Above all, their finances and industrial condition are the subjects of unceasing criticism; and though this criticism is often fair, and occasionally well-informed, it is sometimes crudely ignorant and sensational. As long as the Colonies come to London to borrow money they must expect that their finances will be scrutinised, not always favourably. This they understand. None the less, they are stung and exasperated when money articles take the form of libels penned by writers who obviously do not know the A B C of their subject. Such attacks may do far worse than wound colonial pride. As a mere matter of business, the good opinion of Great Britain is of immense importance to young and indebted communities. A financial scare at home may precipitate a commercial crisis at the antipodes. The Australian Bank crash of 1893 broke many hearts and filled many graves.

Again, Democracy in Australia and New Zealand runs its course in ways that to Englishmen often seem strange and curious. A certain amount of critical interest is now being taken in these experiments. A number of English newspapers

publish periodical letters from correspondents in the Colonies, dealing chiefly with them and with finance and industry. With but one or two exceptions, these gentlemen are anything but champions of the popular side in their respective communities. In consequence, that side seldom gets a fair hearing in this country. For this and other reasons one meets the quaintest and most unflattering views here about public life in the Colonies. I do not say for a moment that English speakers and English newspapers are not within their rights in criticising and trying to influence the course of colonial party politics. All I say is, that if they do this—and they do it every day—they ought not to wince if colonists talk and write freely about Imperial affairs, or even about British affairs when these blend with Imperial.

Passing from the suggestion that colonists are tending to be intrusive, I go to the much more serious complaint that they do not bear their fair share of the Empire's burdens. This is not to be disposed of airily. At first sight the case against us is very strong. We share with the taxpayers of these islands the protection of the British fleet and army, but towards the enormous cost of these defences we contribute what to the average Briton appears the veriest pittance. Australia, New Zealand, and Cape Colony pay £290,000 a year towards the navy. Little Natal gives £35,000; large Canada has only got to the stage of undertaking to organise a naval reserve. On land defence we spend about two millions a year, all locally. This, which seems a good deal to us, seems little enough to those who find the sixty-nine millions voted by the House of Commons at the demand of the Admiralty and the War Office.

There are English writers who are tempted to dwell with a touch of bitterness on the comparative well-being of the masses in the Colonies. They are comfortable, say these critics, because they escape the terrible weight of war taxation. Not long ago, a well-known Scotchman taunted a New Zealander in London by telling him that the people of his

colony enjoyed Old Age Pensions at the Mother Country's expense.

Our answer to the charge of something like meanness is threefold. In the first place, the navy and army are almost entirely kept on foot for the defence of the United Kingdom, of Britain's trade, and of the vast tropical empire which belongs to Britain, and with which the white Colonies have virtually nothing to do. If Canada, Cape Colony, Australia, and New Zealand were to cease to belong to the Empire it is not likely that the British army would be reduced by a corps or the navy by a squadron. The Empire's war risks are not made by the self-governing Colonies. Few of the greater diplomatic troubles are of their making, It was Fashoda, not the Newfoundland shore or the New Hebrides, which brought England within measurable distance of war with France. Canada's interests have never been allowed to lead to war with the United States, and are not in the least likely to do so. In the Pacific the utmost care has been taken that the aspirations of Australia and New Zealand should not breed international trouble: almost everything which Germany, France, and the States have asked for has been given them. The late South African War, whatever be its merits or demerits, was not forced on England by Cape Colony. On the contrary, it is notorious that, had the issue rested with the Cape Government of 1899, there would have been no war. In truth, the feeling that the autonomous Colonies don't pay their fair quota towards the common defence is at least partly due to the habit of confusing them with tropical dependencies like Nigeria, half-way houses such as Egypt, Asiatic possessions such as the Malay States, and conquered countries like the new Boer provinces. Looked at fairly, the self-governing Colonies are not, and for many reasons have not been, a burden to the British taxpayer.

It may still be argued that they are a burden to the Foreign Office, and that the need for safeguarding their interests complicates foreign policy. But the history of

diplomacy, as it has affected the Pacific since 1840, shows that Britain is in practice very far from permitting the ambitions of self-governing Colonies to endanger her relations with foreign Powers. I do not suggest that any of the groups of Polynesian or Melanesian islands which have gone to this or that European rival would have been worth a European war. I do believe that ordinary diplomatic attention might have protected valuable trading and other interests of ours. These in some cases have been sacrificed through sheer neglect. And if, in the past, Australia and New Zealand have had something to complain of, Canada's case has been much more serious. For four generations, from 1783 onwards, she has had the worst of almost every arrangement made between England and those hardest of bargainers, the people of the Stars and Stripes. The Halifax and Behring Sea settlements are almost the only exceptions I can call to mind. Canada is bitterly disappointed just now with her new Alaskan frontier. There would not be so much in that, if she had not had much greater reason to be angry with former boundary arrangements. Real as their anger is at this moment, the Canadians are not a hysterical people. The Alaskan decision is so incomparably less disastrous to them than former settlements, that it is not in the least likely to be the last straw upon the back of their loyalty. They know that Lord Alverstone is not responsible for the act of the sinister patrician who in 1783 gave Adams and Franklin whole territories which they did not expect to get; or for the flinging away of Oregon; or for the remark, put in the mouth of a certain British Commissioner, that he "didn't think much of a few degrees of latitude."

In South Africa the chief instance of a possible collision between a self-governing colony and a foreign Power—the difference between Germany and Cape Colony about Damara Land—was promptly settled by an enormous concession to Germany. History, indeed, shows how little risk there is, or has been, of Great Britain impulsively allowing her self-governing Colonies to drag her into war.

A colonist, again, may be pardoned for pointing out that the present division of the Imperial burden, unequal as it may be, is England's own doing. It was part of her deliberate policy when she granted the Colonies almost complete freedom to manage their own internal business, but retained the control of Imperial affairs in her own hands. Started in the race of life by this wise and, as it has turned out, generous policy, the self-governing Colonies have grown and prospered. Their freedom has been a good thing for themselves; but then it has not been a bad thing for England. And though, in the end, the plan of throwing us on our own resources has proved the best possible course for us, it must be remembered that when England adopted it, she adopted it in part to relieve herself.¹ Before 1850, what are now the autonomous Colonies had given her a good deal of trouble and cost her a good deal of money. When her statesmen granted us our constitutions, most of them thought it the first step towards "cutting the painter." In the next place, a colonist is not, as an Imperial unit, on a level with a Briton. Englishmen rule others as well as their own land. The coloured subjects of Britain are ruled; the colonists occupy a middle position; they manage their own affairs, but do not rule other people. Nay, even in the management of their own affairs they have certain restrictions imposed upon them, and are subject to the veto of the Colonial Office. Their acts are occasionally disallowed. Thanks to abundant good feeling on both sides, this arrangement works well. If, however, we were called upon to contribute to the upkeep of the Imperial forces at the same rate per head as the people of the United Kingdom—or at anything like the same rate—the present arrangement could not go on. Colonists

¹ Mr. Cobden, for instance, speaking in 1849 of his efforts largely to reduce expenditure and give relief, especially to the agricultural classes, said: "It is with that view that I have directed attention to our Colonies, showing how you might be carrying on the principle of Free Trade, give to the Colonies self-government, and charge them with the expense of their own government."

would expect to have not merely the complete control of their domestic affairs, but a full share in controlling the tropical dependencies, and in directing the Empire's foreign policy. In other words, a Federal Parliament or Legislative Council would have to be set up, ranking above the British Parliament. In such a body one-third of the seats might have to be assigned to the Colonies. Are Britons yet prepared to see so much of their Imperial sovereignty pass into their children's hands? Will not England, as yet, rather hold the sceptre? And what of the Colonies?—are they ready to pay the heavy price which may be justly asked of them if they are to take their place in the Empire's ruling council? I do not think that either side is yet resolved to face the consequences of the change. The navy and army are often spoken of as amongst the chief links of the Empire. In a sense they are. It remains, however, that their cost is, perhaps, the chief obstacle to the rapid attainment of federation—just as a thorough State organisation of intra-imperial transit and transport might be the strongest stimulus of it. No sober colonial statesman, with a due sense of responsibility, can avoid pausing before asking his fellow-colonists to shoulder a load anything like that frightful burden which militarism lays on the backs of the peoples of Europe.

The truth is, that the chief difficulty in the path of the sincere federalist is that the Colonies' position is so very advantageous. Constitutionally, as I have said, their status is inferior to that of Britons. In practice they are so engrossed in their own affairs, and their superior, the Mother Country, judiciously interferes with them so little, that their technical inferiority is hidden and usually forgotten. True, they are exposed to be involved in wars in which they have no concern and which they may dislike. But England's policy is so peaceful that almost half a century has passed away since her last war with a first-class Power. The Colonies' risk, therefore, seems small. Meanwhile, they have the comfortable feeling that the whole force of England is there to protect them against wanton aggression. What would be their case

if they were cast off from the Empire? Fairly secure as they would be from attempts at conquest, they would have to spend more on harbour defences and mounted riflemen than they spend now; and Australia, New Zealand, and Canada might find it expedient to enter into some sort of league with the United States. They have no desire for anything of that kind. Fortunately, it is only wasting time to speculate about such a contingency. For the Colonies to "cut the painter" is, to the minds of this generation, unthinkable.

If I have here spoken plainly on the greatness of the military obstacle to federation, it is because there is no use in shutting one's eyes to facts. The Colonies, though ready to increase gradually their outlay on defence, cannot contribute to the Imperial forces on the same basis as the United Kingdom; nor will the United Kingdom federate, so long as the Colonies will only pay about what they pay now. And, frankly, a defence-tax, uniformly assessed throughout the white communities of the Empire, is out of the question; at any rate, while the army and navy cost anything like what they cost to-day. The gradual growth of pacific sense in Europe may enable the present prodigious war-tax to be cut down. Wise Imperialists should pray for this. In the meantime, as the Colonies become peopled it may seem more and more worth England's while to offer them a liberal compromise on war-taxation, and so pave the way for federation. The Colonies—*pace* Mr. Carnegie—are growing and will grow. Already they hold more than one-fifth of the whites of the Empire. As this proportion becomes a fourth and then a third, the old sense of inequality between mother and daughters must gradually die away. For a good many years I have believed that an All-British Parliament, set up by the free and deliberate will of its constituents, would, be a fair sight and a hopeful beacon to mankind. I still have faith that I shall see it, though not now.

A word or two on the suggestion that the Protectionist Colonies are ungrateful, and, so far as their tariffs go, unfriendly to England. Admittedly, the Mother Country is their best

market: admittedly also they have taxed her manufactured goods. Until lately they gave her no advantage over any of her foreign competitors. Even now, only Canada and South Africa have granted her preferences, though New Zealand is moving, and the Australian Government has promised to move in that direction. But do not exaggerate the exclusive policy of the Colonies. Do not speak of their tariffs as though they were the kind of walls which are built up round Russia, the United States, France and Germany! Compare the two sides of the following table:—

AVERAGE RATE PER CENT. OF DUTIES LEVIED ON CHIEF IMPORTS
FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

Russia	130	Canada	16
United States	72	New Zealand	9
France	30	Australia	7
Germany	25	South Africa	6

Sir Robert Giffen, in a letter to the *Times*, argued the other day that it was doubtful whether the so-called Protectionist Colonies could truly be termed either Protectionist or manufacturing. His letter went to show that colonial tariffs are to a large extent expedients for raising indirect taxation, and that colonial manufacturing is a stunted growth. Though I am disposed to hold that our Protectionism is something more than a thin coating of jam disguising a large dose of taxation, I agree that, as Protectionists, we are, if compared with Europeans and Americans, but feeble folk.¹ Our large and growing consumption of British manufactures is the best evidence of this, and is a very fair answer to any charge that we are ungrateful for the English open door. In proportion to our population, we are John Bull's best customers. We are

¹ Sir Edmund Barton, speaking of the new Australian Customs tariff, has said: "It is lower than was the tariff of Victoria and of Queensland. It is lower than the tariff of New Zealand. It is much lower than the tariff of Canada, and it is immeasurably lower than the tariff of the United States. To say that it is an absolutely high Protectionist tariff, and almost prohibitive, is absurd."

taking steps to secure him in this advantage. Can more justly be asked of us? England did not adopt Free Trade in a spirit of international philanthropy, but in a spirit of enlightened self-regard. We, in our industrial infancy, adopted Protection, not in order to be disagreeable, but because we want to be nations and not merely plantations. English newspapers note the quiet way in which the Colonies are looking on at the excitement of the fiscal struggle here. In the eyes of some of those who believe that taxes on the food of the English poor would be cruel, colonists may seem callous. On the other hand, some of Mr. Chamberlain's supporters may think them sluggish. Both sides, however, may fairly make allowance for our point of view. We look on the parent country as a fiscal unit. Should she approach us with proposals for a commercial treaty—for that is virtually what reciprocal tariff arrangements would amount to—we should conclude that she had decided that the step was to the advantage of her own people. It is not for us to answer the hard question of what is best for the British masses. The electors of this country have their destiny in their own hands. For us, the voice of the majority in these islands is the voice of the nation. It must be so. That is precisely how Englishmen look on Canada and Australia. If England approaches these she will find them ready, I imagine, to meet her at a business conference in a spirit of fair give and take. Just now they are watching to see what England will do, and naturally reserve a free hand as to details. Mr. Chamberlain himself recognises that they cannot allow protected industries vital to their development to be endangered. If Mr. Chamberlain's "great vision of the guarded mount," his scheme of a protected Empire, has not worked up colonists to fever heat, I must again remind your readers that a putting on or taking off of five or ten per cent. duties does not, with us, amount to a fiscal revolution. In this country it does. To colonial Protectionists it would wear the look of an ordinary piece of business. They are accustomed to see duties put up or put down, imposed or abolished. Used

as they are to imposts ranging from ten to thirty per cent., suggested duties of five or ten per cent. do not seem to them at all startling or formidable. As for Mr. Chamberlain personally, they know that he wishes them well. A large majority of them think him the most sympathetic and vigorous English statesman with whom they have ever had to deal. If he should visit them and speak to them face to face, as he speaks to Birmingham, he would have a brilliant reception. It would make no difference that he is out of office. The man still interests them quite as much as did the Minister. But, as I have said, the assumption in the Colonies would be that he came with a reasonable bargain in his hand, a bargain profitable for England to offer and for us to accept—nothing more startling than that.

I have spoken of an Imperial Legislature as something not yet near at hand. And, indeed, the federation of the Empire, or some approach thereto, has been advocated for twenty years without leading to any tangible constitutional change. We seem no nearer any representative assembly than we were in the days of W. E. Forster. Even the great outburst of loyalty evoked by the South African crisis bore no fruit of this kind. We have lately witnessed the failure of a not very resolute attempt to transform the Privy Council into an adequate Imperial tribunal. And we have seen two conferences of Colonial Prime Ministers in London, presided over by the Colonial Secretary, but not attended by the British Prime Minister. The occasions of these conferences were ceremonial, a jubilee and a coronation. It is, however, suggested that they should be held every four years as a matter of business. Possibly this will come about, for such conferences have two special recommendations. They appeal to the public imagination here, and they are not distasteful to the Colonial Governments. Hitherto one of the chief difficulties in the way of getting together some sort of Imperial body—even consultative merely—to do any business has been the natural distrust felt by the Governments of distant demo-

cracies of empowering anybody to act for them on the other side of the world. This distrust has been shared by their Parliaments and is reflected in colonial newspapers, where you may sometimes read mysterious hints thrown out about "subtle influences" which may be brought to bear on colonial delegates in this "seductive and brilliant metropolis." Doubtless this suspiciousness is dying down, or the Premiers themselves might not have been so ready to come here as they happily have been. Certainly the experiences of the Conferences of 1897 and 1902 ought to give it the *coup de grâce*. No one could accuse the Premiers who attended these gatherings of anything like subserviency. If, then, colonists have learned to look upon a council in London without suspicion we may yet live to see the setting up of a permanent advisory council of the White Empire. I say nothing for the present of India or the East. The periodical conferences of Premiers, so far from clashing with such a body, apply a new reason for having it. It would be ancillary to them. The time at the disposal of the visiting Premiers is but short; the claims upon it in London and the provinces are endless; hospitality is poured out upon them with a lavishness in keeping with British traditions. Providentially, colonial politicians are wont to be stout of frame and strong of head. But in a whirl of festivities which it would not be gracious or politic of them to shun, their time is apt to be trenched upon. In any case they cannot spend many weeks here. After a month they begin to be conscious that voices are calling across the sea—voices of departments, electors, or newspapers, and they grow as restless in London as any of Mr. Kipling's home-come warriors thinking of the East. A Premiers' conference may meet assiduously, and the discussions may be long and weighty. But the list of Imperial questions which come up for consideration is certain to present features which it is scarcely possible to deal with finally in a few weeks. What adds to the difficulty of the situation is that the Prime Ministers have probably not seen each other for years, and are about to

separate not to meet again for years. Something is wanted to fill up the gaps between conference and conference; to prepare information and digest questions for the periodical gatherings; to thresh out business which may be referred to it by any conference. At the present time there is no body of experts whose business it is to probe Imperial questions. There is no department of the Empire. The Colonial Office is busied with the management of the Crown Colonies. The permanent officials of the self-governing Colonies have their hands full of local affairs. The sifting of Imperial questions is apt to be left to newspapers and magazines, to leagues, pamphleteers, and after-dinner speakers. How very far all these are in normal times from getting to the bottom of questions and educating either a Government or a people we know from recent experience. A Zollverein of the Empire, or some approach to it, has been talked and written about by well-meaning amateurs for something like a generation. How much did the average elector know of the matter when Mr. Chamberlain flashed his scheme upon their surprised eyes four months ago? Or, to pass from the average elector, how many politicians were there here or in the Colonies who had tried to think the Imperial fiscal problem out with any thoroughness? At the beginning of this year I ventured to write an unsigned article in the organ of the British Empire League, and therein to make the suggestion that an Imperial advisory council would be a proper body to take in hand an inquiry into such questions as fiscal arrangements between Britain and the Colonies. The article fell dead; I daresay no one read it; and the fiscal question has since been brought up in quite a different manner. I am not, however, convinced, even now, that my respectful and unnoticed suggestion was altogether wrong. An advisory council properly constituted would, at any rate, be under no suspicion of partisanship. It would be composed of men of experience representing the United Kingdom and the self-governing white Colonies. Some of the representatives of the Mother Country might be retired public servants

who had served England across the seas; others might be what Mr. Morley would call Old Englanders. The colonial delegates would probably be men with some knowledge of English life and feeling. Most of the members of such a council would have some common bonds of sympathy; most of them would be ready to give and take to some small extent, and would be anxious to do good work. But, as they could not legislate or administer, no Government and no public would have reason to suspect them. They would be a kind of permanent Royal Commission at the service of the Empire, and especially at the service of the quadrennial Premiers' conferences. To set up such a body would not be a revolutionary stride; to propose it would scarcely excite enthusiasm. But to carry out the plan sincerely, and at the same time to reform the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, might, in my humble opinion, do Imperial efficiency a real service.

W. P. REEVES.

THE CAVALRY AND ITS PRINCIPAL ARM

THERE is nothing new in attacks on the Cavalry. It is indeed an arm that has never been flattered by much encouragement in time of peace.

The lines of the modern Tyrtæus—

Then it's "Tommy this" and "Tommy that," and "Tommy, how's your soul?"
But it's "Thin red line of heroes" when the drums begin to roll—

apply perhaps more closely to the Cavalry than to the soldiers of any other arm.

That the days of Cavalry are over we have heard from some quarters for many a year, and even in war-time—at the beginning—before war experience had reasserted itself, we heard not long ago, on very high authority indeed, that unmounted men were "preferred"!

It is quite interesting to trace the successive lines, so to say, of entrenchments from which the opponents of the Cavalry have been driven.

From the day of Cavalry being over and unmounted men preferred, the first retreat was upon Mounted Infantry. If horsemen we must have, let them be Mounted Infantry—indifferent riders: horse only a conveyance, but shooting and walking all in all. This did well enough at home, but under the stress of war bad horsemanship gives sore backs, and the best of shots is of little value when he arrives too late. So they

fall back again, this time, on the "Mounted Rifleman" whose horsemanship is all right, good enough even for charging if he had a suitable weapon, which he has not, and must miss many a fine opportunity and run many a deadly risk thereby.

For the gentlemen who say the days of shock tactics are over (among whom are included neither General Delarey nor the Burghers cut through with sword and lance by General French's Cavalry Division on the way to Kimberley; nor, more important than all, any one of our possible future enemies) seem to have a vague idea that to abandon the *arme blanche* is to abolish shock tactics. As well might a banker expect that by discharging his watchman and selling his shutters he would abolish burglary!

It is, on the contrary, evident that, so far from abolishing shock tactics, nothing more encourages their use than to leave one's own sword and lance at home; so much so indeed that, as in the case of a famous specific for a bald head, it will even produce them where they were unknown before: as witness the later days of the war, when our much-advertised abandonment of those weapons induced even the Boers, without either drill or arms for the purpose, to charge, and charge home!

But although abandonment of the *arme blanche* does not abolish, but even promotes, the use of shock tactics, it cannot be said that it is without effect. On the contrary, it produces an effect both definite and unvarying. For charging it substitutes being charged!

But, as said before, neither in such attacks on Cavalry, nor in the replies to them, is there anything either new or very important. But what is both new and of the most vital importance, is the fact that, for the first time in the history of the army, propositions hitherto considered as the outcome of ignorance or prejudice have been adopted, and even brought into practice by the highest authority! An Army Order has been issued which announces that the firearm, hitherto by British as by most foreign Cavalry relegated to the second place, "will henceforth be considered as the Cavalry soldier's principal

weapon" ; and which, although it does not actually abolish the *arme blanche* and turn the Cavalry into Mounted Rifles, goes so far in the spirit of such a change that it retains only the sword, a weapon which in its present form is notoriously inefficient, while it abolishes for all practical purposes the lance, which, however opinions may differ on other points, certainly enjoys above all other weapons the distinction of being hated and feared by every enemy against whom it has been employed.

Now, whatever the Cavalry itself may think, and however futile the arguments for the substitution of Mounted Infantry for Cavalry may hitherto have been, it cannot be denied that so complete a reversal of previous methods and beliefs, when effected on the authority of an officer so experienced as the present Commander-in-Chief, seems as if it might fairly awaken the highest hopes.

For it is not as if there were any element of imitation, or even of the companionship, of the armies of our rivals in this new departure. On the contrary, they steadfastly adhere to the methods which under the proposed changes we abandon ; a divergence so acute that it must obviously confer on one side or the other an advantage which may well be decisive ; nor did it at first seem unreasonable to hope that that side might be our own.

For, overwhelming as the preponderance of European military opinion against him may be, it is the British Commander-in-Chief, and not foreign experts, who has had the benefit of the latest experience under modern conditions, experience which seemed fairly to justify the hope that, profound students of warfare as they are, it would be his methods, not theirs, that would win success. It is deeply disappointing to be forced to admit that that hope must now be abandoned. For a Memorandum has been issued from the same source giving reasons and arguments for the change, which, among other surprising things, states distinctly that it is not from the Boer War, but from the wars of the past century that they have been drawn ; that, in short, the lance is to

be abolished, and the rifle given the first place in consideration of the very data which so far have led all European nations, including ourselves, to the opposite conclusion.

But, astonishing as all this is, disappointment may well become dismay when we find that the Memorandum, instead of the decision, or at any rate the summing-up of a judge, resembles rather the special pleading of an advocate; instead of the fresh conclusions based on new data of an unbiased leader, gives us the stale and hollow arguments, the false assumptions, and unsound conclusions with which the prejudice of partisans has long rendered us too familiar.

The Memorandum is divided into six headings, viz.: (1) "Cavalry Armament." (2) "Cavalry *v.* Cavalry." (3) "Cavalry *v.* Infantry and Artillery." (4) "Pursuit by Cavalry." (5) "Objections." (6) "Armament and Equipment." From the very first sentence under the first heading it betrays a complete lack of appreciation of Cavalry ideals. "The question of Armament," it says, "is of such vital importance to the efficiency of that branch that I have thought it desirable to analyse the part taken by Cavalry in the wars of the past century in order to satisfy myself whether the sword or lance or the firearm had proved the most effective weapon."

It has been said that a German can seldom speak French properly, because he even opens his mouth to speak in a different way to a Frenchman; and in the same way the Memorandum here, at the very start, takes a firm and decided hold of the wrong end of the stick! For the importance of armament to the Cavalry is not vital.

It is obvious, of course, in a general way, that to combatants of any kind armament must be of great moment, but when as much as this platitude covers is once admitted, the fact remains that not only is it not vital to Cavalry, but that it is one of the distinctive attributes of that branch that it is the only branch of the Service of which this can be said.

To Artillery, armament is absolutely vital; to Infantry, hardly less so; but so little is this the case with the Cavalry

that it has even been stated by officers of the highest experience and position that if a really first-class Cavalry regiment were armed only with broomsticks they would still be efficient. And though some element of exaggeration may enter here, the statement none the less emphasises the fact that the horse, and no other arm, is the principal weapon of the Cavalry, mobility the one characteristic which is vital to its success.

So much for the inauspicious start made by the very first words of the Memorandum ; the remainder of the argument, under the heading of *Cavalry Armament*, may be left till we come to the details.

Next comes *Cavalry v. Cavalry*, in which it is attempted to prove that the fire of Cavalry is of more importance than their use of the *arme blanche*, and which certainly contains some statements which nobody can deny.

That "if two Cavalries, both employing *l'arme blanche*, are opposed to one another, the stronger body, if well handled, will soon gain the upper hand," is as obvious as it is that if one side is victorious the other must get the worst of it, though one would hardly have thought that the first statement, any more than the other, was worthy of a place in the serious argument of so high an authority.

But the assumptions and deductions attempted to be made under this heading are less fortunate.

The drift of the argument, indeed, is so far from clear that it is necessary to turn at once to the conclusion assumed to be drawn from it before one can grasp its tendency.

"The conclusion to be deduced, therefore," it observes, "is that when large bodies of Cavalry employed to cover the fronts of their armies encounter each other, fire will be the main factor ; but that small bodies, from their being able to act without being observed, may occasionally effect surprises and make use of shock tactics with great effect."

As the latter part of this contains nothing new, and is contested by no one, the first contention, that for large bodies

of Cavalry fire will in future be the main factor, alone merits attention, and it is with great interest that we turn to examine the facts and arguments which are to prove that the universal practice of the past, and the preparations of all our rivals for the future, are alike mistaken.

But we turn in vain, for, astonishing to relate, nothing of the kind is proved at all, and the so-called "conclusion deduced" turns out to be, instead of the result of argument, the mere unsupported contention of a special pleader.

The desired conclusion could indeed be logically arrived at only by establishing one at least of two propositions—either, first, that the fire of Cavalry had proved more powerful than their shock tactics in the past; or, secondly, that, although this has not hitherto been the case, modern conditions encourage the expectation that former experience may be reversed.

Let us see how far these positions are maintained.

The proof of the first, so far from being achieved, is not even attempted; not a single instance is given where the fire of Cavalry has overcome its charge; not an argument is advanced tending in the slightest degree to convert the advocates of shock tactics to belief in the ascendancy of the rifle in Cavalry combat; and the whole of more than ninety lines under this heading consists of desultory observations (many of them true enough, but of little bearing on the subject), of assumptions that are baseless and of reasoning that is inexact.

But let them speak for themselves.

The undeniable remark already quoted as to the combat of two Cavalries is followed by the observation that the weaker of the two will seek to readjust the balance by having recourse to fire. Possibly it may; the non-swimmer who finds himself in deep water will similarly seek to correct his lack of buoyancy by catching at straws! But it is certainly open to the gravest doubt whether an overpowered Cavalry far from Infantry assistance, which betook itself to fire instead of relying upon Cavalry's most vital power—mobility, would

not be more likely to change defeat into disaster than to attain any other result.

For, be the merits of the fire action of Cavalry what they may, it is at any rate undeniable that the process is a slow one compared with mounted work ; and although we have recently been familiar with situations where the exponents of fire action have had the speed of their opponents, we have yet to see the result of an attempt to carry out their tactics in the face of a Cavalry well armed and highly trained, which, on the contrary, has the speed of them.

The observations which follow, as they turn out to refer exclusively to Infantry fire, seem to have little or no bearing on the matter in question of Cavalry fire action until a chance expression in a footnote reveals that all this turns upon another fallacy—the unwarranted assumption that the fire of dismounted Cavalry can never be of equal value to that of Infantry. “There is a significant remark,” says this note, “as to the value of firearms to be found” . . . in the account of the campaign of 1866. An Austrian officer writes : . . . “we should always have had the upper hand . . . if the Prussian Cavalry had not been always supported by Infantry (*i.e.*, fire).” And this is put forward as “significant” as a proof of the value of the fire of Cavalry, ignoring the all-important fact that (in spite of the expression “Infantry, *i.e.*, fire”) Infantry fire and the Cavalry fire we are discussing are two entirely different things. For, setting aside the absurd disparity of the number of rifles which, reduce the horse-holders as you may, Cavalry as compared with their due proportion of Infantry can place in the field, half the horseman’s heart is ever with his horse, and marksman though he may be, human nature will ensure that the man who has the power to mount and ride away will never be the equal in a tight place of the Infantryman, whose sole reliance is in his rifle, and who must do or die where he stands.

