# IN DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL

THERE has been a noticeable commotion going on for some time past in the school kept by our old friend Dame Europa. Not that any two of the scholars have been having it out with fists in the old-fashioned way; on the contrary, there has been much talk of a new plan for settling all disputes by a show of hands, which only failed when it became evident that every disputant was secretly resolved to hit out when he was ready, and to take a vote only when he was sure of the popular voice. Of late no one has felt ready; the school has been working hard, and even those who seem to be in the best training physically are reluctant to waste their pocket-money in paying the heavy fines now in force against fighting. The result has been a prolonged period of snarling and backbiting and intriguing in corners which has made many regret the days when accounts were settled honourably and without hatred on either side, and the weaker took his licking like a man.

The present trouble is rather a long story. The boys in Dame Europa's school have been growing; they are bigger and stronger than they were, and have larger appetites: moreover, the old exclusiveness of the place has been to some extent broken down, and besides several new boarders there are now admitted—as non-residents, for tuition only—a cousin of England's, a promising scholar and athlete of Japanese origin, and the whole nursery-full of England's younger

brothers, from Canada downwards. While these changes have been taking place, it happens that England has been away for some time. The cause of this absence is, for our present purpose, unimportant: England has been engaged in a "foreign match"—playing a single at racquets, let us say—and even those who know least about it have now given up muttering "Pot-hunter" and "Walk-over," and cheering hoarsely for the other side. The point for us is that England has now come back, and has come back to a very different Europe from that of three years ago. The position of Captain of the School is no longer undisputed: the German boy is twice the weight he was; he has been using his brains; he has taken lessons in swimming and shooting; he is getting high marks for science and languages; he lets no day pass without proclaiming his intention to challenge the supremacy. Then there is the American, now grown out of all knowledge, and nearly a head taller than the cousin he used to look up to: he, too, is emulous, and would scorn to answer to his old name of "England Minor." His difficulty, like Wilhelm's, is that his manners are unpopular; but, like Wilhelm's, his ability and determination are most formidable. We have fallen into the habit of regarding this interesting relation as less of a rival than a "second string" in our own team; one whose victory can hardly be said to involve our own defeat. A much less pleasing reflection is that which is now forced upon us, that even if we and our younger brothers, or our American kinsmen, or all of us together, succeed in keeping the family name in its old place at the head of the list, it will not be, as things stand at present, with the willing assent of the rest; and yet it is that willing assent which we must desire and deserve before all things.

*The Superiority of the Anglo-Saxons:* how long ago it seems since M. Demolins argued so persuasively from that axiom. It must have been, in more than one sense, somewhere in the last century. The phrase was never a very happy one; the best that can be said for it is that it was "made in

France," and no invention of our own ; and that perhaps makes it a little unfair that it should be thrown in our faces in its new form, "The Pretended Superiority of the Anglo-Saxons." It cannot, however, be denied that the book and its idea had a success amongst us which even its gifted author could hardly have attained on any other line ; we purred contentedly with so comfortable a fire upon the hearth, and perhaps did more blinking than thinking over the subject. Now, however, that the days of comfort and fireside are over, now that the once weary Titan has renewed his youth and is going forth to another day's work more wideawake than ever, it will do him no harm, and cost him no pain worth considering, to hear what his fellows are saying about him. We are not, of course, thinking of our home-grown little sect of Peculiar Anti-Nationalists ; their accusations have disgraced only themselves, their temper has thrown doubts upon their sanity, and history will probably treat their views on the origin of the South African War with as much contempt as their prophecies of its conclusion and results. Anglophobes abroad must be left out of account for the same reasons, but for this one too, that they are among our best natural allies, and we ought not, for our own sake, to do anything to disturb their good work. If we are to have—as it seems we must for the present—enemies in Germany, let them all be as blind, as ignorant, and as wilful in their self-deception as Herr Tesla Meyer ; the attack will be delivered the sooner and defeated the more conclusively.

But there are worthier critics to be found than these, and among them we have read with pleasure M. Novicow, a candid friend from Russia. However firmly we may contest his facts or his deductions—and we are far from contesting them all—no one could deny a hearing to a professor who states the purpose of his course in so mild a voice as this :

> The dogma of the physical and mental superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race once done away with, England will find it an easier matter to live in complete harmony with the nations around her. I agree that England is a great nation ; I agree that on many occasions her conduct has been noble and just. I do not

wish in any way to dispute the real merits of the English people. That is far from being my intention. As I have said above, when I try to show that the Anglo-Saxons are not superior to the other European races, it is solely with the object of bringing about as quickly as possible the establishment of that justice between nations which alone can ensure the maximum of welfare for the human race.[1]

We have learned by the experience of the last three years to detect even the smoothest tones of malice with great certainty; we find not the least sound of it here. We may proceed then in the frame of mind proper for edification, remembering always that if we catch the lecturer tracing his facts to false or non-existent causes, it does not follow that they are any the less facts. To begin then: M. Novicow believes that the Transvaal War will have one result of extreme importance.

It will free Europe from the hypnotic influence of the Anglo-Saxon. This influence is a most fatal one. Until quite recently the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race over all others was admitted as an indisputable dogma. This amounted to a recognition that different races are of unequal value. It was, in fact, a declaration that there are higher or "noble" races and lower or "common" ones, and that only the former are capable of attaining the loftiest point of intellectual and moral development. The rest are condemned to vegetate in a state of mediocrity, for ever incapable of raising themselves to the highest planes of science, art, religion or philosophy. Naturally, the moment it is recognised that different races are of unequal value from the physical or mental point of view, the more perfect ones must have the right and the duty of commanding, and the less perfect lose all rights but the right to obey. It was but a step further to look upon the employment of brute force as the height of wisdom, to set up injustice as a recognised method of government, and to establish despotism as the natural condition of human society. The step was soon taken, and the immediate result was international anarchy, with all its train of intolerable evils.

So long as England stood single-handed for the principles of justice and freedom, in a world given up to brutality and violence, she remained a star of the first magnitude, a peerless nation towards whom the eyes of the oppressed were turned as towards a lighthouse flashing through the darkness. Then the whole world could admit without dispute the superiority of the Anglo-Saxons. But the moment she followed in Bismarck's track, laid down that might is right,

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[1] We translate from an article in *La Revue* (ancienne *Revue des Revues*).

and adopted the methods of the most pitiless of conquerors, England fell back into the same rank with the other nations of Europe, her equals in brutality and contempt of justice. From this moment the pretended superiority of the Anglo-Saxons appeared in its true light, that is, as one of the most astounding errors that ever obscured the intellect of cultivated men.

We must not allow ourselves to be led away at this point by a natural desire to set the Transvaal War too in its true light, the light of that same old beacon of justice and freedom. When M. Novicow discovers that to spend twenty thousand lives and two hundred millions of treasure in proving that might is not right, even when Mr. Kruger asserts it, is not to relapse into brutality, he will be a happier man, but he will say truly that it makes no difference to his argument, which is pursued as follows:

Two facts have contributed to place the Anglo-Saxon race upon a pedestal higher than the rest and to produce the hypnotic influence of which I have spoken: the political freedom of England and the vast extent of the British Empire.

Neither in philosophy nor in religion, science, or art, had England held an exceptional position. Undoubtedly her place was among the most honourable: far be it from me to seek to lower her. All I wish to say is that, from the point of view of intellect, England is *una inter pares*, on the same level with France, Italy, and Germany, to say nothing of ancient Greece. But from the point of view of political freedom and extent of empire, she leaves the other nations behind in a manner which is absolutely crushing. Of course, in saying this I include in the Anglo-Saxon race the people of the United States. I may say then that the economic development of this great federation rises far beyond anything ever accomplished by other nations in the same branch of human activity.

But now that we have recovered the use of our sober reason, now that we are no longer hypnotised, let us inquire whether this freedom of the English, this economic development of the United States, this wide-spreading British Empire are, in fact, the product of a physical and mental superiority in the race, or rather the result of a fortunate combination of circumstances.

A good deal of space is then taken up in an attempt to prove this latter alternative to be the true one. The method chosen is the historical; but here again a serious fallacy has crept into each part of the argument. The resistance provoked by William the Conqueror's despotic power, the inability of

George I. to preside over a Cabinet deliberating in English, and the fact that our greatest monarch was a Queen and not a King—these may have been circumstances favourable to the growth of English liberties. But they do not, as M. Novicow seems to believe, in any appreciable degree account for it; other peoples have had such opportunities, none such desire for freedom. So, too, in the case of America, it is simply illogical to count among the "fortunate accidents" which favoured the Anglo-Saxon the fact that, while Spanish-America was founded by ruffianly adventurers, "the colonists of the United States were the pick of all mankind, noble and high-minded men flying from their own country to gain the right of worshipping God in their own fashion." Again, it may be true that the United States enjoy greater natural advantages than Canada, but the point should be proved by better evidence than a statement that while the Americans have in a century multiplied from $5\frac{1}{4}$ to 76 millions (*i.e.*, $14\frac{1}{2}$ times), the Canadians have only increased from 230,000 to $5\frac{1}{4}$ millions, or $22\frac{1}{2}$ times their original numbers!

But M. Novicow has better shots than these in his locker. Whether or no the Anglo-Saxons have made their own material success, they have not a monopoly of all the virtues.

> We must make one important point clear. All men have not the same faculties: so that the superiority of a given individual in any one department does not imply his superiority in others. Beethoven showed an extraordinary aptitude for music, but none at all for astronomy. Because Beethoven was a greater musician than Laplace, it does not follow that he came of a superior race. It is precisely the same with communities as with individuals. Because the Americans have shown an extraordinary genius for mechanical inventions and for the organisation of industrial and financial enterprises, it does not follow that they come of a race superior to the French or Germans; for both these nations have exhibited, in other departments, faculties superior to those of the Americans. And even if it were demonstrated that the English of to-day have the highest aptitude for governing, and have in this respect inherited direct from the Romans, still that would not prove the absolute superiority of the Anglo-Saxons over all other races, for political genius is only one of the faculties which a nation may possess.

Whatever may be thought of our science and philosophy,

the inferiority of the Anglo-Saxons is plain, says M. Novicow, when the arts are considered. The English suffer from a deficiency of the æsthetic sense: in music, painting, sculpture, they cannot compare with their Continental rivals; London is hideous, Paris holds the sceptre of the arts. Without admitting that our painting, our poetry, or our architecture must all count for nothing, we may confess at once that a world without the art and literature of France and Italy, a world given up to the Anglo-Saxon entirely, and governed by the artistic canons of the Royal Academy, the Censor of Plays, and the speculative builder, would be a place to be shunned as the Cities of the Plain.

Having established this point, our instructor returns to his politics, and again risks an interruption by speaking of "the loss of England's military prestige." Let us once more allow him to beg this question, and see what he builds upon his opinion, right or wrong. This loss of England's is, he says, a most fortunate event for Europe. Order and justice can only reign when the citizens of a state, or the individual states in a group of nations, enjoy equal rights. Whenever some are stronger than others, order and justice are displaced by despotism and finally by anarchy.

> Great Britain had certainly become one of the most anarchical Powers in Europe. Believing herself unassailable in her island, she had made a principle of never taking into consideration the needs of her neighbours, and of making her conduct conform only to the dictates of her own good pleasure. As the result of a succession of easy and unbroken successes gained during the nineteenth century over savage tribes or uncivilised nations, the English had acquired the belief that they were a great military Power. On all occasions, and wherever they found themselves, they adopted a haughty and arrogant tone, which stood in the way of any cordial understanding, and lent colour to the fatal belief that civilised nations are naturally hostile to one another, and must remain so to the end of time.

True or not, palatable or not, these words have the accent of sincerity and humanity. They are not like the utterances of underbred or venal journalism, a bid for popularity at England's expense; on the contrary, the speaker knows well that of all

the pupils in Dame Europa's class-room there is hardly one that will hear them with any real sympathy. They bear hardest upon the conscript nations whose hatred of each other never sleeps: "*mutato nomine de me*" thinks each one, and the Englishman is probably the least galled, being the least guilty, of all. Still he is both pained and astonished; he means so well, and is so conscious of well meaning, and behold! when the glass is held up to him, what a brute he looks! There must be some mistake; and no doubt to some extent there is a mistake on both sides. The foreigner sees our manners and infers from them our motives—ugly children they must be, of such ugly parents; we, on the other hand, hug our saying, "Handsome is as handsome does," and go on our ungracious way, convinced that, as our intentions are right, any behaviour must be good enough. But there is more in it than this: there are points in M. Novicow's argument which involve no mistake, to which we have no answer but an admission of the fault and a plea that a nation must not be condemned for the lower elements in its character until it has been shown that these are being allowed to dominate the higher.

It is certainly the fact, and both Englishmen and Americans are generally ready enough to recognise it, that the Anglo-Saxon temperament is comparatively inartistic. What they are less conscious of is that it is not justifiable, though, of course, it is natural enough in the circumstances, for them to lay it down as a principle of international intercourse that artistic capacity is less valuable, and above all less meritorious, than political or commercial ability. Man does not live by trade alone, and if the Anglo-Saxon too often tries to do so, that gives him no claim to despise the followers of a more spiritual creed, or those who contribute elements not less indispensable to our common civilisation. Closely connected with this fault, but an even graver matter for lovers of freedom to reflect upon, is the Englishman's unwarrantable desire to govern everybody within his reach, because he feels sure he can do it better than they can themselves. He has little or no desire for

dominion for its own sake; but, as M. Carrère remarked on that genial voyage for the exploration of South Africa, "En Pleine Epopée," he cannot pass an island or a headland of non-British territory without murmuring, "Ah! that ought to be ours, and no doubt it will be some day." His motto is, "What-e'er is best administered is best," and he is ready to appoint himself Universal Committee (in Lunacy) for a world of "blacks" and "foreigners." Yet if the Chinese, for example, came in upon us with a far older civilisation and the self-imposed duty of "The Yellow Man's Burden," the Englishman would be the first to cry that more ancient watchword, "A poor thing, sir, but mine own."

We shall not be misunderstood here; we have again and again expressed our belief that nations, like individuals, hold their faculties in trust for the use of their fellow men, and that in the ordering of the world a great share has been committed to us for organisation and good government. We plead only against arrogance and aggression, which, hateful as they are to the best part of the nation, do exist, and still more seem to exist, among us. Our penalty is this, that the most just and inevitable war ever thrust upon us is said, and perhaps thought, by the rest of Europe to have sprung from our disregard of the rights of others. From such ironies of misfortune history will in due time relieve us if we take care to deserve relief: if we take pains to practise a more and more liberal Imperialism; to mend our manners, to mind our own business, and to respect our neighbour as ourselves.

# COUNTRY CONVERSATIONS: AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

WE had the pleasure of publishing in the May number of this REVIEW an article by Mr. E. V. Lucas, which bore the title of "An Unknown Humorist." Mr. Lucas's audience is always an appreciative one, but we doubt if it was ever more delighted than on this occasion; for not only did he handle his material with his accustomed skill and even more than his usual modesty, but that material was itself of such a kind as is rarely garnered by the literary husbandman. The article was widely read, and was quoted in the Press with the generosity which in Journalism, as elsewhere, is the borrower's saving grace. It was, in short, a success, and author and editor congratulated themselves. It was not long, however, before it was brought to the knowledge of both that they had been not only reaping where they had not sown, but had, however innocently, been actually carrying home a harvest which had other owners. It is this fact which seems to call for some explanation from us, and we are fortunate in being enabled to choose our own way of giving it.

The subject of the article in question was a book bearing on its title-page the name "Country Conversations," and the date 1886. The preface is, however, dated March 1881, and we learn from other sources that the authoress was a lady named Miss Tollet, who died in 1883. This is not the time to dwell upon the high qualities shown in every one of these Conver-

sations—the observation and convincing truth, the humour, the insight, and the skill of presentment—which have delighted so many readers, and made the book, we are told, a source of keen and continual pleasure to Mr. Gladstone during the last years of his life. We only refer to them in justice to Mr. Lucas, who had, in our opinion, ample reason for thinking that where such treasures were to be seen, the less the showman put himself forward the better. The discoverer of pure gold is hardly to blame if he spends little time in gilding it. Unfortunately, however, the gold belonged to others : the book had never been published, but was printed for private circulation only; and both Mr. Lucas and ourselves were mistaken in supposing—as we did suppose, in circumstances we need not now relate—that we had any right to deal with such material as if it were public property. The book is still in the eye of the law an unpublished work, and the copyright, if it should be published, would naturally belong to the representatives of the late Miss Tollet. It is to them that both Mr. Lucas and we are really indebted for our article, and the generosity with which they have condoned our error is the more gracious and the more gratefully acknowledged because, as we have shown, it has been extended at a time when we were no longer in a position to ask for it.

# ON THE LINE

**Five Stuart Princesses.** Edited by Robert S. Rait. (Constable. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.)—The lives of princesses are better reading than those of princes. These are often no more than chapters of contemporary history, the personal interest in which does not count for much. Kings, great or small, stand out in the page of history; but unless he is a soldier or a sailor, the principal occupation of a king's brother or son is to amuse himself and quarrel with his nearest relations. A princess is, in the first place, her husband's wife, and must either fit in to his angles or fashion him to hers, or else make out her own separate existence as comfortably as she may. State reasons and reasons of ceremony debar her from devoting herself to her children. Her relations with the court and family into which she has married are rarely harmonious. Etiquette is their Bible, and she has been used to a different etiquette. She is a foreigner, and is equally misconstrued whether she remembers or forgets her own country. If she is of a romantic turn, the circumstances which surround her are unfavourable to romance. Though sacks and bowstrings are unknown in Western Europe, and erring princesses seldom meet with so tragic a fate as Sophie Dorothée, decorum is vigilant, and *peccare nefas.* To love a princess is a dangerous game, unless she is a dowager, like Anne of Austria and the terrible Catherine; Chastelard, Rizzio, Königsmark, Essex, are among the landmarks. Cut off from romance, princesses have generally been as honest wives as princes have been bad husbands. Friendship remains, and royal friendships are not

rare. There is also, for those who can use it, the weapon of influence, wielded so admirably by Queen Caroline and so disastrously by Henrietta Maria. But for most royal ladies life is a round of festivity and *ennui*. Happy the princess who has a friend like Leibnitz, Walpole, or Melbourne. Yet even so, the friends they choose will be called "favourites," and calumny will blacken them and their royal mistresses.

There is no name so romantic as that of Stuart. Nowadays even, when we survey the history of that unhappy family, the flame of romance is easily kindled. The quality which inspired such loyalty must have been an early heritage of the race. James I. and James IV. have it, and in good and bad alike it appears from generation to generation. Here are five of them together. The common attributes are love of pleasure, quick sensibility, royal bearing, courage—above all in adversity—and the indefinable thing called charm. To this may be added the royal right of conquest, the sense of superiority to all other mortals, so serene and unassuming in its assertion of universal sovereignty that one would as soon call a goddess arrogant as a Stuart princess. Charles I., whose manner was often abrupt and sometimes unfeeling, doubtless had this distinction; so had his sister Elizabeth and her son Robert, and his own children Charles, Mary, and Henrietta. There is no other family in whose honour people to this day go masquerading and anachronising about London once a year. The Bonaparte legend rests on one great name. No one cares passionately for Bourbons and Hapsburgs—the Wittelsbachs, it is true, have a touch of romance—and the graces have not been developed in the Hohenzollerns.

The sympathetic reader will feel this family quality in all the ladies whose portraits are sketched here. Margaret, wife of the Dauphin who was afterwards Lewis XI., only comes within the scope of these essays as having been a Stuart with the Stuart inheritance of high impulse, beauty, grace, and misfortune; "a deserted and injured lady of imaginative temperament." She was the victim of a slander upon her good

fame. The details are obscure, but her innocence is clear. She has no place in history, but is a pathetic figure of a romantic and impulsive woman "done to death by slanderous tongues." Her last words have been often quoted: "Fy de la vie de ce monde, n'en parlez plus." [1]

Five generations separate the Dauphiness Margaret from Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England, the Winter Queen, the Rose of Bohemia, Sir Henry Wotton's "incomparable mistress," "that most resplendent queen, even in the darkness of fortune." It must have been some irresistible power of graciousness that inspired Bernhard of Weimar, Christian of Brunswick, Count Thurn, Sir Ralph Hopton, the noblest of the Cavaliers, and Sir Henry Wotton with such chivalrous devotion to her, rather than any more solid qualities. She was beautiful, a queen, high-spirited, unfortunate. But she was frivolous, foolishly and fatally ambitious, extravagant and thoughtless, a careless mother and a ruinous friend. Yet she had high virtues. She bore adversity better than good fortune. Her flight from Prague on a pillion behind Sir R. Hopton was like one of Queen Mary's adventures, and endured with the same courage and "merry" spirit. "I confess," wrote Nethersole, the English agent, "I am rapt with the greatness of her Majesty's spirit, and I am not alone in it." "Elizabeth, a queen without a kingdom, a queen even without a nightgown, was now as earlier a queen 'by virtue,' and was beginning her reign as the 'Queen of Hearts.'"

Want of space forbids us to touch upon the troublesome history of the Thirty Years' War. Elizabeth went to her doom with too light a heart, dazzled by the empty shine of a titular crown, and woman-like "fired another Troy:" but not too much of the responsibility for the war must be charged on her and her husband. The war from one occasion or another could not have been avoided, and a greater man than John George of Saxony might have tried in vain "to put the fire out."

Mary, the daughter of Charles I., like her aunt Elizabeth,

[1] They are also attributed to Elizabeth of Bohemia.

"Goody Palsgrave," married below her rank. The house of Orange-Nassau, though of "even birth," was not royal; the position of a Stadtholder [1] was both bourgeois and insecure; and the Stuart etiquette at the Hague, as before at Heidelberg, insisted on precedence, and was the occasion of endless family jars. Mary was a faithful and affectionate wife, if a troublesome daughter-in-law. The position of Holland was precarious. The Dutch (Mr. Cecil thinks) would have done well to make friends with Spain and bid for the trade of the world. But, like Cromwell, they could not separate the Spaniard from the Pope and the devil; they chose to try conclusions with England, first as friends and then as enemies, and were nearly swallowed up in the glories of Lewis XIV. England, Spain, and Holland united could have held the balance against France. But Cromwell's policy was carried on by Charles II., and the balance had to be redressed by Marlborough. Family feeling as well as dynastic ambition impelled the Stadtholder William to aim at a crown, and the fate of his father-in-law did not deter him from attempting to secure into his hand "the power of the militia." He was engaged in dangerous designs of war with Spain, the restoration of Charles II., and no doubt his own elevation from the republican chair in which he sat so uneasily to a real throne, when death put an end to his intrigues in November 1650. Mary did not lose courage. "To secure the Stadtholdership for her son, afterwards William III. of England, to aid his brother to regain 'his own,' became the object of her existence." It was a domestic, not a patriotic ambition, but it gives her a claim to respect. Mary was not a wise woman, but clever, capable, and tenacious of resolution. She so conducted affairs for ten years that the French alliance carried the day, and the Estates made friends with England and its ungrateful sovereign Charles II., whose restoration bettered the prospects of the young prince who was afterwards

[1] We retain this mongrel and misleading word, neither Dutch, German, nor English, as having taken root in our language. "Stadhouder" or "Stateholder" would be better.

to sit upon the throne of his two uncles. His mother visited her brother Charles at Whitehall soon after his triumphal entry in 1660. Three months after, she died of small-pox, aggravated by the foolishness of court physicians.

Her sister, "the beautiful, graceful, and intelligent Henrietta of Orleans," has a name in literature from the praises of Madame de Sévigné, Madame de la Fayette and Bossuet; and in history as having been the agent between the English and French courts in the secret history of the Treaty of Dover in 1670. Her life, meant for gaiety and happiness, was spoilt by the malignity of her husband, the Duke of Orleans, who lost no opportunity of mortifying and insulting her. There is no reason to suspect him of poisoning her. Those were the days of the Brinvilliers and the Tofana, and great personages seldom died without suspicion of poison. Though Monsieur was as jealous of his wife as if he had loved her, her intimacy with the Comte de Guiche was an innocent intrigue, and no other scandal attacked her. "Henrietta was foolish, injudicious, fond of being admired, eager to please . . . and scorned to pay a scrupulous regard to appearances. Her indiscretion was part of her success. '*On dirait qu'elle demande le cœur*—voilà le secret de Madame.'"

The Electress Sophia, daughter of the Queen of Bohemia, is a more substantial and less poetical figure. If her cousins played their parts on a stage too large for them, hers was not worthy of her powers. Too much of her life was spent upon the miserable domestic intrigues of her husband's unlovely family. She was ambitious, worldly, somewhat cynical, but the kind of character which commands respect and liking in any family; straightforward, good-humoured, shrewd, but kindly; too well settled in her *grande dame* dignity to make her inferiors uncomfortable; a good friend and a good mother; and, in spite of the curious arrangement by which she was transferred from the elder brother to the younger, a good wife. "I am the miracle of this age," she wrote to her brother Charles Lewis; "I love my husband." Had she been Queen of England instead of her cousin Anne, she would have

been the admiration of her age. As it was, she had to be content within narrower limits, and make up for the smallness of the world at Herrenhausen by glimpses into philosophy with Leibnitz, and some distant share of the larger political problems of the time in the gradual approach of her son George Lewis to the inheritance of her ancestors, the succession to which she herself missed by a few weeks.

These essays do not add much to what is known of the events on which they touch; but they are written in an agreeable style, and the passages treating of the Thirty Years War and of the politics of Holland after the peace of Westphalia are worthy of more attention than is generally given to a book of Memoirs.

The Sphinx-like quality is not the least in fascination among the attributes of genius. We know little of the author of *Hamlet*, except that he made atrocious puns and had a decided preference for eyes "grey as glass." We seem to know everything about Goethe. He took such pains to inform the world as to the kind of turnip that he liked best for dinner. Yet in the end he remains a riddle unanswered, as deep a problem as the riddle we call Shakespeare. We can never pluck the heart out of his mystery. The open secret remains unfathomed. "If they could judge me," said he, speaking of his enemies, "I should not be the man I am." He might as well have included his friends, for it would take another Goethe to understand Goethe. Lewes, in his living "Life," came as near it as any mere man could; and we cannot say that Frances Gerard has taken us any farther. If, instead of a new book, she had brought out an illustrated edition of Lewes, omitting all her own reflections and adding, in the form of an Appendix, such letters and such facts as are of interest, she would have done good service. The illustrations are by far the best part of **A Grand Duchess and Her Court.** (Hutchinson. 16*s*.) They are of high value to the student, more especially to any one who has never seen Weimar. The excellent heads of Goethe, Wieland, and

Herder are a possession in themselves; and there are others—familiar sketches of the Grand Duke, of the gatherings at the Duchess's Round Table (which, by the way, was square), and so on. If there were but a portrait of Frau von Stein, the circle would be complete. Anna Amalia was a spirited woman, worthy to be the niece of Frederick the Great. Left a widow at nineteen, she set to work to make the duchy of her little son famous. Never lived there so enterprising a dame. In spite of all her economy she could not save more than £60 a year, but on this modest sum she began a collection of pictures, books, and statues. She did better still; she collected men. Bach was her first *Kapellmeister*. Herder was sent to the Gymnasium, where, after thirty-one years of study, the Professors had not yet got through the New Testament. Wieland became tutor to her boy, who was, said the Great Frederick, the most hopeful Prince he had seen of his age. Following in his mother's footsteps, Karl August, as soon as he came to manhood, formed a close friendship with Goethe, and attached him for life to the Court. It was a strange alliance. The Duke and the poet danced at rustic fairs and made love to the girls of the village. They stood for hours in the market-place cracking sledge-whips for a wager, and Goethe nearly put out one of his eyes at this amusement. They rode steeple-chase "over hedges, ditches, and graves, through rivers, up mountains, down hills, all day long in the saddle, and at night camping out in the woods under the canopy of heaven. . . . We were often as near death as men could be, and the death I least desire." Wherever the Duke went the poet had to go, too. When the Duke became a soldier, Goethe also went on campaign, but he dwelt in his tent "like a hermit," and busied himself with flowers and stones. War songs were not his *métier*.

> I have only composed love-songs when I have loved; and could I write songs of hatred without hating?

The Duke was always for progress. "When anything failed he dismissed it from his mind," says Goethe. He had

good ideas, but "Will he ever learn that fireworks at midday produce no effect?" Convention he abhorred.

> The Court at Coburg was so full of crawling, servile creatures, clad in velvet and silk, that I grew sick and dizzy.

He himself dressed *à la Werther*, though the world of fashion thought those people indecent who wore boots in the presence of a lady. His mother was equally careless of public opinion. One day, when she was out driving with seven of her friends in a hay-cart, a storm came on, and she borrowed Wieland's great-coat and wore it without the least concern. She was a merry soul, and truthful. That rocky *précieuse*, "the Stein," had no charm for her. She would not have subscribed to Goethe's opinion, written (before he had seen her) under a portrait of the lady:

> What a glorious poem it would be to see how the world mirrors itself in this soul! She sees the world as it is, and yet withal sees it through a medium of love; hence sweetness is the dominant expression.

We quote from Lewes, for Miss Gerard's translations differ from his—and not to their advantage. "We are not worse, and, please God, not better than when he last saw us," she makes Goethe say. An obscure sentiment; on turning to Lewes, it runs: "We are no worse; and with God's help will be better than what he has seen us." And in Jean Paul's account of his introduction to "the god," Knebel says, according to one version, "The French are drawing towards Paris;" according to the other: "Tell him that the French have just entered Rome." The reply is the same in both. "'Hum!' said the god."

The spell that "the god" cast over every one as he first flashed upon Weimar, animates Wieland's description of his own intense rapture when this glorious young man, happening for once to be "in a condition of receptivity," condescended to listen to his poems. A few days later Goethe confessed (was it in self-defence?) that the mood might not recur for three years. But Wieland is nothing if not enthusiastic. On another occasion he tells Anna Amalia that he valued one of her letters

"more that all the epistles in the world, from those of Phalaris to those of St. Paul inclusive." This is courtier-like with a vengeance; but it is clear that she did charm people as women can who enjoy themselves, and are themselves the cause of enjoyment. She shared the fever of longing for Italy that inspired *Kennst du das Land.* When, later in life, she was at last able to go thither, they had hard work to woo her back to Weimar. It was the same with the gay little hunch-backed maid-of-honour, Fräulein von Göchhausen.

In Italy we learn what the originals of the sun and moon are like; in Germany we have only copies.

It was the same with Herder. To him as to the rest Angelica Kaufmann appeared to be the embodiment of Italy. He made Platonic love to her, as they all did, but rather more fervently, and his poor little wife, Caroline Flachsland (what a domestic name!) laments, on his return, that nothing will ever compensate him for the loss of that angel. As for Goethe, so great was the emotion with which he regarded the orange-blossom country that he dared not speak of it, dared not even open a book written in Latin for months before he went; and the subject was avoided by mutual consent after his return. This reticence, this utter silence, is very characteristic. He was open as the day about thoughts and feelings which most men prefer to keep to themselves. There was no secrecy about any of his relations with women. But he would not speak of Italy; nor, in his later years, would he ever speak of death, "the eternal fairy-tale" as he called it. He honoured the only thing that he loved—the only thing that he feared—in depths of speechlessness. And after all, did he love? Did he fear? Again we are face to face with the Sphinx.

**Ten Thousand Miles in Persia.** A Record of Eight Years Constant Travel in Eastern and Southern Iran. By Major Percy Molesworth Sykes. (Murray. 25*s.* net.) It requires a good deal of courage, and, let us say, also of experience and learning, to write a book on Persia after the exhaustive publication of Lord Curzon on this topic. Major Sykes has had

the courage to do it, and considering the vast information he has gathered during the eight years he has spent in Persia, and the literary skill with which he has accomplished his task, I [1] must say at once that his work is by no means a superfluous addition to our fairly considerable literature about Persia. He has filled many gaps in the geographical, ethnical, and historical descriptions of the country of the Shah, and the record of travel of "Ten Thousand Miles in Persia" will be indispensable to anybody who is anxious to know the future field of contest between three great Powers of Europe. In viewing the list of recent publications concerning Persia, it is certainly most gratifying to find that English travellers are the foremost in enriching our geographical and ethnographical knowledge of Western Asia, and notably of old Iran, and in following the same good method which was adopted by the classical Ouseley. Apart from the standard work of Lord Curzon, we have seen of late the books of Earl Percy, of Mr. H. F. B. Lynch, of "Odysseus," of Lieut.-Col. C. E. Yate, of Professor E. G. Browne, and last, but not least, the book now before us, of which I can say without exaggeration that hardly any of Major Sykes's predecessors have had such a favourable opportunity as he had, of investigating and describing new ground and rectifying previous mistakes. This refers particularly to Eastern and Southern Persia, which have been the object of exploration on the part of able travellers like Pottinger, Goldsmid, O. St. John, Thomas Holdich, Dr. Blandford, and others, and where, nevertheless, many deficiencies had to be replaced by accurate data, now supplied by the painstaking love of science of our author. The travels of Major Sykes extend over the period from 1893 to 1901, and as the most important part of his work during this time I would cite his minute description of the Lut desert and of Persian Baluchistan, where he has frequently trodden quite new ground, and where his long sojourn and his intimate relations with the natives have been turned by him to the best advantage. Our knowledge of the Hinterland of the Persian

[1] This unsolicited testimonial comes from a high authority—Professor Arminius Vambéry, of Buda-Pesth, the well-known traveller and Orientalist.

