THE FOLLOWING POLITICAL ARTICLES BY DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS HAVE APPEARED IN "THE MONTHLY REVIEW"

Nov. 1900 EUROPE, CHINA AND THE PEACE CONFERENCE—Dr. F. DE MARTENS (*Privy Councillor to the Tsar, President of the Hague Conference*)

Jan. 1901 THE PROGRESS OF JAPAN—His Excellency Viscount HAYASHI (*Japanese Minister Plenipotentiary in England*)

Feb. 1903 THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY—Dr. ALBERT GESSMANN (*Leader of the Christian Social Party*), Dr. ADOLF STRANSKY (*Leader of the Young Czech Party*), and Herr FRANZ KOSSUTH (*Leader of the Hungarian Independence Party*)

Mar. 1903 THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY—Count N. BANFFY (*Hungarian Ex-Premier*), and Dr. STANISLAS RITTER VON STARZYNSKI (*Leader of the Polish Conservative Party*)

April 1903 THE UNREST IN THE BALKANS—Mr. TAKE JONESCU (*Roumanian Ex-Minister and Conservative Leader*), General TZONTCHEFF (*Vice-President and Military Commandant of the Central Macedonian Committee, Sofia*), and M. P. SKATISTIVIS (*President of the Cretan Chamber of Deputies*)

May 1903 AMIR HABIBULLAH AND THE RUSSIANS—Professor ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY, Buda Pesth

Nov. 1903 MR. BALFOUR'S ECONOMIC NOTES—YVES GUYOT (*Editor of "Le Siècle" and Ex-Minister*)

Jan. 1904 ANTI-SEMITISM IN CONTEMPORARY RUSSIA—M. TUGAN-BARANOWSKY

Feb. 1904 THE JEWISH PERIL IN RUSSIA—M. O MENCHIKOFF (*one of the Editors of the "Novoë Vremya," St. Petersburg*)

Feb. Mar. 1904 ITALIAN POLICY AND THE VATICAN—Commendatore F. SANTINI (*Leader of the Italian Liberal Party, Crispi section*)

July 1904 THE ARMY QUESTION IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY—Count ALBERT APPONYI (*Leader of the Hungarian National Liberal Party and Ex-President of the Hungarian Lower House*)

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

Nov. 1900 THE TRANS-SIBERIAN-MANCHURIAN RAILWAY—A. R. COLQUHOUN

Jan. 1901 THE PROGRESS OF JAPAN—His Excellency Viscount HAYASHI

Mar. 1901 TRADE AND THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY—ALEXANDER KINLOCH

Aug. 1901 THE TACTICS OF THE SUBMARINE—A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

Oct. 1901 THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF JAPAN—ROBERT MACHRAY (*endorsed by H.E. Viscount Hayashi*)

Feb. 1903 THE CRISIS IN THE FAR EAST—ROBERT MACHRAY

Mar. 1904 BUSHIDO: THE JAPANESE ETHICAL CODE—ALFRED STEAD

April 1904 RUSSIA'S FINANCIAL STAYING POWER—M. A. GEROTHWOHL

June 1904 UNCONQUERABLE JAPAN—Professor E. H. PARKER

June 1904 ANCESTOR WORSHIP IN JAPAN—ALFRED STEAD

July 1904 THE NEW JAPAN—Count OKUMA

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ERRATA

In the article on "The Army Question in Austria-Hungary," by Count Albert Apponyi, in the Monthly Review for July:

Page 3, lines 5–6, *for* "to a body representing both countries" *read* "executive agents common to both countries."

Page 6 (foot-note), line 7, *for* "therefore *they* must be ruled" *read* "therefore *she* must be ruled."

Page 32, line 10, *for* "whatever *royal* fiction" *read* "whatever *legal* fiction."

Page 33, lines 15–16, *for* "the *contemporaneous* influence" *read* "the *homogeneous* influence."

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

MOTORS AND MANSLAUGHTER

LIKE many other new things we have seen, the motor is the luxury of to-day, the life of to-morrow. Up to the present moment we know it in itself, but not in its consequences. Into a national existence already complicated it is about to introduce an entirely fresh set of complications; and these, it is hardly necessary to add, we have made no serious effort to forecast or to regulate. It is not our way. In the Boer War, we have been recently told by the German Staff, "the broad-mindedness, foresight, and practical sense of the British race showed themselves in a high degree: the officers and officials were able to supervise with certainty, and to overcome successfully, all those difficulties which were due to the extensive theatre of war, so different in every respect from the conditions in England." Praise is always welcome, and seldom fails to bring conviction to the subject of it. But this eulogy, however pleasant to read, seems to include a camel too bulky for the eye of any English needle. It contains a glaring inconsistency. We did encounter many difficulties in South Africa; we did successfully overcome them all—in the long run; but that we or any of us showed "foresight" in a high degree is a statement quite at variance with the facts and with the rest of the sentence. It was confessedly lack of foresight which got us into all our troubles, both of policy and detail; we had given no thought beforehand to a set of circumstances "so different in every respect from the conditions in England";

it was in spite of this that the practical sense of the race enabled us to muddle through. Mr. Wells' example and teaching notwithstanding, we are not good at "anticipations"; the discovery even of the immediate future is the least popular branch of research among us.

Once more we are about to be confronted with conditions different in every respect from those in England—the England we have known. Is it not time that we began at least to discuss the matter seriously—that is to say, as a purely practical question, putting aside the merely combative methods of argument with which writers on both sides have for the last twelve months delighted their respective backers; putting aside too, as anything but serious, the legislation at present dealing with speed—a mere compromise of the nature of an arbitrator's award, adding together the extreme claims on either side, and dividing by two? If ten miles an hour is too slow for a car of forty-mile power, so is twenty: if thirty miles an hour is too fast for public safety, so is twenty. The excuse for the present law is, that until now we have hardly realised what it is that is going to happen. It is time to recognise that this is no longer the case; if we do not know what are the coming conditions "so different in every respect," it is because we do not read the reports from the Assizes.

We have before us two such reports, both of cases tried during the third week of July. One was a criminal charge of manslaughter, the other a civil action for damages; taken together they give us practically all the data we need for full consideration of the subject. In the first case Emile Richard, a Frenchman who was a professional motor-car driver, holding a French but not an English licence, was charged with the manslaughter of a man named Job, at Banstead, on Easter Monday last.

The evidence for the prosecution was to the effect that on April 4 Job was riding a bicycle, accompanied by a friend, named Sayer, along the road across Banstead Downs at about 1.30 P.M. They were going in the direction of Banstead, and were crossing the railway bridge at Belmont, Sayer riding

ahead of Job. When they got to the top of the bridge Sayer saw a motor-cycle coming towards them on its proper side. He and Job were going at a speed of seven or eight miles an hour. He then saw a motor-car (which was being driven by the defendant) about 200 yards away coming towards them very fast. When he (Sayer) was at the bottom of the decline leading from the top of the bridge he saw that the motor-car was gradually coming out towards its off-side so as to pass the motor-cycle. The road at this point rose in each direction, so that the motor-car was coming down a decline. Sayer thereupon got off his bicycle and stood on the footpath on his proper side of the road. When the motor-car got near it swerved out towards him and passed him at a distance of about 18 in., and he turned round and saw Job lying about ten yards behind him with his face on the road and his feet on the footpath, having been struck by the motor-car. The motor-car stopped a few yards on the other side of the bridge, and the defendant, who was driving the car, and the occupants thereof, a lady and a gentleman, came back to the scene of the accident.

The medical evidence was that Job was brought to the hospital suffering from a compound fracture of the left leg and a fracture at the base of the skull. He never regained consciousness, and died on April 8 at 10.30 A.M.

The case for the defence was that the accident was caused by the first bicyclist jumping quickly off his machine without giving Job, who was only a few feet behind him, any warning, thereby compelling him to swerve out towards the middle of the road and thus come in contact with the motor-car, and that the speed of the motor-car, even if it was excessive, which was denied, was not the cause of the accident.

The remainder of the evidence, which was decidedly interesting from our present point of view, may be summarised as follows: First, as to pace. An expert described the motor-car as a 20-h.p. car, weighing one ton, and capable when new of going forty miles an hour on the level. In answer to the Judge, who asked the often heard question why, if the legal limit of speed was twenty miles an hour, cars were built to go forty, this witness said that it was to enable the car to go up hill at a fair speed. He admitted that when going down hill the car could gain a speed even higher than forty miles an hour by reason of its own momentum. As to the actual pace at the time of the accident a typical difference of opinion was shown. Of five witnesses who were on the road near, three swore that the car was going "at least thirty miles an hour";

two that it was going "very fast." The defendant himself said he had been going about twenty miles an hour, but reduced speed slightly before passing the first bicyclist. Another witness, who was travelling in the car, said they had been going about twenty-five miles an hour, but had reduced speed.

As to the position of the parties at the moment of impact there was also a very significant conflict of evidence. The surviving bicyclist swore that when the car passed him he had already dismounted, and was standing on the footpath on his proper side of the road. He was supported in this by another witness, who was on the same path as the bicyclist, and saw the accident. He declared that when the motor-car struck the deceased man and his bicycle both bicyclists were standing on the footpath by their bicycles. Another witness who was very close, in a carriage attached to the front of the motor-cycle, described the motor-car as striking the second bicyclist while still on his machine, and throwing him into the air. The defendant's counsel seems to have adopted this theory, and in cross-examining the survivor, Sayer, got him to admit that he dismounted somewhat suddenly, without giving his companion, who was close behind him, any warning, the suggestion being that the deceased when struck was swerving out towards the middle of the road. The defendant himself, however, appears to have failed to appreciate his counsel's line of defence. His version was that both bicyclists were riding, and that there was plenty of room to pass; he could not account for the accident. The Judge in summing up explained the Motor-Car Act of 1903 as meaning not that a speed of twenty miles an hour was allowed in all cases and everywhere, but that it was never to be exceeded, while in some places and on some occasions even seven miles an hour might be excessive; it might be the duty of the driver to proceed with great caution, or even to stop. He then, upon a verdict of *guilty* being returned, sentenced the defendant to six months' imprisonment, a serious but not a severe punishment.

The second case was a simpler one. A farmer was riding close to the hedge on his proper side of the high road from Ross to Monmouth when a motor-car came "at a great speed," and, as was alleged, on its wrong side; the driver ignoring a warning signal made by the plaintiff, the latter was thrown, with injury to his spine, while his pony swerved in front of the car and was so hurt that it had to be destroyed. The jury awarded £250 damages; it is doubtful whether the evidence of negligence was strong enough to have led them to this verdict, but the defendant, Dr. Gerald Dundas Edwards, failed in the Judge's opinion to give a satisfactory explanation of the fact that he refused immediately after the accident to give his name and address; and the jury probably took this unfortunate mistake as evidence that he was not himself quite clear as to his own blamelessness. The inference is one which will constantly be made in such cases; but it may, and often will be, an entirely wrong one; a man strongly convinced of his own innocence may easily wish when he has seen his victim placed in good hands to spare himself the undeserved ordeal of a trial by jury. He will be wrong of course; but though law and morality may insist that he shall not acquit himself by flight, it is none the less true that flight is not really by itself conclusive evidence of guilt.

Our point is, that probably in neither of these two cases was there anything which could fairly be called "guilt" on the one side, or "contributory negligence" on the other. The facts were all typical facts; such facts as must, in the absence of definite and far-reaching provision on our part, multiply in an ever-increasing ratio. In 1904 they come before us twice in one week of the year; in 1914 or 1924 they might conceivably come before us ten or twenty times in every week of the year. But they will not? No, for such a state of things would be the end of civilised national existence; better the wild beasts of the primitive forest-life, which could at least be attacked and now and then destroyed, than an age of chimeras, ubiquitous and invulnerable. The question is not whether

such a position shall be avoided, but by what means, and with how short a period of chaos, destruction and class-feeling.

It comes, then, to this: in the few years immediately before us, either the new conditions, "so different in every respect," must have been abolished or modified, or our present mode of life out of doors must have been abandoned or modified. Which is most probable? What is most desirable? Let us take first the new element—the motor-car and its concomitant facts. These are exemplified with sufficient clearness by our two cases. Entirely well-meaning persons in fast and irresistibly heavy cars traverse the country in great numbers; their machines are, it is true, more obedient to control than horsed carriages, but they are more in need of control, from their infinitely greater speed and momentum. How seldom is it as much as fifteen feet from a motor's position at any moment to the edge of the road or to the place on the road occupied by another passenger; yet even at the statutory pace of twenty miles an hour those fifteen feet would be crossed in a swerve of half a second's duration. The motor which killed the bicyclist at Banstead missed his companion by eighteen inches; that is to say, by one-twentieth of a second. So swiftly did death swoop that the ten or more witnesses cannot agree as to the position of the two bicyclists at the moment, or even be sure whether they were riding or dismounted. In the other case the Herefordshire farmer, who was also on his own side of the road, was accused of unskilfully handling his pony in endeavouring to get it to pass the motor-car. It is natural that both horses and human beings should at times be startled out of control.

Are these then such facts as can be abolished or modified? Abolished, no; for they all result from speed, and speed is the mainspring of the whole movement. Nor can they be very greatly modified. Men and horses will no doubt adapt themselves to a certain extent: we shall become more accustomed to judge distance at high speed, whether we are ourselves the hawk or the quarry. But while the powers of machinery are

capable of enormous development, our own senses and muscles are not, and we cannot forget, as intelligent animals, that the penalty for almost any of the innumerable varieties of failure is death: and that amounts almost to a *reductio ad absurdum* of any pursuit whose aim is the development of individual activity.

On this side then the future is not difficult to foresee: it will be a direct prolongation of the present. We are going to have motors and more motors: perhaps to every man a motor or two, for prices will inevitably fall to meet the demand, and combination will come to the aid of the poorer. Our inquiry is reduced to this: how in face of these inevitable conditions is our life out of doors to be modified—for we will not think of abandoning it yet. Even when motoring is no longer merely a pastime of the rich, but has become the daily transport of the democracy, it will be out of the question that every road and lane in the country should be permanently unsafe for anything living, from a chicken to a Cabinet Minister, to walk upon. It follows, we think inevitably, that, since legs cannot abandon the roads to motors, motors must give up the roads, or most of them, once more to their old uses, and restrict themselves to another set of roads made or reserved expressly for them. This, of course, need have no application to those motorists who will undertake to bring themselves within what may be called "horse-conditions," that is, who will confine themselves to a speed not exceeding that of a pair of horses—say a maximum of ten or twelve miles an hour. Low-speed motors are not only not adding to the dangers of traffic, they are in a fair way to make the roads safer than they have been for a generation. But the high-speed motor, the "non-stopping" car that clears a road for a mile ahead and buries it in dust for three miles behind, must be provided with a track of its own.

Is this impossible or unreasonable? Not impossible, for we have from the first insisted on a separate track for railway traffic, and no difficulties of space engineering or expense were

allowed to stand in the way. Still less can the idea be called unreasonable: we do not consider it fitting that the roads made for foot and horse traffic should be used by high-speed trains, even though confined to fixed rails, nor do we allow foot passengers to walk along a railway line; why then should we think it possible for one and the same road to serve both for ordinary traffic and for cars of a ton weight running thirty miles an hour without any rail to keep them from sudden and unintended deviations?

And the cost of these high-speed roads? That will be mainly the concern of the motorists. The plan is entirely in their interest; for, as things now stand, the law and the practice are turning steadily against speed, and under any other conditions than those we are advocating, must continue to do so. The statutory limit of twenty miles an hour is proving a purely illusory provision; it has not saved the public from danger, nor has it freed the motorist from responsibility. As more than one Judge has pointed out, negligence is negligence whether at twenty miles an hour or seven. The plain result is that you may only go as fast as you can go without danger to others, and in the not very distant future, when every road has many motors to the mile, all trying to steer among pigs, poultry, paralytics, and passengers of all kinds, safety-speed will be cut down to a very low figure. The only choice then will be the unsatisfactory one between legality and a snail's pace on the one hand, and motoring and manslaughter on the other.

ON THE LINE

WE can only answer for five out of the twelve studies of Great Painters, already published in **Duckworth's Popular Library of Art** (2*s.* a volume); but four out of the five are as good as they can be, and—if the same proportion of merit be kept throughout—every lover of genius ought to possess the whole series. Each tiny volume is fully illustrated—*Rembrandt* (Auguste Bréal), for instance, with sixty-one prints; and these are so well chosen that every picture attempted is one which can be, to some extent, faithfully reproduced on a small scale. The eye is not fatigued by the effort to make out compositions that, when reduced, become a mere crowd, nor the mind wearied with catalogues of authorities which only an expert need consult. We cannot imagine a more useful investment for schools, nor one that would give greater help to jaded teachers in the form of suggestion. The French writers are the most successful of all; every literary Frenchman is born a critic, and when to this innate power of choice and appreciation there is added enthusiastic temperament and the will to study wisely and long, the result leaves nothing—except better translation —to be desired. Miss Clementine Black, who has translated *Rembrandt* and *Millet* (Romain Rolland), does well enough; but *The French Impressionists* (Camille Mauclair) have been Americanised, and—though there may be more excuse for this in the massive nature of the German original—Dr. Georg Gronau's *Leonardo* becomes a little heavy in the hands of Mr.

F. Pledge. *Leonardo* is, notwithstanding, full of interest; and the other three deserve to be read everywhere. Manet, Monet, Degas, are to many but names—and rather disagreeable names; they will think differently of these men when they have read the true story of their work. The Impressionist movement is the most important that has occurred in Art since the days of the Pre-Raphaelites. It is high time that we should understand the principles and motives which actuated its leaders—that we should know why they called themselves the lawful descendants of Watteau, Claude, Turner, Ziem, Monticelli, and wherefore the *Salon des Refusés* of 1863 eclipsed other Salons.

For Millet, his life is so pathetic, his character so reverent and beautiful, that M. Rolland's charming monograph must appeal, not to artists alone, nor to people especially interested in Art, but to all who care about endurance and courage. His pictures of children are enchanting, and there are enough of them in this little book to delight every lover of children's looks and ways. Very sweet is Burty's account of that poor home:

> Millet, with his deep chest and grave head, presiding at the long table which had no cloth, and around which half-a-dozen children passed up their earthen plates to the smoking soup tureen. Madame Millet would be trying to put a child to sleep on her lap. There would be great pauses of silence, in which no sound was heard but the purring of the cats curled up before the stove.

Great pauses of silence—these it was that Millet loved, for love of these he dwelt among the solitudes of Fontainebleau.

> "I heard the voice of the trees," he said himself. "The surprises of their movements, their varieties of form, and even the strangeness of their attraction to the light, suddenly revealed to me the language of forests. This whole leafy world was a world of the dumb, whose signs I guessed, whose passions I discovered."

Such a man would naturally admire strength beyond everything else. "The strong men," he calls the Old Masters. Yet

he found it hard to understand Rembrandt, one of the strongest among them.

He did not repel me, but he blinded me.

We think of the strange words as we read Auguste Bréal's genial description of the man in whose life there was so much darkness, in whose eyes there were such marvels of light.

"Look at his pictures," says Fromentin; "look at them as Rembrandt meant us to look at his human effigies, attentively and long, with your eyes upon their lips and gazing into theirs."

It is all very well; who can fathom the depths? Who can wonder that he "blinded" a man of such insight as Millet when, even among ordinary spectators,

at the close of any such wordless dialogue with the image of the master, the strange impression remains with us that, as between the portrait and ourselves, it is the portrait which has learned most about the other.

There is more to be gained from the errors of a clever man than from the wise observations of a fool; but this does not lessen our regret that such a clever man as Mr. Chesterton should think fit to write a book called *Watts*, when he appears to be quite ignorant of painting; and, furthermore, to make it one of a series wherein foreigners have done brilliantly. He is determined that, whatever the other volumes may be like, his shall not be like these. Living as he does by the law of paradox, he has clearly convinced himself that, the less you know of any given subject, the better qualified you are to talk about it. He has also made up his mind—a little hastily perhaps—that the truest truth is always half a lie, and that defiance of every one else's style is bound to be a characteristic of his own. Terrible are the vices of journalism! It has much to answer for in the case of Mr. Chesterton. It has to answer for his remissness in correcting proofs, whereby it comes to pass that he irritates the ear by vapid repetition; it has to answer for the breathless attempt to be original every five minutes; it has to answer for the misquotation of texts. The grossest

instance of this last and worst infirmity (some consideration for the great man then amongst us might surely have saved his biographer here) we forbear to quote, lest it should deter people from reading what is worth reading, after all. It is more witty than wise; but, if we cannot get wit and wisdom both together (except in French), wit, in the general dearth of that commodity, is not to be despised. We are amused, if we are not much edified, to learn that "the Crystal Palace is the temple of a forgotten creed;" that we have "salons" (we did not know it, but are glad to hear)—that through these salons a whisper runs, "Mr. Max Beerbohm waves a wand, and a whole generation of great men and great achievement suddenly looks mildewed and unmeaning." This is rather a cruel description of Mr. Max Beerbohm's airy caricatures; would he recognise it himself? We are, it appears, just like the people of the Restoration. We "can see nothing about Lord Shaftesbury but his hat," just as "they could see nothing about Oliver Cromwell but his nose." Those must be odd persons indeed who think so much about Lord Shaftesbury's hat; for ourselves we have never happened to meet them; but even if they exist, it is rather difficult to see what they have to do with Watts, or why such tiresome preoccupation with the headgear of a Reformer should interfere with our enjoyment of the helmets of Watts' Knights. Never mind! There is fine stuff in the description of the Early Victorians.

> Men were, in the main, agnostics: they said, "We do not know;" but not one of them ever ventured to say, "We do not care." In most eras of revolt and question, the sceptics reap something from their scepticism; if a man were a believer in the eighteenth century, there was Heaven; if he were an unbeliever, there was the Hell-Fire Club. But these men restrained themselves more than hermits for a hope that was more than half hopeless, and sacrificed hope itself for a liberty which they would not enjoy; they were rebels without deliverance, and saints without reward. There may have been, and there was something arid and over-pompous about them; a newer and gayer philosophy may be passing before us, and changing many things for the better; but we shall not easily see any nobler race of men, and of them all most assuredly there was none nobler than Watts. If any one wishes to see that spirit, he

will see it in pictures painted by Watts in a form beyond expression sad and splendid.

The faith of that time "was doubtful, but its doubt was faithful," and "it fell in love with abstractions and became enamoured of great and desolate words." All this is worked out at railway speed, with a curious assurance that everything mentioned, even if it be only the opinion of the critics in "The Green Carnation," is of world-wide interest and importance. The Celtic spirit comes in for a good hit.

The essential Celtic spirit in letters and art may, I think, be defined as a sense of the unbearable beauty of things. The essential spirit of Watts may, I think, be much better expressed as a sense of the joyful austerity of things. The dominant passion of the artistic Celt of Mr. W. B. Yeats or Sir Edward Burne-Jones is in the word "escape": escape into a land where oranges grow on plum-trees and men can sow what they like and reap what they enjoy To Watts the very word "escape" would be horrible . . . his ideal is altogether duty.

Of course, Mr. Chesterton goes on to tell us that frivolity is the most serious of all things. If we desire to know anything positive about Watts, the best part of the book is that which deals with his education and with that insight into character that glorifies his portraits.

"There," he said, stretching out his hand towards the Ilyssus in his studio, "there is my master." We hear of a friendship between him and the sculptor William Behnes, of Watts lounging about that artist's studio, playing with clay, modelling busts, and staring at the work of sculpture. His eyes seemed to have been at this time the largest and hungriest part of him. . . . He never painted in the galleries; he only dreamed in them. . . . Most men are allegorical when they are painting allegories, but Watts is allegorical when he is painting an old alderman. A change passes over that excellent being, a change of a kind to which aldermen are sufficiently inured. He begins to resolve into the primal elements, to become dust and the shadow, to become the red clay of Adam and the wind of God. His eyes become, in spite of his earnest wish, the fixed stars in the sky of the spirit; his complexion begins to show, not the unmeaning red of portraits and miniatures, but that secret and living red which is within us, and which is the river of man. . . . He scarcely ever paints a man without making him about five times as magnificent as he really looks. The real men appear, if they present themselves afterwards, like mean and unsympathetic sketches from the Watts original.

It was not good taste to speak of the master's "almost absurd humility;" and Mr. Chesterton, alluding to "the splendid fact that he had three times refused a title," perhaps overrates the temptation. "When I desire to rest my mind, I do not seek honours but liberty," said Rembrandt.

The Life and Letters of the Great Earl of Cork. By Dorothea Townshend. (Duckworth: 18*s.* net.)—There probably was never a time in England when men and women hated each other more than in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. The ferocity of Henry VIII.'s age had not been wholly tamed. The spirit of liberty, or shall we say the spirit of grievance, arose fiercely under the government of King Pacificus, when the abuses of patronage, which were endured under Elizabeth because her deeds, good and bad, were on a great scale, stunk in the nostrils of a generation who had no respect for the alien King and his favourites. Read the trial of Raleigh or Bacon, and you will be introduced to a scene of almost incredible malice and wickedness. Go on to the Vandyke and John Inglesant days of holy Mr. Herbert, Falkland, Nicholas Ferrar, Donne, the "green retreat" of Izaak Walton, the Arcadia of Herrick; and you find violence, spite, corruption and intrigue ruling public affairs and embittering political strife under an obstinate King, a tyrannous Lord Deputy and a malicious Archbishop, and making all reform of grievances impossible; till men came to playing at bowls with each other's heads, and the "corrupt humours of the body politic" discharged themselves in civil war. In the midst of this troubled time and in the most troubled country, Ireland, fell the lot of the "great Earl of Cork," called great rather by reason of his fortunes than his qualities; a quarrelsome, high-handed, unscrupulous, warmhearted, honourable and courageous cavalier. He used all the weapons which law or Irish custom put into his hands, and grasped at everything within reach, gave and spent largely, "compassed a great estate and great honours," fostered trade, shipping and agriculture in Munster,

set up mills, forges and salmon weirs, and cut so notable a figure in the reigns of Elizabeth and James that he was at once marked out by Strafford in his Tarquinian policy as one of the tallest lily-heads in Ireland. "A most cursed man to all Ireland and to me in particular," is the Lord Deputy's entry in his diary on the day of his entry into Dublin. His colleague as Lord Justice, the Lord Chancellor Loftus, an old enemy with whom he had a standing quarrel, and had sustained in the course of it many "affronts and storms," had no doubt given no favourable account of Cork to the great Deputy. Wentworth lost no time in having it out with him.

It was the time of fines, which could be levied more easily than subsidies and loans; the detestable mediæval tradition for which Empson and Dudley suffered, only because they were too zealous servants; the system, which still prevails in the East, of using the machinery of government for gain. Lord Cork had run under the guns of the law in the matter of Youghal College, and Strafford set the damages at £15,000. Here is the Earl's own account.

> I prayed him to consider whether in justice he could impose so great a fine upon me. Whereunto he replied, "God's wounds, sir! When the last Parliament in England broke up you lent the King £15,000, and afterwards in a very uncivil, unmannerly manner you pressed his Majesty to repay it you. Whereupon I resolved, when I came out of England, to fetch it back again from you, by one means or another. And now I have gotten what I desired, you and I will be friends hereafter."

Thus Lord Cork's request to have his loan repaid cost him £15,000; a sum worth at least seventy or eighty thousand pounds in modern value. *Nolite confidere in principibus.*

The great Earl was beloved by his family, of whose welfare and advancement in life he was always careful in the patriarchal fashion of the time. The daughters made noble marriages, and the sons became peers, all but Robert the philosopher. Of him there is a pretty account in this book as an Eton boy under the care of Sir Henry Wotton and John Harrison the Headmaster. Robert and his elder brother

Frank were entered as "commensals," and dined in hall at the second table with the four sons of Lords Northampton and Peterborough and other knights' sons, and were sometimes invited to dine with the Provost at the *mensa socialis* or Fellows' table, by which hung the new picture of Venice which he had presented to the College. Kind Mr. Harrison, the Headmaster, gave Robert "fruit and sweetmeats, and those little dainties that age is greedy of," and "such balls and tops and other implements of idleness as he had taken away from others that had unduly used them." We wonder what the boys thought of this. Robert does not tell us. Their private tutor, Robert Cary, praises the "civil and transparent carriage" of the two boys (whom he calls "my masters"), "their neatness in apparel, combing, and washing," and Mr. Robert's diligence, "who loseth no hour without a line of his idle time," and whom "Mr. Provost doth admire for his excellent genius;" and their "landlord," one of the Fellows, protested that "never he saw sweeter nor civiller gents in the College than Mr. Boyles." When we learn that their commons cost them but 5*s.* 6*d.* a week apiece, their washing 16*s.* a quarter, and the rent of their chamber £5 a year, we wonder how their expenses for diet and tutorage and apparel came to £914 in three years. It may be interesting to Etonians to know that the motto "Floreat Etona" was in use even then.

A book is not the same as a blue-book, and Sir W. E. Lee Warner's determination to tell us all that can be known about **The Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie** (Macmillan, 25*s.* net) partly defeats its object by causing the reader to skip. In a biography one looks for portraiture; to see what a man was, not what he did; and Sir William disappoints us by filling his pages with statistics and defensive controversy whilst we are wanting to know, not how many square miles and how many lakhs he added to our Indian possessions, but what his pursuits were, how he loved his wife, his children and his friends, his relations to religion, literature, politics; what kind

of a companion he was, how his intimate friends wrote to him and he to them. Having said thus much in criticism of Sir W. Lee Warner's method, we have nothing but praise for the thoroughness of his work and the completeness of his knowledge. Sir William has served in all three provinces of India, and no one is more competent to write the history of the country.

Lord Dalhousie was one of the strongest men who have ever ruled India. He was also one of the most conscientious, we do not say the most scrupulous; for his nature was masterful, he despised criticism and feared nothing, he detested bad government, loved organisation and development of resources, and believed that the extension of British rule was the cure for all the ills of India. His self-reliance, a necessary element in greatness, was absolute, and his strength of will, combined with unsparing diligence, made government easy; for men love to serve a master, and Dalhousie, though he could command, rebuke and dismiss, never dealt with his subordinates as mere instruments; he consulted their peculiarities and respected their feelings. He believed in personal government more than in the muddling of boards, and was always ready to strengthen the hands of an officer who knew his business, though he could not endure disobedience. Some men rule by persuasion, some by example, some by domination. Dalhousie belonged to the last class. But he was not a tyrant; and in his correspondence with the home authorities we see that he could accept rebuffs with temper and dignity, and give up what he could not carry through; knowing that in the immense mass of business which he took in hand he could afford not to succeed at every point.

It may be said of Dalhousie, as he said of himself on one occasion, that he "never felt the tremor of a doubt," or "saw reason to question for a moment the necessity" of his policy. For a man of this temper to have made so few errors gives the stamp of greatness.

Dalhousie's work falls naturally under two heads; annexa-

tion, and organisation of progress. On the first of these heads he had everything to learn. On going out to India

> he had been assured that perfect tranquillity prevailed, and he believed that his mission lay in promoting the moral and material progress of India, and in consolidating the provinces already acquired rather than in adding to their extent by fresh conquests.

A strange conviction for a Governor-General who annexed the Punjab, Oudh, Pegu, Nagpur, and half a dozen smaller principalities, adding more than a third part to the territory over which he was placed as Governor-General.

Dalhousie's doctrine with regard to the native States would appear to be this. England is paramount, her position in regard to them analogous to that of a feudal overlord. In case of lapse of heirs the succession falls to the overlord. When by reason of rebellion, intrigue with enemies, or misgovernment, the government of a native State is assumed by the Company, no sham royalty should be endured, but pretenders should be paid off, their rank acknowledged, but their titles of sovereignty abolished. The law should in all cases be construed favourably to the British claim, on the ground that British rule is better for the subject than native rule, and that the consummation in complete unity under the British crown is desirable. He had no scruples in putting down corrupt governments in the interest of the natives even when they could show precedent for continuing or were acceptable to their subjects. " Fair play for all, the fairest of fair play for John Company " might have been his motto. Like Edward I. and Frederick the Great, he used legality as the engine of his own will, and set forward conquest and annexation under the banner of conscious rectitude; in carrying out this policy he considered himself bound, in duty as well as in policy, to act with the purest integrity and in the most scrupulous good faith.

The objection to this kind of argument is that it is the argument of force, and one to which no population would submit willingly. When frequent annexations were combined

with attacks on such ancient religious rites as suttee and human sacrifice, it was impossible but that suspicions should arise among a deeply superstitious race that the English were preparing to destroy all religions but their own. So far Lord Dalhousie was accountable, with other rulers who had preceded him, for the outbreak of the Mutiny in 1857. He knew the danger, and thought it was right to incur and meet it. He is not responsible for the weakness at a critical moment which he foresaw, and against which he warned the Home Government at the time of the Crimean War. More than this; as late as February 1856 Lord Dalhousie drew up the famous Nine Minutes by which it was proposed to diminish the native and increase the British force, "the essential element of our strength." These Minutes were received, pigeon-holed, disregarded, forgotten, and lost; and it is only lately that their rediscovery has proved how unmerited was some, at least, of the blame which fell upon Dalhousie for rashness in view of dangers aggravated by his own policy.

On the head of administration no praise can be too high for Lord Dalhousie. He remodelled the whole system of government, bringing the Governor-General into closer relations with the outlying provinces. He centralised administration in order to be able to decentralise on a sound basis when the time should come. He founded railways and telegraphs, attracting many millions of capital by a wise system of guarantee, and encouraging by his own enthusiasm the labours of engineers who had to fight against conditions of electrical disturbances altogether unknown at home. He introduced a system of State forestry, dug thousands of miles of canals, built the Grand Trunk Road, established the postal service, including a halfpenny post from end to end of India, and created national education. He spent lavishly, with the result that the revenue was raised in the proportion of four to five during his tenure of office. And when we say "he did this or that," it is literally true. He himself inquired into every detail, he settled every question. For such a man all subordinates were

proud to work; and no ruler ever deserved the title of "le bien servi" more than Dalhousie.