The remarks on the Cavalry of both sides in the wars in America and France bear but little on the subject, and not at

all upon the argument, inasmuch as in both cases both sides used identical methods, and although the Americans are praised because their tactics—much like our own at present—were a combination of shock and fire, and the French and Germans blamed because they relied on shock, these instances, so far as they affect the writer's argument at all, are rather against it than otherwise, seeing that, of all four Cavalries, the only one which can be asserted to have seriously dominated its opponents is the German Cavalry of 1870, which was not only armed to a great extent with the lance, but was actually, in the case of a considerable proportion, without even a carbine.

So much for the attempt to prove the superiority of Cavalry fire over shock tactics in the past. So far, however, from there being anything surprising in the failure to prove such a proposition as this, it would have been astonishing if it had succeeded, as its sole foundation can be but the same considerations which have hitherto led all European armies to the very opposite conclusion.

The first proposition, then, has failed; the fire of Cavalry has not been proved to have been superior to shock in the past; and seeing that the author of the Memorandum expressly states that it is upon "the wars of the past century" he bases his case, it may, strictly speaking, be claimed that this failure is fatal to his entire argument.

As a matter of fact, however, it is the probabilities of the future, not the facts of the past, which are our real concern, and it may be freely admitted that on the latter failing him he may reasonably shift his ground at once to his only chance of success—the attempt to prove that the fire of Cavalry, though inferior to its charge in the past, has sufficiently improved to warrant the hope that the position may in future be reversed.

And this he forthwith proceeds to do.

"Fire," he says, "has greatly increased in range, in accuracy, and in intensity since 1870. Also, while no improvement either in horse, sabre, or lance can be looked for in the immediate future, it is acknowledged that still

further perfection in the power of the modern rifle is practically certain."

Upon these statements rests his whole case, and it is of course undeniable that if both were true; if no improvement in the other qualities of Cavalry were possible, and if, too, the increase in the power of firearms were not only great, but also sufficient to effect so complete a reversal, his contention might be justified.

Unfortunately, in both instances, the reverse is the case. For, as regards firearms, the question is not whether improvements of a general kind have been made in the rifle. The real question, which is cleverly avoided, is whether the present rifle is more efficient than those of 1870 in the stopping of a Cavalry charge; and this part of his argument falls to the ground when it is admitted, as it must be, that it is not. It is less so. For Cavalry charges are not stopped by emptying a few, or even many saddles. Read the detailed descriptions of the very fights instanced on the next page of the Memorandum, in which Cavalry failed, and we find it was not the fall of riders, but of horses, that defeated the attack. And the modern rifle, so vastly improved in some respects, upon the improvement of which so much of the present argument depends, has one counterbalancing defect of the highest importance—it does not stop the horse!

For though a bullet may strike a vital spot, such spots are small, and every stalker who uses solid bullets in a wild country knows how seldom a vital place is hit by chance when the object is moving, even at comparatively close range. So, whereas the shock of a bullet from a Martini or a Chassepôt, still more a Snider, was apt to stop any horse, instances are not wanting to show that, with any number up to seven modern bullets in or through him, a horse may outlast a charge, and even complete his day's work.

But a Cavalry charge, like an attack by savages, must be stopped on the spot if it is stopped at all, and how much is the improvement in modern rifles worth here?

So little, that among many of our men in Africa it became an accepted fact that rifle-fire (except of greatly overpowering numbers, or of men who were entrenched, or at any rate could not be reached by mounted men) did not stop the advance of galloping horsemen.

So much for the bearing on this question of the increase of power of firearms.

Now for the horse, the lance, and sabre, in which we are told that no improvement can be looked for!

It is a characteristic instance of the confusion and inconsequence which distinguish the Memorandum, that whereas we are here told that no improvement can be looked for in the sabre, under one of the very next headings it lays the greatest stress on the improvement that is to be made both in the sabre and its use, enumerating its present faults, and the method and importance of their correction.

But such details as these are insignificant beside the fresh proof given in this paragraph of the astonishing fact that a part at any rate of this Memorandum on Cavalry proceeds from the hand of a writer to whom the qualities which are the very essence and life of Cavalry success are things unknown and unconsidered. The rifle, he asserts, is improved; horse, sabre, and lance are not; he knows apparently of no other elements in the case, and on these he constructs his theory, forgetting, or in ignorance, that in the twin arts of horsemanship and horsemastership, making together mobility, lies an element of such overwhelming importance as to dwarf all others.

Here, to quote the Memorandum's opening words, is indeed "the question of vital importance to the efficiency of the Cavalry"; but it is not armament, but mobility! Here it is that there is room, and necessity too, for "improvement" on such a scale as to leave all improvements in arms, real or imagined, in the background.

Here, more important than all, is the direction in which the keen-sighted students of war who are our rivals in Europe have been moving and striving with all their energy for years,

with a result which, when the time shall come, will be a revelation indeed to theorists who imagine the reform of Cavalry to be a question of arms and nothing more.

Perhaps, however, a faint suspicion that he is astray assails the author of the Memorandum here, for he finishes off the heading by a long quotation from Napoleon, which, so far from supporting the argument that rifle-fire must be the principal, instead of as at present a secondary reliance of Cavalry, has not a single word in the whole seventeen lines that goes one step beyond the universal practice of the present day, the sole opinion expressed being that now universally held, that all Cavalry should have a firearm of some kind!

An argument must be in a bad way indeed before such an apology for support as this can be thought "worth quoting *in extenso*."

(3) *Cavalry v. Infantry and Artillery.*

The first words under this heading form an epitome of the spirit of the whole. "Cavalry," it begins, "has never been able to beat staunch Infantry except by surprise, and now it is almost impossible for Cavalry to approach near enough to the enemy's firing-line to effect a surprise, except under unusually advantageous conditions of the ground."

The entire article under this heading consists, in fact, of a violently partisan attack of the ancient pattern on the Cavalry, and of attempts to prove, both by argument and instance, the powerlessness of Cavalry in the presence of other arms; instances where Cavalry failed being emphasised, and cases of their success being, so far as possible, explained away.

There is, indeed, nothing throughout which calls for notice or which distinguishes this from a thousand other attacks of the kind with which we are familiar, except the one regrettable fact that, for the first time in our history, such an effusion appears over the honoured signature of the Commander-in-Chief.

Nor is it official position alone which in this connection renders this attack somewhat surprising. "It may be argued,"

says the third paragraph, "from certain occurrences in the war in South Africa that a mass of Cavalry, if boldly managed, might break through Infantry holding a position. But, as a general rule, Infantry will have behind it several echelons in the shape of supports and reserves, and will possibly be protected by hasty entrenchments. It will not consist, as in South Africa, of a thin line of skirmishers disposed at wide intervals, and the Cavalry which attempts to break through properly posted Infantry will probably meet with a worse fate than did the French Cavalry in 1870 at Woerth, Vionville and Sedan."

What are the "certain occurrences" here referred to? Can it be those which formed the turning-point of the war; the first decisive success of the campaign; the chief triumph alike of the country, the army, and the Commander-in-Chief, in the relief of Kimberley and the heading of Cronje and his force?

If so, it is deeply to be regretted that this depreciation of Cavalry methods should have included any mention of a success which none but Cavalry, and Cavalry employing the true Cavalry weapons of sword and lance, could possibly have achieved.

It is unnecessary to remark on the four instances given when Cavalry charged, lost heavily and effected nothing, or on the attempt to explain away the success of General von Bredow's well-known charge at Vionville; instances and their contraries can be produced in any number on both sides in the discussions on such subjects with which we have been long familiar—it is sufficient to oppose to these *en masse* the twelve cases given in Sir Evelyn Wood's "Achievements of Cavalry," in all of which Cavalry charged with brilliant success, mostly against vastly superior numbers, though it is worth attention, in view of the attempt to prove the firearm to have been a more effective weapon of Cavalry than sword or lance, that in these cases, brought forward merely as "achievements of Cavalry," without regard to weapon, that the whole of them (drawn also from "The Wars of the Past Century") relate to achievements with

sword or lance, and not one to any success with the fire-arm!

But, as already said, such lists of Cavalry failures have been often enough compiled before by the enemies of the arm; what is new is the high position of the officer who appears to have joined their ranks, and who, it should never be forgotten, is Commander-in-Chief of the Cavalry as well as of other branches.

That it has been customary to remember this may be shown from words of the late Commander-in-Chief, which form a fitting contrast to the Memorandum's depressing list of the failures and the losses of Cavalry who attempt to charge!

"In conclusion," says Lord Wolseley, "it should be instilled into the mind of every Cavalry soldier that his arm of the service is invincible, and more than a match under all circumstances for Infantry or Artillery, either singly or in masses. If he thinks otherwise, the sooner he exchanges into the Infantry the better. Every Cavalry soldier should be a fanatic upon this subject. All should remember the old Cavalry proverb, "Commend your soul to God, and charge home."

(4) *Pursuit by Cavalry.*

The points raised under this heading in support of the proposed new system are but two. First, that pursuit on a large scale is best carried out by heading the enemy and holding him by fire; and secondly, the theory is advanced that retreating troops armed with the rifle do not become so demoralised as was the case in the days of the musket, and therefore offer less opportunity to sword and lance.

But, as to the first, no "new system of tactics" need be adopted here, for the method is one which, on suitable occasions, is already practised, as also is pursuit with cold steel when opportunity offers.

No better instance, in fact, could be shown of a Cavalry master enough of all weapons to be able to suit its tactics to the occasion than was offered by our men in the case men-

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tioned under the last heading, when the same Cavalry who rendered possible the first great triumph of the campaign by the holding up of Cronje, mainly by fire, were also those who, but two days before, gallantly charging home with sword and lance, secured a success which no other method could have won in time, and which, together with the pursuit of Elandslaagte, spread abroad a terror of the lance which for months afterwards weakened many a stubborn stand, and won for us, at a lessened cost, many a strong position.

Then as to the second point: Retreating troops nowadays, we are told, who are armed with the rifle, and supported by guns, do not become demoralised enough for effective pursuit with the *arme blanche*. Do they not? The point may be debated; but retreating troops will not always have effective support from guns; and has it not been hinted that there were moments during the day of Magersfontein when a fresh brigade of lancers, such as would certainly be forthcoming in European war, let loose upon the Highland Brigade would have had some effect?

But let us take an example less near home, and see what the late Colonel Henderson, himself an official of the Headquarters Staff, and a soldier who certainly had no bias in favour of Cavalry, says on the point.

"To-day," he writes, "death has a far wider range, and the effect on the nerves is consequently far more severe. *Demoralisation, therefore, sets in at an earlier period, and it is more complete,*" and, quoting an eye-witness of the retreat of the 38th Prussian Brigade at Vionville, he continues: "They moved only slowly to the rear, their heads bent in utter weariness; their features distorted under the thick dust that had gathered on faces dripping with sweat. The strain was beyond endurance. The soldier was no longer a receptive being; he was oblivious of everything, great or small. His comrades or his superiors he no longer recognised; and yet he was the same man who but a short time before had marched across the battlefield shouting his marching

chorus. *A few active squadrons, and not a man would have escaped.*"

It almost seems as if, even in the opinion of members of their own Headquarters Staff, the authorities who issued the Memorandum were somewhat in error here!

(5) *Objections.*

"I will now," says the Memorandum under this heading, "refer to two objections which have been urged against the system of tactics I propose to introduce.

"1. It is said that Cavalry cannot be trained to fight indiscriminately on foot and in the saddle; that on foot they will be very indifferent Infantry, and in the saddle very timid Cavalry.

"2 The South African War is brought forward as a proof that Cavalry can very rarely effect a surprise."

In answer to the first objection the Memorandum urges, first, that the American Cavalry were successful both when mounted and on foot; secondly, that as Infantry can fight equally well in attack and defence, Cavalry ought to be able to fight as well on foot as Infantry as on horseback as Cavalry; and thirdly, that although it is true that a timid leader, if dismounted tactics are constantly practised, will be more inclined to trust to fire than to a bold advance, it is certain that a timid leader will always miss opportunities, whether mounted or on foot.

As regards the first: America is, no doubt, a great country, and instances from America have long filled the rôle of the refuge of the destitute in many controversies.

If half-a-dozen persons are burned in London, we have nothing for weeks but descriptions of how much better such affairs are managed across the Atlantic; and when five times as many meet their death by fire in a New York hotel, all we hear is a reflection on the grand scale on which things in America are done.

And, in Cavalry matters, while an appeal to American instances is the unsuccessful pleader's favourite last resort,

there are several cogent, though very diverse, reasons why such examples are inapplicable to armies whose operations must be conducted under European conditions.

For while, in the first place, there is much in the contention of European critics, at any rate in the earlier part of the American War, that from the combats of the uninstructed hordes on either side useful lessons could no more be drawn than from the struggles of two drunken men, in the second it is equally the fact that in the nucleus of hardy frontier pioneers such a country must in its infancy possess, it has material as far superior to that to be found in older civilised countries as is the discipline and science of European armies to the rough-and-ready methods of the backwoodsman.

"Cavalry," says the American General Rosser, quoted by Sir Evelyn Wood, and writing in 1868 of the war, "was not used on the battlefield as under Ney and Murat, because it was not Cavalry"; and adds, "the Cavalry soldier should never be dismounted to fight if you expect him to ride over masses of Infantry, and he should be educated to believe that nothing can withstand a well-executed Cavalry charge."

So much for American instances in the opinion of an actor in the war; in which, however, nothing was proved on the point in question, because the rudimentary methods of the one side were also used by the other.

What would happen were the disciplined science, but inferior material, of civilisation opposed to the indiscipline, but individual efficiency of the frontiersman, depends no doubt on the degree of each that was forthcoming in the particular case; but one thing of which we may be absolutely certain is that we have only to combine the faults of both, to graft the go-as-you-please methods of the hardy pioneer on to the untrained and often enervated material upon which civilised countries are too often forced to rely, to secure a certainty of disaster and defeat.

Apart from the reference to America, the answers to the objection are too feeble to require more than a word of notice. What can be more futile than to argue that because an Infantry

soldier fights equally well in attack and defence, in both of which cases he relies on the same weapon, the same means of progression, and the same necessity of taking cover, that therefore a Cavalryman who is taught to believe that mounted and sword in hand he can override all opponents should, the moment he is on foot with a rifle, imbibe the opposite sentiments of the Infantryman? What analogy is there between such cases as these?

Again, when, so far from attempting to deny, it absolutely admits that the tendency of the proposed new system is to make a timid leader more timid, and less inclined to a bold advance, what sort of a defence is it to beg the question and evade the issue by throwing all on the man, and asserting that under all systems the bold leader will be bold and the timid timid? It is not by its influence on the man so bold that no system will daunt him, or so timid that nothing will bring him to the front, that the merit of a system must be gauged, but by its effect on the enormous majority, the average men whose qualities lie between the two extremes, with whom the difference between a bad system and a good is also that between failure and success.

It is for this that systems exist, and a system which is forced to admit that it has a discouraging effect is absolutely self-condemned.

What is meant by Objection No. 2 it is impossible to conjecture; it is merely an evidence that an advocate may get as completely lost in the fog of argument as soldiers may in the fog of war.

For, so far from the assertion that Cavalry can rarely effect a surprise being an objection to the proposed new system of tactics, it is its only possible justification.

But for surprise by Cavalry, the Mounted Rifleman, with plenty of time to regain his saddle and ride away (always supposing he can move as fast as, or faster than, the opposing Cavalry), would have a far easier time than he is ever likely to enjoy.

But, unluckily for this famous system, Cavalry can, and do, as the Memorandum itself admits, effect surprises most frequently; surprises, too, not only in the ordinary sense of action at unexpected times, but also of action with unexpected results; unexpected at any rate to the enthusiasts of the rifle, to whom the numerous occasions on which rifle-fire has totally failed to stop bodies of galloping horsemen, both Boer and British, under circumstances which at sham-fights would have put them out of action ten times over, must have come as a cruel blow.

But, to quote Colonel Rimington, "rifle-fire does not stop charging horsemen"; a proposition which, if true, must alone be absolutely fatal to the theory of the possible ascendancy of the rifle in Cavalry combat.

Such is the answer put forward to the objections which are the subject of this heading, as regards which it need only be remarked, that if no better success than this attends the answering of objections of his own selection, it is probable that the author of the Memorandum would find the attempt to answer the objections of others a greater failure still.

Before leaving this part of the subject, the possible charge of inconsistency may be anticipated that, whereas it has been claimed that our Cavalry at present are able to fight both mounted and on foot, the propositions of the new system, of the ascendancy of the rifle in Cavalry fights, and of the possibility of men being equally good as Cavalry when mounted, and as Infantry when on foot, have been contested and denied.

Of the fallacy of these propositions, apart from the reasoning above given, we have evidence from the most diverse sources.

On the ill effect on Cavalry of a reliance on the firearm, which is generally admitted, we have, above all, the evidence of General Sir E. Hutton, who, so far from being on the Cavalry side, is the leading advocate of Mounted Infantry, he said, in 1901: "It would be inadvisable, I think, to convert the already too weak force of Cavalry into Mounted Rifles, *and so*

destroy that spirit of initiative in a charge at a critical moment which is the very breath of life to a Cavalry leader."

Again, Sir Evelyn Wood writes in 1897:—

"These enthusiasts assert that it is possible so to train men as to render them equally efficient on horseback as they can be made perfect when on foot; equally confident in meeting an enemy whether armed with sword, lance, or rifle. *That this is an error there can, I think, be no doubt.*"

The real fact seems to be that, while our Cavalry at present can act well when mounted and on foot, this all-round efficiency is apt to deteriorate the moment the true Cavalry spirit becomes impaired, and that, in exact contradiction to the spirit of the proposed new system, the more efficiently Cavalry can use the firearm the better, so long as they are never allowed for a moment to forget that it is their secondary, not their principal arm; and that, again to quote Sir Evelyn Wood, where he qualifies the above-mentioned words of General Rosser, "Cavalrymen should never be dismounted to fight where there is suitable ground for their employment on horseback."

"The conclusion, then, to be drawn from the above," to adopt a phrase from the Memorandum itself, is that, although Cavalry should be capable of action both mounted and on foot, the maximum efficiency can only be attained by troops which, while being made as efficient as possible in the use of the firearm, uncompromisingly abjure the heresy that that arm can in their hands ever hold more than a secondary place, and whose pride and trust is ever in their speed, good horsemanship, and the cold steel.

(6) *Armament and Equipment.*

The elaborate argument for the sword as against the lance, which forms a large part of the matter under this heading, would be most interesting were it not unfortunately based upon the unwarranted assumption that the so-called conclusions appended to the various arguments of the Memorandum had been logically arrived at, and that it really had

been proved that both these weapons must give way to the rifle as the Cavalry soldier's principal arm. We have, however, just seen that, so far from this being the case, they are unsupported either by reasoning or by evidence.

For not one of its propositions has been sustained. The vital question for Cavalry is, we have seen, not armament but mobility.

In the Cavalry combats of the past century the sword and lance, not the firearm, have proved most effective. There is no reason to expect this to be reversed in future wars, but there are several for anticipating that, on the contrary, the advantage of cold steel when combined with mobility will be increased, and the long extract from Napoleon fails to support by a single word the Author's argument.

As to attacks by Cavalry upon Infantry and Artillery, the depressing strictures of one Commander-in-Chief have been balanced by the inspiring words of another, and in the wars of the present, no less than in those of the past century, it has been proved that success may still attend Cavalry who charge home.

In pursuit the lance, admitted even by the Memorandum itself to be superior for the purpose to the sword, is still the queen of weapons; for demoralisation of beaten troops, the supposed absence of which in the present day was the principal excuse for superseding the lance by the rifle, on the contrary "comes earlier, and is more complete"; and, in conclusion, the two objections to the new system selected by its author himself for reply have proved so difficult to rebut that it is not surprising that the more vital objections put forward by others should prove, so far as reason and argument go, more fatal to it still.

But this failure of the Memorandum to prove the ascendancy of the firearm places its proposal to abolish the lance upon an entirely new footing.

For, if the rifle had been proved to be the principal arm, it would have been reasonable enough to decide on the style of

arme blanche, irrespective of other considerations, which interferes least with dismounted work.

This is, no doubt, though not by so much as is sometimes supposed, the sword; and it was probably this fact, rather than any fair comparison of their merits, that occasioned the proposal to supersede the lance by that weapon.

But if sword or lance are still to have the first place, it is upon their own merits that they must be judged, and the merits of the lance are considerably greater than the Memorandum allows.

Its superiority in pursuit is freely admitted, but of its advantages in attacking artillery or convoys, where men taking refuge under waggons are secure from the sword, but easily reached by the lance, not a word is said; while even against Infantry in the open, a charge in the battle of Mars la Tour of which it is related, "When the Dragoons were unable to reach with their swords the agile French soldiers extended on the ground, there were frequent shouts among the German horsemen to call up Lancer regiments" is only one of many similar instances which could be brought forward of the unrivalled efficiency of the lance.

Again, in the enumeration of its disadvantages, the principal of them appears to be in the assertion that it is an encumbrance when scouting. This appears to be taken for granted, and at first sight one would certainly not consider it an ideal weapon for such work; yet it is unlucky for this theory that the only European troops for many years who have won distinction in this line, the Uhlans and the Cossacks, have both been lancers.

Some explanation of this may lie in the fact that the lance is at all events a silent weapon, and that although a patrol either of lancers or of mounted rifles, which sees the enemy first may lay an awkward trap for its opponents, it is certain that in the many cases which must occur in close countries, of patrols meeting unawares, the mounted riflemen, without

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time to dismount or the speed to escape, would meet with short shrift from the lance.

The Memorandum concludes with a detailed description of the method of improving swordsmanship and the sword, in which, not long before, we have been told that no improvement can be expected; a curiously hesitating instruction as to how the lance, although it "will not be carried on guard, in the field, at manœuvres, or on active service," will nevertheless, "not be entirely discarded"; practice with this deadly weapon in future being restricted to "hours of recreation" so long as "on no account it be allowed to encroach on serious work"; and a final paragraph of consolatory explanation that Cavalry, who, as we are told, "will generally act dismounted," may, even on the exceptional occasions when they ride on horseback, still be of some use; forming a topsyturvy finale more suggestive of the methods of the Pirates of Penzance than of the British Army.

In the best interests of that army it is devoutly to be hoped that the present rage for forming Jacks of all Trades, a notion not affecting the Cavalry alone, but about to have also a most injurious effect upon the Infantry rifle (which there is no excuse for sacrificing to a purely imaginary necessity for assimilating the firearm of both branches), may prove to be but a passing craze, soon to disappear.

It is absolutely the reverse of the practice of every other profession at the present time, the tendency of which is in all cases to specialise more and more every day, and to substitute for doing two things well the doing of one thing better.

This is a system practised to the fullest extent by our rivals in Europe, who are bringing their Cavalry, as Cavalry, to a pitch of perfection in mobility unknown before, which would entail upon us a bitter awakening were we compelled to oppose to these accomplished horsemen a Cavalry trained after the manner of those of which Rogniat wrote: "How

absurd is the manner of training our dragoons! When mounted they are taught that no Infantry can resist the impetuosity of their charges; when drilling on foot they are taught to consider themselves invulnerable against Cavalry. It is from these causes they are despised by both horse and foot."

It is but a few years ago that the military authorities, doubtless after mature consideration of "the wars of the past century," so extended the use of the lance among our Cavalry as to convert a regiment of hussars into lancers, and to arm the front ranks of the whole of our dragoons with that weapon.

This was done, no doubt, to place them on an equality as regards armament with the horsemen of the Continent.

Has anything happened since then to justify the proposed reversal of these measures?

On the contrary, the lance has proved itself, under circumstances of exceptional disadvantage, the one single weapon in the hands of our soldiers which has proved a terror to our opponents in the late war. The only two excuses offered for this change of front were: first, that the authorities had good reasons for their course; and, secondly, that it was on the advice of experts they had acted.

With the value of their reasons, so rashly disclosed in the Memorandum, the present article has fully dealt; but as to the advice of experts, it was somewhat staggering to find that although the mouths of the up-to-date Cavalry experts—our leading Cavalry officers who are actually serving—were of course closed, one retired Cavalry officer of distinction after another, far from supporting, joined in the strongest condemnation of the proposed new system; and, still worse, the only name of a so-called expert which leaked out in the House of Commons proved to be that of Sir Ian Hamilton, a gallant officer of Highland Infantry, whose command of any mounted troops, even as a General, has been little more than nominal, and who can be considered about as much of an

“expert” in Cavalry matters as a gamekeeper may be said to be an expert in the management of a pack of foxhounds!

But, disturbing as all this is, worse remains, for, by the revelations of the War Commission, the mouths that had been closed have been opened, and, to the amazement of all who had credited the statement that “experts” had advised the abolition of the lance, it has been disclosed that not a single Cavalry leader of distinction supports the proposal, most emphatic of all in its uncompromising condemnation being the leading Cavalry experts of the day!

So much for the amount of expert support the new system has received; an amount about equal to its deserts! And, in the near future, when the lance has been reinstated, and our horsemen no longer “generally act dismounted,” it is to be hoped that a merciful oblivion will swiftly enshroud the proposals of one of the most pernicious eccentricities that has ever threatened the efficiency of the British Cavalry.

EQUES.

THEODORE MOMMSEN

ON November 1, Sunday, at 8.45 in the morning, Mommsen died, and in him the world of erudition has lost one of its very greatest representatives. It is no exaggeration to say, that what Joseph Scaliger was to the world of scholars at the end of the sixteenth and in the beginning of the seventeenth century, Mommsen was to all the students of Roman antiquity in our own time. The name "Roman antiquity" must be taken in its widest sense. Mommsen made personal and independent researches into every aspect of Roman civilisation, history, law, and private life. In a series of works which already in 1887 counted 949 numbers, representing 6824 folio pages, 1402 quarto, and 19,319 octavo pages, the great scholar investigated all the problems of Roman political history, chronology, numismatics, law, religion, &c. In fact, of him it may have been said what with less justice was said of Justus Lipsius: "Felicem hominem, qui per ea quæ repperit quæ disposuit quæ scivit, et vixit antequam nasceretur, et ita natus est ut nunquam sit moriturus!"

Mommsen's life was as simple, and with few exceptions as uneventful, as that of most scholars. He was born November 30, 1817, at Garding, in the Duchy of Holstein. His father was the vicar of the place, and had destined him for the study of philology and law. From 1844 to 1847 Mommsen, aided by a stipend from the Berlin Academy, made an extensive archæological journey through France and Italy. In 1848 he

received a call, as Professor of Law, to Leipzig. However, on account of his participation in the revolutionary movement of the time, he was dismissed from his post. Two years later, in 1850, he became Professor of Roman Law at Zürich, and in 1854 he taught Roman Law at the University of Breslau. Finally, in 1858 he was appointed Professor of Ancient History at Berlin. Within a year or two before his death he continued to teach Ancient History at the first University of Prussia, and he must, at the lowest calculation, have delivered over ten thousand lectures to the students of Berlin. In his married life he was eminently successful, and his very numerous children (he had fourteen, we believe) caused him no particular trouble. Recognised as the head of the great historical school of Roman antiquity in Germany, honoured and venerated, not to say worshipped by sovereigns, princes, scholars and men of the world alike, he passed the last thirty years of his life in a position of exceptional dignity and influence. Even in his conflict with the Iron Chancellor he conducted his trial in person and with success. The Courts finally acquitted him of the political crime imputed to him by Bismarck. He travelled extensively, and especially in the last twenty-five years of his life he developed a perfect passion for the hunt of manuscripts. Printed books seemed to have lost their charm for him. What delighted him was a manuscript. He was a very frequent guest at the Bodleian and the British Museum, at the Bibliothèque Nationale, and at the great libraries in Italy. Even manuscripts of the early Middle Ages—that is, manuscripts reflecting only the last dim rays of the sunset of antiquity, excited his interest in a very high degree; and the number of authors that he edited with the minutest care was very considerable. His mind was influenced chiefly by the aims and methods of the philologist and the attitude and ability of the student of law. Now that we may clearly overlook the whole career of that extraordinary man, it becomes more and more manifest that, although Mommsen is known to the general reader only or pre-eminently as the

historian of Rome, as the author of a famous history of Rome, yet, on impartial and closer examination of the case, it will be found that Mommsen in reality had neither the passion nor the highest capacity of the historian proper.

His was the genius of analysis rather than of synthesis. He excelled in monographs very much more than in works putting together in their final expression a vast array of facts. This seems to be in utter contrast to the fact that Mommsen has published great treatises both on Roman public or constitutional law, on Roman chronology, and on Roman criminal law. However, applying to Mommsen the strictest measure of criticism, we cannot but see that every one of those great treatises is rather a collection of monographs than a work giving a direct and full insight into the working principles of Roman institutions. Mommsen classifies, shelves, labels, and numbers both neatly and well : he enlightens but little.