Gulf was very imperfect hitherto. Of political centres, like Fahoadj, Fanoch, Geh, and Bampur we know very little; in fact, this district of Persia has been looked upon even by the Persians themselves as a region to be dreaded, and during my sojourn in Shiraz I heard more horrible accounts of the Baluch robbers than of the manstealing Turkomans in the North. It is difficult to decide whether the geographical side of the exploration of this district is more valuable or the ethnographical. As to the former, Major Sykes has spared no trouble to climb hitherto inaccessible mountains, he has investigated the course of the rivers, and has bestowed sufficient care upon the geological formation of the soil; and as the country is now fairly mapped, later travellers will have no difficulty in crossing this hitherto forsaken corner of Persia. Not less favourable is my judgment concerning the picture our author has drawn of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, a very mixed race of Baluch, Arab, and Persian extraction, and it is only with reference to the Brahui, whom he designates as relatives of the Dravidians, that I would make an objection. No doubt this nook of the dominion of the Shah must soon gain more importance than it enjoyed in the past. I am not afraid of the grandiloquent schemes of Russian railway connection with Bundar Abbas or with Chahbár, for the *nervus rerum gerendarum*, the main condition of Russian aggression in the South of Persia, is not too abundant in the state coffers on the Neva, nor do I dread the not less big-talking Germans, who have thrown an eye upon Kuweit, and who fancy they have already got their fingers fixed upon the throat of the British Lion—no! things are not so critical, but South-Eastern Persia must, and will, come to the front, and the sooner the British public turns its attention towards this part of Asia the better for the healthy solution of the great problem before us.

Returning to Major Sykes's book, the merit I should like particularly to bring clearly into view, is his scholarly treatment of certain questions connected with the ancient geographical records, such as the identification of Marco Polo's travels in South-Eastern Persia, and of the route taken by

Alexander the Great in his march from the Indus to the Karun. In both chapters Major Sykes exhibits an amount of learning and of archæological knowledge which does honour to the military profession, for, as a rule, soldiers are not on so good a footing with their Latin and Greek. An exception must perhaps be made in favour of the English votaries of Mars, from whose midst many distinguished men of science have gone forth. Besides his acquaintance with antiquity our author shows a fair proficiency in the language and literature of Persia, and his quotations from Saadi, Hafiz, and the Shahnameh are advantages not to be found with every traveller in this part of Asia. It is chiefly owing to this linguistic acquirement that he got a deeper insight into the political, social, and economical relations of the country than many of his predecessors, for without this the excellent picture of Kerman, of the Persian Gulf, and of other parts of the book, could have hardly come into existence. I could dwell at any length on the great advantages the book before me has over recent publications of Asiatic travels, but I shall conclude with the Oriental proverb: "Only the jeweller knows the true value of the gem." Only those who have seen the country of the Rising Sun, and who have studied the life and the history of its inhabitants, will fully appreciate the merits of Major Sykes's book.

**Siam in the Twentieth Century.** By J. G. D. Campbell (16*s.* net).—Fashion does not concern itself merely with what Carlyle termed the external wrappages of man. It deals with continents as well as corsets, and with peoples not less than with picture hats. Books upon Africa are as the sand upon the sea-shore for multitude, and we are all ready with a pronouncement upon the future of Uganda. Now Japan and China in the East and the vast impending development of America hold the stage, and the public of a nation already "come" are avid of books treating of the nations that are "coming." But there are many countries which are not the mode, and with few travellers to penetrate their mysteries and

still fewer to give them to the world at large, they remain disproportionately unknown in an age when facilities for travel have rendered almost the whole surface of the globe easy of access. Siam is one of these. One may meet half a dozen men who have traversed the Dark Continent for one who has been to Bangkok, and Mr. Campbell, alive to the fact, has made a praiseworthy and successful endeavour to lighten the mental darkness of the ordinary individual in the volume before us—the outcome of two years service as Educational Adviser to the Siamese Government.

It may be said at once that this is no light travel-sketch wherewith to fritter away an idle hour. Mr. Campbell embarks with all seriousness upon his task, and goes *droit au but* with no dalliance by the way. Beginning with the geography and commerce of the country and a backward glance at its history, he treats of its civilisation and religion, its government, its educational methods—for the non-professional reader a somewhat arid path in which to wander—and, more attractive, the manners and customs of its people. But, as in the case of the school-boy's letter, it is the postscript which holds the pith and marrow of things, and it is to the author's discussion of international questions, the growing invasion of the Chinaman, and the designs of France and Germany, which conclude the volume, that the reader will mainly direct his attention.

Even in Siam, unhackneyed though it be from the tourist point of view, the whirligig of time has brought about its changes. Electric trams pervade the capital, the ladies of the Court dash along on their bicycles behind the Queen's carriage as she goes for her evening drive, and—in sorrow be it said—natives have even been heard to speak slightingly of the sanctity of the white elephants. Yet, in spite of these evidences of progress, the author cherishes no false hopes of a potential Eastern Utopia. "The East," he is careful to impress upon his readers, "is not the west with a few centuries of leeway to make up, but it is something totally different," a prose rendering of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's, "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." But for all his grasp

of the situation, Mr. Campbell's professional instincts are, at times, too strong for him, and he cannot help wondering why the Siamese are such unpromising subjects for education. It irks him that they are so idle, though he is ready enough to find the explanation in latitude, and to admit that they have at least the *qualités de leurs défauts*, a courtesy of manner, a gentleness, and a tenderness to children which might well serve as an example to ourselves. But nevertheless he deplores their "incorrigible indolence" and their "incurable levity."

The Franco-Siamese question, and the crisis which came to a head in the fight at Paknam are dealt with at some length. The capital, we learn, is full of French intrigue, but the removal of their neighbours' landmarks in 1893 has not bettered the French position. The Mekong is of very little value as a trade-route, and the fact that the Menam is, so to speak, the Nile of the country is now fully realised. English influence and English trade are still to the front, but signs are not wanting of the waning of the latter. The North German Lloyd has absorbed both the Holt line of steamers and the "Scottish Oriental," and now promises to become the predominant steamship company of the Far East. Then, too, there is the ever-present "Yellow peril" to deal with, and it must be confessed that the Celestials are altogether too numerous and too pushing to be disregarded. They are said, indeed, to form one-quarter of the entire population, and there are probably not less than 100,000 in Bangkok alone. Mr. Campbell does not seem to have great faith in the much-talked of "enormous mineral wealth" of the country, neither does he look upon the Kra Isthmus Canal as at present likely to come into the region of practical politics. Possibly he may live to see both, but then he neither claims to be mineralogist nor engineer. Meanwhile we have to thank him for an excellent description of the country which, if somewhat serious in tone for the ordinary reader, has the undeniable merit of expressing the opinions of an expert with a sound knowledge of the country.

# THE WEDDING OF THE OCEANS

THE Shipping Combine lends additional significance to the great design which is now maturing in America. The nineteenth century witnessed the junction of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. Will the twentieth century witness the wedding of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans? There is every reason to believe so. Yet the project has slumbered or simmered for at least three and a half centuries. As long ago as 1550 the Portuguese navigator, Antonio Galvão, wrote a monograph on the isthmus and suggested four different lines for cutting it by canal. One of these was through Lake Nicaragua, and another was across Panama. We might go further back than Galvão, however, for the germ of the idea of an isthmian canal, possibly even to

> Stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Look'd at each with a wild surmise
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

It was really Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, however, who was the first European to cast eyes on the Pacific from the east, and that was in 1513. And it was Balboa who anticipated the Panama Railway by dragging material across the isthmus wherewith to build ships on the Pacific side, three hundred and eighty-seven years ago. Truly, the idea of a waterway has taken a long time to "materialise," as the Americans say.

One cannot very well characterise as rash or hasty or ill-considered a project which has been discussed for over three centuries. It is said that, in 1520, Charles V. of Spain ordered that the Isthmus of Panama should be surveyed for the purpose of cutting a canal. It is also related that his son and successor, Philip II., of gloomy memory, would have cut the canal (or tried to do so) had it not been pointed out to him by a saintly, and perhaps penurious, ecclesiastic, that had the Almighty intended to have the oceans united He would not have placed the isthmian barrier between them. This view of the subject did not trouble Sir Thomas Browne who discoursing, *more suo*, on the proverb *Isthmum perfodere*, contended that, "Islands were not from the beginning; that many have been made since by art; that some Isthmes have been cut through by the sea and others cut by the spade; and if policie would permit, that of Panama in America were most worthy the attempt: it being but a few miles over and would open a shorter cut into the East Indies and China." Albeit, good Sir Thomas reminds us that when the Cnidians proposed to pierce the Isthmus of Corinth, they were "deterred by the peremptory disswasion of Apollo, plainly commanding them to desist, for if God had thought it fit He would have made the country an island at first." So that, after all, the Archbishop of Madrid was probably more of a scholar than an original thinker. However this may be, we may fairly assume that had Paterson's Darien Colony of 1698 been a success, the isthmus would probably have been pierced many years ago, not by Spaniards, or Frenchmen, or Americans, but by Scotchmen. We must add to the long list of the might-have-beens a Scottish inter-oceanic canal, providing a competitive route to the East to tap the preserves of John Company. In that case, it were an interesting speculation whether the Suez Canal would have been built even now.

This is assuming, of course, that a practicable waterway can be cut across Panama—a fact which Ferdinand de Lesseps spent sixty millions sterling in failing to demonstrate. It is

not, however, the purpose of the present article to follow the history of the long controversy of Nicaragua *versus* Panama, full of interest as it is, nor to discuss the pros and cons of the mechanical features and engineering possibilities of either route. We propose to consider briefly the rival schemes now before Congress, passing over the years between the French failure and the American departure. In March 1899, the Congress of the United States by special Act authorised the President to appoint a Commission "to make full and complete investigation of the Isthmus of Panama, with a view to the construction of a canal by the United States across the same to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans," and to "make investigation of any and all practicable routes for a canal across said Isthmus of Panama," and particularly "to investigate the two routes known respectively as the Nicaraguan route and the Panama route, with a view to determining the most practicable and feasible route for such a canal, together with the proximate and probable cost of constructing a canal at each of two or more routes."

After two and a half years' work on the isthmus and in Europe and America, the Commission sent in a voluminous report dated November 16, 1901. Prior to the consideration of that report by Congress, the new Pauncefote-Hay Treaty was concluded and ratified—a Convention whereby the old obstacle presented by the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty is removed and under which Great Britain consents to the construction, administration and policing of the Central American Canal by the United States. As the terms of the Treaty have been published we may presume that they are familiar to everybody.

In his speech in support of the new Pauncefote-Hay Treaty, Senator Lodge urged that the omission of the words "in time of war as in time of peace," which existed in the old treaty, between the words "open" and "to vessels" in Article III. of the present treaty, which reads, "that the canal shall be free and open to vessels of commerce and war of all nations," had the effect of practically leaving the United States to do with the

canal in time of war according to its own good pleasure. Mr. Lodge referred to the fact that Rule 7 in the Suez Canal Convention, which had been embodied in the original Pauncefote-Hay Treaty, had been omitted in the new treaty. This rule provides that no fortification shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjacent, &c., and Mr. Lodge argued that this omission practically left the United States free to fortify the canal, in case it was considered desirable, and was in harmony with the omission of the restriction keeping the canal open in time of war. Practically, Great Britain agreed (he contended) to turn the entire management of the canal over to the United States, not only in time of peace but also in time of war, and the assumption was that in case of hostilities the United States would construe the omission of the clause as Mr. Lodge suggested. Article VIII. of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, establishing the general principle of neutralisation, is not retained in the new agreement, but Mr. Lodge contended that, while there was a declaration to the effect that the general principle of neutralisation established by that Article was still to be kept alive, the whole tenor of the new treaty was to neutralise and cancel the old agreement.

This is rather a novel view of the treaty—as a document to neutralise an agreement for neutralisation. It has been asserted that, in the event of a war with Great Britain or any other Power, the treaty would be suspended under the law which governs nations until the war was concluded, when it would be revived and again brought into force. While it retained the doctrine of neutralisation the provision involving this retention applied to all nations alike, but to none any longer than they observed the regulations prescribed by the United States. Should they fail in such observance the United States could close the canal. Under the terms of the treaty all nations would be treated on terms of fairness and equality, the United States allowing all to use the canal in time of peace, and shutting out all in time of war, should it be found desirable, and it was maintained that there is no provision in the new

Convention which interferes with the rights of the United States as a nation to close the waterway to any belligerent Power: that the provision with regard to the policing of the canal applies only to its control in times of peace, and not in time of war: and that the United States as owner of the canal under the terms of the law, could control it either with police or with troops for the protection of the Government and its property. But some Americans object that, like the original Pauncefote-Hay Treaty, the new treaty does not furnish a sufficient guarantee of American control of the Isthmian Canal.

Nevertheless it was ratified, and our position is neither better nor worse, save in how we may benefit or otherwise by the actual construction of the waterway. And although the treaty was negotiated primarily with regard to the Nicaragua project it will have equal reference to Panama. For in the preamble it is expressly declared that the high contracting parties were "desirous to facilitate the construction of a ship canal to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans *by whatever route may be considered expedient*." And the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which the new Convention replaces by Article VIII. extended the provisions drafted specially with reference to the Nicaragua project—"to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America," and by special mention to "the way of Tehuantepec or Panama." As to the position of the canal in time of war between maritime Powers access to it will be controlled by the Power best able to control the ocean approaches.

In this connection it is to be noted that the report of the Walker Commission says that the ability of the United States to hold the Caribbean Sea and the Western approaches to the canal against all comers depends upon the future development of its naval resources, and is, for the present at least, questionable. There are several Powers in the world any one of which might dispute the command of the approaches, and combinations of two or more Powers might effect the same object. So say the Walker Commission, and they argue that

to defend it by fortifications on land would be a costly, difficult, and uncertain undertaking, and, by absorbing resources which could be better employed elsewhere, would be a source of weakness. They contend that a much more certain and easy method of securing the use of the canal to America, while closing it to her enemies, is to remove it from the operations of war by making it neutral. And it is the opinion of the Commission that a neutral canal, operated and controlled by American citizens, would materially add to the military strength of the United States; that a canal, whether neutral or not, controlled by foreigners, would be a source of weakness to the United States rather than of strength; and that a canal not neutral, to be defended by the United States, would also be a source of weakness.

The most important feature of the new Convention really is that it is a treaty of amity between the two countries, such as could not be ratified a year previously because of the prevalence in America of an anti-British feeling that has now disappeared, if not altogether, at least to a very large extent.

The first report of the Isthmian Canal Commission, sent to Congress at the opening of the session, favoured the Nicaragua route, and estimated the cost by that route at $189,864,062. The estimated cost of a canal by the Panama route was $144,233,358, but it was reported that it would cost $109,141,000 to obtain the concession for that canal. The report valued the work already done at $40,000,000. The Panama project was considered the more feasible, as the canal would be level with the sea. The Nicaragua project would involve the construction of locks, but Lake Nicaragua would furnish an inexhaustible supply of water. The Nicaragua route has no natural harbours at either end, but satisfactory harbours might be constructed. There are already harbours at each end of the Panama route, but considerable work would have to be done at the entrance to the harbour on the Atlantic side. A Nicaragua canal might be completed in six years, exclusive of two years for preparation, whereas it is estimated that it would take ten years to

complete the Panama Canal. The total length of the Nicaragua route is 183·66 miles, and that of the Panama route 40·09 miles. It is estimated that the cost of working and maintaining a Nicaragua canal would be annually $1,350,000 greater than that of working and maintaining a Panama canal. It is also estimated that the time it would take vessels of deep draught to pass through the Panama Canal would be twelve hours, while by the Nicaragua route it would take thirty-three hours. The Nicaragua route was characterised as more advantageous to commerce except for that originating from the west coast of South America, and as the better one for sailing-vessels on account of the favourable winds. The hygienic conditions were also considered more favourable in Nicaragua. The first report recommended that the United States should acquire control of a strip in Nicaragua ten miles wide from sea to sea through which to build a canal. The report concluded that, after considering all the facts brought forth by the investigations and the actual situation of affairs, and having in view the terms offered by the New Panama Canal Company, the Commission was of opinion that "the most practicable and feasible route" for a canal under the control, management, and ownership of the United States is that known as the Nicaragua route.

Such is the substance of a document covering some 260 printed pages.

Following upon this report a Bill was introduced into the Senate by Senator Morgan providing for the construction of a canal by the Nicaragua route and for an aggregate appropriation for that purpose of $180,000,000, of which $5,000,000 were to be immediately available. The control of the canal and of the canal belt was to be vested in a board of eight members, and the Bill authorised the establishment of a regiment from the regular army on the canal belt to guard it properly. A protocol was signed between the United States and Nicaragua, whereby the latter leased to the former a strip of land for the canal route.

But like the reports of several preceding Commissions, the

first report of the Walker Commission is not likely to be acted on after all. The French Panama Company, alarmed at the prospect of the total loss of the fruits of their labour, re-opened negotiations with such result that a provisional agreement was effected in January last, and the Commission sent in a second report to Congress recommending the Panama route.

The New Panama Canal Company has been, since 1894, desirous to transfer its rights and property to the United States with only such limitations to these rights as were involved in the engagements of the Company towards the Colombian Government. The Act of Congress of March 1899, placed difficulties in the way by tracing for the Government a programme of direct intervention, whereas the Colombian concession absolutely forbade the transfer of the concession to any foreign Government. Later on, however, when the Minister of Colombia in Washington declared that his Government would permit the transfer to the United States of the concession of the Panama Canal, the Company opened negotiations for the transfer and drew up a rough sketch of conditions which the Commission adjusted. They then drew up a second report which President Roosevelt in January last sent to the Senate. This report was unanimously in favour of accepting the Company's offer to sell for £8,000,000 all its rights and property. Everything will be conveyed, if the offer is accepted, and the Colombian Government assents. The transfer includes 30,000 acres, or nearly all the land needed for the canal, and 2431 buildings, a lot of machinery, launches, dredgers, locomotives, cranes, surveying instruments and other supplies.

One of the greatest natural difficulties to be encountered in the construction of a ship canal on the Panama route is still affirmed to be in the control of the Chagres River. That stream is about 145 miles long and has a drainage area above Bohio of about 875 square miles. Above Obispo it is said to be in general a clear water stream flowing over a bed of coarse gravel; though sand, clay, and silt in moderate quantities appear in the lower portions of its course. It flows through a

mountainous country, in which the average annual rainfall is stated at 130 inches. A maximum rainfall has been noted of over six inches in twelve hours. In December 1890 it rose at Gamboa 23 feet in sixteen hours, its discharge, which was about 9000 cubic feet per second at the beginning of the rise, increasing in the same time to six or seven times that volume. The admission of a stream of this character to the canal would necessarily create conditions intolerable to navigation, unless means be provided to reduce the current to an unobjectionable velocity. Therefore the Commission argue that if a sea-level canal be constructed, either the canal itself must be made of such dimensions that maximum floods, modified to some extent by a reservoir in the Upper Chagres, could pass down its channel without injury, or independent channels must be provided to carry off these floods. As the canal lies in the lowest part of the valley, the construction of such channels would be a matter of serious difficulty, and the simplest solution would be to make the canal prism large enough to take the full discharge itself. This would have the advantage, it is claimed, of furnishing a very large channel, in which navigation under ordinary circumstances would be exceptionally easy. It would involve a cross-section from Obispo to the Atlantic having an area of at least 15,000 square feet below the water-line, which would give a bottom width of about 400 feet. The quantity of excavation required for such a canal has been roughly computed at about 266,228,000 cubic yards. The cost of such a waterway, including a dam at Alhajuela and a tide-lock at the Pacific end, is estimated at not less than $240,000,000. Its construction would probably take at least twenty years. The Commission, after full consideration, concurred with the various French Commissions, since the failure of the old company, in rejecting the sea-level plan. While such a plan may be physically practicable, and might be adopted if no other solution were available, the difficulties of all kinds, and especially those of time and cost, would be so great that a canal with a summit-level reached by locks is to be preferred. And it is in favour of such a lock

canal that the second report decided. The objection offered to it in the Senate appears to have been solely on political, not on mechanical or financial grounds. The political difficulty relates to the power of the French company to transfer to another nation concessions granted by the Government of Colombia. But this difficulty is got rid of by a direct agreement between the United States and Colombia, the terms of which have been recently announced. Under that agreement Colombia will give the United States a perpetual lease of a canal route six miles wide and will authorise the French company to transfer all its rights and property to the United States. As soon as the treaty is ratified, the United States will pay to Colombia a sum of $7,000,000 in lieu of rental and other revenues for fourteen years; after which a rental will be fixed, either to be paid annually or in a lump sum.

A table has been issued illustrating the comparative cost of operating the Nicaragua and the Panama Canals. In this the length of each, the number of locks and the curvature are taken into consideration, and the cost of operation of certain tonnages calculated by obtaining the average per ton-mile from other canals, their dimensions and the number of locks being made equal to each of the Isthmian waterways. It is thus demonstrated that 2,000,000 tons could be transported through the Nicaragua route for $1,104,000, 6,000,000 tons for $3,312,000, and 8,000,000 tons for $4,416,000. The same tonnages could be carried through the Panama Canal for $376,000, $828,000 and $1,504,000 respectively. This shows a difference in favour of the Panama Canal of $·364 per ton. The actual cost, therefore, of operating the Panama would be about one-third that of the Nicaragua Canal, and a ton of freight could be shipped through it actually $·364 lower than through the Nicaragua.

In computing the probable cost of working an Isthmian Canal, comparison is made with the Manchester, Suez, Kiel and Sault Ste. Marie Canals. The tonnage carried by these waterways in 1900 was:—Manchester, 3,061,000; Suez, 9,738,000; Kiel, 3,489,000; and Sault Ste. Marie, 22,316,000;

and the cost of maintenance was respectively:—$1,004,000, $1,743,000, $540,000 and $79,000. On the average of three years the cost per ton-mile of operating the Manchester Canal is $·0093, of the Suez $·0022, of the Kiel $·0025, and of the Sault Ste. Marie $·0022—a mean for the four of $·0041. The locks and curvatures of the canals are all taken into consideration, and it is shown that the expense of working is largely increased by the radius of a curve. The greater expense of operating the Manchester Canal is attributed to the fact that the radius of its sharpest curve is 1980 feet, while that of the Kiel Canal is nearly double, or 3280 feet. It is, therefore, necessary to use more steam power in the form of auxiliary tugs for moving steamships through the Manchester Canal than through other waterways. This does not apply to the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, which is only 1·6 miles in length and is practically straight. In the Panama and Nicaragua Canals the curve in each case is much more gradual than in either the Manchester or Kiel waterways. The Sault Canal has but one lock, while the Manchester has five locks, or one to every seven miles. In the plans of the Nicaragua Canal one lock is calculated to an average of fifteen miles, and one to every nine for the Panama Canal. The percentage of curvature is, however, so much greater in the Nicaragua than in the Panama—the radius of the sharpest curve being 4000 feet, as compared with 6234 feet—that the Panama Canal is not at a disadvantage in this respect. The Panama route, then, now holds the field, and merely awaits the *imprimatur* of Congress and of the shareholders of the French company.

The piercing of the American Isthmus by whichever route is undoubtedly the most important engineering problem now before the world, and the wedding of the oceans will be the most important mechanical and commercial achievement of the first quarter, perhaps of the first half, of the twentieth century. That the most suitable route should be chosen for the construction of the best canal is a matter of the greatest importance, not only to the United States but also to Great Britain and the

other maritime Powers. It is, doubtless, a good thing for the world that both America and the French company should have deemed second thoughts best, and should have struck a bargain under which the work that De Lesseps found impossible may be achieved within a few years. The change of front of the Walker Commission in favour of the Panama route is not remarkable when we remember that the Nicaragua Canal would be one hundred and thirty-five miles longer, would have a higher summit-level, would have more locks and curvatures, would require twenty-one hours more time of transit, would cost £9,000,000 more to complete, and £270,000 per annum more to maintain, than the Panama Canal.

It is fourteen years since the Panama Bubble burst; it is eight years since the *Compagnie Nouvelle du Canal de Panama* was organised, with a capital of sixty-five million francs, to devise ways and means of securing something out of the wreckage at the isthmus. It has not done much in actual constructional work, for its main object was to investigate thoroughly all the elements of the problem involved in the construction of the best possible canal, and to locate and measure the further excavations that will be necessary. Both at Panama and at Nicaragua too much attention has been directed to the problem of construction, or, perhaps, it would be better to say that too little attention has been directed to the not less important problems of operation and maintenance. The amount of traffic to be drawn to the canal depends not so much on the form of construction as on the method and cost of operation and on the duration and risks of transit. And the risks of transit pertain not only to the vessel, but also, and perhaps more, to the cargo confined in the climatic conditions of Central America.

The American frontier has vanished and the American Union has developed a land hunger that may or may not be a proof of vigorous nationality, but which certainly promises to alter the political map of the world. With Hawaii and the Philippines, America has now stretched a hand beyond her own

Pacific Slopes that she cannot draw back, even if she would. The nation is growing rapidly and, refusing to be crowded, is sending forth outshoots. The next outstretch of these will doubtless be to the South. The canal is desired not only as a commercial pathway, but still more as a strategic line of defence and progress. The acquisition by Great Britain of a controlling interest in the stock of the Suez Canal has not been lost upon American statesmen. They bided their time at Panama while De Lesseps blundered and squandered there. And now they will for an old song buy out French rights and efface French ambitions. It is no controlling interest, but absolute control, they will have secured over the isthmian waterway to be constructed.

Do we yet realise what this means? Hitherto Britain has commanded the eastern highway from Europe to the Pacific. From Gibraltar onwards we have strategic points marking the route through the Mediterranean, through Egypt and the Suez Canal, at Aden and Perim, and at Somaliland, in the Red Sea. From there we have a series of marks preserving our course—in the Islands of the Indian Ocean, in Ceylon, India and its dependencies, and in the Straits. In the China Seas we have Hong Kong, and in wide Oceania we have Australia, New Zealand, Borneo, and a string of connections stretching farther north and south and east. With the American Republic the advance has been ever towards the west, since, indeed, the settlement of New England. "Westward the course of empire takes its way" still, but no longer across a barren and apparently illimitable wilderness. To continue and maintain that progress westward a waterway is needed on the south, which will not only connect two oceans, but will cement, while severing, the two continents. And then it has an additional charm for Americans in achieving what few Britons, perhaps, have perceived. While Britain has completed her chain to the Pacific by the east, she has also stretched out to the Pacific by the west. In the north she has Canada, and to the south and south-west Bermuda, Jamaica, and a string of islands in the Caribbean Seas, while British Honduras and British Guiana

flank, as it were, the Atlantic entrance to the Canal. By acquiring the canal, America, as she thinks, will prevent the line of British supremacy from encircling the globe both east and west.

The canal will doubtless be of more strategical value to the United States than of commercial value to any of the nations; but it will also be of more commercial value to the United States than to any other nation. Whether it will be of any great commercial value to Great Britain, or whether we shall derive any benefit at all from it except in the general enlargement of the world's commerce, may be open to doubt. In its commercial aspects a canal across Central America, at any point, is strongly differentiated from the one across Suez. The Suez waterway connects two vast and thickly populated land areas; the Panama Canal will connect two wide oceans. East of Suez are the teeming millions of Asia, waiting with their produce for the markets of Europe; west of Suez are the workshops of the world. East of Panama is the broad Atlantic, separating the canal from the workshops and markets of Europe; west of it are 6000 miles of ocean, sprinkled with a few unconsidered insular trifles. Those who attempt to deduce from the experience of Suez a forecast of the future of Panama cannot fail to get far astray. There is no basis for comparison, even with a canal through Nicaragua, which would have passed through a region capable of development and of furnishing some local traffic.

But in the case of the American Canal, if, instead of looking east and west, we look north and south, a different prospect presents itself. The waterway will connect the busy workshops of the Eastern States of North America with the hobbledehoyish, but potentially industrious, Republics of the western side of South America. It will also connect the Pacific States of North America with the Eastern Republics of South America, though it is doubtful if much interchange of traffic will result. California and Argentina are competing wheat and meat producers, and neither country has much else that the other wants. The main point is that the commercial wants of the

western side of South America are at present almost exclusively supplied from Europe; in future they will probably be supplied from the United States, when the canal brings them a few thousand miles nearer together. Again, it is expected, and with some show of reason, that when the canal is completed every pound of cotton required by the growing industries of Japan will be supplied from the Southern States of the American Union. And there can be little doubt that the coal of West Virginia and the iron of the Southern States will have opened up to them wide markets from which they are at present shut out. The Danish West Indies have not been desired by the United States, at a cost of £900,000, because they are intrinsically worth that money. As a matter of fact, the islands of St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John are actually and potentially so poor that they have not returned to Denmark enough revenue to cover the cost of administration. But they constitute the "strategic key of the Caribbean," they have convenient harbours, and they may become invaluable coaling stations for American vessels using the canal route.

The extent, as we say, to which British trade will benefit by the canal is very problematic. For Europe generally the gain will be a nearer route to the Pacific shores of North and South America, to the South Sea Islands, and to New Zealand. To Canada the canal will ultimately be of first-rate importance when she is more industrially developed. At present, however, her exports are mainly agricultural, and find their market almost entirely in the United Kingdom or the United States.

The reduction in distances is all in favour of the United States; but the change in many instances produces a complete reversal of the advantage which British trade at present enjoys. By the Suez Canal England is closer than the United States to Australia, China, and Japan by about 2700 miles. When the American Canal is built, the cities of the Atlantic seaboard of North America will be only 1000 miles farther than this country from Hong Kong and Central China; and they will be upwards of 1200 miles nearer the northern ports

of China, Korea, and Japan, 2700 miles nearer to the western ports of South America, 1300 miles nearer to Melbourne, and more than 3000 miles nearer to New Zealand. The Atlantic termini of the Nicaragua and Panama Canals are about 300 miles apart, but are about the same distance from New York. For certain ports each route is shorter than the other, but for the traffic as a whole the difference in sailing distances is unimportant.

Although it is not too much to predict that the whole world will benefit by the opening of the canal, the present writer adheres to the opinion he has before expressed, that the commercial value of such a waterway has been exaggerated. The report of the Walker Commission admits that the conclusions as to the industrial effects of the canal are based on premises which are disputed. It is broadly asserted that the canal will assist a wide range of industries—agricultural, mineral, timbering and manufacturing. We have already seen some of the directions in which development may take place to the advantage of the United States. Whether the waterway will do very much to extend the connections of the Northern and Central States with Australia and the Orient is not clear; at the same time it is well to note that at present the greater part of the trade between the United States and China is conducted *via* New York and the Suez Canal, and that America has a good seventh of the foreign trade of China. The future market there for iron and steel manufactures and textiles is illimitable; but as regards the general speculations of the enthusiastic supporters of the scheme, these are largely founded on the belief that the traffic at present following all the avenues of commerce that might converge on the isthmus will necessarily use the canal. That will not happen. It is extremely unlikely, for instance, that all the wheat and nitrate and guano that at present finds its way from Pacific America to Europe round the Horn will come by the canal. A large portion of this commerce is conducted by sailing-ships which will not use the canal, and which it is a popular error to suppose will ever

be driven altogether off the face of the ocean by the steam tramp. The Nicaragua Canal Construction Company in 1894 estimated an annual traffic of 9,933,000 tons. The Walker Commission added up all the European and American tonnage crossing the oceans in 1899 that might have used the canal, had there been one, and could not bring out a larger total than 6,702,540 tons. The tonnage of the vessels carrying that traffic was estimated at 4,574,852 tons, net register. This is not a very large total on which to levy transit tolls, but they estimated that by natural increase and development the total will reach 6,500,000 tons in 1914, and may reach 11,375,000 tons in 1924. The increase will, of course, depend very much on the amount of the tolls levied, and the amount of the tolls will depend on the ultimate cost of the waterway, which we may take for granted will greatly exceed the estimates placed before Congress. It is improbable that, even at lower transit dues than Suez, the American Canal will ever attract much of our trade with India, China, and Australia, but it will bring these markets, as we have seen, 1000 to 3000 miles nearer to the Atlantic ports of America. But the published estimates of probable traffic are of little value, because they are based on the entrances and clearance at the Pacific ports, and vessels calling at several ports are included in the tonnage of each of these ports. If these figures were corrected, it is probable that the actual tonnage of 1899, which forms the basis of the estimates, would be found to be not more than half that accepted by the Commission.

In facilitating the commercial interchanges of the world, however, the American Canal must benefit more or less all the nations, whether it pays the owners of it a commercial profit or not.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

P.S.—Since this article was written, Congress has passed a Bill authorising the President to conclude the purchase of the Panama works if the titles are secure.

# RUSSIA'S LATEST VENTURE IN CENTRAL ASIA

IT is a commonplace to say that democracies never think of more than one thing at a time. That, if its truth be admitted, is about the severest judgment that could be passed upon the fitness of free peoples to manage their own affairs, for the criticism must, of necessity, be extended to their appointed rulers, who seldom trouble their heads about any questions excepting those which, very often owing to purely accidental causes, occupy the popular mind. For the last two and a half years we have had the South African War, and, allowing for the months of preliminary excitement, it is practically three years since the British democracy has thought of anything except South Africa. The brief interregnum of Chinese excitement was about the only disturbance of the South African pre-occupation; and had it not been for that temporary distraction we might have arrived at a transcendental state of permanent forgetfulness that there were British interests of importance in any other part of the world. Yet even during the Chinese interregnum we can trace our democratic tendency to think of only one thing at a time. Russia then appeared to menace our interests, and we applied our mind with democratic diligence to the study of Russia's new position in Northern Asia. In that position the Siberian railway was the most important factor. A mania set in for describing, interpreting, praising and condemning that railway,

as if it were a sort of conquest of China and assimilation of all Asia compressed into two narrow ridges of steel. Acres of information were supplied to the British public upon the subject, and the crop, while it fed the hungry, only served to increase their appetites. This was an opportunity for making us remember that there were railways in being, and in project, in other parts of the world, and that there were Anglo-Russian relations, and even Anglo-Russian relations in Asia which might be affected by such railways. But our devotion to Russia on the north of China left us no time to think of that older and still more important question—Russia on the north of India. If we had already possessed China, and Russia had just constructed a Siberian railway, making it possible for her to concentrate hundreds of thousands of armed men within a few miles of our northern frontier, we should have been rightly alarmed, and the fuss about the railway would have been justified. Yet that is exactly what Russia is now doing, and will have done in a couple of years, in regard to our southern China, as we might describe India. With this difference, that India, with a population little smaller than that of China—India, which we already rule and where we have already consolidated our interests, is much more important to us than a dozen Chinas, where we have only small commercial and only potential political interests. But owing to the fact—which in this light is a misfortune—that we have no revolt in India, and no besieged population crying for aid, we hear nothing about the matter at all.