So courageous and self-willed a man could but incur strong opposition. Dalhousie disagreed on important occasions with Hardinge, Gough, the Lawrences, Sir Charles Napier, and many of his subordinates. But in no case, except perhaps that of the tempestuous Napier, did difference of opinion and resolute action cause serious alienation—and the goodwill of the Lawrence brothers would outweigh a thousand lesser opinions.

Whether or not we agree with all Mr. Churton Collins conclusions in his **Studies in Shakespeare** (Constable, *7s. 6d.*), no one can deny that he writes with an intimate knowledge of his subject and so wide an acquaintance with all kinds of literature as to give great weight to his authority. Mr. Collins' conclusions are principally these: that Shakespeare had probably learnt as a boy at school enough Latin and Greek to account for the echoes of classical literature which occur in his works too numerously to be set down to mere coincidence; that to find things in *Titus Andronicus* which one would wish away, is no proof that Shakespeare did not write the play; that his spiritual relation to Sophocles is extraordinarily close; that he is the father of English prose, and might have been, had he willed it, the father of English fiction; that he had an intimate acquaintance with law; that in using Holinshed and other authorities he entirely absorbed and assimilated them, so that they became his own and part of himself; he was a reader of Montaigne, though not perhaps a student. The book concludes with some very interesting technical notes on text and prosody, and a vehement and eloquent protest against the "Bacon-Shakespeare mania," a "ridiculous epidemic," worthy to be compared to the dancing mania of the Middle Ages; a protest against the "paradoxical ngenuity and sophistry on which illegitimate criticism relies," which is carried on into further subjects in the study on "Shakespearean paradoxes."

Of these studies, that on "Shakespeare as a Classical Scholar" is the weightiest, embodying as it does a mass of knowledge accessible to few, or, at any rate, only possessed by few. The problem whether Shakespeare, "in the infinite abundance of his wit and wisdom, of his sentiments, of his illustrative imagery," drew from other than classical sources what would naturally be attributed to classical sources, or whether Shakespeare's works were written by somebody else, since the boy of Stratford was certainly not a learned scholar, is solved by Mr. Collins by the discovery that Shakespeare—though in the opinion of Ben Jonson (a professed scholar) he had "small Latin and less Greek"—was as a boy in Stratford School brought into contact with Ovid, Virgil, Terence, Plautus, Horace, and portions of Cæsar, Sallust, Cicero, Persius, Juvenal and Livy. If he did not read Greek authors in Greek (as is, however, possible), he certainly read Seneca's adaptations of Greek tragedies as a part of his ordinary school work. Mr. Collins extends the list of Greek authors to Plato, Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. But when we come to similarities of thought and expression between Shakespeare and the Greek tragedians we are inclined to put down something to chance, and much to the classical habit of thinking, the commonplaces of which were familiar to Englishmen, something to a natural affinity of mind. The *catena* of parallels gathered by Mr. Collins does not prove to us more than this, that Shakespeare included in his infinite scope much that we usually attribute to the classical spirit. All that went into the crucible of his mind came out gold; we cannot limit him; but Mr. Collins, justly reminds us of the difference between possibility and probability. It is possible that every parallel between the classical writer and Shakespeare "may be attributed to instinct and independent observation and reflection": but it is probable, considering the large number of coincidences, that Shakespeare read Greek authors in Latin translations:

that what, therefore, may have been borrowed from them was sometimes

(perhaps often) actually borrowed from them, and that the characteristics, which differentiate his work from the work of his contemporaries, and recall in essentials the work of Greek dramatists, are actually attributable to the influence of these dramatists.

The parallel drawn by Mr. Collins between Sophocles and Shakespeare is so striking that it could not but present itself. The recognition of universal law, the observance of the mean, the respect for established religion within the limits of the knowable, the deep silence and awe of what lies beyond, whence we are and whither we are going, the use of irony (the irony of Sophocles, not of Gibbon), are points of resemblance which tempt us to theorise. There were Latin translations of Sophocles which Shakespeare may have found in one or other of the libraries which were open to him; and if that unfathomable intellect lighted upon Sophocles, it would not go away empty. But when we find that some of the most striking parallels are found in the Fragments, we become aware of the snares that are set round theories. A slight acquaintance with the Elizabethan age as it displays itself in essays, collections of proverbs and aphorisms, sermons, parliamentary speeches, and such works as Burton's "Anatomy," shows how large was the body of traditional wisdom then current in the world. There were many volumes abroad under such titles as "Polyanthea," "Moral Repertory," &c., in which the wisdom of the ancients was collected and digested for the benefit of Polonius and his like, and if Shakespeare—not Polonius—chanced on one of these, what glorious use would he not have made of it!

The argument of a common stock of ideas bears upon the Bacon-Shakespeare fallacy; for the larger the common stock, the greater the probability of its being used by more than one writer. But minds which can believe that Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare are inaccessible to argument.

GEORGE FREDERIC WATTS

BY the death of Watts England has lost not only her greatest painter, but one of the noblest figures of the age. As an artist he stands foremost among his peers. During the past century there may have been masters who surpassed him in the actual handling of paint, who knew the tricks of their trade better, and showed greater skill and dexterity in the practice of their craft. But in conception, in style, in colour, in the expression of human emotion, in all the highest qualities of art, he is quietly supreme. When the bulk of his life-work is brought together, as it was eight years ago at the New Gallery, we see for ourselves how wide and varied was the range of his creative powers, how assured was his grasp of the great principles of design, and how clear his insight into the many sides of pictorial art.

Everything about Watts was on the same grand scale. His noble presence, the force and elevation of his character, the splendour of his generosity, the largeness and simplicity of his conceptions, the imposing dimensions and monumental grandeur of his works, the vast amount of his production, the long roll of his years—all these were calculated to leave a profound impression upon the mind of his contemporaries. No man cared so little for honours and rewards, no one set so little store on social distinction or personal fame. But although he led a secluded life and was rarely seen outside the walls of his home, his influence has been widely and

powerfully felt by the men and women of his generation. No painter of modern times has filled so large a space in the public eye, none has been so much honoured and beloved by his countrymen. His death, as might be expected, has stirred the heart of the nation to its depths, and during the last few weeks tributes to his praise have poured in from the most unexpected quarters, and universal homage has been paid to his memory.

The imposing character of Watts' genius, the power and charm of his personality, made itself felt at an early period of his life. From his boyhood it was ever the same. His father, a struggling musician, whose portrait was one of young Watts' earliest and most successful attempts in this line, and who died when his son was sixteen, always declared that the child would grow up to be a remarkable man, and proudly showed his sketches to the employers whose pianos he tuned to earn a living. When at fifteen the boy entered the Academy schools, he produced the same effect on his companions. There are artists still living who remember the vivid impression left on his fellow students by the lad during the few weeks that he had spent among them, and the stories that were still told of his genius and enthusiasm. When, in 1842, he entered the competition for decorating the Houses of Parliament with frescoes, and won a prize of £300 for his cartoon of *Caractacus*, there was a general feeling that the award was just, and that the young painter's exceptional talents deserved recognition.

Like many other artists of genius, Watts was practically self-taught. From the age of sixteen he never had a single lesson, and never owned a sixpence which he did not earn himself. The Elgin marbles, he always declared, were his real teachers, the models from which his sense of form and style was derived. They inspired him with that intense admiration for Greek art which was one of the most lasting passions of his life. From childhood the very name of Greece thrilled him as nothing else could do; and when in old age he visited Athens and saw the very Nature, steeped in celestial blue, which the old Greeks had peopled in their imagination with forms of gods and heroes, he felt that one of the most cherished

dreams of his youth was realised. Long before this he had given expression to the same thought in his painting of the Genius of Greek Poetry, that image of a strong-limbed youth resting on the shores of a sunlit sea, gazing intently on the shadowy forms that float through the golden air. This love of Greek myths became the source of a whole series of paintings on classical themes which were marked with the painter's finest qualities and contain some of his deepest thought—the exquisite figure of Psyche abandoned by her lover, *Orpheus and Eurydice*, the most passionate and dramatic of all his works, and the luminous visions of the Goddesses Three on Ida, or Endymion and Diana, of which the latest version now hangs in the New Gallery. From the Greeks Watts acquired, on the one hand, the grandeur of his style and the broad and sweeping lines of his forms, while on the other he learnt that deep sense of the beauty and sacredness of life and that serene contemplation of death which he strove to set forth in his great allegories.

Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than the continuity of motive and aspiration which marked this great master's whole life. His aims never altered; his endeavour scarcely changed; the very subjects which attracted him in his youth were those upon which he was engaged until the last day of his life. The first picture which he ever exhibited at the Royal Academy—in 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession—was that of *A Wounded Heron*. It was a forecast of that sympathy with suffering creatures that marked his whole career, and which prompted him in his last years to paint the picture of the angel weeping over the torn plumage of bright-hued birds sacrificed to the uses of vanity and worldliness, and to take an active part in the movement for the suppression of this cruel custom. For the rest, birds always had an especial attraction for him, and, on one of the last visits that I paid him, the aged painter grew eloquent on the close connection that exists between birds and human beings. Like ourselves, he explained, birds are travellers and architects; they are endowed with an articulate voice, with fulness of life and rapidity of movement, and

are given wings with which they can soar heavenwards! So they become divine teachers, who set forth the true meaning and significance of life.

Watts always looked back to the visit which he paid to Italy after winning the prize for his cartoon in 1842, as the great opportunity of his life. Those four years which he spent in Lord Holland's house at Florence not only enabled him to become familiar with the masterpieces of Italian art, but introduced him to cultured society, and prepared the way for much of his future achievement. In Lady Holland's *salon* he made friends with men of the highest intellectual rank, with political celebrities and authors; he met Thiers and Guizot, Panizzi and the Orleans princes, the Princess Lieven and Lady Dorothy Nevill, Thackeray and Dickens, and painted portraits of the leading statesmen and fairest women of the day. He studied the works of Titian and Veronese, caught the secrets of Venetian colour, and formed his technique on their pattern. In Venice itself he never spent but a single week, but the picture which most impressed him there was Tintoretto's *Crucifixion*. Giorgione's paintings charmed him by their exquisite grace and melody; in this short-lived master he recognised a true Greek who came nearer to the ideals of Phidias than any other Italian painter. On the other hand, Raphael interested him deeply as the interpreter of classical antiquity to the Renaissance, the designer of frescoes on a monumental scale, although he sighed over the burden of work which brought the Urbino master's life to an untimely end, and the quantity of bad painting which was allowed to pass under his name. Once in Rome, he could look at nothing but Michelangelo, the painter of all others with whom he had the most in common, and, whose works he was never tired of studying. But while the young English artist studied the great Italians attentively, he never copied their works. He was already busy with conceptions of his own, and while he stayed at Villa Careggi with Lord Holland he painted a second cartoon, *Alfred's Naval Victory over the Danes*, which

this time won a prize of £500 from the Government. Fired with this success, Watts came back to England, full of noble dreams, and eager to proclaim the great thoughts that were burning in his soul. Already he had been painfully struck by the degenerate state of art in England, and had realised that the conditions of modern life were distinctly unfavourable to the growth of its nobler forms. Painting was looked upon as a luxury for the wealthy, a pastime for an idle hour, which had no object but to please the eye and amuse the mind. To raise the tone of art in England and make it more worthy of the nation became the aim of his life. "I paint," he often told us, "first of all because I have something to say." And since the gift of words, he always maintained, had been denied him, he sought to deliver his message to the world through the medium of painting, which he was convinced had an office and mission of its own. "My intention," he once wrote, "has not been so much to paint pictures that will charm the eye as to suggest great thoughts that will appeal to the imagination and the heart, and kindle all that is best and noblest in humanity." And in another letter of 1895 I find the following passage, which clearly sets forth the writer's belief in the high mission of art:

> My work is a protest against the modern opinion that Art should have nothing to say intellectually. I think it might say a great deal. I even think that in the future, in stronger hands than mine, as great poetry itself, it may speak with the solemn and majestic ring of the old Hebrew prophets who spoke to the Jews, demanding noble aspirations, condemning in the most trenchant manner prevalent vices, and warning, in deep tones, against lapses from morals and duties. There is something more, I believe, to be done than has yet been done in the past. Perhaps echoes of this spirit may be found in Wordsworth, Ruskin, and Carlyle, more than in any other writers.

This we feel is exactly what Watts himself tried to do in his own art, in which the great spiritual truths of teachers such as Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson and Browning are reflected and embodied. We are not now inquiring how far he succeeded in his endeavour, or whether it was possible to give utterance to his ideas without doing violence to his art. All we are

concerned to show is the object of his endeavour and the lines on which he worked as laid down by himself. Art he felt convinced, was a divine voice, uttering through all time its message to mankind, occupied with spiritual truths and the destiny of the human soul, the handmaid of Religion and of the State, in Charles Lamb's words, "human in its instinct, imaginative in its range, and infinite in its significance."

The revival of mural painting and the decoration of blank walls as the best means of educating the public taste, was at this time the great object of his ambition. With this intention he painted his fresco of *The School of Legislators* in Lincoln's Inn Hall, and offered to decorate the railway station at Euston, with paintings on the progress of the human race, at his own expense, an offer, which, as is well known, was declined by the Directors. It is less generally known that at one time, in Dean Milman's days, Watts designed a complete scheme for the decoration of the dome of St. Paul's. The vault of heaven, with the planets, stars, and signs of the zodiac, was to be figured above, while the companies of prophets, apostles and martyrs were to appear in circles below. The conception was a grand one, but the scheme was never carried out, much to the artist's disappointment. Another of his favourite dreams was that of a temple or House of Life, adorned with a series of symbolical frescoes of the mysteries of life and death, "a Sistine Chapel," he used to say, which should contain all his great visions. But the opportunity was denied him, and a chance, such as seldom comes twice in a nation's history, was thrown away. The country was indifferent, his best friends were unsympathetic and incredulous; even Ruskin, who afterwards paid Watts a splendid tribute as the painter of mythical subjects, shook his head at the idea of allegorical designs, and advised him to stick to portraits. Nothing but the strength of a great purpose could, as he often said, have borne him through these long years of loneliness and misconception. But he was content to bide his time, and although he painted a few more

frescoes and pictures for private patrons, and designed cartoons which remained in his own possession during many years, he never exhibited anything but portraits. His activity in this direction and the extraordinary success which attended his efforts are known to all. He was compelled to paint portraits in the first place to gain a living, but independently of circumstances he always declared that portraiture was the best discipline for an imaginative painter, since by this means he was forced to avoid mannerisms and keep close to Nature. But although his rare merits as a portrait-painter were evident to all, Watts received little encouragement from the official heads of painting in England, and he was not elected an Associate of the Royal Academy until the year 1867, when he was fifty.

Through all failures and disappointments he never swerved from his high purpose, and with all his sympathy for the work of others, never allowed his own aims and practice to be altered by their influence. He was closely connected with the leaders of the pre-Raphaelite movement, and lived on intimate terms with Rossetti and Millais, whose portraits he painted at this period; but, deeply as he admired their earnestness and sincerity, he never joined the brotherhood. His knowledge of great Renaissance art was too wide for him to accept the narrow limits of their creed, and his own individuality was strong enough to resist even the magic of Rossetti's spell. Ruskin again inspired him with profound admiration, and he always regretted that he had been unable to paint the great writer's portrait for his series of celebrated Englishmen. But of all the brilliant group who gathered round Rossetti in the fifties and sixties, Burne-Jones was the one whom he loved the best, and whose genius he admired the most. The painter of the *Days of Creation* remained his intimate friend to the last, and Watts always declared him to be the greatest of living masters, much as he lamented his friend's dislike of the modern world, and constant habit of seeking inspiration in the past. Watts, on his own part, always remained himself, and was essentially a man of his times. He did not turn away with a shudder

from the present, or look back with wistful yearning on the Middle Ages or the early Renaissance. Whether he painted allegories or Greek myths, whether his theme was classical or Biblical, suggested by Arthurian romance or drawn from Boiardo and Dante, the sentiment embodied in his works was essentially modern in character. He was thoroughly in sympathy with the age to which he belonged, and the ideas which he expressed in his art were those of the present day. This is nowhere more evident than in the great series of allegories on Life and Death which he painted during the last thirty years of the nineteenth century, and presented to the nation when the National Gallery of British Art was opened in the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. These noble pictures, so monumental in their form, so profound in their symbolism, are instinct with the doubt and sadness, the anxious questionings and complex meanings of modern thought. He has shown us Love, strong in his immortal youth, guiding the frail, clinging form of Life up the rocky paths which lead to the celestial heights; and Faith, loosing the sword from her side and bathing her blood-stained feet in the waters of Truth as she looks up in the face of the great Father—an image of the large-hearted toleration which can see good in opposite creeds and beliefs. He has painted Hope seated blindfold on the globe, in the dim twilight of the world, seeking to draw music out of the last remaining string, and bending down over her lute to catch the faint sound of the melody for which she yearns. And in his different representations of Death he has given us the finest conception of the unknown reverse of life ever set forth in pictorial art. We see her as the fair, pale woman throned by the side of Time, the strong destroyer, consoling and reverent, yet touched by inevitable sorrow, looking down on the flowers that are gathered in her lap. We see her as the pitying Angel folding the child in an embrace tenderer than that of any mother; and as the blessed Messenger who lays his hand gently on the shoulder of the tired sufferer and bids him come. Again, in

his most famous picture, Death appears as the solemn, white-robed form, with bowed head and veiled face, advancing with resistless might into the house of life, while Love struggles vainly to bar the way. When this picture was first exhibited at the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877, it took the world by storm, and the nation at length realised that Watts was something more than a successful portrait-painter. A distinguished French writer, M. de la Sizeranne, confessed that the works of this English master had first made him believe in symbolic painting; and even the modern school of critics and artists who resent the intrusion of ideas in art recognised the high qualities of Watts's work, and owned that, in spite of his mistaken aims, he was a great painter.

But as years of neglect and isolation had failed to embitter the sweetness of his nature, so this long-delayed recognition could not change his character. In the hour of triumph, when the world was at his feet and the greatest and proudest of mankind were eager and ready to do him homage, Watts remained, what he had always been, the simplest and most humble of men. Nothing, indeed, was more remarkable about our great master than the personal humility and self-effacement which formed so striking a contrast to the loftiness of his aims and the passionate strength of his convictions.

Of course [he wrote to me in 1895] it will give me great pleasure if you will write a monograph on the *objects* of my art, because from the number of letters which I receive from people whose opinion I have a right to value highly, and from perfect strangers whom I never saw or shall see, I am encouraged to believe that it would be worth expending time upon the endeavour to make my intention evident. But I should not like praise for pictorial achievement that Time may not endorse. I wish, as I told you, to have some description of the pictures which I have painted with the view of leaving them to the nation, as all the friends who were personally acquainted with my intention and with the works already completed are dead, but I do not wish to have my insignificant self thrust forward. . . . Only two things I am anxious about—one, that no comparisons should be instituted between what I try to do, and what other artists achieve—those who care for the direction of my efforts must not lay claim to any great artistic success on my part; the other, that no

accusation of neglect or injustice should be made against any of my fellow countrymen.

Closely akin to this natural diffidence and humility was the sympathy and interest which he felt in the works of other painters. There was no trace of egotism about him. He recognised the great qualities in the work of artists whose aims and practice were wholly unlike his own. I have heard him speak with the warmest admiration of Leighton's draughtsmanship, or Millais's power of handling paint, and praise Whistler's *Mother* and *Carlyle*, or Mr. Sargent's portraits in the highest terms. The same generous sympathy was extended to the most obscure and unknown artists whose work he thought worthy of praise. Sometimes, indeed, in the warmth of his heart the veteran master was so lavish of his commendation that one felt inclined to suspect him of a lack of critical faculty. But if this was really a fault in him, it was a blessed one; and who can doubt that his generous praise fell like the dew of heaven on many a dry and barren place?

At least the sincerity of his praise was proved by the generosity of his acts. No one ever gave more widely and liberally, with such free and royal splendour. If a scheme was set on foot for presenting a picture to the National Gallery by some painter whose merit had been hitherto scantily recognised, Watts was the first to head the list with a liberal subscription; if a promising child seemed to him deserving of better training than his parents could afford, or a struggling artist had left his widow and family in distress, Watts was sure to hold out a helping hand. His daily actions were a living illustration of his belief in the old German motto which the Queen of Roumania, Carmen Sylva, suggested to him as the text of one of his most touching pictures: "What I spent, I had; what I saved, I lost; what I gave, I have." "Our little life," he wrote once, "is poor indeed if bounded by our own personal wants and fancied requirements." Among countless instances of his generosity I will only name one, which he often recalled because of its connection with his

picture *Love and Life*, a work which he considered his most important message to the world. A poor artist's wife, whom he had never seen before, came to his studio in sore distress one day and begged for a loan of a few pounds to enable her to join her husband, who lay dangerously ill in New York. Watts gave her all, and more than all, she asked, and she left him with tears of gratitude in her eyes, promising to come and see him on her return. Two years afterwards she appeared accompanied by her husband, who was restored to health and had found work in America, and repaid the money which Watts had lent her. When the painter asked what had led her to apply to a total stranger like himself, she replied, "The sight of your picture, *Love and Life*." She felt that the man who had painted that picture must have a heart overflowing with love and pity for sorrowing humanity, and the issue proved that she was right. And as in small things so in great, Watts gave several of his noblest paintings without a thought to provincial museums and galleries. One version of *Love and Life* went to New York; another to the Luxembourg, where it has been the object of the utmost admiration on the part of French critics; one replica of *Love and Death*, which had been valued at £3300, was presented to the city of Manchester; another important picture, *Fata Morgana*, was given to Leicester. *The Happy Warrior*, that beautiful and inspired vision which is one of Watts's most popular works, was lent to an Exhibition at Munich, and finally allowed to remain there, at the urgent entreaty of the Bavarian artists, who could only afford to give a nominal price for the picture. And it was the same when, in 1897, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's were anxious to place one of the master's pictures in their great Cathedral. He had not been inside St. Paul's for fifty years, and knew none of the members of the Chapter personally; but when their request was laid before him, he never hesitated for a moment, and sent the following letter in reply:

All my work of the most serious intention and character has, for many long years, been dedicated to the nation, as it has been only in this way that

I could do anything for the country I love so well, and which I feel is drifting backwards in so many directions, especially in want of moral earnestness. Therefore, of course, anything I have done must be at the disposition of those who by weight of character or station have a right to dispose of the work. It would give me great satisfaction to have any of my efforts used for a good purpose and the idea of placing a picture in St. Paul's is in entire accordance with my views and objects, if all my works of this kind cannot be kept together, which no doubt is out of the question. But the objection is that an oil-painting requires as favourable a light and surrounding as can be obtained, and I do not think either condition could be found in St. Paul's. . . . The experiment, however, might be tried, with the permission of the Dean and Chapter, with the large picture you mention, *Time, Death, and Judgment*, which will be at Whitechapel next week. If it should be thought advisable, I, of course, will waive any objection I could make, too happy, as I said before, to find my work placed where it may serve some good purpose.

It had been the painter's intention, had he lived to finish his great statues of Tennyson and Physical Energy, to paint a new version of *Love Triumphant over Time and Death*, which should hang under the dome of St. Paul's, opposite to the picture of *Time, Death and Judgment*, as the natural complement to the former subject. But the needful leisure never came; and to the end, as we know, the master was at work on the two colossal works which took up his whole time and strength during the last years of his life.

If England had treated her great painter with neglect and indifference at one period of his career, Watts took his revenge nobly. He gave her of his best, not only presenting the nation with that grand series of painted poems in which he delivered his message to the men of his generation, but the magnificent collection of portraits of contemporary heroes and statesmen, poets, painters, authors and philanthropists, who have made England what she is to-day. The series is distinguished by what Mr. Swinburne once called "the splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength," and will prove a priceless treasure to future historians of the Victorian age. The same inborn sympathy with his fellow creatures, the same fine perception was the secret of his success in portrait-painting. He had a wonderful way of reading the character of

his sitters, of finding out their habits and thoughts, and of bringing the whole man before our eyes. So it is that he is able to represent men and women of the most different types and character, and show us in turn the intellectual refinement of Mr. George Meredith's countenance, the look of quiet courage and manly resolve on the face of Lord Roberts, the restless energy that lives in Gladstone's mobile features, or the gleam of romance and mystic poetry that lights up Burne-Jones' eye.

In this way Watts was brought into close relations with the most brilliant and distinguished personages of the age, and knew every one who was worth knowing in his time. Many were the stories which the old master had to tell of his sitters. Carlyle, who complained that Watts made him look like a mad labourer; Gladstone, who talked so much and was so eager to learn the painter's opinion on the burning questions of the hour, that his portrait proved a failure; Cecil Rhodes, who died before his picture was finished, but whose grave in the wild Matoppo Hills is to be adorned with a bronze cast of the great equestrian statue which he admired so much. In his candour and guilelessness Watts never shrank from giving his sitters good advice. He has been known to remonstrate with Cabinet Ministers for ill-timed speeches or actions which he held to be unworthy of their exalted post. He told one artist that he ought to free himself from the foolish prejudices which hampered his work; and warned Rhodes solemnly to see that he was numbered among the makers, and not the marrers, of the nation. A thorough-going idealist himself, Watts expected his friends to live up to the level of their art, and was pained to see any inconsistencies in their conduct. "Come, King Arthur would not have talked in that way," he said to Tennyson one day when the poet was in a more bearish mood than usual. But when the Laureate showed him his knotted and swollen fingers, he understood, and felt satisfied that it was "all the gout."

If his own life was clouded by heavy trials and disappointments at one period, the Fates made divine amends to him in

the blessedness of his later days, and the companionship of his devoted wife shed a radiance over the great master's declining years. Under her wise and gentle rule, Limner's Lease, Watts's beautiful country home in Surrey, became a centre of gracious and kindly activities, an ideal retreat for a painter of his aims. Those who were privileged to spend a few days in this lovely spot will not soon forget the quiet charm of this little corner of earth which seemed to have dropped out of heaven. Visitors of distinction came from all parts of England and Europe, attracted by the fame of the great artist. No one ever failed to find a welcome there or was sent empty away. Watts had always been a brilliant talker—Gladstone more than once expressed his deliberate opinion that he was the best talker whom he had ever met—and the wisdom and experience of years combined with the freshness and enthusiasm of youth which he had retained in so marvellous a manner, gave a rare charm to his conversation in these latter years. He read all the newest books and discussed their contents with vigour and animation. The poetry of William Watson and of Rudyard Kipling afforded him great delight, and the last-named poet's "Recessional" and "Seven Seas" appealed in an especial manner to his strong sense of patriotism. Tolstoy's earnestness and sincerity never failed to impress him, although he could not accept all his theories, and himself counted war among the inevitable evils of the world, and looked upon strife as "a necessary condition of human progress." Among contemporary foreign painters, Millet had long held the foremost place in his affections. The largeness and simplicity of the great French master's designs, the strong human interest of his work, had for Watts a powerful attraction; and while the tale of poor Millet's struggles and suffering moved him deeply, he always declared that he ought to be envied rather than pitied. There was much, he felt, in common between them, even the headaches from which they both suffered! Music, again, was an unfailing delight to him, especially that of Bach and Beethoven, whose "Marche Funèbre" was played at the

memorial service at St. Paul's in the dead master's honour. Many years ago Watts painted a fine portrait of Dr. Joachim, the great violinist, and the last time that he appeared in public was at the memorable gathering in the Queen's Hall, when the Prime Minister, on behalf of a number of friends, presented Dr. Joachim with a portrait of himself painted by Mr. Sargent.

To the end of his life Watts took the keenest interest in political events, and followed every incident of the South African War with close attention. When his old friend Lord Dufferin's son was killed, he sent him a copy of *The Happy Warrior* with his letter of condolence, and rejoiced to learn how largely photographs of that picture and his *Sir Galahad* had sold during the war. Education was one of the subjects which interested him profoundly during these last years. He was dissatisfied with the present system, and had plenty of theories of his own on the problem. Instead of cramming children with facts, he maintained that we ought to give them high ideals of life, and make them realise their responsibility to others. Above all, he was strongly of opinion that education should be distinctly religious in character. The young should be taught to remember that they are children of one Father, and to look on all mankind as brothers and sisters, to whom they owe a distinct duty. "I want to teach people how to live," he sometimes said, "how to make use of all their powers, to work and hope and enjoy life, not to be mere slaves and drudges, but to care for something higher than money-making and selfish pleasure." It was this interest in the youth of England which made him give the cartoon of his *Sir Galahad* to Eton College, where it hangs on the chapel walls, to remind Eton boys of the painter whose whole life was one long endeavour to fulfil the words of his chosen motto—"The utmost for the highest."

With regard to artistic training Watts often said that he did not believe in teaching art, and that the best thing was to set good models before the student, and to inspire him with a great purpose which no disappointment or neglect could alter. His strong sense of the decay of national taste, and of the

deplorable conditions under which the lives of large classes of people are spent, led him to take keen interest in the Home Arts and Industries Association. Both he and Mrs. Watts devoted large sums of money, as well as endless time and trouble, to this object, while Mrs. Watts raised and decorated a mortuary chapel and founded a flourishing pottery in their own village of Compton. Another object which the great painter had much at heart was the effort to record the heroism of humble obscure lives which is often allowed to pass unnoticed. With this end in view, a few years ago, he gave a thousand pounds to erect a cloister in St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, commonly known as Postman's Park, which should contain memorial tablets of noble deeds done by English men and women in our own days, such as Alice Ayres, or the brave stewardess of the *Stella*.

Gambling was, in his eyes, the blackest of all vices, the curse of our nation, and it was against this sin, which is pictured on the wall behind his figure of the prophet Jonah, that his sternest denunciations were lifted. But, although he saw much to lament in the present state of his country, he never despaired of her future. The heart of the nation, he was convinced, still beat true, and nothing rejoiced him more than to hear the strong and hopeful words in which his friend and neighbour, Mr. George Meredith, expressed his firm belief in the great work which lay before the English race. In spite of passing moods of weariness and dejection, Watts himself remained an optimist at heart, strong in the unshaken faith and trust which he has set forth in so many noble paintings, and believing, with his friend Tennyson,

> that good shall fall
> At last—far off—at last to all,
> And every winter change to spring.

During the last years of his life Watts often painted landscapes. From the time when in 1857 he accompanied Sir Charles Newton on his mission to explore the ancient Halicarnassus, and brought home sketches of the sunny regions

on the shores of the Mediterranean, he frequently turned his attention to natural beauties. The mountains of Carrara and the jagged peaks of Mentone, the Bay of Naples and the banks of the Nile, the summit of Ararat and the hill of the Acropolis were the subject of some of his best landscapes in past days; but of late he has chiefly painted English scenery, the woods and meadows of his Surrey home, *Green Summer*, and *Autumn Sunset*, and many more of those exquisite little pieces which we saw from time to time in the New Gallery, as romantic in conception as they were fine in execution. "Every year that I live," he said to me not long ago, "I seem to realise more and more of the beauty and seriousness, the solemn grandeur of Nature."

All his life he had been frail and delicate, "a sickly lad and often a suffering man." Early in his career he realised that unless he devoted himself entirely to work, he should effect nothing. So he made a firm resolve to rise with the sun, live on the simplest fare, and avoid the distractions of society. By strictly keeping to this rule, and giving himself up to hard work from early dawn till dark, this delicate man has accomplished more than the strongest of us would dare to attempt. To the end he worked with the same unceasing ardour, planning new pictures on a grand scale, and undertaking colossal works at an age when other men feel they have a right to think only of rest. He was actually at work, putting the last touches to his great statue of *Physical Energy*, when the last call came, and a short illness closed the long and strenuous career.

Now the great life is over. The master has laid down brush and chisel and is gone to his well-earned rest. Statesmen and painters, friends and fellow workers, many of the wisest and noblest in the land, met under the dome of the great Cathedral where his picture hangs, to do honour to his memory, and the next day his ashes were laid to rest in the shadow of the fair chapel which loving hands had reared on the green Surrey hillside. On the most radiant of summer days we sang

the "Nunc Dimittis" over his grave, and left him sleeping under the flowering lilies and tall elms of the home which he loved. In our blindness and ignorance we were loth to let him go. "We are, it must be owned, a little unreasonable," said another venerable painter, now the last survivor of all that brilliant group, on the morrow of his old friend's death. "A great man is given to us, who does many mighty works, and we are allowed to keep him for a longer term of years than usual. And when the end comes, we complain because he is taken away, leaving a few unfinished works behind him." But there is no real cause for grief. Our beloved master is gone beyond the sound of human voices, but he has left us work that will not die and a memory that can never fade. His life will be an inspiration to many in the coming days, and his paintings and statues will live among the noblest monuments of art in this or any age. "Nothing is here for tears."

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

WAR AND THE WORLD'S LIFE

NOTHING has tended more to retard the progress of Sociology than the resolute refusal of its principal exponents to recognise the true influence that war has exerted in the evolution of national character.

Philosophers and closet students have turned with loathing from the carnage and suffering which inevitably follow in its train, and have allowed their minds to be imposed upon by a conception of cumulative human misery which has blinded them to the true proportions of its evils, and the resultant consequences for good. We admit the polarity between good and evil, between darkness and light. Let us admit that the opposition, peace and war, is only another phase in the great duel between Ormuz and Ahriman, and note the consequences which follow.