The danger of a man like Mommsen is the false impression under which thousands of scholars, and through them the general public, have been, about the real problems and the real importance of Roman history. The massiveness of Mommsen's information ; the mere bulk of the works he has published to almost the last day of his life ; the tone of finality and strict formality pervading every line he ever published, has naturally engendered the idea that he has not only furnished the vastest amount of material, but also the only method and the only guiding *aperçus* in the study of ancient Rome. It is time to say that while he has done the former he has not done the latter. He has, indeed, through the publication of the *Corpus* of Latin inscriptions, and similar very useful collections of material, very much increased our means of studying Roman history, more especially of writing more numerous books thereon. It is, however, equally true that his influence, the undoubted authority that he enjoyed both in and out of the Fatherland, has in a measure sterilised the study of the history of Rome. Thus in the last twenty odd years exceedingly few independent and elaborate works

on the *ensemble* of Roman history have appeared either in England or on the Continent. The scholars of the world seem to be under the ban of Mommsen. To abandon his method; to doubt the essential correctness of his Roman Constitutional Law (*Roemisches Staatsrecht*) seemed, and still seems, to be not only impossible but indecent. In England, if we except a few short works, more particularly the brilliant and suggestive study on Roman history by Mr. T. M. Taylor, no attempt has been made to rewrite the history of the great empire-nation which in so many ways is so essentially similar to the Britons. In fact, it is part of the irony of things that the English have so far devoted great attention and great industry to Greek history rather than to Roman, although they are, from the nature of their own history and modern constitution, less apt to seize and clear up the factors and powers that made Greece; while they are eminently adapted for clearing up some of the most difficult problems of the history of Rome. Using expressions somewhat untechnical yet precise, we may say that Greek history ought to be written by the French and Roman by the British. In modern Great Britain alone can we still see institutions, the essential identity of which with those of the institutions of Rome ought to suggest to Britons in the first place, or to such as are intimately acquainted with Great Britain, some of that insight into the real nature of ancient Rome without which all study of history is blind.

It is almost impossible for a German scholar living in Germany to find any of those modern analogies to events and institutions in Rome without which we moderns are absolutely excluded from a real knowledge of Roman history. Mommsen's Roman History has accordingly very much more charm than real insight. Mommsen was a great artist; his style, like that of a few other North German writers, is both compact and fluent; clear-cut, plastic, and packed with information. It flows on majestically and resembles one of the Roman aqueducts; perhaps in more senses than one. There

can be no hesitation in saying that, as a mere piece of reading, Mommsen's History is by far the best book ever written on Roman history. Mommsen—who shared all the passions and ideals of the revolutionary period in Germany, and who viewed Roman events in the light of the events he had lived to see in Germany in the forties and fifties of the last century—Mommsen was almost driven to write a Roman History both intensely interesting and essentially un-Roman. For the Roman world within the times of the Republic or in the times of the Empire was so utterly different from anything that had developed or grown up in Germany, that no diligence in research nor any philosophical effort of the self-sustained mind could enable a German to write up events utterly different in character and drift from those of his own country and time. It is well known how bitterly Mommsen has fallen foul of Cicero; how in the passages relating to the great orator and statesman Mommsen tried to excel in that *Schnodderigkeit* or caddishness with which great men of letters who were also statesmen have always been treated by the recluse scholar. Lord Bacon, Edmund Burke, Adolphe Thiers, and others are naturally hateful to the *politisirenden Philologen*, as Mommsen himself called them. No Frenchman or Englishman could have committed such an absurdity. Boissier in France and Professor Tyrrell in Dublin, the latter in his magnificent edition of Cicero's letters, the former in his exquisite book, *Cicéron et ses Amis*, have long shown the inaccuracy and falsehood of all that Drumann and Mommsen had said about Cicero.

Both the British and the French scholar had from the history of their own countries been well acquainted with historical types not unsimilar to that of Cicero. The German had no such type to enlighten him. And as in this case, so in cases of far greater importance. Take, for instance, Mommsen's historic judgment on the most important institution of Rome, on the tribunate.

It is well known that the tribunate is at once the strangest and the most important institution of ancient Rome. The

strangest, because no modern nation has at any time thought of investing any magistrate, whether a pope, a king, a minister, or a judge, with powers as extensive, as comprehensive, and dangerous as the Romans did with regard to their tribunes. The tribune was enabled, if unchallenged by one of his nine colleagues, to stop any wheel of any part of the Roman State machinery. The Senate, as well as the Assembly; the law courts as well as the religious institutions were, as it were, at the mercy of an irresponsible tribune. This, it must be admitted, is positively incomprehensible; and such of us as want to derive from the study of history more than a mere mass of names and dates, cannot but approach the Roman History of Mommsen with the hope and expectation to find some reasonable explanation of the fact that the Romans, that is, an eminently practical and sober nation, permitted their tribunes to wield a power greater and more irresponsible than that commanded by even the mightiest pope of the middle ages.

This is how Mommsen disposes of the problem of the tribunate. He calls that institution a strange magistracy (*seltsame Magistratur*); and the introduction thereof he calls a foolhardy experiment (*verwegenes Experiment*) or a *pis aller* (*Nothbehelf*).¹ In other words, Mommsen disposes of the whole problem by sneering at it. In spite of the immensity of his studies of Roman constitutional law, he has never so much as approached the only question that is both interesting and instructive for us moderns. If the tribunate be so strange, abnormal, inorganic, as Mommsen, Schwegler, L. Lange, and all the other German writers declare it to have been, why then was it the only one of the institutions that even Sulla, in spite of the boundless power he wielded, did not dare to abolish? Why did the tribunate not become obsolete by the middle of the fourth century B.C., when the plebeians had obtained practically all the rights that the tribunes had been introduced to protect? To all this Mommsen does not vouchsafe us the

¹ *R. G.*, p. 276 (8th edition).

slightest reply. The reason is that Mommsen, absolutely unacquainted with magistracies whose powers are remotely similar to that of an ancient Roman tribune, could not possibly rise to a real grasp of that central institution of ancient Rome. In England alone, of all modern countries, there has been in the last three or four hundred years a magistracy whose power and character are essentially that of Roman magistracies. The great difference between modern constitutions and that of the Romans is the simple fact, that we moderns attach the greatest importance to, and invest with the greatest powers, the members of the national assembly; whereas the Romans attached the greatest importance to, and invested with the greatest powers, the incumbents of a few high magistracies. Or, to put it even more shortly, the whole Roman constitution was based on personality. In England alone we find a similar principle at work, not indeed in every department of the British Constitution, yet in the department of law. Law in England, that is, common law, was entrusted to a few great judges who both administered and made it. When in the times of the Tudors, and probably before them, the incumbents of those great law offices abused their powers, it became natural to check and combat them by the introduction of a counter judge, likewise invested with unbounded power. The power of the justices of common law being purely personal and practically irresponsible, it became inevitable to check them by the establishment of the Lord Chancellors as Judges, who likewise created the law of Equity of their own goodwill, and practically without any responsibility. Lord Ellesmere, Chancellor under James I., "plainly claimed power to determine new cases on new principles, even against the law, and to legislate on individual rights" (Kerly, D. M., "Historical Sketch of the Equitable Jurisdiction," p. 96). The same relation then that we can follow and observe between the Lord Chief Justices and the Lord Chancellors in England; the same relation was on a wider scale and more comprehensively that of the tribune to the other magistracies in Rome. Just as the Chancellor

was the natural complement and check to the Lord Chief Justice, and not an abnormal or inorganic institution in the system of English law; just as John Selden's (perhaps good-natured) sneer at the Chancellor's law is based on a total misconception of the real and inevitable function of that English magistracy, even so Mommsen's sarcasms and sneers at the Roman tribunate only prove his total misconception of this the most important institution of ancient Rome. The tribunate, far from being "abnormal" or "inorganic," "strange," or a "*pis aller*," was the most natural, the most organic, the most inevitable of all Roman institutions. It stood in the domain of Roman public law in the same relation to the other magistracies as does in the domain of Roman private law a *res facti* to a *res juris*; or as does in the system of Roman private law the *interdictum* to the *actio*, or any Prætorian legal institution to an institution of the *jus civile*.

On taking a broad view of Roman history and assuming, as all of us do, that a study of that famous nation ought to be not only attractive but also instructive, we soon see that there are especially three points in Roman history that appeal more particularly to our interest. These points are in the first place the marvellous political and military success of the Romans, in virtue of which they became the conquerors and rulers of an empire such as had never been before, and has never been after; an empire consisting of the most civilised nations in the world; secondly, the surprising fact that the Romans, who held trade and commerce in disdain, should have succeeded in building up a system of law which, especially in its sections dealing with trade and commerce, has proved to be of the same surpassing excellence that we admire in Greek art; and thirdly, the Roman political constitution, which both from the success of ancient Rome and from the imitation of that constitution by the mightiest body-politic of mediæval and modern times—by the Catholic Church—calls upon our closest attention and awakens our deepest interest.

If, now, we turn to Mommsen to obtain from him light on

these three subjects, we are disappointed in every one case. The problem of Roman law he dismisses with another sneer, saying literally that there is nothing amazing in the fact that "a sound nation had a sound law," although he himself points out that the Romans did not excel in criminal law, in spite of their "soundness." As to the second problem, the military and political success of the Romans, we derive little if any light from the treatment of Mommsen. We still stand before the *Fortuna Romanorum* as before the Sphinx, and we do not even know whether the decrepitude of the nations conquered was not greater than the fortitude of the Romans. We are still ignorant of the strange connection of facts which permitted every single nation of antiquity to defeat the Romans in more than one pitched battle, and yet in the end be compelled to submit to the Roman yoke. We still inquire wonderingly into the great problem why the Romans alone not only transmitted their own idiom to the conquered nations, but also rapidly promoted what the Greeks or Byzantines in the East could never do—the rise of neo-Roman languages.

When at last we try to obtain some real insight into that Roman constitution which Mommsen in his series of volumes has tabulated, formulated, classified, and systematised, we get from him indeed a number of useful schedules similar to the official lists or *annuaires* published by modern Governments, enlivened by much juristic and legal formulation. It is not denied that the Roman officials and magistracies may rightly and legitimately be formulated from juristic standpoints, such as we apply in canonical law to the officials of the Catholic hierarchy. The juristic person of a bishop or an archbishop is a great, important, and interesting subject. However, it is equally certain that the most refined legal systematisation of the Catholic or the ancient Roman hierarchy or magistracy does not advance us at all with regard to a true insight into the historic life and political drift of those officials. What is wanted is historic systematisation and not juristic. It is like in Church history—we must not mix up dogmatics with

Church history. What Professor Mommsen has done to Roman constitutional history is precisely what his colleague Harnack of the Berlin University has done to the history of Christian dogmatics. While Harnack's work is deeply engaging and learned, it advances only little our insight into the Church history proper. Mommsen's book would have been an inestimable manual for the officials of the first century of the Roman Empire, but it does not help us very much in the comprehension of the Roman Constitution as a product of living history.

The preceding remarks no doubt appear both harsh and ungrateful. However, a little further consideration will show that it is, we take it, necessary to say, and to say very frequently, what many a serious student outside Germany has long felt to be the case. We mean the over-estimation of German *Wissenschaft*, of German methods of research, more especially of German ways of writing history. This over-estimation is not likely to be felt as such unless it is shown up, especially in cases where German scholars have done real and great services to the interests of knowledge. The greater the real merit, the greater the danger that the merit will be exaggerated. Just because Mommsen has done so much, and has laid all students of Roman history under an obligation hard to overrate, we must try to get at a just appreciation of his more constructive work, of the thought of his historical work, lest by considering it in the same light of unconditional admiration as we do his work as a collector of material we fall into an unjustifiable attitude of uncritical adoration. The Germans chiefly lack what many a British and French scholar is amply provided for—experience with the realities of life. If it be true that knowledge in the first place must come from our senses, although in the latter stages our sense-impressions are worked up to concepts, it is undeniable that of past events, such as Roman history, we can no longer have any sense-impressions proper. The only way to replace those impossible sense-impressions is to study modern and contemporary institu-

tions rather than events that have a real and essential analogy with those of ancient Rome. By the careful selection and study of those analogies alone we may hope to derive suggestions, if not solutions, towards a right and living understanding of Roman institutions. The Germans being practically excluded from this, the only method of supplementing the study of the Roman and Greek sources and of arriving at a true comprehension of ancient history, we cannot possibly admit that their innumerable theses, monographs, essays, handbooks, &c., advance our real knowledge of Roman history beyond what any British historian might very well do by selecting and studying carefully the undoubted analogies in British life and in the British Constitution with Roman life and the Roman Constitution. Surely we are all grateful to Mommsen, and his rare idealism, his combination of the charms and power of the artist with the learning and indefatigable industry of the true scholar, are models for all the world, especially for the younger generation. On the other hand, it is impossible to suppress a voice of warning against the over-estimation of methods of historical study, of which Theodore Mommsen has been the most illustrious representative, and which, we hold, increase the number of books of a purely archæological interest rather than augment the amount of real historical knowledge.

EMIL REICH.

THE REPORT ON THE FLEET MANŒUVRES

ON all hands it would seem to be agreed that the Fleet Manœuvres of 1903 are the most interesting, instructive, and successful that have yet been held. As for their importance, whether we judge it by the number of ships engaged or by the magnitude and reality of the problem that was set, they have never been approached. Nor can we fail to note in them a growing power for designing the scope and conditions of such manœuvres, so as to reduce to a minimum those fictitious elements which so often rob peace operations of practical result, and by which our Army Manœuvres at home are necessarily so grievously hampered and spoiled. It is to be hoped that the public will recognise the really admirable work both of the Intelligence Department to whom the design was due, and of the officers afloat who interpreted it with such brilliant success.

No less a subject for congratulation is the promptitude with which the umpires have issued their report and decision. Sir Lewis Beaumont and his staff had no light task to accomplish owing to the multiplicity of returns that were furnished to them from individual ships. The importance, however, of issuing their report before the general interest in the operations had cooled was obvious, and with commendable energy they have set an example which it is to be trusted will become a permanent practice. That their report is not open to

criticism, and even serious criticism, they would probably be the last to contend. Indeed, if it were not contentious, it would lose half its value. The discussions, both tactical and strategical, to which it must give rise are of far higher value than any cut-and-dried rule it might have established. Such discussion is, indeed, half the value of manœuvres, whose object should be to create a sound habit of thought, quite as much as to demonstrate particular propositions or to solve special problems. In the present case an examination of the reasoning by which the umpires arrived at their conclusion is unusually valuable; for the verdict, no less than the reasoning through which it is reached, may be said to stir the subsoil of naval strategy down to its very bed-rock.

To get into a position fairly to examine the whole case it is first necessary to apprehend the general idea of the Manœuvres and broadly grasp the lines of operation which the opposing admirals adopted.

Reading into the "General Idea" the corollaries and inferences of its laconic wording, we get the following result: A contest for the command of the sea had been in progress for some time between Great Britain (B) and an enemy denoted as X, which since it had been able to contest the command of the sea with the British fleet must have consisted of two or more allied powers. For the broad lessons of the Manœuvres this is important, and it will be well, therefore, always to speak of X as "the Allies." Shortly before the opening of the Manœuvres a battle had been fought approximately between Cape St. Vincent and Madeira, in which the Allies had defeated the British fleet on that station and driven it into its base at Madeira, where it was unassailable. At the same time the Allies had suffered severely in the action, and had been compelled to retire to their own base at Lagos Bay, just east of Cape St. Vincent, to refit and replenish their battle-ships. The Allied cruisers, however, were vastly superior to those of the Madeira fleet and were still able to keep the sea, and therefore in the umpires' opinion the Allies, as the result

of the action, held "the command of the sea in those waters." These at least are the words they use to express the situation. The phrase is certainly open to objection and is the umpires' own. It does not occur in the "General Idea" as issued by the Intelligence Department, and as a good deal depends upon it we must recur to it later.

Whatever the umpires may have intended to convey, it is clear that the Allies' command of the sea even "in those waters" was not absolute. For in northern waters the British had so far gained the mastery that they were in a position to detach a battle fleet to the southward for the purpose of forming a junction with the Madeira fleet and with the intention of fighting the Allies so soon as the junction was complete. This was known to the Allied admiral at Lagos, and so insecure was he in his alleged command of those waters that both the British fleets were able to sail twenty hours before he had gathered force enough to justify his taking his battle fleet to sea. His object, of course, was if possible to prevent the junction by bringing either of the two British fleets to action in detail. To each of them he was superior, but to the combined British fleet he was inferior. Some doubt as to this appears to have existed during the Manœuvres, but in the reports of both the opposing admirals, as well as in that of the umpires, the combined British fleet is spoken of as the superior. In the British fleet were fifteen battleships as opposed to the Allied eleven—but the British numerical superiority of four was balanced to a considerable extent by the superior speed, power, and homogeneity of the Allies—a condition which, of course, could not exist in actual war. The armoured and large protected cruisers were so evenly balanced that for purposes of comparing the two fleets they may be eliminated.

Under these circumstances it was clearly the object of Sir Arthur Wilson, the British commander-in-chief, to effect his junction with Lord Charles Beresford from Madeira, if possible, somewhere to the eastward of the Allied fleet under Sir

Compton Domvile, since, by thus interposing between the Allies and their base, he would have the best chance of forcing their faster fleet to action. If the junction were made to the westward of the Allies it was obviously impossible for the British fleet, with its inferior speed, to bring them to action if they chose to retire into their base. On the other hand, if Admiral Wilson attempted to effect the junction off the coast of the Peninsula, the danger of his being defeated in detail was very great, and he therefore chose to effect it at the economical point to the westward, that is, at the nearest point westward which both his fleets could be fairly certain of reaching before the Allies could get between them. This point was found to lie in the midst of the Azores; and thither, therefore, Admiral Beresford was ordered to proceed at the earliest moment allowed, and at the utmost speed he could maintain. From Berehaven Admiral Wilson did the same, with the result that the junction was successfully effected close to the given point, and without any sight of the Allied battle fleet. That this was so reflects no discredit on the dispositions of the Allies. The cruiser scheme which Admiral Domvile adopted for ascertaining the intended point of junction of his enemy was no less than masterly, while the way in which it was carried out by Sir Baldwin Walker, his cruiser admiral, is beyond all praise. The point and time of the junction were ascertained with wonderful accuracy; but still the error, small as it was, was sufficient to cause Admiral Domvile to cross Admiral Wilson's course close in his rear; and thus, after all, the British junction was effected between the Allies and their base.

So nearly had the Allies hit off the point of junction that within a few hours of its completion the two hostile fleets were in contact. Having sighted his enemy, Admiral Domvile, without forming battle order, proceeded to use his superior speed in an attempt to get round him. His object was before engaging to pick up one of his battleships and several of his cruisers which he had been compelled to leave at a ren-

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devious to the eastward. The British had also lost a battleship, but being now in a superiority of fourteen to ten they naturally misinterpreted the Allied movement, and saw in it an attempt to escape into Lagos without fighting. In order to escape, however, the Allies must necessarily move on an outer circle, and in spite of their superior speed there was still a possibility of bringing them to action. Admiral Wilson, therefore, made a desperate effort to close as the enemy edged round him to the southward. In doing that he necessarily somewhat exposed his van, and Admiral Domville, as he tells us, saw his enemy were giving him "an obvious advantage in attacking their van whilst working round them." This advantage he resolved to take, and an action ensued.

It is impossible here to go into its details, full of interest as they were. The pith of it is given in the umpires' report. In their opinion, Admiral Wilson so far succeeded in forcing an action

that he tempted X to engage his leading division while keeping on at his highest speed. B strove hard to keep touch with X by ordering what was practically a general chase of X's rear division, and when he found that his fleet was being drawn out and separated, and that he was unable to prevent X's passing out of his reach, he discontinued the action.

The result of the general engagement . . . according to the probabilities of war, was that on B's side three battleships, one armoured and one protected cruiser were disabled, five battleships were damaged, and one protected cruiser lost; whilst on X's side one battleship and one armoured cruiser were lost, two battleships disabled, and one battleship damaged.

It is here that the decision first appears open to criticism. To begin with, it is difficult at first sight to understand how it could happen that when the British had five battleships damaged besides the three disabled, the Allies had only one damaged besides the one lost and the two disabled. The umpires explain that their decision is due to the fact that the British fire was almost entirely concentrated on the ship that was lost. Had it been more judiciously distributed they admit the Allies would have suffered more seriously. But clearly,

according to the probabilities of war, it would have been better distributed could the British have seen the actual effect of their fire; it would have distributed itself automatically, and several more of the Allied ships must have been damaged sufficiently to prevent their maintaining their highest speed. Admiral Domvile would have been compelled to slacken off, with the result that a considerable portion of Admiral Wilson's untouched rear would have come into action, and Admiral Domvile's speed must have been still further reduced. The untouched British rear could thus have all come into action, and the Allied rear would have been exposed to a similar concentration to that which the Allies had brought to bear on the British van.

The contradiction between the facts as the umpires state them and the decision they came to is still more clear from another though similar point of view, of which the umpires take no notice. As we have seen, Admiral Domvile delayed taking battle order until he saw "his obvious advantage," or, as the umpires put it, "until he was successfully tempted by Admiral Wilson to engage." Owing to this delay, though the umpires do not note it, he came under long-range fire while still forming and while his two lines presented an excellent double target. Seeing this, apparently, Admiral Domvile made a signal to hurry the evolution, with the result that it was very imperfectly performed by his rear division. Another signal by which, when the action was growing hot, Admiral Domvile endeavoured to remedy the malformation of his line was wrongly taken in, as signals during action are only too apt to be, and the effect was still further to dislocate his line. The consequence was that the Allied rear was swung at no distant range into the concentrated fire of the British van, while at the same time they masked some of the fire of their own van, and again gave a double target. To this situation was due the loss or disablement of the last three ships of the Allies. But would that have been in actual war the only effect? Would it have been possible for any admiral having got his rear ships into

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so awkward a mess to carry on and desert them? Surely not. Admiral Domvile must have turned back to their relief, and the action would have become general, with seven of the Allies opposed to ten of the British, of which half at least were practically fresh and untouched. Under such circumstances Admiral Wilson must have been able to dictate the form of the action, and the result, on the probabilities of war, cannot have been doubtful. Admiral Wilson's own modest estimate of the action was that "it formed an interesting example of a fast fleet endeavouring to inflict damage on a slower fleet of superior force, that was anxious to bring it to action, by trying to attack one wing in passing." Might he not equally well have claimed that it was a brilliant example of a slow superior fleet bringing a fast superior one to action by temporarily exposing their van, and further of the danger an admiral runs of bringing his rear into trouble, when in the presence of the enemy he tries to direct its manœuvres from the head of his line?

The contradiction between the facts and the decision is plain, but the fault is not entirely the umpires'. It has been explained that artificial rules had been reduced to a minimum, but one necessarily remained. Every ship had to keep and send in a fire return. Unless some such precaution is taken an action in manœuvres would lose half its training value; but, so long as the umpires are bound to be guided by these returns, they cannot decide entirely by "the probabilities of war." It is clearly on the fire returns that the victory was given to Admiral Domvile. The pure "probabilities of war" would have given it to the bold and masterly tactics of Admiral Wilson. In his case there was no fault comparable to that in which his adversary was involved in failing to form his line. In the effort to close it is true Admiral Wilson drew out and loosened his line, but this is inevitable when a slow fleet tries to bring a faster one to action, and it would have been no fault at all had not Admiral Wilson been denied the reduction of Admiral Domvile's speed, that in

actual war must have occurred when the British van-ships had fastened on the Allies' disordered rear.

Having decided the action in favour of the Allies, the umpires proceed to decide the campaign as follows :

Judged, therefore, by the probabilities of war, and considering that the undamaged portion of X fleet was much superior to the undamaged portion of B, that B in effecting the junction had expended more coal than X, that B (*i.e.*, the Home Fleet) was further from its base than X fleet was from Gibraltar (? Lagos), and that on the morning of the 11th (two days after the action) X had joined his missing battleship and armoured cruiser, though he had lost the *Venerable* by a machinery breakdown, we are of opinion that at the end of the Manœuvres the command of the sea in these waters still remained with X.

To all this it might be objected, first, that according to the true probabilities of war (apart from fire returns) the British undamaged ships would certainly not have been inferior to those of the Allies, and that the Allies did not renew the action as they should have done if left superior and with more coal. And secondly, that the British were left nearer to their base at Madeira than the Allies were to theirs at Lagos, and that, *ex hypothesi*, Madeira was quite as capable of receiving the combined fleet of the British as Lagos was of receiving the combined fleet of the Allies. How, then, can it be said that the Allies had established such a superiority over the British as to give them the command of the sea in any sense of the term ?

But, setting aside all disputable points, let us examine this phrase "command of the sea in those waters" which the umpires adopt. The phrase is at least unfortunate, for it must tend to revive the idea, which is so hard to kill, that you may have command of one area of adjacent waters while your enemy commands another. The umpires would seem to commit themselves to the heresy that we might have command of the Narrow Seas while our enemy is in command of the approaches to the Mediterranean. Here, again, the trouble is not so much due to the umpires as to what we may call the

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lack of standardisation in the technical expressions of naval strategy. The fact is, that for such a divided domination the phrase *command of the sea* ought not to be used at all. So long as we do so use it umpires will never be able to avoid misleading, ambiguous, and unscientific decisions. The blame lies in our habit of using the phrase for at least three widely different strategical conditions. First, there is the condition when one belligerent has established such a superiority over another that the latter can no longer keep the sea with his battle fleet, and his navy has ceased to exist as a serious factor in the war, so that the dominating power is able to exert that exhausting pressure from the sea which no country can indefinitely resist. It is for this condition, and for no other, that the words "command of the sea" should be used. Secondly, there is the condition where a belligerent has established a working control over all the waters within his reach, but still has to leave his enemy free to act in certain areas which are beyond coal-endurance range of his own bases. For this second condition we might use some such phrase as "local control." Thirdly, there is the case of "temporary or special control," where one belligerent, though not in command of the sea or enjoying any undisputed "local control," is able temporarily to secure at some important point freedom of action for some special purpose vital to the war—such as the transport of an army, the relief of a fortress, or the passage of a convoy. It is not, of course, pretended that this classification exhausts or adequately defines all possible conditions. But here are, at any rate, three distinct senses in which we habitually use the term "command of the sea." In which sense do the umpires employ it? Certainly not in the first, for by the "General Idea" the contest for that command was still in progress, and both sides had fleets in being at sea. Their words hint rather at the second or "local control." But could the Allies claim this either at the beginning or at the end of the Manœuvres? At the beginning they could not prevent the Madeira fleet putting to sea, and at the end they were not

in a position to blockade any part of the British fleet. There remains, then, the third sense, "temporary or special control." At the outset the Allies had certainly established such a temporary control of the waters between Lagos and Madeira that they were free to move troops or supplies across it. But at the end, had they maintained such control? Surely not. So long as the still active part of the British fleet was undefeated and based at Madeira, "those waters" could only be used for military purposes by evasion. The truth is that the control was with neither side. Accepting the tactical verdict of the umpires, it may indeed be said that the Allies were in a superiority, but certainly not in a superiority which gave them control of those waters, and still less "the command of the sea."

On the whole, then, there seems ample ground for appealing from the umpires' judgment. It is a judgment which, be it noted, the Admiralty refrain from endorsing; and naturally enough; for the umpires, by their curious variation of the phrase "command of the sea" as used in the "General Idea," purport to decide a case fundamentally different from that which the Intelligence Department stated. In legal parlance, therefore, we should move the Admiralty to enter judgment for Admiral Wilson on the ground that, although the "command of the sea" was undecided by the campaign, yet by successfully releasing the Madeira fleet from the precarious position it was in, he prevented his adversaries from establishing the "local control" they had been placed in a fair way to achieve.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

PUBLIC OPINION AND MACEDONIA

THE day when Turkish atrocities were put down as "coffee-house babble" is long past. The country is aware that the reports from Macedonia, though there may be exaggerations here and there, substantially represent facts. It is not necessary at this time of the day to argue on which side the balance of criminality falls in a struggle which would never have existed at all but for the presence of the Turks in Europe. Indignation is voiced by public meetings in every part of the country, and by a Press which is, with very few exceptions, in sympathy with the Macedonian cause. And yet with all this there is no real national uprising.

To what is this ill-timed moderation to be attributed? To the reasons devised to justify it; or to some deep-seated want of feeling and imagination, of disinterested enthusiasm? It will hardly be questioned, even by those who regard the Gladstonian tradition with abhorrence, that there has been a certain decay of these high qualities in the past twenty years, an increasing habit of keeping the eyes fixed upon the material aspects of political dominion. The prevailing view of empire, in spite of after-dinner speeches at the Colonial Institute, is not inspired by idealism, and the habit which it generates of taking a bird's-eye view of the world makes it almost impossible for the observer to put himself by sympathy into the position of a few hundreds of thousands of people on a

single spot of the great map's surface. At home, urgent and high-sounding themes have absorbed our attention. No statesman, no orator, presents himself who can so picture the grim realities on the other side of Europe as to bring them home to the popular conception. The Transvaal War has exhausted our stock of sensation, and seems in some mysterious way to paralyse our efforts. There is a feeling among educated men that our reputation in Europe is such as to cast suspicion upon any action which we might take, and that it is even inconsistent in us to pose as the friends of rebellion; while, among working men, the desolated homes of South Africa—whether rightly or wrongly desolated they do not particularly inquire—are frankly, if illogically, quoted as a reason for letting the Sultan alone.