We know nothing of what is passing in the minds of the rulers of India, but, as far as published reports go, there is no reason to suppose that the Indian Government, any more than the English people at home and their indifferent Ministers, are conscious of the shifting of political power in Central Asia, now imminent as the result of the railway which Russia is constructing between Orenburg and Tashkent. Yet it is assuredly a fact worthy of general attention that for the first time in history the geographical barriers which have always

made a European advance overland to India a hazardous enterprise, are being permanently overcome. The exact way in which this feat is now being accomplished was foreshadowed by De Lesseps more than a quarter of a century ago when he urged the Russian Government to make the town of Orenburg, the natural gateway of Central Asia, the starting-point of a railway through the steppes. The advantages of this scheme were even then obvious; and it would certainly have been carried out long ago had not Russia been compelled to build the Transcaspian line for the immediate purpose of completing her conquest of the Turkoman tribes on the north of Persia and Afghanistan. Yet, though the Transcaspian line was amply justified by its success, it never solved the problem of direct communication between Europe and Central Asia. Though it was built as a military railway, and was and is invaluable for military purposes, its success was greater in commerce than in strategy; and its value as a lever in Indo-Afghan crises is limited severely by political and geographical considerations. The present project, on the other hand, is nominally a commercial railway. But it is only necessary to look at the map of Asia to see its strategical importance.

It is only a little more than a year since the Russian Government decided to build this railway in its present form. When three years ago the question was being vehemently discussed in the Russian Press, it seemed more probable that the line would be built between the Caspian Sea and Lake Aral, starting from Saratov on the Volga and running in a direct line across the Caspian depression and the Ust-Yurt Plateau to Kungrad and Khiva, and thence following the general direction of the Oxus as far as Chardjui, which lies upon the existing Transcaspian line. This railway, which would have been about 1700 versts in length, and would have cost, including a bridge across the Volga, some 90,000,000 roubles, would have solved the problem of intercommunication between Russia and Central Asia as well as the present line; and it had the advantage of being for most purposes slightly

shorter. It was abandoned only in 1900, in spite of much advocacy from the Riazan-Ural Railway Company which controls the approaches, and would have reaped much of the profits if its proposals had been adopted. The motives which led the Russian Government to adopt the Orenburg-Tashkent route are probably explained by the fact that the approaches are formed by State railways, and that the line will pass through a country already inhabited by a considerable Russian population, whereas on 1200 versts of the Saratov route, from the Emba to Chardjui there is not a single Russian village. The advantages of the route, however, do not lie so much in the country traversed as in the terminal districts. Orenburg, in spite of its decline since the construction of the Transcaspian line, is still a town of considerable importance, and the natural outlet of a vast grain-growing district. It is, moreover, nearer to the Siberian main line, the junction being at Samara, whereas a long circuit through Penza is necessary to reach Saratov. The Orenburg scheme also presents none of those difficulties in regard to water-supply and protection from sand which proved so formidable in the building of the Transcaspian, and would prove hardly less formidable in the desert to the south-east of Saratov. The southern terminus, on the other hand, is in the centre of the most fertile district in Central Asia, Ferghana alone supplying 72 per cent. of the cotton sent to European Russia. These considerations seem to have determined the Russian Government in favour of the Orenburg route as opposed to the somewhat shorter Saratov project.

The new railway follows the natural and historic path of advance in Central Asia, keeping closely almost for its whole length to the still-existing track which before the opening of the Transcaspian line was the main artery of trade. The only considerable engineering difficulty met with is the bridging of the Ural River at the beginning of the line. From Orenburg the line runs east to Orsk, and there turns to the south, running between two outlying spurs of the Urals, through the Kirghiz country to Irghiz. At Irghiz is crossed

a branch of the Turgai River, and thence the railway runs south along the road to Kazalinsk on the Sir Daria, actually touching the north-east coast of the Sea of Aral. At Perovsk the line diverges eastward from the road, touching it again by a southward bend at Fort Julek, after which it runs straight to the town of Turkestan. According to the original project the railway was to have followed the track to Chimkent, and run thence to Tashkent, whither the Transcaspian line was only extended in 1900. Chimkent is now left to the east, and the railway runs almost in a straight line from Turkestan to Tashkent. No part of the country traversed, except the last part, is very fertile. But the railway will not only bring supplies both to and from the districts through which it lies, but it will also tap the whole fertile valley of the Oxus, goods sent from the Oxus valley being put upon the railway where the line touches the north-eastern coast of the Sea of Aral. The railway will, therefore, facilitate communication with Khiva and the Oxus valley as well as with the Sir Daria valley and Ferghana.

But perhaps the greatest commercial advantage of the new line lies in the fact that it will provide, although not by a very direct route, that intercommunication between Central Asia and Siberia, which many years ago it was proposed to create by means of a railway between Omsk and Tashkent. By that means a very old Russian economic ideal will be accomplished. At the present time it is practically impossible to transport the surplus Siberian products—grain, dairy produce, and timber—into Central Asia. Siberian products must first be sent several thousand miles by railway to Samara, after which follow a second journey of a thousand miles down the Volga, a sea voyage across the Caspian Sea, and a fourth journey of a thousand miles along the Transcaspian railway. The Russian ambition of sending surplus grain into Central Asia, and thus setting free land now devoted to raising cereals for the culture of the more valuable cotton meets, therefore, with considerable difficulty. When the new line is completed Russian grain will

be sent direct into the Khanates; while the journey for Siberian products will be reduced by half, goods being sent along the main line to Samara, and thence direct, *viâ* Orenburg, to Central Asia. The culture of cotton in Central Asia within recent years, and particularly since the introduction of the American plant, has attained enormous dimensions. During the last sixteen years the area devoted to cotton has increased from 1200 to 375,000 acres, and in 1900 Russia received from her own possessions 7,500,000 bales, or nearly half the amount required for the home manufactures. This increase has been effected chiefly by irrigation; but irrigated land is precious, and so long as part of the cultivable land of Central Asia is used for raising grain for home consumption, owing to the want of good communications by which food can be imported, the country is being developed economically at a loss. The cotton plantations of Central Asia pay dividends of as much as 50 per cent. when well managed, and as the duty on imported raw cotton was raised in 1900 (by 1 rouble per pood) the plantations are likely to become still more valuable in future years. Cotton, moreover, is one of the few manufactures in which Russia is likely to compete with Western Europe in foreign markets, and an increase in the quantity of cheap material available would probably result in such a development of the manufactures as would drive all competition out of China and Persia. It is plain, therefore, that the improvement in communications, by enabling the cotton-growing area to be increased, will prove, at least indirectly, very profitable.

In this, perhaps, lies the chief commercial hope of Russia's new undertaking. As to its cultural influence upon the country through which it passes, it is hardly possible to expect very much. The Turgai steppe is chiefly valuable for its stock, but it is not likely that Russian immigrants will be drawn there in numbers sufficient to develop the district economically. But the new railway will probably prove to be only a beginning, and with the great problem of direct communication between Central Russia and Central Asia once solved, it is

probable that branch lines will be constructed running through more fertile country. An extension into Eastern Turkestan and Western China will probably be the first developments.

The English commercial interest in the railway will, however, only begin when the inevitable connection with the Indian railways is accomplished. It is hardly to be expected that the Indian authorities will continue for ever to suffer from the blind panic which prevents them from welcoming a measure approved of by nearly every authority who has not been blinded by Russophobist dread. The Channel Tunnel (in essence a very similar project, since it would have joined by rail a military with a non-military nation) was killed by insular panic ; but it is safe to say that, had any other nation been concerned, Englishmen would have been the first to turn into ridicule such a dog-in-the-manger policy. The French, after 1870, had a much greater cause for fearing German invasion than we have ever to fear from the Russians. But they did not therefore take the heroic step of destroying all their railways within fifty miles of the German frontier. They knew by instinct that even a considerable risk of temporary evil is better than the permanent loss of all the advantages deriving from free communication. It is obvious also, that if the Russians are intent upon attacking us in India, their plans must be upon such a vast scale that the contemporaneous laying of a military railway will be but a detail. Indeed, the only plausible project for invading India published in Russia within the last twenty years[1] recognises this, and projects a gradual advance, lasting for years, and the contemporaneous laying of a military railway from the present terminus of the Transcaspian line at Kushk.

It is impossible also to ignore the fact that the connection of the Russian and Indian railways is primarily an Afghan question. The late Ameer may, or may not, have acted upon sure instinct when he directed his son not to discuss the question of

[1] "Towards India: a Military-Statistical and Strategical Sketch." A Plan of Future Invasion. By V. T. Lebedeff. St. Petersburg: 1899.

railways with English officials. But we know nothing definite about the wishes and ambitions of his successor. There is nothing in our loose suzerainty over Afghanistan to prevent the present Ameer laying down as many railways as he likes, and even importing material over the Russian lines in case we refuse to co-operate. Our attitude towards such a development ought surely to be moulded by broad considerations of policy, and not by the mere panic fear of Russian aggression. The unity and peace of Afghanistan is the centre of our Central-Asian policy. If the unity and peace of Afghanistan can be perpetuated by the methods adopted long ago by all progressive rulers, why should we oppose a policy so natural? Nothing could better promote unity and subordination in Afghanistan than the construction of a railway and telegraph system. But a railway in Afghanistan is inconceivable if it is not connected with the Indian lines on the south and the Russian lines on the north.

If some such unifying measure is not taken it is an absolute certainty that Afghanistan, sooner or later, will break into its traditional disorder, not merely because disorder is traditional in that country, but because disruption is the inevitable fate of all large states which neglect the railway and the telegraph, as the essential unifiers of Empire. Now the danger of Afghanistan breaking into pieces is much more serious for us than the mere risk of Russia using a railway to our disadvantage. We have therefore to choose between two perils, one great, the other very small. The lesser danger is that Russia may use the railway for aggressive purposes against India. The greater peril is obviously that Afghanistan may break up owing to her loosely bound organisation, and that that very break-up may precipitate a Russian advance.

If such an event should take place, the railway now being constructed by Russia will not be the less dangerous merely because it comes to an end abruptly at the Afghan frontier. Its strategical importance is entirely independent of whether it is or is not connected with India. The value of the railway

for military purposes depends upon its western and not upon its eastern connections. In this respect Russia has made an advance with which none of her other recent railway extensions can be compared. Twelve years ago, Annenkoff's much-trumpeted construction of the Transcaspian line was regarded both in Russia and in England as the solution of the immemorial problem of joining Asia and Europe by land. The security of India, it was believed, was threatened. Time has proved that both Russian hopes and British fears were exaggerated. The railway indeed made it possible for Russia to send a few thousand men from the Caucasus to Kuskh, or even to the northern slopes of the Thian Shan. But Central Russia, and all the great outlying districts which can be reached only through Central Russia, with their reserves of men, horses, and food, were still cut off from Asia by an impossible journey over a defective, partly desert, line. Only a year ago experiment proved that it took three weeks to send a few thousand men from Moscow to Merv. From Moscow to Baku or Petrovsk alone is more than 2500 versts (that is, longer than the whole of the new railway), after which follows the passage of the Caspian Sea and an interminable journey over a waterless desert. The Transcaspian line, in fact, established communication merely between the Caucasus and Central Asia, and only in a very limited sense formed a route from Russia proper. But the new line will bring the European frontier within three days, and Moscow within five days slow travelling of Merv and Kushk. It will constitute exactly that line of communication between Russia proper and Central Asia which the Transcaspian line failed to supply. No part of Russia now connected by rail with Moscow will be much more than a week's journey away from the point of danger on the Afghan frontier; and less than three days will suffice for the concentration in Central Asia of troops and munitions of war from Samara and the adjacent eastern governments. The Transcaspian line will still have its uses, and will retain its importance as a means of communication with the Caucasus and South-eastern Russia. But as a line of advance

into Central Asia the Orenburg-Tashkent line will supersede it altogether.

The strategical importance of the new line is, however, by no means confined to the saving of time. From a political point of view the present line of Russian communications is full of points of danger. In time of war there has always been a danger of the fanatical Moslem races of the Caucasus rising against their rulers, and in that case the destruction of the railway which feeds the Transcaspian by joining Russia with the Caspian ports would probably be one of their first acts. In summer time this would not have very serious results, as troops could still be sent down the Volga; in winter, however, the destruction of the Caucasus lines would mean the cessation of all communication with the troops in Central Asia. On the other hand, the Asiatic section of the present railway is subjected to still greater danger. For the whole of its course it runs through territory peopled by hardly subdued Turkomans, and at no point is it very far from the Persian frontier. A revolt among the Turkoman tribes, or a flank attack by Persia, would ruin Russia's chances of success, if it did not even result in the destruction of her army. The new railway will have neither of these disadvantages. It runs through a country almost as Russian as Moscow, for the Kirghiz nomads have practically no national sentiment or religious fanaticism, and their geographical position places them beyond the range of foreign incitement or bribery. Supplies for military purposes of cattle and horses are abundant all along the line; and even the defeat and driving back of a Russian attack, and the capture of their advanced depôts, would not, as under present conditions, involve the destruction of the invaders.

It would be interesting to know whether the Indian Government has determined upon the new policy which is imperative as the result of this impending change in the balance of power in Central and Southern Asia. To demand an impossible increase of the Indian army is the natural refuge of

the alarmist. But this, it should be observed, is just the one measure which would do least to meet the impending changes. For the Russians, as far as they have ever seriously dreamed of invading India, have never been in the least concerned by the number of opponents they would have to face.[1] Their problem has been not how to get a large enough number of men to the Afghan or Indian frontiers, but how to feed and supply them once they are there. The direct railway connection now being established with Moscow will solve this difficulty; and the problem which we have to face is, therefore, not that Russia has increased her potential strength in Central Asia, but that she has made its employment feasible. A change of policy seems the natural solution of the problem. But here we are brought face to face with the eternal problem, whether Russia has or has not any designs upon India, and whether, if she has, these designs are an aim in themselves, or merely an instrument for bringing pressure to bear in quarters where success would prove more fruitful than in the acquisition of a poverty-stricken Empire.

It is argued as a factor which would control our Russian policy that Russians regard dominion in India as their future destiny. Generalisations so comprehensive as this are of course impossible to refute—all political generalisations indeed obtain their plausibility from the circumstance that it is impossible to bring them within the focus of facts, whether for or against. All that we really know of Russia's ultimate aims in India might be summed up by saying that some Russians certainly have dreamed of conquering India. Men as mad as the Czar Paul, and as brilliant as Skobeleff, have planned invasion, and men, as obscure as Mr. A. Sapozhnikoff apparently,

[1] General L. N. Soboleff, Chief of the Staff of the Moscow Military District, in a pamphlet published in Moscow last year, entitled *L'Invasion russe dans les Indes est-elle possible?* argues that to ensure safety under present conditions the Anglo-Indian army would have to be increased to 500,000 men, which, as he says, "entraînerait un déficit annuel de 300,000,000 de roubles dans les finances de l'Empire des Indes."

still plan it, for I find that the Archimandrit Vladimir, Russia's senior ecclesiastical censor, has affixed his superscription to a pamphlet [1] by that gentleman which proves conclusively out of Holy Writ that Russia is the predestined stomach in which the whole world is fated to be digested and christianised. Mr. Sapozhnikoff does not hesitate to declare that now or never is the time for war with England, by affirming that "although we are not ready in all respects, England is still less prepared." (It is amusing to see how fanatics and alarmists everywhere cut with the same old saws, for is it not an article of British faith that Russia is the friend of peace only because she is not yet ready for war?) Aspirations, however, are not acts, and Destiny, which is best defined as what happens after the event, is not to be seduced by the *beaux yeux* of Slavonic megalomaniacs. Our relations with Russia depend not upon any imagined destiny, but upon future individual acts which they and we can control; and according as the individual act of each tips the balance the resultant measures of the other must be determined. Whether Russia will or can attack us in India is therefore just as much an open question as whether she will attack Germany, overrun Austria or even raid London. In this play of circumstances the new Central Asian Railway is undoubtedly the most important immediate factor; and it is ominous that a public which continually seizes upon unimportant things as vital, should have averted its eyes from a really significant factor in our Russian relations.

It is worth noting in conclusion that the railway now approaching completion is the work of the Russian industrial party, that is, of men who have hitherto opposed undue expansion, and grudged every penny of outlay for military purposes. That, of course, will not prevent the railway being used against us if difficulties should arise, any more than it prevented our peaceful liners being transformed at a moment's notice into transports for carrying men and horses to the Cape. By this potentiality the balance of power in Central Asia is

[1] "The Historic Destiny of Russia." By A. Sapozhnikoff. Moscow, 1901.

undoubtedly shifted heavily to the Russian side. Our immediate interest lies in realising that, and in shaping our policy accordingly. If the new policy results in bringing about good relations with Russia all the better. Friendly relations based upon an equilibrium between Russian interests and British interests are much more likely to be permanent than friendly relations based upon the enmity of either to a third Power. The movement recently on foot for improving relations with Russia has not been well received by the Russians merely because they have been sharp enough to see that enmity to Germany, not love of themselves, has been the inspiration of its advocates. The same good people who clamour for friendship with Russia to-day would return at once to their natural Russophobism if the German Press and people were to be suddenly converted from their present state of Boerophilism. Friendship with Russia can be established and confirmed only on the basis of an adjustment of the mutual relations of the two Powers, without regard to the shifting play of hatred and amity which goes on all over the rest of Europe. The creation of the railway from Central Russia to the Afghan and Indian frontiers is a factor in these mutual relations which needs adjustment; and whether it means bad relations springing from apprehension or good relations based upon an understanding, depends upon ourselves alone.

R. E. C. Long.

# THE PROMOTION OF TRADE WITHIN THE EMPIRE

## A REPLY TO MR. KERSHAW

THERE can be little doubt in the minds of intelligent observers that this country is once more approaching a critical period in its financial policy. Protection clearly is only scotched, not killed, and is once more raising its head under the guise of a preferential tariff. The growth of Imperial sentiment has led to a confused idea that something must be done to strengthen the bonds of Imperial unity. It is suggested that a preferential tariff would draw closer the ties between the mother country and the Colonies, and this suggestion is eagerly adopted by many who do not stop to consider the ulterior effects of such a policy. This growing interest in economic affairs has led to an outburst of Protectionist literature from writers who expatiate on the disadvantages, economic and political, of our present system. These attacks have hitherto been generally ignored, since a return to our cast-off fiscal system appeared outside the range of practical politics. But now that a system of disguised protection has unfortunately become almost identified with the advancement of Imperial federation, the need has grown greater that the disastrous consequences likely to arise on the re-adoption of such a policy should be clearly realised. With the purpose of furthering in however slight a degree a juster conception of our economic

position and of the policy best calculated to improve and sustain it I propose to offer some criticisms on an article from the pen of Mr. Kershaw in the MONTHLY REVIEW for June on "the Promotion of Trade Within the Empire." This will most conveniently be done by adopting Mr. Kershaw's own arrangement of the subject, and by considering in turn the three subjects, firstly, of the *Present Position of England as an Exporting Country*, secondly, of *the Preferential Tariff System*, and thirdly, of *a Reciprocity System.*

But our present commercial position, in no less degree than our political position, can only be understood by a reference to the past, and a brief historical sketch is indispensable in order that a due sense of proportion may not be lost, and that we may be saved from the mistake of imagining that the ruin of British trade is a necessary corollary of the growth of German and American prosperity. Such a view is entirely fallacious. It is to adopt Bismarck's statement that "trade between nations is to the advantage of one nation over another" rather than the true conception that the prosperity of all is bound up with the prosperity of each. The advantages of foreign trade, no less than the internal trade, are mutual, and are shared by both parties. So long then as it can be shown that British trade is not in that decline, which the pessimistic daily deplore, so long we need not fear for the future.

The wealth of England, and the vastness and prosperity of her commerce, have long been a byword among the nations of the earth. In her case the policy of Free Trade had been triumphantly vindicated. Her foreign trade increased "by leaps and bounds," and in proportion as her articles of commerce were freed from the shackles of Protective duties, so did the national wealth and the national revenue continually expand. For many years after the Crimean War this country enjoyed peace, broken only by small frontier wars and expeditions, too insignificant even to raise a ripple to disturb the national tranquillity. The other great nations of the world were not so fortunate. America, convulsed in the throes of

her gigantic struggle for union had no spare energy to devote to trade. The union of Germany was hardly consummated, and France was paralysed by the disaster of 1870. England stood, therefore, without a rival in the world of commerce. Not only did her exports of manufactures assume unparalleled proportions, but her merchant ships covered the seas, and she became the universal carrier. But this position of unrivalled and undisputed supremacy was not founded solely on natural causes, but was due rather to the misfortunes of other nations. The resources of the United Kingdom were not greater or even as great as those of the American continent, nor were her workmen endowed with more ingenuity and manufacturing capacity than those of the German Empire. It was merely a question of time when her supremacy would be fiercely assailed, and when those portions of her trade, which owed their growth to the momentary weakness of her rivals, might have to be relinquished. That time has now come. Germany and America are both making their strength felt in the world's markets, a strength which is legitimate and natural, being founded on their material resources and on the skill and energy of their populations.

Meanwhile the people of England have been filled with a feeling almost akin to despair at the growing strength of their commercial rivals. Without caring to verify their opinions, Press writers have taken for granted the decay of British trade, and have searched for some cause to account for this phenomenon. That cause has been discovered in the economic policy of our rivals. It is alleged, in Mr. Kershaw's words, that "Protection as a system of fiscal policy has triumphed," while Free Trade is branded as "antiquated and absurd," a species of argument that is two-edged. For Protection, as a fiscal system, is more antiquated by centuries than Free Trade, and has been an "old shibboleth" since the time of Colbert.

The growth of this Protectionist feeling has been immensely furthered by the South African War, and the resulting necessity of new taxation. The shoe has begun to pinch. There is a

vague feeling that a preferential tariff will operate to lighten the burden of taxation, and a resolute and tenacious statesman is in power, ready to take advantage of this growing discontent.

It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that a true perception of England's present position in trade should be obtained, and of the effect likely to be produced on it by the introduction of a system of preferential duties.

### I.—*The Present Position of the United Kingdom as an Exporting Country.*

The difficulty of using statistics correctly has been pointed out so admirably by Sir Robert Giffen, that I may perhaps be allowed to quote his own words. "No table," he insists, "can be used without qualification and discretion. The moment we perceive that figures are used without qualifications, and without anxiety to use them in their right meaning, and to support no greater conclusion than they can be made to bear, we may be sure that there is something wrong." No injustice is done in applying these words to the use made by Mr. Kershaw of the statistics he gives in order to demonstrate the decline of our trade.

His figures, it is true, give some colour to the view that our export trade is not increasing at quite so rapid a rate as that of America and Germany, which is due mainly to the fact that their expansion began at a much later date. But not content with this, Mr. Kershaw, from premises quite insufficient for the purpose, unjustifiably concludes that our export trade is in a state of rapid decline.

In the first place, he gives us a diagram illustrating the relative increase in English, German, and American exports, which demonstrates, as might reasonably be expected, that in the last few years the two latter countries have gained slightly on the United Kingdom in the matter of exports. England gained at the outset by having a long lead, but at any rate since 1894 Germany and America have been making up for lost time.

The following figures show roughly the progress made by the three countries:

TABLE I.

*Exports.*

| | 1894. | 1900. | Increase. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | £ | £ | £ |
| Germany . . . | 148,000,000 | 235,000,000 | 87,000,000 |
| United States . . | 181,000,000 | 284,000,000 | 103,000,000 |
| United Kingdom . . | 216,000,000 | 283,000,000 | 67,000,000 |

The qualification must be made that a considerable portion of the increase in exports from the United Kingdom is due to one item, coal; but, on the other hand, Germany also exports large amounts of raw material and food-stuffs.

A still more important qualification must be made in the case of the American figures, which on the surface seem to present so formidable a danger to our manufacturing supremacy.

The following quotation is made from "The Consular Report of the Trade of the United States for the year ending June 30, 1901:"

> The total exports were valued at 1,460,000,000 dollars but these figures are not so satisfactory for American manufacturers as they appear to be. Deducting from the total amount the value of agricultural produce 944,000,000 dollars, mining 39,000,000 dollars, forests 54,000,000 dollars, fisheries 7,000,000 dollars, we have representing manufactured goods 410,000,000 dollars.
>
> This is 5¼ per cent. decrease from 1900.

Though, therefore, we may regret that England's export trade does not show that power of expansion which we might desire, no sufficient reason for despondency exists.

Mr. Kershaw's next table of statistics, showing that the growth of exports has not increased in the same proportion as that of population, seems to me no more successful in proving his thesis. Such a method of calculation is unsound for two main reasons.

In the first place, the amount of a country's exports

depends mainly not on its population, but on its material resources. If our exports have been expanding at a fair rate, there is no reason for alarm because their growth does not keep pace with that of the population.

And in the second place, though it may be true that "our chief rivals can show an actual gain in the value of exports per head of the population," yet the leeway they have to make up is too great to render such a comparison a fair one. For while British exports per head amount to £6·21 German exports amount only to £4·19, and American to £3·73 per head.

A just idea of our commercial situation is not to be gained by dividing off the export trade for separate consideration but by the survey of the figures of our whole trade for several years past, which are given in Table II. obtained from "The Statistical Abstract of the United Kingdom for 1901."

TABLE II.

*Value of Total Imports and Exports of Merchandise into and from the United Kingdom* (000,000*s omitted*).

| Years. | IMPORTS. | EXPORTS. | | | TOTAL OF IMPORTS AND EXPORTS. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Total Value. | British Produce. | Foreign and Colonial Produce. | Total Value. | Total Value. | Proportion per Head of Population. |
| | £ | £ | £ | £ | £ | £ s. d. |
| 1888 | 387 | 234 | 64 | 298 | 686 | 18 12 2 |
| 1889 | 427 | 248 | 66 | 315 | 743 | 19 19 10 |
| 1890 | 420 | 263 | 64 | 328 | 748 | 19 19 7 |
| 1891 | 435 | 247 | 61 | 309 | 744 | 19 14 0 |
| 1892 | 423 | 227 | 64 | 291 | 715 | 18 15 6 |
| 1893 | 404 | 218 | 58 | 277 | 681 | 17 14 10 |
| 1894 | 408 | 216 | 57 | 273 | 682 | 17 11 10 |
| 1895 | 416 | 226 | 59 | 285 | 702 | 17 19 3 |
| 1896 | 441 | 240 | 56 | 296 | 738 | 18 14 1 |
| 1897 | 451 | 234 | 59 | 294 | 745 | 18 14 3 |
| 1898 | 470 | 233 | 60 | 294 | 764 | 19 0 6 |
| 1899 | 485 | 264[1] | 65 | 329 | 814 | 20 1 8 |
| 1900 | 523 | 291[1] | 63 | 354 | 877 | 21 9 0 |

[1] From British exports for 1899 should be deducted £9,000,000, the value of ships (new) included for first time; and for 1900, £8,500,000.

From this table it is perfectly clear that, unless as alarmists would have us believe, we are living on our capital and importing more than we can really pay for, our trade is in a flourishing condition and shows no signs of ruin or decay. Yet with such figures before him Mr. Kershaw is bold enough to say that

> the study of the figures of our foreign trade for the last thirty years emphasises the need for improving our trade relations with our Colonies and with other countries willing to consider the advantages of reciprocal trade,

and that

> *this falling off in our export trade, if it continues,* will have most disastrous consequences for the credit and prosperity of the mother country. Several of our staple industries are already seriously undermined, and the continuance of the present system of so-called Free Trade is likely to bring about their final ruin.

It is a pity Mr. Kershaw withholds from us the interesting knowledge, presumably possessed by him, as to specific industries which are in so lamentable a condition. To one who considers impartially the figures in Table II., the words just quoted must appear somewhat figurative.

Mr. Kershaw makes a further observation that "many consider that we might now with every justification copy the Protective policy of our rivals." If this means that we should be morally justified in creating a high tariff wall, no one would deny it. But we do not order our financial goings on such grounds. Justification on economic grounds has yet to be proved. For any small or conjectural gain to take the momentous step of abandoning Free Trade, of throwing down the ladder by which we have risen, would be absurd.

Free Traders are far from denying the reality of the fierce competition we meet in every quarter of the world, or the necessity of straining every nerve in the race. It is only too true that we are falling behind in education and adaptability. Protection as a remedy for that would merely exaggerate the disease. But, even when this allowance is made, a study of our official figures seems to me to necessitate a conclusion the reverse of that drawn by Mr. Kershaw.

Our exports are *not* decreasing, but increasing. Our trade, without exaggeration, can be said to be in a perfectly sound and healthy condition. It is true that the excess of imports over exports, amounting in 1900 to £169,000,000, is apt to create alarm in some minds, but this excess is accounted for by freights, interest on foreign loans, and commissions on international banking.

It is impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to compare fully our trade with that of our rivals, and for my purpose it would be unprofitable. It is sufficient to demonstrate its prosperity. It is for the opponents of our present fiscal policy to show that another system would have led to still better results.

Keeping in mind the figures of our foreign trade, shown in Table II., we are now in a better position to deal with the proposals Mr. Kershaw brings forward "to relieve us from our present difficulties," the first of which is that we should adopt a system of preferential duties.

### II.—*A Preferential Tariff System for the Empire and its probable Influence on British Trade.*

Mr. Kershaw appears somewhat perplexed as to the relative merits of Protection and Free Trade. It is true he says that "Protection as a system of fiscal policy has triumphed," but on the other hand, he "prefers to regard a preferential tariff system as a step towards that world-wide Free Trade which all desire to see inaugurated." The "triumph" of Protection must appear of a somewhat doubtful character to one so anxious to see its abolition. Such inconsistencies, however, are of small moment. It is sufficient to note that Mr. Kershaw is in favour of a preferential tariff as a means of introducing Free Trade within the Empire, and of checking the imaginary decline in our exports. A discussion of this policy is apt to introduce confusion owing to the common mistake of not clearly distinguishing between the economic and the political results of such a measure. It is absolutely

necessary that a clear line of division should be drawn between them.

The economic aspect is the most important for our purpose, though Protectionists are apt rather to rely on political considerations. In the first place, it is clear that by no possible means can the trade of the United Kingdom reap any benefit from a system of preferential duties. A brief survey of our trade statistics and of the elements that go to make up our commercial prosperity are sufficient to prove it.

Compare our trade with the Colonies with the rest of our foreign trade. The latest figures are those for 1901. The value of our total imports and exports was £869,000,000. Of that our foreign trade amounted to £650,000,000, our trade with British Possessions to £219,000,000.

The great fact to be borne in mind is that we should be sacrificing the greater for the less. No one supposes that there would be a total loss of our trade with foreign countries, but Mr. Kershaw's statement "that this could be faced with equanimity" is a proposition of more doubtful value. It would be many years before we could build up an equivalent trade with our colonies.

A closer examination of the probable results of this policy discloses further disadvantages. The country has lately been informed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that whatever arrangements are come to with the Colonies, the Government has no intention of deserting the policy of Free Trade. If this is so, we cannot hope to make any concession to the Colonies which will be acceptable to them.

At the present moment our indirect revenue is obtained for the most part from taxes on tea, sugar, tobacco, spirits and corn. If India is left out of consideration—and her exceptional position renders this justifiable—the tax on corn is the only means of giving any preference to colonial imports. And that tax is at present too small to be of much good for the purpose. Further duties must therefore be imposed on imports from foreign countries which come into competition with

colonial exports. These latter are composed mostly of food-stuffs or raw materials.

Let us suppose that the duty on corn is raised to give Canada a preference. It will certainly be impossible to stop there. Australia and South Africa will clamour for a duty on wool, New Zealand for one on frozen mutton, and then, perhaps, Canada again for one on cheese, timber, and apples. And so the game will go on, raising envyings and jealousies among the different colonies, and disillusionment at home.

Mr. Kershaw gives an ingenious table showing that we can find a sufficient market for our exports within the Empire. But he fails to point out the disastrous effects on those very exports of preferential duties. Our manufacturers in these days of cheap labour and material complain of stringent competition. The lowering of the standard of efficiency, which will be caused by the high price of food and bad housing, due to the increase in the price of timber, added to increased cost of raw material, is hardly likely to better their position.

The prosperity of British trade is dependent on the free and unrestricted entry of cheap food and cheap raw materials, which together make up practically the whole of our imports. In the year 1901 our imports amounted to £522,000,000. If the value of imported manufactured articles amounting to £93,000,000 is subtracted, the remainder consists almost altogether of articles of food and raw materials. So long as they are imported in abundance, we can rely on the skill and energy of our people to compete with foreigners.

But a preferential tariff strikes directly at both. For a rise in prices is essential to the benefit the Colonies are to draw from such a system. A sanguine estimate of the capabilities of our colonies is needed, if we are to believe in their ability to supply us with all the food we need, at a moment's notice. Last year 52,000,000 cwts. of wheat were imported from foreign countries, and only 16,000,000 from British Possessions. It is impossible to doubt that Canada and Australia possess large potentialities for wheat-growing. But years must elapse

before the country could be properly opened out, and meanwhile the well-being of the mass of our people would be sacrificed for the benefit of a small number of Canadian and Australian squatters.

While the economic disadvantages accompanying a preferential tariff are undoubted, the advantages seem more problematical. Its advocates point to the great momentum it would give to our colonial trade, alleging that the gain in this direction would outbalance any other loss. Such a view necessitates the assumption of an immediate and striking increase in the wealth of the Colonies. But this is unlikely. In proportion to their population both Canada and Australia are rich and prosperous under the present *régime*. In neither colony does the population show much sign of increase, and consequently no startling growth in their foreign trade is to be expected. If this assumption is made, it is difficult to discover how a preferential tariff would better our present position. For, with the exception of Canada, we hold undisputed possession of the field. In India we sweep the board, and the following figures show our position elsewhere. The imports (including bullion and specie) from the United Kingdom into Australasia, Natal and Cape of Good Hope amounted in 1900 to £38,400,000, from Germany into the same countries, £3,500,000, and from the United States, £8,300,000.