If it were only from the ranks of the avowed Materialists, who deny everything except what their more or less imperfect weighing and recording instruments can detect, that the outcry against war and all its evils arose, the circumstance would be both comprehensible and consistent with their whole train of thought, but when it is principally the humanitarians and the clergy who are normally the most eloquent against its horrors and iniquities, one feels inclined to remind them of the text that " not a sparrow falls to the ground," etc., and to ask whether the part the Almighty plays as Omniscient Ruler of the Universe has not escaped their attention.

We all of us alike, Materialists and Christians, admit that pestilence, disease, and so forth, can best be fought by obedience to the laws of Nature, and we all know that the actual suffering these scourges entail, whether viewed individually or collectively, far exceeds the slaughter[1] and agony inflicted on any battlefield. Is it pushing analogy too far to suggest that a study of war and its evolution might lead us to a similar conclusion, and show us the road by which its evils can at least be minimised?

So little interest, however, do we take in the subject that at present there is not, to my knowledge, one single work in the English language, and not more than three in either French or German, which even begin to put us on the track of the systematic inquiry we so distinctly need.

Is it too much to suggest that if the same proportionate amount of attention had been directed to research into the true moral causes which underlie the open manifestations of national antipathy, which we call "war," as has been devoted to the study of diseases—such as cholera, malarial fever, plague, and, in fact, all those whose existence is known to be due to the presence of a parasitic "bacillus" as *causa causans*—we might not have found the moral bacillus whose presence equally determines an outbreak of hostilities; and possibly some practicable method of combating it?

I do not think it is. Thirty years study of military literature, and the ample opportunities for reflection which I owe to causes unnecessary to specify here, have convinced me that war is to the body politic what fever is to the individual, and owes its existence to the presence of moral impurity —*i.e.*, "corruption" in its widest meaning—in the nation affected. Let us trace from the beginning the action of this impurity and this cleansing fever.

If we study the course of human evolution we find every-

[1] As a curious illustration of the above statement is the fact that the deaths attributed to influenza in Germany in 1891 exactly equalled the total number of those killed or who died of their wounds in the German Army in 1870.

where indications of the fact, that "war" has throughout been the master force which has welded together clans, tribes and communities. At first the need of combined action against the attacks of wild animals drove individuals into groups, and led to a differentiation of duties amongst their constituent units; some to watch and scout, others to fight, and again others to till the ground.

When, after centuries of this struggle for existence between man and nature, districts had been cleared and cultivated, and prosperity first began to result in accumulations in the plains and lowlands, the attraction of the potential plunder these settlements presented brought down upon them the predatory raids of their less favoured human brethren. These were the dwellers in the hills, whose faculties of watchfulness had not been sharpened, nor their confidence in one another welded to the same degree as the inhabitants of the plains, owing to the relative absence of dangerous animal enemies amongst the mountains.[1]

Existence in the agricultural settlements, on the other hand, was only possible on the condition that one portion of the population stood on guard whilst the others worked in the fields. There was always the chance, also, that the attack might fall on a given point in the perimeter of defence and overwhelm it by force of numbers. To prevent this the guards would have to fight to the last extremity in order to allow their comrades sufficient time to come to their support. It was in this manner that the idea of self-sacrifice for the good of the community first had its origin as the bed-rock foundation of the soldier's calling.

In course of time, as the plainsmen acquired a fuller sense

[1] The huger enemies of cultivation—the elephant, the mammoth, the rhinoceros, and the pack-hunting animals, wolves, wild dogs, etc., never frequented the mountains, where the soft-skinned animals—which hunted individually and consequently required less watchfulness or power of combination on the part of the human inhabitants against them—such as the bear, hill lions, tigers, leopards, infested the hills; against these men could fight almost single-handed.

of the superiority over their assailants that this mutual confidence between man and man had given them, it became obvious that it was a more economical employment of the human energy available to follow the marauding hillmen into their native fastnesses, and destroy them root and branch. After many generations of struggle this mutual confidence told against the individually finer physique of the mountaineers, with their lack of the habit of watchfulness, and they were more or less exterminated in consequence.

Whilst this period of punitive warfare continued the settled inhabitants of the lowlands, fully realising the all-importance of maintaining the efficiency of their defenders, willingly contributed towards finding them both arms and subsistence as payment for service rendered. For the time being they were the national heroes, and the best of everything, including the women, was freely at their disposal. But when the danger of attack from outside drifted further away as a consequence of their victories their value became less obvious to the civilian members of the tribe, and the rights of the individual began to be asserted against the good of the community. The "Stay-at-homes" had by this time accumulated private wealth, thanks to the security afforded them by the exertions of the fighting men, and they now began to grudge the soldier his share of the enhanced standard of comfort his valour had rendered possible. The women went to the richest, not to the bravest; and the bad leaven of individualism began to work and to produce its usual crop of evil.

The soldiers, however, still had arms in their possession, and were thus able to revolt against this injustice and short-sightedness. While internal strife, then, was weakening the strength of the tribe, and external watchfulness was neglected, the hillmen, shrewdly seizing their advantage and opportunity, swooped down from their mountains, and the civilised community was either "eaten up"—to use the expressive Zulu phrase—or was once more welded into unity under pressure of external warfare.

Riding along the Punjab frontier, and over the plains of the North West Provinces, through the ruins of ancient Delhi, and on to Agra and Gwalior, one can trace this action and reaction over and over again in small and great communities. The whole culminates in the final downfall of all native empire under pressure of the British invasion. The sequence has been similar all over the globe; modified slightly, but unessentially, by local conditions, and showing everywhere this same phenomenon of "polarity," individualism degenerating into licence and corruption when not held in check by the stern lesson of war. This lesson teaches the noblest of all virtues to the whole nation, the duty of individual self-sacrifice for the good of the community, which is "collectivism" in its highest form.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," and we know by the example of Christ in what a wide sense he understood the word "friend."

When "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness" shall have ceased among nations and individuals, then, and then only, "shall wars cease in all the world"; and this was the thought present in von Moltke's mind when he wrote: "The idea of universal peace is but a dream, and not even a beautiful dream"; for he understood how hopeless was the expectation that human nature could be perfected without war into archangelic content and altruism, and how little men can resist the selfish, corroding influences of prolonged peace.

War must be accepted as a phenomenon in the life of a nation strictly analogous to disease in that of an individual, an incident in the struggle for national existence. It must be endured as nobly as may be when it comes, but it must be guarded against by every rational exercise of our intellectual powers, and the development of all possible means of defence. It must be remembered that, just as a sharp attack of illness successfully passed through often renders a man stronger than before, by reason of the elimination of certain evil humours from the body, which were sapping his constitution, so war

clears away the foulness of the body national and politic, and its renewed life is thereafter stronger in proportion as the ordeal has been drastic.

In the geological record of evolution we can trace the gradual elimination of purely defensive adaptations of the body, such as the carapace of the turtle family, the scaly skins of the saurians, etc., and the survival of those species in which mobility, and the power of combined action in packs, have proved successful in displacing the gigantic, slow-moving quadrupeds of the past. In a similar way will rapidity of action and intelligence tell in the struggle for survival between the races. In the animal world the types which survive are those in which the happiest balance has been struck between activity, intelligence, and endurance, and in which teeth, claws, limbs, and muscles are equally well adapted for attack, defence, or sustenance. The whole animal, or pack, is most likely to survive when all these faculties are at their best, as a consequence of sound food and healthy exercise of all its, or their, functions. In like manner that nation will best encounter the risks and dangers of war in which the means of attack, defence, and the procuration of sustenance stand in proper proportion one to the other, and are more or less interchangeable, not specialised, in their functions.

The history of the continent of Europe during the past eight centuries illustrates this tendency in a very marked degree. Until the downfall of the great feudal chiefs, the houses or clans which could both cultivate their lands and plunder their neighbours "ate up" those who could fight but not cultivate, or cultivate but not fight. The former were driven into the mountains, and the latter placed themselves under the protection of the most powerful of the barons. By this process of accretion the great dynasties of the Continent, and of England, arose.

Then came the period of Dynastic Wars, and that State was most successful (other things being equal) in which the fighting elements of the community, for the time being, highly

specialised, bore due relation to the amount of food produced by the country. The nation which endeavoured to keep on foot a force disproportionate to its source of supply ultimately succumbed to the consequences of a disorganised treasury. Problems of food-supply, not of tactics or strategy, have been the final conditioning factors in the fate of nations.

The attempts at specialisation of the fighting functions had virtually broken down all over the Continent of Europe on the eve of the French Revolution. No state could maintain armies numerically adequate for the defence of its frontiers, within the limits conditioned by the nature and extent of its food-growing resources. Prussia, which for a time had maintained proportionately the largest standing army, had frankly abandoned the attempt; two-thirds of her effectives being furloughed indefinitely, to be called up for a month's training only every year. In France this experiment was impossible, owing to the seething ferment of disaffection, due to over taxation throughout the kingdom. In Germany proper the Reich's Armée existed only on paper; and in Austria and Italy affairs were much the same. But still in all cases the army remained a specialised caste, absolutely divorced from the civil population, with which it had no sympathy whatever.

The current civilian sentiment throughout Europe towards the close of the eighteenth century was that the soldier was a useless, unproductive drone, equally offensive whatever the colour of the uniform he wore. The cost of his maintenance was regarded as a heavy burden on the honest citizen, which, since it could not be cured, must be endured more or less sullenly. This sentiment had arisen, curiously, out of the very measures which monarchs had taken everywhere in order to render the burden of armies as bearable as possible to their people.

The experience of the Thirty Years War had proved, if proof were necessary, that in the existing conditions of communications, warlike operations, offensive or defensive, could not be undertaken in a desolate country. Hence, throughout the century, every effort had been made, even whilst war was

in progress, to encourage the cultivators to stay on their land and provide for the commissariat requirements of the army, since the further a force penetrated from its own frontiers the more difficult became the problem of feeding it. The invaders often, indeed generally, treated the inhabitants better than their own soldiers, for on these latter usually fell the disagreeable task of driving off the cattle and destroying all available supplies. The soldiers thus came to be looked on as the oppressors of the citizens, not as their defenders, and it is to this perverted sense of the whole nature of war that the astounding alacrity of civilians of the lower classes throughout Western Europe to welcome the French invaders (not by any means the least important cause of Gallic successes) was primarily due. We, in England, are not even yet entirely free from this cant.

The French Revolution, however, effected an entire transformation. France, threatened by all the standing armies of Europe, saw that the days of specialisation were past, and she gave us the first modern illustration of a "nation in arms." Numbers and brute force now confronted the specialised organs of defence, and these failed because the condition of environment having changed, they had largely atrophied from disuse, and could no longer adapt themselves to the altered conditions. A very short period of French exactions and cruelty sufficed to teach the civilians their forgotten duties as integral units of the body politic. Within less than twenty years' time France found herself confronted by, not one, but many "nations in arms," for all Europe, except England, had had to accept the principle of compulsory service.

In the period of the Seven Years War armies lived by their magazines, and every possible effort was made to spare the civilian element as much as was practicable. The fate of nations was decided in encounters between picked champions of the contending countries, whose numbers were small in proportion to the whole population. The whole tendency of the tactics of the time was to economise to the utmost extent which the conditions of armament permitted, the sacrifice of

life which armed collision invariably involves. Battles were like duels between two skilled fencers, ultimately decided by a single thrust.

In the last years of the Napoleonic epoch the fighting was mere bludgeon work—a gradual attrition of the two armies, one against the other, and the balance in hand next morning generally determined the final result. Weight of numbers, accumulated by forced marches, in which more men fell than on the battlefields, bore down the opposition of the trained specialists. The numbers could only be supplied under conditions that rendered their conversion into drilled soldiers (as the term had been previously understood) an absolute impossibility, since the proportion of the population required could only be spared for a very short time from productive employment.

Sociologically considered, the interest of the Consulate and Empire centres in the evolution of the sentiment of patriotism and nationality. Previously, the patriotism of the great masses of European populations had been bounded strictly by the limits of every man's visible horizon, from the summit of his own village steeple. He would defend his own hearthstone, and combine for this purpose with his neighbours sometimes, but not always; but the need of wider combination, the fact that the best defence was to concentrate all efforts on the destruction of the foe beyond the frontier line was altogether too much for his powers of comprehension. Indeed, in the absence of a properly organised police for the protection of life and property, and of that practical Christianity which cares for the sick and necessitous, he could not afford to take a wider view. In his absence who would care for his wife and family? He dared not leave them to the mercy of the tax-gatherer, or of his feudal lords. All over the Continent of Europe these latter had forgotten that, if property has its rights, it has also its solemn duties and responsibilities.

Whatever its faults may have been, the Revolution at least removed this restraint, and developed the instinct of co-opera-

tion between man and man, family and family, as perhaps no other less drastic method could have done. In the terrible and widespread suffering it evoked people turned to one another in their mutual distress, and frankly accepted the obligations of a common humanity. Danton, Marat, and Robespierre have much to answer for certainly, but they gave practical Christianity all over Europe a chance. Who, that has familiarised himself with the social conditions of the peasantry and the lower classes of the townspeople during the twenty years preceding the Revolution, will maintain that opportunity was not needed for such a demonstration ?

Though the gates towards great reforms were thus at last thrown open to the world, the nations came in grudgingly. Only Prussia, which had suffered most severely, saw the fulness of the promise and seized it with a unanimity of national effort that has never been surpassed. The State swept feudalism aside, educated the people, and, in return, exacted from every able-bodied man three years of his life in military service, absolutely without regard to caste distinctions. Though all the other nations, except Russia, did something to weaken the burdens of feudalism, they omitted universal education. By a system of paid substitutes for military service they perpetuated the divorce between the civilian and the soldier throughout their countries.

The essential point in the Prussian reform lay in this, that henceforth no man in that kingdom could afford to remain idle. Other countries also drove the bulk of their aristocracy into the commissioned ranks, but once they had them there they could not make them work. In Prussia, because intelligent men of all classes served in the ranks side by side, the officer dare not neglect his work, on pain of being judged by his equals in society, and of being made to suffer for his ignorance, or want of tact, or temper. If the young Graf von Z., serving as a private, found that his lieutenant was an ignorant, bad-tempered bully, the fact was pretty sure to get about. If, again, the officer tried to curry favour with his social equals or

superiors at the expense of his comrades, equally the knowledge spread abroad, and in both cases his future was certain to suffer materially. I do not suggest that life in the Prussian army has at any time been ideal, but I do assert from personal knowledge, that relatively to their respective stages of civilisation, the treatment of the Prussian soldier, since 1815, has at all times been fairer and more humane than in any other army. The fact is proved by the very high standard of discipline maintained, together with the extraordinary absence of military crime which has so long distinguished it.

The Austrians, the minor German States, and France, all missed the essential point of this Prussian reform. They all omitted to educate their people; they retained their men seven years with the colours as against three years of the Prussian army, thus making them lose touch with civil life too completely. Also, by encouraging the system of paid substitutes, they removed from their officers the best incentive to excel in their work (as instructors of men they were one day to lead in battle) that the wit of man has as yet succeeded in devising. The world is sufficiently familiarised with the consequences of this fatal mistake by the disasters of Sadowa, of Gravelotte, and of Sedan. It was not to superior armament that the Prussians owed their victories in the two last-named fights. The advantage in this respect lay with the French entirely. It was the Prussian soldier's devotion to duty for duty's sake which won the day, and found its highest expression in their battle cry, of "Mit Gott für König und Vaterland." In practice, this devotion sent the troops into the field well found in all essentials, each man knowing his duty to his comrades, and striving loyally to fulfil it to the utmost, at all risks to himself.

The war of 1870 was scarcely over before Germany, her unity and her frontiers secured, broke out on a path of phenomenal commercial expansion, which has increased enormously the standard of comfort throughout her dominions. The end of this is not yet, but the germ of it is to be found in Scharn-

horst's original draft of her military reform in 1808. This was confessedly an expedient to meet a special emergency, the incidence of which on modern industrial evolution it was at the time impossible to forecast.

After Waterloo, the need of the moment in Germany had been to re-establish commercial credit, and rescue the population from impending starvation. How imminent this danger really was we, in England, have very little conception.

The army met the emergency precisely on the lines of our Indian famine relief funds. The ranks absorbed a certain portion of the male population; their needs, in the shape of uniforms, boots, equipment, etc., gave employment to thousands. Food for the men, and forage for some 80,000 horses, kept acres under profitable cultivation, and the Government contracts, which all this involved, steadied the markets, and prevented reckless speculation.

It is true that heavy taxation was the consequence, but the money gained was circulated through the country, and found profitable employment for hundreds of thousands who otherwise must have starved. The wealth of the country at all times centred in her agriculture, but it is no good digging the fields if no one has either money or credit to buy their produce from the farmers. It is only necessary to strike off the acres kept specially to feed the cavalry horses to realise how the landowners would have been hit, and how terribly the process of accumulation would have been hampered. But accumulation there must be before modern industry becomes possible.

Money taken for taxation must come out of some one's pocket ultimately, and be met by increment from somewhere. In this case there was only a certain very moderate amount of bullion in circulation, and the increment came from the rise in value of the agricultural property, consequent on the certain market its products found. The same coins went round and round in the mill, but with increase in national and individual credit they did a larger share of work. In 1816 it would have

been difficult to raise money on land at 10 per cent. Fifty years later any amount could be had at 5 per cent.[1]

According to the eighteenth-century canons of political economy, the three years of a man's life spent with the colours would be classed as a waste of human labour. But this view took no account of the changed conditions of barrack life the new army system was about to introduce. It is only, indeed, within the last ten years that it has begun to dawn upon us, here in England, that military training under hygienic conditions, always above the average of those under which the recruit has hitherto existed, adds more years of usefulness to a man's life at the other end than it takes off from the beginning. Neither was it, nor could it be foreseen, when Adam Smith and his followers first arose, that the sense of duty, the essence of a man's whole teaching in the ranks, would presently become the very corner-stone of modern industrial efficiency.

That this is the case an example from our everyday railway work will suffice to show. As the traveller is whirled towards London in a flying express his life is dependent at least twenty times in every second on the sense of duty existing in every one of the countless railway servants who are responsible for every bolt and key along the permanent way, for every signal by the roadside, and for every lever and rivet of the locomotive. The men are grouped in gangs; over every gang is a foreman; over the foreman, locomotive, permanent way, and station superintendents, etc., up to the responsible general manager of the whole system. Theoretically the chain is perfect, but in practice those who know most of the matter are only too well aware of its many weaknesses, due always to the fallibility of the human machine; for, however carefully each man's duty may be laid down on paper, emergencies will arise which can only be met by intelligence on the spot. This intelligence cannot be relied upon to work at all unless each man is animated by a living sense of the duty he owes to his

[1] For a detailed investigation of this aspect of the question see "Voluntary *v.* Compulsory Services," by the Author. Published by Mr. Stanford. 1897.

fellow men, a readiness to sacrifice himself in its discharge if necessary.

The same holds good of all industrial undertakings, and in proportion to their magnitude the strain on the sense of duty for duty's sake on each individual waxes ever greater. In small businesses the personality of the head of the firm, the promptitude with which grievances can be heard and redressed, and misunderstandings avoided by direct interference, all help to induce the workman to put out his best efforts. But when the numbers employed swell to the magnitude of considerable armies the sources of friction are multiplied in a corresponding degree, almost in geometric progression, and the workmen, in the interests of their whole class, need the habit of patient self-control and ready obedience to authority that army service so excellently teaches.

It must be noted, too, as very essential to the argument, that neither in modern industry nor in modern armies does blind obedience alone suffice. The day of the "military automata" passed away for ever out of European armies as the sun went down on the field of Jena. The new system of tactics, which everywhere resulted from the seed sown by the French Revolution, exacted from the soldier identically the same qualities of intelligent adaptability which form the keystone of commercial success.

This is another instance of the polarity inherent in all problems of warfare, and one which has never attracted the attention from civilians that it deserves, chiefly, no doubt, because the Army itself has been riven into two parties on the study of the problem which, from its exceeding difficulty, defies exact solution. But it must be clear to even the superficial reader that, just as emergencies may arise in industrial operations—railway work, for example—which no written instructions could foresee, and in which a man must unhesitatingly act on his own initiative, so, in every battle, situations must occur in which the soldier, too, must adapt himself to formidable contingencies, and act on his own

responsibility. For the last century, more or less according to whichever party in the Army was in the ascendant, this education of the intelligence of the individual soldier in the ranks has been the aim and object of the "School of the Light Infantry Soldier."

Thus it happened that, when the victories of 1866 and 1870 finally removed all reasonable fear of invasion, Germany presented an almost unequalled field for industrial investors, good security, and an abundance of willing, intelligent, and disciplined labour; all this being the consequence of her well-designed military machinery. Her progress since then has been phenomenal, and to-day she stands the example of the most firmly knit nation, certainly of the continent, perhaps in all the world; but that the future alone can decide.

We in the British Isles, thanks to our acquired position as Mistress of the Seas, arrived at a similar stage of national solidarity at an earlier date, and by less drastic suffering, for we have been spared so far the horrors of invasion. The net result of the past hundred and fifty years of warfare throughout Europe has been to break down everywhere the barriers of purely local and provincial sentiment, and to substitute for this narrow creed certain well-defined national groups, held together, each within its own frontier, by the conception of a common nationality and a common patriotism. Science has contributed enormously to forge the links which make this improved sentiment possible; but eventually it is war and conquest which alone caused this evolution of industrial science.

By war we won our over-sea markets, and consequently a demand for our manufactures; war brought the gold into the country needed to develop them; and our security from invasion enabled us to pursue the paths of invention in peace. France may reasonably lay claim to scientific pre-eminence during the latter half of the nineteenth century, but of what avail was her fame in this respect during the social upheaval of the Great Revolution?

It is the custom at the present moment to represent Science

as the handmaiden of Peace, and to speak of its beneficent influence. The simile is unfortunate, to say the least of it. "Handmaidens" have been the origin of strife from the earliest times, and in the present case seem likely to continue the process.

It is science, and science alone, that supplies the power now daily driving us towards a cycle of wars. Without its application the sentiment of nationality could not manifest itself, and but for its inventions, which have created artificial wants, the trade-hunger of the nations, now impelling us towards armed collision, would never have been awakened. We are all familiar with the conception of the State as a living organism with its nerves, nerve-centres, veins, and arteries. The telegraphs and cables are the nerves; the congested great cities the ganglia; the railways and steamship lines the arteries; and what the blood is to the animal frame, trade is to the social organism; and gold may represent its corpuscles. Conformably to this analogy, we see the great nations everywhere busily thrusting out their suckers; now to Manchuria; again to Persia; Cochin China; Africa; South America; and wherever these suckers conflict, the phagocytes rush, or are held in readiness to repel the invasion.

A century ago, Continental over-sea colonists travelled at their own risks. Their number was so insignificant, and their operations so restricted that individual successes or failures passed unnoticed in the mother countries, all of which were in those days self-supporting. Now, with the growth of their population, and the rise in the standard of material comfort, together with the general reduction in distance as measured by time, there is not a single nation in Europe that does not believe itself more or less interested in ocean-borne commerce, and which is not endeavouring to compete with the existing holders of the market.

Formerly their citizens were satisfied if the Government maintained order and law sufficiently to allow them to pursue their business in peace. Now they clamour for protection in

every quarter of the globe, and demand the interference of diplomacy to collect ordinary civil debts. (As in the last "crusade" of France against the Sultan, for instance.) So keenly alive are they becoming to the advantages of their foreign trade that, almost without exception, they consent to taxation, in order to benefit their firms of ocean-carriers, and the tendency everywhere points towards the nationalisation of external trade.

How this evolution may endanger the maintenance of peace has been demonstrated only recently by the incident of the *Bundesrath*, in which, in the exercise of our acknowledged rights as belligerents, we were compelled to stop and search a German merchant steamer. A small matter, indeed, compared with the seizure of British ships in French ports by the Germans in 1870, but amply sufficient to have precipitated a war between the two nations had the Germans only possessed a fleet strong enough to cope with the British Navy. Had such been the case, I fancy, Count von Bulow would have found himself face to face with one of those outbursts of popular indignation with which, as he told the Reichstag, in 1898, modern statesmen are quite unable to contend. He would probably have yielded without resistance to its pressure, with what results the event alone could decide.

Of similar incidents between ourselves, France, Russia, the United States, in Siam, West Africa, Madagascar, Egypt, China, and Venezuela, there have been quite enough and to spare during the past ten years, and the tendency is for these causes of friction to multiply rather than to diminish. Sooner or later this friction will clog the diplomatic machinery, and war will follow with the usual result, that the stronger will eat up the weaker. A slumber of exhaustion will ensue; then the same forces will bring about renewed disturbance of equilibrium, and the cycle will be repeated until, perhaps, one race alone dominates the world. Shall we then be any nearer to the ideal of peace we are all professedly striving after? I confess I doubt it. All history shows us that once the external

pressure of threatening danger is removed, individualism having again full play, the struggle for existence within the race itself will have fuller scope; and the internal condition of the United States, with the growing misery of the weaker, and the automatic increase of wealth amongst the stronger, gives us an indication of what we have to expect.

Remove the barriers to internal friction, which prevail everywhere in Europe in the shape of armies, and the same result would reappear. The "fittest" would survive, the weaker go to the wall. But the "fittest" at the present moment are not the men who give up their lives and renounce all luxury for the privilege of finding a soldier's death on the battlefield, or who do their work in the hospitals, in the churches, and everywhere where human misery is to be alleviated or removed. No! In the present day the "fittest" to adapt themselves to the conditions of our present environment are a very different class; and unless, as I believe, war is the divinely appointed means by which the environment may be readjusted until ethically "fittest" and "best" become synonymous, the outlook for the human race is too pitiable for words.

"Peace on earth—goodwill amongst men." That is our ideal. May it not be that peace is promised us as a condition of goodwill, and is only attainable when, through community of suffering nobly borne, goodwill amongst men shall universally prevail?

It is a curious fact to note, that though the main object of all great commanders, and of all disciplined armies, ha been to preserve as far as possible the enemy's women and children from suffering—until at length their care and preservation has actually hampered the operations in the field—the inexorable pressure of evolution has rendered it certain that in the future they will suffer the most.

Whilst improvement in weapons has everywhere led to an enormous reduction in the actual slaughter in the field, and must continue to do so in the future, for reasons well known to every military thinker, it is the women who, deprived of

their breadwinners, really suffer most severely from the prolongation of the decision, to which the nature of modern armaments, and the prevalence of mistaken notions of humanity, give rise. In the case of a great war between Great Britain and a continental Power, which must of necessity send up the price of bread—at least fourfold—it will not be the able-bodied manhood of the country who will feel the pinch. Food, clothing, and a roof over their heads will be available for all who will enrol themselves on the side of law and order. But what of the women and children when there are no "Absent-minded Beggar" funds to draw upon, and no rich ratepayers to contribute to them even should they exist?

I am no cynic; still less a misogynist; but there is no closing eyes to the fact that the social ambition, which is the driving power compelling men to work—as we see it in the United States especially—long after their own desires are satisfied, is essentially a woman's weakness which the wheels of God are now in motion to crush, and which we, with all our efforts, are proving powerless to check.

F. N. MAUDE.

(Lieut.-Colonel, late R. E.)

WHAT I SAW IN THIBET

IT is not difficult to account for the interest which the vast region of Thibet has always excited among geographers, ethnologists, and the student of mankind in general. Territorially, a preponderating integral part of the oldest of the continents, and replete with almost every feature appealing to human interest, for many years it has been the *spolia opima* of the traveller and explorer. While many travellers during the last quarter of a century have penetrated for considerable distances into this jealously guarded land from its northern, southern, and western borders, previous to my exploratory journey the immense region extending along the Chino-Thibetan border among the headwaters of the Yangtse-kiang and Hoang-ho had been visited by few. The remoteness of these regions, the enormous hardships to be met with in crossing the immense mountain ranges surrounding them (among the highest in Asia),the hostility of the barbarous tribes, and, most potent of all, the jealous antipathy of the lama sacerdotal class, have hitherto proved barriers which the advance guard of civilisation has found difficulty in passing.

It was for the purpose of making a thorough exploration of these little-known regions that I entered upon my journey through Eastern Thibet. From the important town of Batang, on the Chino-Thibetan border, accompanied by an expeditionary force of forty Kiangsi natives, and seconded by the invaluable assistance of my lieutenant, Burton, I succeeded,

after months of the most arduous river-travel, in penetrating up the Kinsha-kiang and Dji-chu headwaters of the Yangtse-kiang to the small native trading village of Gharlkau, in north-eastern Thibet. My halt here was made for two reasons: in the first place, it was absolutely necessary that my men should be given a rest before pushing onward through the bleak and sterile fastnesses of the country lying among the headwaters of the Yangtse-kiang; and, secondly, I wished to spend several weeks in bartering with the Gharlkau Thibetans in order to procure a supply of boots, pack-saddles, blankets, rouge, and other articles to be disposed of among the wild nomad tribes in the country to the north. It was a welcome surprise, after the open hostility which we had encountered among the natives down stream, to find that the head man and lamas of Gharlkau placed no objection in our path, as I had expected a point-blank refusal, when I announced my intention of proceeding to the north, to my request that he should sell me the provisions and other articles of which I stood in need. Instead, he readily formed with me a pact of good-will, and, in addition to selling me the provisions at astonishingly low rates, ordered several of his best guides to accompany me, and in other ways manifested his sincerity.

After a fortnight's respite from travel, our halt at Gharlkau came to an end; the lateness of the season and the necessity of passing up the steam of the Dji-chu before the terrible spell of an Arctic winter had settled in over these high altitudes, left us no choice in the matter. It was with a feeling of regret that we saw the low-lying huts and palisaded walls of the straggling village fade from our sight, as the canoes began their weary battle against the toneless, murky current of the Dji-chu, the course of whose stream it was my intention to follow for several hundred miles further to the north before abandoning river-travel for the difficult and hazardous land journey across the upper Yangtse-kiang watershed to Gajum, on the Charing-Nor. Never did voyagers start off under more gloomy circumstances. The sky was overcast with moisture-

laden clouds, which hung around us like a cold, dank shroud; the dark water of the stream was obscured by a penetrating fog blown low from over the mountains; and the land, sympathising with the gloom above and around, appeared silent and lonely, as if to accord with the full depth of our forebodings. The appearance of Nature in this great unknown region of north-eastern Thibet, to the north of Gharlkau, was as that of a spot accursed. We seemed to be on the shores of the Dead Sea, where the towns of the plain had sunk under a fiery wave, and where desolation for ever reigns to mark an awful judgment; or as if the glowing hills of Pandemonium had been raised from their dreadful depths to sully the face of the earth with their most forbidding aspect. Great masses of crags rose in huge disarray, split into long ravines, and hurled into unutterable confusion, beyond which immense desert areas, covered with saline incrustations, stretched to the dim verge of the distant horizon, presenting the composite picture of a Saharan desert and an Arctic ice-plain.

It was confronted by such a dispiriting outlook that I entered upon my journey through this unhospitable, forbidden land. Each day brought us to a higher elevation and a colder climate, and, to add to our annoyances, we soon discovered that the information given to us by the head man of Gharlkau concerning the vindictive and predatory character of the inhabitants of this wild region had not been exaggerated. The strength of my expeditionary force sufficed to spare me from downright hostility among the smaller river villages and nomad camps, but the little insight we gained into the real character of this district at the outset served to show us that the price of safety must be eternal vigilance.

The first real overt act of hostility was shown to us at Sok-Buchen, which we reached only after days of arduous paddling, the stream of the Dji-chu flowing at such an abrupt angle and with so swift a current after leaving Gharlkau that progress seemed almost out of the question; as it was, the effort required to penetrate up the stream of the swiftly-rushing

river had used up my Kiangsi crewmen so completely that no alternative offered itself but another enforced rest at Sok-Buchen. As we landed at this village a queer specimen of humanity came running toward us dressed in long, greasy robes of yak-skin, and wearing a most hideous mask, which towered several feet above his head, the *tout ensemble* being unique and diabolical. After considerable difficulty I learned that he was the chief lama of the village, and had been delegated by the natives to approach us to learn what tribute we would pay for the privilege of travelling through their district. I well knew that I was not called upon to make this unnecessary outlay, but, anxious to avoid ill-feeling, I told him to return to the head men with the information that I would give each of them a piece of red duba cloth, and minor gifts to each of the lesser luminaries of the place. With a vindictive grin he ambled off to the village, and shortly after he returned, this time accompanied by a score or more of the head men, armed with matchlocks and spears, as if duly to impress us with their warlike prowess, who, after many truculent gestures, demanded that the offer I had made to them should be quadrupled, or on no consideration would they allow us to advance farther on our journey. Realising that hesitation would only serve to increase their hostility, and angered at their insolent attitude, in tones matching theirs in vigour and bombast I endeavoured to impress them fully with the fact that I intended to effect a landing at all hazards, and would have no scruples in punishing them severely in case of treachery. As our canoes slowly proceeded toward the bank, they hurled at us a yell of defiance; almost immediately thereafter we saw forty or fifty men issuing from the narrow opening in the stockade, fully armed, and wearing war-masks, slowly advancing to the stirring strains of a droning war-chant.

Calling upon my Kiangsis to paddle with all their might we shot the canoes far up on to the bank, and, ranging them in line so as to form a sheltering bulwark, we awaited the onslaught of our enemy. Their valour, however, seeing that

their warlike demonstrations had no appreciable effect, rapidly vanished, and in a few moments the horde, who but recently had been so demonstrative in their stern opposition to our landing, broke in wild confusion and retired to their village, from which they opened a desultory fire with their matchlocks. Shortly after, however, three of the leading men approached and announced their willingness to abstain from further hostility on condition that we should make payment of the original tribute. In this manner the *entente cordiale* was restored, and the bloodless battle of Sok-Buchen happily terminated. As we discovered eventually, this determined attitude on our part was not without its reward, for the native traders travelling through the district took care to magnify our feats prodigiously among the inhabitants of the smaller villages and camps, so that for several weeks afterwards we were spared further annoyance from open hostility.