It may therefore be feared that to answer, even successfully, the objections urged as grounds for inaction would be useless. Still, it is worth while to put them to the test which they challenge—the test of sober reason. Every reader of the papers, the *Times* and the *Spectator*, no less than the *Daily News* and the *Speaker*, is now in possession of ample materials for judgment. The average amateur politician, by whom, not by travellers and specialists, the part of England in the Balkan tragedy will ultimately be decided, has dallied too long with the problem, solacing his conscience with the comforting reflection that there was something to be said on both sides. He has no longer an excuse for stopping short of a conclusion. And even if the tragedy should drag itself out to yet another and another scene of carnage, it will be something to the good if on each occasion the facts have been a little more thoroughly sifted and the elementary conditions of the problem made a little more familiar to the public mind.

Disentangling the current arguments, we find that they range themselves under one or other of two distinct assertions: (1) That the Macedonian question is irremediable, and if changeable, changeable only for the worse; (2) that English intervention, even in concert with some or all of the Powers, is, under the assumptions made, impossible.

I

It is still widely held in some quarters that the population of Macedonia is, in the common phrase, "no better than the Turks." The assassination of spies, the extortion of money for the revolutionary funds, the attacks on Greeks and others who were hostile to the Bulgarian or Exarchist propaganda, the dynamiting of last summer, are quoted. To condemn assassination and extortion in such a case is to beg the question of whether this rebellion was or was not justified. Without such means no organised revolution against an absolute despotism could be maintained. As to the rest, it is not inconsistent to condemn, in the same breath, these outrages and the administration which made them possible. It is not difficult to understand their origin. It is a commonplace that a repressive government like that of the Porte, while it awakens a patriotic resistance, opens a hundred avenues to the latent ruffianism of a country seething with disaffection. The dynamiting was the outcome of despair. Given a just cause for rebellion, the rebel must use the forces at his command. One of these lay in the personal fears of Abdul Hamid, and especially in his well-known terror of dynamite. It was known that outrages on foreign property would alienate Europe, but sympathy from the Great Powers had long been despaired of; and no intervention, unless inspired by fear, was thought possible. It is with the callousness of the "Christian" peoples that the blame chiefly lies. When the present movement towards intervention arose among the Western Powers it was noticed that dynamite outrages immediately ceased. Whatever may be said of insurgent violence (and singularly little is told of it except in official Turkish reports), no one has contended that the revolutionaries have made war on women and children, that they have made the rising an excuse for a carnival of lust, or that they have mutilated the living with the dead.

Nor can we forget that the conscience of Europe requires nothing less than a first-class massacre to rouse it. This is a

fact which gives food for thought. Fairly considering it, can we say that even the deliberate provocation of massacre would never be justifiable? The people of Macedonia suffer at the hands of tax-collectors, Moslem landlords, licensed brigands, and an unpaid and an uncontrolled soldiery, a daily and hourly oppression which is admitted to be intolerable. We, however, remain impervious to the sense of our responsibility, until something occurs sufficiently sensational to fill the headlines of an evening paper. Put the supposition at its worst, and grant that the insurgent leaders have not always shrunk from this one desperate method of appealing to the sympathy of Europe. Does it lie in our mouth to condemn them?

The fact that violence has been used by one section of Christians against another is often adduced, to condemn them all. That a popular uprising should be identified with a national propaganda is indeed to be deplored, but it should not discredit the revolt. So long as Macedonia remains an unallotted bone of contention, so long will neighbouring Powers eye each other with jealousy; and it is more surprising that the Serbs are not opposing the rebellion than that the Greeks are decrying it. Greece has nothing to gain by the revolt; therefore the Greeks in Macedonia have orders to abstain from it. But in a desperate attempt to defeat the oppressor, opposition is naturally treated as treason. It would be a very different matter if the movement were engineered from Bulgaria; but to any one who has known the sturdy mountaineers of the Macedonian ranges such a theory is ridiculous. Violence was justified because the quiescent attitude of the Greeks and Serbs was actually injurious to the Christians as a whole. Leading Serbs have for years admitted as much. Before the insurrection broke out the Serbs in Old Servia were regretting the attitude of submission adopted in that part of the country, and admitted that in the Bulgarian regions, where forcible resistance had taken place, the Turks had been frightened into a much more moderate retaliation. Even in Macedonia, where the rivalry of Bulgar and Serb was keenest, a Serb schoolmaster, sent by his Government to

manufacture adherents at Prilep, admitted lately that Bulgarian violence (though he himself had suffered from it) kept the Turks in order.

Taking a broad view of the rebellion, it is clearly impossible to pronounce it unjustified, unless indeed on the ground that it was premature. The ethics of rebellion were never clearer. It is now fairly well understood that the ordinary life of the Macedonian peasant, whether Bulgarian, Servian, or Vlach, is one of grinding misery. The exasperating methods of taxation: the degrading poverty of an industrious people: the unbridled tyranny of the zaptieh: the irresponsible power of the armed Mohammedan over his unarmed serfs: the absolute insecurity of property, life, and chastity, in which the peasant must make shift to live—these are obvious to the most casual traveller. If it is criminal to protect your property from organised theft, it is at least not criminal to protect your person from stabbing and your daughter from abduction.

But the sympathy of Liberal Europe must be even more deeply moved when it realises that the sufferers are not merely fellow-men and co-religionists: that they are people capable of progress, and with a genuine passion for education. The index to the character of the Macedonian is given by the precedent furnished in Bulgaria. Twenty-five years ago Bulgaria was in the position of Macedonia to-day. Now there is an absolute consensus of opinion that Bulgaria is to Macedonia as civilisation is to barbarism. That best informed of recent observers, "Odysseus," observed that when you crossed the Bulgarian frontier you found civilisation advanced not twenty but two hundred years. Mr. Dicey, in 1894, said that Bulgaria was becoming a "bulwark to Russian aggression." The land is coming increasingly under cultivation: houses are rising where none stood before: every village has its school and every town its college. Pomaks and Turkish Moslems live at peace with their Christian rulers. Friendly tolerance is shown to a growing Protestant community. Commerce is weaving its network over the face of the country. With the statesmen of Sofia, such as Gueshof, and the late M. Karavelof, the

Englishman might discuss the newest political theories and the latest work of English philosophy and literature. Many Bulgarians are regular readers of English newspapers. Neither is the national genius adaptive alone. The five great peoples of the world may read in their own tongue the romances of Vazof. And twenty-five years ago these men were little more than slaves. Surely not even in Japan has such a *tour de force* been surpassed.

Is the hopelessness of the situation to be found, then, in the racial divisions of the people? It may be readily admitted that these divisions will raise many difficulties in the distant future, but similar difficulties have arisen, and have in the main been surmounted, in every one of those provinces which, at intervals of about twenty-five years ever since the opening of the nineteenth century, have been detached one after another from European Turkey. Two facts are worth noting. Sectional disputes must always flourish where the political atmosphere is charged with constant irritation and constant unrest. Did not men ask themselves in 1848 whether Venice would ever join hands with Milan, or Brescia cease to quarrel with Verona?

Secondly, the elements of discord have been sedulously fostered by the Turk. He has so jerrymandered his territorial divisions that as far as possible no nationality shall predominate in any one of them. Where, as at Kumanova, the people were wholly Bulgarian, he creates a Serb propaganda by assigning to the Patriarch some lands of the Bulgarian Church. Where, again, the Bulgarian makes no claim, he develops, as at Prizrend, a congregation of Wallachs. It would be the slow but not difficult task of a European governor to take a census, to rectify these boundaries, and to discover the racial tendencies of the population. The work of Austria in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and of the Powers in Lebanon and Crete, are standing examples.

The claim of "Old Serbia" to be Servian is undoubted. There is a fair Greek claim to certain parts of Southern Macedonia, where the inhabitants of the villages are Greek. But the dream of a Hellenic Empire over the Balkans has been abandoned. The vast number of Slavs who, before the establishment of

the Exarchate in 1870, had received their only culture from the emissaries of the Greek Church, and who, as even Tricoupi said in his time, were "ready to be Bulgarian," have become Bulgarian to-day. Generally speaking, the real Greeks remain as traders in the towns. Their traditional friendship with Turkey, dating from the days of the Phanariot servitude, does not make them beloved in the Balkans. It is evident that, in point of numbers, they are not the dominant race in Macedonia. If they were, they would welcome the prospect of Macedonian autonomy. Yet it is very doubtful whether (in spite of discriminating Turkish proclamations) they would still prefer the Sultan's control to that of the Powers. Moreover, the decisive factor is the Slav peasant. It is he who tills the land, and if fire and sword spare him, he has come to stay. He has backbone and persistence and the political instinct. Nor is he intolerant. Sixty-five thousand Greeks, with their schools and churches, choose to live under Bulgarian rule; while no less than half a million Mohammedans, whose representatives in the parliament may be seen at sunset worshipping in their traditional manner, have found no reason to escape the government of the Giaour.

And it cannot be too often urged that these difficulties are not the difficulties of the present. Under the scheme proposed by all friends of Macedonia, including the Revolutionary Committee itself, they would not arise. That scheme is the appointment of a governor responsible to the European Powers with the whole local administration in his hands; there is no question of autonomy in the sense of representative government. The insurgents ask for security and equal rights; not till these are given can the question of territorial division be adequately examined, much less finally decided.

It remains to consider an objection which is still strongly felt, even by some who, but for its influence, would be among the advocates of intervention. It is the fear that the liberation of Macedonia would ultimately lead to some such absorption by Russia as has occurred in the cases of Poland

and Finland. It is important to make clear precisely what the objection means. It is not a question of Russian diplomatic influence over the councils of a new State. That must be dealt with under a different head. What is here contemplated is the actual subjection of Macedonia to direct Russian administration—to the Russian police, in short. If such a calamity were probable, few would be found to advocate a change which would tend to bring it nearer. Yet it should be remembered, in passing, that the downfall of Turkey in Europe cannot be permanently postponed, and that, in the case supposed, the prospect would be the same at whatever date that downfall took place. At the very best, the only fruit of our inaction would be to delay by a few years the inevitable disaster.

But the history of Bulgaria seems to supply an answer to this fear. For twenty-five years Bulgaria has maintained her independence, and the likelihood of her losing it becomes less and less. Her people, though influenced by Slav ideas, are fundamentally akin, not to the Slavs, but to the Magyars. They share the intense suspicion of Russian influence, which pervades the whole Peninsula. Stambuloff had his enemies, and met his death at their hands, but he fostered a vigorous national sentiment which establishes itself more firmly from year to year. Independence of Russia is a familiar cry, and the principality has never regained the favour of the Czar. Roumania and Bulgaria stand as barriers between Macedonia and the Russian Empire, and make it infinitely more probable that, when once the bone of contention has been removed, a federation of free Balkan States, based upon the common danger of some imperial domination, will be the residuary legatee of European Turkey.

II

But granting that something can be done for Macedonia, there remains the question of the part which England should take in doing it. What, it has first to be asked, has she already done? Since February 1903, Austria-Hungary and

Russia have been commissioned by the Powers to take the Macedonian question in hand. They were, and they remain to this moment, the *doyens* of the Concert. Lord Lansdowne very properly reserved the right of England to make any proposals, and in conjunction with the other Powers to take any active steps that might in future become necessary. This right, indeed, was one of which, since the Treaty of Paris, it would be hardly possible for the Concert to divest itself; and it clearly includes the revocation, if necessary, of the commission thus given to Austria-Hungary and Russia. These Powers, in pursuance of their commission, produced one reform scheme which has proved a total failure. They have now, in accordance with British suggestions, produced a second scheme of greater stringency. It is one which, if honestly and energetically worked, would give greater publicity to the details of Turkish administration, and thus indirectly benefit the Macedonians. But it does not go to the root of the matter; it does not cut the wires to Constantinople; it leaves an Ottoman governor, with full control over the province, under the direct orders of the Sultan. No one familiar with European Turkey would suggest that it contains a single element of finality.

Such is the position to-day. The new scheme must be tried. We cannot urge that our Government, having suggested it, should turn round and refuse to back it. But we must insist that they shall not leave the question alone, or allow England to fall into the background; that they shall use every means to see the reforms, such as they are, enforced. They will need the assurance of popular sympathy to do so with effect. For this purpose, if for no other, it is as necessary as ever that the English people should strengthen the hands of their representatives by expressing through every possible channel their determination to effect some real improvement in the Balkans.

But the policy of the friends of Macedonia goes further. There is every probability that the present scheme will meet with the fate of its predecessor; that the insurgents will reject

it as offering no adequate guarantee for the elementary security which they demand; and that, after a lull during the winter months, the rebellion will break out with renewed force in the spring. What then? It is imperative that England should have its mind made up beforehand, and should formulate, at the earliest possible moment, proposals to meet that contingency. Few will question that, if it becomes clear that Austria and Russia have again failed, the inevitable step is the summoning of a Conference of the Powers. Fewer still will doubt that, in the circumstances, the scheme to which the adhesion of all the Powers should be invited is one of full administrative control by a Christian governor responsible to the Concert of Europe. Here, again, the expression of popular opinion is needed. Nothing will so smooth the path of British diplomacy as the certainty that England has a definite demand to make, and is prepared to support it. The end once determined, the finding of the means will present far fewer difficulties. Such a demand would be supported, not only by popular feeling, but by those whose view of foreign policy is dictated by the fear of Russian advance, and who, like Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and most British residents in the Near East, look with extreme disapproval on what they consider the abdication of Europe in favour of the two "interested" Powers. In making this demand, it is only natural for England to be the prime mover. Of the Powers without direct territorial interests, France is hampered by what remains of her understanding with Russia, while Italy would hesitate to move independently of the Triple Alliance. England alone is free from such ties, and whatever may be thought on the Continent of her general policy, she is not suspected of other than humane motives in the Near East.

It is not necessary that the active co-operation of every member of the Concert should be secured. That supposed necessity is a superstition, and the most recent of superstitions into the bargain. The most effective of the many past interventions in Turkey have been carried out by four, three, two, or even one Power. The virtual liberation of Crete was the

work of England, France, Italy and Russia. Navarino, in 1827, was the fruit of Canning's alliance with France and Russia. The reorganisation of the Lebanon province in 1860 was due to England and France. France seized Mitylene last year to enforce the payment of a private debt. America this year sent a squadron to Beyrout to protect a missionary college. England herself presents two contrasted examples of isolated intervention. In 1878, she did not hesitate to run the risk of war by sending her fleet to the Dardanelles to arrest the victorious progress of Russia. In 1881, she sent it to Dulcigno, and threatened to occupy Smyrna, in order to compel the Porte to fulfil its obligations under the Berlin Treaty to Montenegro and to Greece.

Two objections are raised to the policy here outlined. The first—the fear of Russian advance—can hardly be taken seriously. The Beaconsfield theory has already been abandoned by Lord Lansdowne. But even if it had not, the appointment of a Christian governor by the representatives of the Powers, instead of by Austria-Hungary and Russia, would obviously diminish, and not increase, the prospect of independent Russian influence. Such a fear, moreover, is strangely inconsistent with the second argument, which is frequently used in the same breath—the fear that such control would be actively resisted by Russia. The Czar cannot at one and the same time be aiming at absorption and resisting the means best qualified to secure it.

The fear of Russian advance is, in fact, incompatible with the fear of Russian resistance. The latter is the real motive in the minds of those who object to further action on the part of England. It is put, of course, in the vaguest possible form, and therein lies the difficulty of meeting it. A "European conflagration," whatever that may mean, is hinted at in awe-struck tones. This is the kind of objection which may be raised to almost any action in foreign policy; which might have been raised, and indeed was raised, before Lord Lansdowne showed the way, to the very suggestions which he has actually made. Its strength lies in its mistiness—*omne ignotum pro*

magnifico. But it reduces itself, on examination, to more moderate proportions. The risk of armed opposition by Turkey to a demand backed by several Powers is laughable. The duty of yielding to overmastering force is a precept of the Mohammedan law itself. Austrian resistance is highly improbable. Austria-Hungary is getting the worst, even now, of her bargain with Russia; if she went to war, her position as second fiddle would be more patent still. Originally urged into Balkan politics by England at the Berlin Congress, and then left unsupported, she has found, in an alliance with Russia to maintain the *status quo*, her only available means of postponing that Russian advance which she, of all the Powers, has most reason to dread. Nor would she be sorry, at the present moment, to find herself free from responsibility in Turkey to deal with her domestic difficulties and perils. Germany, no doubt, has ambitions in Eastern Europe, and believes that she can utilise the Teutonic elements in Austria to facilitate or promote the "Drang nach Osten." But even if Germany's interests in the Near East are held to-day to be worth somewhat more than the bones of Bismarck's "single Pomeranian grenadier," no one has gone so far as to suggest that Germany would go to war to prevent the appointment by the Powers of a European governor for Macedonia. Least of all would she go to war as the ally of Russia, whose Press has recently shown bitter hostility to her foreign policy. It is more probable that, as in the case of Crete, she would simply stand aside as a passive spectator and bide her time. The Concert can again make music without "the German flute." We are reduced, then, to this, that the real bugbear of the opponents of intervention is now, as of old, simply Russia.

It should be noted here that the fear of Russia, however well founded it might in some circumstances become, is at all events premature. What is proposed now is that England should, if the new reform scheme proves a failure, propose an alternative plan of European control. Until this preliminary step has been taken, the opponents of such "intervention" have no right to terrify us with the risk of war. The policy

suggested is no dream. It is supported by the opinion of responsible diplomatists. It would not commit us to offensive action. There would always be a *locus pœnitentiæ*. But it would define our position to the Sultan and to the world. It would relieve the national conscience of a burden which has not wholly been forgotten. It would make our action easier in future crises, even if it should fail in this.

Those who say that England should hold back for fear of Russia's resentment ought at least to have the courage of their opinions. Let it be openly acknowledged that we have decided, on what we consider adequate grounds, to shirk our obligation. Englishmen who are familiar with the Cyprus Convention will not come to that decision without some sense of discomfort. We have taken the pay and have not done the work. But no good can come of refusing to recognise the fact. We are repudiating our duty, not for fear of war, but for fear merely that our suggestions may not meet with approval. Are we, then, so crushed because Lord Lansdowne's proposal, to check the Turkish troops by the presence of foreign attachés, has been twice declined by the two empires?

It is, however, more than improbable that—especially if the adherence of France and Italy were first obtained—Russia would withhold her assent. In their Note of 10th November the two Empires themselves, while implying that their scheme is moderate when compared with the *tendance assez prononcée* towards one of European control, hint significantly at the probable consequences of the Sultan's resistance, *qui découlent logiquement de ce qui précède*. Recent visitors report that the Russian Government is abstaining from more drastic demands partly from the fear that England would step in and support the Turk in resisting them. If this prevailing impression is a wrong one—and Lord Lansdowne would be the first to admit that our policy has altered—surely the resources of diplomacy should be used to dispel it. There is no reason to believe that an English proposal, obviously dictated by humanitarian motives, would be resented in Russia. The expectation that England will naturally have her say in the Near Eastern

question is far from extinct at St. Petersburg. An article in the *Novoe Vremya*, written before the recent British proposals had been made, referred to the suggestion that England was preparing a new reform scheme in these words: "Far from arousing apprehension, this discussion must be greeted with sympathy, and if the British Government has really put together a project of reforms, at once feasible and calculated to pacify the Macedonian vilayets, it will certainly receive Russian support." Two facts should be noted with regard to Lord Lansdowne's well-timed, though limited, departure from the Beaconsfield tradition. The first is that it was received with surprise in the official circles of St. Petersburg and Vienna, which have not discarded the opinion, only too well justified in the past, that England's policy is to "bolster up the Turk." The other is that this surprise was followed, not by opposition, but by acceptance, thinly veiled by the diplomatic formula that the British suggestions "had already commended themselves" to the Governments concerned. This illustrates the fact that Russia cannot afford to be the opponent of reform if other Powers urge it. The vast influence of Pan Slavism and Orthodox Church feeling make an avowed anti-Macedonian policy impossible. Russia, like Germany, naturally hopes to obtain some advantage in the ultimate readjustment of the Balkan Peninsula. But at present she is not ready for such a readjustment, and for the moment her principal interest is that the territories in question should remain neutral ground, and should not assume their final political form. Both these conditions are fulfilled by the establishment of a joint European control. There would be no rearrangements of territory to frighten the diplomatists. There would be some gain in point of political stability; but the relation of Russia to the Balkan Peninsula would remain almost precisely what it was.

The upshot is that no sufficient evidence of the risk of war with Russia has yet been given; while attention has not been directed to the opposite risk, the risk involved in the *status*

quo. The present situation contains a real danger to the peace of Europe. Inaction in cases like this has often brought war; united action never.

It is highly probable that Bulgaria will go to war. The confidence of her army is not shaken by the probability, in the eyes of outsiders, of its being beaten in the long run. And the nation at large, however phlegmatic its temperament, cannot continue indefinitely to watch the slaughter of its kinsfolk without striking a blow in their defence. When that blow is struck, the match will have been applied to the bonfire, and no man can say when or where the flames will be extinguished. At the least it is certain that, whatever ambassadors may threaten, there will be no returning to the *status quo* after the prolonged and widely extended struggle which must inevitably follow.

We do not belittle the horror of a "European" or any other war; but we deprecate the use of the supposed danger as a reason for inaction, unless some evidence is given of its reality. Every movement in foreign policy is attended by some conceivable dangers. The real assumption of those who so lightly threaten us with the risk of war, is that a line must be drawn between material and moral interests; and that, while we may promote the former, even to the extent of recklessness, any risk, however remote and shadowy, justifies us in abandoning the latter. Ministers, so this theory runs, must be prepared to plunge the country into war to gain or keep an outlet for our commerce; but they must risk nothing, even should the people desire it, to discharge a moral obligation. We hear much of the folly of "ostentatiously disarming ourselves" by throwing away the "weapons" of fiscal conflict. Is it not much more foolish to proclaim on the housetops that, though England's voice may be heard on the side of freedom, it will never under any circumstances be backed by force?

It is hard to believe that a nation can be healthy which allows so emasculating a doctrine to pass without a protest, and discounts its generous instincts in advance. The action of Canning in regard to Greece, and of Lord John Russell in

regard to Italy, recognised no such distinction. It did not neglect the material interests of England, but it was based on the view that the nation's temper and character must necessarily be reflected in her foreign policy; that the English were a liberty-loving people, and that it was not the business of their representatives to insist on their standing idle when freedom was at stake. This is a stronger case, for towards Italy and Greece we had incurred no direct responsibility.

It is not only from a cosmopolitan point of view that some recognition of moral claims in our foreign policy is to be desired. If it would put heart into the friends of liberty all over the world, if it would give strength to the advocates of an honourable foreign policy in every nation, these are benefits which would react on those who bestowed them. As every arbitration, even though one side may suffer, brings the whole world one step nearer to the distant goal of international disarmament, so every disinterested national act elevates the standard and purifies the atmosphere of European politics, and so diminishes the dangers which every State has to fear from the greed or deceit of its neighbours. Nor is it a small thing to regain for England the moral prestige which she has lost, to make her again the object, not of the suspicion and hatred, but of the love and honour of foreign peoples.

And some account should surely be taken of the influence which a generous foreign policy could not fail to exercise upon national character. While conservative of the best of our traditions, it would raise the plane of public life, and give a new meaning to patriotism. It would arrest the growing predominance of purely material motives; it would sound the note of chivalry, the *sursum corda* which, when all is said, is the first and the last condition of the permanence of great empires.

NOEL BUXTON
CHARLES RODEN BUXTON } *Balkan Committ. c.*

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

XXV

“**A**RE these your notes for the discourse you are to give us this afternoon?”

The question was addressed by Miss Leighton at breakfast next morning to her host, whose coffee-cup was dwarfed by the neighbourhood of a pile of letters and documents.

“No,” replied Glanville. “I only wish they related to anything half as important as the questions which we have all been quarrelling over, and on which I am hoping to-night to give you my own opinion. These questions must wait till to-night. Most of to-day I shall be busy—and busy, can you guess about what? Ask Mr. Seaton if he thinks that these great envelopes look as if they contained disquisitions on the reality of the immortal soul, or of miracles, or on the moral struggle, or on the possibility of our union with the Absolute. Come, Alistair, come, Miss Leighton—guess. What are the urgent, burning, elevating, soul-absorbing questions on which I have just been asked by certain very important people to concentrate all my interest and all my mind to-day—indeed, for a good many days, and perhaps for the rest of my life—instead of on the question of what my life is, and whether your lives and mine have any meaning or none? The great question,” he continued, “which, since we got rid of our Bishop, has been occupying us here in one disguise or another, has

been, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

"Precisely," said Mr. Brompton with solemnity. "That is the question which every religion puts to us, and which only a reasonable, an open-eyed, an ethical religion can answer. I defy anybody to name one of deeper and more general moment."

"My important friends," said Glanville, "have proposed to me in these documents a variety of others, which to them are very much more engrossing. I'll give you a few specimens of them. How many more hundreds of thousands of white-thread stockings do we import from Germany to-day than we did twenty years ago? And how many fewer hundreds of thousands of vulgar and hideous neckties does Germany import from us? Does this country suffer, as compared with France, from any natural disadvantage in the production of silk ribbons? How many of the tons of cheese which we now import from America could we make for ourselves if only we knew our business? Is pig-iron a manufactured commodity?"

"You don't mean to tell me," exclaimed Miss Leighton in suave annoyance, "that anybody wants you to busy yourself with stuff like that!"

"What answer, my dear Alistair," said Glanville, "would Hegel give to these questions? What help should we get from a converted saint in an ecstasy? And yet—don't let us be too hasty. Hegel and saints deal in mysteries; and here is a solemn mystery which is specially commended to my attention. What proportion does our butter trade bear to our foreign? How many miles of shirtings, trouserings, and cambrics, manufactured in this country, are kept to cover British legs and chests, and be blown into by British noses? Is the mileage greater or less than that which we send abroad? In the opinion of the Board of Trade, could we only solve this enigma, we should know whether the Queen of Nations was truly alive or dying."

"What's all this?" said Lord Restormel, looking up from a letter which was strongly scented, and adorned with an aggressively feminine monogram. "What's all this about trousers and pig-iron?"

"There's going," said Glanville, "to be a Board or Commission to inquire into the state and prospects of British trade; and they want me to be president of it. Here, Restormel, you can look at that paper if you like. It's an analysis of the questions as to which the Board of Trade is ignorant; so you won't wonder at the length of it."

Lord Restormel's eyes had returned to his scented letter, and were lingering over the last words. "He insists on my going abroad with him. Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye." The recipient of this flattering adieu thrust it into his breast-pocket, and took with a businesslike alertness a voluminous type-written document which Glanville had passed down the table to him. "We had," he said, glancing at it, "to go through all this in India. I'll come to your room with you afterwards, and explain to you what we did."

"I hope," said Mrs. Vernon, for whom all political conversation had the same attraction that water has for a spaniel, "I hope, Lord Restormel, you're in favour of protective duties?"

"I have," he said, "come to be so slowly, and after much reflection."

"Oh," replied Mrs. Vernon, "I became a Protectionist at once—the very first time that I heard the question started."

Miss Leighton's eyes caught Glanville's for a moment, and a spark of clandestine amusement showed itself in their grave depths.

"I am going," he said to her, "into a country so far away from that in which you and I have been lately wandering together, that I feel as if I must say good-bye to you, though I hope to be back by luncheon. It's hardly a country to which I could ask you to elope with me."

"I would," said Miss Glanville demurely, "be very quiet if I did come."

"Yes," said Glanville, "but unfortunately, if you were there, I might not myself be quite as quiet as you were. Now, Restormel, if you're going to give me your advice—it's after ten already—let us grasp our nettle and be off."

XXVI

LUNCHEON-TIME came, and the two statesmen reappeared.

"Well," said Mrs. Vernon to Glanville, having managed to seat herself next to him, "I don't want to be indiscreet; but are you going to do what they want? We all hope before long to have you back in the Ministry."

"I believe," he replied, "that I shall do this one particular thing. These practical matters are a vortex that drags one into it. Anyhow, I shall be at the work for the rest of the afternoon."

"I cannot," said Mr. Hancock, who hated to be left out in the cold, "imagine an inquiry of a more interesting kind."

"I trust," said Glanville to Mrs. Vernon, "that he is not going to inflict his help on me.—I'll tell you what, Hancock," he went on, raising his voice, "I wish that this afternoon you'd help me by doing one thing. Draw up a little statement of the result of our past conferences, and the exact points on which you expect me to express an opinion.—That will keep him quiet," he added to Mrs. Vernon in a whisper.

It did so. Mr. Hancock felt that he was still an intellectual centre; and, contriving by a little judicious flattery to take Lady Snowden into his confidence, he concocted, with her assistance, the short statement that was requisite, and received, in a pause between their intellectual efforts, an invitation to spend a week at her Welsh castle in October.

When the company after dinner had again assembled in the portico, the statement, instead of being, as Mr. Hancock had intended, read out by him in his own neat voice, was asked for by Glanville, and handed to him, to be glanced at and used as notes.