Canada is the only colony in which our position is not favourable.

The imports from the United Kingdom into Canada amounted to £9,000,000, from Germany £1,700,000, from the United States £22,000,000.

By the introduction of an absolutely prohibitive tariff against the United States and at the cost of great injury to Canada herself, it might be possible to increase our trade in that direction.

Turning to our colonies, we may assume that they would gain largely from preferential duties on their chief exports, but they would have to submit to an increased cost for imported

manufactures. It is often argued with reason that Protection is serviceable under certain conditions to be found in new countries. The "infant industries" are unable to compete with their adult rivals, and state aid is necessary to tide over the period of growth. It is probable that both Canada and Australia would find this form of Protection preferable to any other. But in this respect a preferential tariff will be of no avail. English manufactures would be let in duty free to compete with the infant colonial industries, while those agricultural interests which need no aid are to be protected against foreign competitors in the British market.

Circumstances may sometimes arise which compel a nation for the sake of some great political advantage to undergo a certain amount of economic loss. The British Empire, according to the adherents of a system of preferential duties, is now in a position to reap such incalculable political benefits from this scheme that it will be able to face with equanimity the loss of a little wealth.

Commercial federation, it is alleged, must precede political federation; such a system would create a strong and healthy agricultural population in our colonies, would provide an adequate market in the United Kingdom for surplus agricultural and dairy produce, and would supply us with food and men in time of war.

The federation of the Empire is the dream of every British citizen, but a reasonable doubt may be expressed whether a scheme, bound to result in economic loss, is likely to lead to its fulfilment. One result, no doubt, of an increase in the price of corn would be its increased growth in Canada and Australia. It is more doubtful, whether as a further result, there would spring up a healthy agricultural population. Land in the Colonies is, to a great extent, in the hands of large owners. Machinery would be extensively used, and an agricultural life is too lonely and monotonous to be agreeable.

Great stress is usually laid on what may be termed the "food in time of war" argument. It is realised that this

island cannot, under any circumstances, feed its entire population. The remedy is proposed that we should draw all our supplies from within the Empire. Such a solution of a well-recognised danger would be entirely inadequate. In time of war, vessels of neutral Powers would have a much better chance of escape from commerce-destroying cruisers, while every British and Colonial vessel would be lawful prey. The greater the number of countries from which we draw our food supply, the more security we possess. For it becomes less likely that we shall be at war with all at one and the same time.

The introduction of Free Trade throughout the Empire would be worth many sacrifices. But at present political exigencies prohibit the consummation of this ideal. The necessity of raising revenue sufficient for their needs forces on the Colonies a policy of Protection. The only result of a preferential tariff would be the enrolment of England in the ranks of Protectionist countries, an extremely circuitous method of bringing about universal Free Trade.

For one who is in entire agreement with Mr. Kershaw's statement that "the commerce of the United Kingdom far outweighs in value and importance that of the Colonies and dependencies of the Empire," and who finds that the economic loss to that trade would be large and would not be counterbalanced by any great political advantage, there can be no other conclusion than that a preferential tariff would be a step not towards the federation, but towards the disintegration of the British Empire.

III.—*An International Tariff System based on Reciprocity.*

A short criticism is all that is necessary for this, the second proposal of Mr. Kershaw's to improve the condition of our foreign trade. For, unlike a preferential tariff, it is not a question of immediate importance, and is unlikely to come within the range of practical politics.

No one will be found to deny that the tariff walls, which

foreign nations have erected to keep out British goods, have worked great harm to our trade, or to cavil at any reasonable means which might be adopted in the hope of obtaining their reduction. And at first sight it seems extremely reasonable that we should retaliate on our enemies—give blow for blow; and in proportion as they raise their duties raise ours too.

If, in this commercial war, it were certain that we should exhaust our rivals' resources, and induce them to lower their tariffs by sheer necessity, the means taken would be justified by the result. But the existing examples do not encourage us to adopt such a method as a solution of our difficulties. America and Canada have practised the game of mutual retaliation since 1860, with the result that the tariff walls have been increased rather than reduced in height.

From an economic point of view, this theory of reciprocity and retaliation has not a leg to stand on. It would be a foolish policy to injure ourselves on the chance of doing still greater harm to our competitors.

Consider the consequences of such a policy in the case of England. As a Free-Trading country, we can offer no advantage to foreign countries as a return for the reduction of their Protective duties. Our first step must needs be to impose duties on all foreign imported goods equal to those imposed on our exports. It will then be in our power to make equal offers of reciprocity, but not before. So radical a change in our policy, and one calculated to inflict so much damage, is hardly justified by the end in view. Our plight would be unenviable if our retaliatory measures failed in their intended effect. It would be reasonable to suppose that an advocate of reciprocity would indicate clearly how this system is to be carried out, and would point out some advantage inherent in it. Mr. Kershaw merely tells us that foreign nations "are slowly strangling certain of our home and foreign industries" without vouchsafing us further specific information. He considers that the advantages of trade ought to be more equally shared, and indulges in a pious hope that the imposition of reciprocal

duties by this country "would lead to the reduction in height of many of the tariff barriers which now hinder development." In other words, in order to assist development we are to add one more to the already long list of tariffs which hinder development.

All this sounds extremely satisfactory. But the difficulties inherent in any such scheme and the damage it would inflict on our trade are passed over in silence. Mr. Kershaw's reasons for considering a change in our fiscal policy imperatively necessary merit attention. We are informed that close on £100,000,000 of manufactured goods were last year imported into this country. Mr. Kershaw is horror-struck at this revelation. "There is reason to believe," he says, "that the British Empire forms a 'dumping-ground' for a very large quantity of foreign manufactures, and the United Kingdom especially is inundated with goods of this character," which are "offered below the actual cost of production," a fact which leads one to conclude that the outlook for the British consumer at any rate is not so very black. If Mr. Kershaw is right in his statement that the German ironmasters, while making their own compatriots pay high prices for their own steel and iron, are complacent enough to suffer loss in order to get rid of their surplus product in this country, this can only be a matter of sincere congratulation.

Mr. Kershaw in fact seems to labour under a complete delusion as to the real benefits accruing from foreign trade, which exists not in order to be a source of gain for the manufacturer, but as a means of more completely satisfying the wants of the whole community, and of raising its standard of life and efficiency.

From this point of view there is no harm in the import of manufactures if they can be so obtained more cheaply. Nor is it true that these imported manufactures compete always or even generally with our industries. Mr. Kershaw lays special stress on the import of continental iron and steel, and electrical plant from the United States. The truth is that our steel industries

cannot wholly supply the internal demand which is satisfied by the import of steel and iron from abroad. The following is a statement to that effect made by Sir John Glover in the *Statistical Journal* of March 1902. "Our domestic need of iron and steel in 1900 was much greater than in 1890. *Indeed much steel had to be imported from the United States and Germany.*" If a Protective policy enables such countries to supply us with goods at less cost than they would otherwise have been able to do, so much the better for us. This is not to deny that in some cases goods have been imported which should have been manufactured at home. The electrical industry is a case in point. Our negligence and lack of training is responsible for our failure here. Protection would merely exaggerate our defects. And in another way it is absurd to look on the import of the manufactures as disadvantageous. A certain proportion consists of half-manufactured goods. Such as some kinds of leather which are worked up in this country into finished goods and re-exported. Duties imposed on them would merely inflict damage on our own export trade.

It is unreasonable to suppose that the imposition of reciprocal duties on so small a fraction of our trade as imported manufactures would lead foreign countries to revolutionise their fiscal policy. For instance, the harm done to the United States would be comparatively small. In order to make them mend their ways, we should be compelled to impose further duties on other American exports of raw materials and foodstuffs. On the disadvantages of such a course enough has been said. The profits of American trade are so great that that country might agree to bear some part of the duty. But the variations of supply and demand would cause its incidence to fall on buyer and seller alike, and this country could not hope to escape its share of the burden.

No better warning of the disillusionment resulting from a policy of Protection and State aid could be found than that afforded by the German sugar industry, on which bounties

have for many years been lavished, with the satisfactory result that the German Chancellor has lately stated his opinion thus: "That the abolition of bounties is in itself desirable from the economic point of view as well as from that of financial and commercial policy will not be denied in any quarter." At the same sitting of the Reichstag it was shown that as a result of the bounty system the consumption of sugar per head in England was 37 kilogrammes, in the United States 29 kilogrammes, and in Germany 13 kilogrammes.

So much for the triumph of Protection. In fact, from whatever standpoint the question is approached, the dangerous policy of a departure from our settled system of Free Trade is apparent.

A financial blunder has once already led to the Empire's disruption. No such crime can be laid at the door of Free Trade.

Much good may be gained by a free discussion with our Colonies of Imperial problems, but it should be clearly recognised that the United Kingdom is the Empire's heart, and that on its prosperity depends the Empire's welfare.

R. H. BRAND.

# LORD BEACONSFIELD

"Why then the world's mine oyster,
Which with my sword I'll open."

SO runs the motto with which the young Disraeli launched "Vivian Grey" upon the world. And the lines furnish a not unsuitable introduction to the sketch of a political career like Lord Beaconsfield's, which was achieved in spite of so many and so considerable disadvantages. How complete was the achievement is, perhaps, only apparent now, when the disciples of Mill grow yearly fewer and Disraeli's philosophy, dictated by an historical insight not to be found in Mill, commends itself in its broad outlines to most men, who do not find a dry utilitarianism either stimulating to themselves or powerful to influence others. At the least a review of Lord Beaconsfield's life and theories can scarcely be less than curious at the present time. This, however, is not the place to revive the striking incidents of his early days, nor to introduce any special pleading to prove that his ill-advised application for office was something else than it appears. Till 1846, when he was forty-two, Disraeli can hardly be taken seriously, and therefore this essay, which aims rather at presenting him in his political than in his personal aspect, may safely neglect him until his political theories have been evolved, and he has found an opportunity to assert his claims to a place in the front rank of parliamentary debaters.

The opportunity offered, as every one knows, when Peel

apostatised over the corn laws. The Member for Shrewsbury proclaimed the dumb sufferings of his fellow Tories in invective of perhaps unequalled bitterness, and Peel and Peel's narrow Conservatism fell together, and finally. As for Disraeli, though he afterwards accepted the *fait accompli* of free trade, it does not appear that his opposition to it at this epoch was either foolish or dishonest. From the point of view of theoretical economics he must have seen, like all intelligent men, that the free-traders were clearly invulnerable. But it was from another quarter altogether that he delivered his attack. What in "Coningsby" he most sets store upon is national character. It is unhappily no idle sentiment which regards agriculture as a better governess than industrialism. Protection (and it is well to remember that Protection may mean bounties as well as duties) is not so costly a price to pay for healthy minds and sturdy frames, in a word "for morale," and cosmopolitan principles of production are a dear commodity if England is to be a kind of apotheosis of shopkeeping. Plenty, in short, is not so certainly a good exchange for power. But to revive these considerations would now be little better than an idle task if it were not that they admit of an extended usage. That side of the national life, which must in England tend more and more to disappear, is just that which may be abundantly developed in the self-governing colonial provinces of Britain. Though nothing ought more to be deprecated than an ill-considered dislocation of trade, nothing is more true than that strong empires are the outcome of self-sufficiency. In a speech (to be quoted later) delivered during his great Ministry, Disraeli, by expressing himself in favour of an imperial tariff, seems to concur in this view.

The repeal of the corn laws left the Conservative Party a disorganised remnant, but Disraeli was a made man. Two men only stood between him and the leadership. One was Lord George Bentinck, a Tory squire of rather more than the average amount of brain-power, but of course a mere tool in the hands of the clever Jew. The other was Lord Derby, still

perhaps a Rupert in his tactics, but slow in strategy and unstable in opinion as Rupert never was. Disraeli's ultimate triumph was assured. It is time to examine his political creed.

To this the two novels which he published in 1844 and 1845—"Coningsby" and "Sybil"—are the best guide. In the former he discusses the condition of English parties. A denunciation of the time-serving mediocrity of Lord Liverpool and his following is illustrated by Lord Monmouth, Coningsby's grandfather, in whom no reader of Thackeray will have any difficulty in recognising the immortal patron of Becky Sharp. Coningsby comes under the influence of Sidonia, an admirable Crichton of cold heart and Jewish nationality. The conversations of Sidonia are the channels for Disraeli's political sentiments.

> You will observe one curious trait in the history of this country [he says]. The depository of power is always unpopular: all combine against it; it always falls. . . . As we see that the Barons, the Church, the King, have in turn devoured each other, and that the Parliament, the last devourer, remains, it is impossible to resist the impression that this body also is doomed to be destroyed; and he is a sagacious statesman who may detect in what form and in what quarter the great consumer will arise. Where, then, asks Coningsby, would you look for hope? In what is more powerful than laws or institutions, and without which the best laws and the most skilful institutions may be a dead letter or the very means of tyranny—in the national character. It is not in the increased feebleness of its institutions that I see the peril of England: it is in the decline of its character as a community.
>
> In this country [continues Sidonia] since the peace there has been an attempt to advocate the reconstruction of society on a purely rational basis. The principle of utility has been powerfully developed. . . . There has been an attempt to reconstruct society on a basis of material motives and calculations. It has failed.

Why? Because, as he goes on to show,

> We are not indebted to the reason of man for any of the great achievements which are the landmarks of human action and human progress. It was not Reason that besieged Troy; it was not Reason that sent forth the Saracen from the desert to conquer the world, that inspired the Crusades, that instituted the monastic orders; it was not Reason that produced the Jesuits;

above all it was not Reason that created the French Revolution. Man is only truly great when he acts from the passions; never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination. Even Mormon counts more votaries than Bentham.

And you think then [asks Coningsby] that as Imagination once subdued the State, Imagination may now serve it?

Man [replies Sidonia] is made to adore and to obey; but if you will not command him, if you give him nothing to worship, he will fashion his own divinities, and find a chieftain in his own passions.

Here then we have the basis of Disraeli's philosophy. It was a protest against the prevalent utilitarianism; it avowedly appealed to the emotions; it preferred the passions of religion and loyalty to the lifeless rule of conduct which is furnished by unillumined reason. The main purpose of "Coningsby," the writer tells us, was to vindicate the just claims of the Tory Party to be the popular political confederation of the country. The aims and methods of the Conservatives after the '32 Reform Bill are mercilessly satirised in Tadpole and Taper, the greatest creatures of Disraeli's pen:

"That we should ever live to see a Tory Government again. We have reason to be very thankful," said Mr. Taper.

"Hush!" said Mr. Tadpole, "the time has gone by for Tory Governments; what the country requires is a sound Conservative Government."

"A sound Conservative Government," said Taper, musingly. "I understand: Tory men and Whig measures."

For such as these, and for the self-seeking parasites who are represented by Nicholas Rigby, Lord Monmouth's unscrupulous toady, Disraeli has nothing but contempt. From them he appeals to the new generation. Coningsby gets into Parliament as the candidate of the people, irrespective of their political creeds, against Rigby, the nominee of the Conservative oligarch of the district.

Coningsby is the champion of the much-abused creed of Tory democracy, or, as I should prefer to call it, Tory socialism. The root-idea of Disraeli's political theory is the same as that of the democratic Empire, "confidence coming

from below, power from above." In its full growth it shows perfect social solidarity. Each man is to do his duty in his allotted sphere of life and to desire nothing more. "Man is born to obey and to adore." The impracticable ideals of the Radical are to be abandoned, and the social problem is to be solved by the development of the old national institutions. These, Disraeli holds, are as necessary to the healthy growth of the national spirit as is a sound body to the growth of a temperate mind. The Crown, the Church, the Peerage, the Commons, have each their separate function, and are to be revivified so as to perform it.

> In the selfish strife of factions [he says in "Sybil"] two great existences have been blotted out of the history of England, the Monarch and the Multitude; as the power of the Crown has diminished, the privileges of the people have disappeared; till at length the sceptre has become a pageant, and its subject has degenerated again into a serf.

The notion of restoring the power of the Crown was a favourite part of his creed and deserves especial attention. Speaking in 1866, he said:

> I hold our constitution to be a monarchy limited by the co-ordinate authority of bodies of the subjects which are invested with privileges and with duties, for their own defence and for the common good—the so-called Estates of the Realm.

And in his review of Parliamentary history in "Sybil," he applauds George III.'s attempt to make himself a real king, and singles out Bolingbroke, Carteret, Shelburne, and Shelburne's pupil, Pitt, as the true Tory statesmen. All these Ministers, he shows, were hostile to the Whig oligarchy, and hoped to overcome its selfish neglect of the people by a restoration of a limited royal prerogative. Tory democracy was, in fact, to be a standing protest against the self-seeking of capitalists, whether their capital was invested in land or commerce. For propagating the new creed Disraeli looked to the Church for strenuous support. He protested against her enslavement by the State; wrote strongly in favour of a revival of Convocation; even seemed to hope that he might find an ally in Dr. Newman.

The other agent of Tory democracy was to be the new generation—a band of generous aristocrats who were to surround and embellish the real throne. In the House of Commons the old theory of the constitution was to be revived and maintained. "The Commons," he reminded their modern successors, "consisted of the proprietors of the land after the barons, the citizens and burgesses, and the skilled artisans." He declared that he wished to preserve this arrangement. "The elements of the Estate of the Commons must be numerous and they must be ample in an age like this, but they must be choice. Our constituent body should be numerous enough to be independent and select enough to be responsible."

The practical aspect of the new creed was well set forth at a later date in "Lothair."

> To change back the oligarchy into a generous aristocracy round a real throne; to infuse life and vigour into the Church, as the trainer of the nation by the revival of Convocation, then dumb, on a wide basis and not as has since been done in the shape of a priestly section; to establish a commercial code on the principles successfully negotiated by Lord Bolingbroke at Utrecht, and which, though baffled at the time by a Whig Parliament, were subsequently and triumphantly vindicated by his political pupil and heir, Mr. Pitt; to govern Ireland according to the policy of Charles I. and not of Oliver Cromwell; to emancipate the political constituency of 1832 from its sectarian bondage and contracted sympathies; to elevate the physical as well as the moral condition of the people, by establishing that labour required regulation as much as property; and all this rather by the use of ancient forms and the restoration of the past than by political revolutions founded on abstract ideas, appeared to be the course which the circumstances of this country required, and which, practically speaking, could only, with all their faults and backslidings, be undertaken and accomplished by a reconstructed Tory Party.

Of the success of the new creed Disraeli had good hopes in 1845.

> There is a whisper rising in this country that Loyalty is not a phrase, Faith not a delusion, and Popular Liberty something more diffusive and substantial than the profane exercise of the sacred rights of sovereignty by political classes.

We, in 1902, who can contemplate the Crown and the Church after they have passed through the crucible of Popular Liberty,

are not likely to think that Disraeli's hearing was faulty. If all his expectations have not been realised, his own conduct in 1867 has not a little to say to it.

We left Disraeli just as he was attaining the Parliamentary leadership of his party. For six years he remained in Opposition. Then, in 1852, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Derby's short-lived administration. Of this the great feature was Disraeli's budget, ingeniously devised so as to satisfy the farmers without reverting to protectionist principles. The Ministry fell before one of those coalitions, which Disraeli asserted England did not love, and Lord Aberdeen came into office at the end of 1852 at the head of a mixed Government of Whigs and Peelites. After the Crimean fiasco Lord Derby, much to Disraeli's annoyance, refused to form a Cabinet, but the Tories came in again in 1858, and in 1859 a Reform Bill, which marked a turning-point in Disraeli's career, was rejected. In this abortive measure there was nothing inconsistent with his earlier declarations. He had never professed himself satisfied with the Act of 1832, and it had probably always been his intention to revise that arrangement when the occasion offered. The Bill proposed to extend the occupation franchise of £10 in the boroughs (created in 1832) to the counties, and further to abolish the old forty-shilling freeholder franchise in the form in which it then survived. There were also suggested a number of fancy franchises—academical, legal, medical, and so on.

> We have sought [said Disraeli in introducing the Bill] to offer to the country, in the hope that it will meet with its calm and serious approval, what we believe to be a just and, I will not say a final, but conclusive settlement. Finality, sir, is not the language of politics. But it is our duty to propose an arrangement which so far as the circumstances of the age in which we live can influence our opinion, will be a conclusive settlement.

The fancy franchises and the abolition of the forty-shilling franchise ruined the Bill. Lord Derby appealed to the country, but the answer was hostile and Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister.

The Palmerston Ministry introduced a Franchise Bill which

is chiefly important for our present purpose because it drew from Disraeli a speech which constitutes, perhaps, the highest testimony to his political sagacity. It is impossible to quote adequately, but room must be found for this passage:

> So you extend the franchise again, and you may go to manhood or universal suffrage; but you will not advance your case. You will have a Parliament then that will entirely lose its command over the executive, and it will meet with less consideration and possess less influence, because the moment you have universal suffrage it always happens that the man who elects despises the elected. He says, "I am as good as he is, and although I sent him to Parliament I have not a better opinion of him than I have of myself." Then when the House of Commons is entirely without command over the executive, it will fall into the case of those continental popular assemblies which we have seen rise up and disappear in our own days. There will be no charm of tradition; no prescriptive spell; no families of historic lineage; none of those great estates round which men rally when liberty is assailed; no statesmanship, no eloquence, no learning, no genius. Instead of these, you will have a horde of selfish and obscure mediocrities, incapable of anything but mischief, and that mischief devised and regulated by the raging demagogue of the hour.

Here we take a fitting leave of the earlier Disraeli. When we next find him in power he wisely keeps the public eye fixed as far as possible on matters outside England; and this, it is but fair to remember, because the household franchise surrender had to be lived down as well by the party as by the leaders. The *volte-face* of 1867 has, of course, been defended. What apostasy has not? But of all such defences this, it may safely be said, is the least convincing—less convincing than Strafford's, or Peel's, or even Gladstone's. This is not, however, the place to insert the venerable, but never, alas! superfluous, arguments in favour of political consistency.

We must hasten on. The third Derby administration which saw Disraeli pilot his Reform Bill through the House of Commons with unsurpassed dexterity, though with no small sacrifice of cargo (the educational franchise and the compound householder clauses were thrown overboard), lasted long enough to convince Lord Derby that he was no longer fit

to support the toils of office. On his retirement Disraeli "climbed to the top of the greasy pole" (as he phrased it) and became Prime Minister, but only to fall before Gladstone's brilliant campaigning on behalf of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The Conservative defeat was overwhelming, and for the next six years Disraeli was in Opposition. After all the conjurer had been dished instead of his intended victims.

During this period Disraeli published, what is thought by Froude to be his greatest novel, "Lothair." This is no place to speak of its merits as literature. What should be noticed here is the light it throws on the working of Disraeli's mind. The duke, St. Aldegonde, and Lothair himself are all portraits of the English aristocracy as Disraeli saw it through the glasses of mature wisdom. In earlier days he had dreamed of reviving the loyalty and faith of the multitude, rallying the people round the throne and the gentlemen of England, and with these forces of culture vanquishing the selfish Philistine energy of the middle classes. Old age had taught him his mistake, and "Lothair" is the acknowledgment of it—the novel of his disillusionment. All his aristocrats are amiable and well-meaning. The duke is painfully conscious of what he owes to his family and his position—"every day when he looked into the glass, and gave the last touch to his consummate toilette, he offered his grateful thanks to Providence that his family were not unworthy of him." St. Aldegonde is versatile and attractive, but is in perpetual fear of being bored, and accomplishes nothing. Lothair, after projecting the revival of religious enthusiasm by raising a Roman cathedral, and then in another mood fighting for the cause of Italian nationality, ends by prosaically marrying the duke's daughter, Lady Corisande, and settling down presumably to the idle life of a large landed proprietor. The book is, perhaps, Disraeli's apologia for the opportunist surrender to pure democracy in 1867.

The Gladstone Ministry of 1868 was pregnant with measures, of most of which it was safely delivered. But its

children proved elfish and misshapen, and their parent presently showed signs of approaching dissolution. This was hastened by the blasphemies of the enemy.

> The right honourable gentleman [sneered D.] persuaded the people of England that with regard to Irish politics he was in possession of the philosopher's stone. Well, sir, he has been returned to this House with an immense majority, with the object of securing the tranquillity of Ireland. Has anything been grudged him—time, labour, devotion? Whatever has been proposed has been carried. Under his influence and at his instance we have legalised confiscation, we have consecrated sacrilege, we have condoned treason, we have destroyed churches, we have shaken property to its very foundations, and we have emptied gaols; and now he cannot govern one county without coming to a Parliamentary Committee. The right honourable gentleman after all his heroic exploits and at the head of his great majority is making government ridiculous.

The year 1874 produced a clear Conservative victory. Disraeli had not expected it, but the credit for it was admittedly his, for he it was who, during the period of Conservative Opposition, had established the permanent caucus-system that is now the property of both parties. Disraeli came into office with a good working majority behind him. He might possibly have used it to redress the constitutional balance in favour of the landed gentry. Or, again, he might have used it to deal with the social problems he had set forth in "Sybil." But he was hardly the man to undertake the revision of what had been done in 1867; and social reforms too often yield little else but posthumous honours. Disraeli wanted immediate recognition. All his life he had coveted a great reputation. The applause of his fellow men, the cheers of the mob, a world-wide acknowledgment of his abilities—these things he longed for. The young author had sworn to open the world-oyster; the vow was not yet fully accomplished; the old statesman determined to fulfil it.

Tory democracy was no longer easy to distinguish from Liberalism. Disraeli cast his eye about and found a weapon which suited himself and his party better. Something, indeed, he did for the working classes by passing an Artisans' Dwellings

Act, and he was driven to do something to settle the angry controversy that was raging in the Church. But the former measure is almost forgotten and the Public Worship Regulation Act is only cited for abuse. Thus that by which his administration—his only administration in any real sense—is remembered is its Imperialism.

There is a common notion that in the garden of Empire Disraeli planted and Mr. Chamberlain waters. How far this is true I propose briefly to examine in bringing to a conclusion this review of Disraeli's career. To begin with, Disraeli was the first prominent statesman to declare for an imperial policy. After admitting the truth of the Liberal doctrine that colonies are a bad financial speculation he pointed out that colonial self-government was granted under the influence of these ideas.

> Not that I for one object to self-government. I cannot conceive how our distant colonies can have their affairs administered except by self-government. But self-government, in my opinion, when it was conceded, ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied with an imperial tariff, by securities for the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to the Sovereign as their trustee, and by a military code which should have precisely defined the means and the responsibilities by which the Colonies should be defended, and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the Colonies themselves. It ought, further, to have been accompanied by some representative council in the metropolis, which would have brought the Colonies into constant and continuous relations with the home Government. All this, however, was omitted because those who advised that policy—and I believe their convictions were sincere—looked upon the colonies of England, looked even upon our connection with India, as a burden on this country, viewing everything in a financial aspect, and totally passing by those moral and political considerations which make nations great, and by the influence of which alone men are distinguished from animals.

"Those moral and political considerations which make nations great." Here is the true imperial motive. It needs to be distinguished—never perhaps more than at the present time—from the commercialist motive, which exercised a very considerable fascination over a South African statesman who

was also a great force in this country, and which cannot be said to be entirely without its charm for Disraeli's supposed successor. Difficult as it is to draw at all times a clear distinction between the true and the false in the conduct of empire, there can be no such difficulty in its creed. To look upon the empire as a vast piece of landed property to be acquired and held in the hope of obtaining a rich return of material wealth is at least as culpable as the theory of the doctrinaire Liberal statesmen in Disraeli's day that the Empire ought to be dismembered because it was a bad investment. The Empire is valuable to us primarily for what it enables us to be, not for what it enables us to have. National character, not national wealth, is what we ought chiefly to require of it. Disraeli pushed his tenets to their logical conclusion. He says of those whose policy he is deriding, that they "looked upon the colonies of England, looked *even* upon our connection with India, as a burden." From the point of view, which is now under consideration, it would scarcely be excessive to say that India is worth all the Colonies put together. For it is precisely in India (and we may add Egypt) that the weight of moral responsibility is heaviest, and that we are most certainly called upon to fulfil our imperial destiny. How far the Colonies are being allowed to oust India from our minds at the present day is a question which every one must answer for himself. All that the present writer desires to establish is, that if Disraeli's imperialism was large enough (as it certainly was) to embrace the Colonies, it was to India that he gave the place next his heart.

The practical measures which Lord Beaconsfield (failing health made him a peer in 1876) took to advance the Imperial cause are easily enumerated, but they can scarcely be said to fulfil the rich promise of his declaration. He made his Sovereign Empress of India, a title which was valuable not merely as showing our intention to retain the dependency, but also as recognising that its people were an incorporated nation, not a conquered race. Further, in the crisis of the Russo-

Turkish imbroglio he garrisoned Malta with Indian troops, a measure dictated by a courage and insight to which justice has not been done. He annexed the Transvaal, not, as need scarcely be said, at the price of bloodshed, but without any real opposition. His object was to free its inhabitants from the hostile pressure of the Zulus, and had he followed up annexation by an immediate grant of self-government (as had been intended by both parties to the arrangement) the Boers might now be as loyal as the French Canadians. Unfortunately, European complications diverted his attention and his mind never seems to have recurred to the subject until he was out of office. A similar negligence on his part permitted the Zulus to be crushed at Ulundi: and this indirectly contributed to make the party in the Transvaal, which desired independence, a very strong one. There was another war under the Conservative administration. The Afghans, after receiving a Russian envoy, declined to do as much for Great Britain. A British force was therefore despatched to Cabul to vindicate British prestige. But, in spite of these hostilities, Lord Beaconsfield was able to show his dislike of Jingoism by avoiding the European war which nearly arose, as usual, out of Turkish misgovernment. Whether he was right to re-invigorate once more the fast decaying power of the Porte is a question too large to be discussed here. What concerns us more is that he showed himself an exceptionally strong man by his resistance to the outcries of religious fanaticism, which had been roused as only Mr. Gladstone knew how to rouse it, and eventually proved himself at Berlin the equal of the assembled diplomatists of Europe. It is sometimes maintained that the Congress of 1878 produced no substantial results, that everything of importance had already been determined by the Anglo-Russian Convention. This is not quite just. Though the notion of a big Bulgaria had been given up, there yet remained the question of the garrisoning of the Balkan passes, and it was here that Disraeli's firmness scored a diplomatic victory for England. Thus "peace with honour" was not a mere

phrase. Peace he certainly brought back and, if there was little glory to be won by the defence of Turkey, England, at any rate, had gained her point—the Turks were still at Constantinople with the Balkans for a barrier and an unbroken line of communication between their European possessions. If Russia had extended her influence to the Ægean the value of the acquisition of the Suez Canal shares and Cyprus might have had to be largely discounted.

To the England of 1878 Lord Beaconsfield appeared to be the greatest man of his time. His return from Berlin was a triumph such as no other English Minister has, perhaps, ever achieved. It has been compared to the home-coming of the Iron Duke after Waterloo. The nation, to use an old phrase, went wild with enthusiasm. But the new dictator, even if he allowed himself for a moment to participate in the national intoxication, must in his sober senses have known the value of the applause he received. Ever since he entered public life he had sided with those who have—in spite of occcasional professions to the contrary—no faith in majorities or popular verdicts. And now he had an opportunity of gauging his wisdom. An immediate appeal to the country would perhaps have returned him to power. He waited, and in the interval the fickle mob transferred its allegiance, so that he, who had seemed omnipotent and the idol of the people, found himself two years later the broken leader of a shattered party.

There was no hope of reorganisation and return. He was seventy when he came into power in 1874, and six years of office at that age teaches a man to number his days. It only remained for him to finish the drama becomingly and take his leave. None was more fitted for the task than he. All his life long he had acted, from the time when he posed as the *dilettante* friend of Count d'Orsay to that when it suited him to disguise his feelings by a sphinx-like mask. Intolerably bitter as he must have found them, he discharged his duties as leader of the Opposition without a sign of petulance or repining. When politics did not press he went down to

Hughenden, and passed his time in managing his estate and visiting his tenants. Then in 1881 the end came. A chill and an attack of gout told on his weakened frame, and after a month's struggle he submitted to the common lot. A sense of his great services to party organisation has given to the day of his death a fame to which there is no exact parallel.

There only remains the estimate. A common and obvious remark must, I suppose, preface this attempt. Disraeli was primarily an Oriental. This it is which makes him so hard for us to understand and to judge fairly. His Semitic temperament never quite allowed him to grasp what Englishmen mean by honour. At times his mind undeniably worked dishonestly, but his dishonesty can hardly have appeared to him in the same light as it does to us, for at heart he was certainly a gentleman. Though he cared nothing for money (except when his debts were pressing), he possessed all that acuteness which has enabled men of Jewish birth to become the richest in the world. This consideration cannot be urged too forcibly, because without it we may easily allow certain incidents, which in a pure-blooded Englishman would deserve severe treatment, to discolour our judgment. Then from his Jewish nationality he derived another characteristic. He was imperturbable. An Englishman, who had had to suffer half what he did, would have thrown up the game. Disraeli never flinched. When he stood for Shrewsbury in his early days they pushed pieces of pork towards his nose, and there is a story that a countryman was made to drive a donkey-cart up to the hustings and, to Disraeli's question as to what he wanted, to answer, "To drive you back to Jerusalem." Only once in Parliament was the mask forced off, and then the insult was only partly personal to himself. Lowe had declared that the title of Empress of India was conferred by a pliant Minister in accordance with the expressed wish of an ambitious Sovereign. Disraeli nearly lost control of himself, and spoke with a passion that left no doubt as to the sincerity of his denial.

But with these practical qualities Disraeli drew from his

stock another which proved not less valuable to him. This was the power of dreaming dreams and seeing visions. The Tory philosophy, not less than the novels in which he embodied it, was an effort of imagination which is not easy to appreciate now that his ideas are common property. So, too, with the vision of Empire, now happily something more than a creation of the brain. Lastly, in his unconcealed love of show, of applause, of power for the sake of the pomp which it entails, Disraeli showed a truly Oriental craving.