From Sok-Buchen, after pushing forward for another week against the stiff current of the Dji-chu, through a constant succession of cliff-embuttressed gorges, we reached a well-populated and hospitable river-village, which, on questioning some of the natives who shot out from shore in their hide coracles as we approached, we learned was called Dju-Kharmau. Our welcome here was of the most cordial kind, and we soon discovered that the native population was more friendly than our preconceptions of them had allowed. The head man evidently had never been treated to the curious spectacle of gazing on white men before, for, after making furtive inquiries as to whether we were real men or merely ghosts of men, and being at last satisfied in his own mind that we were of more solid substance than spirits, he invited us to share the pleasures of his own abode—a long, rambling gallery apartment cut for thirty feet in a loess bed piled against a considerable mountain peak.

We had no cause to complain of his hospitality, for at a grand feast which he organised in our honour he invited his brother chiefs from the surrounding districts to come and envy

him his good fortune, and in other ways gave evidence that his protestations of friendship and good-will were sincere. M'dewe, the head man, had certainly outdone himself; evidently this sumptuous banquet was something extraordinary and *récherché*, and, to "indulge custom with custom in order that custom should not die," we dallied with various dishes of sinister import, of whose previous identity we were serenely unconscious, scrambled up to our elbows in the common pot for huge lumps of meat which we bolted with fervour, and in every way mingled with our host and his satellites with a ribald *camaraderie* which tickled the old man to the core. Beneath the mingled effects of pride and frequent recourse to a huge jug of arreki which he secreted in the folds of his sheepskin coat, his face, covered with grease and perspiration, shone like the full moon, while the flambeaux, dimly lighting up the interior of the dwelling, disclosed a cordon of swart, wildly-scrambling guests, who gave every evidence that, whatever might be the illustriousness of the occasion, they were not minded to ignore the good things of existence.

Their gluttonous appetites seemingly knew no limit; for each consumed vast quantities of food, washed down with such huge draughts of arreki and tea that one could not but wonder where these vast quantities of edible and potable matter found lodgment. But to solve the mysteries and capabilities of a Thibetan stomach is a task which would puzzle the most erudite mathematician. In fact, the chief avocation of the Thibetan, when fortune permits, is the enjoyable business of eating. During many months spent among nomad and settled Thibetans—to say nothing of their manners, excluding women from all companionship at their meals, dipping their hands up to the elbow in one dish, eating sheep's insides, and sleeping in miserable tents or stone dwellings crawling with vermin engendered by their filthy habits—I never in a single instance noticed temperance or frugality, except from necessity, for in their nature they are gluttons, and will eat at any and all times till they are gorged of whatever they can get, and then lie

down and sleep like brutes. I have sometimes amused myself by testing their appetites, and I never knew them to refuse anything that could be eaten. Their stomach is literally their god, and the only chance of doing anything with them is by first making to this tutelar deity a grateful offering. Instead of scorning tainted and unfit food, they will devour it with avidity, even with the full knowledge that they must pay dearly for this incontinence.

But to recur to our entertainment at Dju-Kharmau. At the conclusion of the feasting we were treated to a dance, in which, contrary to the custom in southern Thibet, both males and females joined. A dozen lamas—their heads encased in the most hideous masks representing various birds and beasts—assembled in the open space in the centre of the apartment, with fifes and flutes constructed of bone and argali horns, and, after several preliminary flourishes, started off on a wild and dismal chant which ever increased in vigour until the noise was deafening. The rest of the men, and ten or a dozen women and girls, stood by or squatted on the floor, and kept time to the music by humming through their closed fingers, meanwhile swaying their bodies with a curious sinuous motion. At last, the music having attained its highest pitch, they discarded all clothing, and, absolutely naked, began to dance with renewed vigour, ever increasing their efforts as the music stirred them, rushing about madly and frenziedly, shouting at the top of their lungs, until, incapable of maintaining their feet longer, they sank on the ground through exhaustion.

It would be an utter impossibility to imagine a people more unenlightened and barbarous than the native population of north-eastern Thibet, beings but a grade removed from the lower order of animals. In contrast with the districts of southern Thibet, the natives of this region are more nomadic in character, consequently few settled towns are seen and these of the most miserable kind. The dwellings in these large villages are usually constructed of small pieces of shaly rock roughly laid on top of each other, the surface covered with a

plaster of mud, which soon dries in the sun, when it is covered with a coat of whitewash, presenting an appearance similar to the adobe dwellings of Spanish-American countries. This structure, usually two stories in height, often three, is arranged in a rectangular form around a central courtyard, the lower story serving as a storehouse for cattle, agricultural and hunting implements, and dried yak-dung to be laid up against the cold winter nights, powdered manure being generally utilised for fuel owing to the scarcity of tree growth. The upper apartments are used as the place for human habitation, the roof of the first floor serving as a gallery to the second story. A notched pole or a yak-hair rope-ladder is placed at various corners of the courtyard in lieu of more substantial stairs; these can be drawn up at night, and secure to the sleeping occupants all the splendid isolation from unscrupulous and pillaging neighbours enjoyed by a feudal baron in his moated castle.

The smaller houses are usually divided into two rooms, one for the general use of the occupants during the day, the other serving as a sleeping apartment. Holes are cut in the base of this dwelling in order that smoke and noxious odours may escape; they are simply openings about two feet square in the walls, without any means of keeping out the wind and cold. Therefore, one has the choice of darkness and stifling, or light and freezing.

The common luxury of all these dwellings is the large *k'ang*, or fireplace, sunk in a sort of hollow trough in the middle of the room, in which dried manure is burned, or another form of *k'ang* raised like a sacrificial altar three or four feet from the floor, constructed of stones and mud, and taking up more than half the room. On top of its flat, smooth surface are spread numerous reed mats and skins. In addition to its culinary purpose it likewise serves as the general resting-place of the occupants of the abode, be they man, fowl, or beast; in short, a sort of primitive furnace. In front of it three immense coppers, set in glazed earth, serve for preparing

the food. The apertures by which these monster boilers are heated communicate with the interior of the *k'ang*, and its temperature is constantly maintained at a high elevation, even in the terrible cold of winter.

The simplicity of the nomad is found in the interior fittings of even the most sumptuous of these dwellings; there is absolutely no furniture, unless one should class the small mats and bundles of skins scattered before the fireplace in that category. The interstices of the rafters which compose the roof of the dwelling are filled with hoes, guns, and articles of husbandry, blackened by smoke. A number of spits for the roasting of meat hang against the wall, above these a row of assorted jars, some cheeses filling various nooks, and a heterogeneous collection of tea-strainers, *tsamba*-bags, butter-boxes, tea-churns, and straw sieves, tufted with bits of red and yellow cloth, the latter used for sifting the meal ground by the donkey in the corner, and likewise utilised as extremely popular and useful wedding presents.

Most of these northern Thibetan natives possess the same flat and expressionless facial traits as the Mongol, although somewhat darker in colour. They are not as small as they have been generally represented to be. They are taller than either the Chinese or the Mongols, their height—five feet four to five feet ten, and in rare cases six feet—being quite up to the average of the Caucasian standard. Their dress, however, gives them a somewhat dwarfish appearance. This effect is further heightened by a general tendency to a stooping position in standing and while walking, particularly noticeable among the females. Both men and women are muscular and active, and both have, when not governed by passion, a pleasing, good-humoured cast of countenance, apt to break into a "grin" on very small provocation. The effect of the numerous hardships to which they are exposed, however, soon leaves its traces. One is astonished at the lack of middle-aged people among them, a woman, after she has passed her thirtieth year, having degenerated into a wrinkled, toothless and feeble old hag, while

it is uncommon to find a man ten years older fit for active service of any kind.

The dress of both sexes is much the same; tribes that live in districts near to settled villages often indulge in the luxury of purchasing coarse cloth for their habiliment, or, what is more often the case, plunder the trading bands. The general dress, however, is usually of skins of the yak, antelope, sheep or wolf. The long padded coat of the men has a hood, which in cold weather covers the head, leaving the face only exposed. The women, although having a similar adjunct, use it for a more utilitarian purpose, namely, as a cradle for their infant children. Underneath this voluminous outside garment both wear a small jacket of coarse cloth and yak-skin trousers, fastened into boots of the same material, very ingeniously and neatly made, although, not being perfectly tanned, they are unable to resist moisture like those manufactured by the Chinese. A pair of real leather boots, therefore, is highly prized, and will readily be bought or exchanged for articles many times their value. In fact, I soon discovered that by possessing a good supply of boots, brought from Gharlkau, we formed a sort of travelling Bank of England on a small scale, and that their purchasing value was much higher than either gold or silver. All the clothing is made by the women, who perform excellent work with the crude implements at their command. The only objection that can be raised by the fastidious concerning this form of dress is its extreme durability. An outfit of this sort will last a man for many years, and soon becomes frightfully filthy, never being changed and never coming in contact with water, unless accidentally.

Among the Thibetans, whether nomad or settled, there still is maintained a passion, almost amounting to a mania, for lurid colour display. I remember seeing a woman at Areki-t'ang bargaining with a Chinese trader for a neck-scarf which outvied the most bewildering crazy-quilt ever constructed, and complaining because it was not bright enough.

"But, by all the glories of your father's father," replied the

exasperated dealer, who construed this hesitancy to purchase as a reflection upon his wares, "what could you want? There are no colours known in earth and sky but are found in that scarf." And being assured of this all-important fact, the bargain was quickly closed.

Tea is one of the principal staples of trade throughout Thibet and Mongolia. The natives are miserable without it, and when it cannot be obtained are willing to cheat themselves by various expedients, such as boiling dried onion heads, herbs, or even an infusion of chips of wood in water, in order that they may not be at least without a "suggestion" of their favourite beverage. The tea imported from China is pressed into small oblong-shaped bricks, having the appearance of cakes of chocolate, made up into cases of nine bricks, secured by raw hide thongs. This is not only used as a beverage, but, being conveniently portable and easily passed from hand to hand, passes current as money.

The native method of preparing this delicacy is not of a kind that would commend itself to civilised epicures. The tea is first ground to a fine powder by vigorously pounding it in a mortar until no splints of wood or other impurities are visible; it is then put into the copper kettle before the *k'ang*, when the water is hot, to boil for five or ten minutes. By way of giving increased flavour salt or soda is added, and this part of the operation being completed, the all important business of drinking it commences. The host and his assembled guests being gathered around the fire of yak-dung in order that "atmosphere," as the artists would say, should not be lacking, each one draws from the folds of his garment a little wooden bowl, and, with a satisfaction which must be seen to be appreciated, fills his private dish with the liquid.

All this, however, is but by way of preliminary. From a sheepskin full of rancid butter, placed within convenient range, each takes a piece of the oleaginous compound and lets it melt into his bowl of steaming tea. Then, with furtive grasp he draws the "nectar" to his lips and "heaven is opened unto

him." The bowl is again filled, into the steaming liquid he throws a handful of *tsamba,* and drawing forth the sodden lump works it into a ball of brown dough with a deft movement of his left hand, and successively bites off pieces of this delicacy and drinks his buttered tea until the visible supply has vanished, when, in order that his table etiquette may not be impugned, he licks his bowl clean and puts it back into the folds of his coat.

II

It was another long and tedious river journey from Dju-Kharmau to Jomguk. And now leaving Jomguk we practically passed out of the country of the settled Thibetans; the entire region to the north as far as Lake Charing, being inhabited by small tribes and encampments of nomads (Djun-Ba), permanent settled villages were rarely met with; and, these of the most wretched sort, compared with which those we had previously visited, were the acme of perfection. The deserted appearance of the country is due to a very large extent to the abandonment of the cultivated lands by the more peaceably disposed Thibetans, who, being unaggressive and being incapable of offering successful resistance, are no match for the brigandish and truculent nomad tribes. In consequence of their constant raids, those valleys and sheltered plains which are capable of sustaining vegetation, have been almost abandoned by their inhabitants, and the region given over to the lawless and barbarous Djun-Ba.

These Djun-Ba Thibetan nomads, who inhabit this little known corner of north-eastern Thibet, in spite of their low order of civilisation, were the finest people in physique that we saw in Asia. They were tall, robust, manly in bearing, and although possessing the flat and ugly features of the Mongol type, had the free, independent carriage of a race of mountaineers acknowledging no authority that would interfere with their freest liberty. Notwithstanding the almost Arctic

coldness of the weather of the high altitudes they inhabit, they were dressed in the thinnest of clothing, the children running about in a state of absolute nudity, without any deleterious effects manifesting themselves from this apparently suicidal exposure. Both males and females were possessed of an inordinate love of display, wearing enormous ornaments of brass, brass-wire collars, gold beads sprinkled over the hair, and numerous contrivances of gold and silver hanging from the neck. The general practice prevailed of shaving the head until it was entirely bald, the effect of these shining pates when gathered in groups being ludicrous in the extreme.

The social institutions of this strange people are founded on the simple plane characteristic of savages of a low order of intelligence. There is no generally recognised government, but hundreds of small tribes, which in turn are divided into septs and clans, each deriving its name from some feature of the landscape, or from some mythical legend or ancestor. These tribes in all matters of internal economy are independent of each other, but confederate for their joint security against alien aggression. The head men and chiefs comprise the aristocracy of the country, but they are little more than leaders in war; for the right of personal revenge, which is fully admitted, limits their authority in matters of merely judicial import.

As regards their mental and moral character—so far as a race can be characterised in a few words—it may be said that the Thibetans are, if not in the first rank of savage races, not in the last. Their intelligence is considerable, as their implements and folk-lore abundantly prove, and that they possess certain traits of bravery may be inferred from their ability to exist for generations between aggressive and powerful enemies on all sides of them, and to repel successfully all attempts at alien aggression. They display a taste for music, and are passionately addicted to gambling, having the keenest interest in speculations of all sorts. On numberless occasions I have seen two men sit down for hours and shake small dice for the

most trivial objects, their every movement watched by an excited group of spectators, eager partisans who took such an interest in the game that the inevitable ending was a sanguinary brawl of no mean dimensions. Horse-racing is another favourite pastime of the Thibetans, but their animals are sorry beasts, and the excellence of the performance is judged more by the skill of the horseman than by the speed qualities of his mount.

The moral standard of the Thibetan is not high; licentiousness and indecency, far from being uncommon, are rather the rule than the exception. The women are especially erring; their extreme laxity of morals and their utter want of shame are not more remarkable than the entire absence of jealousy or self-respect on the part of their husbands and relatives. This is due perhaps to the degraded position of women in the community, excepting among those tribes where polyandry is practised, where their lot is in a measure improved. There are but few elaborate ceremonial functions in the direct business of marriage. Cupid must here exist on short commons, since Mammon enjoys a clear field and need ask no favours. A man wishing to secure a wife either steals one from a neighbouring tribe, or else purchases one in his own encampment. Polygamy and polyandry are co-existent, the number of wives a man may own depending altogether on the state of his fortunes and his ability to purchase a supply of these necessary adjuncts to a well-ordered community. The head men, who are not limited by poverty, purchase as many wives as their fortunes will permit. A singular feature of this arrangement is that while a parent may sell a woman to one man, there is nothing to prevent his reselling an interest in her to suitors who may come after, who are looked upon as legitimate husbands as much as the first one, and who are obliged to assist in her support, their relative degrees of ownership being determined by their standing in the community. As will readily be seen, this eminently satisfactory arrangement offers innumerable advantages of connubial bliss and domestic tranquillity

to poor young bachelors who would not be able to afford the luxury of maintaining a wife financially unassisted.

One of the strangest customs of these Djun-Ba Thibetans is that attending death and burial. When a man dies the nude body is attached to stakes driven into the ground, and exposed to the attacks of ravenous beasts and birds. Nothing could be more ghastly, as assuredly nothing could be more repulsive, than to happen while travelling through the country upon one of these gruesome landmarks, from which flocks of carrion vultures rise slowly into the air with hoarse croakings as if resenting this intrusion on their feast. The bones and other remains left after the attacks of the birds and beasts are cremated, the ashes placed in sacred bowls, mixed with magic charms, and hung up in some prominent part of the tent or dwelling, or else buried beneath an obo of stones, where they serve as objects for numerous pilgrimages. A little of the dust is placed in small bags, and these are worn round the necks of the family of the deceased as preventives of disease and as a safeguard against evil of all kinds. Where there is a large body of water near at hand a different ceremony is often practised. This consists in placing the corpse in a small coracle (a canoe in circular shape of yak-skin spread over a light wood framework), surrounded by all its earthly possessions, and sinking it in the stream with heavy stones. No ceremony is gone through with, whatever its nature, without an abundance of dancing and feasting, so that a man who conveniently marries or dies at the right season, when food is abundant, is a real public benefactor.

III

In this exploratory journey it had been my original intention to ascend the headwaters of the Yangtse-kiang to its source in the Koko Nor, but difficulties in the obstruction of the stream and the impossibility of penetrating farther up its current com-

pelled me to abandon this project on reaching Gunza, a small Thibetan trading village at the junction of the By-chu with the Dji-chu, and to make a forced march across the immense Baian Kara-Ula watershed before the daily increasing climatic rigours made such a proceeding out of the question. The By-chu valley, which we ascended for our first five marches on leaving Gunza, is one of the finest regions, from a scenic point of view, in Thibet. It is, however, seen to best advantage on paper, for, majestic though the varying landscapes may be, they do not appeal to one who is obliged to toil over their uneven surface—a desert of bare crags and bouldery plains, with vast arid table-lands of high elevation, a land where there are no forests or pastures, where one can march for hours without even seeing so much as a blade of grass; a cloudless region, always burning or freezing under the clear blue sky, for so thin and devoid of moisture is the atmosphere that the variations of temperature are extreme, and rocks which, exposed to the sun's rays, may be almost too hot to lay the hands upon in the daytime, are freezing in the shade.

Five long and uneventful marches through a sparsely settled region brought us to Lakmo. Our entrance into this hospitable bailiwick fully recompensed us for the tedious journey from Gunza; notice of our approach through the district had been circulated by nomad horsemen whom we had met in the course of our journey, and there could be no mistaking the intense popular interest provoked by our arrival. As we neared the village strange music greeted us, and almost immediately we discovered a long procession of the head men of the place advancing in our direction, led by three or four musicians playing with lusty might on a wonderfully fearful, and as wonderfully assorted collection of instruments, who had been sent to do us honour with their wild and barbaric, if not impressive, strains.

The head man of Lakmo lived in two large yurtas erected on top of a cellar-like structure similar to the native dwellings. He was a jolly old Thibetan, with a round, greasy face, which

beamed forth from beneath his huge fur cap like a full moon, and with a Falstaffian girth which gave evidence that to him, at least, this sordid earthly existence was not without its compensations. As soon as the tents were pitched he sent a messenger to invite us to his own abode, in order that he might see with his own eyes the "wonderful white strangers" of whose presence in the district he had been already informed. This messenger was none other than his principal wife, and she certainly was a most curious specimen of an aboriginal envoy. In stature she was a veritable giantess, and stalked about with a determined mien that threatened ill to any rash man who should strive to cross her path or thwart her purpose. In order that the mission on which she was now embarked should not be deficient in due pomp and ceremony, she was mounted on a long-backed, restless little pony, with a scraggy tail, crop-eared, and a mane looking as if rats had eaten part of it, coupled with an appalling thinness of frame; in short, such an animal as the worthy Don Quixote would have gone into ecstacies over. She rode a-straddle, and wore a conical iron pot for a hat, and an imposing array of garments, chief among which a long scarlet duba cape fluttered from her shivering shoulders with the flaunting ostentation of a Roman emperor's toga.

Among the most surprising things that we noticed here at Lakmo were the hordes of red-clothed lamas, or native priests, carrying prayer-wheels and prayer-flags, and gorgeously arrayed in flamboyant finery, who in number were out of all proportion to the lay population of the village. Like most savage races, the Thibetans are possessed of a deeply religious spirit, and the religious sentiment is so openly expressed, and the exposition of it forms such an important part of their everyday routine, that the thought which first strikes one travelling in their midst is that the best part of this earthly existence is given up to active preparation for entrance into the next world. In all the settled villages, among the nomad camps and on the highway, one meets the natives incessantly twisting their little

prayer-wheels or waving their prayer-flags while walking, chatting or trading together in the market-place, in fact on all occasions, save what little time is consumed in sleeping; for to concentrate the attention on the revolution or even to be conscious of it is quite unnecessary, since one can attain the "perfect peace" by automatic muscular motion. The prayer-wheel is the most curious of the paraphernalia attached to the cult of lama-Buddhism as practised generally throughout Thibet. It consists of a small, cylindrical-shaped box with an axle, the protruding part of which is attached to a handle. Long strips of paper, covered with magic symbols and invocations to the deities, manufactured by the lamas and sold at a good profit to the credulous native, are placed in this box, and the operation of working it consists in a rapid spinning motion from left to right, the native belief being that a faithful adherence to this practice during life will ensure the joys of the future state. The ordinary prayer-wheel is turned by hand, while the person engaged in so doing mumbles numerous prayers of inordinate length, sometimes taking a day off from his other labours to pour forth these musical ululations with the most tiresome monotony.

The praying water-wheel, on the other hand, keeping in advance with the growth of civilisation, is a much more practicable piece of machinery, and by logical reasoning should ensure the religious devotee much easier access into the desired realms. This consists of a number of metal cylinders arranged on a frame, and fixed across a stream upon an axle. Into these cylinders are placed rolls of prayer-paper; thus the busy man, whose time is more limited than that of his neighbour, enjoys equal advantages in the devotional scale.

The religious ideas of the Thibetans vary as widely as their other characteristics. Lama Buddhism is not a real and settled form of religion as we understand it, governed by definite canons and fundamental principles, but serves merely as a framework upon which to hang various cults fully as debased as, and differing very little from, the lowest forms of African

fetich-worship. The Thibetan is a man gifted with the ready perception of physical phenomena which pass before his eyes. He is vividly observant of the general meteoric changes of the atmosphere, which he reads as the manifestations of a number of deities existing around him. To see what is palpable and present, or speak of what is past, is, however, the habit of his mind. He is not given to trains of anticipation, he is not progressive, he is not even moderately inductive, but sinking down on the Oriental principle of fatalism, he is by no means disposed to call in question the dispensations of these deities, or the actions of his forefathers. Naturally fearful, doubtful and suspicious, he is emphatically the victim of fear, doubt and superstition, bound down under a system of necromancy linking him to the dark doctrines of demonology, sorcery and magic.

The whole world is, according to his belief, governed by supernatural powers, or owners, good or otherwise, each of whom holds his sway within natural limits. Any object, as well as individual, may have its spirit, though generally speaking the idea is limited to certain localities or passions, such as a mountain or a lake, or strength or eating. The mediums between these deities and mankind are the powerful sacerdotal class, or lamas, who form nearly a quarter of the entire population of Thibet, rulers in temporal as well as spiritual matters, and who, although the most rascally charlatans and deceivers, hold absolute control over the crude native mind. The lamas, in addition to their religious offices, act as soothsayers, magicians and divinators, and, on payment, may be consulted on any question whatever, whether it be of a material or supernatural character. To Western eyes nothing could be more repugnant than the blind infatuation with which the Thibetan natives look upon these dirty rascals, who, being naturally more shrewd than the confiding populace, keep the latter in a state of absolute beggary and servitude by their superstitious practices.

One of the most common forms of divination used by the lamas in their everyday practices is the working of incantations

and the prophesying of future events by means of scapulomancy. On one occasion we were greatly pestered by a chief of a small nomad village, who, notwithstanding our assertions to the contrary, placed abundant faith in our supposed magical and supernatural powers. As the weather was stormy and prevented several of his traders from leaving the village, he was very anxious that we should give him professional advice as to the future state of the weather. As we were unwilling to take the chance of making prophecies without there being a certainty of their fulfilment, we reiterated with vehemence our serious handicap of earlier education in this respect, at the same time expressing our surprise that such a great chief, who had given up his whole life to the subtle mysteries of the "black art," should not by this time have arrived at perfection. This tickled his vanity immensely, and with a sly wink he informed us that he could change the weather whenever he saw fit; but he had heard that we were very wonderful magicians, and he was frightened lest we should steal some of his most potent secrets. Being reassured on this score, he proceeded after his own fashion to divine what the future might hold in store.

Drawing from beneath the folds of his coat a sheep's shoulder-blade, for the space of a quarter of an hour he recited various prayers and magic incantations over it, and then placed it in the embers of the fire that had been lighted at the beginning of the ceremony. Here it was allowed to remain until thoroughly charred, when it was carefully laid on the ground and the more serious process of divination commenced. By examining closely the cracks made in the bone by the fire, nothing was left undiscovered that the most curious mind could wish to know. A reputation for skill and magic in divination is greatly coveted by the Thibetans; a successful forecaster enjoys an enviable reputation among his own people, and sometimes becomes famous throughout a large district. The methods pursued by each vary widely, but the practice of divination by means of a sheep's shoulder-blade is the most

universal and likewise the most popular, since it brings the possibility of indulging in this pleasant business of a peep into the future to the door of even the poorest man. In fact, this recourse to the mysteries of magic and divination occupies a large part of the Thibetan's daily life: no one would dare to undertake a journey, however short, without consulting these potent oracles. In the settled villages, the lamas, who take upon themselves the performance of nearly all this kind of work for the laymen, sometimes have recourse to the common method just described; but more often their divinations are secured by the throwing of dice or small stone figures, and the consultation of a book of prophecies at a place which the position of the dice denotes. As the searcher for this occult information is obliged to pay liberally for the services of these priestly gentlemen, it is only in extraordinary cases that he finds it advisable to desert the traditional and "personally conducted" shoulder-blade.

IV

On leaving Lakmo the difficulties of travel constantly increased as we were gradually ascending the higher elevation of the Baian-Kara-Ula range, the heavily laden yaks making but slow progress over the uncertain mountain trails, floundering in the steep gullies, and requiring almost incessant halts to rescue them to firmer ground. The high elevation (at the highest of these passes we were over 14,000 ft. above the level of the sea) had also an appreciable effect upon our general health. Both Burton and myself, and nearly all the Kiangsis, suffered with asthma, snow blindness, mountain fever, and other affections, so that progress of any kind was necessarily at a funereal pace. During this whole week's travel spent in crossing the Baian-Kara-Ula we were constantly subjected to inconveniences of this character; but, fortunately, the weather conditions remained favourable, and, on reaching Kengathka in the Djangin-tang, we were able to congratulate ourselves that we

had made the tedious journey with a minimum waste of time and energy.

One who has never visited this region among the higher mountain ranges of north-eastern Thibet cannot gain an adequate idea of the appalling and sublime grandeur of the inspiring panoramic changes constantly unfolded to view when travelling through these constant successions of as constantly changing landscapes—leagues on leagues of barren and pebble-covered moor, *couloirs* of stones and rocky pinnacles, range behind range of sky-towering peaks, with glaciers glittering in the hollow of them, the dazzlingly white snow lying wherever the crags are not too steep—a weird and desolate scene, such as one imagines may exist on the Antarctic continent. In whatever direction the eye wanders it rests upon the small glaciers nestled against the mountain sides, glittering brilliantly beneath the sun like polished glass and reflecting the most vivid hues, as if some gorgeous rainbow had been seized while hovering over their cloud-bathed pinnacles and congealed into a gigantic opal. I have seen few prospects more majestic and more inspiring than this great Baian-Kara-Ula mountain region south of the Oring Nor, bleak and sterile looking enough in its rudely jumbled disarray and unutterable confusion, but possessing a certain forbidding majesty of contour, enlivened by magnificent panoramas constantly unfolding to view, bringing into sharper relief the stern outlines of the black and jagged summits, which, far from detracting from the scene, seem to stamp it with the grandeur of aged magnificence. As the sun descends the colours deepen, peaks rising like a regnant concourse of glittering, gold-tinted crowns in the great azure bowl of the sky, a host of shadows creeping into the ragged gaps, routing out stray sunbeams and driving them before the teeth of the wind to swell the golden distances of the valleys below. For weeks, day in and day out, our eyes rested on long lines of dark and solemn spurs, their summits bathed in leaden mists, peak after peak struggling from behind the gloomy pall, until at last the snowy ranges, immense and beautiful, an indescribable picture

of wild and majestic desolateness, drew all eyes and riveted attention, while even the stolid faces of our Kiangsis seemed awed when thus brought into the presence of Nature in her most sublime mood.

As may be inferred from the sterility of this region, it is very thinly populated. The more sheltered *nullahs* and valleys are peopled by small bands of the most filthy and degraded nomad tribes, with habits and possessed of an intelligence little better than beasts. One who has never met a Thibetan nomad on his native heath can have no conception of his terrible appearance. His swarthy complexion, his long black hair, his piercing, coal-black eyes, half-naked figure, an enormous spear slung on his back and a rusty matchlock in his hand, make him the best figure for a painter I ever saw; but, happily, he is not as bad as he looks to be, his fierce and uncouth exterior covering a most craven spirit. When opportunity presents itself to attack and plunder a small trading caravan without chance of resistance he is a perfect embodiment of the most vainglorious bravery; but at the first show of aggression, or even the most feeble of real dangers, he is the veriest chicken-heart, coward and poltroon. But though we knew from our long experience of these Thibetans that they were too cowardly to offer us serious molestation, it was with feelings akin to joy that at the end of the sixth march from Kengathka, we saw from across the snow-covered moor the dingy stockade and squalid huts of the little Mongol village of Gajum, on the shores of the Charing Nor, meet our gaze.

On reaching Gajum, after the long and weary march across the Djangin-tang, my journey came to an end; but the goggles and snow-shoes, the whip and pack-harness, were not suffered to be long laid aside, for after a brief halt in order to give my yaks and escort a much-needed rest, I started on the equally wearisome and hazardous journey through the little-known regions among the headwaters of the Hoang-Ho.

W. C. Jameson Reid.

THE NEW JAPAN[1]

IT is fifty years since Japan was awakened from the dream of two centuries and a half, and her door turned slowly on its hinges, which creaked with the rust of these long weary years. How it chanced that a country which received its ancient art, literature, religion, and civilisation from China through Korea, a country which until thirty-seven years ago had a mediæval form of feudalism for its social basis, a country which until then was only known for its harakiri and its two-sworded Samurai, should within such a short space of time become a seat of liberty and civilisation in the Orient, the object of admiration and envy not only of the Asiatic countries, but also of some of the Western countries, is one of the most perplexing problems in the history of the world. But the fact is very clear. From time immemorial, though we strove hard to preserve the national characteristics of our own race, we were always disposed to mingle with other races. The "Yamato Minyoku," as we proudly call our race, is an agglomeration of several tribes, or races, which came from the West and the South and the North. Moreover, our national character had always within itself the germs of

[1] In 1881, some years after the restoration of the Mikado to power, the Ministers of two of the four leading clans—those of Tosa and Hizen—resigned their offices on the Korean question. From these dissatisfied elements sprang two great political parties, the Liberal, founded by Count Itagaki of Tosa, and the Progressive, led by Count Okuma of the clan of Hizen, writer of this article.

liberalism, and therefore was never governed by a set of narrow national ideals, condemning the customs, laws, religion, and literature of other nations, which, if they were good, we soon adopted and assimilated with our own.

It may be asked, how was it, then, that we turned out the Portuguese missionaries and persecuted and massacred all the native Christians, and closed our door to Western intercourse for over two centuries? The answer to this question is very simple. Although the object of the pioneer of the mission, St. Francis Xavier, was to preach the Gospel of Christ, that of those who followed him was by no means to spread the doctrine of Christianity, but to absorb our country by a series of most treacherous intrigues. However well disposed we were towards them at first, however willing we were to listen to things consonant to nature and reason, we could not tolerate that foreign intriguers should appropriate even an inch of our territory, and hence the wholesale massacre and expulsion.

Nations who are not disposed to come into contact with other forms of civilisation, like the Chinese and Koreans, can never become great and prosper. Our people, as I have mentioned before, being composed of several races and tribes, have no prejudice or antipathy against a civilisation foreign to their own, but are always willing to import all those outside influences which are new and beneficial to them. When centuries ago the Koreans, whose guardians and protectors we now are, brought to us the religion, customs, laws, literature and arts of China we eagerly adopted them, and soon shaped them as would suit our national characteristics and aptitudes, both Buddhism and Confucianism especially being speedily assimilated with Shintoism. Thus, during the many centuries which have elapsed since the introduction of Buddhism and Confucianism there has never been a conflict between them and Shintoism. All of them have been interpreted and taught in such a way as would not be prejudicial to our past traditions and future prosperity. Had the Portuguese missionaries confined their energy to religious enterprises only

Japan would easily have been transformed into a Christian country, with a sect of her own; for a few years' exertion by Xavier and his followers succeeded in making more than a million converts, including several of the feudal lords and their retainers—a most wonderful achievement when we take into consideration the population of the country in those days. When we remember that in Europe, in mediæval ages, religious conflicts were of frequent occurrence, and often were the causes of great and destructive wars and dynastic struggles, the absolute freedom with which foreign religions were allowed to establish themselves in this country becomes more evident. When St. Francis Xavier came to the "Land of Sunrise," Buddhism was the prevailing religion, and had a very strong hold upon the people. But the pioneers of the Portuguese mission had not only absolute immunity from persecution or interference, but their religion was eagerly taken up by every class of the population. The best evidence of this is given by no less an authority than Xavier himself, in the following letter which he wrote to the Christian Society at Goa in the year 1550. "The nation," writes he, "with which we have to deal here surpasses in goodness any of the nations ever discovered. They are of a kindly disposition, wonderfully desirous of honour, which is placed above everything else. They listen with great avidity to discourse about God and divine things. In the native place of Paul (a Japanese convert named Anjiro) they received us very kindly, the governor, the chief citizens, and, indeed, the whole populace. Give thanks to God, therefore, that a very wide and promising field is opened to you for your well-roused piety to spend its energies in."