“It is a little difficult,” he began, in a cold and almost careless voice, “when all day long one has been busy with pig-iron and cheese, and has realised that the question of whether these should be taxed or no will, in a few weeks’ time, be exciting millions of human beings; when we think of the struggles it will give rise to, the shoutings, the speeches, the intrigues; and when, by anticipation, we feel ourselves drawn into the thick of the fray—it is a little difficult to bring oneself back to the mood in which such trifles as God, the soul, and eternity—

Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn—

seem of more importance than the prices of tea, tobacco, and bacon. At this very moment I feel I must, before I go on, point out to Lord Restormel something which he overlooked before dinner—that if British coal is to be counted as a raw material, we must treat the mineral oil of America as a raw material also. And now let me take the plunge. I’ll do so by means of a text; but I won’t start with telling you where the text is written. I’ll invert this clerical practice, and invite you to make a guess. I’m keeping strictly—though you may not think so, Hancock—to the first point in your notes.

“Let the names of the Lord be held in everlasting remembrance, and let the first man proclaim them. Let the wise and the understanding consider His names together. Let the father teach them to his son. Let them be in the ears of the shepherd. Let a man rejoice in the Lord that He may cause his land to be fruitful. His word standeth fast. The commandment of the Lord faileth not. The Lord gazed in His anger. He did not turn his neck. When the Lord is wrath who shall withstand His indignation? Wide is the Lord’s heart, and His mercy never faileth.’ And now listen to this. ‘And the Lord divided the body of the great waters, like a flat fish that is split into two halves; and one half He stablished as a covering for the heavens; and He fixed a bolt, and He set a watch, that the waters which are below the heaven should not

again come forth. And He fixed the stars in their places and He ordered the year and divided it. Into twelve months did the lord divide the year. And He caused the moon to shine forth that the moon might rule the night. And the hosts of heaven beheld what the Lord had done; and they beheld His bow in the clouds; and they saw that what He had made was good. And the Lord opened His mouth, and He spake what He had conceived in His heart; and He said 'I will take mine own blood; and I will take bone; and I will fashion it; and I will make man, and man shall inherit the earth.'

"Now I daresay," Glanville continued, "you would most of you suppose that what I have just read consisted of fragments of Genesis, imperfectly remembered in a dream. It is really taken from the Seven Tablets of Creation—the book of Genesis which the Jews found by the waters of Babylon, and of which their own story is a sublimation. In other days we have eaten of the tree of knowledge. We know now how the Eden of our childhood originated. Science has driven us out from it, and from the whole world of special beliefs which had their birth within its borders. Only a few days ago, at an Anglican Church Congress, one of our Bishops warned his clergy against laying too much stress on the historical side of the Old Testament. Another cleric maintained that the story of the Fall should now be allowed to drop out of Christian teaching; and a distinguished Dean declared that the entire Christian scheme stood or fell with the reality of God's covenant with Abraham. What are these stories for us now—and others of a kind which have touched us far more nearly? We all know. Our old whole-hearted belief in their concrete veracity has gone. If we try to recover it by struggling back into the Eden where the Divine presence was once face to face with us, at each gate of the Garden is Science—is knowledge—this knowledge we cannot escape from—a flaming sword which turns every way, to keep the way of the tree of life. And so nothing is left us but liberty to till the ground—to break up the substance of the earth and stars and suns in the sweat of

our faces, and try if we cannot compel them to yield us the bread from heaven.

“Well, Hancock—there’s the first point to which you allude in your notes. After our opening conference we found ourselves driven out of Eden to look for our souls in Nature and our own experience, with Science and philosophy to guide us, as Virgil guided Dante. Some of us, I believe, fancied that Science was the most perfect guide imaginable. He was going to take us at once to some new spiritual Jerusalem, compared with which the Jerusalem of St. John was squalid. But when we watched our guide closely and saw what he was really doing, we saw that he was inviting us to contemplate a process of universal dissolution, under which not merely the special doctrines of our special religion, but the ultimate elements also of every possible religion disappeared. Religion implies two poles—the finite human personality, and the divine Infinity; and Science not only wipes out every sign of moral divinity for the one, but it reduces the other to a mere dissolving illusion; and between the two it leaves no possibility of any hopeful—of any reasonable relationship.”

“You’ll see,” interrupted Mr. Hancock, “if you look at that little statement of mine—of mine and Lady Snowden’s, I should say—that there were several protests entered against that conclusion. Transcendental philosophy, conversion, ecstasy, mysticism—all these were suggested to us as means by which experience shows us that the individual human being can unite itself to what you call the divine Infinity; and I believe it is claimed by those who believe in these methods that though they can be practised with success by only a minority of mankind, yet the ecstatic unions with the Divine which these people experience show that between the individual personality and the Universe there is really some moral or quasi-moral affinity. We want you to give us briefly again your own criticism of this position.”

“Yes,” said Glanville, “and, in part, I myself agree with them. I agree that the experiences of union with the Divine

or the Universal, which saints and mystics and converted persons report to us, are genuine events—that they represent some crisis to which the constitution of human nature renders all men particularly liable, and that they throw an important light on what human nature is. I go further. I say the same thing of love, poetry, the delight in natural beauty, the effects even of colours and smells, all have something in them of this mystical element; but in the spasms of conversion or ecstasy, though I'm personally so unregenerate that I don't feel much sympathy with them, I admit that we see the workings of the mystical element most plainly. When a converted cobbler at a revival meeting sees himself enveloped in a divine light, and united to a seen Saviour—when the Blessed Margaret Mary sees the Bridegroom place her heart in his own—something has happened as definite as an attack of delirium tremens; and it's a something which originates in the general constitution of man, and is not dependent in its essence on any one system of belief. These crises are named differently, they are explained differently, they associate themselves with different imagery, according to the education and circumstances of the various persons who undergo them; but in their essential character, and in certain of their features, they are identical. They are generally associated with a visual sense of light, for example; and a deeper characteristic of them is a mental sense of union with some force or Being incomparably larger than the individual. The Indian ascetics, the pagan philosophers of Alexandria, and the founder of the Mohammedan religion, all of these had experiences absolutely the same in kind as those of St. Teresa, and the other Catholic mystics. The experiences of the Catholic mystics are again essentially identical with those of the converted Methodist who foams and goes into convulsions at a modern revival meeting. It is this essential identity amongst all accidental differences which makes these experiences so interesting to the really scientific mind. They neither originate in, nor utter, any special religious creed, nor any special philosophy. They come not of what men are

as men; nor even of what they are as Mohammedans, or Buddhists, or Roman Catholics, or Dissenters, or Neo-Platonists. Well—in a general way, as I think I have said already—I look on these crises—and so do most modern psychologists—as resulting from temporary irruptions of the sub-conscious mind into the conscious; and they thus seem to me to bear the highest scientific significance. Professor Huxley prophesied that the next great discoveries of science would be in the sphere of psychology; and events have shown that he was right. The discovery that the conscious mind is nucleated out of a mind that is non-conscious is just as important as the discovery of ether; and the inference to be drawn from it seems to me to be this: the sense of things, as scientific observers see it, consists—to speak rightly—of three elements, or of one element in three conditions. One of these is the general substance of the Universe, which we commonly speak of as lifeless; the second is the same substance, exhibiting a life that is non-conscious; and the third is this non-conscious life nucleated into points of conscience. Such being the case, these spiritual crises which we are speaking about, and which Professor James, my good friend Mr. Seaton, and all who are now seeking for the natural genesis of religion, regard as the root fact in which all religion originates, seem to me to resemble the breathing of an individual blood-vessel, and the fusion of the individual blood with the common life-blood of the Universe. On such occasions the individual consciousness dies, and feels itself die into something more vast than itself; the logical or intellectual faculty suffering dissolution is the process. Well, though I fully believe in these rapturous crises and facts, and believe also that the subjective raptures experienced point to some other objective fact that corresponds to it, I utterly deny, for my own part, that they contain the essential ingredient of what we here, one and all of us, implicitly mean by a religion. These crises are, one and all of them, states of glorified passivity. Instead of exhibiting the will to us as an active, self-generating

force, they, on the contrary, by a glorified process of unmasking, exhibit such a will as a delusion.

“And now, Mr. Brompton,” continued Glanville, “I come to my text from your favourite prophet, Emerson, who, although he was a master of the art of philosophising in solemn epigrams, seems to me to have merely given us in his most brilliant and piercing sentences so many pins with which to prick the bubble of his general teaching. ‘When I watch, says your prophet, speaking of the higher experiences of the mind, ‘when I watch that flowing river which, out of a region I see not, pours for a season its streams into me, I see that I am a pensioner; not a cause, but a surprised spectator of that ethereal water.’ Precisely—that is the logic of all mysticism, of all ecstasies, of all conversions. In proportion as the individual concerned experiences the mystical crisis, he comes to realise that he is passive, not active—not the source of a river, but a bubble swept along a stream, and then lost in it; not a musician, but an instrument played on for a moment, and then broken. Science utterly fails to see in such crises any meaning outside themselves, except a negation of the unfettered, of the will, and anything like reasonable responsibility. If they suggest any religion, they suggest a religion of pantheism on the one hand, and psycho-physical determinism on the other. That such is the case, as I said the other night, is shown by the fact that the raptures of saintly ecstasy can be produced by a dentist who doses you with a little ether, just as well as we can by the saint’s orison of union. In each case the soul of the subject is the surprised spectator, conscious for a moment that it is part of an infinite process, of which it is equally a part whether it enjoys this consciousness or no. Well, for this reason, I maintain that none of these moments of mystical, estatic, of saintly exaltation and insight, delightful though they are to the few people who experience them, give us any foundation on which to build a reasonable religious system. The utmost they prove is that the dissolution of the individual intellect may be, under certain circumstances, a far pleasanter process

than its evolution. If we could associate these moments of insight with a theory of things which the ways of the Universe as we see them in our waking lives would support, the case would be different. But we can't. The baffling mystery of things remains as insoluble as ever. It gives us nothing objective to the subjective demands of our spirits. On the contrary, the more clearly we realise what the demands of our spirits are, the more clearly does Science, with each fresh development, deny them, break them to pieces, send them back to us shattered."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Mr. Brompton. "But permit me, Mr. Glanville, to remind you that the Ethical Religion has already said all this. It protests against ecstasies just as much as you do. It teaches us not to face life turning up the whites of our eyes, but to recognise that for ourselves the only moral universe is embodied in our fellow-men who stand on our own level."

"I think," said Glanville, "you make a little mistake as to my meaning. I am not myself, as I hope to show you presently, a despiser of ecstasies, if we look on them as a clue to the meaning of religion; and if you will forgive me—for it's my business on an occasion like this to be honest rather than polite—I take exception to the religion which you offer us yourself, simply because it rests upon a kind of amateur ecstasy of its own—an ecstasy which, I grant you, is the very reverse of mystical—which is definitely related to facts of common experience—and which, tested by these, is shown to be—again I ask your forgiveness—at once unreal and artificial. Apart from ecstasies, and other kindred relations of the spirit, by which it is directed towards a mystical and trans-human something, the only object of religion which scientific thinkers have offered us, or which they can offer us, is the human race regarded as an entity or an organism. Well—Mr. Brock has shown us that the welfare of the human race, regarded as an object of action, does scientifically give us a very complete scheme of moral conduct—or, as I have called it already, a

religion of two dimensions ; but he also showed us—though he certainly did not mean to do so—that in proportion as this religion realised itself, it lost, as you were foremost in insisting, every element that made it a religion at all, and that it ended in reducing us to the condition of ants, bees, or beavers.”

“ Yes,” said Mr. Brompton, “ that’s precisely the charge I bring against him. He gives us a *caput mortuum* with no religion at the end, because he has left out the essential element of all true religion at the beginning. He’s a pedant, without an ounce of human blood in his body. He gives us an anatomical diagram of what you call our lateral duties ; but he leaves them as dead and dark as so many steel wires. We warm—we heat these wires to a white glow with our sympathy, and our whole religious teaching consists in keeping this sympathy incandescent. We do this by habitual meditation—by continuously placing ourselves, as it were, in the presence of Humanity, as the theologians of my former Church used to say with regard to their Deity.”

“ Yes, yes,” said Glanville, “ we know all that. You’ve already explained it to us with admirable eloquence and lucidity. But, my dear Mr. Brompton, my own answer to you is, that this doubtless seems all very real to yourself——”

“ I can vouch,” said Mr. Brompton, “ for that.”

“ But it does so,” continued Glanville, “ for one reason only. This is, that you are a person of wholly exceptional character. You, no doubt, have lost all care for your personal welfare, except in so far as it is associated with the welfare of unnumbered persons whose names you do not know, and most of whom are not yet born. Any loss or misfortune which might happen to fall on yourself is sweetened to you by the thought that other unknown people might gain by it. If you gain while others suffer, your own gain is intolerable to you. We all admire you ; but we are none of us able to imitate you.”

Mr. Brompton here began suddenly to apply his handkerchief to his nose, which, so he whispered to Mrs. Vernon, he

feared was about to bleed. "But I won't," Glanville continued, anxious to prevent this catastrophe, "embarrass you with personal compliments. I will merely say generally, with regard to your ethical religion, two things. In the first place men and women, even the best of them, when living on their normal level, really care very little for the human race in its entirety, a large part of which is unknown to them, whilst the largest is at present non-existent; and in the second place, if they care little about it when they do not concentrate their minds on it, in proportion as they do concentrate their minds on it, they will inevitably care less. Your religion, in fact, Mr. Brompton, is in this most vital respect the precise opposite of all religions that have really moved mankind. In all these religions—the Christian religion, for instance, the more profoundly the believer meditated on the fundamental objects of his belief, the vaster, the more overwhelming, the more all-embracing did these objects seem. But the more profoundly we meditate on Humanity as a fact of the Universe known to us, the smaller does Humanity seem to us, the more parochial, the more evanescent. It is merely a lichen which mottles the surface of an insignificant planet. The whole race has no more importance than the meanest of its individual members. Its destinies have no more significance than the destinies of the mammoth or the dodo. The imagination makes it insignificant in the very act of enlarging it into a unity."

"Quite so," said Lady Snowden. "That's what I always felt when, as a girl, I heard the clever men, before Mr. Brompton was born, talking these things over in my father's house."

"But I have not," said Glanville, "finished my criticism yet. Mr. Brompton's ethical religion gives us Humanity as one pole of it, in place of a superior Deity; but, just as much as the Christian religion itself, it assumes the active, originating, struggling, free-willing individual as the other pole. Well, Mr. Brompton, what I say is this. Not only in the name of Science do you evict the responsive Deity, putting another object in place of Him of which the reason is even less

tolerant ; but you also retain as the other essential of your religion—as the other pole of it—a human personality, with a self-determining, a self-originating force in it, which is just as supernatural as the evicted Deity Himself, and more definitely repudiated by Science because it is itself more definite. Now please believe that I've no wish to be discourteous to yourself. We're talking of theories, not people ; when I say 'you,' I mean not only you, but illustrious men like Comte, and the whole Positivist school ; and to you, who in this sense of the word are offering us a substitute for Christianity, I say this : Christianity gives us two self-determining personalities—a God, and the human soul, both scientifically impossible. Of these two impossibilities, you retain one unaltered ; and in place of the other impossibility you give us a manifest absurdity. Yes—let me go on—the doctrine of a self-determining human personality, which is the rock on which you build your whole doctrines of struggle and heroism, is even more unscientific than this Christian doctrine of God. Such a personality is the mirror in which the image of God is seen ; and Science not only reduces this mirror to a kind of optical delusion, but it shatters the mirror which contains it into a thousand bits. The essential principle, Mr. Brompton, of your ethical religion is moral activity. Science reduces this supposed activity to passivity. It shows us that whatever moral or spiritual visions may come to us, whatever shocks of spiritual vigour may thrill through us, we are, in the words of your own chosen prophets, not causes, but merely "surprised spectators." If then you really accept, as I think you profess to do, what is both the logical teaching of Science and the admissions of men like Emerson, your ethical religion loses the only element which distinguishes it from the ethical system of our friend Mr. Cosmo Brock—a system according to which moral effort and heroism are merely signs that the social instincts of man are not yet—although they will one day be so—as well adapted to this environment as the social instinct of bees. They are the efforts or the contortions of men who are learning to skate or bicycle, and

are every moment in danger of falling down. When they can skate or ride their bicycles perfectly, there will no be more heroism in keeping their balance than in walking. This, according to Mr. Brock, will hold good of the human race with regard to its social conduct, when men have become thoroughly socialised. We shall then be good bees shut up in our terrestrial hive, but we shall be shut out from the Universal, rather than united to it; and to me it seems that Mr. Brompton's religion offers no means of breaking loose from our prison-house."

"There," said Lady Snowden, "I for one am with you. I remember, when I was a girl, being impudent enough to tell John Stuart Mill that Comte's idea of humanity was the mere toy of a student's imagination, and that no one except a few students would play with it."

"I maintain," continued Glanville, "that nothing is really a religion which does not enable us to break loose from this prison-house—which does not enable the individual life to make, as it were, an electric contact with the absolute."

"Yes," said Lady Snowden, "but what I don't quite grasp is this. I am going to say something which Mr. Seaton has said already, though I've no doubt I shall say it in very much poorer language. Mr. Seaton maintains that philosophy, so long as it is sufficiently incomprehensible, does give the philosophers this contact with the Absolute which you speak about. He has tried, and he ought to know; and all these conversions and ecstasies, which you admit to be genuine experiences, seem, according to you, to do just the same thing. Now I, personally, should want a great deal more than all this; but I don't quite see what more you want."

"When an impassioned lover," said Glanville, "kisses the object of his passion, he is—to use what is perhaps an adequate phrase—very much gratified by the act. He would say that the universe was ecstatic. He would say, like Tennyson, that the East became rosy, and the South became rosy in consequence of it. But of such a lover's passion the kiss itself is a very small part. It is associated with a variety of beliefs with

regard to the young lady's excellences—her character, her intellect, her unshakable fidelity to herself, her unique insight into his own interesting merits; and if these beliefs were shattered, the meaning of his kiss would be gone. Well, what the lover's kiss is to love, these ecstasies we have been speaking about are to religion. If they can unite themselves with a definite system of beliefs, which survives, justifies, and gives an intelligible meaning to the moment or the hour of rapture, then they are the germinating root of a living and reasonable religion; they are as portraits of the fulfilled promises which such a religion makes to us. They will vitalise all life, cementing it with the Supreme Powers of the Universe, and they will be for men the soul of a spiritual civilisation. But do they fulfil these requirements? Can the Universe, as we know it by means of the waking intellect, be harmonised with our visions of it in the passing moments of ecstasy? Does it not, on the contrary, when we view it with our waking eyes, seem to us the exact opposite of what in these moments we have fancied it? Does it not present itself to us, then, as a mistress would present herself to a lover who, having idolised her whilst her lips were on his, and having called her his Madonna or his goddess, discovers when he leaves her presence that she is a lying, heartless adventurer? If we take Science as our guide, we must certainly say it does. What I mean is, that the Universe, as Science sees it, is, if we take it as a whole, entirely devoid of any of the spiritual goodness, justice, love, and sacred promises to the individual, which the individual soul in its moments of ecstasy imputes to it. It is in no secret league with individual sanctity or aspiration."

"Every sane man," said Mr. Hancock pleasantly, "must by this time admit that. You see, Mrs. Vernon, what Mr. Glanville is urging on us is just what Tennyson, who was much ahead of his generation, has urged on us in his "In Memoriam." Whatever the Universe may be—whatever may be its character as a whole—it is, so far as we can observe,

utterly indifferent to the individual. It makes no discrimination between the bad and the good. It discriminates only between the weak and the strong, except when, by a volcanic eruption, or some cyclonic wave, it destroys them both together, as if they were so many vermin."

"But surely," said Mrs. Vernon, "if it does not discriminate between the good and the bad in its external dealings with men, it does discriminate between goodness and badness through the sense of goodness and badness which it has developed in men themselves. These ecstasies you speak of at all events show us this—that the men who have experienced them realise that there is a higher and a lower; that spirit is more than flesh; that mind and soul are above the mud, the grossness, and—how shall I put it?—the mechanical working of matter. This surely is a sign that something like what we mean by a God exists."

"My dear Mrs. Vernon," said Glanville, "you are, at all events, a representative thinker. The vileness of the flesh, the grossness of matter, the essential lowness of all material processes, the insult we put upon thought and feeling by regarding them as inseparably connected with the cerebral and nervous system, the duty of regarding the impulse to which the life of every human being is due as the impulse which, before all others, wars against our highest welfare—all these ideas which are engrained in your own mind have been engrained in the minds not only of Christians generally, but also in the minds of Buddhists, Mohammedans, Platonists—of all the adherents of all the higher religions of the world. But consider these ideas in the light of that perception of the Universe which Science is now forcing on us. If we are determined to interpret in a religious sense the Universe as we now know it, and at the same time continue to despise all physical impulses as base, and the inevitable sequence of cause and effect as mechanical, what are we to think of the Universe as related to the Universal God? Are the phenomena of the brain, and of reproduction, and the facts of heredity, regrettable

and perverse blindness on the part of the Supreme Wisdom? When He made our stomachs and our livers, did He do something low and disgusting? When people who believe in God, or the Divine Infinity, or the Infinite Holy Power, talk of the flesh being vile, or the mechanical conformity and structure of the physical Universe being low, what do they mean? How do they represent God? To me it seems that they think of the Universe as a heap of carrion, and of the Deity as a poodle that has rolled in it. I quite agree with such people that if we consider candidly and steadily the mechanical conformities of the Universe, the attractions and repulsions that govern all its movements, and the co-existence of the fleshy lusts to which the continuance of all life is due, with the so-called spiritual experiences in which human life seems to culminate, the so-called lower facts do seem to war against the higher, and utterly to rob them of all their supposed meaning. But if we admit such a war of principles as this view of things involves, how, on any grounds which Science or common sense can recognise, are we to establish and explain the division and hostility which we thus necessarily imply between the higher cosmic processes which we worship, and the lower cosmic processes which we abhor? The whole trend of Science is to unify everything, to merge everything in a single supreme whole; and the more clearly and rapturously our own union with the whole is felt in the ecstasies of the saint and the philosopher, the more incomprehensible to the intellect does such a division become. In other words, the religion which finds its consummation in ecstasy tends to refute itself in exact proportion as it completes itself. In uniting ourselves to what we call good in the Universe we unite ourselves to the bad also."

"Lord Tennyson's meaning," said Mr. Hancock, approvingly. "If we only allow our ears to be opened by Science, and listen to the processes of the universal sense of things, we hear—and we hear only—

An ever-levelling shore
That tumbles in the godless deep.

"But surely," said Mrs. Vernon, "people only can feel this when they are wilfully blind to all that is good and beautiful in Nature, and confine their attention to the painful side of the picture."

"No," replied Glanville, "I assure you that it is not so. Were the evidences of goodness in Nature ten times more numerous than they are, the evidences of its badness would be no less fatally damaging to our belief in its divine perfection. You would not reverence a man as a spotless example of temperance if he drank only water on week days and muddled himself with brandy and thrashed his wife every Sunday; nor would you call a bank-clerk anything else but a scoundrel if he falsified his accounts and forged cheques on saints'-days only. If Nature or the Universe is to be considered as an object of worship, its moral perfection must be absolute, or it is not moral at all; and the higher our moral or spiritual standard is, the more morally monstrous, not the more morally admirable, does Nature seem to be when we apply such a standard to *her*. I acknowledge the vividness, the supreme subjective reality, of what saints call the sense of holiness. It shines out in our lives like a piece of magnesium wire ignited in a dark cavern; but it only lights up for a moment this cavern, which is the Universe, to show us that its walls are ice, its floor an obscene slime, and that its darker shadows are gleaming with the teeth of monsters. Now, for me, and, I think, for most people, the effect of such an illumination will be this. It will show us that if we apply to the Universe a moral standard at all, the result will be a vision at once so absurd, so appalling, so contradictory—such a mixture of wisdom and blunders, of love and hate and apathy—such a setting of a saint's head on the body of a satyr—that we can only take refuge in the conclusion that it is impossible to ascribe to the sense of things any moral qualities, in a human sense, whatsoever. We can only do what Mr. Spencer and our friend Mr. Brock do, and deduce that the character of the sense of things is, in its totality, unknowable—a negative conclusion that has this positive

meaning, that there can, between us and it, be no intelligible connection except that which makes each of us an integral but passive part of it, and a part which, whether our conduct be good, bad, or indifferent, and whether our hopes be high or low, will be lost to-morrow or next day in the ocean of its supreme indifference. Thus, the more completely we unify, universalise, and neutralise the knowledge and conception of the Universe and of ourselves which Science gives us, the more surely and completely do we reach a paralysing something which is not religion, but a negative of it—a negative which robs Humanity, as a whole, of all meaning, just as completely as it robs the individual human life.”

“My dear Mr. Glanville,” said Lady Snowden, “this is all very well; but it strikes me that you are a prophet who has studied in the school of Balaam. You undertook to bless us, and you are merely doing the other thing. You undertook to show us a way out of our difficulties; and all you do is to show us that no way out exists.”

“Well,” said Glanville, “if I have got as far as that I have brought you to the turning of the lane—to the critical point of our journey. I have shown you that Science as related to religious or even the mystical conception of life is a universal solvent. It leaves us the elements of social or lateral morality—a morality which, as we have seen, tends to end in a bee-like instinct; but all those upward tendencies—those aspirations—those liftings up of the desires, which culminate in the saint’s ecstasy and the sinner’s horror of sin, it wipes out, and renders utterly meaningless. Now, if this were all it did—if it merely wiped out the aspirations, the hopes, the fears of saints and converted sinners—the world at large, even if it did not like the operation, would, as it seems to me, have no great quarrel with it in the long run. In the end we should most of us accept it with a certain sense of relief. But this process of wiping out does, as a matter of fact, not end where it seems to end. It wipes out not the religious element of our lives only, but all the other interests, convictions, judgments, senti-

ments and excitements, which lift the level of our lives above the level of the lives of pigs. Perhaps you will think that I have been laughing at ecstasies and conversions; and I confess that a converted cobbler, who thought it his duty to testify, would not be to me personally a very congenial companion. But the things which the cobbler has seen, which the Indian ascetic, or the Catholic saint has seen, contain even for all of you the quintessence of life's value, if life has any value at all—its alcohol—its pure spirit. Only we, as mankind generally, differ from such select persons in this—that we can't drink—we can't tolerate—the spirit of life neat. We must drink it diluted; and this, I maintain, we do in our sense of the beauty of nature, in poetry, in love, in ambition, in the devotion of philosophy and science to seemingly godless truth, and even in the mysteries and the mad orgies of Lampsacus. Their laws are a reaching towards the mystical nadir of things, just as other affections are a reaching towards the mystical zenith. The saint's ecstasy is like the burning coal laid on the prophet's lips. His lips could bear it. It would scorch ours. But the same coal, though we cannot bear it when burning, is the source whence unconsciously we extract those aniline dyes to which all our thoughts and experiences owe their brightest colours. Do you catch my meaning? Or do I seem to all of you to be talking nonsense?"

"Rather rot," said Miss Leighton, with an air of spontaneous sericassness, which was emphasised rather than diminished by the slang of her unadorned utterance.

"My dear," said Lady Snowden, "you have evidently very strong opinions."

Miss Leighton, who seemed to have been contemplating the tips of her pointed shoes, half turned her head, and quietly said, "I have."

"I," remarked Lady Snowden, "being older, am a little less confident. I was going to say to you, Mr. Glanville, that I find myself once again beginning to think that, with your nadir and your zenith of mystery, you're reducing everything again

to the old dead level. You make the mysteries of Lamp-something—I don't know about the town, but I suppose it was extremely disreputable—you make these mysteries as mystical as the mystery of Nazareth."

"I'll come back," said Glanville, "to that point presently. But even if we admit that I do find these mysteries on a level, I have at least established one very important point—and this is, that human life instinctively aims at reaching a mystical level of some sort, and is not content with that order of facts only which Science is putting before us. The mystery of vice as such is as much beyond the grasp of Science as the mystery of ascetic virtue. Science can do nothing but equalise the experiences of both by showing that the extreme of each would be fatal to the existence of the race. A Simeon on his pillar is as anti-social as a Tiberius at Capri. But even if we are constrained to leave these antagonistic mysteries on an equality, we, at all events, by admitting that our lives are coloured by a mystical element of some kind—let this be what it may—have broken through the rind of the intelligible and mechanical impurities in which Science shuts us up, and have surrounded ourselves with something of an essentially different order. We apply to the intelligible order of things a kind of mystical criticism, for which the intelligible order gives us no warrant."

"Yes," said Lady Snowden, "I think I follow you so far."

"Well," continued Glanville, "let me now go back to the point which you raised just now. The life of men in general is, as we have said, coloured by a mystical, or trans-scientific, appetency of some kind; but the lives of men as individuals are coloured by a mystical appetency which is not general but particular. It is an appetency of a special kind, which is definitely different from all others, and to some of the others is antipathetic, or even inveterately hostile. These appetencies are like different windows with widely different aspects, through which different types of men look out into the Infinite. One man sees the Universe as the theatre of his own damnation, the whole air of it heavy with the thunder of an unsociable

and vindictive righteousness. Another sees it as a kind of obscene temple, where the faces of Moloch and Libitina flicker through smoke-wreaths of a sinister incense. Calvin looks out of one window, Tiberius looks out of the other—and they seem to me, both of them, to be looking in the same direction. But other men look out of windows which face an opposite quarter; and instead of different kinds of overwhelming terror or degradation, they see beauty and glory and brightness, of types equally different. One man sees, as the divine centre of the Universe, the face of Christ appealing to him from under its crown of thorns. Another sees all the beauty of skies and seas and mountains, looking at him through the eyes of Aphrodite from under her crown of roses. Another sees existence as the stadium of the intellectual or the military conqueror; and another is laughing, for he looks out on a comedy.”