With thinking men creed is the root of conduct. What did Disraeli believe? This is the fundamental question, and once more it is difficult for an Englishman to answer it. He was certainly broad-minded, but he was as certainly not broad-church. As one who revered the past history of his people and regarded his race as that which had accomplished more than any other, he probably looked upon the Church far more as the moral organ of the national mind than as an independent society. He wished the Church and the nation to be, as of old, conterminous. He had hoped, he tells us, to restore the Church to its proper position as "the trainer of the nation" by the "revival of convocation on a wide basis." But he was too acute not to see that any attempt to bind Englishmen generally by a narrow discipline and detailed supervision of conduct would, at least in these modern times, be fatal to his purpose. This is the clue to his support of the Public Worship Regulation Act. But if he was lenient in the matter of church discipline, church doctrine had no firmer supporter. Believing that the vitality of the Church grew out of the vitality of its professions, he had no love of those who mangle the creeds out of all recognition in order to satisfy their own philosophical or scientific notions. This dislike was at the bottom of the famous Oxford speech. Though the younger generation of churchmen to whom it was addressed regarded it as an injudicious attempt to crush Darwinism, its primary object was simpler and greater. In the last resort every man has to determine whether he is for religious authority or religious (or irreligious, as the

case may be) anarchy. Disraeli was on the side of authority, and his aim to vindicate the eternal superiority of faith over human knowledge. His speech on this subject is undoubtedly his cleverest, and at the risk of being tedious I must insert a few sentences:

My Lord, instead of believing that the age of faith has passed, when I observe what is passing round us, what is taking place in this country, and not only in this country but in other countries and other hemispheres, instead of believing that the age of faith has passed I hold that the characteristic of the present age is a craving credulity. My Lord, man is a being born to believe, and if no Church comes forward with its title-deeds of truth sustained by the traditions of sacred ages and by the convictions of countless generations to guide him, he will find altars and idols in his own heart, in his own imagination. . . . The discoveries of science are not, we are told, consistent with the teachings of the Church. . . . It is of great importance when this tattle about science is mentioned that we should attach to the phrase precise ideas. The function of science is the interpretation of nature, and the interpretation of the highest nature is the highest science. What is the highest nature? Man is the highest nature. But, I must say, when I compare the interpretation of the highest nature by the most advanced, the most fashionable school of modern science, with some other teaching with which we are familiar, I am not prepared to admit that the lecture-room is more scientific than the Church. What is the question now placed before society with a glib assurance the most astounding? The question is this: Is man an ape or an angel? I, my Lord, I am on the side of the angels. I repudiate with indignation and abhorrence the contrary view, which I believe foreign to the conscience of humanity. More than that, from the intellectual point of view the severest metaphysical analysis is opposed to such a conclusion. . . . What does the Church teach us? That man is made in the image of his Maker. Between these two contending interpretations of the nature of man and their consequences society will have to decide. This rivalry is at the bottom of all human affairs. Upon an acceptance of that divine interpretation, for which we are indebted to the Church, and of which the Church is the guardian, all sound and salutary legislation depends. That truth is the only security for civilisation and the only guarantee of real progress.

In practice Disraeli was rather a disciple of the Old Testament than the New; in other words, was rather a Jew than a Christian. His private life, indeed, was blameless, and his treatment of the singular old lady, whom he married at a time of great financial embarrassment, beyond reproach. But he

had strong dislikes, which he scarcely attempted to overcome, and his cleverness was of the kind which does not seem to admit of altruism.

To what are we to attribute Disraeli's influence over his followers? The answer which I prefer is a peculiar one. The source of Disraeli's parliamentary strength lay primarily in the contrast which he presented to Gladstone. To men, some of whom certainly regarded the latter's philanthropic and cosmopolitan professions as so much political manœuvring, the former's scarcely veiled cynicism seemed a relief. And in the heat of parliamentary battle Disraeli's calm sneers often gave him a victory over his opponent that could have been achieved by no other means. The secret of Disraeli's ascendency over the mind of the mob lay probably in his mysteriousness. The proletariate could not quite understand him, and was impressed and attracted in proportion as it failed. The truth of the explanation is, I think, proved by the success with which a living statesman is now using the same device. It is curious to notice that Shelburne, who tried it, was a failure. The inconsistency marks one of the effects of the lowering of the suffrage.

Disraeli will live by his phrases. Long after Tory democracy has mouldered in its tomb; long after Disraeli's contribution to Imperialism has been forgotten in the more practical efforts of new statesmen; long after Disraeli himself is relegated like Bolingbroke—a not less interesting person—to the sphere of the historian, his phrases will be remembered and employed. They are indeed household words: "Sublime mediocrity," "On the side of the angels," "Inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," "Organised hypocrisy," "The mass in masquerade," "Imperium et libertas," the definition of critics as "those who have failed in literature and art;"—these will always be quoted wherever the English language is spoken.

Lastly, was Disraeli a great man? The answer will, of course, depend upon the meaning we give to the term. If great

is made, as people are fond of making it, to include good, then Disraeli was not great. He cannot be quoted as a model of public virtue; he made few personal sacrifices; even his patriotism was the outcome of his ambition. But if a great man be he who brings a great mind to bear upon great affairs, then Disraeli was one of the foremost of great men. Few have excelled him in intellectual power because few have possessed a mind so perfectly balanced as his. He was a great thinker, but he realised that in the world logic must be tempered by expediency. People sometimes say that Disraeli did nothing. The marvel is that he did so much. He had no real chance before he was seventy: if he had died at that age he would have left the reputation of a clever parliamentary debater, who had written some original novels. The evolution of the great idea, which has made him a lasting force in England, was accomplished after he had passed the Psalmist's limit. Such intellectual vigour, coming as it did at the close of a life that had been taxed as only Disraeli's profession can tax, has scarcely met with a fair amount of recognition.

In some respects Lord Beaconsfield is the Napoleon of politics in the narrow sense. In his intellectual energy, in his practical ability, in his quick perception, in his rapid decisions, in his power of sustaining fatigue, in his sphinx-like self-control, in his overruling ambition, not less than in the astonishing way in which he triumphed over difficulties that to other men would have seemed invincible, he resembles the French Emperor, who was always at heart a Corsican, rather than one of those whom peculiar circumstances made his countrymen. And, like Napoleon, he remains an enigma to the end. When all has been said, we still feel that we have not quite fathomed him, and fall back, not altogether discontentedly, on the hackneyed quotation which Froude has chosen for his epitaph:

> "He was a man, take him for all in all,
> We shall not look upon his like again."

ALGERNON CECIL.

# THE NAVY AND THE ENGINEER

## II

WHEN the first article on "The Navy and the Engineer" was written for the May number of THE MONTHLY REVIEW, I had some faint hopes that the question would be considered without prejudice. It is difficult to retain these hopes after reading some of the subsequent attacks which have been made on the Board of Admiralty. We may usefully contrast with these attacks the praise awarded to Admiral Sir John Hopkins and Rear-Admiral Fitzgerald, who appear to have coquetted with the engineers' demands. The former officer becomes one "who could not have wider credentials to speak with authority," and the latter is "the other truly gallant admiral."[1] On the other hand, because the Admiralty have conferred the charge of machinery in small vessels on fifty-six artificer-engineers, the Board "deserves impeachment for ignorance, stupidity or something worse."[1] It becomes fairly

[1] *Engineering*, May 9, 1902. I am not aware that Admiral Fitzgerald has made any statement favouring the engineers' claims, and the one quoted by *Engineering* and others is really an argument in favour of the Admiralty policy of handing over machinery outside the engine-room to executive officers. That distinguished admiral, Sir John Hopkins, has stood sponsor to many ideas, some of which he has since freely repudiated, and one may be excused for believing that his receptive mind was merely challenging that discussion which he rightly believes to be the chief means of progress.

evident that, if we had a parliament of "highly scientific engineers," the age of machinery would tend to mete out similar rude treatment to our unscientific rulers as the age of reason with its parliament of lawyers awarded to the French royalists. Wherein is the enormity of the offence? The artificer-engineers do their duty to the entire satisfaction of the Admiralty; and while they may not be able to contribute to the circulation of a sixpenny paper, it is a fact that they are drawn from the same class as the engineers of European navies and of the mercantile marine.

> It really comes to this [says *Engineering*], as the logical outcome of the Admiralty action: These destroyers are either so useless that they can be trusted to incompetent men—in which case they had better be broken up at once—or the artificers are competent to look after the machinery and maintain discipline in time of war. If they are competent in destroyers, where the stress is greatest, they are competent in all other vessels. In that case the need for engineer officers does not exist in the Navy.

Though I do not agree with the above view, I have no doubt that, as the competency of the artificer-engineers can scarcely be assailed in the light of experience, the Admiralty will take note of this "logical outcome" when they are considering the question of reducing the number of non-combatant commissioned officers. In this connection they are unlikely to pay more attention to the report of Admiral Melville, the Engineer-in-Chief of the U.S. Navy, than the circumstances warrant, and certainly not as much as the engineer institutions are inclined to do. Admiral Melville, in his report dealing with the warrant machinists of the U.S. Navy, says:

> Without detracting, therefore, from the merits and capabilities of the warrant machinists, they are not altogether fitted by previous training or experience to take charge of an important department of a ship.

In quoting the above opinion the engineer institutions do not think it worth while to explain that these men have been hastily introduced under different conditions to the artificers in the British Navy; and that our artificer-engineers are the cream

of the artificers with at least eight years' experience in the Navy.

From the latest pamphlet of the engineering associations [1] which has now come into my hands, it appears that a concentrated effort is in progress to obtain seats on the Board of Admiralty for the representatives of the different departments of the Navy. We are not now concerned with the marine, medical, and pay departments of the Navy, though it may be pointed out that the doctors have similar powerful organisations to the engineers, and can make as plausible a case for a measure of control over the administration of the Navy. My protest against the modern method of seeing mechanism wherever movement is concerned has not yet borne fruit. If the very heart of naval warfare were machinery, an engineer, as at present trained, would still be unfitted to take part in the administration of the Navy, for the problems of war do not deal with how motion is imparted but how to use it when produced. Therein lies a whole world of difference. The professor who has mastered all the intricacies of religious systems, their origins and tendencies, has never pretended that his technical knowledge fits him for the pulpit. For a similar reason we do not find engineers and doctors aspiring to seats on the Bench. Law and religion are ever present in our common lives. We should see the absurdity of the pretensions put forward by civil engineers in connection with the administration of the Navy if perennial conflict on the sea vexed our lives. Common sense dictates that the essential function of a judge is not the mastering of the technical detail for which advice can be sought, but it is the interpretation of the constitutional and traditional growth of the country's laws. So again the essence of naval warfare is not the technical contrivances by which ships are built and propelled, but the correct use of ships and guns in concentrating on an enemy so as to overwhelm

[1] "Mr. Arnold-Forster and the Naval Engineer Question." (Extracted from the Proceedings of the North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders.)

him. As for the arrangements of the ship, the doctor, the engineer, the gunnery expert, and the chemist are given opportunities of offering their advice, and the problem before the naval officer and the naval architect is to effect the compromise best suited to fighting requirements. It is regrettable to find, in the threatening language used by the civil engineering associations, indications that what is sought is the power of enforcing advice, to be exercised by men partially acquainted with the internal economy of a navy, and who have no idea of the relations of their special sphere to the whole. A similar controversy arose over the Antarctic ship *Discovery*. The scientific professor in charge of the civilian staff desired a measure of control over the expedition. The Royal Geographical Society very wisely refused to yield to a demand which could only have ended in compromising the safety of the ship and her crew.

It is part of the campaign of the engineering associations to impute prejudice and stupidity to the admirals and to represent Lord Selborne as a puppet in their hands. For this purpose the musty leaves of past records are scanned to find instances of admirals "completely out of touch with engineering progress." Some of these are inaccurately given, but they are all beside the point—as foolish as it would be for a writer to argue that engineering advice should never be sought again because there is reason to believe that it led the Goschen Board of Admiralty to commit a grave error in the wholesale adoption of the Belleville boiler. It would be most unfair to argue that engineers are opposed to progress because they have on occasions shown erroneous judgment, as when Stephenson, after visiting the then proposed Suez Canal route, gave the weight of his opinion, in the House of Commons, that it was impossible to cut the canal! Instances can be found, as Mr. Pearson had no difficulty in showing,[1] in all ages and all professions of leading men opposing progress or manifesting lack of foresight. Only a surface-thinker would frame on so slender a basis a general

[1] "National Life and Character."

indictment of evolution with the object of substituting revolution. It is evident that engineers think too much on the surface, or they would not argue that a mistake here and there is a sufficient cause for revolutionising the system under which the Navy has always been governed. The bias of the mechanical mind is that, dealing with easily ascertainable causes and effects, formulæ and routine methods, it believes that all difficulties are capable of solution with mechanical precision. Then, when argument fails, discredit is thrown on the admirals and Lord Selborne is represented as a puppet in their hands. I doubt if it is realised by the civil engineers that no business comes before the Board except by the sanction of the First Lord and that the Board never votes. The principle which it is convenient to call "the one captain in the ship principle" lies at the root of naval organisation. It has been sanctioned by usage at the Admiralty, so that the authority of the presiding Cabinet Minister is paramount. For the occasional engineering questions which come before the Board, the Engineer-in-Chief is called in for consultation. His suggestions are subject to the veto of Lord Selborne in a way precisely similar to those emanating from the admirals. It may be well to place on record what Lord Selborne himself has to say concerning the suggested presence of an engineer on the Board of Admiralty. Addressing the deputation on July 16, 1901,[1] Lord Selborne said:

> Now that suggestion is only made out of a complete misunderstanding of what the Board of Admiralty is. The Board has not been, and never will be, a collection of the Heads of Department, but consists of the Lord High Admiral or a number of gentlemen selected by the Crown. The Lord High Admiral you might compare to the Secretary of State and the Commander-in-Chief rolled into one; those are his functions. When it has not been the Lord High Admiral it has been a number of gentlemen selected by the Crown to hold the office under Commission. It is open to the Crown to change members of the Board and to elect members on it. The Controller, for instance, has been on and off the Board. . . . The head of the engineers, the head of the

[1] Deputation on Naval Engineers. It is claimed that fifty M.P.s were associated with this deputation.

marines, and the head of any other branch of the service have exactly the same means and the same power of representing their case and of putting forward their points to the Board of Admiralty as the Quartermaster-General, the Paymaster-General, and the Inspector-General of Fortifications have to the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State for War. . . . The point I want to put forward is that to have a collection of heads of department would be to have a complete reversal of the history of the Admiralty from its origin.

The presence of these civilians on the Board is due to parliamentary requirements. If the Crown so desired it, the whole administration could be composed of civilians. As, however, the questions which come before the Board are mainly to provide for training, mobilisation, and the distribution of ships, so that tactically and strategically they are in the best position for ensuring the success of the Cabinet's policy, it is deemed advisable to associate with the civilian members three or four experienced admirals. Had the conditions been otherwise, there would have been a serious risk of a diversion of naval expenditure from the line of battle to bricks and mortar.[1] It is the surest way to establish a just relation with war conditions that men who have active control of fleets at sea, and have therefore to study the problem of handling them as a whole, should bear responsibility on the Board of Admiralty for the advice which their position forces them to tender. Except on questions affecting the engine-room *personnel* and *matériel*, the naval engineer's advice is of no value; and even in the exceptional cases it is the advice of one who, from environment and previous training, is only able to consider a part of a great problem. The Board of Admiralty has ever to bear in mind the golden rule of Dr. Johnson, that parts are not to be considered until the whole has been surveyed. When they are examining into questions affecting the engine-room, the engineer-in-chief is called in for consultation. The presence, therefore, of an engineer on the Board is neither desirable nor

[1] Even with a Board including several Admirals, we have significant instances of the bricks-and-mortar policy—having practically no constructive value to the line of battle such as is obtained in a *shipbuilding* yard—in the Gibraltar Docks, the Wei-hai-Wei muddle, and the Malta Breakwater.

necessary. While indignantly denying Mr. Arnold-Forster's allusion to the engineering institutions as trade unions,[1] their official spokesman, Mr. Morison, says that "the professional engineers who are investigating this question have the efficiency of H.M. Navy at heart to an extent quite equal to Mr. Arnold-Forster and the Board of Admiralty, and they are unquestionably their superiors in their knowledge of marine engineering both as regards *matériel* and *personnel*." What the public would like to know is, whether the civil engineers have as good a title to settle the question as the Board? Does a limited experience, gained outside the Navy, place them in a better position than our admirals for the purpose of understanding the relation of the internal economy of warships to naval warfare?

The arguments connected with discipline have mainly been stated in my previous article. They were framed with a view to answering the second count in the Engineers' Memorandum, which states that the present system "is not conducive to the attainment of that high standard of discipline in the engine-room and stokeholds which will be of vital importance in time of war." I pointed out that the engineer has similar powers to those exercised by an officer commanding men drilling on shore or a lieutenant in charge of a battery. The discipline of the engine-rooms will bear comparison with that of any department of the Navy, and it will be found from the returns of the Fleet that there are fewer punishments among the stokers than the other branches. It is officially stated that the work is performed to the complete satisfaction of the officers commanding ships. We have signal instances of the strain to which the discipline can be subjected in the heroic conduct of the engineers and stokers in the Samoan hurricane

[1] Though Mr. Arnold-Forster may not have been technically correct, the methods pursued by the Institutions closely resemble those of Trade Unions. The deliberate discouragement of parents from entering their sons as naval engineers, the attempts to undermine the discipline of the Navy, and the veiled threats directed at the Admiralty are cases in point.

and the Victoria disaster. I think that the misconceptions concerning discipline arise from the difficulty the civil engineers find in understanding that in war the paramount authority can never cease to be in operation. It is very evident that the moment a captain disappears from the deck to sleep or eat, his personal directive power is removed and must be delegated. The impersonal authority *never* sleeps, and cannot be subdivided so as to conflict with itself. It is a truism that the authority must always be placed with those who *direct* the motion of the ship.[1] There thus results a system under which all departments are subject to the authority of the captain; but while he rests the control over the ship is delegated to the officer of the watch. The fact that the commander succeeds the captain, should the latter be incapacitated, renders it a wise precaution to allow of understudying, so that in practice a certain amount of freedom of action and disciplinary arrangements are conceded to the commander. Nothing, however, can absolve the captain from his responsibility for these proceedings. A similar arrangement is made in the case of the marine officer, as he is sometimes called upon to exercise an independent command of men on shore. It is, therefore, a wise provision which allows the captain to delegate a power of awarding minor punishments for barrack-room offences. In the case of the engine-room there are no occasions on which a chief engineer has to exercise an independent command. There is, therefore, no necessity to remove him to the quarter-deck from his sphere of work in the engine-room in order to punish stokers who in many cases may be reported for

[1] The outcome of the engineers' demands is to substitute a dual for a single control. Thus Mr. William Allan, M.P., said at the deputation to the First Lord of the Admiralty, July 16, 1901: "We have come to a time now, Lord Selborne, when you cannot place a scientific man in an inferior position, you cannot put him in a subordinate position. You must make him equal to any officer in the ship; you must give him an executive rank according to the period he has served and according to the ability he has shown; you cannot get out of it; you must give that man control over his men."

offences against discipline on deck or on shore, at drill or in boats.

A similar reason to that given above may be urged against the third count in the Engineers' Memorandum, which says:

> The non-representation of the engineer branch upon courts-martial, when officers or men of that branch are being tried for technical offences, is an anomaly and an injustice, which is detrimental to the true interests of the Navy.

Technical trials on shore are tried by non-technical judges. Not a single instance of a miscarriage of justice in the Navy through a court-martial for a technical offence has been brought forward. I fail to see how better men could be selected, to constitute a court-martial for an offence against the Naval Discipline Act, than the captains of ships, who are themselves responsible for the enforcement of the Act, and whose position places them outside petty rivalries. It is the most unpleasant duty which an officer can be called upon to perform. The standpoint of judgment is largely one different from civil law, because it is manifest that the safety of the ship in peace and the destruction of the enemy in war have to be held by every officer and man as of paramount importance. These considerations and the effect of punishment, not alone on the prisoner but on his contemporaries, are ever present in the minds of those who handle the ships. The executive officers are not competent to go down and take charge of the engines: they are thoroughly competent to adjudicate at courts-martial in a satisfactory manner. The suggestion to take the engineer from his work to sit on courts-martial will have to be very amply justified before it is acted upon. We should have to consider how to arrange regulations which would enable paymasters, marine officers, doctors, and engineers to sit on courts-martial. It is difficult to see how an "in-and-out clause" can be introduced. If, then, they are to sit on all courts-martial, we might see a captain tried by a majority of non-executive junior officers for stranding his ship. I do not lay much stress on the fact that the non-executive officers are not competent,

because, if the step is desirable, the obvious retort would be, "Make them competent." I have seen the retort well put in the form Macaulay chose when the objection was made to extending the franchise: "You might as well say that no man should be allowed to enter the water until he can swim." If, however, the step is considered desirable, and the non-executive officers are made competent to adjudicate upon serious offences, the minor ones dealt with on the quarter-deck can hardly be excepted. With the resulting want of uniformity of punishment, which of the officers is the admiral to send home when grave indiscipline follows on board our ships, since no single officer can be held personally responsible?

I have made a somewhat painstaking investigation of the Naval Engineer question, and it really seems as if the official spokesmen of the agitation are endeavouring to build up a case out of the crudest materials. It is, for instance, impossible to reconcile the following extracts from the same speech of Sir Fortescue Flannery, M.P., who was the chief spokesman at the deputation to the First Lord of the Admiralty, July 16, 1901.

Referring to the gunnery drill done by stokers, he said:

"Is there any reason why the engineer, who has been adorned with a sword, should not have the actual duty of learning and teaching the drill, and assist to command the men under his care at the time of their drill as well as during their engineering duties? I venture to say that discipline would be enormously advanced if that were done."

Referring to the American experiment of amalgamation, he said:

"That theory has been a mistake and a failure, as proved in the American Navy. No one here who is familiar with the conditions of service has ever recommended anything of the kind. Let the engineer officer stay in the engine-room, and let the executive officer or the navigating officer stay upon the bridge."

If the engineer officer is "to stay in the engine-room," it is obvious that he cannot learn drill and teach it to the stokers on deck. The fact is, the whole agitation has been a piece of special pleading, and on occasions pleading of no ordinary kind. It suits Mr. Morison, in his latest pamphlet, to state that "the engineer institutions hold no brief on behalf of the engineer

officers." Yet at the deputation promoted by the engineering institutions, at which Sir Fortescue Flannery made the above speech, reference was made to a statement which was presented to Lord Selborne, and which purported to come from the engineer officers. Mr. Morison himself refers to it as "a pamphlet issued by the engineer officers." In it we are told of

> the intense dissatisfaction prevailing amongst the engineer officers of his Majesty's fleet. . . . This dissatisfaction is of long standing, affects all ranks and ratings, and, owing to the development of modern ships of war, leads those officers who are responsible to entertain grave doubts of the ability of their department to bear the stress to which it must be subjected during actual warfare.

While many of us believed that the engineering institutions held some sort of brief for the engineer officers, we abstained from commenting on this pamphlet, for it might involve grave discredit on a body of deserving officers. We now know that this was incorrect. We may surmise that the institutions had no right to fasten on to the naval engineers the authorship of a pamphlet which is as false as it is disloyal to the Navy.

I have come to the end of all the serious points which have been raised in the course of this discussion. We can treat with contempt the parade made of a particular chief-engineer breaking down under the strain of his duties. I wonder how many executive officers have broken down under the strain of the exacting responsibilities of their profession, and not one murmur has been heard from men who are prepared to sacrifice not only health but life itself in the service of their country. To pick up a crumb of evidence in this extraordinary manner simply exposes the hollowness of the whole case. What, then, is the moving spirit behind the agitation? What was behind the doctors' agitation in favour of combatant titles for military surgeons? "We have made no secret of our belief," say the *Army and Navy Gazette*, "that the social question enters very largely into this matter of the position of the naval engineers."

To hint what many men believe to be the case, might give

my readers the impression that I have written on the engineer question with my tongue in my cheek. This belief is, that behind the engineering institutions stand the women. It is alleged that the women desire the aggrandisement which comes with increased social recognition. They foolishly imagine that this can be conferred by the nomenclature of titles and by curls to the uniform stripes, so that engineers may be indistinguishable from combatant officers. It is not my business to consider a social problem, and, if the case is as stated, I do not doubt that Lord Selborne's Board will treat feminine interference with as scant courtesy as St. Vincent was in the habit of treating men who ought to have been in petticoats. They will hold fast to the common-sense doctrine that the title designates the work. They are as little likely to make admirals, captains and commanders of our engineers as they are to make them Irish peers. The engineer is received into the ward-room on his own merits. If here and there, as is the case with military officers, the social status is beneath that of other officers, and it is necessary to make it equal, the nomination system must be introduced, as in the executive and accountant branches. There will be no lack of desirable candidates if a better balance between the lower and higher grades is effected by the reduction of the number of entries and the substitution for watch-keeping duties of the artificer-engineers. To a keen Liberal, it is a sad confession to make that the doctrine of equal opportunity for all is not suited to our social system. There is open competition for the naval engineers, and the system does not appear to give such satisfactory results as are obtained by nomination in the other branches. There is open competition for the army, and if we are to believe the scathing report of the recent committee, the cadets are loafers who hold it to be bad form to show zeal or knowledge. When the Prince Consort declared that representative institutions were on their trial, he was met by a storm of indignation. It is democracy itself that is temporarily discredited to-day. Not the least of the contributory causes to

this discredit is the sectarian spirit which induces each class, as we have seen to be the case with the civil engineers, to fight for its vested interests instead of making common cause with those whose one aspiration is the greatness of their country. In the glorious pages of history lie the correction of the ill-manners and ignorance of the new comer. There he may learn to see the life and soul of action which is not mechanism. Then, when his glance turns to the waters on which England became great, he will not, in the intoxication of our engineering triumphs, lightly forego the principles of war by which we can hold our own in the future as in the past.

CARLYON BELLAIRS.

NOTE.—A strong contention has been put forward that the number of engineer officers on board British ships is dangerously insufficient. It is unfortunately impossible to give comparative figures of artificers, but the following figures in parentheses give the number of engineer officers in typical ships in the principal navies: British battleships, *Renown* (7), *Ramillies* (8), *Canopus* (7, exclusive of an inspector of machinery for service with the Fleet), *Cæsar* (6); French battleships, *Saint-Louis*, *Charlemagne*, *Gaulois*, *Bouvet*, and *Jauréguiberry*, four engineer officers each. The German, *Wittelsbach* (5); the Russian *Poltava* (7); and the American *Wisconsin* (5). Turning to typical first-class cruisers the numbers are—British, *Kent* (7); French, *Gueydon* (4); German, *Furst Bismarck* (4); Russian, *Bayan* (6); and American, *Brooklyn* (5). I think that these figures must give pause to the civil engineering agitators who so often expose themselves to such complete refutation as to induce the belief that they are the bad workmen of their profession, for they start cutting without feeling the edge of their tools.

# THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN

## II

WE have seen that Josetsu, the Chinese immigrant, taught, early in the fifteenth century, the painter Shiubun, who was master of Sotan and No-ami; and I have said something of the works of the three. Before I pass on to the other painters who issued from the school of Josetsu and his pupils I must give a word to a contemporary of that master, also an immigrant Chinese artist, who founded another celebrated school practising the Chinese manner. This painter, becoming a guest or adopted member of the Soga family, took the name of Soga Shiubun. Care must be taken to distinguish him clearly from Sokukuji Shiubun, the pupil of Josetsu, already dealt with.[1] Soga Shiubun was, I think, superior to Josetsu as a painter, and he taught many notable pupils, though in this respect he scarcely enjoyed the good fortune of Josetsu, whose luck it was to teach some of the greatest masters Japan has produced. Soga Shiubun's best pupil was his son, Soga Jasoku, a landscape painter of very high genius. Jasoku, with his full share of the force and certainty of technique that characterised all masters in the style, had a

[1] The name Shiubun is written, in the case of Sokukuji Shiubun, with a character for *Shiu* which may also be read *Chika,* while for the same syllable in the case of Soga Shiubun a character is used which, in an alternative reading, would be *Hidé.* Thus, in the Japanese written language, no confusion would arise between the two names.

pliant, lively quality that was his own. Water he painted remarkably well, especially the water of a torrent breaking between rocks. The British Museum collection contains a makimono of his, the drawing being on a very small scale, but extending to an enormously long panorama of varied scenery, presented from beginning to end with inexhaustible spirit, invention, and pictorial sense. Willows hang, old pines drive their forked limbs across the scene, vast crags frown over heady torrents, lakes lie still amid misty hills, and through it all the painter's poetry never fails, and no matter at what place in the roll you stop there is always a perfectly composed picture before you on this mere ribbon of paper, seven inches wide or so. Quite truly has Kano Yasunobu remarked, in his certificate, written at the end of the roll, that it is a work "possessing life, motion, and beauty."

Returning to the pupils of Sokukuji Shiubun, Oguri Sotan's son and pupil Soritsu was altogether his father's inferior, and himself taught no pupils of quality; but No-ami had a son, Shin-gei (called also Gei-ami) who, although not of his father's quality, was still a painter of high ability, while Shin-gei's son and pupil Shinso was the equal, or nearly so, of his grandfather in landscape subjects, becoming and remaining famous as So-ami. So-ami worked in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and was attached to the Court of the Shogun Ashikaga Yoshimasa, who was his chief admirer, and under whose patronage he introduced considerable changes in the famous tea-ceremony. So-ami's style in landscape, while purely Chinese, has certain unmistakable characteristics. He aimed at softness and delicacy rather than at strength in his brush-work, and he was a great master of low tones. Vigorous he could be when he pleased, as may be seen in his picture of a dragon, reproduced in the *Kokkwa*. There and in other works he has exhibited the energy of a master, though he never quite attained the astonishing force of No-ami. But a man's performance must be judged by his aims, and in truth So-ami triumphed in his vaporous distances and softly outlined hills.

A fair example of his work is in the British Museum, a large landscape originally painted on a sliding panel, but now mounted as a kakemono. The seal of the painter attached to this kakemono is a forgery, although it is placed on a perfectly genuine work. This is an irritating trick which has been practised on many old Japanese pictures left unsigned by the painters, and the added seals are not always those of the painters actually responsible for the work. Another trick, perhaps even more irritating, is the addition of a spurious signature over a genuine seal. This has been done, as a rule, by some anxious though barbarous dealer, solicitous to confirm the genuineness of the work in the eyes of a possible customer unfamiliar with the seal. But sometimes the name has been added quite honestly by a past owner, with no attempt to imitate the master's writing, and purely with a view to recording his name in the case of a work otherwise difficult for the inexpert to assign. Both disfigurements are annoying, but perhaps the latter, though the more honest, is the more annoying of the two; for the smatterer who knows a few signatures, and very little else, and who is just able to distinguish a spurious signature when it is wholly unlike the real one, instantly proclaims the picture a forgery. As a matter of fact, a Japanese picture which is all forgery is usually so well signed and sealed—at any rate to the European eye—that no smatterer would suspect either writing or stamp for a moment; and the true test of the picture is the work itself.

This Chinese renaissance brought with it a revival of landscape painting, and it is noticeable that the most characteristic works of most of the leaders in the movement were landscapes—almost always Chinese, and always ideal. In the few centuries preceding, the pictorial rolls of the great painters of the native schools teemed with human life and action, and in them natural scenery took a purely accessory part. With the reversion to the Chinese manner Chinese subjects came in favour, and of these pure landscape was the chief: landscape for its own sake, with accessory figures, or with none

at all. I think I have said that these pictures were painted in bold monochrome, or at most tinted with faint washes of dull colour; and any student wishing to examine typical examples, done in the pure Chinese style, unmodified by the personalities of the great leaders, should see the pair of kakemono numbered 1135 and 1136 in the British Museum collection. They are by the Nara priest Kantei, a contemporary of No-ami and a disciple of Sokukuji Shiubun, and they have the advantage of being in very good condition.

But I have still to speak of one of the greatest and quite the most individual of the leaders in the Chinese revival—Sesshiu. He was born in 1420 or thereabouts—authorities disagreeing to the extent of a year or two—and he died in 1506. He was at first a novice in the temple of Tofukuji, but he forsook the service of religion for that of art, and became, like Sokukuji Shiubun, a pupil of the Chinese immigrant, Josetsu. At a little over forty years of age he resolved on a visit to China, there to study the works of native painters, and to make himself acquainted, at first hand, with the scenes that inspired their works. He made the voyage, taking with him his own pupil, Shiugetsu, and he sought for the best Chinese painter of the time, with a view to becoming his pupil. But he found no painter whom he considered worthy to teach him, and that this was no vain boast grew plain in course of his stay in the country, for when his work became known the Chinese connoisseurs acknowledged his superiority over any painter of their own nation then living. So famous did he become in the country where he had humbly gone in search of instruction, that he was sent for by the Emperor, who commissioned him to decorate certain panels in the palace at Pekin. No foreigner had ever before received such an order, nor had even been admitted to the Imperial apartments, and Sesshiu fitly commemorated the honour by painting one panel with what might almost be called the Japanese national picture —a view of Fujisan. That panel still remains in its place, unless it may have chanced to succumb to the civilising influ-

ence of the European bayonets which are said to have been used to probe many Chinese panels in search of hidden valuables, two years ago.

The story is told that before this order was given Sesshiu was bidden to present himself before the Emperor, and to give some exhibition of his skill. He began, it is said, by taking a broom dipped in a bucket of ink, and with that instrument he rapidly drew a great dragon on the huge sheet of paper which had been placed on the floor for his use—a dragon of astonishing force and life, which extorted an outburst of applause from the Emperor, spite of his long-trained habit of dignified impassivity.