And this letter was written at a time when a great religious schism was taking place in Europe, and Christian England was persecuting in a most pitiless way a sect of her own religion.

A nation which had been entirely given over to the influences of Buddhism welcoming a Christian mission in such a hearty manner looks at first sight as wonderful and

perplexing as our progress during the last thirty years. But it must be remembered that from the earliest time, living in an island country, we had been free from that sort of foreign yoke and oppression which every nation has more or less to endure in turn. No foreign invaders had ever conquered or enslaved our land. True, centuries ago, our shores were occasionally menaced, and the island of Kiushiu, being exposed to piratical attacks, was made the object of pillage, and the frequent attacks of foreign adventurers finally led the Emperor Jingo (excuse the word, O reader, for the word simply means "Divine success") to make an expedition to Korea and conquer the peninsula. Later the famous Chinese conqueror Khablai Khan, with a magnificent fleet of galleys came to our shores, only to meet with the same fate as the Spanish Armada. Then again in 1592, the great warrior Hideyoshi tried to subdue Korea; but owing to his untimely death the great scheme had to be abandoned, and his conquering army was recalled. A nation which possesses a written history of 2500 years, and which has never had to endure any humiliation at the hands of foreign invaders, would naturally have no prejudice against other nations, and consequently our nationalism has no narrow selfish meaning.

Although the plots of the Portuguese missionaries had a sad effect upon the people for two centuries, when Commander Perry came to Uraga fifty years ago, and by his friendly action showed us that every nation was not like the Portuguese intriguers, and when we came to realise that in a state of isolation no civilised existence is possible, we at once opened our door to the outside world and were admitted into the comity of nations.

The second opening of our land to foreign intercourse, instead of rousing a feeling of hostility towards other nations as in China, served to enhance the feeling of friendship. But at the same time, having lived in peace for over twenty-five centuries, it is natural we should wish that no aggressive nation should disturb the peace of the Far East, and threaten the

existence of our country. The China-Japan war was the outcome of the feeling that Korea under the suzerainty of China was a constant menace to the future prosperity of our Empire. The same feeling is the cause of the present war, for Korea in the possession of Russia means the loss of our national independence. How patient we were during the protracted and tedious negotiations with Russia all the world knows. The war is not the result of any racial hatred, or of the spirit of revenge, or of aggressive designs. Having been forced upon us, not sought by us, it is purely defensive. When the war is concluded the whole world will be surprised to see, as after the war with China, that not a trace of enmity or any ill-feeling exists towards our temporary enemy. Not even towards the Russians shall we cease to possess the feeling of amity, which comes from confidence in our own strength, and from the fact that through 2500 years of our history we have never known a defeat; and as in the past, so in the future, it will be our sole guide in our efforts to attain a high stage of Western civilisation.

OKUMA.

(*Translated by* COUNT SOYESHIMA.)

THE CASE FOR THE CONGO OFFICIALS

CHARGES of grave maladministration have been brought against the Congo Free State. The State, in reply, has declared the charges to be greatly exaggerated, and of such details of them as cannot be denied has laid the entire blame on its servants. That some of its servants have been guilty of crimes it is scarcely possible to doubt, but before we finally condemn them it would be well to consider the peculiar situation in which they are placed, the temptations to which they are exposed, and the weakness in the Congolese constitution which has made such misgovernment possible.

The chief charges are:

(1) That the taxes levied by the Congo Free State on the natives are excessive and out of all proportion to the benefits which it confers on them in return.

(2) That innocent men, women, and children are often detained as hostages for the payment of arrears of taxes.

(3) That acts of cruelty, oppression, and murder have been connived at by the officials, and that in some cases the officials have themselves actually been guilty of atrocious cruelty and even murder.

These charges are brought by missionaries from widely separated parts of the Congo territory; they are strengthened by statistics which show the revenue returns of native produce and the rapid decrease of the population, and by photographs

taken by missionaries of the victims of the alleged cruelties, and, moreover, they are substantiated by the independent evidence of Mr. Casement, the British Consul at Boma.

On the other hand, we have the bare denial of the Congo Free State Administration, coupled with a hint that the matter does not concern us, and the negative evidence of such travellers of repute as the late Sir H. M. Stanley and Sir H. Johnstone, who report that the alleged offences have not come under their notice.

It is certain that when we are in possession of all the evidence much popular indignation will be aroused. It is highly probable that many, having little knowledge of the habits of savage people and failing to appreciate the difficulties under which the Congolese officials labour, will allow righteous indignation to bias their judgment, and will pass a condemnation more severe than those officials deserve. In view of this probability, this article will endeavour to represent, as favourably as possible, the case for the Congo officials.

With regard to the first charge, the right of the Congo Free State Government to levy taxes on its subjects cannot be denied. A more difficult question to decide is to what extent and in what manner that right may with justice be exercised. It is impossible to collect a reasonable amount of revenue in customs or money taxes from a people whose natural commerce is so insignificant as is that of Central African natives; it follows, therefore, that the State must be paid in natural produce or in forced labour. This system is adopted by all European Powers that claim sovereign rights over Central African territories. The most usual course is to levy on each inhabited hut a tax equivalent to the payment that a native would receive for a month's labour. In British Central Africa, for instance, the owner of a hut must pay 3*s.* per annum, or work for the Government for a period not exceeding one month in the year. Having paid his tax, or served his term of labour, the native receives a receipt which relieves him of all further obligation for the rest of that year.

In the Congo Free State a man is required to bring to some Government station four kilos of rubber (about 9 lbs.) every fortnight. If he does this punctually the Government agent on receipt of the rubber presents him with cloth, beads, or brass rods (the local currency) to the value of about sixpence. As the rubber is worth 3*s.* a lb. in Europe the State's margin of profit is considerable. The amount of labour entailed by the collection of this rubber varies, of course, in different districts. The State computes it at forty hours per month. In theory this tax may be considered reasonable, but it would appear that in practice it is unjust and oppressive, for the missionaries assert that, owing to the increased scarcity of the rubber-producing vine, many natives are compelled to spend their whole time collecting rubber in order to pay their fortnightly tax.

It does not appear that the Commissioners have any authority to use their discretion in the remission of taxes that become oppressive. In a circular letter addressed to commissioners of districts by the Governor-General it is complained that the rubber lately consigned to headquarters is not up to the usual standard of quality. This letter is quoted in the report of Mr. Casement, and contains the following significant paragraphs:

> This cause of loss can and must be removed. The commissioners of districts and chiefs of zones, who all have experience, know the fraudulent means which the natives often try to employ. . . .
>
> I may add that the value of rubber, even when free from all mixture, has gone down in every market for some time past; territorial chiefs must, therefore, not only remove the two causes of loss which they can eliminate, but they must also try to neutralise the third by making unceasing efforts to increase production to the extent laid down in the instructions.
>
> The orders which I have here given will have my constant attention.
>
> THE GOVERNOR GENERAL, Wahis.

What is the Commissioner to do in a case like this? In his own interest he must bear at headquarters a reputation for zeal. He has absolute authority to coerce the natives by

flogging and imprisoning them; whereas leniency may lead to his dismissal. Cruelty, on the other hand (if ever it is reported to headquarters), will probably be passed over with a formal reprimand. Without in the least condoning his action if he uses his tyrannical powers, it is possible to appreciate and sympathise with the temptation to do so to which he is subjected.

Concerning the second charge, *i.e.*, that of imprisoning innocent people, it must be understood that commissioners have power to detain hostages in the persons of relatives and friends of those who are behind-hand with their rubber, or who have in any way brought themselves under the displeasure of the law.

To us, who have the benefit of a well-organised system of supervision, this seems a gross violation of the rights of the subject. It is only fair to say that, as a desperate expedient, the same high-handed measures are not unknown under British rule. Shortly after the rebellion in Mashonaland, when a desperate rebel and murderer was at large, a native commissioner arrested every woman and child in his district, and commandeered all the live stock and grain. As a result, the men in the district, having no one to cook their food or till their gardens, bestirred themselves to such effect that the murderer was captured and brought in within forty-eight hours. The exact justice of this expedient may perhaps be open to question, but its adoption when the safety of the community is at stake is more pardonable than when it is used merely as a means of enforcing the payment of an exorbitant tax.

The detention of hostages usually has the desired effect. The defaulter frequently comes in of his own accord, and if he does not do so his neighbours, whose wives are "on the chain," make strenuous effort to effect his arrest. In all probability he then receives a flogging with a "chicote" or whip of hippopotamus hide. This form of punishment, though open to terrible abuse, has more to recommend it than appears

on first consideration. Imprisonment, unless accompanied with ill treatment, has no especial horrors for the African savage, for it does not lower his self-respect or lessen the esteem of his fellows. In a British Central African Court a native witness convicted of gross perjury will be laid on the floor and receive half a dozen strokes with a whip before resuming his evidence, a proceeding which greatly facilitates the proper administration of justice. In the Congo territory, however, men are flogged merely for inability or unwillingness to pay the fortnightly tax. The State regulations lay down that a maximum of twenty-five lashes may be administered, but, if the missionaries are to be believed, a delinquent frequently receives as many as a hundred lashes. The temptation to punish defaulters in this way is the greater, too, because flogging need not interfere, as imprisonment obviously would do, with the regular collection of rubber.

With regard to the third charge, by far the most numerous cases of cruelty are charged against the native soldiers that the Congo Free State employs. The Government regulations, which (on paper) are to a certain extent framed with a benevolent care for the natives, provide that native soldiers must not patrol without a European in command. It is impossible to carry out this regulation. The unfortunate Commissioner, who has no resident European subordinates, is required to administer his territory, supervise public works, and above all guard the commercial interests of the State. It is, therefore, impossible for him always to accompany his native troops when on patrol or convoying rubber.

It must be remembered that the experience of all African travellers is that to arm a native and place him in authority is to encourage and develop his natural savage instincts. Most especially is this the case on the Congo, where the police are recruited from tribes that within recent years were cannibals. With overwhelming temptation to extortion, backed by the authority of organised and resistless force, intoxicated with the sense of power, with practically no restraint placed on his brutal lust, it is no wonder that the Congolese native

policeman behaves like a fiend. Safe in the knowledge that his victims dare not impeach him, or that if they do so his testimony will bear more weight than theirs, he rapes, maims, and murders with impunity. The Commissioner has no control over these men after sending them beyond his immediate supervision. Supposing that a village rebels. Reprisals must be made. He despatches a patrol of native police to punish it. But the villagers may resist, so the police must go armed. By supplying them with cartridges the State incurs a great danger, for cartridges may be hoarded for years and then used for the purposes of a bloody mutiny. Accordingly an account must be given of each shot fired. In proof that each cartridge not returned to store has been effectively used, the native policeman on his return produces a human hand for every cartridge that is missing. Surely the grisliest form of receipt ever invented! Of the owners of these severed hands it is impossible to say how many actually offered resistance, how many suffered on account of some private grudge cherished against them by the police, how many were killed merely to satisfy their murderers' brutal lust for blood.

But the gravest charge of all has yet to be considered. It is not only the native soldiers who are accused of atrocious cruelties. In some cases it has been proved that European officials have actually murdered defenceless natives with their own hands. To quote one instance, on page 63 of Mr. Casement's report (in which for the present he wisely substitutes initials for the names of individuals), occurs the following account:

I saw the official at the post of E. E. He is the successor of the infamous wretch D. E., of whom you heard so much from the refugees at N. This D. E. was in this district in and , and he it was that depopulated the country. His successor, M. N., is very vehement in his denunciation of him, and declares that he will leave undone nothing that he can do to bring him to justice. . . . In a very difficult position he has done wonderfully. The people are beginning to show themselves and gathering about the many posts under his charge. He told me of many things he had heard of from the soldiers: of D. E. shooting with his own hand man after man who had come in

with an insufficient quantity of rubber; of his putting several one behind another and shooting them all with one cartridge.

Happily there are only a few cases of this sort. The Congo authorities state that all the perpetrators of such deeds have been punished. For the credit of humanity, let us hope that those cases that have been proved are the only ones that have occurred. The Congo Administration, however, is greatly to blame in that there was possibility for the occurrence of such horrors. There is just one charitable explanation that can be argued on behalf of these murderers; that they were not in their right minds when they committed the crimes of which they have been accused. A pamphlet[1] has been published defending the Congo Administration, which seeks to show that the judgment of those who have denounced the Congo Administration has been weakened by the debilitating effect of the climate. The pamphlet quotes an article by the late Sir H. M. Stanley, published in the *Petit Bleu* on November 13, 1903.

> The Congo has not the most enviable climate in the world. The maladies contracted there are often debilitating, and things are seen and things are described through the malady which distort the moral and change the optic.

If the climate adversely affects the judgment, how much more may it affect a man's moral nature? I myself remember that while lying helpless from malarial fever I had a strong desire to throttle my native servant, who, poor fellow, was doing his best to make me comfortable. Consider that the authors of these atrocities may have had their nerves strained beyond endurance by illness, loneliness, and lack of proper nourishment, and that they were so exasperated as to lose control of their passions by the well-known "cussedness" and duplicity of the natives. Under these circumstances it is possible that they temporarily lost their reason; this is the only charitable view that it is possible to take of their abominable crimes.

[1] "English and American Opinions on the Congo State." (J. Libeque & Co., Brussels.)

In order to do justice to the Congolese officials as a body it is important to know from what class they are drawn, how they are paid, and by what services they can best obtain promotion in the service of a Government that cares for little else but the collection of revenue.

If they are inadequately paid it is highly improbable that they are men of sufficient culture to find a pleasure in learning the native language and seeking to understand and sympathise with the feelings of the natives. One cannot expect a man to feel the same patriotism in the service of an avaricious, commercially-minded independent State as he might feel were he serving his own country. If zeal in the collection of rubber counts for promotion more than effective administration (and Mr. Casement says that it is so) it is not to be wondered at that abuses are possible.

Before passing judgment on the subordinate Congolese official one must consider that he is influenced by considerations of which the ordinary individual can know little. He comes into contact with an inferior people, whom it is impossible to treat in the same way as one of his own race would be treated. Corporal punishment, if used in moderation, is as defensible in the case of a savage as it is in that of a naughty school-boy. But few men are gifted with sufficient judgment and self-control to use, without abusing, the power to inflict such punishment.

The power of the Congolese Commissioner is practically absolute; more so than that of an autocratic monarch, for popular opinion in the remote loneliness of his bush station affects him but little. Such power has a tendency to intoxicate the average man. Speaking as one who has had charge of gangs of African coolies, I say without hesitation that few men who have held similar positions can honestly say that they have never in moments of anger committed excesses of which they were afterwards ashamed.

The Commissioner holds, too, a very awkward position. He is told to have every care for the moral and mental welfare

of those in his district, and urged to use every effort to swell the revenue of the State. He knows which of these contradictory commands to obey if he wishes for promotion. He is cut off from the softening influence of civilisation. His nerves are injured by the climate. The absolute power that he possesses tends to sap his moral nature. What wonder is it that in some cases commissioners have sunk as low as, or lower than, the savage troops which they command?

But there is a brighter side to the picture. If we believe those who tell us that some officials have been false to all good traditions of humanity, we must no less believe the reports of Mr. Grey, Major Gibbons, Sir H. Johnstone and Mr. Casement, who tell us also of noble-minded men, working for God and humanity, who are doing their utmost to maintain the highest ideals of modern civilisation.

It is the greed of the Administration that is chiefly responsible for the crimes that have been committed. It is the blind lust for profit, blind because it is destroying the very source from which that profit is derived, that has bred this curse. In a letter to the *Times* of June 10 Major Gibbons admirably summarises the case.

> "To cut a long story short, my later impressions were almost as various as were the different districts I visited, and I was driven to the conclusion that the general system of government is bad, and that, consequently, where the local officer was not all that could be desired his district suffered much more than would be possible under a government based on higher ideals."

In its own interests, if for no higher motive, the Congo Free State should put an end to the present state of affairs. There should be two classes of officials. Commissioners, whose sole care should be the welfare of the natives in their districts, and tax-collectors, entirely subordinate to the Commissioners, whose duty should be to ensure the collection of a fair and reasonable amount of rubber.

It is doubtful whether the Congo Free State will effect a sufficiently drastic reform without strong pressure from outside.

The difficulties in the way of bringing such pressure to bear are great, but not insuperable. Public opinion had a harder task in suppressing the slave trade. It is our duty as men and Christians to spare no pains and accept no compromise till State-condoned murder and mutilation are as extinct on the Congo as are the thumbscrew and the rack in England to-day.

RALPH A. DURAND.

THE CANCER PROBLEM TO-DAY

FIFTY years ago, when surgeons were in the habit of regarding certain aspects of wounds and bruises as part of the natural curative process, and discharges which we should now certainly ascribe to putrefying sores as nothing more than the manifestation of a healthy pus, the view that the mysterious disease of tetanus owes its origin to the growth and multiplication of hosts of little plants which can flourish in the tissues of mankind, would have seemed nothing better than a madman's dream. It has come to pass, however, that the malady of lockjaw, like those involving many forms of baldness, is solely ascribed to the ravages of crowds of microscopic vegetables. Moreover, far less than fifty years ago, the idea that the singular disease of myxœdema owes its origin to the suppressed or disturbed activity of a normal gland would have been wholly scouted. Yet both these views, which a study of the facts relating to the maladies in question forced gradually into prominence, have stood the test of careful scrutiny, and are now accepted as established facts.

The causes of myxœdema and of tetanus are widely different, for in the one case the malady results from the parasitic invasion of the human body, and in the other through a non-parasitic lesion of a normal gland; and the diversity of origin which is thus apparent in these two particular diseases is at present interesting from another point of view.

When it began to be ascertained that many diseases like diphtheria and plague were each due to the action of some specific germ in the living body, the idea gradually gained ground that all the diseases to which men are liable would eventually turn out to be of a similar parasitic origin. Indeed, it is not uncommon to hear views which are equivalent to this enunciated at the present time. There is, in fact, no doubt that the conception of the universally zymotic origin of all diseases has exercised a profound influence upon all the inquiries which have been undertaken within modern years. Germs have been sought, and in many instances germs have been found; but, notwithstanding the vigour of the search, and the undoubted ability of those who have prosecuted it, there still remain several maladies of prime importance to the human race in relation to which no parasite has hitherto been discovered. Among these, and by far the most terrible and important, there stand out the various forms of cancerous or malignant growth; and the problem presented by the unknown nature of this malady constitutes one of the greatest medical mysteries of the age.

In approaching this subject it may be useful to point out (for it is not generally known) that cancer is in no sense a disease peculiar to man. It exists, indeed, apparently throughout the whole vertebrate class, having been definitely encountered among the mammals, the reptiles and the fishes also. In each of these great groups tumours have been discovered which present precisely the same peculiar appearances, the same arrangement and growth among the individual cells of which they are built up, as those encountered in the different forms of cancerous development in the human species.

In essence a cancer is an abnormal and rapid multiplication of the cells of one or more of the tissues of which the body is composed, for the part affected grows through the multiplication of its component cellular elements, until it may finally lose all semblance to the original strand of normal tissue out

of which it sprang. Moreover, portions of this new growth, individual cells in fact, appear to be detached and carried away by the blood, and through the lymphatic vessels into other regions of the body, and form there secondary or metastatic growths. Thus, in many cases of sarcoma, a growth which affects the tissues related to the blood-vessels, fragments of the original development are carried away in the blood, and finally lodged in the capillaries of the lungs, so that in this form of the malady new developments, similar in character to the primary tumour, are almost always encountered in the lungs during the later stages of the disease. But although in this manner it appears that it is readily possible for the disease to be transplanted from one part of the human body to another, it has been found that it is not possible to transplant a fragment of a cancerous growth from one species of animal to another. Thus we cannot graft a cancer growing in a horse into a cat, or from a human being into a dog. On the other hand, it has been found possible to transplant these tumours into other individuals of the same species or variety. A small fragment of such a tumour growing in a white mouse may be grafted under the skin of another white mouse; and in a large percentage of cases will there grow, the original grafted cells alone multiplying, and their direct descendants only forming the cancerous tissues in the new host.

These facts have a very important bearing upon our conception of the nature of the disease; for if, as was generally supposed a few years ago, cancer owed its origin to some specific parasite, then since the disease appears to be unquestionably the same in whatever animal group it may make its appearance, the fact that it cannot even be grafted into the different species within these groups would seem to show that there must be as many different kinds of parasites as there are animals in which the disease is found, a result which certainly appears to be sufficiently improbable. Moreover, look as closely as we may among the most admirably preserved material, yet there is no sufficient microscopic evidence of any parasite which it is

definitely possible to regard as the cause of the disease. Multitudes of organisms may and have been found associated with the destructive concomitants of cancer, but they vary in almost every case, and none of them have been shown to be in any way capable of originating the disease afresh. Nor can we indeed fall back upon the idea that cancerous development is due to the action of some parasite which exists as an antecedent to the formation of a malignant growth, since in a mouse graft, for example, the whole development of the cellular enlargement may be watched with the greatest exactitude, yet there is no evidence of any parasite at any time.

Cancer, as we now know it, can only be regarded as an unusual cell-development, a more or less rapid multiplication of the cells in one or more of the tissues of which the body is built up; yet during this development the cells from which this growth originates become somehow changed, for they no longer obey the laws which govern the growth and multiplication of the cells of the normal tissues of the body. It is important also to remember in relation to these facts, that the onset of cancer presents no symptoms, and the cells which constitute the growth, so far from looking as if they were or had been subjected to the destructive influences of some parasite invasion, appear extremely healthy and robust, abnormally vigorous in fact, and they grow at the expense and destruction of the normal somatic tissues by which they are surrounded.

Although in this way it is a fact, that, so far as there is evidence to take us, cancer appears to be nothing more than an unusual development of one or other of the tissues of which the body is composed, it would be incorrect to assume that the growth and multiplication of cancerous cells proceeds in the same manner as the growth and replacement of the body tissues under ordinary circumstances. As a matter of fact it has long been recognised that there are certain structural appearances which characterise the cells composing malignant growth in many cases. These peculiar appearances have already been largely used as a means by which we may deter-

mine whether any particular growth is really of a malignant type or not. Merely in the appreciation of this fact, we have moreover in reality arrived at a further stage in our knowledge of the malady; for a cancerous growth is not only a rapidly growing mass of tissue, but the cells of which it is composed during their multiplication present certain structural peculiarities which the cells of the ordinary somatic or body tissues do not. In other words, a cancer is an increasing mass of the cells in one or more of the tissues of the body, but the manner in which these cells increase is apparently characteristic of the disease.

The cancer problem, as it now presents itself, appears thus to be not only a special cell problem, but it is also obvious that it may have to be regarded from a more general biological aspect also, since what will immediately throw more light upon the subject is some further information upon the biological nature of the cellular characteristics which are the peculiar property of the disease; in other words, are the peculiarities of growth and structure observable among the cells of a malignant growth, abnormally introduced manifestations of some normal development; or are they merely special characteristics of the disease itself?

Considering the matter in this wider aspect, it will be useful to observe that the bodies of animals, like those of plants, are wholly composed of the protoplasmic units that have been termed cells, and that each cell consists essentially of a little speck of protoplasm, in which there lies embedded a denser portion called the nucleus. It is by the orderly multiplication of these discrete organic units that the whole cycle of growth and propagation of animals and plants is brought about, and their multiplication is effected by the repeated division into two of each individual element or cell. Moreover it has been found that during the process of division each of these cells in any particular animal contains a definite number of little rod-like bodies which stain with aniline dyes, and have been called chromosomes. Moreover, among the most remarkable results

of biological investigations in recent years, it has been demonstrated that the number of these chromosomes in any animal or plant remains constant for the species and is always a multiple of two. The significance of this fact becomes apparent, however, only if we consider the life-cycle of any animal or vegetable. In the case of a fern, for instance, the plant forms spores on the under side of its fronds, and each of these bodies after they have been shed upon the ground grows up into the little heart-shaped plant which has been termed by botanists a prothalus. From the upper surface of the prothalus certain cells are eventually shed, which are the equivalent of the ova and pollen of other plants, and the corresponding elements in all the higher animal forms. Eventually, such cells fuse in pairs, and it is from the fused product that new plants spring up, presenting the outward and visible aspect of the fern plant from which the spores were originally produced. Thus the life-history of a fern, like that of any other animal or plant, is cyclical—it proceeds from ferns to spores, from spores to prothali, and from prothali to individual cast-off cells, which after their fusion in pairs grow up into ferns once more. The elucidation of such a cyclical process in the life-history of a fern is not, however, by any means all we know of the processes involved. It has been found, as we have seen, that the number of the chromosomes in the cells of any animal or plant is constant; and another surprising result of recent cytological investigation has been the ascertainment of the fact that the number of chromosomes in the prothalus is exactly half that encountered in the cells which constitute the ferns. Thus when two cells cast off from the prothalus fuse, we have a reversion to the condition of things obtaining in an ordinary fern plant, and the joint product grows up into a fern once more. The reduction of the number of the chromosomes to one half is brought about before the spores are actually formed, and the exact *modus operandi* during this process has only quite recently been elucidated.

When the cells of an animal or plant multiply, as they do,

for example, during the replacement of tissue, after a small abrasion of our own skins, the individual cells divide, and the chromosomes within divide also, each little rod splitting down its whole length, and the resulting halves being distributed equally between the daughter elements. This is the usual process; but when, as in the case of our fern, spores are about to be produced, the method changes, and the net result of this alteration in the process of division is that chromosomes adhere to one another in pairs without splitting, the compound elements produced simply dissociating during the division, so that each daughter cell contains half the number of ordinary chromosomes. In any individual life-cycle this change is only intercalated once, and all the cellular generations which may be produced afterwards retain the reduced number of chromosomes acquired by this so-called heterotype division. All the cells in a prothalus are thus in a condition whereby, were any two of them to fuse, we should have a reversion to the type of cells characteristic of the fern plant. In its physiological aspect the reduction of the chromosomes by one half is in the nature of a provision for future fertilisation, for fertilisation throughout both the animal and vegetable worlds is brought about by the fusion of pairs of similarly reduced cells.

In the above we have considered the life-cycle of a fern, but an essentially similar result would have been obtained if we had considered from a like point of view the life-cycle of any other animal or plant. We have been merely using the fern's life-history as an illustration of the processes involved. We have now to consider in what way, if any, the above facts can be utilised in order to throw further light on the nature of cancerous disease.

A cancer, as we have seen, is a rapidly multiplying mass of cells, and, like other cells, those composing a malignant growth multiply by repeated division; but the division is not, as we have seen, all of one kind. On looking more closely into the matter it was found indeed by my colleagues and myself that there were several different types of cells always to be found in

the malignant growths which we examined. Some of the cells during division possessed the number of chromosomes found normally in the tissues of man, and these split longitudinally, as in the instances above described, so that in each daughter element there were the same number of daughter chromosomes. Others, however, grew disproportionately large, and the chromosomes, instead of appearing during division as thirty-two split rods, emerged in the form of some fifteen loops, or rings, just as in the case of the normal heterotype divisions we have previously considered. Thus in a cancerous growth as in a fern frond, or in normal situations in the reproductive glands of animals, we encountered cells in which the number of the chromosomes had been reduced, and this at the outset led to the conclusion that in such a growth there is at least an analogy between malignant tissue and the cells of normal reproductive glands. In reality, however, the comparison goes a great deal further than this; in ferns, and indeed among all animals and plants which produce sexual elements, the particular divisions by means of which the number of chromosomes is reduced, are not only characteristic but always identical; and it was the appreciation of this fact, although its significance was not then understood, which led Flemming long ago to describe such divisions as heterotype when contrasted with the normal processes of cell bi-partition. In this way it is seen that the heterotype division is easily recognised, and it was quickly ascertained that the peculiarities which characterise the cells that are normally about to undergo this special type of fission were again presented in certain elements apparently invariably present in malignant growths. Apart from the fact that in the heterotype divisions of normal sexual cells, the associated chromosomes appear in the form of rings and loops and crosses, as distinct from the split rods of ordinary division, it has long been known that during the onset of the heterotype the staining substance within the cells is grouped in a totally different manner from that which is encountered during the corresponding stages of the divisions of ordinary

growth. Consequently it is a fact of curious interest and significance to find that among the cells of a malignant tumour we not only encounter the peculiar and reduced chromosomes, but the characteristic pro-phases of the heterotype division also.

When the normal sexual cells of animals and plants have passed through the heterotype division, their descendants retain the reduced number of chromosomes, with which through the intercalation of this division they have become endowed, and in any succeeding generations that there may be the cells retain this number until it is once more brought back again by some subsequent fusion of the cells. In any post-heterotype division the cells divide as they did before the heterotype division was introduced. That is to say, the chromosomes split down the middle, and their halves pass in equal numbers to the daughter elements, the only difference which characterises post-heterotype divisions being that in all these we encounter only half the number of chromosomes present in the cells of the body of which any animal or plant may be composed. Now it has been found that in cancerous growth not only are there cells which present the peculiar characteristics of the heterotype division, but that there are also numbers of elements which divide like ordinary body cells, yet which possess only half the number of chromatic rods. So that, to put the results of all this comparative survey in a few words, it comes to this: That it appears to be a fact, that the peculiarities which are known to characterise the cells during the development of cancer are similar to those encountered in the normal development of sexual elements; that like these latter, the cells which form a malignant tumour first grow and divide in the same manner as the cells in the rest of the body; but that after a certain number of such divisions the malignant cells, like those in the sexual reproductive glands, go through the heterotype division, and the succeeding generations in cancer correspond to the reduced post-heterotype divisions encountered in the sexual glands of animals and plants.

Thus it would appear that a cancer is produced by the cells of one or more tissues, taking on the mode of development which is usually characteristic of the cells which are to form the sexual elements, and that they pass in a great part through the same cycle; or, in other words, the results of our investigations into this matter, so far as they have gone, would seem to indicate that cancer is nothing more or less than a perfectly normal cell-cycle, which has, through some cause or causes, been abnormally introduced.

Subsequently to the publication of the above results an attempt has been made to carry the comparison even further than this, and to interpret the peculiar figures which have been encountered in the tumours of mice, as actual examples of union, or fertilisation, among the reduced cancerous cells. From a purely theoretical point of view, such an hypothesis, could it be substantiated, must of course be highly tempting; but from our own observations, it would appear that the figures which have been supposed to illustrate this cancerous fertilisation are really more susceptible of quite a different interpretation, and that in reality they afford little, if any, evidence for the existence of such fusions among the cells.

What definitely emerges from the present inquiry seems then to be that a cancerous growth is to be regarded as a mass of cells, derived from some tissue of the body, that have assumed a power of developing in a manner strikingly similar to that which normally goes forward in the sexually reproductive glands. The cancerous tissue, whether it be derived from cartilage, or skin, or the lining of the intestinal canal, gives up its normal functions, and takes up or reverts back to the mode of cyclical cellular development which is characteristic of the reproductive elements of animals and plants. Such a view of the processes involved in cancerous development puts at once an entirely new complexion upon our ideas respecting the etiology of the disease; and it immediately raises the question whether it will not be possible to find among animals or plants some further analogies consisting of portions of the

normal cell-cycle that in one way or another have become abnormally introduced. In this connection it is extremely interesting to recall the fact that among certain varieties of ferns prothalial outgrowths may be produced under certain specific conditions without the antecedent production of spores at all. Thus, if the fronds of such a plant be pegged down upon damp earth, instead of spores being evolved, certain cells become reduced, and then under these new conditions sprout into prothalial outgrowths, and these spread round the edges of the frond in a manner not at all unlike the growth of malignant tissues upon the unreduced mass of an animal's body. In these cases, moreover, the new development originates, as it were, in response to the definite stimulus of pinning the frond down, while in other cases the same result can be produced by growing the ferns in suitably coloured light. These facts show that in the case of certain plants the cell-cycle can be abnormally interfered with by placing the plant under particular conditions. In appreciating the significance of these things one is immediately led to inquire whether the numerous influences, such as continued local irritation, the effects of certain sorts of burns, the influences of certain localities, and the like, which are generally regarded as predisposing to cancer in man, do not act in a similar fashion, whether in fact such stimuli do not give just the necessary kick-off required to turn the normal growth of a particular tissue into the reproductive cycle, which under ordinary conditions is only followed by the strictly localised reproductive cells. For the general reader it may, however, throw light upon these matters if it is pointed out that some animals, like some plants, consist only of a single cell, that such cells divide and divide again until from the original unit a whole swarm of many hundreds of individuals is produced. In such a colony or swarm, however, the nuclei of these cells eventually go through a process which seems to be analogous to the reduction processes witnessed in the higher animals and plants. Eventually all the members of the colony are thus able to fuse

with other members in the same condition, whereupon the whole cycle is repeated over again. Now, there is a great deal of evidence for regarding these swarms of one-celled animals and plants as the forerunners of those which, like ourselves, are built up of a vast number of co-ordinated elements, for in these more highly complex organisms there appears to have resulted simply a division of labour whereby certain portions of the cellular colony perform different functions; yet, even amongst the complex machinery of a highly organised animal or plant, some cells remain in their original condition, and are destined, unlike the cells of the rest of the body, to pass through the cycle common to all the members of a protozoan swarm; and it should not be forgotten that man, like the green algæ of our ponds and streams, starts out in life not as a man at all, not even "mewling and pewking" as the tiniest infant as ordinarily understood, but as a single cell; and it is not until this cell has given rise by division to many thousands of descendants that any differentiation is discernible amongst the hosts produced, or any rudimentary resemblance in the diffuse cell mosaic work to the adult form.