“Surely,” said Mr. Brompton, who was by this time extremely cross, “you wouldn’t, Mr. Glanville, call laughter a religious or mystical exercise.”

“I should,” replied Glanville, “and I’ll tell you for what reason. Laughter has its origin in a sense of incongruity with some implied standard. If a horse called Ephesus happened to win the Derby, a bookmaker would laugh at a parson who, hearing the animal talked about, imagined it to be not a horse, but one of the Churches of Asia. The bookmaker would have a standard of what a reasonable man’s knowledge ought to be. This standard, I concede, is certainly not mystical. But in laughter of a higher kind—the laughter of a Cervantes, a Shakespeare, a Rabelais, or a Voltaire, the implied standard is the ideal of what the whole life of man ought to be; and the laughter is caused by the contrast between what it ought to be and what it is; and in this ideal of what his life ought to be we have the mystery of religion in solution. A religious mysticism is, in short, to life what radium is to pitchblende. Poetry, love, the sense of beauty, ambition, laughter, the scientific passion for truth, social refinement, and fastidiousness,

and even the higher forms of luxury, would all be dead if it were not for this mysterious element."

"Yes," said Lady Snowden, "but you still evade my question. I see that by ascribing a reality to this mysterious element you add to morality what you call its third dimension. You give our lives upward and downward, in addition to merely lateral, movements. As to the downward movements, I should be inclined to dismiss them as forms of disease or madness. I don't see much difficulty there; but——"

"Yes," interposed Glanville. "I meant to have said just now that the downward movements of the spirit are a kind of spiritual cancer; and I don't see much to choose between the Calvinist's depraving seeing that he is depraved, and the craving of a Tiberius to deprave himself."

"Well," said Lady Snowden, "so much for your downward movements. We've settled them. It's your upward movements that puzzle me. They are all movements upwards, but they are movements towards different upper regions. The Catholic saint is looking in one direction, Goethe in another, and so on: and the essential characteristic of each looker is, that he believes his own direction to be the only right one. How are we to prove that any one of these men is really more right than the other? And yet, unless some one of them really is so, how, since they believe such very divergent things, can any one of them really be right at all?"

"I admire," said Glanville, "your sound practical sense. Yes—here we come to a difficulty. The downward movements of the spirit are condemned sufficiently by the fact that they are practically destructive of what I have called our spiritual civilisation. They are only, indeed, interesting in proportion as they are recognised as errors; whilst the upward movements are only interesting in proportion as they are movements towards truth—or what we take to be truth. But how to discriminate between these upward movements themselves—as Hamlet says, 'there's the rub.' They all tend to elevate us, to enrich our lives, hut to do so in various ways. It

is easy to see that the lights on a Catholic altar, or the red velvet cushion on a Protestant one, represent a mystical movement more favourable to human life than the fires through which children were once passed to Moloch: but it certainly is not easy to say off-hand that the lights on a Catholic altar represent a mystical movement more favourable to human life than that which is represented now by the moonlight on the sea before us, or the light in a woman's eyes which seem to have all the stars in them, or the breath from the garden of spices, or the wind from the hill of frankincense."

"Yes," said Lord Restormel, "in the lover's confessional there is as much mystery as in the priest's. The Man of Sorrows and Apollo with his 'gloomless eyes' are opposed to each other not as low to high, but as one kind of elevation to another. The eternal holiness and the eternal feminine each seem to speak to us in the name of what is highest and deepest; and yet in each there is always something which seems to jar against the other. Personally," he said, with a slight glance at Miss Leighton, "I should, like Paris, give the apple to the eternal feminine. I could worship the Unseen more easily as the Feminine principle than as the Male. Instead of approaching the God like a Neapolitan beggar, and making an exhibition to him of all my spiritual sores, I should look in the eyes of the Goddess like a lover, and feel that my worship of her was not so much a homage as a wooing. I should hang up all my weary broken hearts in her temple, and on such a night as this, if I were thinking over the last breakage, I should feel that her breath came to me in the night-smelling flowers of memory."

"My dear Restormel," said Glanville, "let me recall you from sentiment to philosophy; and I'll do so by means of what you have just been saying. You told us the other night—and I'm sure all men will agree with you—that no woman would be worth breaking your heart about if she had no more will than a river, a rose, or a rainbow, and was merely a passing

product of the endless process of Nature. You said that it was necessary to believe that she had some will of her own—that she made herself totter towards you, instead of being pushed against you. Well, Lady Snowden, however different in direction may be the upward movements of human nature to which our mental civilisation is due, one element in all of them is a belief in ourselves as sources of energy and determining causes of our actions, and a disbelief in ourselves as merely 'surprised spectators.' And along with this belief goes another, especially essential. This is the belief that the mysterious something, external to ourselves, and towards which we desire to move, is a something which responds to us, just as we aspire towards it; that it is better, more beautiful, or more superb than even our most impassioned conceptions of it; and that our life derives its higher and more satisfying qualities solely from the fact that we are in alliance with it—with this something which is kindred to, and yet infinitely greater than, ourselves."

"Yes," said Lady Snowden, "I take that in perfectly."

"Well," resumed Glanville, "and what I'm trying to insist on is, that this sense of freedom, and this sense of alliance with some superior power, are not only essential to goodness as taught in Sunday Schools and Catechisms, but to everything in our mental civilisation that is great, or beautiful, or interesting, or refined, or brilliant. They are as essential to the greatness of a Napoleon, a Byron, a Goethe, a Voltaire, or a Darwin, as they are to that of a St. Teresa, a Fox, or any converted Methodist with salvation staring out of his eyes. They are as essential to the civilisations of the world as they are to the existence of the Church. In other words, the entire nature of man, so long as he is strong, active, progressive, fit to survive in the struggle between individuals and races, is vitalised by the radio-activity of these two beliefs. That," said Glanville, pausing, "is one of my two points—my second."

"I think," said Lady Snowden, "you should have given us your first point first."

"I have done so," said Glanville. "My first point was this—and I'm now going to return to it—that the sense of freedom, and of alliance with some superior and friendly power, constitutes precisely the quintessence of that conception of things, against which, from a greater or less distance, every scientific principle and every scientific discovery converges, with the effect of destroying it. The supreme power with which we desire to ally ourselves is necessarily conceived by us as consistently good or wise in some sense of these words akin to that in which we apply them to the other characters. Science exhibits the Universe to us as being, in its relation to ourselves, neither consistently good or great, nor consistently bad or stupid, but a jumble of both, which has morally no meaning at all. And as to ourselves and the sense of our own freedom, Science, as we have seen, not only reduces us from supposed activities to passivities which have no more freedom than Wordsworth's celebrated river, but it resolves our personal identities into so many transitory compounds of elements which, when discussed, have no personality at all. Well, we seem here to have come to an absolute deadlock. We do; and I want, as schoolboys say, to rub that fact into you; for, according to my now most firm and serious belief, the only way in which the upward, the religious movement of human nature can come to terms with Science is by a frank recognition on the ground that the two are intellectually incompatible. Science, no doubt, is compatible with a species of genetistic pantheism, brightened here and there by a few ecstatic visions, which have no more reality than the snakes seen by the drunkard in his boots; but it is utterly incompatible with any religion of any kind which has either a moral power at one end or a freely acting human entity at the other. And what follows from this? The conclusion which, even if I have not reached it myself, I believe the world will be forced to reach when it fully realises the situation, is not that religion is false because Science can make no room for it, but that Science can represent but a part of the truth only, because it leaves no room for those beliefs, activities

and appetites of which all human civilisations have been the symbol and the pertinacious assertion. In this view," continued Glanville, looking towards Mr. Hancock, "I am supported by a distinguished friend of mine, who, though he admits, and indeed enthusiastically asserts, the universality of the scientific kingdom, declares that we must, as practical men and women, base our feelings and our conduct on a working hypothesis—the hypothesis that we are free agents, which differs from the scientific beliefs in the fact that it contradicts them altogether. I told you, my dear Hancock, that I agreed with you more than you yourself suspected, but in one way I differ from you more than you suspected either. It is all very well to base our lives for a time on what is an hypothesis merely, which has no recognised body of recognised fact to support it. But this cannot go on for ever. Your hypothesis at present is merely a piece of rickety scaffolding. We must use the scaffolding as the means of erecting a building which shall have a firm foundation, acknowledged and accepted by the intellect. We haven't got the foundation, and we must dig for it until we get it. The first step towards getting it is to dig for it in the right place. The first step towards digging for it in the right place is to give up digging for it in the wrong place; and what the coming generation will have to learn is that the wrong place in which to dig for it is the Universe as revealed by Science. That body of knowledge which we now mean by Science is not a revelation of the practical truth we seek for, but a closely woven veil, which, with every thread we add to it, more and more completely hides this truth from us. Somebody just now, I think, compared me to the prophet Balaam. Well, I don't mind taking the prophet's words as my own. Balaam, the son of Beor, hath said, and the man whose eyes are opened hath said, he hath seen the Son, the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, yet having his eyes open. I shall see him, but not now. I shall behold him, but not nigh. In this respect, perhaps, we are all more or less Balaams. If we share the prophet's blind-

ness, let us share his hope and his confidence. I have much more to say. I have only sketched out my meaning; but I'm not going to weary you by saying any more to-night. Tomorrow, so far as I am concerned, you shall have a holiday from speculation, for I shall probably have to devote myself to that still more absorbing question of whether this country of ours still stands supreme as the manufacturer of shirtings and trouserings and pig-iron and cheeses, or whether her precious heritage is in danger of slipping from her, and transferred to spots some hundreds or some thousands of miles away."

THE END.

CHARLES II. AND REUNION WITH ROME

IN 1660, at the very time when his fortunes seemed at their lowest ebb, Charles II. found himself, somewhat unexpectedly, called back to the throne of England. He came to it determined to do what he could to lead the country back to older ways, and to destroy as far as might be possible the influence of those Puritan ideas which had kept him so long from his rightful position, and which he loathed and detested from the very bottom of his heart. Especially in religious matters was he determined to make a drastic change. He hoped to be able to restore England once more to the obedience of the Holy See, repeating what had been done in the time of Mary, but undone again by her successor Elizabeth. True, he was not as yet himself a Catholic. Nor was he prepared, as Mary undoubtedly would have been, to make any very heroic efforts, or to run any considerable risk of being sent once more "on his travels," in order to bring about the end he desired. But Catholicism was the only religious system in which he had any belief at all. It was the religion of his mother and sister, and of most of the friends he had made upon the Continent. Intellectually he had long been convinced of its truth: first by the study of Father Richard Hudleston's little pamphlet, which he had carried off with him from Moseley Hall in the course of his flight from Worcester Field; and later by the conversations he had held at Paris with one of the most

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enerated of his friends, M. Olier, the founder of the Sulpicians.

Doubtless to Charles himself, ignorant as he was of the depth and intensity of English feelings at this period on all subjects connected with Rome and the Papacy, such a reconciliation as he dreamed of seemed much more feasible than it really was. What might not a King be able to do who came to his throne amid such universal rejoicing and enthusiasm? He had soon to realise how bitterly anti-Catholic were even Clarendon and the most loyal of the Cavaliers, and that in any desire to see the Pope brought back to England he stood absolutely alone, with scarcely a single supporter whom he could absolutely trust. But this discovery came later. At the moment of his accession he was sanguine, and full of hope that before many years had passed he would be reigning as a Catholic King over an England once more united to the Roman See. We can trace these aspirations in all the acts of his first years upon the throne. In the Declaration he sent from Breda to General Monk before he took ship for England he announced himself as being in favour of religious toleration. He refused absolutely to ally himself with any Protestant Princess, expressing, indeed, an intense repugnance for them. Nothing but a Catholic bride could be considered, and such a one was sought, first in France, and then, with more success, in Portugal. His marriage was celebrated in private by a Catholic priest, and nothing was left to the Anglican Bishop except to declare this marriage perfectly valid. He gave large sums to Catholic nuns, and built them a church for worship, not indeed in England itself, but still within the British Dominions, in the town of Dunkerque. He allowed two Catholic Chapels Royal to be erected in London, one at St. James' and the other at Somerset House, and caused both to be served by priests who were members of religious orders, recalling for that purpose English Benedictine monks from Douay and from Paris. Finally, he did all that he dared to suspend the operation of the savage Penal Laws then in force

and to prevent them from being put in force against Catholics.

Towards the end of 1662, when he had been on the throne for two years, the King determined on a more definite step, which was no less than to communicate with Rome itself, and to try to open up negotiations for the reconciliation of the kingdom with the Holy See. He could not but be aware, however, that for such a step the profoundest secrecy was necessary. To communicate with Rome, no matter what the object might be, would have appeared the deadliest of sins to most of those by whom he was surrounded, and the premature disclosure of his intentions might well have raised such a storm as would have driven him once more from his throne and sent him again into banishment. We must not wonder, therefore, that, in consequence of this secrecy, no trace of such a mission appears to remain among the English records. Probably the papers relating to it never went beyond the King's own hands, and were by him destroyed when there was no longer hope of a successful issue. It is in Rome, and to a lesser degree in Paris, that documentary evidence of the fact can still be found, and it is from the Roman and the French records that the papers we propose to quote have been given to the world.

The agent on whom Charles fixed his choice was one Richard Bellings, an Irish gentleman of good family, who was acting as private secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria at Somerset House. He was, as need scarcely be said, a Catholic. He started from England in the autumn of 1662, ostensibly visiting the Continent for private reasons of his own, and bent his steps towards Rome so soon as he was free from observation.

The primary object of his journey, or rather the business which he was instructed to bring forward in the first place, and which he was to allow to be thought the sole object for which he had come, was to make request on behalf of the King for a Cardinal's hat for his kinsman, the Abbé d'Aubigny. This

was Ludovic Stuart, a son of the Duke of Lennox and Gordon, who had been educated abroad and whom he had brought with him to England, and had made Lord Almoner to his Consort, Queen Catherine of Braganza, at St. James' Palace. To this end Bellings was entrusted with a memorandum on the subject, which for greater secrecy had been drawn up entirely by Clarendon himself, who was then Lord Chancellor, and copied by his own son. Every page of this memorandum bore the royal signature in proof of its authenticity, and the whole was dated from London, October 25, 1662. He had with him also autograph letters of introduction from the King to Cardinal Chigi, the nephew of the reigning Pope, Alexander VII., who was then acting as Secretary of State, and to Cardinal Barberini, who was Cardinal Protector of Great Britain and its affairs at the Pontifical Court. Both these letters appear to have perished, but two other letters, one from the Queen Mother and the other from Queen Catherine, both addressed to Cardinal Orsini, the Protector of Portugal, still survive. They are both written in French, and are as follows :

A mon Cousin le Cardinal Ursin.

MON COUSIN,—Je vous prie de vouloir bien favoriser de votre protection et appuy ce que doit négocier de ma part dans la cour de Rome le sieur Bellings, porteur de la présente, particulièrement ce qui regarde mon cousin monsieur d'Aubigny, grand aumônier de Madame ma belle-fille. Sa proche parenté au Roy Monsieur mon fils et ses autres mérites me donnent lieu d'espérer une heureuse issue de ce que je demande avec un instance très grande en sa faveur à Sa Sainteté. Les soins que vous y apporterez m'obligeront extrêmement ; et aux occasions, je ne manqueray pas de vous donner des preuves de ma reconnaissance, estant :

Mon cousin,

Votre bien bonne cousine,

HENRIETTE MARIE R.

DE LONDRES, ce 30 d'octobre, 1662.

Queen Catherine's letter was of the same tone, but even more insistent :

MON COUSIN,—Parmy la joye que j'ay sujet d'avoir, je ne laisse pas d'être sensiblement touchée de l'étrange estat de l'Eglise et aux Royaumes du Roy mon frère, et dans ceux-cy. Personne ne sait mieux que vous ce qui est du Portugal, puisque vous en avez si généreusement entrepris la protection ; mais je puis vous dire que j'appréhenderois beaucoup les mauvaises suites du chagrin du Roy mon seigneur et époux, et de ses ministres, si la cour de Rome persistoit à lui refuser la faveur qu'il demande pour son parent Monsieur d'Aubigny, mon grand-aumônier. Je me remets au sieur Bellings que j'envoye pour assurer Sa Sainteté de mes obéissances, de vous exposer toutes choses au large, et vous prie de lui donner entière créance.

Je suis,

Mon cousin,

Votre bien affectionnée cousine,

CATHERINE R.

LONDRES, 25 octobre, 1662.

The original memorandum has not yet come to light, if it still exists, but a brief précis of its contents, or at least of the instructions under which Bellings was to act, and which presumably was put in writing by Bellings himself, is still extant. It is summarised under three heads as follows :

1°. His Majesty requests this promotion for the advantage of his kingdom, and in order to secure for the Catholic party an authorised head, closely united to the King by the ties of blood, on whom he can rely under all circumstances with the utmost confidence. The King, to use his own words, sees in the elevation to the Cardinalate of M. l'Abbé d'Aubigny "a condition essential to the good understanding which ought to reign between the Pope and himself, and he judges this measure to be of the greatest importance for the general good of his Roman Catholic subjects throughout the whole extent of his dominions."

2°. When once he is named Cardinal, his Majesty engages to support him with all the splendour which befits his dignity and title as a kinsman of the King.

3°. His Majesty commands his minister not to enter upon any other business until he has obtained entire satisfaction as to the promotion of Mgr. d'Aubigny. In case of refusal the envoy is to take leave and to return, without saying a word on the other points on which his Majesty has charged him to negociate.

Bellings arrived in Rome very early in 1663, and at once set about the work with which he had been charged. He called

upon a number of the Cardinals whom he judged most likely to be of service, and found them, so far as we can gather, by no means hostile to the matter in hand. Cardinal Orsini sent him on with a letter to Cardinal Sforza Pallavicini. This letter, with another one written on the following day, has survived among Cardinal Pallavicini's papers. In the first, Cardinal Orsini says that he is leaving Rome the next day on business connected with his estates, but that he is writing to introduce Mr. Bellings, with whom he has just had an interview, and who has left him with the intention of calling upon Cardinal Barberini, and then, unless he were too long delayed, of going on the same evening to call on Cardinal Pallavicini. He goes on :

I have felt it my duty to let your Eminence know this beforehand, at the same time begging you, as I have already done in conversation, to help forward in every way that you can the success of a matter whose results may be so happy for the Catholic religion. I write this to your Eminence so that in case you should wish to speak with me on the subject, or it should be necessary for me to act in any way, you may know that it will be sufficient to communicate with Mgr. Orsini, and in a very few hours I shall be back in Rome. Meanwhile Mr. Bellings will come to see you ; and I have already done with him all that seems to me most likely to lead to the happy termination of the business.

In the second letter, written the following day, he merely says that he has decided after all to put off his journey and not to leave Rome.

One other letter which throws light on Bellings' proceedings at Rome has survived among the archives of the Jesuits. It was written by Bellings himself to Father Thomas Courtenay, an English Jesuit at Rome, who held office as one of the Confessors attached to St. Peter's. He says :

I shall punctually obey the orders of Cardinal Barberini, and shall be careful to arrive in time to visit the Cardinal of Aragon. The King, his master, if I am well informed, is exceedingly desirous of the friendship of ours, and I shall not fail to make his Eminence understand that nothing will conduce more efficaciously to that end than loyal service in the matter of which I have come to treat. I am just returned from Cardinal Chigi, who received me with

much kindness, and has given me good hopes that his assistance is secured. A thousand thanks to Fr. Vicar¹ for all his kindness.

I am —,

R. BELLINGS.

Meanwhile, much as Pope Alexander VII. and the Cardinals desired to accede to Charles' request, there were grave difficulties in the way. The Pope referred the matter to one of the Congregations of Cardinals, of which apparently Cardinal Pallavicini was acting as secretary, and for their guidance a *vetum* or skilled opinion was drawn up by the theologians attached to that congregation in the capacity of consultors. This *vetum* has been preserved, and is of considerable interest:

MOST EMINENT AND MOST REVEREND LORD,

The request of the King of England to our Lord [the Pope] for the promotion to the Cardinalate of his kinsman Aubigny, appears to merit kindly consideration from your Eminence on account of the great good to Catholicism which may be hoped for if it is granted, and also the great evil which may be feared if it is refused.

When King James, the grandfather of Charles II., at the moment when he had just been declared the successor of Elizabeth, asked Pope Clement VIII. to be so good as to create an English Cardinal,² the answer was that he would willingly do so, so soon as the King should himself have brought about some alleviation of the sufferings of Catholics in his dominions. Now, the condition which was then imposed upon James has been spontaneously fulfilled by Charles his grandson. In fact, from the very hour in which he first set foot in his kingdom, the King has been opposed to the penalties enacted against the Catholics, nor has he to this day allowed any layman, or any missionary, to be molested for their faith. He has been able to prevent any of them being sought out to take the double oath of allegiance and supremacy, although Parliament has continued to enforce this upon Presbyterians and all other Dissenters. Thus, in the last session of Parliament, which was prorogued till February 1663, when certain Catholics presented a memorial for the total abrogation of the Penal Laws, and there were secretly proposed certain limiting clauses which tended to divide the Catholics among themselves, and to prejudice

¹ This would be Father Paul Oliva, afterwards General of the Society of Jesus.

² Is there any other evidence of this request and its refusal? I do not remember to have met with any. Queen Anne of Denmark, the Consort of James I., made a request of this kind at a later date on behalf of Conne.

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the authority of the Pope, the King suppressed the memorial and prevented the plan from succeeding, lest they should be involved in internal dissensions, and end by exposing those who remained faithful to the Pope to all the rigours of the previously existing laws. . . . Further, when that protestation was presented by the Irish, so contrary to the obedience due to the Apostolic See, he never consented to receive it or to approve it; thus manifesting his respectful consideration for the august person of the Roman Pontiff. It cannot be doubted that the tranquillity which is at this moment enjoyed by the English Catholics depends solely upon the goodwill of the King and upon his sympathies with the Pope and with Catholicism. There is only one obstacle which hinder Parliament from proposing new measures of persecution, and the Protestant Bishops and the royal Law Courts from putting into effect all the cruellest details of the old legislation, and that obstacle is the fear of incurring thereby his Majesty's displeasure. But for this fear, and the conviction that the King really has the peace of Catholics at heart, all the scenes of persecution which have for so many years desolated the Church of England would soon reappear. We have therefore judged that it is highly desirable to accede to the promotion of Lord Aubigny, and by this act of condescension to confirm the good inclinations of the King towards the Pope and the Catholics.

To this *votum*, or formal opinion of the theologians to whom the question was remitted, there is appended a summary of the various ways in which the King had already shown, in the two years since his restoration, his desire to help on the cause of the oppressed Catholics of his realm. This summary was probably drawn up by Cardinal de Retz, who was visited by Bellings in Paris on his way out to Rome,¹ and is of very considerable interest, as no other record of several of these actions has been preserved. As, so far as we are aware, it has never before been printed in English, it will be as well to quote it at length, in spite of its being rather long.

¹ "Memoirs of Guy Joli," vol. ii. p. 81, where it is stated that Cardinal de Retz made a special journey to Hamburg in order to interest Queen Christina of Sweden in the project. It is also stated that Charles decided, at the instigation of Cardinal de Retz, to send a fleet of twenty ships of war through the Straits to lie off Civita Vecchia with a view of intimidating the Pope and frightening him into granting what was asked. It is unlikely, however, that this was actually done, though very possibly it is true that De Retz made the suggestion. It seems to be altogether inconsistent with what we know of the attitude of Charles at this time towards the Holy See.

*Benefits which the Catholics of England have received from
his Britannic Majesty.*

(1) The King has raised the sequestration imposed throughout the kingdom, during the protectorate of Cromwell, upon the property of a multitude of Catholics.

(2) He has suspended the execution of penal laws which bear with extreme severity on the Roman Catholics: as, for instance, in the case of the rich, to undergo the confiscation of two-thirds of their lands, and of their goods; in the case of the poor, to pay two pieces of silver every time that they did not present themselves on Sunday at the Protestant temple; and other regulations not less arbitrary.

(3) He has set at liberty all the priests and religious who were imprisoned in various parts of the kingdom; and among them several who had been condemned to death for no other reason than that they were priests.

(4) He has put a check on the despotic action of the agents of the public force and the collectors of taxes, who have been in the habit of ransacking the houses of Catholics in the hope of discovering priests hidden therein; an intolerable vexation, since any infraction of the law on this point involved for the delinquent the loss of all his goods, as well as perpetual imprisonment.

(5) He has insisted on marrying a Catholic, although heretic princesses were proposed to him who were possessed of an equal or even a more considerable dowry.

(6) He has authorised the opening in the town of London of two Catholic Chapels Royal: the one, that of the Queen Mother, served by English Benedictines who there sing the canonical hours wearing the habit of their order; the other, that of the Queen Consort, of which the administration is in the hands of the Capuchins. In these two sanctuaries the Catholics can, to their great consolation, assist at divine service with complete liberty.

(7) He has made frequent gifts to the English religious women established in Flanders. To those of Ghent in particular, directly he was proclaimed in London, and while he was still in Holland, he sent 1600 crowns, with a message that these were only the earnest of the assistance that he pledged himself to give them at a later date.

(8) These same nuns of Ghent have received from him permission to build themselves another convent, with a church, at Dunkerque. The buildings are nearly completed, and the King has contributed towards them not less than 12,000 crowns.

(9) He has deigned on several occasions to admit to his audience, with great affability, priests and religious, notably two Provincials of the Society of Jesus, the present one and his predecessor, and to all he has promised cordially his royal protection.

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(10) On a certain great feast-day he attended in person, with all his suite, at the chapel of the Queen Consort, where he heard a great part of the mass with much devotion, outside the tribunes and in full view of all. At the moment of consecration he was seen to give all the signs of profound respect.

(11) Thanks to him, the Catholic peers have entered in fair numbers into the Upper House of Parliament, with rights equal to those of the Protestant members; the like of which has not been known since the reign of Elizabeth.

(12) In the ports of the United Kingdom, Catholics are no longer, as formerly, obliged to submit on entering or leaving the kingdom to the humiliating oath of fidelity.

(13) Among the royal troops of the City of London, some thirty Catholics having refused to take the accustomed oath, on the ground that it was contrary to their consciences, the oath was modified in their favour, so that now it only speaks of fidelity to the King, and says nothing about the Pope, as the legal formula requires.

(14) In various parts of the kingdom and at the Court, he has raised several Catholics to positions of high dignity and much confidence. There are several Catholics among the Guards immediately attached to his person.

(15) At the beginning of the present year 1662, when there was an agitation in Parliament for reviving the penal laws against the Catholics, the King cut short the discussion, and severely reproached several members of the Chamber for desiring to persecute his most faithful subjects and best friends. Such were the terms that this good Prince applied to the Catholics.

(16) Lastly, by his opposition to the law in virtue of which Catholics, proved to be such, are condemned to forfeit two-thirds of their property, the King deprives his treasury of a considerable revenue. The same is true with regard to the confiscations and heavy fines which accrue to him whenever a priest is found in a layman's house, or a layman is detected assisting at mass or at any other religious ceremony.

Meanwhile it can fairly be objected on the other side, that this monarch has allowed the introduction of a form of oath or protestation of fidelity of which the sense is hostile to the authority of the Vicar of Christ. But it is only fair to observe that the larger part of the wrong belongs to N. N., who, after having composed and publicly promulgated this form of oath, has persuaded the King that it really in no way wounds a Catholic conscience.

There can be little doubt that Alexander VII., thus encouraged by the report of the theologians, would have been quite willing to accede to the request that had been made, and to create d'Aubigny a cardinal, and the more so as he would have been able by so doing to please not only King Charles II., but also Louis XIV. and Cardinal de Retz, the man to whom

before all others he owed his own elevation to the Pontifical throne. But, unfortunately, there was a difficulty which arose from the personality of d'Aubigny himself. In his youth he had been carried away by the errors of Port-Royal, and had been a declared adherent of Jansenism. From this he was won back by the efforts of M. Olier and the priests of St. Sulpice, and for many years had been considered free from all taint of unorthodoxy. At a later date, however, he had reverted more or less to his earlier opinions, and certain letters of his to Arnauld and others show that he was prepared to go far in that direction.¹ This was known at Rome, and the Pope felt that it was impossible to put the ecclesiastical affairs of England into such hands, lest the result should only be to add a fresh difficulty and danger to those by which Catholicism in England was already so harassed and distressed. There was nothing to be done but to refuse, but the refusal should be couched in language as conciliatory as possible, and so skilfully was this done that Charles at once acknowledged the force of the argument, and, far from breaking off relations with the Holy See, as he had threatened to do in his earlier instructions to his agent, sent his commands to him to proceed at once with the more secret and much more important business which had been entrusted to his care.