It may be worth while here to give a few words to the comparative merits of the great Chinese painters and their Japanese followers and contemporaries. People having little acquaintance with the art of the East are apt, at first, to suppose the Japanese painters altogether superior. Many Chinese drawings of the crudest and most wretched description have been brought to this country from the treaty ports, and these things are commonly regarded as typical examples of Chinese pictorial art. On the other hand, discriminating amateurs who have made acquaintance only with a few of the productions of the later Japanese schools, and are suddenly confronted with examples of the finer pictorial art of ancient China, are apt to fly to the opposite extreme, and announce that the Chinese artists were incomparably the superiors of the Japanese, whom they suppose to offer little more than the small change of their celestial exemplars. European students of Eastern art seem sadly given to hasty conclusions, until experience curbs their rashness, and there is as much, and as little, truth in the first of these particular conclusions as in the second, though both may be natural in the circumstances. I have never seen a Kanaoka, and perhaps nobody alive has; nor have I seen an original Gō Dōshi; but I have seen good examples of the work of many of the greatest among the rest of the painters of both countries, and I think that between the greatest there is not a pin to

choose. Certainly there is no such difference of quality as can justify the sort of generalisation that would rank the painters of one country above those of the other. Experience, in fact, is against all such generalisations in the history of art, which is the work of individuals, of all degrees and of all nations. Differences of national temperament are certainly observable in a general view of the pictorial art of the two countries. The Japanese have always been the more enterprising, and the readiest at adaptation and development; ever trying something new, ever pushing beyond the old bounds; while the Chinese, conservative ever, develop slowly and with caution, reverting again and again to old styles and old methods: and rarely the worse, indeed, for the reversion.

But to return to Sesshiu. After his triumphs in China he came home to Japan, bringing with him, beside the pupil Shiugetsu who had set out with him, one Chinese pupil at least, and probably several, who expatriated themselves and became Japanese subjects in order to be near their master. Sesshiu entered the temple of Unkokuji, and, his personal style being now fully matured, he founded his own branch of the Chinese school, producing work of a distinct and individual character.

The most famous and the most numerous of his works are landscapes; but he painted all subjects, and all equally well. His famous picture of Jurojin, genius of longevity, reproduced in the *Kokkwa*, is a splendid and astonishing work, exhibiting all his qualities of high conception, noble design, perfect drawing, and soberly beautiful colour, and that in a class of work in which his mastery rarely gets full credit. A copy, brighter in colour, and of course inferior in technique, but otherwise faithful to the original, is in the British Museum collection. It is numbered 1223, and was executed by Yeitoku Riushin, in the nineteenth century. The other copy in the same collection, by Tani Buncho, departs widely from the original in detail, and bears plain evidence of having been copied, not from Sesshiu's picture, but from a woodcut in one of the numerous collections of copies of famous pictures which

Landscape, *by Sesshiu (British Museum Collection)*

were published in the eighteenth century. Such copies were very useful and informative, but they offered little more than shorthand notes, so to speak, of the pictures from which they were taken.[1]

The Museum also has two good specimens of landscape by Sesshiu. One, very large, is made by joining up the sheets stripped from a screen, and it displays some very characteristic work. The subject offers all the usual features of classical Chinese landscape—precipitous rocks, aged trees, distant hills, stately palaces and tranquil lakes—presented with a technique unmistakable by any intelligent observer of Sesshiu's work. I suppose there is no brush-work in Japanese art so difficult for a European to appreciate as Sesshiu's. There is little or none of that graceful modulation of line which first pleasurably strikes the unaccustomed eye in the work of the painters in the Kano school. Powerful and firm and black, Sesshiu's positive, thick outlines at first seem over-heavy; but watch the picture a little longer, return to it again, and then study as attentively other works of the master, of unlike subject: and soon the overpowering lines are seen to be not a whit too heavy for the painter's purpose, but to have as much subtle expression and flexuous beauty as they have force. Equally with the other foremost painters of Chinese landscape, Sesshiu had an extraordinary faculty of suggesting not only distance but chiaroscuro by means which almost defy analysis. None but the blankly unimaginative can complain of the absence of modelling and shadow in a landscape by Sesshiu, Shiubun or So-ami —none but such persons as can have no business with pictures at all, except those produced by photography. Modelling, light and shade—all is there that the picture requires: not merely copied, which is an easy and a mechanical thing, but subtly

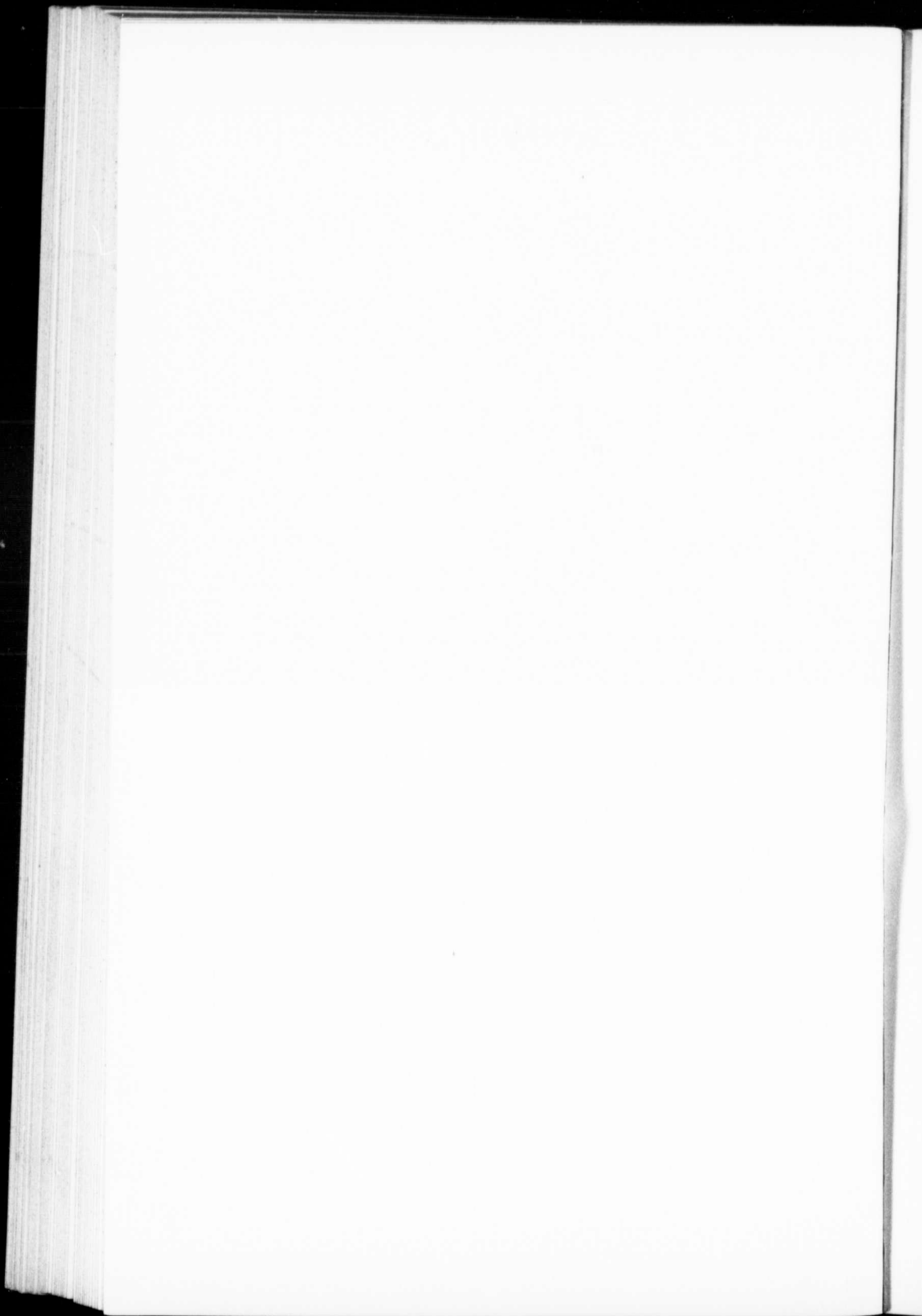
[1] For which reason it is illusory to print facsimiles of such woodcut copies as specimens of the master's work, as is so often done in European treatises. At their very best, the technique is apt to be more that of the copyist than of the master, and even that modified by the engraver; to say nothing of the abridgment of the work in the matter of detail.

suggested to the sense, which is the work of a great artist. Why, I wonder, do we demand from painting a hard transcription of literal fact that we never ask of poetry? At any rate, we must not demand it from the painting of the Japanese, who tell us, in a proverb that explains the philosophy of their art in a sentence, that "a poem is a picture with a voice; a picture is a voiceless poem."

Two more genuine specimens of Sesshiu's work are in the British Museum, and two more only. One is a little landscape, a photograph of which is reproduced, and the other, on silk, is a drawing of Hotei, the genius of contentment, playing with children. This second is a capital example, quite typical of Sesshiu's drawing of the figure, and a glance at it—or, indeed, at any good figure-drawing by a master in any of the old schools—will make plain why in such subjects, treated in the Chinese or Japanese manner, the terms and method of the work *forbid* the introduction of positive shadow: a matter to which I may return later.

Sesshiu's three chief pupils were Shiugetsu, Sesson, and Keishoki, all painters of great power. Shiugetsu was famous chiefly for his figure-work, Sesson and Keishoki for landscapes. A very fine, though unsigned, work of Shiugetsu is the priest's portrait numbered 1207 in the British Museum collection. No 1209 is good, too, though a spurious seal has been placed on it; but No. 1208 is a very poor, though old, forgery. Speaking of this matter I think it necessary, as a warning, to say that the set of three, numbered 1201 to 1203, ascribed to Sesshiu, and more than once referred to by Dr. Anderson as exceptionally good examples of the master's work, should only be examined, if at all, as curiosities. They are not only spurious and modern, but feeble, and the certificates accompanying them have been pronounced by a high Japanese authority to be as worthless as the pictures themselves. No. 1206, an extremely poor figure of Shaka, must also be avoided for the same reason. On the other hand the collection possesses a makimono of eight views by Sesson, excellent specimens,

Landscape, *by Kano Masanobu* (*British Museum Collection*)



though indistinctly sealed, for which the catalogue gives it no credit. It is listed No. 863, "artist unknown," and incorrectly described as in the style of Shiubun, but it was instantly recognised by Mr. Kohitsu of the Tokyo Imperial Museum—a gentleman to whom the British Museum is indebted for the discovery of several unsuspected treasures in their collection.[1]

I have no space to tell of many other notable followers of Sesshiu—no more than enough merely to mention Soyen, Shiuko, Yamada Do-an and Hasegawa Tohaku. For it is time to deal with the birth of one of the most important of the Japanese schools of painting—the Kano.

The Kano school owed its rise to the Chinese renaissance, and the style it adopted was a modification of that of the Chinese monochrome masters. The first Kano painter was Kano Masanobu, though, for reasons which seem of doubtful adequacy, his son Motonobu is usually regarded as the actual founder of the school. Kano Masanobu was born in 1424, the son of Kano Kagénobu, retainer of the Shogun Yoshimori, a samurai and an amateur artist, who encouraged his son's love of drawing, and himself gave him his first lessons. Soon, however, the pupil wholly outstripped the teacher, and was sent in the usual way to work in the study of a professional master. It is said—though it is improbable—that Masanobu's first master was Josetsu; but it is quite certain that he worked under that master's pupil Shiubun, and afterwards under Shiubun's pupil Sotan. Masanobu's treatment of flowers and birds was modelled on that of Sotan.

Kano Masanobu, like his father Kagénobu, seems to have painted purely as an amateur till middle life—till the death of Sotan, in fact, in 1469. Sotan was engaged, just before his death, in the decoration of the interior walls of the temple of Kinkakuji, in Kioto, and he left the work unfinished. Sesshiu, freshly returned from China, was consulted as to the com-

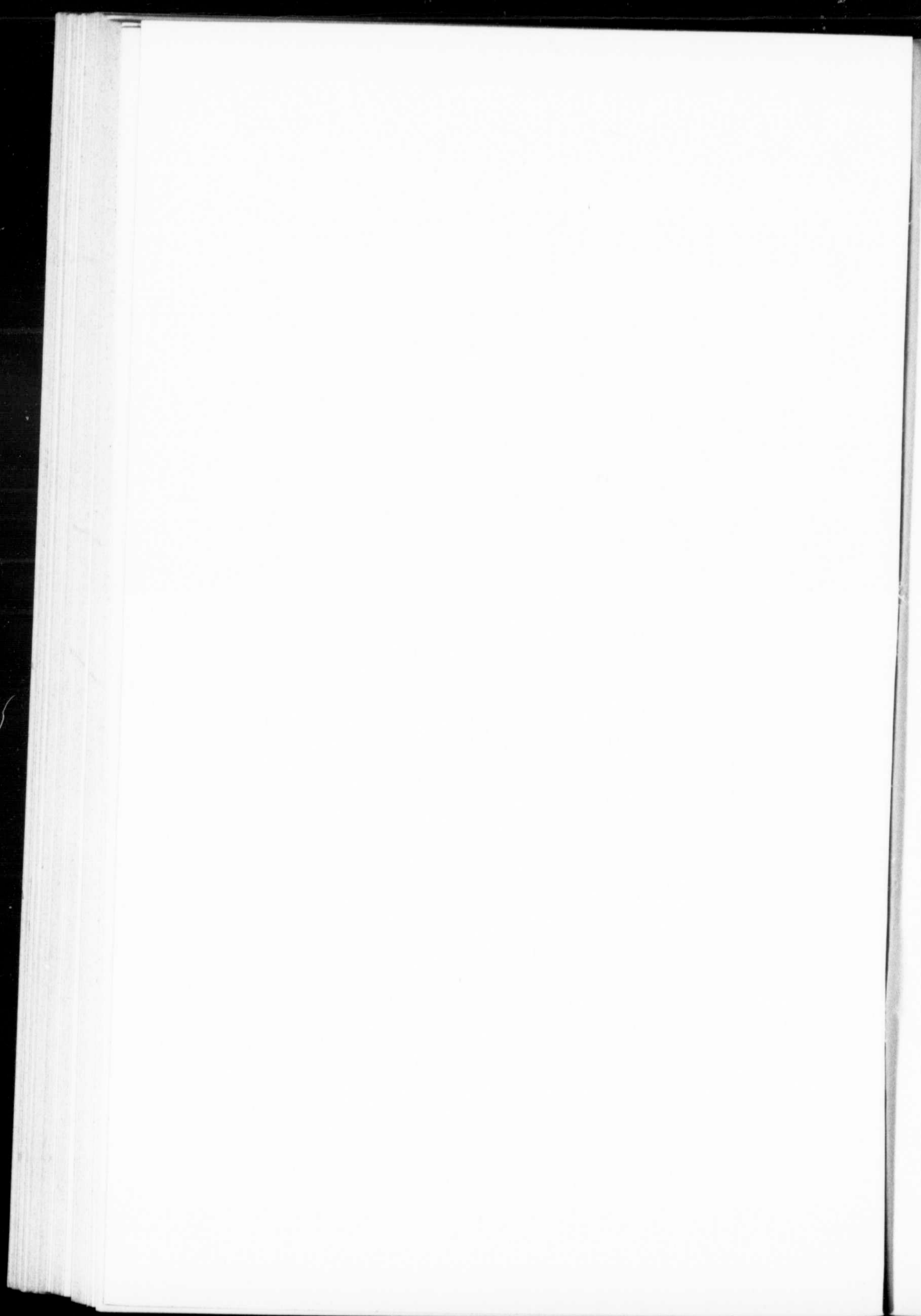
[1] The pair numbered 1253 and 1254 are also by Sesson, being copies of famous pictures by the Chinese painter Mokkei, to which a spurious seal of Kano Motonobu has been added.

pletion of the decoration, and as he chanced lately to have seen a drawing by Masanobu of which he greatly approved, he recommended that the then unknown painter should be tried. Sesshiu's recommendation was adopted, and the work which Masanobu executed in consequence still remains, though in a sadly time-worn state, to testify that the reputation it brought him was wholly deserved.

The British Museum collection contains one specimen only of the work of Kano Masanobu, but that is an excellent one—a Chinese landscape. It is photographed to illustrate this paper, though in the original it is in colour. A copy in chromolithography is given in Dr. Anderson's book, and although the copy is executed in the best possible style, it needs but a comparison with the original to exemplify the impossibility of adequate reproduction of these works even by the best and most expensive methods used in Europe. But this picture may also be used in another comparison, more instructive. Let it be placed by the side of either of the pair of landscapes by Kantei in the same collection—the pair already alluded to as typical—and the beginnings of the Kano style of painting will be observable. Masanobu, it will be seen, was merely painting in the Chinese style, with personal methods of his own, which, adopted and extended by his followers, served to distinguish the future work of the school. A certain mitigation of the severity of the classic Chinese manner is to be remarked—a somewhat suppler handling of the brush, a further attention to texture, a trifle more of elasticity of treatment, and, perhaps, a shade of fuller colour ; though this last may be no more than a touch of influence from the painters of contemporary China, who in this, the Ming period, were turning toward effects of detail and bright colour.

Masanobu lived to the fine old age of ninety-six, though it would seem that during his long life his genius never gained the wide recognition it deserved, notwithstanding his reputation among the few. It was left for his son Motonobu to force the new style into a more general appreciation, and firmly

Mallards and Mandarin Ducks, *by Kano Motonobu (Writer's Collection)*



to establish the traditions of the school that has now existed for more than four centuries; and it is in this respect only that they have reason who proclaim Motonobu the founder of the Kano school. Certainly he remains the most famous painter that it has produced, as well as one of the foremost few of all Japan; though I can scarcely call him the superior of his father, as is commonly done. The rarity of the older man's work makes comparison difficult, but with such light as is available I should be disposed to call them as nearly equal as two great artists can be. Though if I were asked to name the greatest master of the *brush* among the crowd of masters Japan has produced: the first examplar of that astonishing technic of modulated line, of undulation, of magic suppleness and startling force in brush work: then I think I should select Motonobu after all, difficult and doubtful as the selection would be. The quality of Motonobu's line has never been surpassed, and his amazing feats of brush-work leave one breathless; withal he was an artist of lofty conception and large view. With his strength he joined a great delicacy, and on occasion he could work with as fine a brush and as minute an execution as any Japanese painter in history. I am sorry that the necessary reduction of his drawing of ducks—the original is more than four feet high, exclusive of the mount—wholly obliterates the fine drawing of the small feathers in the flying mallards, contrasting, as it does, with the firm and bold work in other parts of the picture. He worked usually in monochrome, but he could use colour like a master, with a harmonious warmth and sober power all his own. The British Museum has a fine set of three large kakemono in colour by Motonobu, the centre subject being a stork, and flowers and small birds occupying the side pictures. Many of the master's qualities are exemplified in this set, but perhaps a better specimen of his brushwork is to be found in the *Shoriken* in the same collection, a photograph of which is reproduced with this paper. The drawing is not a very large one, being little more than two feet high, and its condition is not first-rate, but

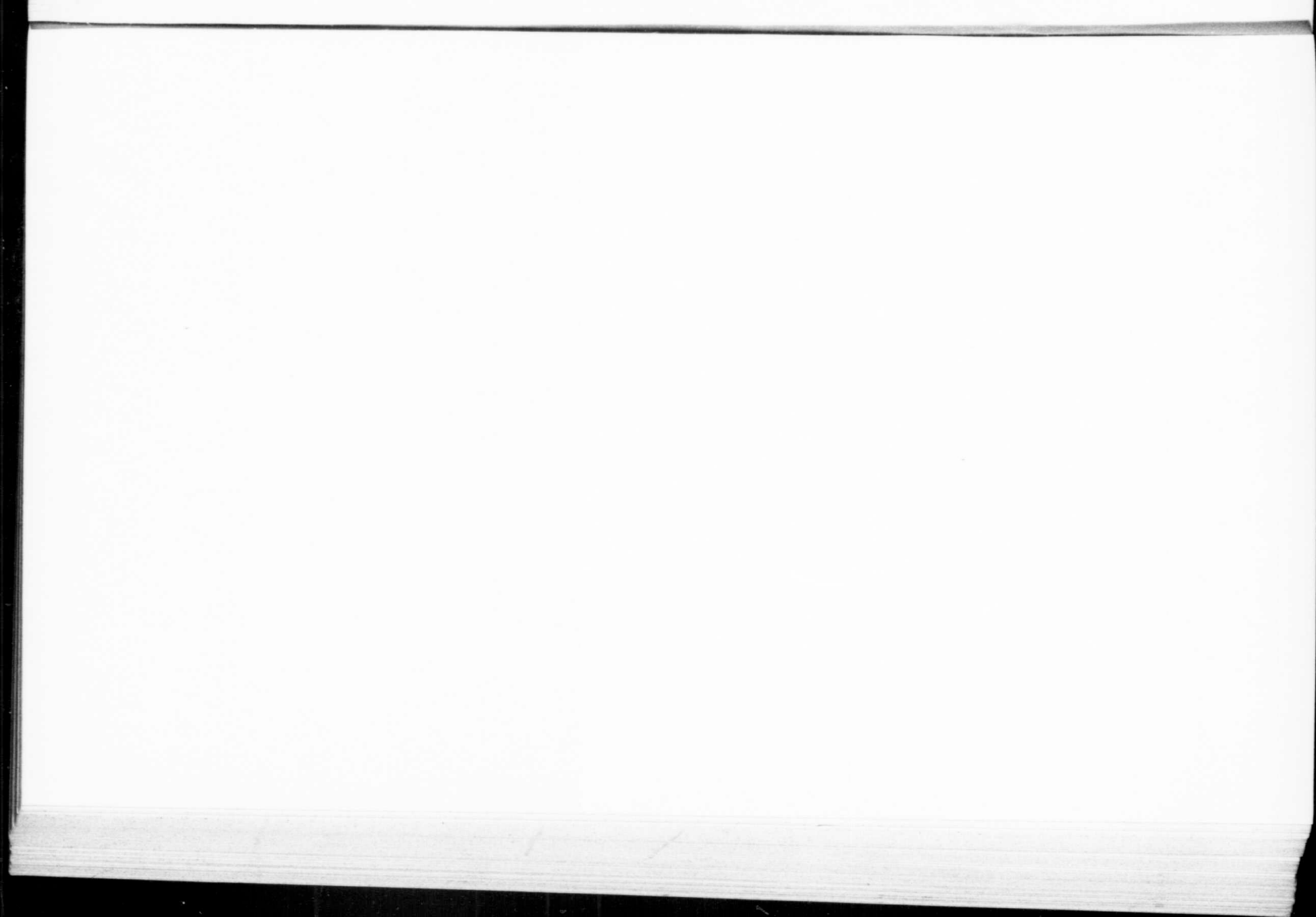
the swing of Motonobu's brush is there in all its glory. He must be a dull observer, indeed, who can study this picture without beginning to understand some of the beauty of fine Japanese brushwork, or can fail to perceive that the modulation of line, arbitrary as it may seem to those who look in a picture for a photograph or a scientific diagram, has its reasons in the painter's scheme and its justification in the result. More, an intelligent examination will reveal why anything beyond the mere suggestion of light and shade forms no part of the scheme of the art. To preserve the qualities of the brushwork and at the same time to copy natural shadow on such a picture as this would be a violation of the logic of art, and an impossibility, at the hands of any painter with the smallest pictorial sense. The briefest consideration will make plain the incongruity of the two things.

To his landscapes Motonobu gave atmosphere and distance with surprising delicacy, and in these pictures especially one may well observe that accurate gradation of planes which, in fact, gave truth and depth to his work in every subject. As M. Gonse says: "Si Motonobu ignorait les lois scientifiques de la perspective, il faut reconnaître, devant une œuvre aussi parfaite, que son empirisime valait toutes nos théories."

He painted occasionally in the Tosa style[1], but such works are extremely rare. The *Hawk and Sparrow*, in the British Museum collection, catalogued as being in the Tosa style, is, as a matter of fact, in the Chinese style of the Ming period; moreover, it is not the work of Motonobu, but without doubt that of Oguri Sotan, with the seal of Motonobu added in later times. There is, however, among the Tosa pictures, a series of copies of drawings from a famous makimono painted by Motonobu in illustration of the story of the destruction of the Shiuten Dōji by Yorimitsu. They are numbered 383 to 416, and their origin is not indicated. They are admirable copies, but though they are executed in bright colours they are *not* in

[1] His wife was the daughter of Mitsushigé, his chief contemporary of the Tosa school, and she herself painted in both styles.

The Sennin (Saint) Shoriken, *by Kano Motonobu*
(*British Museum Collection*)



the Tosa style, as their classification would indicate, but in almost pure Kano, though it is not the typical Kano of monochrome or subdued colour, but in the alternative manner, chiefly practised in later times, wherein bright colour was used and the drawing was executed with smaller brushes. There is often some difficulty, to the unpractised eye, in separating such drawings from the freer among the late works of the Tosa school, and, indeed, from those of the Chinese school in its later form. The marks of distinction must not be sought in the colour, but always in the brushwork. In the case in point a glance at the rocks and trees makes the matter plain.

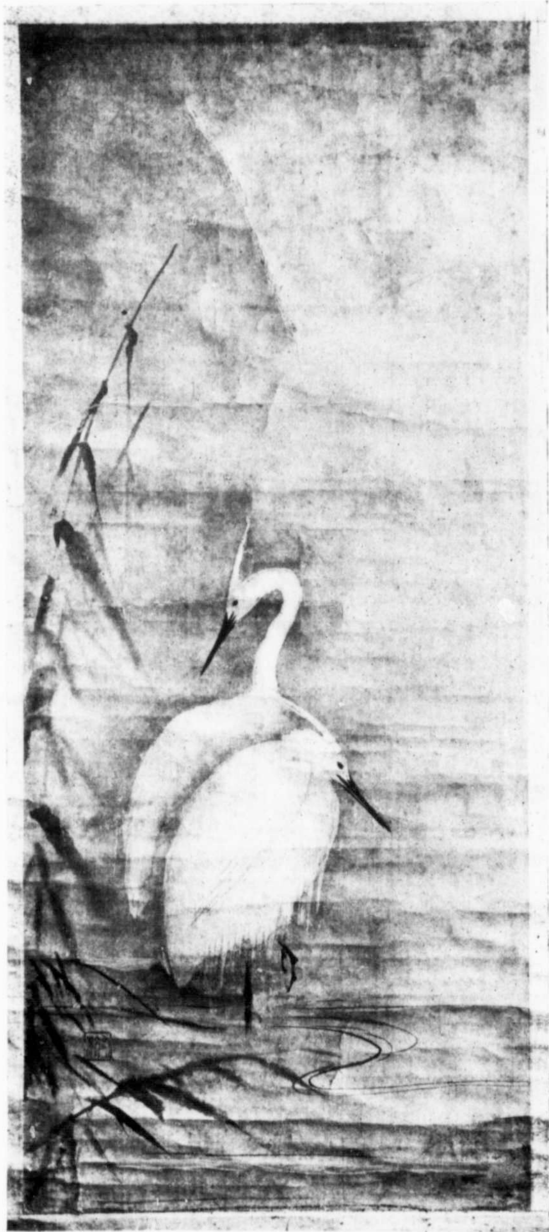
Motonobu lived and worked through the last part of the fifteenth century and the first half of the sixteenth, dying at the age of eighty-three in 1559. A very famous contemporary in the same school was Utanosuke, said to have been his younger brother. This is difficult to believe, unless he were brother by adoption, since otherwise he would appear to have been born when his father, Masanobu, was eighty-nine years of age. Possibly Utanosuke (who died in 1575 at the age of sixty-two) was Motonobu's nephew. Utanosuke was a fine draughtsman and an admirable colourist, his work in both respects much resembling that of Motonobu. The unsigned picture of a bird and flowers in the British Museum collection is quite typical of Utanosuke.

Motonobu had several sons and nephews who became painters, and quite a number of pupils. Chief among the pupils of his own blood was Kano Shoyei, his third son, sometimes also called Naonobu. He was an excellent painter, and in many of his works he reverted to the pure Chinese style; sometimes, also, he drew in the manner of Sesshiu. But perhaps the chief of the Kano painters working soon after Motonobu was Yeitoku, Shoyei's eldest son. Yeitoku's grandfather, the great Motonobu, taught him in his early youth, but the old man died in Yeitoku's seventeenth year, and the rest of the young artist's training was given him by his father, Shoyei. Yeitoku was the favourite painter of Taiko Hideyoshi, a man

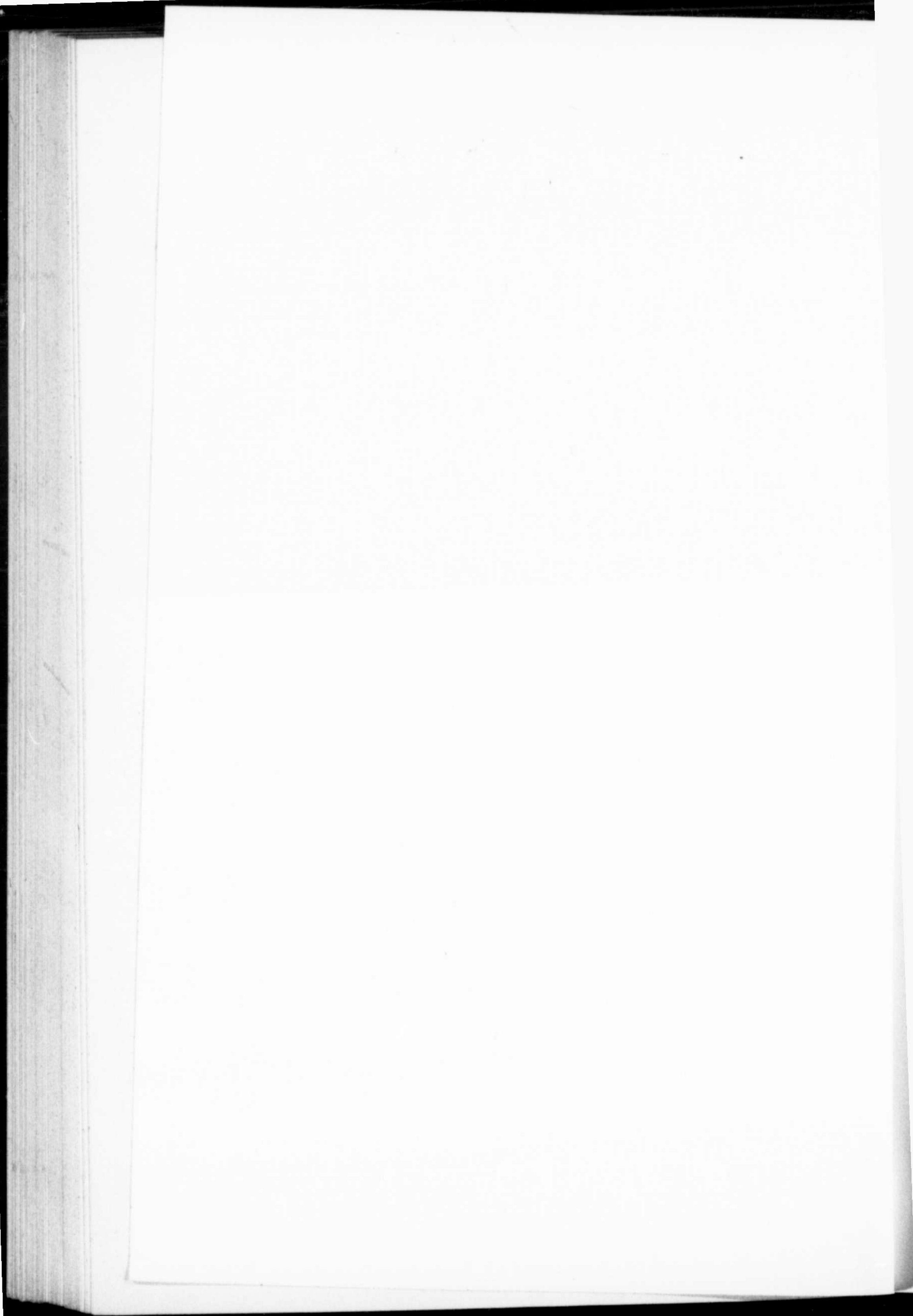
of low birth, who fought his way to the rulership of Japan by sheer force of character and military genius. Under Hideyoshi's patronage Yeitoku had great opportunities of distinguishing himself in the execution of large wall paintings, and was employed to decorate the interiors of many palaces and castles. His favourite subjects were elaborate scenes of Chinese court life in the great Tang period, before the tenth century, and his presentation of these scenes was characterised by a broad elegance and a magnificent display of colour. A drawing by this master is in the British Museum, a figure of a female Buddhist *sennin*. It is a fine piece of sweet drawing and sober colour, but it is darkened by age and a little damaged; and it wholly defies the camera.

An important Kano painter of this time was Kaihoku Yusho, who is usually classed as a pupil of Yeitoku, though he was the older man by twelve years. Yusho founded a new branch of the Kano school, and his pupils and followers in the *Kaihoku riu* largely devoted themselves to painting the exploits of Japanese warriors in a manner not unlike that of the earlier Yamato painters. They used the same bright colours, and they delighted in a similar presentation of vigorous action, but the brushwork never wholly lost its Kano character. Yusho himself, however, chiefly favoured the more usual subjects of the Kano school, painting the figures of saints and sages, birds, flowers and landscapes in monochrome or faint tints. He was fond of giving his scenes a misty atmosphere, when the subject permitted, and he could do it with great effect. The specimen of which a photograph is given, shows a corner of some rushy lake, overhung with a wet mist that seems to drench the very picture, in the midst of which the solemn herons stand like ghosts. Yusho died early in the seventeenth century at the age of eighty-two. It is said that he once received a signal mark of appreciation in the shape of a holograph letter from the King of Corea in acknowledgment and praise of a picture of a dragon.