If these facts are considered, it will not be difficult to understand that there exists no *à priori* reason against any of the cells which have been produced during the building up of a complex animal or plant assuming or reverting to the condition of sexually reproductive elements, for in so doing they are simply assuming once more the characters and capacities of their ancient protozoan ancestors.

If now we turn from the consideration of the foregoing inquiries to the perhaps more human question as to whether the observations which are accumulating are in any way likely to be of immediate value in our attempts at cure or prevention of cancerous disease, it must be confessed at once that at the present moment they are of little or no value at all; still, since if we wish to be able to cure any malady, the first thing to be done is to find out what sort of disease it is with which we have to deal, there can be little doubt that in the future these

and other results of inquiries into the nature of cancer will be utilised in the attempts to ascertain the conditions under which the changes we have considered can be either inhibited or induced. We have seen that we can produce or retard at will the abnormal growth of prothalial tissue among plants, and it is surely not outside the bounds of likelihood that experiments will eventually enable us to ascertain the probably complex conditions that control the similar manifestations occurring in the higher animals and ourselves.

J. E. S. Moore.

Note.—The discovery of the facts summarised in the above article is the joint work of the author, Mr. J. E. S. Moore, Acting Professor of Zoology; Dr. J. B. Farmer, Professor of Botany; and Mr. C. E. Walker, Acting Demonstrator of Zoology, all of the Royal College of Science, and was communicated by them to the Royal Society on December 10 last. It is interesting to note that since that date the representatives of the Committee of the Cancer Research Fund have been able to confirm Messrs. Farmer, Moore and Walker's results. The confirmation was, we understand, very complete, as it showed that precisely the same reduction-division occurs in the cells forming the malignant growths found in other vertebrates than man.—Editor.

UNDER WHICH KING?

A parson's study in the country. Low bookshelves, classics and modern literature, a reading desk with an open folio. A few old engravings upon the walls, the photograph of a college, the portrait of a bishop. A well-worn writing table, piled with books and papers. The window is open, and roses peep in. Between the branches of chestnuts in flower is seen a village church, bedded like an old ivory crucifix upon the cloth of gold of a May meadow. It strikes the eye with a sense of exquisite beauty unmarred by a single jarring detail.

The parson stands by the table holding a bundle of yellowish papers. He is a man of forty-five, black hair grizzling, kindly, grey-blue eyes, solid rough-hewn face with close set lips suggestive of much humorous reticence. A manly man. He wears an old ragged grey jacket over clerical waistcoat and trousers, shiny and all but threadbare with long and careful use. But the impression left by his personality is that of exquisite cleanliness. He unties the packet and lets some dozens of folded papers drop upon the table. One seems to attract his attention. He takes it up. It is a sermon, docketed with text and date.

Parson. Well, I must have been an intolerable curate! And the vanity of the creature! If this one has not got "bravo" faintly pencilled in the corner in imitation of poor Yorick! What is it? Ah, yes. "Choose ye this day whom ye will

serve." That might do. But altering and bringing up to date is more trouble than re-writing. Still it is a wholesome exercise, if it is a little humiliating. [*He glances at the contents.*] He was a fiery fellow that! I have changed a good deal in twenty years. Advanced? Well, so we must hope—but I wrote a nice hand in those days. Neat, scholarly. The habit of writing Greek, I suppose. I wish I had kept it up. [*Takes up a pen and writes.*] ἄγραπτα κἀσφαλῆ θεῶν. Not so bad. What put that in my head, I wonder. Poor Antigone! Her back against the unwritten, unyielding law of Right. Yes, a case of conscience in old days brought out the man. He stood up at the stake or he cowered like a cur. [*He draws himself up with his chest out, then slowly stoops again over the papers.*] No, thank God that things are easier now, that I have not to choose whom I will serve in the face of fire and faggot. I don't know. Moral pressure one may possibly defy, but actual bodily torture—. Well, perhaps allmartyrs felt like me till the pinch came. Shall I use Antigone as an illustration? A little above their heads, I fear. [*He moves slowly to the window and touches a rose caressingly, his eyes fixed on the church.*] How pretty it all looks! I think what little actual restoration we did was done reverently. The less you do the more it costs, it seems! But I would have no work but the best. I would rather have shored up the east wall with balks of timber from the outside, as old Jackson suggested, than scamp a particle. They have all been good about it, very good. Eight hundred pounds from a place like this! It has cost me some little self-repression to keep on such admirable terms with them all. But it is worth it. The village may be proud of its lovely church. And it *is!* That missing bell! We must wait for that. I have a great mind—on my own account—. No! no debt. *Vade retro, Sathanas.* I felt a little ashamed to confess that my estimate had been exceeded. That carving to match the old screen was not *strictly* necessary. They took it very well. It is very near perfection. All *good,* at any rate. I should like to have had

the full peal for Whitsun. That bell at Carson's was an opportunity—lost. It can't be helped. I am not going to ask them for another £50. And I have exactly seven and sixpence to live on for the next week! The zeal of the House of the Lord has very nearly eaten me up! [*He laughs with amused appreciation of the absurdity of the position.*] Come in.

A maid enters with a note.

MAID. Mr. Puddock's compliments, sir. The man didn't wait. [*Maid goes out.*]

The PARSON *opens it and reads.*

"My dear Mullion," (Well, ah, u-m-m, perhaps—. But a parson has no business with pride.)

"My dear Mullion,—We mustn't keep the village waiting for its bell. I enclose a cheque for £50.

"Sincerely yours,

"The Grange." "J. PUDDOCK.

PARSON. Fifty pounds! That is generous indeed. I will not lose to-day's post. Very kind! Just when I thought the liberality of the committee had been squeezed to the last drop —and I'm afraid Puddock has not had a very good season either, so far. Only three wins out of the Grange stables, and those small events. However [*cheerfully*] we outsiders only see the *dessus des cartes*. Perhaps—[*he smiles.*] At any rate I hope this act of generosity will bring him a blessing—[*he hesitates a moment and mechanically substitutes another word*] will bring him luck. I must write and thank him. [*He still stands at the window, his lips curved in a slow smile of exquisite enjoyment.*]

It was not like that when I came here. A very few years more and things would have been too far gone. It is lucky I came. It is lucky I found the leading members of my flock not only ready to appreciate my wish for peace and unity among ourselves, but ready also to give harmonious assistance in a long neglected work of religion. And poor old Crossgrain

found them all so utterly impracticable! Well, the church is what it should be. It is what its builders and those who first worshipped within its walls would have joyed to see it. It is "beautiful exceedingly."

[*He very slightly advances his hand, palm uppermost, and whispers with deep reverence*] "Take it, O Lord, and let it be, As something I have done for Thee."

Well! [*with a rapid change of manner to cheery activity*] Now for my letter to Carsons and a line to that brick, Puddock, and then for my sermon.

[*He sits down and writes rapidly. Just as he has folded and closed his letters there is a tap at the door.*]

MAID. Please, sir, it's Tom Pargiter to see you, sir. He've got a place away from here, sir.

PARSON. I'll come in a moment. Stay, Jane. Bring him in here, and, Jane, ask old Enoch Judd to step over with this to the Grange. He can put the other in the post as he goes by. [*Maid goes out.*] So Tom's got a place! Well, I'm uncommonly glad of it. Village life doesn't offer much to an intelligent lad. And unless he stays from very high motives, it isn't likely to do him any good. It isn't morally healthy. No. And as things are now, I can hardly see how it is to be made so. Tom is a good lad, a very good lad. I shall miss him, but—come in, man! So you're going to leave us, Tom! a good place, I hope.

[TOM *comes in with a bow and a scrape of the foot, and stands carefully before the door, his black bowler hat held in both hands. He is in his Sunday best, a long-limbed, clear-faced lad of twenty or twenty-one, with good brow and honest intelligent eyes. His attitude tells of the plough.*]

TOM. Well, sir, I think it's a chance, as you may say. And it ain't far, neither. And the money's pretty good to begin wi'.

PARSON. That's well, You're getting eleven shillings

now, aren't you? Mr. Jackson won't like losing his best under-carter. And I don't much like saying good-bye to my best Bible-class boy, Tom. Boy! Why, you're a man, and an able-bodied one, too. But you were a boy when I came, and I used to have you up before Confirmation. And how many collects do you know now, Tom?

Tom. Nigh about the lot on 'em, sir, I think. You start me anywhere in 'em, sir, you telling me whereabouts 'tis it comes in the Prayer-book, Easter or Christmas, or where, and I don't think as you'll find me much out, sir.

Parson. That's right, Tom. They're like the stones in an old wall, each filling its place. A good stone anywhere, but best in its own place. You have a rare memory, Tom. And how many texts do you know by heart?

Tom. Well, sir, I've pretty nigh lost count. Going on for a couple o' hunderd or summat thereabout.

Parson. I needn't ask about your catechism, Tom. And now comes the time for putting all this into practice in a new place and among new people. Well, this is the last time, I suppose. You shall say your "Duty to your Neighbour" to me. And then, before you go, we'll kneel down together and ask God's blessing on your start in life.

[Tom *repeats his "Duty to his Neighbour," less parrot-wise than most village lads, the* Parson *conducting and marking pause and emphasis with hand and eye.*]

Parson. That's well remembered and well repeated. All we want is to act up to what we've just said and all *must* go well. And now, Tom, sit down and tell me all about it. Where are you going, to begin with?

Tom. No furder than Mallows, sir, fust. It's Mr. Scupper, as lives in that little white house as you do come out on the Hanfield road.

Parson. I know the house. A pretty bit of garden and neat outbuildings. They won't suffer under your care, I'm

sure. Well, that's not five miles. We shall see you sometimes at church with us, I hope, Tom. By the way, to tell you a bit of a secret, I *think* we shall have the peal complete for Whitsun.

TOM. That's a good hearing, sir.

PARSON. And what is Mr. Scupper, Tom? I don't know the name.

TOM. He ain't been long there, sir. It's pretty central-like for his business, and post-office and telegraph handy.

PARSON. And what is his business, Tom? What does he do?

TOM. He's a prophet, sir.

PARSON. A prophet?

TOM. Tipster, sir, some calls 'em. But Mr. Scupper he's above that. "Turf-prophet," that's what it is, proper.

PARSON. [*A little at a loss.*] Oh, I see. Well, Tom, there's no harm in my saying that I think your business is a better one than your master's. [*He pauses.*] However, gardens and horses and traps have got to be looked after, whether they belong to prophets or not. Take care and keep to your own work. That's honest work, whoever it's for. And it will give you a capital notion of managing a place. You have the makings of a first-class gardener.

TOM. Thank'ee, sir. I were main proud o' doing a bit for you, sir, before I were had off to Outfields. But 'tain't his garden, sir, nor yet his horse and trap. Mr. Scupper's a going to take me into his business.[1]

PARSON. Business? Prophesying? I'm afraid it's a poor business at the best, Tom, not to say more. How could you possibly help him in his business?

TOM. Well, sir, that's what I was a saying to myself. But Mr. Scupper says he's willing to give me a trial. "You've got an uncommon sharp sight," says he to me, "and you take

[1] Mr. R. Knight's evidence before Select Committee of House of Lords, *Daily Mail*, March 19, 1902. "The greatest ambition of youths of the working class was to become a bookmaker's clerk."

notice, and you remember what you hear, and with that, *and* sobriety, *and* early rising, *and* honesty to your employer, I'll be bound as I'll make summat of you," says he. Well, sir, you can speak yourself to some on it. I've a notion as I *do* remember better nor some on 'em. It was a getting off the collex and texes as helped me wi' that, sir.

PARSON. I hope it will help you to better things than being a racing prophet's assistant, Tom. But how is your sight to help you?

TOM. It's watching gallops, sir, and sometimes they gets a chance o' seeing a trial, when one o' the stable-boys splits. Tain't often as they does. But it's that way as Mr. Scupper began hisself, sir. He ain't been at it for years, now, not his own self. But it's that way as he began. And now, look at him!

PARSON. Touting! [*With a look of disgust.*] I hope you will give up the idea of having anything to do with such a business, Tom. In the first place, it's against the law.

TOM. Mr. Scupper says as it ain't, sir. Them as goes too far gets hauled up. But there ain't no need, he says, not for them as has their wits about 'em. He ain't asking me to do nothing agin the law, sir. 'Twouldn't be no good wi' I. I wouldn't so much as hear on it.

PARSON. It is not a plan I can approve, Tom. You get yourself inevitably mixed up with most disreputable people. Gambling is not against the law, in a way. That is, there are forms of gambling the law cannot touch, and as long as a man keeps within them he is safe from the law. But he can never have a good conscience. All your success depends upon your getting your neighbour to do what your neighbour had far better leave undone. We've had an example of that from our own village. Young Simcox, who went from here with a good character into Mr. Smith's shop at Hanbury, you know. What made him rob his master? He got to betting.

TOM. Yes, sir, that's what I was a saying to myself. But 'tain't many of 'em goes so far as that. And there's

Jem Spalding in the choir, sir. He bets reg'lar and he don't do so bad wi' it neither. But he ain't the one to *rob* no un. It was along o' my sitting wi' he in the choir as I come to get the offer, sir, cos Jem, he does a bit wi' Mr. Scupper.

PARSON. We must make a distinction, Tom. We mustn't judge other people's conduct as far as regards them. Jem Spalding is the son of a publican. He is constantly brought in contact with men about the racing stables. I considered the matter when I took him into the choir. I won't *condemn* a man for doing what the law lets him do. But I'll steer clear of it myself and advise everybody to do the same.

TOM. 'Twould a made a deal o' bad blood in the parish, sir, if you'd a kept Jem out o' the choir.

PARSON. It would. And that had weight with me. You must understand, Tom. I have no right to turn my back upon a man, to say " stand off, I am holier than thou," as long as he does nothing that the law can punish. His own conscience must be his judge. But I have every right as a man, and especially as a parson, to advise a neighbour against doing a thing, lawful though it may be, which will certainly bring him into grievous temptation and make it difficult, or even impossible for him to lead a God-fearing life. Besides, Tom, [*in a lighter tone*] Mr. Puddock is a friend of yours, isn't he? I remember your telling me how kind he was in sending over things when your father and mother were down with the influenza. Spying on what a man does isn't a manly action, whether he does it within four walls or on the Downs.

TOM. That's just what I was saying to myself, sir. But, Mr. Scupper, he says it's like this. Mr. Puddock don't like his horses watched at their gallops. 'Tain't only nat'ral as he shouldn't. But he'd be main sorry if there warn't no watching, and no prophesying and no betting-agents. Cos all they little men be like runnels o' water as feed the big streams. Mr. Scupper does a bit wi' the big bookies, and it's wi' them as Mr. Puddock gets the money on about his horses. And if he couldn't get it on, where'd he be? 'Tain't the stakes as

make him the man he is, nor yet the pay for the keep o' the nags. But I'd a deal rather, sir, a been a stable lad wi' Mr. Puddock. But I'm a sight too heavy for that.

PARSON. I was glad you were, Tom. It is not an occupation I desire for any of my friends, but it's a deal better than being a tout!

TOM. It don't bring in so much money, sir. And I'm thinking a bit about father and mother. That influenzer guv 'em a main shake, and they be getting on in years. And that cottage, sir, where they do live, it's all rotten wi' wet, and not fit for to put a pig in. And 'tain't no manner o' good a speaking to Mr. Jackson, cos we've a done it a score o' times already. And I do know as *you* can't speak to him, sir, along o' not setting him agin the church. And wi' me getting better money wi' Mr. Scupper, I thought as they might a took that place o' Barnett's, as ud be nigher father's work, and nigher for mother to get to church. And roof and door and windows summat like what they should.

PARSON. You're quite right to think of the old people, Tom. But, not to speak of higher considerations for the moment, have you thought of the risk? Betting agents are not solid people. I know nothing of Mr. Scupper, but suppose he has bad luck and breaks up after a year or so. Where would you be? In a gardener's place you'd be improving yourself in the business, and you'd be worth better wages if you got cast adrift. But a couple of years of touting would spoil you for honest work without giving you anything in exchange. Come, think for yourself. If a parson, for instance, wanted a man, would he be likely to take one who had been a tout? It is anything but a good recommendation. He would think that the man would be always in and out of the publics, that he would probably drink, and that he would certainly be familiar with oaths and foul talk. *I* shouldn't like to take such a man, if my means permitted me to employ one. Now, think beforehand. What would you do if Scupper should be sold up in a couple of years?

TOM. Well, sir, I was a thinking o' that. But you've allus bin so kind as to say, sir, as I was a quick un to learn, and in a couple o' years I'd know summat o' things; and I'd a put by a pound or two for a start, and I'd get to be knowed about wi' Mr. Scupper, all round at the publics and such like. So I was a thinking that I'd begin in a small way wi' tipstering. I do know all Mr. Puddock's lads already, and that'd help me a bit, and I do know how to make 'em talk. There's many chaps in cottages as would lay a shilling reg'lar if they knowed how. And there's more as would do it if 'twas brought to their doors,[1] as you may say, by a young man as was well knowed and respected and had a good character like what I've allus had from them I've worked for. So that'd be the beginning of a little business o' my own. There's a deal to be done in a small way in the village publics. There's them wi' stables o' their own now, as has begun like that. And if ever I come to be like Mr. Puddock, sir, I'd do like he does. Boys at church reg'lar and name fust on subscription list for church and school and all the rest on it. And don't you be afeared o' me in the matter o' drink, sir. There's some as drink is the master on. But 'tain't so wi' me.

PARSON. But you would be leading your neighbour into temptation, Tom.

TOM. Well, sir, I've bin a thinking o' that. There's Mr. Spalding, and Jellico at the "Black Boy," and John Hart at the "Plough," an' they all comes to church reg'lar. It's a wonderful parish for church going since you come, sir, and so every un do say. And they all on 'em has to live by what they do sell. Mr. Spalding, he should a said to one as telled I, as he'd got to make fifty pound for Mr. Blake's rent afore ever he put one penny into 's own pocket, and there be nine of 'em to feed; and the two other uns be the same wi' Blugg's brewery at Woolmer. They've all got to make men drink, else how be

[1] Mr. R. Knight's evidence before Select Committee of House of Lords. *Daily Mail*, March 19, 1902. "Bookmakers go round and visit the people where they live."

they to live? Seems like as if God meant it to be that way just for nought else but to give men temptations for to resist. For they all come to church, and Mr. Blake, if he don't live here, he do give liberal to what you've bin a doing to the church, sir. And beautiful it do look! And when Mr. Blake do come here, I've seed un, sir, a sitting and a listening to you in the pulpit, and every word a going to 's heart, to look at un, sir; that's what a man would say. And I wouldn't do no worse. And I'd be sure o' having their good word, along of bringing men in.

Parson. Tom, believe me that I am speaking to you in most solemn earnest, I am speaking as your priest. You pray God every day not to lead you into temptation, and you are putting yourself deliberately into it. You have just repeated your "Duty to your Neighbour"; are you acting up to it in what you are doing? You are going to help Satan to make men drunkards and gamblers, to make families miserable and boys dishonest. You *cannot* do it with a conscience clear in the sight of God.

Tom. Well, sir, I've bin a thinking o' that. And about the temptation, sir, I've a deal o' hope i' them collex and texes, as I've learned wi' you, sir. They'll be your ammunition in the war wi' Satan, says you. And I'll be ready wi' 'em. And I ain't doing no worse nor Mr. Puddock, and Mr. Blake, and Mr. Spalding, and Jem, nor yet so bad, 'cos I be at the bottom like. And you don't say nothing agin *them*, sir. There's Mr. Harris, as took the bit o' common down by the cross roads into 's own fields. It warn't his; and every man, woman and child in the parish knows as it warn't his. But the law couldn't touch 'im, not unless summun stirred it up. And it warn't like as *we* should go agin un. And 'twas known as *you* wouldn't, sir, along o' keeping peace in the parish. And it's beautiful to see how smooth it do all go on now, sir. Not a word from no un. Poor *and* rich. And it's wonderful how they do give to the church.

Parson. I won't argue more with you, Tom. Take my

advice as a sincere friend. Have nothing to do with it. You are a respectable lad, and you are going to mix yourself up with all that is evil.

TOM. I'll keep myself respectable, sir, I promise you faithful I will. There shan't be a word agin my respectability, no more than there isn't agin Mr. Puddock and Mr. Blake. And Mr. Harris and Mr. Jackson, sir, I'm sure as *they* be respectable, cos they're your churchwardens.

PARSON. Tom, I have said all I can. I give you solemn warning that you are doing wrong.

TOM. Thank 'ee, sir, for telling me so friendly and open what you do think. I know as you can speak to the likes of I as you can't to them as is rich. And I don't bear 'ee no malice.

[*The parson stands up, motioning silently with his hand for the young man to go. He hesitates.*]

TOM. I was a thinking, sir, if you'd kneel down along of I, like as you said, just for to ask God's blessing.

PARSON. No, no! I—I am upset. Good-bye, Tom.

[*He turns decidedly away.*]

TOM. Good-bye, sir, and thank 'ee.

[*The door closes. The parson goes slowly to the open window and holds the sill with both hands as he looks out.*]

PARSON. What *could* I say? "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient." Are these things lawful—lawful according to the law of God? What ought I to have said? Why [*desperately*] that it would be better for any one of these men to have a millstone tied round his neck and to be cast into the depths of the sea rather than offend God's little ones. Little ones, indeed! Look at these poor labourers, all intelligence and resistance crushed out of them by the system which I help to keep up, God forgive me! A prey to the fowler. Hands and feet tied. There is one thing, then, that they *do* understand, and that is, that I am living a lie. It is true. It is all true. Jackson's cottages are a disgrace to

humanity. Harris *did* pilfer a parish right. Blake's gifts to the church are raked up from the vomit of intoxication. Puddock! where do the losings come from that he thrives on? From the money that ought to make homes happy, from children's schooling and wives' innocent pleasures, from old servants' pensions and the miserable alms that Christians spare to poverty! And where do they go to? [*He makes a pause; then, with intense self-scorn*] I was forgetting. Some part comes to my *church*. [*He stands with his eyes fixed upon it, staring blankly at the exquisite east window. Then he gives a sudden start.*] Well! I must see to my sermon. [*He turns slowly to the table and picks up the old yellowed paper. The docket catches his eye.*] "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." God help me! I have made my choice.

D. C. PEDDER.

SEED-CORN FOR STORIES

IN the characteristic little book of little essays which Mr. Aldrich has chosen to call "Ponkapog Papers" there are half a hundred pages of "Asides"—fragmentary and unrelated paragraphs, compounded of cleverness and shrewdness and wit. In reading these pages we feel almost as though the author had permitted us to peep into his note-book; and we find ourselves wondering whether our manners ought not to bid us close the volume. These "Asides" seem to be far less laboured and less self-conscious than the "Marginalia," most of which Poe chipped out of the longer essays and reviews that he did not care to reprint in full.

Mr. Aldrich tells us that in the blotted memorandum-book from which he has chosen these chance paragraphs, there are a score or two of suggestions for essays and for sketches and for poems which he has not written and which he never will write. "The instant I jot down an idea," he informs us, "the desire to utilise it leaves me, and I turn away to do something unpremeditated. The shabby volume has become a sort of Potter's Field, where I bury my intentions, good and bad, without any belief in their final resurrection." As if in proof of this confession, Mr. Aldrich has included among these "Asides" two or three suggestions, which he does not intend to utilise himself, and which he generously presents to the public. They are seed-corn for stories which he has not cared to plant and tend and harvest himself.

Here is one of these undeveloped imaginings:—

In his memoirs, Krapotkin states the singular fact that the natives of the Malayan Archipelago have an idea that something is extracted from them when their likenesses are taken by photography. Here is the motive for a fantastic short story, in which the hero—an author in vogue or a popular actor—might be depicted as having all his good qualities gradually photographed out of him. This could well be the result of a too prolonged indulgence in the effort to "look natural." First, the man loses his charming simplicity; then he begins to pose in intellectual attitudes, with finger on brow; then he becomes morbidly self-conscious, and finally ends in an asylum for incurable egotists.

And here is a second as appallingly imaginative as the first was humorously fanciful:—

Imagine all human beings swept off the face of the earth, excepting one man. Imagine this man in some vast city—New York or London. Imagine him on the third or fourth day of his solitude sitting in a house and hearing a ring at the door bell!

As we read this we cannot but wonder whether the bare idea thus boldly thrown out is not more powerful than any more amply wrought tale could be even if it was to be told with all Mr. Aldrich's own delicate ingenuity. And then we wonder whether the author refrained from writing this story himself for the reason he has given us,—that he tired of his own suggestions so soon as he got them down in black-and-white—or whether, in this case, his generosity to the public is not due to the intuitive feeling of an accomplished craftsman that the naked notion, stark and unadorned, is more striking and more powerful in its simplicity than it would be if it was elaborated according to all the precepts of the art of fiction.

In Poe's "Marginalia" there is one passage in some measure akin to Mr. Aldrich's second suggestion.

I have sometimes amused myself (the poet declared) by endeavouring to fancy what would be the fate of an individual gifted, or rather accursed, with an intellect *very* far superior to that of his race. Of course, he would be conscious of his superiority; nor could he (if otherwise constituted as man is) help manifesting his consciousness. Thus he would make enemies at all points. And—since his opinions and speculations would widely differ from those of all mankind—that he would be considered as a

madman is evident. How horribly painful such a condition! Hell could invent no greater torture than that of being charged with abnormal weakness on account of being abnormally strong.

Here, again, the suggestion itself in its bare simplicity is more effective than any completed story. But there is another of Poe's notions which seems not so difficult of treatment, and which he might very readily have carried out. He called it, "A Suggestion for a Magazine Article":—

Here is a good idea for a magazine paper; let somebody "work it up." A flippant pretender to universal acquirement—a would-be Crichton—engrosses, for an hour or two, perhaps, the attention of a large company, most of whom are profoundly impressed by his knowledge. He is very witty in especial at the expense of a modest young gentleman, who ventures to make no reply, and who finally leaves the room as if overwhelmed with confusion; the Crichton greeting his exit with a laugh. Presently he returns, followed by a footman carrying an armful of books. These are deposited on the table. The young gentleman, now, referring to some pencilled notes which he had been secretly taking during the Crichton's display of erudition, pins the latter to his statements each by each, and refutes them all in turn by reference to the very authorities cited by the egotist himself, whose ignorance at all points is thus made apparent.

With characteristic affectation Poe insisted that his "Marginalia" had been written in his books on the margins themselves when these happened to be ample enough, and on a slip of paper deposited between the leaves when what he had to note was "too much to be included within the narrow limits of a margin." He admitted this to be whim, and declared that it might "be not only a very hackneyed, but a very idle practice," but he asserted that he persisted in it because it afforded him pleasure. He maintained that "the purely marginal jottings, done with no eye to the Memorandum Book, have a distinct complexion, and not only not a distinct purpose, but none at all; this it is which imparts to them a value." Unfortunately for Poe's claim that in these fragmentary notes he was talking "freshly, boldly, originally," his editors have been able to trace the most of his paragraphs to articles of his which he did not care to reprint in full. As Mr.

Stedman explains, "they afforded the magazinist an easy way of making copy," since "they were largely made up of passages lifted from earlier essays and reviews." And Mr. Stedman also points out how Poe's pretence that his "Marginalia" are what their prelude and title imply, "is made transparent by their formal, premeditated style, so different from that of Hawthorne's 'Note-Books,' or that of Thoreau's posthumous apophthegms and reflections."

It is the charm of Hawthorne's "Note-Books" that they really were written for himself alone and with no thought of publication. Although he went to them for material for the book about his English sojourn, "Our Old Home," and although he picked out of them many an idea which he worked up in a tale or in a romance, he kept them for his own eye only. As his widow asserted, when she made a selection from these journals for publication several years after his death, he was "entertaining, and not asserting, opinions and ideas." She insisted that her husband was questioning, doubting and reflecting with his pen, and, as it were, instructing himself. So that his note-books should be read "not as definitive conclusions of his mind, but merely as passing impressions often."

The later journals kept in Great Britain, in France and in Italy are entertaining, because they give us the impressions of Hawthorne himself, recorded at the moment of reception often; but they are far less interesting and less valuable than the note-books he kept in his youth before he had ever left his native land. Here we get very close to him; we see his mind at work; we trace the first hint of a story as he jots it down; and we can see it growing as it takes root in his mind. For example, the idea of the "Virtuoso's Collection" came to him again and again in slightly different forms: and as we turn the pages of his note-books we can discover when it was that he happened upon one and another of the marvellous curiosities which enriched this strange gathering. In like manner the first suggestion of that characteristic tale, the "Birthmark," is

set down in three lines, which tell the whole story: "A person to be in possession of something as perfect as mortal man has a right to demand; he tries to make it better, and ruins it entirely."

Sometimes the suggestion is merely fanciful, and too diaphanous to withstand elaboration: "A person to catch fire-flies, and try to kindle his household fire with them. It would be symbolical of something." Sometimes the suggestion is bold enough and alluring, but not to be accomplished without a complicated machinery, which would detract from its directness: "The situation of a man in the midst of a crowd, yet as completely in the power of another, life and all, as if they two were in the deepest solitude." Sometimes the suggestion is so characteristic, so individual, so Hawthornesque, that we find ourselves wondering how it was that it did not tempt Hawthorne himself to its ampler unfolding: "A person to be writing a tale, and to find that it shapes itself against his intentions; that the characters act otherwise than he thought; that unforeseen events occur; and a catastrophe comes which he strives in vain to avert. It might shadow forth his own fate,—he having made himself one of the personages." Or this: "Follow out the fantasy of a man taking his life by instalments, instead of at one payment,—say ten years of life alternately with ten years of suspended animation." Of course this last idea has a certain kinship with "Rip van Winkle" and with the "Man with the Broken Ear"; but it differs in that Hawthorne supposes his hero to act voluntarily and more than once, whereas there was but a single and involuntary suspension of animation in Irving's tale and in About's.

Another of Hawthorne's suggestions he might have treated himself, no doubt, with the delicate aroma of pure romance; but the theme would also lend itself to a wholly different treatment by a novelist enamoured of real things and of the externals of life:—

A story, the hero of which is to be represented as naturally capable of deep and strong passion, and looking forward to the time when he shall feel pas-

sionatelove, which is to be the great event of his existence. But it so chances that he never falls in love, and although he gives up the expectation of so doing, and marries calmly, yet it is somewhat sadly, with sentiments merely of esteem for his bride. The lady might be one who had loved him early in life, but whom then, in his expectation of passionate love, he had scorned.

No doubt more than one of these suggestions fructified in the minds of one or another reader of Hawthorne's "Note-Books" who happened also to be writers of fiction. If the present writer may offer himself as a witness, or if he may be allowed to enter the confessional, he admits that a short story of his composition, "Esther Feverel," was only an attempt to carry out a hint of Hawthorne's: "An old looking-glass; somebody finds out the secret of making all the images that have been reflected in it pass back again across its surface." And everybody knows that it was a story told to Hawthorne by a friend, and duly entered in the "Note-Books," which he abandoned to his class-mate, Longfellow, to treat in verse as "Evangeline."

In the volume of essays and sketches of travel which Mr. Howells has called "Literature and Life" and to which he gave an accurate sub-title when he characterised them as "Studies," there is one article containing the plot for a story. The paper is called "Worries of a Winter Walk"; and it narrates how Mr. Howells, in his pilgrimages about New York, went over toward the East River and came "upon a bit of our motley life, a fact of our piebald civilisation," which perplexed him and which suggested a little love-story. He tells us how the first notion of the tale occurred to him, evoked by an unexpected fact he had observed; and then with lambent humour he traces the successive steps by which the story grew in his mind, as it slowly took shape and began to have an independent existence. It was an idyll of the East side, a kodak-picture snapped in the midst of our cosmopolitan conglomeration of foreign peoples here in this crowded island. Mr. Howells sets forth one after another the variations of the little tale in his own mind, those which he decided to reject

as well as those which he accepted. And finally he presents us with three possible terminations of the story, as though in doubt himself which was in fact the best. The narrative is shot through with the gentle irony and with the honest self-detachment so characteristic of the creator of "Silas Lapham."

In the end we find that he has not actually written out his story; he has merely told us how he might have written it. But the tale is complete; and we can see for ourselves—if only we bring our share of sympathetic imagination—how it would read if he had chosen to tell it simply as he has told his other stories. To the reader to whom a story is only a story,—to the reader who is entertained only by what has happened and who is interested only in discovering how it turns out at last,—perhaps the irony and the self-detachment are a little disconcerting. But to the scantier band who are alive to the subtle relations of literature and life, the tale thus presented is far more attractive than if it had been presented in the author's usual fashion. And this the author himself knew, with that understanding of the difficulties of his craft which is part of his equipment as a man of letters. The story itself remains unwritten, but not unwritable; and any other teller of tales who is in search of a ready-made plot can have it for the taking. But if any teller of tales does borrow it from Mr. Howells' book, and if he sets it forth in full as though it had happened, he may rest assured that his elaborative art is likely to fail of achieving the successful result attained by Mr. Howells' skilful and tactful commingling of ingenious suggestion and playful irony.