This further negotiation, the secret of which was most jealously kept, and was probably not confided to any one either in England or Rome except to the two Queens, to Richard Bellings, and to the Pope himself, with perhaps the Cardinal-nephew who was acting as Secretary of State, had to do with a far more important matter than the mere bestowal of a Cardinal's hat. It was nothing less than a formal proposal of a scheme by which, as it seemed to the King, the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland might be brought back to the obedience of the Holy See. Of this further scheme Clarendon at least knew nothing, and he would undoubtedly have been bitterly opposed to it from every point of view.

¹ "Vie de M. Olier," vol. ii. p. 238.

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He had pushed complaisance with his master's wishes as far as he possibly could in assenting to the sale of Dunkerque, and in preferring a request to Rome for the promotion to the Cardinalate of the King's cousin. But at this very time, while Bellings was still absent on his mission, he was venturing from his place as Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords to oppose in every way that he could the proposal of the King to grant liberty of conscience to all his subjects, Nonconformist as well as Catholic. Royalist and Cavalier as he was, he was also bitterly anti-Catholic, and no scheme which favoured reunion with Rome could possibly have found a moment's favour with him. Nor is it likely that on a point on which it was necessary to keep Clarendon in the dark, any other courtier or statesman would have been taken into the King's confidence. At this early stage of the negotiation the fewer entrusted with so dangerous a secret the better would it be for the safety of all concerned, and for the ultimate success of the vast project which was thus initiated.

The principal documentary matter which Bellings was now instructed to lay before the Pope was a formal profession of faith on the part of the King, which was to serve as the basis of consultation as to the possibility of a concordat. This document was written originally in Latin, and we give it, on account of its great importance and interest, in its entirety :

A Proposition made on the part of Charles II., King of Great Britain, for the reunion, which is so much to be desired, of his three kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland with the Apostolic and Roman See.

His Majesty the King, and all those who aspire with him to the unity of the Catholic Church, will accept the profession of faith which Pius IV. compiled from the Council of Trent, and also all the decrees set forth either in that Council or in any other of the General Councils on the subject of faith or morals, and, further, all that has been decided by the two last Pontiffs in the matter of Jansenius, only reserving, as is done in France and certain other places, certain special rights and certain customs which usage has consecrated in each particular Church. They understand these decrees in the sense of all those restrictions which other œcumenical councils, acting in all prudence and

after due consideration, have imported into them, of which the said profession of faith is an example. Whence it follows that nothing which is not contained in these must at any time be imposed either on the King or on any of his Catholic subjects, and that if at any time any of them should express his opinion on any one of these points, he is not to be considered as thereby committing a crime or as favouring heresy. On these conditions his Majesty is prepared at once to break with all Protestants and other religious bodies not in union with the Roman Church. Especially he declares that he detests the deplorable schism and heretical teaching introduced by Luther, Zwingli, Calvin Memnon, Socinius, Brown, and other wicked men of like sort, for he knows by bitter experience and better than any one else in his dominions how great are the evils which have been introduced by the so-called Reformation, which ought rather to be called a Deformation. For it has overthrown all settled government, and has introduced Babylonian confusion both in Church and State, so that all three kingdoms, and especially England, have come, in civil matters as well as in ecclesiastical, to be simply the theatre of a series of terrible disturbances enacted before the eyes of the whole world.

This remarkable declaration of faith on the part of King Charles is followed by a long series of twenty-four *Notes*, in which is drawn out in considerable detail the plan which it was proposed to follow in the execution of this difficult project, should the Pope see his way to giving his adhesion. The whole matter had evidently been thought out with considerable care, and a scheme finally arrived at which was thought likely to cause the smallest possible amount of friction or disturbance of vested interests. The existing archbishops and bishops were to remain on giving in their adhesion to the general plan, but they were to be reconsecrated by three apostolic legates sent from Rome for this purpose and for no other. The Archbishop of Canterbury was to be raised to the dignity of Patriarch of the three realms, and the whole administration of the ecclesiastical affairs within those realms was to be centred in him without any appeal to Rome except in a very few matters, the decision of which was to be especially reserved to the Apostolic See. Even these reserved causes were to be decided within the kingdom by a legate who was to reside in Great Britain and to be chosen from among the native-born subjects of the King. For the further government of the Church

it was provided that provincial synods should be held every year, and a national council was to be summoned at fixed intervals. All the existing local privileges of the Church were to be retained, the King was always to nominate to any episcopal see that might fall vacant, and ecclesiastical property alienated to lay hands in the preceding reigns was in all cases to be secured to the existing holders. Liberty of conscience was to be granted to all, and neither Charles himself, nor any of his successors, were to be bound to treat harshly any of his subjects who preferred to risk their souls by remaining Protestant, but all such were to be allowed the free exercise of their religion, though at their own expense, and were to be reclaimed, if possible, to the Church by force of argument without any kind of coercion. With regard to the smaller details of the settlement, all bishops and clergy who accepted Catholic ordination were not merely to retain their benefices but were to be allowed to keep their wives, celibacy being introduced only for those who should be unmarried or ordained at a later period. The Holy Eucharist was to be given in both kinds to all who desired it to be so done, and the mass, though celebrated in Latin, was to be accompanied by English hymns. A summary of Catholic doctrine, carefully drawn up with full proofs from Holy Scripture, was to be published, and Catholic priests in their disputations with Protestants were to be instructed not to lay very great stress on miracles of post-Apostolic date, and in especial not to speak of material fires in connection with the doctrine of purgatory. Seminaries for the clergy were to be instituted as the Council of Trent directs. Some of the religious orders were to be revived, as, for instance, the Benedictines of St. Maur, for the public recitation of the Divine Office; others, again, for the sake of their life of enclosure within the cloister; others, for the care of the sick; even the Jesuits to teach in the schools; but all such religious, whatever might be their order or congregation, were to be subject to the ordinary jurisdiction of the bishops and the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Finally, it was provided that

those questions which were most hotly debated, such as the infallibility of the Pope, his superiority over councils, and his right to depose kings, were not to be discussed either in the pulpit, or in printed writings, or in any other way.

Such were the lines on which it seemed to Charles that a reconciliation could be effected and England brought back to Catholic obedience. The scheme was certainly skilfully drawn up, and perhaps contains nothing which Rome would have found it absolutely impossible to concede, but we can see clearly, looking at it in the light of the later events of the reign, how entirely visionary and unpractical it really was. Charles was utterly mistaken in his estimate of the real feelings of the nation, which were intensely Protestant and bitterly anti-Catholic. No possible scheme for reunion with Rome would have stood the smallest chance of getting a hearing in either House of Parliament, and the attempt, had it been made, would almost certainly have cost Charles his throne and brought the Stuart dynasty to a rapid close.

How the negotiations really prospered we have no knowledge. The Pope may have understood the state of affairs in England better than Charles himself. Or, again, the state of opinion in Rome may have been such as to make it impossible even to discuss the granting of such concessions as those which the King demanded. No information on the point has come down to us, so there is no material on which to form an opinion. The extreme secrecy with which the whole affair was conducted has been successful in effectually concealing its result. All that we know is that the Pope did send an answer to the King and that Bellings brought it back to England. We know this on the authority of Charles himself in a letter written by him some five years later to the General of the Jesuits. But what that answer contained and in what terms it was couched we shall never know, unless some day a copy of it is discovered among the secret archives of the Vatican. The original, being too compromising to be preserved, was, in all probability, destroyed by Charles himself, either immedi-

ately after he received it, or else a few years later when the nation had gone mad over the inventions of Titus Oates and the pretended Popish Plot. At any rate, no trace of it, or, indeed, of anything connected with Bellings' mission, has been allowed to remain among the English archives.

Here, then, unsatisfactory and incomplete though our story is, we must bring our history of these negotiations to an end. The whole scheme was premature and could not have led at that period to any fruitful result. Charles was before his time by at least a couple of centuries. But the facts are not without their permanent interest, as giving the story of the first attempt after the Elizabethan settlement to bring about a result which many since that time have longed for and tried to promote, and which, perhaps, may yet be brought about, on lines not so very dissimilar from those that Charles laid down, before any very great number of years have passed away.

ARTHUR STAPYLTON BARNES.

A RAMBLE IN CLUBLAND

THE reign of Victoria saw the development of the club, and the extension of Clubland has kept pace with the expansion of the Empire. There are clubs in the chief cities of the colonies which rival the palaces of Pall Mall. But it is in London especially that the old order has been changing, and to the intelligent foreigner the clubs are not only among the most notable features of evolution out of architectural chaos, but a source of curious admiration. Even in Paris the Frenchman loiters behind: whether the *cercles* are strictly select or comparatively open to all comers, there is a depressing air of formality and gloom in antechambers, with silver-chained officials in *grande tenue* standing at attention as each member enters. The German is not a clubable man—the masses of the aristocracy are more or less impecunious, and the burghers still cling to the simple tastes which indulged themselves with pipe and tankard in the *gasthaus* or beer-cellar. The Russians and Hungarians have paid us the compliment of modelling their institutions closely on our own, and the fashionable resort of Golden Petersburg has been christened the English Circle.

In London, as any stranger can see at a glance, the clubs are the centres of life, light, and leading. Literally of light, for the ranges of great windows brighten the interiors in anything except the dark eclipses of a yellow fog. Of life, because there is perpetual going and coming through doors for ever on the swing. In times of political excitement in the leading

political clubs, the crush and rush are tremendous, and the porter charged with the keys of St. Peter is one of the most notable men of the period. How brain and strength stand the constant strain is to me a mystery. He must have a royal memory for faces. When a member turns up, after long absence, he receives him as the old waiter at the Slaughters' welcomed Major Dobbin on his return from India, handing the letters awaiting his arrival as if he had been in daily habit of dropping in. He marks and notes each member's arrival and departure, knowing that if he makes a serious mistake he will undoubtedly be reported to the committee, and yet he must keep his temper with the equanimity of a saint, venting suppressed irritation in casual objurgation of his satellite pages. He must have an iron constitution, for he dare not break down, looking for consolation to the day when he may retire on a pension. Yet these hardy veterans seldom do break down; they generally drop and almost die in harness.

The select and senior clubs are certainly the centres of leading. There Cabinet Ministers hold unofficial council, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer hobnobs, over Apollinaris and whisky at luncheon, with the chiefs of the naval and military departments who are encroaching with their departmental demands. It is startling to think how lightly some momentous compromise may be come to, involving the fate of a Ministry and possibly the peace of the world, when you are curiously looking on. Humbler members of both Houses talk themselves into clubs and caucuses which seldom come to much. The club dining-room at the luncheon hour is an invaluable safety-valve through which they blow off their steam. Late in the afternoon the judges come dropping in from the Law Courts, and the bewildered president, ruminating on a difficult decision, lays his head to that of a learned brother and gets a lead without sacrificing his *amour propre* or compromising his dignity. There is the gathering of aproned bishops and shovel-hatted deans when Church assemblies are in session, or some controversial Bill is before the Upper House—

equally excited if less clamorous, than the congregations of jack-daws and starlings in a cathedral close—much is discussed and settled in informal convocation. And as for the military clubs, there the members resolve themselves into eternal councils of war, where each order and promotion is subjected to scathing scrutiny, and if either service is going to the devil, assuredly it is not for the lack of professional wisdom.

The club of the day is a social *bourse* for the expression of free thought and the interchange of ideas. It had its beginnings with the long peace, when the world began to breathe again after the fall of Napoleon. It is strange to recall the prejudices to be overcome from quarters that might have been supposed the most enlightened. Croker may be said to have stood sponsor to the Athenæum, but that literary club had no obstacles to encounter: literary men were understood to be free-lances, and the way for the Athenæum had been prepared by the Alfred, which was to wither under the shade of the greater establishment. But when Lord Lynedoch, almost simultaneously, proposed to found the Senior United Service, he had to surmount the most uncompromising opposition. Lord Liverpool and Mr. Huskisson were not to be conciliated, and Lord St. Vincent gravely pronounced it “unconstitutional.” It is doubtful whether they placed their reasons on record, but perhaps their idea was that if not a school of vice, it would encourage extravagance among men not generally overburdened with money. As matter of fact, it is noteworthy that results have been the reverse. But if that was their point of view, there was presumption in its favour. The old proprietary clubs closed their doors to all except men of rank and high fashion, at a time when not to be in debt was disreputable, when Senators lived in chronic gout and intoxication, and when Ministers set the example of risking their future and their fortunes on cards and dice. If you passed the portals and the fiery ordeal of the ballot you must live the pace. At least there were only two roads to follow: one leading up through great ability or good connections to high politics, and the

other along the ordinary track frequented by the loungers of Bond Street or Rotten Row, of gaiety, dissipation and slightly veiled profligacy.

The changes have been great since Dickens and Thackeray, as painters of manners, were in the flush of their fame and popularity. So far as I remember, no one of Dickens' middle-class characters belonged to any club, except Joe Bagstock, who, having come into a comfortable independence, when his brother died of Yellow Jack in the West Indies, must, of course, have belonged to the Service. Both novelists were, almost *ex officio*, members of the Garrick and Athenæum, but Dickens was never much of a clubman, and Thackeray, to the last, had a predilection for the free and easy symposium of the back kitchen. The tone of the clubs has refined and sobered down since he satirised the notorieties and celebrities in the "Snob Papers." Self-assertion of every sort is discouraged by opinion. Unfortunately the bore is always with us, and there are loud-voiced members, but Jawkins no longer takes his stand on the rug, laying down the law on European questions. No man dares to monopolise the papers like "Old Brown"; nor have we ever seen a Captain Shendy in the flesh, blowing the staff of the coffee-room sky-high because the mutton-chops were underdone. Nowadays the captain quietly backs his bill, and in due course his complaint is submitted to the committee. Indeed, I remember a case where the servants complained of the conduct of a baronet, "a harbitrary gent," who, among other things, had ordered a waiter to stand on a special square of the carpet and not to move without permission. The upshot was a special general meeting of the club, as amusing as any farce at the Palais-Royal, when correspondence was read and evidence taken. The meeting laughed itself into good humour, but the offender, who was fortunate in having two popular brothers, narrowly escaped expulsion.

Walker, in "the Original" writing of clubs as they were then, strikes the true note when he says that they are an

admirable imitation of the comforts of a home, but only an imitation. For your entry-money and moderate subscription you may have the run of a palace, with the services of an admirably trained staff. But the luxury of the living is overrated, and the more celebrated the *chef* and the higher his salary, the less he concerns himself except on special occasions. Silenus' dinner in the strangers' room may be a great success, but Shendy's mutton-chop may still be unsatisfactory. What you do get is a fairly cooked meal at a moderate price, with undeniable wine. But the economy is not merely to be reckoned up in pounds, shillings, and pence. The youth who, a hundred or even fifty years ago, would have been dining at a Covent Garden hotel, at the "Blue Posts" or Long's, or in a tavern in Fleet Street, drinking port for the good of the house, going to Ranelagh, Vauxhall, or Cremorne, and winding up at "The Finish," the "Back Kitchen," or worse places, now has every inducement to finish quietly at the club. There is no more harmless recreation than the rubber or the game at billiards; the library, with its luxurious retirement, may encourage literary tastes if there is any natural bent that way, and the youth may do worse than lounge into the smoking-room, where nowadays the general conversation is correct as in a boudoir. No man now makes a smoking-room reputation by loose stories or indecent jests. Though now, indeed, as to smoking, the old restrictions are relaxed, and the difficulty is for non-smokers to hold their own even in the hall or the morning-room.

The most aristocratic of clubs is nevertheless essentially democratic, and nothing gives a better idea of the immensity of the Empire, of its resources in the way of talent, and of the importance of its great metropolis, than the way in which eminent men are submerged. They not only find their level; they often sink below it, and distinguished service is almost forgotten or ignored. At every turn you rub shoulders with an ambassador out of place, with a colonial governor who has just been paid off, with a pro-consul who has ruled a vast

Indian dependency, with a retired general who has handled army corps in the field, or an admiral who has hauled down his flag and is thenceforth laid up in ordinary. There are few of them who do not meet with equals or superiors; at all events with men of more commanding position, who, in some cases, can still control their fate. Socially, the last elected member is supposed to be on an equality with all the rest, and, incidentally, membership becomes a stepping-stone to advancement on the ladder of aspiring ambition. In the political club, the man with something to say has opportunities of recommending himself to the chiefs of his party, with chances that would never come to him if he were vegetating in the country. I knew a case where a man of ready ability took a long step towards fortune by helping Lord Beaconsfield with his overcoat in the hall of a club. He had been a great traveller and explorer, and a casual remark struck his Lordship so much that he invited his new acquaintance to accompany him along Pall Mall, took his arm to the Coburg Hotel, and never lost sight of him afterwards.

Even more important to the aspirant in letters is membership in the leading literary club. The mere address on his card gives him a certain *cachet*. He is thrown in the way of those who can help him; he makes friends with the publisher who may bargain for his new book; he runs up against the eager editor who is looking out for bright articles; and he is brightened up over the luncheon or dinner-table by breezy talk with congenial spirits. Solitude may be in some ways favourable to inspiration, when you are thinking out the details of a plan or musing over a fixed idea. But there is nothing like the quick contact of mind with mind, the striking of flint and steel, with perhaps the glow of old burgundy or the sparkle of champagne, for striking out fresh and original suggestions.

Champagne suggests the Service clubs, where, though moderation in liquor is the established rule, there is always an atmosphere of conviviality and good-fellowship. Nothing has done more than these military societies to cherish the

esprit de corps of the Services. They are veritably the hostelries of strange and happy meetings. The subaltern, who has run up from Aldershot to dine and go to the play, comes to a sudden stop in the hall as he recognises his old chum of the Academy, bronzed and weather-worn almost out of recognition. If they were Frenchmen they would fall into each other's arms and kiss on either cheek. Being Britons they exchange a hearty handshake and walk off to inspect the dinner-bill. There is no theatre that evening for the Aldershot man. As Desdemona hung on the lips of Othello, he listens to thrilling tales of adventure, told in matter-of-fact fashion, and in which the *raconteur* provokingly suppresses his own personality—it is his habit to leave the Victoria Cross to speak for him—till in the excitement of recollection he is swept along and they are away among sniping Pathans in the Afghan passes, hunting Dakoits through the Burmese swamps and jungles, or rushing a Boer position in the converging fire of rifle, pom-pom, and guns of position. The subaltern, who has never heard a shot fired in anger, is keener than ever to rival these exploits.

See the swarming and buzzing in one of these clubs, like the disturbance of a nest of hornets or the upsetting of a hive of bees, when the rumours of a great expedition have been confirmed by official announcements. The envy of the fortunate regiments figuring in orders—of the lucky fellows who are assured of desperate fighting, who have every chance of leaving their bones abroad, or of coming home crippled or mutilated, who will probably be decimated by deadly epidemics, and who will certainly look wistfully back to the much-abused club cooking. The war spirit is worked up to fever-heat, and, like the reserved stores of power in a hydraulic gun-carriage, will tell with tremendous effect when set free. There is no shadow on the joyous send-off dinners given to the departing warriors, though there will be a sad touch of solemnity at the regimental banquets when the memories of the missing are recalled.

Though, indeed, in all clubs, but specially in the older institutions, *memento mori* might be inscribed over the doors—you may gauge the death-roll by the frequency of the ballots. Thackeray moralises over the vacant chair left by Tom or Dick, who is dismissed with a casual remark if his absence chances to be noted. And undistinguished members vanish unobserved, as they had lived in obscurity. But nothing is more impressive to the thoughtful man than marking the decadence of familiar personalities. As the wrinkles of care gather on the brow, the complexion fades to a corpse-like pallor, the strong back is bowed, and the legs begin to totter. The obsequious commissionaire is eager to help the infirm member up the steps, and to offer the arm that is sometimes accepted with a smile of resignation, sometimes rejected with a touch of natural irritation. The silver chord is being loosed, and the bowl must soon be broken at the cistern. Men accustomed to domineer learn in good time a strange humility. I know an eminent philosopher—a man, as Mrs. Badger remarked of a former husband, of European reputation—whose vigour shines in his decay, and who shows extraordinary tenacity of life. Lost to sight for weeks and months, he turns up at long intervals. He lies on a sofa where he used to lay down the law, and contents himself with mutton broth at the table where he was wont to indulge. He used to hold his intellectual inferiors at arm's-length; now he is grateful for the inquiries and attentions of the humblest. I have seldom been more touched than when, not many years ago, I came across one of the most masterful of editors; he had been shelved, he had left bustling night-watches for seclusion, and was stricken with a mortal disease. Though always gracious with the courtesy of an autocrat, he had never been more than condescending. Even over the Lafitte and unlimited Heidseick at his hospitable table, it would have been dangerous to play with the lion. Now his face lighted up gratefully at a simple inquiry after his health, and when one dropped into a seat at his side, he clung like the club bore.

Then there are the doctors, who show a determined face to the age and disease they used to fight in others. No man is more elastic than your fashionable physician—he is supposed to bring light and hope into the sick chamber and to cheer the spirit that he may strengthen the physique. He used to come up the steps with a bounding tread, and no man was more ready with jest and anecdote, when he dropped, *en passant*, on the elbow of the chair in which you were lounging. He was all spring and action. Perhaps, like one I remember, and who was universally lamented when he left us, he was a famous *bon vivant* and the life of a club dinner. Gathering in the guineas by handfuls, he was indifferent to the sum total, and if you went to consult him and he liked your talk, he would keep an antechamber full of anxious patients in expectation. His weakness was professional indiscreetness. He would let you into the confidences of the lady who had left the consulting-room as you were ushered in. And many a story he had to tell of masked majesties who revealed themselves involuntarily, and of mysterious summonses to patients, who paid largely in consideration of keeping their anonymity. He knew the bins of the club cellar better than the chief butler, and very much better than the wine committee, and when he dined with you, would call for his favourite vintage of port and recommend it to your favourable notice. But inevitably the day came, as to many of his brothers, when he had to be helped out of the professional coach with the sober horses and the steady coachman, for gout coming on the top of a complication of maladies had marked Hippocrates for its own.

That gout, like pale Death, comes with equal foot, knocking at the doors of all sorts and conditions. Perhaps it is most conspicuous in the Service clubs and in the clubs of the landed aristocracy. They may have gone through campaigning hardships in their time, they have indulged in every variety of field sports, but they pay the penalty of a long course of military excesses, when conviviality reigned supreme, or of keeping open house in their ancestral halls. Sometimes,

they may be suffering besides for the sins of their fathers and it is hard for a lean and abstemious man to be racked into slow torture when he dines on the wing of a chicken and exhilarates himself with weak spirits and seltzer. In either case, nothing can be more painful than to see them limping upon crutches into the dining-room where they used to feast, looking wistfully over the dinner *carte* for the day, and resigning themselves to the invariable *menu* of mortification. You follow them in fancy into the dressing-room, where the faithful valet, with lint and *onguents*, patches up the feet which bulge in the boots of felt; to the injections of morphia which lull acute pain and prepare the victim for nightmares and troubled slumbers. Accustomed to good living and generous wines, it is a perpetual struggle for a tolerably painless existence. The society of old friends is seductive as ever, and each excess, or a single glass of champagne brings immediate and cruel retribution.

It is wonderful the respect that a younger generation pays to bodily vigour and an iron constitution. In every club there is "the fine old fellow," whose only claim to admiration is that nature has dealt mercifully with him in his slow decline, and that he has kept his faculties unimpaired. He may have been a master of foxhounds or a famous man in the saddle. He may have hunted with Assheton Smith; he has shot the coverts with Osbaldistone, and matched himself at pigeons with Ross or Delmé Radcliffe. He holds on like a tenacious eye-tooth when all its companions are gone; the marvels of his prowess in his prime are current coin in the smoking-room, and till he succumbs to paralysis or suddenly flickers out he moves in an atmosphere of admiration. He owes his apotheosis and happy despatch to the fact that "good fairies" gifted him in the cradle with phenomenal strength and an ample income. He is cherished to the last in a luxurious residence by affectionate relatives or attentive servants. Nothing can be more melancholy by contrast than the fate of other fine but friendless old fellows, who are unnoticed and ignored. They hold to life with equal

tenacity, and yet they have long come to the conclusion that life is not worth the living. As a rule they are to be sought in the Service clubs. Struggling with debt, they could never afford to marry, till they retired or were superannuated for a harder struggle with half-pay. Their quarters are a dreary bedroom in St. James's, and though for a few guineas of subscription they have the tantalising splendour of the palace, sick or well they must exist in a glare of publicity. They turn out to the club for early breakfast and sit out the weary day with its intolerably long-drawn hours. They have never cultivated a taste for books, and if they did read there could be no purpose to inspire them. The game has long been played out; their last aspirations have vanished. No men are more indefatigable skimmers of the papers, and no men must loathe the papers more. It is something of a sensation when the waiter brings in the last evening editions, yet there is no hope of an emotion when they glance at the telegrams. Like cats, they have their favourite corners where they nod and doze, till they drop off into the last sleep at their lodgings, with doctor, nurse, and undertaker in attendance.

That class of inoffensive invalids, in the words of Captain Cuttle, are objects of clemency, but there are others who are intolerable nuisances. A clubman who must know himself to be a nuisance, in consideration for his fellow-members, is bound to shut himself up. There was an old playwright—a dead hand at borrowing from the French and almost defying detection—who used to come to a literary club in the sultriest dog-days and insist on all the windows around him being closed. Of course the committee should have taken notice of it. For with him you were between the devil and the deep sea. If you submitted to being hermetically sealed up, you suffocated; and if you cruelly insisted on a breath of air, if he did not leave his unfinished meal with tragic action and impressive dramatic effect, he coughed you into a remorse that poisoned your own repast. That was an extreme case and few men are so egotistically selfish. But there is the asthmatic member,

manfully struggling with his infirmity; and there are the inveterate snorers who are professing to read after dinner. Nightly, in the library, you may see another of the "European celebrities," making himself unconsciously ridiculous and a subject for the scorner. His closest friends are shy of waking him up and rousing his fiery temper; if they did he would shamelessly proclaim his innocence and turn to rend them in his wrath.

The man of many clubs is generally but a familiar of one. He inevitably trends to it when out for the day. Like Major Pendennis, he has his table and lounging-chair, which no *habitué* cares to dispute. The waiters know his habits, and he has seldom to intimate a wish. He is the oracle of his special *coterie*, and, like Mr. Puffington in "Sponge's Sporting Tour," is usually "an amazin' popular man," whom those who have not the honour of his acquaintance are content to admire from a distance. If he is energetic, with a superfluity of time on his hands, he looks closely after the *cuisine* and the cellars. Except when constrained to retire by rotation, he is a standing member of committee, and though he rarely puts himself ostentatiously forward, is understood to be a Power. Indeed, the proceedings of that tribunal, when the club is governed by a Venetian oligarchy, with absolute right of election, are shrouded in solemn mystery. The preoccupied secretary carries care on his brow, and the door is jealously guarded by servants on duty when it is in weekly session. But it is rumoured that one or two members are supreme, as Lord Melville, when he dictated to Scotland in the days of Tory ascendancy. On the whole, these oligarchal administrations work admirably, and it is to be wished that in all cases the committees had *carte blanche* as to admissions. Were the right of election invariably vested in them, rejected candidates would have no reasonable ground of complaint. There can seldom be room for charges of injustice or caprice, when all claims are submitted to their judicial scrutiny. Popular election, on the other hand, has

nothing to recommend it, except that it gives an ephemeral

sense of importance to fussy folk, who are flattered and courted for their vote and influence. And when the candidate has been on the books for some sixteen years, his fate is a matter of no little consequence to him. His zealous partisans act as amateur whips, sending three-lined appeals to distant friends to come up to town specially for the ballot. It is ungracious to refuse—especially if you have been indebted to them yourself—however troublesome to comply. Then, on the afternoon of the ballot, the club is turned topsy-turvy, being a veritable bear-garden. There is no assurance of fair play, for an epidemic of black-balling may have set in, and the vendettas are running their ruthless course. The more conspicuous the candidate, the more precarious are his chances, and he may be “pilled” on political grounds or from personal animosity. I remember a case where there was a rush from a Cabinet meeting with no care for concealment, to exclude a writer who had given offence by anonymous articles, of which he was assumed to be the author. It was acknowledged that he had delivered his mind honestly, but that did not conciliate hostility. On the other hand, obscure men will slip in, who have no claim except their colourless insignificance, while eligible candidates dance attendance indefinitely.

No post demands more temper and tact than that of chairman at the general meeting. No assembly—and half the gathering is standing on its legs—is more intolerant of long-winded speeches. When business men, who speak briefly and to the point, are put up to move the resolutions, everything goes tolerably smoothly. When the committee is so ill-advised as to select an orator who rolls out rhapsodical periods and revels in poetical metaphor, then the chairman has to throw oil on troubled waters. And there is often some ill-conditioned member who fancies himself in the *rôle* of Objector-General—the sobriquet of a prominent member of the Geographical Society in the last generation. Then a happy interjection by the chairman is worth untold time, and I recollect how a famous judge silenced a can-

rankerous acquaintance by a genial smile and a simple "I wouldn't have expected this of you, Mr. —"

Few of the older clubs have escaped financial embarrassments, and almost all have been driven to raise the entry money and subscriptions. The financial details necessarily depend on the secretary, who should keep a tight rein on his staff and look closely into the outgoings. There was one striking example, not many years ago, where a great club, when nearly stranded, was floated off into deep water by a happy change in the management. The secretary who was superseded was naturally suspected of corruption; more probably he was only easy-tempered and careless. But, undoubtedly, dishonest stewards in all ranks of the service have great opportunities, and it is difficult to check them. It is not often that a man in trust is fool enough to give himself away, as when a *chef*, with a handsome salary, was caught pillaging and convicted in the Law Courts. But the practice of secret commissions, against which the Lords have been legislating, is one which it is difficult to detect and almost impossible to suppress. In all these establishments, where the larder must never be found lacking, there must be inevitable waste. If the broken victuals find their way to the poor, as they generally do, that is not much to be regretted. But there is a matter that touches the diners more nearly: it is the ignoring of responsibility for the quality of the viands. If you complain of the saddle, the sirloin, or the turbot, it is a conclusive answer that they came from certain fashionable tradesmen. It would be more satisfactory, and decidedly more economical, if the clerk of the kitchen had *carte blanche* to buy anywhere and be held answerable for all reasonable grounds of complaint.