Kimura Sanraku was a younger pupil of Yeitoku who



Herons in Mist, *by Kaihoku Yusho*
(*Writer's Collection*)



Chinese Saints and Sages, *by Sanraku*

became more intimately associated with his master's work than any other, inasmuch as the two worked together on many mural decorations, and the pupil completed certain work left unfinished by the master, who died when still some years short of fifty. Sanraku was at first a page in Hideyoshi's service, but he was found to be far more willing to amuse himself with drawing than to attend his master; observing which fact, Hideyoshi, who seems to have been no very bad fellow for a ruthless conqueror, set him to study in due form under Yeitoku, and afterwards employed him largely. Like the typical industrious apprentice of our own tradition, Sanraku married his master's daughter and prospered greatly, his name taking an honourable place among the foremost of the Kano school. As a colourist he was unsurpassed, his composition was striking and dignified, and he drew with a very free, dashing line, whose elegance cost no sacrifice of power. The pair of pictures of Chinese saints and sages, from which the accompanying photographs are taken, offer good types of his work. They are coloured in an exquisite scheme of cool grey and green, with subordinate reds and pinks, and a few minute touches of gold. The lines in the drapery are quite characteristic in quality.

Sanraku very frequently painted scenes of common Japanese life, as, indeed, did Motonobu before him. Such scenes also made common enough motives in the works of the Yamato painters of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. It is a mistake, though a very general mistake, to suppose that Iwasa Matahei was the first to use such subjects, in the early seventeenth century.

With Sanraku we must leave the Kano school for a time and return to the followers of the pure Chinese style. Of these the sixteenth century produced too many to be enumerated here, even in a bare list. Dr. Anderson gives sixty or seventy, and that number might be doubled from the native authorities. Among all these very able artists few stood out sufficiently above the rest to call for individual comment. In general the old motives were used and the old styles followed by a number

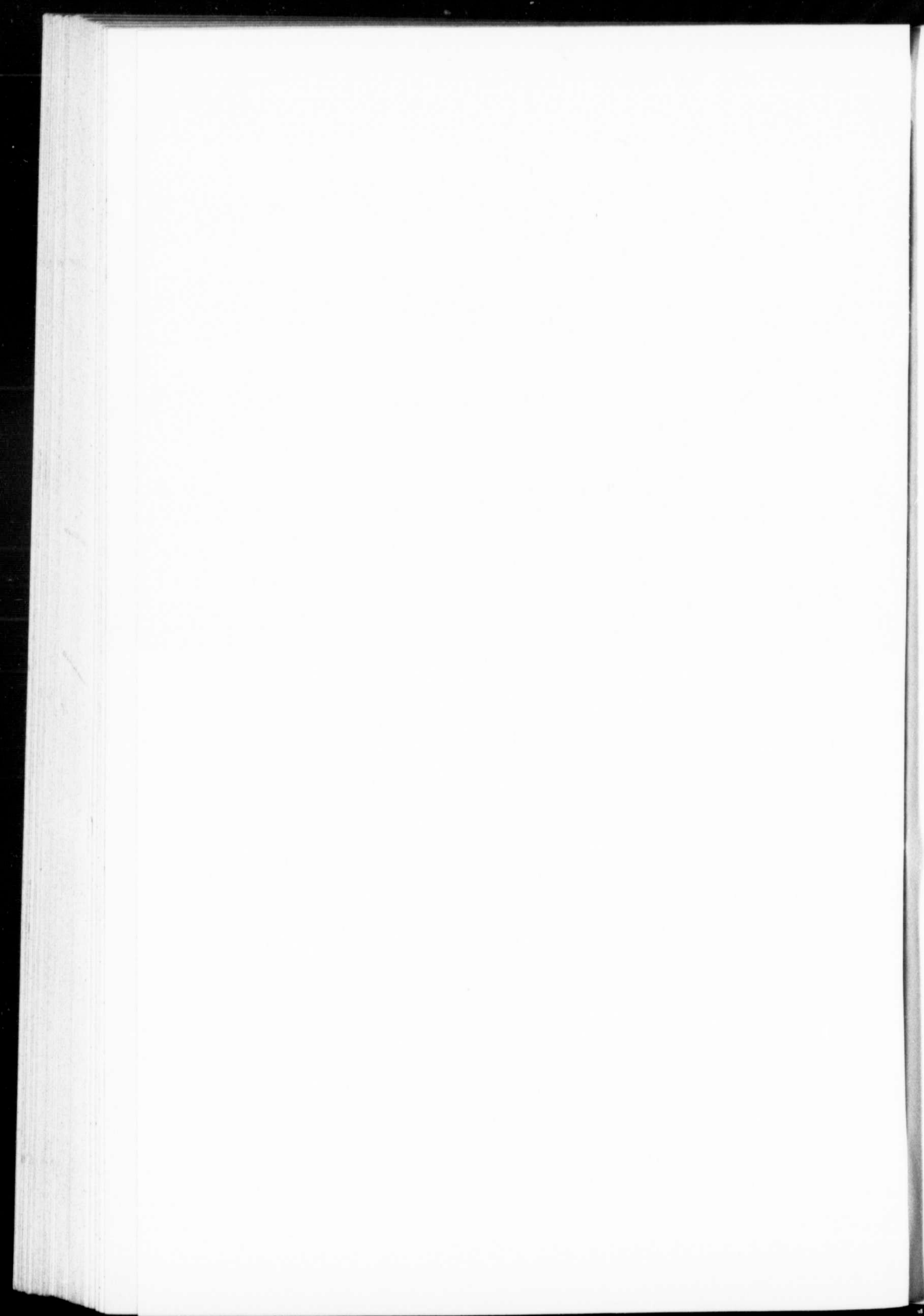
of painters whose works it is difficult to distinguish one from another, except after lifelong study. Classical subjects and classical treatment were adhered to, just as they were for certain periods in Europe; the difference being that the Japanese classics were Chinese, while our own were Greek or Roman; though I cannot find that any Japanese painter ever went so far as to clothe Japanese figures in Chinese dress, in parallel to the practice of European sculptors of the eighteenth century.

The son and grandson of Soga Jasoku were painters of talent, the first, Soga Sojo, being the abler of the two. He somewhat modified his father's manner, and made greater use of colour in his pictures. But Jasoku's most important descendant was his great grandson, Soga Chokuan. Chokuan was renowned as a painter of birds, and more particularly as a painter of falcons. His style was so far modified that it is only the fact of his ancestry that turns the scale against his inclusion in the Kano school. His work might be called three-quarters Kano, though the remaining traces of the pure Chinese manner are always plainly visible. He had a wonderfully firm, mordant touch; he drew with great delicacy and precision, and his colour was quiet and rich. M. Gonse has compared his drawing, not altogether without reason, to that of Dürer.

Chokuan died at about the same time as Motonobu, leaving a son and pupil who bore the same name. This son also painted birds of prey in the manner of his father, and painted them admirably, though not altogether as well as his master. He is usually distinguished as Ni Chokuan, or Chokuan the second. The accompanying illustration is from a kakemono by the father.

It must not be supposed that the Chinese revival and the rise of the Kano school had extinguished painting in the Tosa style. On the contrary, the national school of painting flourished exceedingly in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Hirochika, Mitsunobu, Mitsushige, and Mitsuyoshi were the chief painters in the direct line, and they worked in two styles: the larger style, such as I have dealt with in the previous

Falcon, *by Soga Chokuan (Writer's Collection)*

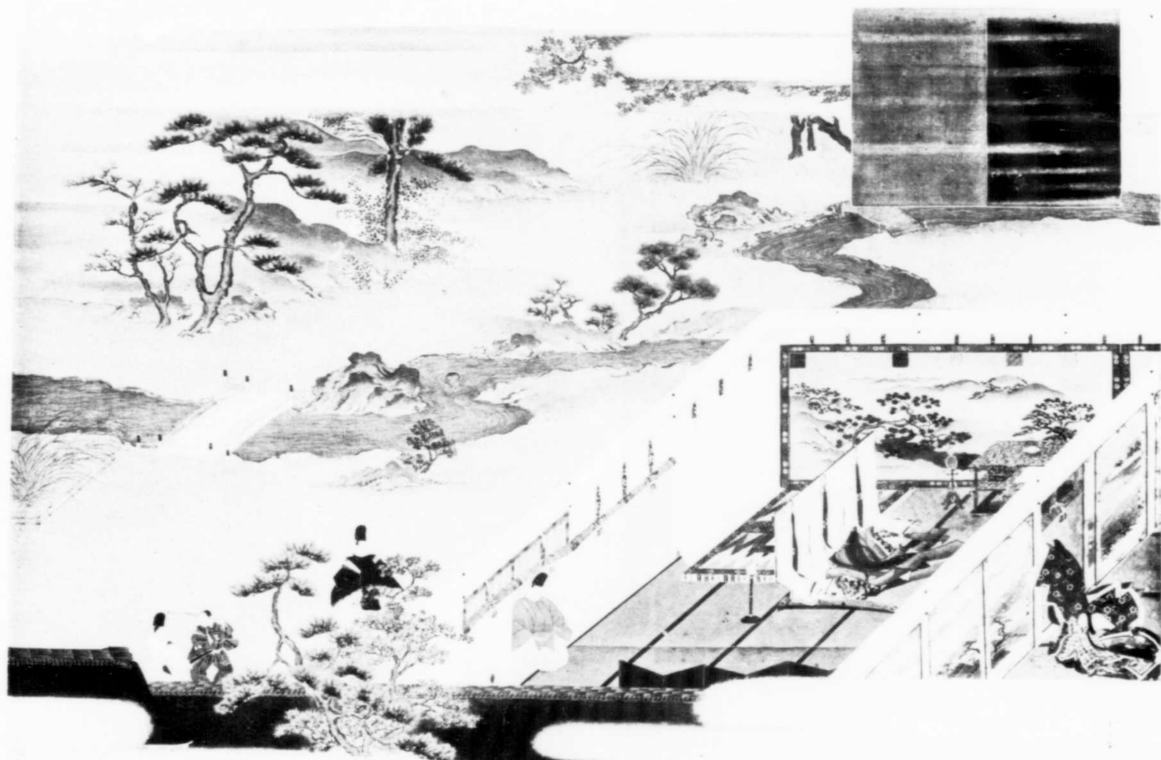


paper, and of which Korehisa's historical pictures are a type, and a more minute style almost purely decorative in intention. It is a common belief that this second style was a later development from the first, that the earlier Tosa painters worked exclusively in the vigorous manner—the dynamic manner, so to speak—and the later painters wholly in the decorative or static style. This is an entire mistake, and in fact the two styles existed side by side from the beginning, and were employed alternatively by the same artists, according to the subject in hand. The larger style, full of vigorous drawing of human action, with background in subordination or wholly lacking, was used for the historical rolls, for the pictures inspired by the exploits of the country's heroes, and for such pictures of common life as it suited. The minute style was employed for peaceful scenes of court life, and in these the whole surface of the paper or silk was covered with brilliant and harmonious colour, the figures were shown in repose and treated in flat tint and pattern, detail was rendered with great delicacy and minuteness, and the whole scheme was frankly decorative. So much so that commonly all suggestion of emotion or action was carefully eliminated, together with every other element likely to disturb the decorative repose of the picture, and all human figures were reduced to a set pattern. It was not, as Europeans are apt at first to suppose, that these painters could not draw the human figure with natural action, for in fact they did it admirably—in other pictures. But here they set themselves certain definite limits, and they aimed at nothing but what they achieved. It is impossible to convey any idea of their performance in this respect without the employment of colour, but I have nevertheless had one picture copied in photography by way of diagram, in order that the formal drawing may be understood. The photograph is from an eighteenth-century copy of a picture by Hirochika. The photographic reduction is destructive to detail—the picture is rather more than a yard wide—but enough is visible to give an idea of the plan and character of a picture in the minute

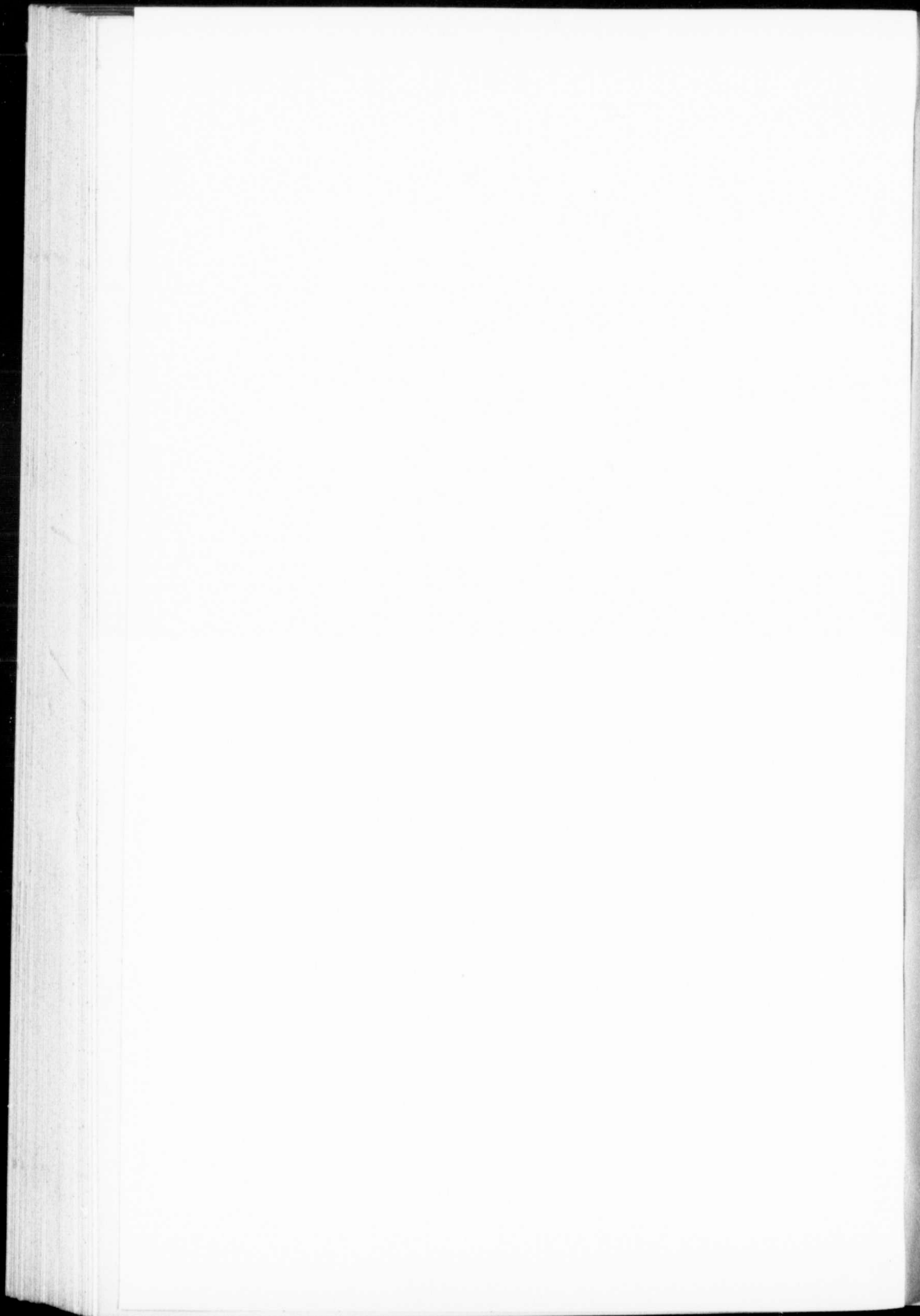
Tosa style. Two characteristic expedients may be observed: the removal of a roof to afford a view of the rooms beneath, and the use of coloured and gold clouds to fill in the composition decoratively where the painter wished to omit scenic detail. The rectangular spaces at the top right-hand corner are for the reception of a poetical inscription.

Most of the Kano painters worked also in the Tosa style on occasion, as Motonobu sometimes did. The two schools were to some extent local, and even political. The Kano school had its seat in Yedo, the capital of the Shogun, and the Shoguns were its chief patrons; while the Tosa painters had their headquarters in the Imperial capital of Kioto, and theirs was the work that enjoyed the favour of the Emperor and the nobles of his court.

ARTHUR MORRISON.



**Part of Nobleman's House and Grounds**, *copied from a picture by the Tosa painter, Sumiyoshi Hirochika (British Museum Collection*



# THE "MONTHLY REVIEW" IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

IN the Preface to "Evelina," Miss Burney, it will be remembered, addresses an artfully worded appeal to the "Authors of the *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews*," beginning with an apology for offering them the trifling production of a few idle hours, and continuing in her best Johnsonian style:

> But the extensive plan of your critical observations—which, not confined to works of utility or ingenuity, is equally open to those of frivolous amusement—and yet worse than frivolous amusement—encourages me to seek for your protection, since—perhaps for my sins!—it entitles me to your annotations. To resent, therefore, this offering, however insignificant, would ill become the universality of your undertaking, though not to despise may, alas! be out of your power.

The modern reader, for whom periodical criticism began with the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review* in the second year of the nineteenth century, may be inclined to regard with mingled amusement and contempt this obsequious petition addressed to the critical authorities of those dark ages when Jeffrey was in petticoats, and Lockhart as yet unborn. Yet the two great "Wes" of the eighteenth century, the "Monthly" and the "Critical" played no unimportant part in the literary education of our great-grandparents; and although neither of the twain could boast such a galaxy of encyclopædic intelligences as the *Edinburgh Review* in its best days, yet the name of the one is connected (not over-

creditably, it must be admitted), with that of Goldsmith, and of the other with that of Smollett, while the literary staff of each was recruited from among the sounder wits of Upper Grub Street.

Although it is not for a moment suggested that literary criticism was in its infancy in the middle of the eighteenth century, it may safely be asserted that the periodical reviewer was still only feeling his way. Not one of the literary journals that had appeared during the first half of the century—*The Memoirs of Literature, The Present State of the Republic of Letters, Historia Literaria*, or the *Grub Street Journal*—had enjoyed a lengthy or prosperous career. In 1749, when Ralph Griffiths, a thriving bookseller, started the *Monthly Review* at the Sign of the Dunciad (name of ill-omen!) in St. Paul's Churchyard, there was no other competitor of importance in the field. Mr. Griffiths, who had begun life as a Presbyterian watchmaker in Staffordshire, acted as his own publisher and editor, assisted by his wife, a lady of literary tastes. The "Review" came into the world in singularly modest fashion, its simple, straightforward title-page and editorial advertisement presenting a refreshing contrast to the parade and puffery which accompanied the first numbers of most contemporary periodicals. The public was informed that the *Monthly Review* was merely

A

PERIODICAL WORK

GIVING

AN ACCOUNT WITH PROPER ABSTRACTS OF, AND
EXTRACTS FROM, THE NEW BOOKS,
PAMPHLETS, ETC., AS THEY
COME OUT

BY

SEVERAL HANDS

The first number, a double one for May and June, 1749, contains non-critical summaries of eleven new books, including

"A System of Moral Philosophy," by Grove; a translation of the "Odes of Pindar," by Gilbert West; Bolingbroke's "Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism"; Smollett's juvenile tragedy, "The Regicide," and an "Essay on Design; including Proposals for erecting a Public Academy, to be supported by voluntary subscriptions (till a Royal foundation can be obtained) for educating the British youth in drawing, and the several arts depending thereon." In the second number the plan was adopted of printing in small type a monthly catalogue of current literature, which contained the titles, together with brief descriptive paragraphs, of such romances, poems, and pamphlets as were not considered worthy of more elaborate treatment. The body of the "Review" was taken up with ten or twelve lengthy articles (often continued through two or three numbers) upon what Miss Burney would have called the "works of utility or ingenuity"—theological treatises, philosophical reflections, moral essays and didactic poems—which poured from the eighteenth century press.

The *Monthly Review* met at the outset with a very moderate measure of success: indeed, it seemed doubtful at one time whether the newcomer would live to celebrate its first birthday. However, at the conclusion of Volume I., the editor begs leave to thank the public for their candid reception of the "Review," "notwithstanding any imperfections which have happened in the infancy of the undertaking, and assures the encouragers of the work that no care or proportional expense shall be spared that may be necessary for its improvement." He proposes at the same time to introduce an account of foreign works, and occasionally to print an extra sheet, which extra sheet afterwards developed into a half-yearly supplement. He concludes with the reminder that "Our business is to enter no further into the province of criticism than just so far as may be indispensably necessary to give some idea of such books as come under our consideration." This abstention from criticism saved the "Monthly," in its early and feeble days, from the frequent and often damaging attacks that were made by outraged

authors upon its more outspoken and audacious rival, the "Critical." Besides, the day of the specialist had not yet dawned, and while it was comparatively easy for a good all-round writer to give an intelligent summary of an abstruse work, only a man of encyclopædic knowledge could criticise with impunity the various learned folios that came up periodically for review.

By the middle of the "fifties" the *Monthly Review* seems to have been fairly started on its long and prosperous career, its proprietor being able to take a country house at Turnham Green, and set up two coaches. Among the regular attendants at Chiswick Church we hear of "Portly Dr. Griffiths (he had some American diploma) with his literary wife in her neat and elevated wire-winged cap." By his contemporaries Griffiths is described as a steady advocate of literature, a firm friend, a lover of domestic life, and an excellent companion, abounding beyond most men in literary anecdote and reminiscence. Among his coadjutors were Dr. Kippis, the Presbyterian Editor of the second edition of the "Bibliographia Britannica;" the Rev. John Langhorne, author of numerous sentimental poems and tales; the Rev. William Ludlow, writer of mathematical treatises; James Ralph, a miscellaneous writer, now chiefly remembered as the author of an attack upon the "Dunciad," and the victim of a brilliant *riposte* in the second edition of that satire; Dr. Grainger, a friend of Johnson's, who described him as a man who would always do any good in his power; and Dr. Rose, who kept a boys' school at Chiswick, and translated the classics after the manner of his kind.

While wading through the reviews of dead histories, forgotten travels, explored scientific theories and obsolete theological doctrines, that constitute by far the larger portion of those early volumes of the "Monthly," the reader is occasionally rewarded for his pains by stumbling upon the first notice of some immortal work, whose title gleams out of the page like a jewel out of a dust-heap. Thus, hidden away in the catalogue of current literature for February 1751, we come upon the announcement: "'Elegy in a Country Church-

yard.' Dodsley. 6d. The excellence of this little piece amply compensates for its want of quantity." Thus lightly was a deathless masterpiece launched upon the world by these self-appointed guides of literary taste. In the same year we have the first mention of two classic novels, Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle" and Fielding's "Amelia." Before dealing with the former the reviewer comments upon the melancholy fact that:

> Serious and useful works are scarce read, and hardly anything of morality goes down unless ticketed with the label of amusement. Thence that flood of novels, tales, romances and other monsters of the imagination, imitated from the French, whose literary levity we have not been ashamed to adopt.

He approves of the biographical form adopted by Fielding and Smollett, but censures both writers for certain of their characters—highwaymen, ostlers, bailiffs, and the like—which, "however exact copies of nature, are chosen in too low and disgustful a range of it, and too long dwelt upon." Even the irreproachable "Sir Charles Grandison," who convulsed the novel-reading world in 1754, is only allowed a small type paragraph in the rubbish-heap of the "Monthly Catalogue."

> We have read "Sir Charles Grandison" with alternate pleasure and disgust [observes the reviewer of Richardson's long-expected masterpiece]. With pleasure from the great good sense of the author, his many excellent sentiments and moral reflections. With disgust from the absurdity of a scheme that supposes a set of people devoting almost their whole time to letter scribbling—from the author's continued trifling with the patience of his readers, by his extreme verbosity throughout the work—from the studied formality in his method, the frequent affectation in his language, and the inconsistency of some of the persons in his drama.

It was probably owing to the fact that Mrs. Griffiths was a lady of literary proclivities that the "Monthly" reviewers showed themselves quite abnormally gallant towards what they called the "Fair," even when the Fair persistently appeared in blue stockings. There are numerous notices to the effect that "This work is written by a Lady, consequently not the object of severe criticism;" or "Many circumstances entitle the softer sex to a more delicate treatment than our own, and therefore

it is always with tenderness that we look upon the productions of a female pen." As the staff obviously intended to propitiate the editor's wife, it is to be hoped that Mrs. Griffiths did not perceive the intellectual insults underlying these chivalrous protestations. The favour shown by otherwise flinty hearted reviewers towards the productions of a female pen naturally led to a large number of novels being issued with the words "By a Lady," or "By a Young Lady, being her first literary attempt," upon the title-page. Dealing with one of these professedly feminine romances, the reviewer declares that he has too high an opinion of the sex to believe that any woman who could write at all would ever write anything so dull and insipid. "A female author," he asserts, "is generally a wit, and sure to produce lively and sprightly, if not very solid, things." After pointing to the productions of Mrs. Aphra Behn, Mrs. Pilkington, and others, he continues: "In short, 'tis needless to mention more instances to prove how well the ladies are qualified to shine in the republic of letters when their natural tastes are cultivated; the difficulty, in truth, would be to find a bad, especially a dull, book, written by a woman. Dulness is the peculiar mark of the male scribbler."

In January 1756, the *Monthly Review* was confronted by a powerful rival in the shape of the *Critical Review*, started by a Scotch printer named Archibald Hamilton, under the editorship of the redoubtable Dr. Smollett, who was assisted in his labours by a "society of gentlemen." The new-comer, thanks to its slashing style, and the merciless fashion in which it trampled upon its victims, speedily got itself into hot water. Authors, who should have been crushed flat, had an objectionable habit of retaliating upon their critics in impertinent pamphlets, or else through the medium of advertisements in the daily papers, for which latter privilege they paid the modest sum of two shillings. It need scarcely be said that there was no love lost between the gentlemen of the "Monthly" and the gentlemen of the "Critical"; and although they were frequently bracketed together in the attacks of vindictive scribblers, it does not

appear that they ever made common cause against the enemy. Among the amenities exchanged between the rival Reviews may be quoted Dr. Griffiths' public statement that the staff of the "Critical" was composed of "physicians without practice, authors without learning, men without decency, and critics without judgment;" together with Smollett's retort that at least his Review was not written by a "parcel of obscure hirelings under the restraint of a bookseller and his wife, who presume to revise, alter, and amend the articles." On another occasion the author of "Roderick Random" alluded to Mrs. Griffiths in language, now happily obsolete among gentlemen of the Press, as "an antiquated Sappho, or rather a Pope Joan in taste and literature, pregnant with abuse, begot by rancour, under the canopy of ignorance!"

Dr. Johnson, in his famous interview with George III., gave his own personal—and not unprejudiced—opinion of the distinctive qualities of the two Reviews.

> The King asked him [relates Boswell] if there were any other literary journals published in this kingdom except the *Monthly* and the *Critical Reviews*; and on being answered there was no other, his Majesty asked which of them was the best. Johnson answered that the *Monthly Review* was done with most care, the *Critical* upon the best principles; adding that the authors of the *Monthly Review* were enemies to the Church. This the King said he was sorry to hear.

Johnson's statement was founded on the fact that the "Monthly" was conducted on Whig principles, and coloured by the Nonconformist sympathies of its editor, while the "Critical" was professedly Tory (though Smollett frequently attacked both ministry and opposition) and supported the High Church party. The "Monthly," however, to its credit be it said, seldom allowed its literary judgments to be prejudiced by political feeling, and indeed ran some risks of offending subscribers by its impartiality. In the number for May 1770, there is a notice to the effect that

> In these days of civil dudgeon, when men fall out they know not why, it is no wonder that the *moderation* of the "Monthly" reviewers hath drawn upon them

the censure of the immoderate and uncandid persons who appear to be friends of the *ins*, complaining of our partiality to the *outs*; while, on the other hand, remonstrances from the *outs* scruple not to charge us with writing under Ministerial influence.

It was in the month of April 1757, that Dr. Griffiths, happening to dine with his friend Dr. Milner, who kept an academy for young gentlemen at Peckham, was much impressed with the conversation of an Irish usher, Oliver Goldsmith by name, who on this occasion at least talked more like an angel than like "Poor Poll." So much to the point were his remarks on the subject of the newly started *Critical Review*, that Dr. Griffiths took him aside after dinner, and suggested that he should send in a few specimens of criticism to the "Monthly," in which organ it is probable that new blood was badly wanted. The specimens were duly sent in, and found so satisfactory that the usher was invited to board and lodge with Dr. and Mrs. Griffiths, and in return for a small regular salary to devote his whole time to the service of the Review. The offer was accepted, but the arrangement lasted no more than five months, from May to September. Goldsmith who only wrote twelve reviews during this time, which he afterwards refused to acknowledge, complained that he was underfed and overworked, and accused the editor and his wife of tampering with his articles. Griffiths, on his side, declared that his assistant was idle, unpunctual and generally impracticable. Probably both parties had some justification for their complaints. The young Irishman's Bohemian ways must have sorely aggravated the steady, industrious little printer; while Goldsmith could hardly be expected to submit meekly to Mrs. Griffiths' emendations of his text.

In December of the same year, when Goldsmith had broken off his official connection with the "Monthly," he was "accommodated" by Mr. Griffiths with a suit of clothes, which he failed to pay for or to return at the stipulated time. Fierce was the wrath of the bookseller at this breach of faith, and he was only pacified by an undertaking on the part of the debtor

to write him a "Life of Voltaire" for £20, from which modest sum the price of the clothes was to be deducted. In his "Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe," published in 1759, Goldsmith took the opportunity of "scoring off" his former employer. He attacked the system by which the poor author, unpatronised by the rich, became the creature of the bookseller, and had a hit at the monthly reviews and magazines which "might be pardoned were they frothy, pert or absurd, but which, in being dull and dronish, encroached upon the prerogative of a folio." Kenrick, the notorious libeller, who had succeeded Goldsmith on the staff of the "Monthly" was employed to review his predecessor's work, which he did with so much virulence that it was thought advisable to apologise for, and explain away, the worst portions of his article, in a subsequent number of the Review.

The result of this and other quarrels was that Goldsmith's work was invariably underestimated in the pages of the "Monthly." When the "Vicar of Wakefield" appeared in 1766, it was only allowed a brief notice in small type, from which the first sentence may be quoted:

> Through the whole course of our travels through the wild regions of romance, we never met with anything more difficult to characterise than the "Vicar of Wakefield"; a performance which contains beauties sufficient to entitle it to almost the highest applause, and defects enough to put the reader out of patience with an author so strangely capable of underwriting himself.

"She stoops to Conquer" met with even less lenient treatment. The reader is informed that Dr. Goldsmith's play must be considered in the light of a series of improbabilities, since most of its incidents are offences against nature.

> His merit [proceeds the reviewer] is in that sort of dialogue which lies on a level with the most common understandings; and in that low mischief and mirth which we laugh at while we despise ourselves for so doing.

Immediately after Goldsmith's death in 1774, a little catchpenny "Life" was published, in which it was stated that he had formerly been employed to superintend the *Monthly*

*Review.* In a notice of the book Mr. Griffiths contradicts this statement, observing that:

> The Doctor had his merits as a man of letters; but, alas, those who knew him must smile at the idea of such a superintendent of a concern which most obviously required some degree of prudence, as well as a competent acquaintance with the world. It is true that he had for a while a seat at our board; and that, so far as his knowledge of books extended, he was not an unuseful assistant.

Poor Goldy! Probably he would have dreamt as little as his employer that in time to come the *Monthly Review's* chief claim to remembrance would lie in its brief connection with a "not unuseful assistant."

The "Monthly" reviewers, having once begun to "feel their feet," soon adopted what Sir Walter Scott would have called the big bow-wow style of criticism, and set themselves up as Popes of literature, against whose infallible decrees it was blasphemous to protest. They would have held, with Longfellow, that the critic is "a sentinel in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews, to challenge every new author," rather than, with Anatole France, that he is "one who relates the adventures of his soul in a voyage among masterpieces." It must be admitted that they took their profession seriously, and prided themselves upon being at once the leaders of the public taste, the guardians of the public morals, and the custodians of the best traditions of English literature. The arch-critic, Jeffrey, even in his most bumptious days, never attained the calm arrogance of an anonymous gentleman on the "Monthly," who, in replying to the attack of an aggrieved author, explains that:

> The design of our work is mistaken by such as suppose it the business of the reviewers to set every wrong-headed author right. . . . They think it in general sufficient that they point out the principal defects in the performance of such mistaken writers, who would do well, instead of obstinately persisting in their errors, and growing impatient under well-meant reproof, to submit with patience, and learn to profit by just correction.

It is to be feared that no one ever was quite so moral as

these eighteenth-century critics professed to be. The theory of "Art for Art's sake" had not yet been evolved, "Morality for Morality's sake," being the unwritten motto of the *Monthly Review*. In a notice of a feeble but well-intentioned romance, a reviewer remarks:

> Where a performance discovers internal marks that it was the principal intention of the writer to promote virtue and good manners, we do not think ourselves at liberty to speak of it in that pert and flippant manner which those who pride themselves upon their critical skill sometimes do.

If the virtuous were thus encouraged, the evil-doers were warned and exhorted in no uncertain tones. When Sterne published his "Sermons" with the words "By Mr. Yorick," on the title-page, our moral friends thought that it became them to make strong animadversions on this method of advertisement, which they considered as "the greatest outrage upon sense and decency that has been offered since the first establishment of Christianity—an outrage which would scarce have been tolerated even in the days of Paganism!" In spite of Dr. Griffiths' Nonconformist leanings, John Wesley comes off no better than poor Yorick. In a notice of his famous "Hymnal" the writer declares that:

> The irreverent treatment which the Bible continually meets with in *this Protestant country* from the swarms of Hackney commentators, expositors, and enthusiastic hymn-makers, would almost provoke the rational Christian to applaud even the *Church of Rome* for the care she has taken to preserve it from vulgar profanation.

In their capacity of sentinels in the grand army of letters the "Monthly" critics challenged, not only new authors, but also new words and phrases, before they would admit them into the citadel of literature. Thus in an article on Goldsmith's "Life of Bolingbroke," the reviewer explains that he wishes to take the opportunity of exposing "that false, futile and slovenly style which, to the utter neglect of grammatical precision and purity, disgraces so many of our modern compositions." He gives no less than eighteen specimens of "false language" from

Goldsmith's no doubt hastily written work. With regard to new words, we find a reviewer writing, *à propos* Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," and the host of imitations to which it gave rise: "The word *sentimental* is, like continental, a barbarism that has lately disgraced our language, and it is not always easy to conceive what is meant by it." As early as 1749 Lady Bradshaigh had written to Richardson, one of the chief purveyors of sentiment, to ask him the meaning of the word "sentimental," so much used by the polite.