If the present writer may again call himself as a witness, it will be to confess that in a certain little tale of his own, "Love at First Sight," containing only the conversation at dinner of a pretty girl with a young author, he scattered broadcast three several suggestions for stories,—and that his reason for this reckless liberality was solely because these suggestions seemed to him more effective as mere suggestions than they would have been had he done his best to work them out con-

scientiously. One was only an alluring title, to which, however, he had never been able to fit an appropriate plot:— "The Parrot that Talked in his Sleep." The second was the bare hint for a Hawthornesque sketch to be called "At the End of his Tether," and to describe how a collector of morbid taste brought together bits of the ropes with which notorious criminals had been hanged, only at the last to splice these together that he might hang himself. And the third, "The Queen of the Living Chessmen," was more fully developed, and the young writer of fiction was able to outline it to the pretty girl at dinner and to profit by her clever criticism. This third tale thus sketched out seemed to have dramatic possibilities of its own,—possibilities which so strongly impressed the editor of the magazine to which the manuscript was first submitted, that he rejected "Love at First Sight" with the remark that he would be glad to accept the "Queen of the Living Chessmen" if the author would write that out as a story by itself.

Yet this is just what the author was too wary to attempt. He is quite willing that it should be undertaken by another pen; but he had his own reasons for believing that the notion had made its full effect when it was presented merely as a notion. And it is his belief that the apparent generosity of Mr. Howells and of Mr. Aldrich, and also that of Poe, when they gave away the themes for tales that they had invented and that they might have written themselves had they so chosen, was the result of a delicate perception of the fact that the bare theme itself is often as valuable as the fully clothed tale would be. The underlying principle which has governed them is well stated by the younger Dumas in his account of the circumstances which led him to rewrite a play brought to him by Emile de Girardin, the "Supplice d'une Femme."

Dumas declares that all he found in Girardin's play was a single and striking situation. "But a situation is not an idea" he explains. "An idea has a beginning, a middle, and an end, an exposition, a development, and a conclusion. Anybody

can happen on a dramatic situation; but this must be prepared for, made acceptable, made possible, and above all, untied logically." And then Dumas generously throws out the suggestion of a new and striking dramatic situation.

> A young man asks the hand of a young woman. It is accorded to him. He marries her civilly and religiously; and at the very moment when he is about to take her away with him, he learns, categorically, that he has married his sister. That is a situation, isn't it? and most interesting! But find a way out of it. I give you a thousand guesses; and I give you the situation, if you want it. He who shall make a good play with this as his starting-point will be the veritable author of the piece; and I shall not urge my claim.

It is proof of Dumas' perfect understanding of all the conditions of the dramaturgic art, that when two young French authors took him at his word and actually made a play out of this suggestion of his, the piece, although acted by the admirable company of the Odéon, was promptly dismissed as impossible.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL IN FRANCE

"A FIERY, glowing, noisy literature, a literature enamoured of scarlet and of passion!" In these vivid words the finest living critic of *belles lettres*, George Brandes, depicts the work of the Romantic School in France.[1] It was indeed a period unrivalled, except in the days of Elizabeth, for sound and colour. Brandes himself catches the infection; he is young with his heroes. He hardly knows that he did not see the "Janissaries," who walked home with the god of their idolatry after every performance of his masterpiece, lest he should be assassinated, and passed their nights writing *Vive Hugo* all over the arcade of the Rue de Rivoli. When he visited Paris, the last glimmer of that flag of the Romanticists, the red waistcoat which "Théo" ordered for *Hernani*, had hardly died away—there were people who maintained that he still wore it. The echo of the trumpets rang yet in the ears of those whom they had roused. He learnt the famous story of Dorval's improvised ending of *Anthony* from Philarète Chasles, who heard her say the words himself.[2] "Ah!" he cries, with a rare burst of enthusiasm, "that bouquet of 1830!

[1] "Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature." By George Brandes. Vol. v. (Heinemann. 12*s*. net.)

[2] It is to be said that the story, as told by the eye-witness, is much less amusing—and much less probable—than it is in Dumas' "Memoirs," vol. viii. pp. 115, 116.

There is no other in the century that can be compared with it!"

Many causes unite to render this movement one of the best examples of its kind that is known to us. No doubt Euripides, who was a movement in himself, threw Greece into a fever; but no gifted lady has left on record the emotions of women when, for the first time, they saw themselves in the clear mirror of his drama. Memoirs and diaries did not appeal to Elizabethans. The first night of *Hamlet* "is silence." Who was the first Romeo? We cannot tell. The earliest Juliet was —horrid thought!—a boy. Around the production of such tragedies as *Othello, The Duchess of Malfi, The Broken Heart,* storms must have raged; it was not thought worth while to chronicle events that would have interested us more than Leicester's tiresome, unmeaning government of the Netherlands. There the plays lie upon the printed page, calm as if they had never been trembling flesh and blood. The victory was won; the fame of each great leader rests secure; but the details of the battle have been lost. In Germany, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, tower so proudly above the rest of their comrades that there is little sense of *camaraderie*—none at all of men bound by a common aim and fighting for one cause. "Faust" stands by himself. "Wallenstein" and "Don Carlos" have no brothers. The early glory of the Lake Poets faded away and was lost in mist. They did not hold together, they were ineffective playwrights, neither drama nor art was in the air. The pre-Raphaelite movement and the Impressionist movement possess a twofold interest, because they affected letters and pictures at the same time; the poets would not have been what they were without the painters, nor the painters without the poets. Political excitement, within bounds, appears to be favourable to a movement. Religious disturbance is—like war in good earnest—fatal. Certain results may be achieved—a classic translation of the Bibles—such a work as the "Confessions" of St. Augustine or the "Pensées" of Pascal—an epic it may be or some rough ballad with epic life in it; but there is a want

of the lyrical element, men have no time to sing; and the dramatic element is, at such times, over strong; they are too busy acting themselves to act plays. A jealous age of criticism, on the other hand, will not be favourable to any branch of literature except itself, and satire, that weed that does not flourish in the true garden. Ruskin served the pre-Raphaelites admirably, and Sainte Beuve the Romanticists.[1] Ardent friendship is the one essential condition of any movement whatever. The spirit of brotherhood—the dramatic state of politics—keen, sympathetic excitement among musicians and painters; Byron, Shakespeare, Scott—these were the influences that moulded the men of 1830.

The French Romanticists were friends beside whom the lovers of other nations wax pale. They were devoured by passions for each other. Théophile Gautier (aged nineteen) nearly fainted when he was introduced to Hugo. (He is careful to tell us that geniuses are not at all displeased when people faint at the first introduction.)

A hundred evenings in succession was *Hernani* hissed, and a hundred evenings in succession was it received with storms of applause by young enthusiasts who, for their master's sake, did not weary of listening to the same speeches evening after evening, and defending them line by line against the hate, rage, envy, and superior power of his opponents. The fact may seem unimportant, yet it is worthy of observation, that France is the only country in which such *esprit de corps*, without the existence of any tangible *corps*, such unselfish devotion to the cause and honour of another, has ever been witnessed. . . . When, after the lapse of many years, we dryly say or write the words "they formed a school," we seldom take the trouble to conjure up any adequately vivid impression of what the formation of a school of literature and art signifies. There is a mysterious magic about the process. Some one remarkable man, after a long unconscious or half-conscious struggle, finally with full consciousness frees himself from prejudices and attains to clearness of vision; then, everything being ready, the lightning of genius illuminates what he beholds. Such a man gives utterance (as did Hugo in a prose preface of some score of pages) to some thoughts which have never been thought or expressed in the same manner before. They may be only half-true, they may be vague, but they have this remarkable quality that, in spite of more or less indefiniteness,

[1] But they were critics in the higher sense, critics of life as well as letters.

they affront all traditional prejudices and wound the vanity of the day where it is most vulnerable, whilst they ring in the ears of the young generation like a call, like a new, audacious watchword. . . . But the most beautiful feature in this crystallisation of artistic spirits into a school is the reverence, the awe, which, in spite of the unanimity of their opinions, and in spite of their good comradeship, each feels for the other. Outsiders are apt to confuse this with what is satirically called "mutual admiration." But nothing is in reality more unlike the interested homage paid in periods of decadence than the naïve admiration of each other's talents exhibited by the men who are unconsciously forming a school. Their hearts are too young, too pure, not to admire in real earnest. One young productive mind regards the other as something marvellous, which holds surprises in store. To the one the workshop of the other's mind is like a sealed book; he cannot guess what will next appear from it, has no idea what pleasures his comrade has in store for him. They honour in one another something which they value higher than the personality, than the usually as yet undeveloped character, namely, the talent by virtue of which they are all related to the deity they worship—Art.

It is rather odd that none of them should have joined the romantic Duchesse de Berry except the ancient classic, Chateaubriand, and he only with extreme caution; but every one of them despised the man who caught her, and they wrote with enthusiasm about la Vendée. They had romantic women of their own, George Sand, Mme. de Girardin, all Balzac's Duchesses, both of Mérimée's *inconnues*. They fought for Liberty and a Republic, but they settled down under the Citizen King, who was "the best Republic possible," and the dull government of the *Juste-milieu* made them more romantic than ever. The painter, Delacroix, was of them; the musicians, Berlioz and Chopin, were for them; great actors and actresses on every side stood ready. In the Twenties, a company of English actors at the Porte St. Martin were received "with a shower of apples and eggs and cries of: 'Speak French! Down with Shakespeare! He was one of Wellington's adjutants.'" Now Shakespeare's name became the rallying cry of the school. Scott they only esteemed as the author of "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," "Kenilworth," and "The Fair Maid of Perth"; but Alfred de Musset was nicknamed "Mademoiselle Byron." Spain and the East were powerful

attractions. "Local colour," an expression invented then, became the rage; the adjective was in its glory. When de Musset read aloud for the first time at Hugo's house, only two passages of his were applauded, one concerning "a yellow and blue dragoon," and another about the black feet of falcons on the green sleeves of huntsmen. Hideousness sprang into favour, as it sometimes will, in times of intellectual topsy-turveydom; ugly and middle-aged women enjoyed a *vogue*, and the *ingénue* almost ceased to exist. Eccentricity ran riot sometimes, people said and did very absurd things; but after all, "they no longer wrote to please the public, they wrote to please each other," and therein lay the secret of their success.

> Dis-nous mil huit cent trente,
> Epoque fulgurante,
> Ses luttes, ses ardeurs . . .

This is what George Brandes has done in the delightful volume that lies before us.

MARY E. COLERIDGE.

PICTORIAL RELICS OF THIRD CENTURY CHRISTIANITY

(IN S. MARIA MAGGIORE, ROME)

II—XYSTUS EPISCOPUS PLEBI DEI[1]

THE religious state of Rome in the time of the Antonines has been aptly compared to a glacial moraine, a mass of inorganic and melting *débris*, lying about the feet of an inert colossus.

It was a cosmopolitan age; national barriers had been broken down by the *pax romanorum*, and the universal acceptance of Hellenistic culture. The Persian and the Greek, the Roman and the Egyptian, not only traded and feasted, philosophised and worshipped together, but their very gods lost their national characteristics, and, like the minds of their worshippers, became hybrid; the Persian Mithras was worshipped in Rome under a Greek form, in association with the Phrygian Cybele, the Magna Mater; and the mystic rites of the Hellenised Egyptian Isis tempted worshippers away from the shrine of the more naïve Aphrodite.

This indulgent and apparently easy-going tolerance was a symptom not only of indifference and curiosity, but of an uneasiness which was rapidly growing into a desperate need.

The ancient gods of Italy and Greece, whose images men had crowned with coronals of flowers as little children, whose stories they had heard from the lips of their mothers, who

[1] See MONTHLY REVIEW for May, page 131.

were invested with all the poetry and sanctity of things known in youth, were outgrown, discredited; their actions, not so much immoral as pre-moral, the limited range of the ideas they dominated grated on the nerves of a people conscious of sin, yearning for redemption, crying for vast horizons, and for a religion in which the best philosophic thought of the day should be synthetised.

These needs were alternately drugged and stimulated by the sensual and mystic cults of the East then in vogue, the hysterical excitements of which bequeathed an aftermath of enervation.

Beside these religions of the nerves and of the emotions stood the more virile figure of philosophic agnosticism, characteristically personified, towards the end of the second century, in the philosopher who was the head of the Empire; a stoic who looked unflinchingly into the godless sky, and accepted its emptiness; who looked unflinchingly into life, and, waving aside opiates, accepted its pain; and who set before the elect a tangible ideal, the deliberate choice of a life untainted by pretence or baseness; but who, nevertheless, knowing that the icy air he breathed was endurable by the strong only, and that air-bladders will save the weakly swimmer from death, not only conceded to the people their Isis and their Cybele, their Mithras and their Apollo, but purified and revived the rites of the national deities, himself—honestly, if somewhat sophistically—filling the office of Pontifex Maximus.

One nation alone disdained to join this seemingly concordant circle of religious eclectics, the Jews, popularly regarded by their contemporaries as a surly race of fanatics, whose religious bigotry had cost them their country, as stiff-necked worshippers of an unimaged tribal deity, who, though entering into the minutest details of their national life, had not preserved them from political extinction.

This landless people was able, numerous, and ubiquitous; in Egypt they counted a million souls, *i.e.*, a seventh of the population; in Syria they were still more numerous; they

were well represented in Asia Minor and Greece; and in Rome also, as is shown by the fact that Tiberius banished to Sardinia four thousand Jews capable of bearing arms, an act which Claudius was unable to imitate some two decades later, so strong had they become.

They were not, therefore, a negligible quantity; the less so as—strangely enough at first sight—they were ardent and successful proselytisers. Homeless traders, travelling all the world over, the varied types of thought and religious life with which they came into contact confirmed them in the consciousness of possessing, in their God, and in their moral code, something which dominated the world, and was in harmony with its structure.

This conviction made them missionaries. Their commercial enterprises furnished them with an established network of intercommunication; moreover, as a dispersed body of co-religionists they possessed an organised corps of itinerant agents, called apostles, through whom they were in contact with the central religious authorities in Jerusalem.

From the time of Philo to that of Hadrian, Jewish proselytism was crowned with success. Exclusiveness is a quality as attractive as repellent; the very austerity of an imageless creed, associated with burdensome observances, and bare of any meretricious attractions, lifted it into the position of a philosophy, and it was as such that it reaped its most abundant harvest of converts in the Hellenistic world. It had certain qualities, however, which militated against its extension; it was not a universal, but a national creed; its converts necessarily remained proselytes, for its splendid promises were made to the seed of Abraham only; it was, moreover, associated with an irksome law.

It is intelligible that the Jews as a people should have been unpopular, turning as they did with ill-omened asperity from rites and sanctities with which their neighbours sought to hallow their lives, and with abhorrence from the cosmopolitan gods of the Empire, who gathered in Rome like

courtiers about the hospitable figures of the deified Roman Emperors; but still they were excused, not without a touch of contempt, as clumsy provincials without *savoir vivre,* ignorant of the amenities of polite life, and unable to see good in aught which was not of their own devising; a half-grudging admiration even was granted to a conquered people whose churlish patriotism forbade them to sacrifice at the shrine of their victor's gods.

Not so the Christians, who in the eyes of contemporary pagans appeared an offshoot of the same tribe of bigots, and exhibited all the most obnoxious traits of their compatriots, without their palliating features; who, while blaspheming the gods, worshipped, without a temple, and without images, a crucified man of their own race, to whom the hierarchy and government of his own people expressed vehement repugnance. They were generally considered atheists therefore; and not atheists only, but anarchists also, for, like the Jews, they refused to do homage to the Emperor's image, not however from motives of provincial patriotism, for they were drawn from all races and tongues.

The character of this new sect was a source of embarrassment to the official world of the day, which had no desire to occupy itself with obscure religious enthusiasts, but on which Christian *intransigeance* forced the *rôle* of persecutors, for the external unity of the Empire covered such great differences of race and ideal that rulers could not afford to tolerate disintegrating forces.

This unity was three-fold: it was based on a common religion (the idea that the gods of one country differed from each other in name only was encouraged as tending towards political consolidation); a common culture, the Hellenistic; and a common government, of which the Emperor was the divinely appointed head, the public sense of the sacredness of his office being expressed in the cult of his image, any offence against which was punishable as *lèse majesté.*

As Christians repudiated or insulted each of these essentials

to the stability of the existing order of things, they were naturally anathema to the powers that were.

Pliny, when Governor of Bithynia (111–113) speaks of Christianity with irritation as a "depraved and extravagant superstition." His friend, Suetonius, calls it "new and maleficent"; Celsus, a patriot as well as an eclectic philosopher, brands it, in his "True Word" (178), as an anthropomorphic myth of the lowest sort, in which atheism, fanaticism, and superstition were dangerously mingled. The orator Aristides (117–185) points to it as a real danger to civilisation, because tending to replace the clearly characterised national Greek culture by a hybrid and impotent cosmopolitanism. Its followers excite in him the keenest aversion; he execrates them as both uncultured and pretentious. "These Christians," he says, "people of no account, who utter no word which does not contain at least one solecism, venture to criticise a Demosthenes. Contemptible themselves they dare to despise others. . . . Like the atheists of Palestine (*i.e., the Jews*) they unite servility with shameless audacity. . . . Incapable of uniting for any useful purpose they are masters of the art of undermining a household, and of estranging its inmates. . . . They take no part in the celebration of religious festivities, nor do they revere the gods. . . . They pay no attention to forms of speech, but crawling into corners talk nonsense there. . . . Moreover, they dare to approach the best of the Greeks, and call themselves . . . philosophers, as if a name in itself had any value, and could make a Narcissus or a Hyacinthus out of a Thersites!"[1]

Julian the Apostate, writing some two hundred years later, at a time when paganism was making its last desperate struggle for life, echoes the same indictments. "These men," he cries, "have rejected whatever of significant and beautiful was current among either the Hellenists, or the Jews . . . taking from each however . . . the evil by which each had been infected, atheism from the superficiality of the Jews,

[1] See Neumann. "Der Römische Staat u. die Allg. Kirche," p. 36.

and a loose and frivolous life from our carelessness and vulgarity."

Added to the reasoned condemnation of the cultivated was the inevitable blind dislike of the vulgar, of those whose interests were threatened, whose conservatism was wounded, whose superstitious fears were roused, and whose vanity was hurt by the spectacle of too much virtue. This dislike bulked large, and expressed itself freely ; it was said that the Christians compensated themselves by private licence for their outward austerity ; they were held responsible for public calamities, earthquakes, epidemics, and the like, which were believed to be the fruit of their impiety.

In short, from all sorts and conditions of men there arose a unanimous chorus of reprobation.

Yet so strong was the vitality of the religion of Christ that two centuries later it had driven its rivals from the field, and was not only established in college, council, and court as the state religion, but was enthroned in the hearts of the people.

The question arises, what was the force which led from such unpromising beginnings to so dramatic a triumph ?

The aim of civilisation is the attainment of the common good, without the sacrifice of the individual.

The founder of Christianity showed how this aim could be realised.

"Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself." The superstructures of social life, its arts and sciences, spring naturally from the spontaneous workings of the human intelligence, but they further the great purposes of existence only when they adorn a civilisation thus based.

This conception of man's true relation to God and to his fellow man, of the solidarity of the divine and the human, ensured the ultimate triumph of Christianity, and of the Christian philosophy of life. For it was as a philosophy, as well as a religious and social creed, that it was presented to the cultivated world.

Justin Martyr (d. *circa* 165) characterises it as such when, addressing Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, and Lucius Verus, he begs them, since they are "called pious and *philosophers*, guardians of justice, and lovers of learning," to give heed to his words, for "those who are truly pious and philosophic honour and love that which is true only, and decline to follow inherited opinions, if these be worthless." [1]

Athenagoras, "Athenian, Philosopher, and Christian," writing (177) in the same spirit, presents his plea for Christians to Marcus Aurelius and Commodus, "Conquerors of Arminia and Sarmatia, but *above all Philosophers*."

Melito, addressing Marcus Aurelius, also speaks of Christianity as *our philosophy*.

In this their philosophy, which consisted in the first instance, and supremely, of the teaching of Christ, and of the Apostles, second-century Christians included, not only the sociology of Moses inherited through the Jews, but the entire wisdom of foregoing ages, claiming as co-religionists all who, in however far a past or distant a land, had spoken nobly or thought wisely, for they believed that the Logos whom they worshipped was the source of all good things.

"Christ," says Justin, "the first-born of the Father, is the Logos of which all men are partakers; all those who have lived nobly are Christians, even though they have been deemed atheists," and he points to Socrates as an example. Thinking thus, it is quite intelligible that he should have reckoned the Sibyls and Hystaspes among Christian prophets, and accepted Balaam the Syrian, who prophesied the rising of a star in Jacob, as a Christian Seer.

It was not, however, as thinkers only that Christians claimed to be the inheritors of the past, but as a *people*.

Being originally an offshoot of Judaism they naturally inherited the sacred writings of the Jews; by interpreting these allegorically they were able to conceive Jewish history as a series of prophetic foreshadowings of the life of Christ,

[1] I "Apology," ch. xi.

and of the teaching of the Church. Nay, more, as the mystic "seed of Abraham," the "true Israel" and the "People of Promise," they claimed as theirs the promises and blessings which the Jews, in spite of experience, persisted in applying to themselves.

They further pointed to the purity of their morals and the nobility of their ethics as verifying their pretension to be "not a people only, but a *holy* people; not a people, therefore, to be despised; nor . . . a barbarous race, but the nation which God of old promised to Abraham," for the sake of which the world was created.[1] "God," cries Justin Martyr, "did not create the world aimlessly, but for the sake of human beings," who, he continues, were designed to express a divine thought, which thought was realised in Christians only.

Clement of Alexandria, writing in his "Stromateis" in the same spirit, calls the Christian people the inheritors of the best things, "the golden race."

"For Plato," he says, "plainly calls us (*i.e.*, all human beings) brethren, because we are derived from one God, and one Teacher, . . . Who, however, mixed gold in the formation of those who are fit to rule . . . silver in that of those who are helpers . . . and steel and brass in the case of farmers and other workers. In other words, the Athenian philosopher foreshadows the great religious polities in a prophetic allegory, that of the Jews being of silver, that of the Greeks of the base metals, but that of the Christians golden, for with it is mixed the regal gold of the Holy Spirit." And elsewhere he expresses the cognate thought that one God only is worshipped, though under titles and rites differing according to the intelligence of the worshipper, by Jews and Pagans ignorantly, but by the Christians according to inspired knowledge. "Rightly does the Apostle ask," he says, "Is God the God of the Jews only, and not of the Greeks?" thereby intimating that God is the Lord of all, the only true and universal King. In justification of this belief he quotes a most interesting passage from the

[1] "Dial. with Trypho," ch. 119.

"Prædicatio Petri,"[1] which will be seen to be a compendium of the thought mirrored in the pictures of the Triumphal Arch of S. Maria Maggiore, the discussion of the date of which is the object of this and the foregoing paper.[2]

"Men of the highest repute among the Greeks knew God," he asserts, "not by positive knowledge, but indirectly."

"Peter says in his 'Preaching . . . worship this God, not as do the Greeks,' signifying plainly that the excellent among the Greeks, though lacking the perfect knowledge revealed by the Son, worshipped the same God as we. . . . Neither worship as the Jews; for they, thinking that they only know God, do not know Him . . . but ye, learning piously and righteously what we deliver to you . . . worship ye God in a new way, through Christ." . . .

Clearly, I think, he shows that the one and only God was known by the Greeks in a Gentile way, and by the Jews Judaically, but by us in a new and spiritual manner. . . . The same God who promulgated the two Covenants (to us and to the Jews) was the giver of Greek philosophy to the Greeks, by which philosophy the Almighty is glorified among them.

"One people of the saved[3] are gathered, therefore, from among those trained by Hellenic culture, and by the law . . . and these are not three peoples separated from each other by time . . . but three peoples trained according to different dispensations of one Lord. For as God, wishful to save the Jews, raised them up prophets of their own tongue . . . so He distinguished the most excellent of the Greeks from the generality . . . as the Apostle Paul shows: 'Take the Hellenic books,' he says,

[1] A second-century apocryphal gospel.

[2] See MONTHLY REVIEW, May 1904.

[3] More than a century earlier St. Paul had expressed the same thought, the essential unity of all human creatures, with even more splendid universalism. "Ye are all sons of God through faith in Jesus Christ," he cries, "there can be neither Jew nor Greek, there can be neither bond nor free, there can be no male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ," and then the pupil of Gamaliel, "instructed according to the strict manner of the law," adds characteristically, "if ye are Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, heirs according to the promises."

'read the Sibyl, see how God's unity is shown, and how the future is foreshadowed. And take Hystaspes, read, and you will find the Son of Man still more clearly and luminously described.' "[1]

This idea of a diversely trained but united humanity, co-operating harmoniously under one leader, appealed to the Roman mind; it was, in fact, the Imperial ideal, which was the backbone of the Empire, though in its actual working it too often degenerated into the armed exploitation of the weak for the benefit of the strong. Its syncretism and universalism, characteristic of the thought of the day, mirrored a tendency born not only of general social conditions, but essential to human nature.

This yearning for unity, for the breaking down of barriers, found expression in the Christian doctrine of the unity of all human beings. Being harmonious with the *Zeitgeist*, this thought finds constant expression in early Christian literature and art, very notably in peculiar Christian interpretations of Old Testament incidents.

The author of "De Pascha Computus" (242) connects the idea of the three races of the world—Greeks, Barbarians, and Christians (or, as St. Paul puts it, uncircumcised, circumcised, and Christians)—and of their common salvation in Christ, with the Three Jews of Babylon, who were uninjured in the fiery furnace, because of the protecting presence of the Son of God in their midst; he looks on them as symbols of these three races.

The thought of the Christian "nation" as the "third" people, the flower and complement of Jews and Gentiles, is frequently met with in the interpretation of Old Testament incidents as "mysteries." Thus Hippolytus accepts Susanna as a type of the Church endangered by the older communities of the Jews and Gentiles, but justified by a righteous judge. The author of "De Mont. Sina et Sion" sees a reference to

[1] "Stromateis," vi. 5. Clement of Alexandria takes this quotation from a lost apocryphal writing, attributed to St. Paul.

the "three people," of which the greatest was Christian, in the two thieves who were crucified on Calvary, with the Redeemer in their midst; an especially interesting interpretation, if taken in connection with a conception of the body especially current among gnostics, who viewed it as a cross (this was partly suggested by its form), an instrument of suffering, to which the divine element in man was bound.

It is difficult to conceive a stranger history than that of the Church of the time of the Apologists, the members of which held views not merely inharmonious with the ancient and complex civilisation in which they were embedded, but incompatible with it; who were execrated by the people, anathematised by the ruling classes, and repudiated with ridicule by the cultured, but who maintained that they were the inheritors of the past and its wisdom, the universal people (*gens totius orbis*), the chosen of God, and heirs of the whole world.

And they were right, not only spiritually, but materially.

In less than two hundred years they were so powerful a social factor that an ambitious and unscrupulous man realised that the adoption of their cause meant an imperial throne.

Constantine's so-called "establishment of the Church" was merely the political recognition of a *fait accompli;* in the fourth century Christianity was, *ipso facto*, the religion of the Empire.

Strange as its triumph seems at first, it was inevitable; for Christianity alone satisfied crying wants; it gave men a benevolent God, a personal Saviour, spiritualised ethics, poetic and mysterious Means of Grace, and was able to point to the miraculous powers of its members, and to prophetic predictions of its history as guarantees of its divine origin. It also alone (Judaism excepted) was *intransigeant*, its struggle with polytheism was to the death; herein lay its strength, for great victories are won not by pliant opportunism, but by conviction. Every empire is founded on the blood of martyrs.

The conscience and intelligence of the day demanded

monotheism; the only serious rivals of Christianity, therefore, were Judaism, Mithraism, and the theosophy of Greek philosophers.

Its double character, as the *new* and perfect embodiment of *ancient* truths, was an advantage; it was free to discard the base and elementary, the burdensome and discreditable, which were the inheritance of its rivals from a rude past, and logical in claiming all that was good in them as its own, as emanating from the Logos it worshipped.

Thus it rejected the cramping nationalism of the Jews, together with the letter of their law, but by adopting the Jewish Scriptures and by identifying itself with the "Israel" of its promises it obtained a vast historical background, and proclaimed itself the religion of the future.

Although its relation to Mithraism was that of a determined opponent, the Persian cult, being monotheistic and philosophic, in a certain sense paved the way for Christianity, with which it undoubtedly held important doctrines and mysteries in common.

Its connection with current philosophy, from which its apologists borrowed one of its leading thoughts, that of the Logos, was far more intimate.

. . . . .

We will now examine two of the pictures on the Arch of S. Maria Maggiore, and will glance at the general scope of the series dedicated to the Plebs Dei[1] in order to see whether they reflect the aspects of Christianity peculiar to the Pre-Constantinian Church.

The subject of the second picture on the left is evidently the Adoration of the Magi.[2] Its centre is a child seated on a wide throne; His hands are raised in speech, above Him shines a star, and behind Him stands a guard of angels.

To the right is an enthroned woman, her bowed and veiled head raised with a look of gladness; in her right hand is an unfurled roll. This beautiful figure was believed to represent

[1] See first part of this paper, MONTHLY REVIEW, May 1904.

[2] See Pl. 1, Fig. 1, left.

the Church of the Circumcision (the *Ecclesia ex Circumcisione*), but has been shown to represent the Sibyl.[1] Beside her are two of the Magi, who advance with gifts.

The left wing of the picture has perished, but the general structure of the composition is so symmetrical that it can be hypothetically reconstructed with considerable certainty. No doubt the space was occupied by the third Mage, and by a figure which formed a pendant to that of the Sibyl.

In an earlier paper we showed that in the Christian writings of the second and third centuries the Sibyl was habitually classed with the Persian prince and sage Hystaspes, who foretold the coming of the Redeemer.

In his first Apology Justin Martyr regrets that "by the agency of devils death has been decreed against those who read the writings of the Sibyl and of Hystaspes . . . that they might prevent men they fear . . . from obtaining knowledge of what is good; which," he adds in his audacious way, "they do not always succeed in doing, for not only do we fearlessly read them, but bring them to you for inspection"; and this in a petition addressed to the Emperor!

We have already quoted a passage from Clement of Alexandria's "Stromateis," in which the Sibyl and Hystaspes are similarly juxtaposed.

It is not improbable, therefore, that the figure of Hystaspes formed a pendant to that of the Sibyl.

The mystic subject-matter of the picture is undoubtedly Christ, conceived as the fulfilment of Oriental prophecy.

The Persian sages who are here represented as guided by a star, and by the words of their prophets to the throne of Christ, and are called "wise men," or Magi, by St. Matthew, were members of a Zoroastrian priestly caste, learned in the art of divination by the stars, and in the interpretation of dreams. Magi were well-known in Rome from their connection with various Oriental cults, of which the sun was

[1] This point is fully treated in "The Golden Age of Classic Christian Art," by J. P. Richter and A. Cameron Taylor. Duckworth and Co.

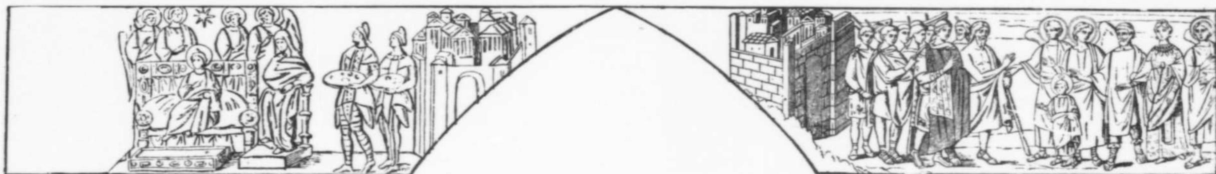

Plate I., Fig. 1.—Left: Oriental Theosophy a guide to Christ. Right: Occidental Philosophy a guide to Christ

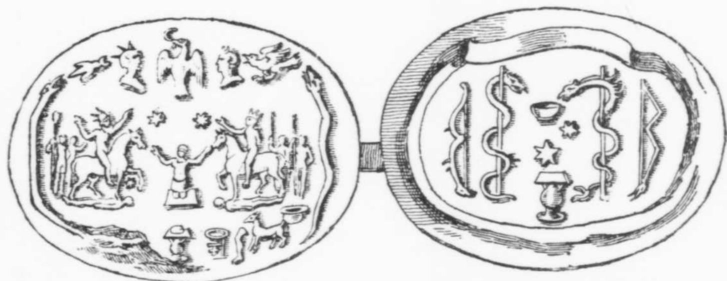

Plate I., Fig. 2.—Mithraic Cameo; Mithra born from the rock; the cup and bread of the Eucharist among the Mithraic symbols

the central symbol, and Mithraism the most fashionable variant; they were associated in the Christian mind with two ideas, with the cult of the heavenly bodies, and with the possession of doctrines and rites curiously similar to theirs.

We have seen how keenly the Roman political world felt the necessity of enhancing the prestige of the head of the State, the Emperor. It found a powerful ally in the Mithraic doctrine of the dependence of the destiny of individuals on the movements of the heavenly bodies. Eastern astrology taught that the sun was the especial star of kings, through whose occult influence they were raised to their high position; their rank, therefore, being determined by divine beings, working incomprehensibly through extra-terrestrial media, was in itself a certificate of intrinsic worth, in the face of which it was not merely foolish to dispute their authority, but impious, the stellar gods themselves being its source. Thus to the cult of the Emperors,[1] which Christians regarded as an unpardonable breach of loyalty to their heavenly King, and which was always distasteful to the eminently reasonable Roman mind, Mithraism gave a logical basis. Hence its popularity at court, and in the army. Nevertheless, when Constantine realised that the gods of the Hellenised Empire were outgrown, and that a throne unconnected with the altar was unstable, it was not to Mithraism that he turned for support, although his father was an ardent devotee of Persian monotheism, and his own religious predilections were Mithrian, but—as he was playing to win—to Christianity.

The closeness and frequency of Mithraic and Christian parallelisms of thought and rite are surprising.