As a rule, however, nothing can be better ordered than the service. Your tastes are studied and your wishes anticipated. Nowhere is courtesy to dependents more amply repaid. It is said that club waiters are spoiled for ordinary service, and that may be the case. They seem to recognise the truth of that themselves: they know when they are comfortably settled, and

the best of them become fixtures. Nothing gives a more friendly aspect to the club than faces that have been familiar since you knew it first, and heads that have gradually silvered in your time. Nothing gives a kindly man more satisfaction than subscribing to the Christmas festivities below-stairs or the annual tips. You come to London from long absence abroad, and though it may be on an Easter Monday or in the depths of the autumnal dispersion, you are assured of a beaming welcome in the deserted halls. Servants will grow old, though never overdriven in their decline: they retire on their savings or are superannuated on pensions, but they live again in the sons to whom they transmit the succession—in the children who have been entered as “buttons” or knife-boys to step into the paternal shoes. The clubs have their faults, but had Johnson been living now he must have reconsidered his dictum, that a tavern chair was the height of human felicity, though with his habit of keeping his friends up to unholy hours, he would have been a sore thorn in the side of the waiters.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

FORT AMITY¹

XIII

FORT AMITIÉ

THE Fort stood high on a wooded slope around which the river swept through to spread itself below in a lake three miles wide and almost thirty long. In shape it was quadrilateral with a frontage of fifty toises and a depth of thirty, and from each angle of its stone walls abutted a flanking tower, the one at the western angle taller than the others by a good twenty feet and surmounted by a flagstaff.

East, west and south, the ground fell gently to the water's edge, entirely clear of trees: even their stumps had been rooted up to make room for small gardens in which the garrison grew its cabbages and pot-herbs, and below these gardens the Commandant's cows roamed in a green riverside meadow. At the back a rougher clearing, two cannon-shots in width, divided the northern wall from the dark tangle of the forest.

The canoe had been sighted far down the lake, and the Commandant himself, with his brother M. Etienne and his daughter Mademoiselle Diane, had descended to the quay to welcome the voyageurs. A little apart stood Sergeant Bédard, old Jérémie Tripier (formerly major-domo and general factotum at Boisveyrac, now at Fort Amitié promoted to be *maréchal des logis*) and five or six militiamen. And to John,

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as he neared the shore in the haze of a golden afternoon, the scene and the figures—the trim little fortress, the white banner of France transparent against the sky, the sentry like a toy figure at the gate, the cattle browsing below, the group at the river's brink—appeared as a tableau set for a child's play.

To add to the illusion, as the canoe came to the quay the sun sank, a gun boomed out from the tallest of the four towers, and the flag ran down its staff; all as if by clockwork. As if by clockwork, too, the taller of the two old gentlemen on the quay—the one in a gold-laced coat—stepped forward with a wave of his hand.

“Welcome, welcome, my good Dominique! It will be news you bring from Boisveyrac—more news of the great victory, perhaps? And who are these your comrades?”

“Your servant, Monsieur; and yours, Monsieur Etienne, and yours, Mademoiselle Diane!” Dominique brought his canoe alongside and saluted respectfully. “All my own news is that we have gathered the harvest at Boisveyrac; a crop not far below the average, we hope. But Father Launoy desired me to bring you these strangers, who will tell you of matters more important.”

“It is the wounded man—the sergeant from Fort Carillon!” cried Diane, clasping her hands.

“Eh, my child? Nonsense, nonsense—he wears no uniform, as you see. Moreover, Polyte Latulippe brought word that he was lying at the point of death.”

“It is he, nevertheless.”

“Mademoiselle has guessed rightly,” said Dominique. “It is the wounded soldier; I have lent him an outfit.”

The Commandant stared incredulously from Dominique to John, from John to Menehwehna, and back again to John. A delightful smile irradiated his face.

“Then you bring us a good gift indeed! Welcome, sir, welcome to Fort Amitié! where we will soon have you hale and strong again, if nursing can do it.”

Here, if John meant to play his part, was the moment for him to salute. He half lifted his hand as he reclined, but let it fall again. From the river-bank a pair of eyes looked down into his; dark grey eyes—or were they violet?—shy and yet bold, dim and yet shining with emotion. God help him! This child—she was little more—was worshipping him for a hero!

“Nay, sir, give it to me!” cried the Commandant, stooping by the quay’s edge. “I shall esteem it an honour to grasp the hand of one who comes from Fort Carillon—who was wounded for France in her hour of victory. Your name, my friend?—for the messengers, who brought word of you yesterday, had not heard it, or perhaps had forgotten.”

“My name is à Cleeve, monsieur.”

“A Clive? à Clive? It is unknown to me, and yet it has a good sound, and should belong to *un homme bien né!*” He turned inquiringly towards his brother, a mild, elderly man with a scholar’s stoop and a face which assorted oddly with his uniform of captain of militia, being shrivelled as parchment and snuff-dried and abstracted in expression as though he had just lifted his eyes from a book. “A Clive, Etienne? From what province should our friend derive?”

M. Etienne’s eyes—they were, in fact, short-sighted—seemed to search inwardly for a moment before he answered:

“There was a family of that name in the Quercy; so late, I think, as 1650. I had supposed it to be extinct. It bore arms counterpaly argent and gules, a canton ermine——”

“My brother, sir,” the Commandant interrupted, “is a famous genealogist. Do you accept this coat-of-arms he assigns to you?”

“If M. le Commandant will excuse me——”

“Eh, eh?—an awkward question, no doubt, to put to many a young man of family now serving with the colours?” The Commandant chuckled knowingly. “But I have an eye, sir, for nice shades, and an ear too. *Verbum sapientibus satis.* A sergeant, they tell me—and of the Béarnais; but until we have

cured you, sir, and the active list again claims you, you are Monsieur à Clive and my guest. We shall talk, so, upon an easier footing. Tut-tut! I have eyes in my head, I repeat. And this Indian of yours—how does he call himself?”

“Menehwehna, monsieur. He is an Ojibway.”

“And you and he have come by way of the Wilderness? Now what puzzles me——”

“Papa!” interposed the girl gently, laying a hand on her father’s sleeve; “ought we not to get him ashore before troubling him with all these questions? He is suffering, I think.”

“You say well, my child. A thousand pardons, sir. Here, Bédard! Jérémie!”

But it was Menehwehna who, with inscrutable face, helped John ashore, suffering the others only to hold the canoe steady. John tried hard to collect his thoughts to face this new situation. He had dreamed of falling among savages in these backwoods; but he had fallen among folk gentle in manner and speech, anxious to show him courtesy; folk to whom (as in an instant he divined) truth and uprightness were dearer than life and judged as delicately as by his own family at home in Devonshire. How came they here? Who was this girl whose eyes he avoided lest they should weigh him, as a sister’s might, in the scales of honour?

A man may go through life cherishing many beliefs which are internecine foes; unaware of their discordance, or honestly persuaded that within him the lion and the lamb are lying down together, whereas in truth his fate has never drawn the bolts of their separate cages. John had his doubts concerning God; but something deeper than reason within him detested a lie. Yet as a soldier he had accepted without examination the belief that many actions vile in peace are in war permissible, even obligatory; a loose belief, the limits of which no man in his regiment—perhaps no man in the two armies—could have defined. In war you may kill; nay, you must; but you must do it by code, and with many exceptions and restrictions as to

the how and when. In war (John supposed) you may lie ; nay, again, in certain circumstances you must.

With this girl's eyes upon him, worshipping him for a hero, John discovered suddenly that here and now he could not. For an instant, as if along a beam of light, he looked straight into Militarism's sham and ugly heart.

Yes, he saw it quite clearly, and was resolved to end the lie. But for the moment, in his bodily weakness, his will lagged behind his brain. As a sick man tries to lift a hand and cannot, so he sought to rally his will to meet the crisis and was dismayed to find it benumbed and half asleep.

They were ascending the slope, and still as they went the Commandant's voice was questioning him.

"Through the Wilderness! That was no small exploit, my friend, and it puzzles me how you came to attempt it; for you were severely wounded, were you not?"

"I received two wounds at Fort Carillon, monsieur. The proposal to make across the woods was not mine. It came from the French sergeant in command of our boat."

"So—so. I ought to have guessed it. You were a whole boat's party then, at starting?" John felt the crisis near; but the Commandant's mind was discursive, and he paused to wave a proprietary hand towards the walls and towers of his fortress. "A snug little shelter for the backwoods—eh, M. à Clive? I am, you must know, a student of the art of fortification; *c'est ma rengaine*, as my daughter will tell you, and I shall have much to ask concerning this famous outwork of M. de Montcalm's, which touches my curiosity. So far as Damase could tell me, Fort Carillon itself was never even in danger—" But here Mademoiselle Diane again touched his sleeve. "Yes, yes, to be sure, we will not weary our friend just now. We will cure him first; and while he is mending, you shall look out a new uniform from the stores and set your needle to work to render it as like as you can contrive to the Béarnais. Nay, sir, to her enthusiasm that will be but a trifle. Remember that you come to us crowned with laurels; and with news for

which we welcome you as though you brought a message from the General himself." A sudden thought fetched the Commandant to a standstill. "You are sure that the sergeant, your comrade, carried no message?"

John paused with Menehwehna's arm supporting him.

"If he carried a message, monsieur, he told me of none."

Where were his faculties? Why were they hanging back and refusing to come to grips with the crisis? Why did this twilight riverside persist in seeming unreal to him, and the actors, himself included, as figures moving in a shadow-play?

Once, in a dream, he had seen himself standing at the wings of a stage—an actor, dressed for his part. The theatre was crowded; some one had begun to ring a bell for the curtain to go up; and he, the hero of the piece, knew not one word of his part, could not even remember the name of the play or what it was about. The dream had been extraordinarily vivid, and he had awakened in a sweat. Some such tremor held him now.

"But," the Commandant urged, "he must have had some reason for striking through the forest. What was his name?"

"Barboux."

John, as he answered, could not see Menehwehna's face; but Menehwehna's supporting arm did not flinch.

"Was he, too, of the regiment of Béarn?"

"He was of the Béarnais, monsieur."

"Tell us now. When the Iroquois overtook you, could he have passed on a message, had he carried one?"

While John hesitated, Menehwehna answered him. "It was I only who saw the sergeant," said Menehwehna quietly. "He gave me no message."

"You were close to him?"

"Very close."

"It is curious," mused the Commandant, and turned to John again. "Your falling in with the Iroquois, monsieur, gives me some anxiety; since it happens that a party from here and from Fort Frontenac was crossing the Wilderness at

about the same time with messages for the General on Lake Champlain. You saw nothing of them?"

Again Menehwehna took up the answer. "We met no one but these Iroquois," he said smoothly.

And as Menehwehna spoke the words John felt that every one in the group about him had been listening for it with a sudden anxious tension. He gazed around, bewildered for the moment by the lie. The girl stood with clasped hands. "Thank God!" he heard the Commandant say, lifting his hat.

What new mystery was here? Menehwehna stood with a face immobile and inscrutable; and John's soul rose up against him in rage and loathing. The man had dishonoured him, counting on his gratitude to endorse the lie. Well, he was quit of gratitude now. "To-morrow, my fine fellow," said he to himself, clenching his teeth, "the whole tale shall be told; between this and the telling you may save your skin, if you can"; and so he turned to the Commandant.

"Monsieur," he said with a meaning glance at Menehwehna, "I beg you to accept no part of—of our story until I have told it through to you."

The Commandant was plainly puzzled. "Willingly, monsieur; but I beg you to consider the sufferings of our curiosity and be kind in putting a term to them."

"To-morrow——" began John, and looking up, came to a pause. Dominique Guyon had followed them up from the boat and was thrusting himself unceremoniously upon the Commandant's attention.

"Since this monsieur mentions to-morrow," interrupted Dominique abruptly, "and before I am dismissed to supper, may I claim the Seigneur's leave to depart early to-morrow morning?"

The interruption was so unmannerly that John stared from one to another of the group. The Commandant's face had grown very red indeed. Dominique himself seemed sullenly aware of his rudeness. But John's eyes came to rest on

Mademoiselle Diane's; on her eyes for an instant, and then on her lashes, as she bent her gaze on the ground—as it seemed to him, purposely, and to avoid Dominique's.

“Dominique,” said the Commandant haughtily, “you forget yourself; you intrude upon my conversation with this gentleman.” His voice shook and yet it struck John that his anger covered some anxiety.

“Monsieur must forgive me,” answered Dominique, still with an awkward sullenness. “But it is merely my dismissal that I beg. I wish to return early to-morrow to Boisveyrac; the harvest there is gathered, to be sure, but no once can be trusted to finish the stacks. With so many dancing attendance on the military, the seigniorly sufferers; and, by your leave, I am responsible for it.”

He glared upon John, who gazed back honestly puzzled. The Commandant seemed on the verge of an explosion, but checked himself.

“My good Dominique Guyon,” he explained, “uses the freedom of an old tenant. But here we are at the gate. I bid you welcome, Monsieur à Clive, to my small fortress! Tut, tut, Dominique! We will discuss business in the morning.”

Alone with Menchwehna in the bare hospital ward to which old Jérémie as *maréchal des logis* escorted them, John turned on the Ojibway and let loose his indignation.

“And look you,” he wound up, “this shall be the end. At daybreak to-morrow the gate of the fort will be opened; take the canoe and make what speed you can. I will give you until ten o'clock, but at that hour I promise you to tell my tale to the Commandant, and to tell him all.”

“If my brother is resolved,” said Menchwehna composedly, “let him waste no words. What is settled is settled, and to be angry will do his head no good.”

He composed himself to sleep on the floor at the foot of John's bed, pulling his rug up to his ears. There were six

empty beds in the ward, and one had been prepared for him, but Menehwehna despised beds.

John awoke to sunlight. It poured in through three windows high in the whitewashed wall opposite, and his first thought was to turn over and look for Menehwehna.

Menehwehna had disappeared.

John lay back on the pillow and stared up at the ceiling. Menehwehna had gone; he was free of him, and this day was to deliver his soul. In an hour or so he would be sitting under lock and key, but with a conscience bathed and refreshed, a companion to be looked in the face, a clear-eyed counsellor. The morning sunlight filled the room with a clean cheerfulness, and he seemed to drink it in through his pores. Forgetting his wound, he jumped out of bed with a laugh.

As he did so his eye travelled along the empty beds in the ward, and along a row of pegs above them, and stiffened suddenly.

There were twelve pegs, and all were bare save one—the one in the wall space separating his bed from the bed which had been prepared for Menehwehna, and from this peg hung Sergeant Barboux's white tunic.

It had not been hanging there last night when he dropped asleep: to that he could take his oath. He had supposed it to be left behind in the *armoire* at Boisveyrac. For a full minute he sat on the bed's edge gazing at it in sheer dismay, its evil menace closing like a grip upon his heart.

But by-and-by the grip relaxed as dismay gave room to rage, and with rage came courage.

He laughed again fiercely. Up to this moment he had always shrunk from touch of the thing; but now he pulled it from its peg, held it at arm's length for a moment, and flung it contemptuously on the floor.

"You, at least, I am not going to fear any longer!"

As he cast it from him something crackled under his fingers. For a second or two he stood over the tunic eyeing it, between old disgust and new surmise. Then, dropping on one knee, he

fumbled it over, found the inner breast-pocket and pulled from it a paper.

It was of many sheets, folded in a blue wrapper, sealed with a large red seal, and addressed in cipher.

Turning it over in his hand, he caught sight, in the lower left-hand corner, of a dark spot which his thumb had covered. He stared at it; then at his thumb, to the ball of which some red dust adhered; then at the seal. The wax bore the impress of a flying Mercury, with cap, caduceus and winged sandals. The ciphered address he could not interpret; it was brief, written in two lines, in a bold clear hand.

This, then, was the missive which Barboux had carried.

Had Menchwehna discovered it and placed it here for him to discover? Yes, undoubtedly. And this was a French dispatch; and at any cost he must intercept it! His soldier's sacrament required no less. He must conceal it—seek his opportunity to escape with it—go on lying meanwhile in hope of an opportunity.

Where now was the prospect of his soul's deliverance?

He crept back to bed and was thrusting the letter under his pillow when a slight sound drew his eyes towards the door.

In the doorway stood Menchwehna with a breakfast-tray. The Indian's eyes travelled calmly across the room as he entered and set the tray down on the bed next to John's. Without speaking he picked up the tumbled tunic from the floor and set it back on its peg.

XIV

“But touching this polygon of M. de Montcalm's—”

Within the curtain-wall facing the waterside the ground had been terraced up to form a high platform or *terre-plein*, whence six guns, mounted in embrasures, commanded the river. Hither John had crept, with the support of a stick, to enjoy the sunshine and the view, and here the Commandant

had found him and held him in talk, walking him to and fro, with pauses now and again beside a gun for a few minutes' rest.

"But touching this polygon of M. de Montcalm's, he would doubtless follow Courmontaigne rather than Vauban. The angles, you say, were boldly advanced?"

"So they appeared to me, monsieur; but you understand that I took no part——"

"By advancing the angles boldly"—here the Commandant pressed his finger-tips together by way of illustration—"we allow so much more play to enfilading fire. I speak only of defence against direct assault; for of opposing such a structure to artillery the General could have had no thought."

"Half-a-dozen six-pounders, well directed, could have knocked it about their ears in as many minutes."

"That does not detract from his credit. Every general fights with two heads—his own and his adversary's; and, for the rest, we have to do what we can do with our material." The Commandant halted and gazed down whimsically upon the courtyard, in the middle of which his twenty-five militiamen were being drilled by M. Etienne and Sergeant Bédard. "My whole garrison, sir! Eh? you seem incredulous. My whole garrison, I give you my word! Five-and-twenty militiamen to defend a post of this importance; and up at Fort Frontenac, the very key of the West, my old friend Payan de Noyan has but a hundred in command! I do not understand it, sir. Stores we have in abundance, and ammunition and valuable presents to propitiate the Indians who no longer exist in this neighbourhood. Yes, and—would you believe it?—no longer than three months ago the Governor sent up a boat-load of women. It appeared that his Majesty had forwarded them all the way from France, for wives for his faithful soldiers. I packed them off, sir, and returned them to M. de Vaudreuil. 'With all submission to his Majesty's fatherly wisdom,' I wrote, 'the requirements of New France at this moment are best determined by local considerations';

and I asked for fifty regulars to man our defences. M. de Vaudreuil replied by sending me up one man, and *he* had but one arm. I made Noyon a present of him; his notions of fortification were rudimentary, not to say puerile."

The Commandant paused and dug the surface of the *terre-plein* indignantly with his heel. "As for fortification, do I not know already what additional defences we need? Fort Amitié, monsieur, was constructed by the great Frontenac himself, and with wonderful sagacity, if we consider the times. Take, for example, the towers. You are acquainted, of course, with the modern rule of giving the bastions a salient angle of fifteen degrees in excess of half the angle of the figure in all figures from the square up to the dodecagon? Well, Fort Amitié being a square—or rather a right-angled quadrilateral—the half of its angle will be forty-five degrees; add fifteen, and we get sixty; which is as nearly as possible the salience of our flanking towers; only they happen to be round. So far, so good; but Frontenac had naturally no opportunity of studying Vauban's masterpieces, and perhaps as the older man he never digested Vauban's theories. He did not see that a quadrilateral measuring fifty toises by thirty must need some protection midway in its longer curtains, and more especially on the river-side. A ravelin is out of the question, for we have no counterscarp to stand it on—no ditch at all in fact; our glacis slopes straight from the curtain to the river. I have thought of a *tenaille*—of a flat bastion. We could do so much if only M. de Vaudreuil would send us men!—but, as it is, on what are we relying? Simply, M. à Clive, on our enemies' ignorance of our weakness."

John turned his face away and stared out over the river. The walls of the fort seemed to stifle him; but in truth his own breast was the prison.

"Well now," the Commandant pursued, "your arrival has set me thinking. We cannot strengthen ourselves against artillery; but they say that these English generals learn nothing. They may come against us with musketry, and what served Fort Carillon may also serve Fort Amitié. A breastwork—

call it a lunette—half-way down the slope yonder, so placed as to command the landing-place at close musket-range—it might be useful, eh? There will be trouble with Polyphile Cartier—‘Sans Quartier,’ as they call him. He is proud of his cabbages, and we might have to evict them; yes, certainly our lunette would impinge upon his cabbages. But the safety of the Fort would, of course, override all such considerations.”

He caught John by the arm and hurried him along for a better view of Sans Quartier’s cabbage-patch. And just then Mademoiselle Diane came walking swiftly towards them from the end of the *terre-plein* by the flagstaff tower. An instant later the head and shoulders of Dominique Guyon appeared above the ascent.

Clearly he was following her; and as she drew near John read, or thought he read, a deep trouble in the child’s eyes. But from her eyes his glance fell upon a bundle that she carried, and his own cheek paled. For the bundle was a white tunic, and it took a second glance to assure him that the tunic was a new one and not Sergeant Barboux’!

“Eh? What did I tell you? She has been rifling the stores already!” Here the Commandant caught sight of Dominique and hailed him. “Hola, Dominique!”

Dominique halted for a moment and then came slowly forward; while the girl, having greeted John with a grown woman’s dignity, stood close by her father’s elbow.

“Dominique, how many men can you spare me from Boisveyrac, now that the harvest is over?”

“For what purpose do you wish men, monsieur?”

“Eh? That is my affair, I hope.”

The young man’s face darkened, but he controlled himself to say humbly, “Monsieur rebukes me with justice. I should not have spoken so; but it was in alarm for monsieur’s interests.”

“You mean that you are unwilling to spare me a single man? Come, come, my friend—the harvest is gathered; and, apart from that, my interests are the king’s. Positively you must spare me half-a-dozen for his Majesty’s *corvée*.”

"The harvest is gathered, to be sure; but no one at Boisveyrac can be trusted to finish the stacks. They are a good-for-nothing lot; and now Damase, the best thatcher among them, has, I hear, been sent up to Fort Frontenac along with Polyte Latulippe."

"By my orders."

Dominique bent his eyes on the ground.

"Monsieur's orders shall be obeyed. May I have his permission to return at once to Boisveyrac?—at least, as soon as we have discussed certain matters of business?"

"Business? But since it is not convenient just now——" It seemed to John that the old gentleman had suddenly grown uneasy.

"I speak only of certain small repairs; the matter of Legassé's holding, for example," said Dominique tranquilly. "The whole will not detain Monsieur above ten minutes."

"Ah, to be sure!" The Commandant's voice betrayed relief. "Come to my orderly-room, then. You will excuse me, M. à Clive?"

He turned to go and Dominique stepped aside to allow the girl to follow her father. But she made no sign. He shot a look at her and sullenly descended the terrace at his seigneur's heels.

Mademoiselle Diane's brow grew clear again as the sound of his footsteps died away, and presently she faced John with a smile so gay and frank that, although quite involuntarily he had been watching her, the change startled him. There was something in this girl at once innocently candid and curiously elusive; to begin with he could not decide whether to think of her as child or woman. Last night her eyes had rested on him with a child's open wonder, and a minute ago in Dominique's presence she had seemed to shrink close to her father with a child's timidity. Now, gaily as she smiled, her bearing had grown dignified and self-possessed.

"You are not to leave me, please, M. à Clive—seeing that I came expressly to find you."

John lifted his hat with mock gravity. "You do me great honour, Mademoiselle. And Dominique," he added, "was he also coming in search of me?"

She frowned, and turning towards a cannon in the embrasure behind her, spread the white tunic carefully upon it. "Dominique Guyon is tiresome," she said. "At times, as you have heard, he speaks with too much freedom to my father; but it is the freedom of old service. The Guyons have farmed Boisveyrac for our family since first the seigniority was built." She seemed about to say more, but checked herself, and stood smoothing an arm of the tunic upon the gun. "Ah, here is Félicité!" she exclaimed, as a stout middle-aged woman came bustling along the terrace towards them. "You have kept me waiting, Félicité. And, good heavens! what is that you carry? Did I not tell you that I would get Jérémie to find me a tunic from the stores? See, I have one already."

"But this is not from the stores, mademoiselle!" panted Félicité, as she came to a halt. "It appears that Monsieur brought his tunic with him—Jérémie told me he had seen it hanging by his bed in the sick ward—and here it is, see you!" She displayed it triumphantly, spreading its skirts to the sunshine. "A trifle soiled! but it will save us all the trouble in the world with the measurements—eh, mademoiselle?"

Diane's eyes were on John's face. For a moment or two she did not answer, but at length said slowly:

"Nevertheless you shall measure monsieur. Have you the tapes? Good: give me one, with the blue chalk, and I will check off your measurements."

She seated herself on the gun-carriage and drew the two tunics on to her lap. John shivered as she touched the dead sergeant's.

Félicité grinned as she advanced with the tape. "Do not be shy of me, monsieur," she encouraged him affably. "You are a hero, and I myself am the mother of eight, which is in its way heroic. There should be a good understanding between

us. Raise your arms a little, pray, while I take first of all the measure of your chest."

Her two arms—and they were plump, not to say brawny—went about him. "Thirty-eight," she announced, after examining the tape. "It's long since I have embraced one so slight."

"Thirty-eight," repeated Mademoiselle Diane, puckering up her lips and beginning to measure off the *pouces* across the breast and back of Sergeant Barboux' tunic. "Thirty-eight, did you say?"

"Thirty-eight, mademoiselle. We must remember that these brave defenders of ours sometimes pad themselves a little; it will be nothing amiss if you allow for forty. Eh, monsieur?" Félicité laughed up in John's face. "But you find some difficulty, mademoiselle. Can I help you?"

"I thank you—it is all right," Diane answered hurriedly; and picking up the other tunic, began to measure and chalk it with an elaborate appearance of business.

"Waist, twenty-nine," Félicité continued. "One might even say twenty-eight, only monsieur is drawing in his breath."

"Where are the scissors, Félicité?" demanded her mistress, who had carefully smuggled them beneath her skirt as she sat.

"The scissors? Of a certainty now I brought them—but the sight of that heathen Ojibway, when he gave me the tunic, was enough to make any decent woman faint! I shook like an aspen, if you will credit me, all the way across the drill-ground, and perhaps the scissors . . . no, indeed, I cannot find them . . . but if mademoiselle will excuse me while I run back for another pair. . . ." She bustled off towards the Commandant's quarters.

Mademoiselle Diane reached down a hand to the tunic which had fallen at her feet, and drew it on to her lap again, as if to examine it. But her eyes were searching John's face.

"Why do you shiver?" she asked.

"I beg of you not to touch it, mademoiselle. It—it hurts to see you touching it."

"Did you kill him?"

"Of whom is mademoiselle speaking?"

"Pray do not pretend to be stupid, monsieur. I am speaking of that other man—the owner of this tunic—the sergeant who took you into the forest. Dill you kill him?"

"He died in fair fight, mademoiselle."

"It was a duel, then?" He did not answer, and she continued, "I can trust your face, monsieur. I am sure it was only in fair fight. But why should you think me afraid to touch *this*? Oh, why, M. à Clive, will men always take it so cruelly for granted that we are afraid of the thought of blood—nay, even that we owe it to ourselves to be afraid? If we are what you all insist we should be, what right have we to be born in these times? Think of New France fighting now for dear life—ah, why should I ask *you* to think, who have bled for her? Yet you would have me shudder at the touch of a stained piece of cloth; and while you hold these foolish prejudices, can you wonder that New France has no Jeanne d'Arc? When I was at the Ursulines at Quebec, they used to pray to her and ask for her intercession; but what they taught was needlework."

"The world has altered since her time, mademoiselle," said John, falsely and lamely.

"Has it? It burnt her; even in those days it did its best according to its lights," she answered bitterly. "Only in these days there are no heroines to burn. No heroines . . . no fires . . . and even in our needlework we must be demure, and not touch a garment that has been touched with blood! Monsieur, was this man a coward?" She lifted the tunic.

"He was a vain fellow and a bully, mademoiselle, but by no means a coward."

"He fought for France?"

"Yes; and, I believe, with credit."

"Then, Monsieur, because he was a bully, I commend the

man who killed him fairly. And because he was brave and fought for France, I am proud to handle his tunic."

As men go, John à Cleeve was not a fool; and yet, as he gazed at her kindled face, the one thought that rose above his own shamed confusion was a thought that her earnestness marvellously made her beautiful.

(To be continued.)