The mission of the sun god was not dissimilar to that of the Christian Redeemer. "Mithras," says Cumont, "was conceived by his late Hellenistic worshippers as the creator to whom Jupiter Ormazd committed the task of establishing and maintaining order in nature . . . or, to speak the philosophic language of the day, as the Logos, who emanated from God

[1] See Cumont, "Mystères de Mithra."

and shares his omnipotence; who having fashioned the world as demiurge continues to watch over it faithfully. He is the god of help never invoked in vain, an unfailing haven, an anchor of salvation to mortals in all their trials; . . . the defender of justice and truth; the protector of holiness; and the intrepid antagonist of the powers of darkness . . . the intermediary between his celestial Father and men; and, like Christ, one of a Trinity."[1] His votaries believed in the existence of guardian angels; in heaven; in hell; in the immortality of the soul; in future retributive justice; in a last Judgment; in the resurrection of the dead; and in the final destruction of the world by fire.

The mysteries of Mithras also bear a certain resemblance to those of Christianity. Its central rite was the immolation of a victim, from whose blood sprang the vine and corn, bread and wine, the mystic as well as the material food of man.

Its members partook of a memorial supper at which the participants drank a cup of water mingled with wine, and broke bread signed with a cross. Baptism was the sacrament of initiation; the neophyte passed through its waters, as through death, into a new life; Sunday was observed as a holy day; and the 25th of December (the day on which, the winter solstices being past, the power of the sun began to increase) was observed as the birthday of the giver of all good things, the *sol invictus.*

In view of these many and remarkable similarities it is not surprising that certain Christian apologists (notably Justin and Tertullian) declared that in Mithraism devils had sought to discredit many Christian rites by *anticipatory* plagiarism.

But the attitude of the creator of this representation of the turning of the East to Christ was more catholic. His point of view is that St. Paul expressed at Athens when he said: "Sirs, I perceive that ye are . . . religious . . . what ye worship in ignorance, this set I forth to you." But here

[1] Cumont, "The Mysteries of Mithra," pp. 140, 143. London, 1903.

Plate II., Fig. 1.—Mithraic Commemorative Feast, from a bas-relief recently discovered in Bosnia. In centre the communicants, on either side the participants, characterised as belonging to the four orders of initiates: *i.e.*, on their right the Raven and the Persian, on their left the Soldier and the Lion

Plate II., Fig. 2.—Christian Commemorative Feast, from S. Pietro e Marcellino

pagan, not Christian, teachers testify to Christ, Oriental theosophists witness to the coming of the Redeemer, Hystaspes and the Sibyl attend the enthroned Logos, over whose head floats the prophetic star of destiny, of the significance of which the Magi were the official interpreters.

This conciliatory view, the syncretic nature of which was characteristic of the times, was held by members of both creeds, between whom the romantic story of the Persian Magi, which Matthew has woven into the prologue of his gospel, served as a connecting link.

Indeed, there were not lacking reconcilers of Christianity and Mithraism who maintained that it was Zoroaster himself who had foretold the coming of the Redeemer, and had described the portent by which his birth was heralded; others identified the prophet with Balaam.

Even Clement of Alexandria not only writes of the Magi of Persia as illuminated by philosophy, and thus enabled to foretell the birth of the Redeemer, and to travel to Judea guided by a star, but of their arrival at Jerusalem "as Zoroaster had foretold."

Cumont[1] speaks of a writing "On Persian Things" which was popular during the Middle Ages, and which contained a digression in which Mithraism is treated as the precursor of Christianity, and the Persian gods themselves (like those of Sotine, in the apocryphal gospel of Matthew) are represented as recognising Christ as a divinity who, coming after them, was mightier than they; the author, moreover, expressly declares that the two Oriental religions differed only superficially from each other, Jesus being the *sol invictus*, the King of kings. As Mithraism was practically extinct in the Empire in the sixth century, such views must be the echo of very early religious opinions.

Surely this tendency to see in Christ the "Unknown God," after whom the orient yearned, is mirrored in this picture dedicated to "the People of God," of which the centre is

[1] See Cumont, "Les Mystères de Mithra," 1900.

Christ, the Logos, the incarnation of divine reason, with divinely inspired eastern teachers enthroned on his right and left, and over his head the extra-terrestrial light, which was the eastern symbol of the divine power which shapes the lives of men.

A philosopher who brings a king and his court to Christ is represented in the composition which forms a pendant to the "Coming of the East to Christ."[1]

Its centre is Christ, represented as a child; his head is encircled by a nimbus, his hand is raised in solemn speech, his demeanour is that of a young prince. In attendance on him are his mother, Joseph, and four angels, whose gestures proclaim their consciousness of the wide and solemn import of the incident of which they are spectators. Facing Christ is a Hellenistic king followed by a numerous retinue, among them his son, who touches his arm, and with awe-struck look directs his attention on to the supernatural Child.

The connecting link between these two groups is a philosopher, clearly characterised as such by his dress, a pallium so arranged as to leave his right shoulder and arm bare, by his staff, and by his long hair and beard, a dress affected by philosophers in all parts of the Empire, in Lyons as in Ephesus, in Rome as in Alexandria, and doubtless worn by Justin Martyr and Athenagoras, professed teachers of *Christianity as a philosophy*, who, as we have seen, appealed to Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher, to give a hearing to the philosophy which, in their estimation, was at once new, inspired, and the quintessence of the wisdom of past ages.

The identification of the actual incident pictured is not without difficulty. We need not here discuss the various obviously untenable interpretations which have been put forward, and rejected ("Christ in the Temple," "The Meeting of Christ and John the Baptist," &c.), it is sufficient to speak of one which is supported by learned experts, Kondakoff, Padre Grisar, M. de Waal, and others, who

[1] See Pl. 1, Fig. 1, right.

believe the subject-matter of this picture to be an event which took place during the flight into Egypt, and is recorded in the "Evangelium Pseudo-Matthei" (in its present form a fifth-century compilation), in which it is related that when the Christ Child was carried by his Mother into a heathen temple in the province of Heliopolis all the idols it contained, falling from their pedestals, lay prostrate before him; and that, awed by this miracle, the king adored, as God, the Child whom the idols had dumbly acknowledged as their Lord. It is difficult to believe that if the artist had wished to picture this incident he would not only have omitted its most dramatic traits, the temple, the fall of the idols, and the fright and anger of their priests, but would have invented the central figure, the philosopher. It is safer to acknowledge that the literary source of this composition is at present unknown; a circumstance which is rendered less deplorable by the clearness with which the incident is depicted.

We have already spoken at some length on the emphasis laid by Pre-Constantinian apologists on the philosophic aspect of Christianity, an emphasis of which the purpose may have been political in part, for Christianity taught as a philosophy had a right to the same liberty of expression, and to the same measure of tolerance which was accorded to other publicly taught phases of thought, Platonic, Epicurean, Stoic, and the like.

In conclusion, we will glance at the attitude of the Church of the time of the Apologists towards the historical narrative of the Old Testament, which is the subject-matter of the pictures of the nave, and towards the life of Christ, which is represented on the Arch in a series of pictures of which the literary sources are in part unknown to us, and are in part the outcome of an extra-canonical tradition.

The early Church taught that the Hebrew scriptures it inherited were written under divine inspiration for the spiritual instruction of man, in order "that he might become a share

in the knowledge of the spirit, and a partaker in the divine council."[1]

To the question as to what would be the natural subject-matter of a revelation made to "souls living in human bodies,"[2] Origen replies that it would certainly explain those things which are of most vital importance to man ; God, the Incarnation, the nature and existence of rational creatures living both in heaven and on earth, the origin of souls, the reason of their inequalities ; it would also account for sin, and say whether it was confined to the earth.

Sufficient teaching on these important subjects was to be found, so Origen maintained, in the Bible, if interpreted mystically.

"It was the intention of the Holy Ghost," he says, "to enlighten those holy souls who devote themselves to the service of truth on these and similar subjects," but because of "those who either could not, or would not, give themselves the labour and toil which alone would fit them to be instructed in things of such value and importance these mysteries were hidden, wrapped up, and concealed in ordinary language, under the cover of history, or of a narrative of visible things."[3]

The true value of the Old Testament lay therefore, in his opinion, in the mystic kernel of truth which the actual incident narrated sometimes concealed, and sometimes suggested.

He points, as illustrations of his conception of the right mode of divining the substance, the heavenly things the shadow of which fall athwart the Biblical narrative, to the miraculous flood of water, which, breaking from the rock, sustained the children of Israel in the wilderness, "which rock was Christ"; to the tabernacle made by Moses, "according to the pattern shown him on the Mount"; to the two sons of Abraham, one born according to the flesh, and the other by promise, "which things are an allegory, for these are the two covenants."

[1] Origen, "De Principiis," Book iv.

[2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.*

If we glance at the subject-matter and general arrangement of the pictures of the Nave and Arch, viewed as a mutually complementary whole, we shall find that they combine to express a single thought, inspired by a conception of Biblical history similar to that entertained by Origen.

The great cycle of the Nave, of which the subject-matter is drawn from the Old Testament exclusively, is opened by a small series treating of the history of Abraham, the Father of the People of Promise. In the first picture Melchizedec "offers" bread and wine sacrificially, and above these elements of the Eucharist appears the sublime and pathetic figure of the Redeemer, whose body and blood, given for the life of man, were thus mystically foreshadowed. In the following pictures Christ, attended by angels, announces to Abraham the miraculous birth of a Child in whom all the ends of the earth should be blessed. In the offering made by Abraham to these "angels" the sacrament of the Eucharist is again foreshadowed. Lot, Abraham's kinsman according to the flesh, separates his course from his, and, turning his back on the sacred house and the Child of Promise, makes his way to the doomed Sodom. Jacob receives his father's blessing, the fatness of the earth, corn, and wine, which are again conceived mystically, as the sustenance of birds, symbols of souls. In the next two series he is represented as the Good Shepherd, and as the husband of the unloved Leah, and of the beautiful Rachel, figures recognised in the second century as prototypes of Judaism and Christianity. "Leah is your Synagogue," says Justin, "but Rachel is our Church."

Then comes a short series of which the leading notes are dislike of circumcision and distrust of the "Sons of Leah" (*i.e.*, Jews).

The pictorial series on the opposite side of the Nave opens with the story of Moses, a prototype of the suffering incarnate Christ, a Prince who gave up his kingdom to redeem his people; who led them, through the waters of the Red Sea (Baptism), from the land of bondage and of the "flesh-pots," into the

place of discipline; fed them on miraculous food; made bitter waters sweet by virtue of "wood" (the Cross); who routed the enemy by the power of the semblance of the Cross; and, as God's intermediary, made a covenant, by which the redeemed became a "peculiar treasure . . . from among all peoples . . . a kingdom of priests, and a holy people" (Ex. xviii), and who then passed away, leaving this people to the triumphant guidance of "Jesus,"[1] who gives them the Holy Land; at whose coming the courses of the heavenly bodies are stayed, and the kings of the earth cry to the mountains to hide them; and at the sound of whose trumpet-blasts the strongholds of the enemy fall. The tendency of this last series is apocalyptic and chiliastic, and refers to the then hourly expected second coming of Christ in glory.

Throughout this great cycle the story of the Jews is treated as a "mystery," prophetic of the history of the spiritual "People of God," of their education and triumph under One, of whom the great Old Testament leaders were prototypes.

On the Arch prototype is replaced by antitype, prophecy by its fulfilment. A sign had been given by Isaiah by which the Redeemer should be recognised—he was to be born of a Virgin; the series is therefore inaugurated by the representation of the Annunciation of the Virgin-birth to Joseph and to Mary. In the following pictures Christ is officially presented in the Temple, where He is recognised by certain Jews, learned in the Scriptures, as the "light to lighten the Gentiles," but rejected by the Hierarchy, with the result of the flight of the Saviour from Judea, the extinction of the Jewish people, and the erection of a Pagan temple on the site of that of the Jewish Jehovah; he is recognised as the long-looked-for Redeemer by Oriental theosophists; and as the Logos, the Divine Wisdom, by western philosophers; and, finally, his "little children," the Holy Innocents, lay down their lives, dying by order of one who wears the dress of a Roman Emperor, at whose ears, prompting him, are Jewish priests.

[1] Joshua is called "Jesus" in the Septuagint.

FIGURE OF AARON

FROM THE MOSAIC IN S. MARIA MAGGIORE, ROME

Obviously there is no place in this closely wrought theological and didactic scheme for the "Theotokos," or for reference to dogmas promulgated at the Council of Ephesus, which have been associated with it on the ground of Xystus' inscription. This pictorial cycle reflects the theology of an earlier date, it mirrors the Christian Platonism which interpreted Jewish history as a series of "mysteries" foreshadowing the history of the spiritual Plebs Dei, the PLEBS DEI to whom Xystus III., the great remodeller of the ancient basilica Sicinini, dedicated the pictures which he may well have restored, and of the significance of which his inscription shows he was fully aware.

A. CAMERON TAYLOR.

NOTE.—The coloured plate reproduces the figure of Aaron from the mosaic in S. Maria Maggiore representing the Passage of the Red Sea.

GEORGE GISSING

AN IMPRESSION[1]

THE tragic accident, for such the last sudden illness of George Gissing must be accounted, that leaves "Veranilda," his long-contemplated romance, incomplete, renders it not only seemly but necessary that there should be some brief introductory presentation of the spirit in which it was conceived. Through most of the life he led as a widely respected, but never very popular or prosperous writer, there existed the strangest misconceptions of his personal quality, and he was figured as the embodiment of nearly everything he most disliked. Because he exhausted the resources of a fine irony upon the narrowness and sordidness of contemporary life, a public incapable of irony conceived him as sordid and narrow; because he was possessed by so passionate a preference for the legend of classical Rome that all modern life was colourless and insignificant in his eyes, an eminent interviewer could, as his mortuary chaplet, fling out a condescending and regretful condemnation of his "modernity"; and he whose whole life was one unhappiness because he would not face realities, was declared the master and leader of the English realistic school. He has been likened to Zola, a well-nigh incredible feat of criticism; and a legend of him as a prowling figure gathering "copy"—they always call it "copy"—"among the barrows of East End costermongers," and in the galleries of "slum side

[1] Originally written as a preface to "Veranilda."

theatres," has been the imaginative response to this illuminating comparison. His life and these inventions lie patent for the Griswolds of our time; and there is the clear possibility of an English parallel to that cairn of misrepresentation and ugly falsehood which the Americans have deemed a fitting monument to their Poe. For the proper reading of "Veranilda," if for no other reason, this growing legend must be resolutely thrust aside.

For the beginning of a juster picture there can be nothing better than the figure of Gissing as a schoolboy, obsessed by a consuming passion for learning, at the Quaker's boarding-school at Alderley Edge. He had come thither from Wakefield at the age of thirteen, and after the death of his father, who was in a double sense the cardinal formative influence in his life. The tones of his father's voice, his father's gestures, never departed from him; when he read aloud, particularly if it was poetry he read, his father returned in him. He could draw in those days with great skill and vigour—it will seem significant to many that he was particularly fascinated by Hogarth's work, and that he copied and imitated it—and his father's well-stocked library and his father's encouragement had quickened his imagination and given it its enduring bias for literary activity. One sees him at Alderley Edge as a rather pale and slightly hollow-cheeked boy, the eldest and most zealous of three brothers, who were all redoubtable workers. The school, though socially unpretentious, was a good one. Its head-master, Mr. James Wood, was something of an enthusiast; and Gissing, whose imagination may have been quickened by the recent death of his father, and by a clear knowledge of the effort his education cost, seems to have flung himself at his opportunities with an almost exaggerated intensity. He joined as little as possible in the school games—though he played hockey, an old schoolfellow witnesses, with "madness and vigour"—and he walked much alone. For the rest, he worked. He would work even at his exercise, reading as he walked. Occasionally his imagination and energy found vent in the

organisation of violent bouts of tilting and the Greek, French, or English play performed on the half-yearly speech nights was a great thing for him. "Gissing," that old schoolfellow writes, "was our shining light. He was at one and the same time, stage builder, stage manager, instructor, leading actor and prompter, as well as our chief reciter." Except in the enthusiasm of such enterprises, he seems to have had noticeably little companionship with the mass of his schoolfellows. He was speedily the prodigy of the school, a lonely prodigy, living overmuch among books, already out of touch with life, and already possessed by

> The glory that was Greece
> And the grandeur that was Rome,

that were his standards throughout all the rest of his life.

He finished his school prodigiously—measured by the scale of his school. He came out first of the kingdom in the Oxford Local Examination, and carried the same unqualified energy of study to Owens College, where for a time his story was an unbroken record of prize-winning. He was not quite fifteen when he entered the college, and at the end of his first session he gained Professor Wood's English Poem Prize, as well as a special prize and exhibition for classics. He also won the Shakespeare Scholarship. He worked as youngsters of his type will—insanely. He worked while he ate, he cut down his sleep, and for him the penalty came not in a palpable, definable illness, but in an abrupt, incongruous reaction and collapse. He truncated his career at Owens, with his degree incomplete—he had already taken the first place in first-class honours for English and classics in the University of London at the Intermediate Examination in Arts—and from that time his is a broken and abnormal career. He fancied he had cut himself off by this deflection from that clear course to a learned distinction which his quality and inclination alike indicated for him. He crossed to America, and was for a short time a classical tutor in Boston. He threw up his position on some forgotten ground, and went in the vaguest spirit to Chicago.

There he began to show still more clearly that practical incapacity, that curious inability to do the sane, secure thing which is the hidden element in his career. It is not that he was a careless man, he was a most careful one; it is not that he was a morally lax man, he was almost morbidly the reverse. Neither was he morose or eccentric in his motives or bearing; he was genial, conversational, and well-meaning. But he had some sort of blindness towards his fellow men, so that he never entirely grasped the spirit of everyday life, so that he, who was so copiously intelligent in the things of the study, misunderstood, blundered, was nervously diffident, and wilful and spasmodic in common affairs, in employment and buying and selling, and the normal conflicts of intercourse. He did not know what would offend, and he did not know what would please. He irritated others and thwarted himself. He had no social nerve. In Chicago he came near to absolute starvation. And there it was that, with some journalistic fiction, quite lost to the world, his career of print began; though, of course, he had written much both of verse and prose before that time. He was nearly twenty.

He returned to London. By this time he had discovered what was not so much an artistic impulse as an ill-advised ambition to write a series of novels. He set to work with the enthusiasm of his nature; he worked, he wrote to his sister, "with fervour and delight"; but indeed these creations were not his own true expression. That time, twenty years ago, was an epoch, of which we perhaps are seeing the closing years, in which there was no way to distinction in art save to paint the great pretentious subject-picture in oils, the Royal Academy picture, of which the Tate Gallery is the fitting mausoleum, and in letters, outside journalism, there was no other form than the big novel to which a young man could resort and hope to live. The air was full of the successes of novelists, of their clamorous and as yet incompletely vulgarised fame. And when we examine the triumphs of that period, it is not wonderful that Gissing should have embarked upon this enterprise with a

confidence that was within sight of arrogance. He had in his folly turned his back upon learning, and here was his second opportunity. He had a genuine love and admiration for Dickens, and the story of Balzac's indomitable industry must have had a singular appeal to him. In the "three sous for bread, two for milk, and three for firing," in the incessant toil and the nocturnal wanderings of that giant, there lay a snare for George Gissing's imagination. He would in those days say of so and so, "How can he write?—he has never starved!" More or less deliberately he set himself to the scheme of an English "Comédie Humaine," and in the very titles of such novels as "The Unclassed," "The Nether World," "The Emancipated," and "The Whirlpool," lurks the faint aroma of his exemplar. He must have set his course to this determination before he was twenty-one, and it was surely the most unhappy and presumptuous of undertakings. His knowledge of the world was strangely limited, was scarcely existent; home life at Wakefield was the most living thing in it, and beyond that there were school days and college passed in a dream of bookish study, some experiences in America too disagreeable for use, and now this return to London, and, until the fame accrued, tuition. The world he set himself to draw was stranger to him by far than the Rome and the Athens his books had made real to him, and the silent factor of his own quality, that, too, was undetermined. But he trusted in his strength; he trusted to the same energy and powers of devotion that had made him a prodigy at Alderley Edge and Owens College, to make him a prodigy in letters.

It is well to attempt some picture of him at this stage. His boyhood of study had neither dwarfed nor disfigured him, and he was then a figure of youth, vigour, and promise. He was of rather more than average stature, finely proportioned, and save for a droop of the shoulders and that slight failure from grace that neglect of exercise entails, he carried himself well. His head was finely formed, and though he was spare, his skin was well seeming, and he had in his flushed moments

the ruddy English colour. His features were clear cut and regular, his eyes dark blue, and his hair, which was brown with a pleasing reddish tinge, flowed back from his forehead very handsomely. He had quite distinctly a presence. His voice was sound and full, and a youth in which books had overtopped experience had made his diction more bookish and rotund than is common. He was at first a little shy in intercourse, but then intelligent, self-forgetful, inaggressive, and enthusiastic. He must have seemed, he did seem, to those who met him in those days, a man of the richest possibilities.

Yet the same insidious weakness, at the point where imagination and thought pass into action, had already, behind this front of promise, contrived an arrangement of absurdities. He occupied a flat near Regent's Park, and he moved in cultivated society. He had such friends as Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose sons he instructed in Greek, and who was assiduous in his interest. He entered spheres in which bishops' wives are not unknown, and he has described to the present writer a conversation upon the decay of butlers with one of these ladies. She asked him how *he* managed. But, indeed, he dispensed with a butler's attentions. It will be incredible to every level-minded reader, but, as a matter of fact, he maintained this fair appearance, he received his pupils in his apartment, he toiled and wrote unceasingly, upon scarcely any food at all. Partly, no doubt, it was poverty: he grudged every moment taken by teaching from his literary purpose, and taught as little as he could; but mainly it was sheer inability to manage. His meals were of bread and dripping, stewed tea, cheese at times, soup bought desiccated in penny packets, and such like victual; and a common friend, himself no mean novelist, has described his entertainment there of a Sunday afternoon;—Gissing, with flushed face and shining eyes, declaiming Greek choruses and capping sonorous quotations—"There are miserable wretches," he would say, "who know not the difference between dochmiacs and antispasts!"—until hunger could wait no longer.

Thereupon he would become spasmodically culinary in a swift anti-climax: "Now for the squalid meal!"

Periods of far too intense literary activity would alternate with phases of exhaustion. And only those who have passed through the moral and imaginative strain of sustained creative work will fully imagine the sense of discomfort, the realisation of loneliness that must have characterised these interludes. To the sympathetic reader who knows "New Grub Street," "The Crown of Life," and the earlier novels, little further is needed for the full understanding of Gissing's early manhood. There were misadventures; there was a rash, unhappy marriage; but the real stuff of his waking life was the steady flow of writing that was to be that misconceived series of novels. From first to last in that endeavour he wrote in his minute, clear hand, writing always with the full available power of his attention, nearly two million words. An hour's experiment in original composition, a little counting and a little computation brings home to one what that means. This brief paper, for example, has consumed all a man's energies for four full days. For one who writes for anything but commercial ends, this grey of written paper is the text of life, the reality of his emotions and his imagination; the other things are indeed no more than margin to that. So he wrote. He wrote for the most part about people he disliked or despised, and about people he did not understand; about social conditions that seemed to him perverse and stupid, and about ways of life into which he had never entered. He wrote with a declining belief in his own power, with a failing hope of appreciation and applause, and too often without any joy in the writing. There were quite tragic incidents, books begun and destroyed. In view of his quality it was unavoidable that much that he wrote should be considerable; and there are in all these novels eloquent passages, tender passages, passages of free and happy humour, and a pervading irony that will certainly secure them a permanent, though perhaps a dusty place, in the storehouse of English literary achievement. But there are great uninspired

intervals across which the pen has been driven grimly, insistently; factitious characters evolved from his own inner consciousness, and for all his wariness and dexterity, incurably unconvincing; incompatibilities and impossibilities, and grey, tired places. And indeed, for all their merit and value, when one thinks of the middle years of this man's life—of journeys and relationships and hopes, and this and that—it all seems to be going on under a sunless sky, across which this grey cloud canopy, this unending, inky succession of words, drives remorsely for ever.

He was hidden from the light of himself. Sometimes this work welkin is tedious and impenetrable, like the cloud drift of a melancholy day; sometimes it grows thin, and a gleam of personality strikes down to warm the reader, and then one says, "This is not toil; this is Gissing." But for the most part the man is altogether masked by that premature, overwhelming intention. Behind that, unsuspected by all who did not know him, the light of classical enthusiasms that had lit his boyhood was hidden. There came a season when he had a success, when some early novel—"Demos," if I am not mistaken—brought money, fifty pounds or so, to hand. He paid small heed then to those back street researches, those gutter-smellings the popular legend of him requires; he went straight by sea to the land of his dreams, Italy. It was still happily before the enterprise of touring agencies had robbed the idea of Italian travel of its last vestiges of magic. He spent as much time as he could afford about the Bay of Naples, and then came on with a rejoicing heart to Rome—Rome whose topography had been with him since boyhood, beside whose stately history the confused tumult of the contemporary newspaper seemed to him no more than a noisy, unmeaning persecution of the mind. Afterwards he went to Athens. But he wrote nothing of the reality of his sensations then. The self-imposed obligation of those novels weighed him down, and in "The Emancipated," one of his least successful books, his enthusiasm seeks and fails to find expression. Within a

very little of that journey, he began definitely to face the fact of his false start and to turn his mind to the discovery of his proper medium. It is at least ten years since the project of his great romance of the Gothic kingdom had definitely formed itself in his mind. He had written then to his home, of something fresh that was coming, of a romance that was to be altogether a break from his established style of work, and from that day to this he has held himself persistently to this plan, reading for it, scheming for it, and dreaming of it. Only the labour of writing it remained at last, and that was begun too late.

Two of his friends spent a spring-time holiday with him and his sister at Budleigh Salterton in 1897. He was then no longer the glorious, indefatigable, impracticable youth of the London flat, but a damaged and ailing man, full of ill-advised precautions against the imaginary illnesses that were his interpretation of a general *malaise*. As much as anything he was homesick for Italy. He was not actively writing then, but he had two or three great Latin tomes in which he read and dreamt, he was annotating the works of Cassiodorus, edicts and proclamations and letters written for Theodoric the Goth, and full of light upon the manners and daily life of the time. And as the friends wandered in the Devonshire lanes or along the red Devonshire cliffs he talked of Italy. His friends had not seen Italy. To all three of them Italy was as far almost as it had been for all the English world in 1800. There was a day when they sat together by Lulworth Cove. He had been mourning the Italy he fancied he would never see again, and then he drew suddenly from his pocket an old pocket-book, and showed, treasured as one treasures the little things of those we love, a few scraps of paper that journey had left him : the empty cover of his railway tickets home, a flattened blossom from Hadrian's villa, a ticket for the Vatican Library, were chief among these things. He spoke as one speaks of a lost paradise. Yet before another year was over he had been through those experiences he has told so perfectly in "By the

Ionian Sea," and all three of these friends had met again in Rome. In Rome he had forgotten most of his illnesses; he went about proudly as one goes about one's dearly-loved native city. There were tramps in the Campagna, in the Alban Hills, along the Via Clodia, and so forth, merry meals with the good red wine of Velletri or Grotta Ferrata; and now the romance was more fully conceived, and in the Forum, on the Palatine Hill, upon the Appian Way, he could talk of the closing chapters that will never now be written—of Rome plague-stricken and deserted, Rome absolutely desolate under the fear of the Gothic king.[1]

Many things were to happen to delay his new beginning, and, among others, there was in himself a certain diffidence before the new medium. But the spell of that Balzac-like sequence was already lifted from his mind. He had been persuaded, I believe by Mr. Clement K. Shorter, to attempt short stories and sketches; he had attained to the completest mastery of his own proper qualities in the Calabrian travel-book already mentioned, and he was writing that frank, natural, and able study of Dickens that still waits for its just meed of recognition. Then there was "The Papers of Henry Ryecroft," an experiment in the manner of Amiel's diary, that gave an interesting but one-sided sketch of the mental attitude to nature and contemporary things. He wrote, indeed, several more books in his earlier manner, but they made no marked advance upon "Eve's Ransom," "Born in Exile," and "The Year of Jubilee," the first perhaps the best and the least appreciated of his novels. And at last, in the little village of St. Jean Pied de Port, in the Pyrenees, he set himself to his long-delayed task.

[1] The following extract from a letter to Mr. Edward Clodd is very characteristic of Gissing's attitude. It is dated Siena, November 6, 1897. "Of course I have not been able to see very much of Siena, but this is not *my* part of Italy. I have—I am sorry to say—comparatively little interest in the Renaissance. On the other hand, I shout with joy whenever I am brought very near to the old Romans. Chiefly I am delighted here with the magnificent white oxen, with huge horns, which draw carts about the streets. Oxen and carts are precisely those of Virgil."

In October of last year he was in full work upon it and drawing near the end; he was in better health than he had been for many years, and tasting once again the pleasure of living. His letters to England were full of his romance. In his last, written on November 28, 1903, within a month of his end, he says: "I labour on at 'Veranilda,' and, thank Heaven! have done more than three-fourths of it. I cannot judge whether it is good or bad, but the work has been severe—never more than a page a day at two sittings." A page in his microscopic handwriting was, in printer's language, a thousand words. He seems to have been at work upon the book before. In a letter dated February 28, 1901, he writes: "My sixth-century story keeps me amid old things. I seldom have time to look at any writing of the day." And in a letter, dated Arcachon, January 8, 1902, "My Roman novel, alas! is suspended by the state of my health, a little also, I admit, by the reflection that so many people have of late written novels about Rome." From St. Jean Pied de Port, so late as June 10, 1903, he says: "I have decided to write my sixth-century story. For the moment I turn with disgust from modern life, whereas these old times call to me with a pleasant voice. If I have anything like decent health here (which, by the by, is quite near to Roncesvalles) I *must* get this book done. I think I can make it fairly good, for I have saturated myself with the spirit of the age. It ought to be infinitely picturesque." And on October 11, 1903, he reports progress. "Well, I am getting on with my book. I am now well past the middle of 'Veranilda,' and hope (with trembling) that I may finish by the end of the year. I don't think it will be bad; at all events, it gives me a certain pleasure in the writing. But it is harder work than any I ever did—not a line that does not ask sweat of the brain."

There is the shadow of prophecy in that "with trembling." At last but four chapters remained; and then came a cold, came pneumonia, and with the effect of a swift misadventure the end. In the last hours of his ebb and exhaustion he

talked constantly of Veranilda, and of armour and weapons and the Goths.

And this book, "Veranilda," that is so much of George Gissing, is unfinished, indeed, and unrevised, but so far done that even the end for his two principal characters, the Princess and Basil, is practically told. The book exists as a unity and as a whole, its truncation withdraws nothing essential from the design. One has one's minor uncertainties of course; what sinister treasure was to reward the search of Sagaris and Stephanus, what fate lurked ready to spring upon the Lady Heliodora and the reasons of the Lady Aurelia's long absence from the stage. But the main threads run clear to their end; in a moment the tumult of the assailing Goths, terrible by reason of their massacre at Tibur, would have become audible, and the wave of panic that left Rome to the dogs and vermin have swept us to the end. And the end was morning, a sunlit silence upon the empty Forum, upon the as yet unruined Palatine Hill, upon the yet unshattered Basilica of Constantine. For just that one tremendous moment in her history Rome lay still.

But in spite of all that is lacking this romance exists sufficiently for its total effect, and one sees for the first time clearly what indeed "The Whirlpool" and "The Year of Jubilee" went far to suggest to the experienced critic, and that is George Gissing's extraordinary power of comprehensive design. All the characters move living to a synthesis of impression. It is the picture of a magnificent decay—of the last days, of the last hours of the tradition of Imperial Rome. Every figure partakes of that transition and is significant in the scheme: the sombre figure of the dying Maximus, with which the book begins; the ragged Decius, with his unenvied treasure of manuscripts, with his whispered doubts whether, after all, Virgil's Fourth Eclogue was a prophecy of Christ; the deacon Leander, incessant and acquisitive, politic, blindly devoted, building up the wealth and power of the Mediæval Church amidst a universal ruin; the senator, Venatius, a senator half-

way changed to a feudal lord, fortifying his country villa, are of the many who were preparing the way for the final disintegration. Then one marks the Lady Petronilla, obsessed by religious ambition, the wretched Marcian, torn between the new fear of hell that had come into the world and the immemorial desire of the flesh; and Basil, setting aside the old Roman dignity, reviling the old training in rhetoric and letters and giving his mind to arms. All things, with an art of imperceptible touches, display a time when security had gone, while still the tradition of empire, of a wide law and government, the afterglow of the classical civilisation, haunted the broken bridges, the fresh-shattered aqueducts, the rutted, vacant ways. Even to the smallest details the picture is complete. Let the reader note the source of the lead for the coffin of Maximus, the prey on the cart of the passing lime-burner, the waterless uncleanliness that heralded the pest. It needs some practice in the art of imaginative writing to gauge quite how skilfully this magnificent conception has been wrought, to detect the subtle insistence, touch by touch, that keeps its mellow and melancholy atmosphere true. The whole learning that was possible of this period lies behind this book, yet there is no heaviness, no impressive jabbering of strange terms, no hint of a claim to scholarship, none of the tricks that drive this sort of fact to recognition. Gissing carries his learning as a trained athlete carries his limbs, as it were, unwittingly, as a great artist saturated with the classical tradition might best desire to do. And he gains in permanence and beauty what he will lose in contemporary applause. Now at any rate he can bear to wait a little longer for the honour that will in the end be his in absolute security.

H. G. WELLS.