> Everything clever and agreeable is comprehended in that word [she explains], but I am convinced a wrong interpretation is given, because it is impossible everything clever and agreeable can be so common as this word.

The most common complaint with the "Monthly" reviewers is to the effect that their table is groaning beneath the "load of vile romances that almost daily crawl from the press," while even their tenderness towards the female pen is forgotten in view of their apprehension lest "our very Cook-maids should be infected with the *Cacoëthes Scribendi*, and think themselves above the vulgar employment of mixing a pudding or rolling a pye-crust." Yet there seems to have been but slight foundations for these complaints, since it is seldom that more than two or three novels are noticed in one number, and often several months go by without any mention of a work of fiction. The modern critic would hold himself blessed indeed if he were permitted to polish off the accumulations of romance in the summary fashion adopted by his eighteenth-century prototypes. In a contemporary skit on the two leading Reviews, it was stated that a member of the "Monthly" staff had invented a wooden machine in which all the novels, poetry, and other unread publications were placed. When the handle was turned, a series of short paragraphs was ground out, signifying that the subjects under consideration were "impertinent trifles," "d——d stuff," or stupid nonsense. Frequently, when dealing with works of imagination, the reviewers so far forgot the dignity of their calling as to indulge in a species of elephantine levity, of which the following may be quoted as a not unfavourable sample:

"'The History of Lord Clayton and Miss Meredith.' Ill-imagined, ill-written, ill-printed, and—the author will probably add—*very ill-reviewed.*" The standard of fiction fell so low during the last quarter of the century that it is hardly surprising that "Evelina," which appeared in 1778, should have been warmly welcomed by the "Monthly" critic, who pronounced it "one of the most sprightly, entertaining and agreeable productions of this kind which has of late fallen under our notice." He is even more enthusiastic on the subject of "Cecilia," in which he sees much of the pathos and dignity of Richardson, and much of the acuteness and ingenuity of Fielding, while the style appears to him to have been formed on the best model of Dr. Johnson's. He thinks it necessary to add that he is totally unconnected with the author, because it had been publicly insinuated that he had depreciated the writings of Miss Blower in order to enhance those of Miss Burney. Poor Miss Blower was the author of "George Bateman," published in the same year as "Evelina," and other long-forgotten romances.

The only kind of poetry which received the ungrudging applause of the *Monthly Review* was that wherein harmonious versification was combined with correct imagery and pleasing sentiments. Novelty of expression invariably puzzled the critics, while originality of thought positively enraged them. Hence their chief praises were reserved for such blameless bards as Mason, Beattie, and Hayley; while they were roused to positive enthusiasm by three female minstrels, Mrs. "Epictetus" Carter, Miss Aikin (after Mrs. Barbauld), and Hannah More. "In all Mrs. Carter's poems," we are told, "there is that fine sensibility, serene dignity, and lofty imagination that characterise the writings of the divine philosopher. Her style is perfectly Horatian, elegantly polished, and harmoniously easy." While the ingenious translator of Epictetus is compared to Plato and Horace, the critic observes in some of Miss Aikin's pieces "a justness of thought and vigour of expression inferior only to the works of Milton and Shakespeare." With Hannah

More's early tragedy, "The Inflexible Captive," our friend is so enchanted that, unable to express his feelings in plain prose, he bursts forth into the following poetic strains:

> To Greece no more the tuneful minds belong,
> Nor the high honours of immortal song;
> To More, Brooks, Lennox, Aikin, Carter due,
> To Greville, Griffiths, Whateley, Montagu![1]
> Theirs the strong genius, theirs the voice divine;
> And favouring Phœbus owns the *British Nine!*

In view of the intellectual infallibility to which the "Monthly" reviewers laid claim, it is passing strange that they should invariably have been the dupes of literary deceptions, even of the most transparent kind. It was natural, perhaps, that they, in company with many other wiseacres, should have believed in the authenticity of Macpherson's "Ossian" poems; but it is difficult to understand how they could be deceived for a moment by the pseudo-Gothic style of the "Castle of Otranto." The first edition of Walpole's romance, which appeared in 1755, bore upon the title-page the name of William Marshall, gent., who was supposed to have translated it from an Italian manuscript of the eleventh or twelfth century. The critic pronounces that the book is written by no common pen (which was certainly true), that the characters are highly finished, and the language accurate and elegant considering the period at which it was composed. When, a few weeks later, a second edition appeared in all the pomp and apparel of Strawberry Hill, with the initials "H. W." on the title-page, the "Monthly" completely changes its tone, and expresses a somewhat acrid surprise that "an author of refined and polished genius should be an advocate for re-establishing the barbarous superstitions of Gothic devilism." On the first appearance of Chatterton's "Rowley" poems, the learned Dr. Griffiths was inclined to doubt their authenticity, but on receiving com-

[1] Only five of these names are now remembered, but Brooks, Greville, Griffiths (no relation to the Editor), and Whateley were all popular female authors of the day.

munications from many respectable gentlemen at Bristol, one and all attesting the genuineness of Chatterton's "discoveries," he commits himself to the statement that "These poems are undoubtedly the original productions of Rowley, with many alterations and additions by Chatterton."

The first series of the *Monthly Review* consisted of eighty-one volumes, and ran from 1749 to 1790. In the latter year a second and enlarged series was started, which, under the editorship of Ralph Griffiths the younger, was continued down to 1825. The literary Mrs. Griffiths had died in 1764, and in 1767 the widower married a daughter of the Rev. Samuel Clarke, of St. Albans, by whom he had one son and two daughters. One of these daughters, it may be noted in passing, married Thomas Wainewright, and became the mother of Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, the forger and poisoner. Dr. Griffiths, who kept a nominal control over the Review until his death in 1803, was closely connected in his later years with the Aikins, Enfields, and other literary members of the Unitarian body. Dr. Enfield was the first critic to discover the merits of Samuel Rogers' early poems, which he warmly praised in the pages of the "Monthly." In 1825 Ralph Griffiths sold the Review, which at one time had brought his father an income of two thousand a year. In fresh hands it seems to have taken a new lease of life, for it lingered on till 1845, when it died, probably of old age, after a more or less successful career of ninety-six years.

GEORGE PASTON.

# KHARTOUM

A FEW years ago the savagery of Omdurman was a dangerous menace to African civilisation. Khartoum had remained a heap of ruins from the fall of Gordon in 1885, when it was razed to the ground and Omdurman became the Dervish capital. We hear little of these regions nowadays; of late years the public interest was naturally centred in South Africa. Peace having been declared, achieved with honour by the talent of one great man, Lord Kitchener, alike in the north and south of the dark continent, perhaps the British public may care to hear something of the progress of civilisation which has been steadily going on in the Sudan.

To-day, Khartoum presents to the whole of Central Africa an interesting object-lesson of peaceful progress. This wonderful place can be now reached in five days from Assouan by the efficient service organised by the Government—the best by which I have ever travelled. Not only are there excellent dining and sleeping-cars, but at Abu Hamed, after a long run of monotonous sandy track, luxurious baths are unexpectedly supplied. The first section of the line from Halfa to Abu Hamed runs in a perfectly straight line along the level, pathless desert, the most weird and arid scene I have ever witnessed: the sand is of a hot reddish tint, the sparse rocks the burnt sienna of our colour box. Pyramidal peaks rise in the distance on either side, and after sunrise wondrous mirages appear along the horizon—delusive indications of

placid pools and leafy groves, where neither water nor growth nor life of any kind exists. As the sun rose, a fiery ball over the desolate waste, I bestirred myself to sketch its wondrous torrid glory, when a tap came to my door. "Bath, sir, hot or cold, which you like, in ten minutes, sir." The train pulled up at once, and there, rising out of the sandy waste, as if by magic, an array of bath rooms, with every modern comfort, supplied with sweet Nile water pumped from a bend of the river about a mile off! The train gave us twenty minutes and then off we went at full speed, while an excellent breakfast was served.

The Cairo-to-Cape Railway at present stops on the Blue Nile, opposite Khartoum. Omdurman is on the White Nile, about three miles round a corner westward. The city of Khartoum extends for two miles along the river bank, a wide promenade, lined with trees, flanking the Nile. Gordon's earthen fortifications still exist, forming a curve of five miles towards the desert. Outside these there are a dozen native cantonments separated by wide spaces. Every tribe—the loyal Jaalin, the crafty Dinka, the gigantic Shilluk, the truculent Baggara—is kept separate. Their costumes are not voluminous, nor their dwellings imposing, but each tribe carefully adheres to its own pattern—all are clean, tidy, and orderly, and every dusky visage beams with contentment. In the villages there are found only mothers and children busy at domestic occupations, and aged folks too old to work. All able-bodied natives find remunerative employment in the town during the day. Each village is under the control of its head man or sheikh, who is responsible to the Government for the good behaviour of its people. There are several thousand lone Dervish widows, who do most of the rough labour in Khartoum, for which they are paid good wages. They dig foundations, mix mortar, carry bricks, and act as gardeners and sweepers. Their happy, smiling, ugly old faces show how satisfied they are with their present condition. The new city is laid out in wide streets, at right angles to one another; in

the centre is the spacious Gordon Square, which is to possess a statue of the martyred hero.[1]

At the time of the British occupation, Khartoum being in ruins, the Government offices were established at Omdurman, but they are gradually being removed to the new city as the permanent buildings are erected. Omdurman, with its mud hovels, still covers a large area, but much of it is ruinous, and the population is not more than 15,000. In the Mahdi's time 400,000 souls were crowded within the camp enclosure. The place when taken by the British was in an indescribable state of filth; it is now intersected by wide roads and is under police supervision. As Khartoum is developed the old place will doubtless be allowed to dwindle away, it is now visited mainly for the ruins of the Mahdi's tomb, the Khalifa's house, and the Dervish arsenal. The battle-field of Kerreri is seven miles to the north.

We all remember Father Ohrwalder's book, with the thrilling narrative of his escape from the Khalifa's clutches, the story Colonel Wingate (now Sirdar) helped him to tell so well. His escape, with the two Austrian Sisters of Mercy, was a triumph of the skill of the Intelligence Department, and certainly led to Slatin's successful flight, it, in its turn, leading to the recovery of Khartoum. Father Ohrwalder has returned to his place and has rebuilt his house, where he is doing good work by keeping a school for 400 willing pupils. His is the only garden in Omdurman, the rest of the place being bare and desert. I visited this interesting gentleman, deriving much information from him. He is forty-six years old, but his eventful career has given him the aspect of greater age. I remarked to him how much the Christian world sympathised with his sufferings. He replied, "Mine were as nothing compared with those of the poor ladies; I wonder they survived." He seems happy to have got back, and means to spend the rest of his days in the Sudan.

[1] This fine statue has been temporarily erected in London, and was unveiled by the Duke of Cambridge in presence of Lord Kitchener, July 18, 1902.

## NEW KHARTOUM.

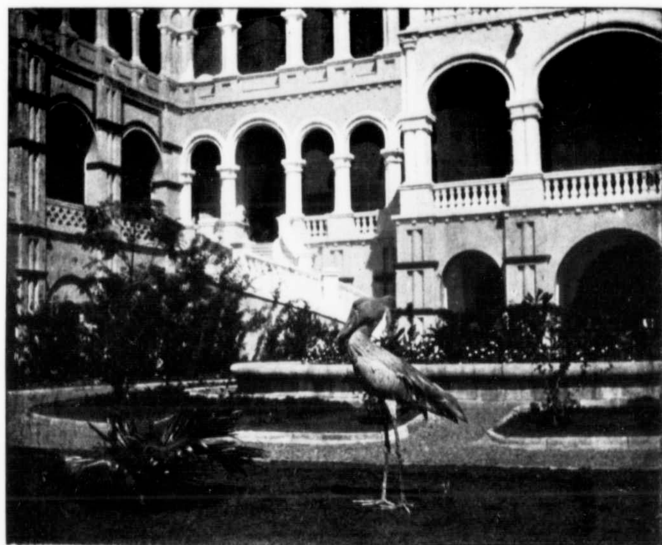
The first sight of Khartoum from the river comes as a charming surprise after the long journey through a thousand miles of barrenness, for it is embosomed in trees! The white palace, a massive building, dominates the graceful palms. It is a finished structure, of great durability and elegance, and gives the impression that its builders have come to stay. The pair of modern cannon mounted on fine carriages at either side of the wide portal, with double sentries (British and Egyptian) heighten the idea that what had to be taken by force will so be held, if necessary.

The Dervishes, when they levelled Gordon's buildings forgot to destroy the trees, even those of the hero's own planting were left, so that now the new buildings rise out of a leafy shade such as exists nowhere else in the Sudan. The palace is completely finished, and a remarkably noble pile; next the river it presents, properly, a plain, solid front, with somewhat the look of a fortress. The garden front is a contrast to this; it forms a hollow square of arcaded work of three storeys rising from a terrace flanked by handsome balustrades with wide curving steps. As we enter by the arched portal from the river side, the beautiful gardens, full of rich flowering plants, tropical and European, rise from perfectly kept greensward. Rare varieties of palm and leafy exotic trees give shade where needed.

In the centre, flourishing with renewed life, we find Gordon's own Rosery, glorified within a raised enclosure of cut-stone, the flowers in the depth of winter being such as we find at home in June. The palace garden is about ten acres in extent, much of it laid down in grass equal to an English lawn, though in extent more like a park than garden and fringed with noble trees with *parterres* of exquisite flowers separated by rills of water. This, under a burning sun at 15° from the equator, speaks volumes for the industry and skill of the native

gardeners. Away in a shady nook is Lady Wingate's tent, where refreshing tea is dispensed by her own fair hands after her friends have had an afternoon saunter in the gardens. Let us turn, and view the garden front of the palace. It is of no particular style of architecture. It is even more airy than Italian; more light and cheerful than any other palace, and its loggias and corridors suggest ample protection from the tropical sun. Gothic, Classic or Saracenic styles would not have been half so successful, the building, whatever style it is, is lovely. It has grown up—an emanation from the place and its requirements. No professional architect was employed—it is, in fact, a new style, an invention of the Royal Engineers. These ingenious officers were quartered here, and got the job to do as part of their duty, and did their best. The result is charming and original. But Engineers have to be ubiquitous, like their motto, and those who commenced were not allowed to finish the building. The lower storeys are the design of one Engineer, the upper of another, and yet the whole is congruous. It is said that the officer who is most responsible for the design is now doing duty as Governor of Sennaar, where his architectural genius will not find much scope.

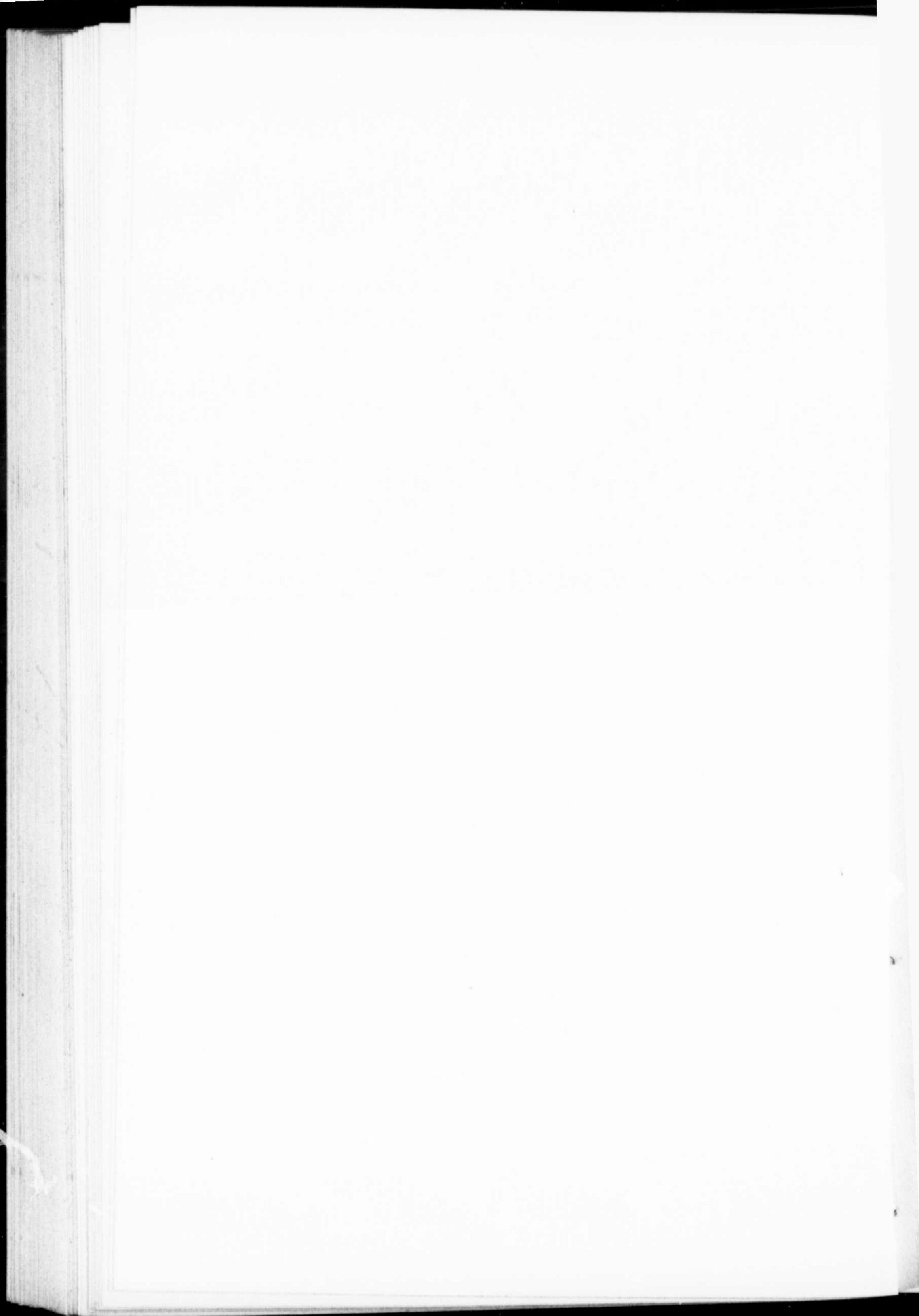
The wide staircase at the south corner leads past the spot where Gordon fell, now marked by an inscription on a granite block. His few faithful guards died around him, save one Sudanese of great strength, who survived though terribly hacked about. He is now a native officer of high rank in our Service. He is a man of distinguished appearance, and much respected. I had the pleasure of being introduced to him. I was told by the Chaplain some interesting matters connected with this fine old soldier. He wants to be admitted into the Christian church, and has repeatedly pressed his claim thus: "I have no more belief in the religion of the Prophet, I am at heart of your faith. Let me join your church for the sake of my wife and two daughters, who, like myself, want to be Christians. I am afraid for their fate if they have not the freedom of your religion." But Mr. Gwynne told him he dare



Khartoum—Gordon's Rosery

Abu Markuk, the Father of Shoes (*Baleniceps Rex*)

(1) Standing for his Portrait (2) Bored !



not take any step in the matter, if he did he would be at once sent back to England. Some day when there may be a public church the veteran can attend if he pleases; meantime it seems a hard case to be refused.

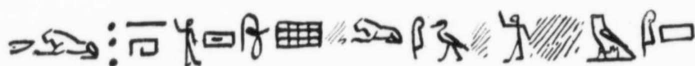
The state and private apartments of the Palace are finely proportioned, simply furnished, but with a quiet dignity. A beautiful tame leopard keeps guard at the stairs leading to the Sirdar's apartments, but I was more interested in the study of a dignified bird who keeps sentry-go in the palace garden. He is a distinguished visitor from the Bahr-el-Ghazal, the first of his species to reach more northern latitudes. Since his sojourn at the Palace he has become quite tame, and may ramble over all the vast garden, but he prefers the society of the notables, always taking up his station near the terraces and the rosery, apparently knowing the importance of a bird scientifically labelled ***Baleniceps Rex***. His plumage is of a bronze-brown. He has a great black bill and pouch, and long elegant legs like a crane. His eyes are a cold sea-green. He is said to be a pelican, but the natives call him Abu-Markuk—"the father of shoes"—out of compliment to his remarkable bill, like whalebone or old patent leather. This strange bird is becoming quite vain, and seems to enjoy being noticed and photographed. But one day he got too much of it, and deliberately marched out of focus, striding away like a lifeguardsman. On another occasion he squatted down yawning, showing a huge mouth like a sleepy crocodile's. He has a special attendant, and is fed on fresh fish. Pity he could not be trusted to do his own fishing in the Blue Nile hard by; he would then be an interesting subject for a snapshot. But such freedom might tempt him from his allegiance to the Sirdar's home.

Other public buildings are fast rising in Khartoum. War Office, Treasury, Courts of Justice, Post and Telegraphs, Government Stores, Mudirieh, Police and Military Barracks, Soldiers' Club, are all rapidly approaching completion, and are all handsome specimens of Royal-Engineer-

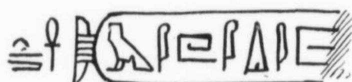
architecture. Shops, warehouses and stores are being built rapidly by private enterprise. The trade at present is mostly in the hands of Greeks, but British merchants may find it to their interest to come by-and-bye. Almost every block has some important building in progress. The "Sudan Club," to which I was invited, is one of the best I have ever used. It is situated in a lovely garden of four acres, extending down to the river. Two banks are in full operation, the Bank of Egypt and the National Bank. Both have fine buildings, and one of them is beautiful, with shady verandahs all around. Many handsome private houses are rising up. The Gordon College is ready for the roof. It is intended to be a great technical training-school, where all useful trades will be taught. Many years of war, rapine, slave-raiding, massacres, and constant unrest have depopulated the land and destroyed all the ancient handicrafts. The art of laying bricks was lost among the natives. The houses are being built by Italians, and carpentering, plastering, &c., are done by imported labour. But the natives are intelligent, and seem anxious to learn. Being well paid for their labour, the present security will tempt the people back to the place. The great want of the Sudan is a peaceful and industrious population.

Since the suppression of the slave trade the only exports are gum and ivory. I saw no ivory, but half a mile of gum, spread out on the dry beach at Omdurman, giving employment to hundreds of native women, busily engaged assorting the various qualities.

The English Church service is held in one of the large rooms in the Palace, and is attended by commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and by British residents. The rank and file of the British soldiers cannot be accommodated, but Lady Wingate has started a subscription-list for building and endowing a handsome church, worthy of this important centre of British civilisation. The Catholics, Greek Church, and Coptic bodies have their own places of worship, and a large Mosque is in course of erection. The

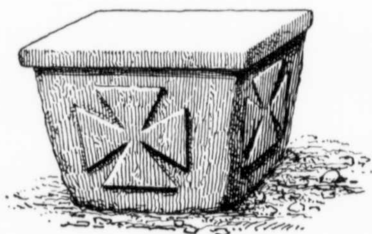


Inscription on base of the Lamb at Khartoum, north side

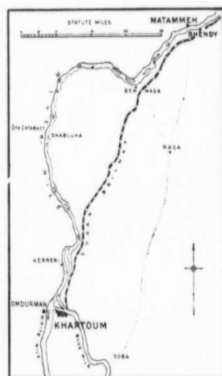


Inscription on base of the Lamb, east end

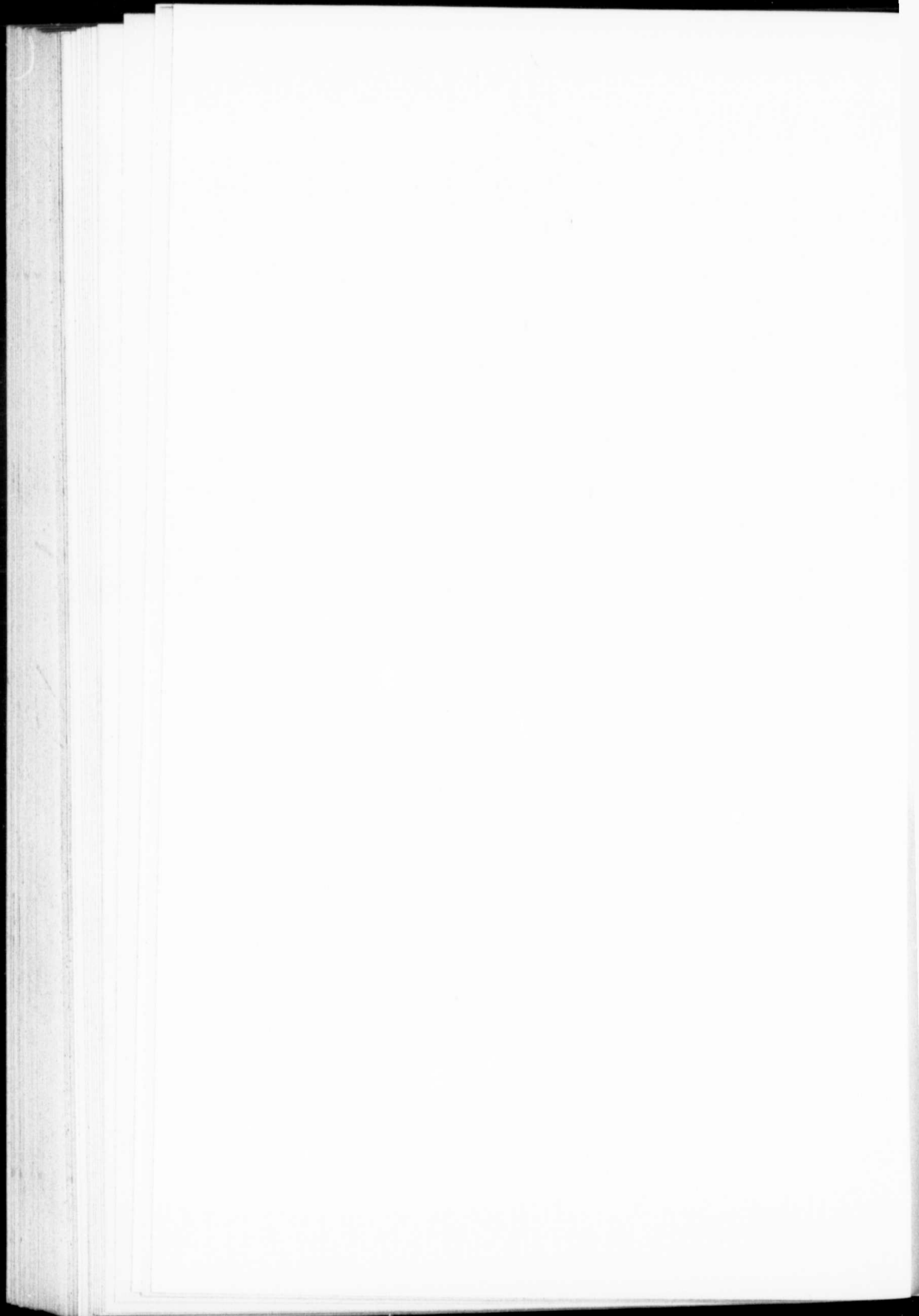
Fragment of inscription on base of the Lamb, south side



One of the Capitals of the Christian Church at Soba




Map of Sudan, with ancient road through Naga and Soba



music of the Palace service is excellent, Lady Wingate leading the choir, which she trains herself. It is, of course, entirely voluntary. After the service "God Save the King" was sung. This has been done every Sunday since Lord Kitchener held the Memorial Service at the "Funeral of Gordon," September 2, 1898. The Chaplain, Rev. Llewellyn Gwynne, is a great favourite, a good working parson, active in every good work. He is also a fine footballer and cricketer, and an adept at lawn tennis. He is beloved by the natives, and when I went round the town with him, it was pleasant to see the smiling greetings he received. Every one seemed to regard him as a friend. Mr. Gwynne was on his way to Central Africa as a missionary, but Lord Kitchener persuaded him to remain as British Chaplain at Khartoum, and so he was permitted to sign for seven years' duty.

In the Palace garden I had noticed a curious stone carving of evident late Roman work. It represents a sheep or lamb, the wool being carved rudely in high relief. On removing the gravel from the base I found a hieroglyphic inscription, and at the front a cartouche of some king.[1] On mentioning my curiosity about this stone animal to Father Ohrwalder, he told me all he knew about it. It came from the ruins of Soba (the same word as Sheba, he explained), once a great Christian city on the Blue Nile, thirty miles south of Khartoum, and the block was brought in Gordon's day, and preserved because of the tradition that it had been made by Christians.

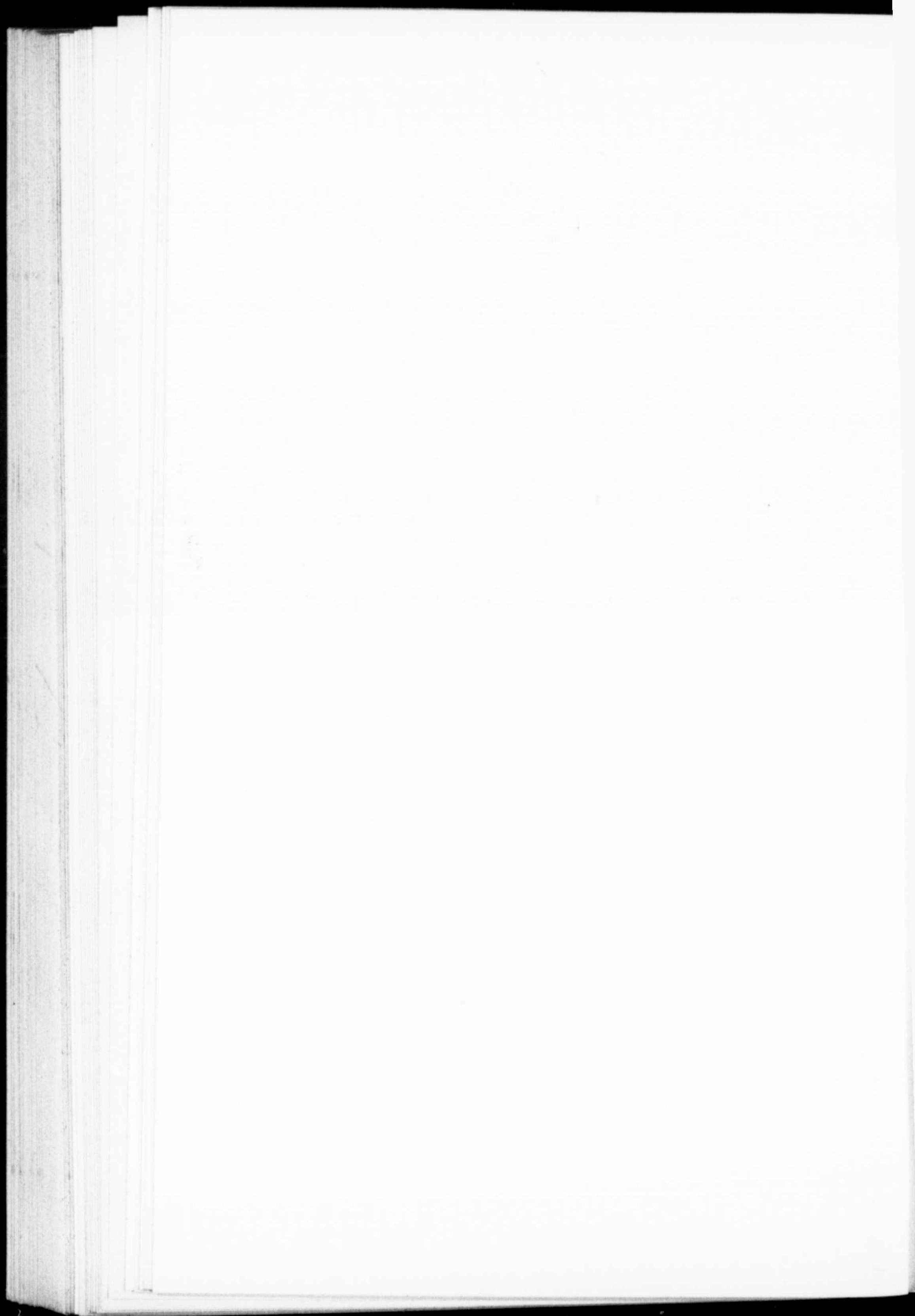
[1] Unfortunately these inscriptions (I am informed by Dr. Budge, Dr. Petrie, Mr. F. L. Griffith and others) cannot as yet be deciphered. The characters are Egyptian, but here they express the old language of Nubia, which is lost to us. Scientific investigation of the various ruins will almost certainly discover bilingual texts which will enable the lost language to be read. I am informed by Mr. Newberry that there are villages in Egypt where the native Christians still speak the Coptic language which was supposed to be lost. In the same manner when we get the Sudan fully surveyed, people may be found who still retain vestiges of the lost Nubian language, which might lead to these queer hieroglyphs being read in the same way that the Coptic words and script (a survival of Greek) led to the reading of old Egyptian words.

The ruined remains of Soba extend over several miles of desert. Many cargoes of stone and bricks were brought thence to build Khartoum prior to Gordon's time, by a Moslem governor, who, when he was told the ruins were Christian, ordered them to be used up for building the new city. There is a tradition of there having been a brick bridge over the Nile opposite Soba, which may have been destroyed in a similar manner. Colonel Stanton, Governor of Khartoum, has recently made researches among the ruins. There are many remains of buildings and columns protruding out of the sand, every capital bearing the cross. There have been also found more of the stone lambs which originally formed avenues after the manner of Egyptian lines of sphinxes, but they have no look of being Egyptian work. Father Ohrwalder considered the animal represented was the Christian Paschal Lamb. Colonel Stanton will have the ruins cleared from sand when the hot season is over, and plans and photographs taken; meantime he sent me a sketch of one of the fallen capitals. Recent inquiries show that a highway extended from Soba sixty miles northwards to another city the ruins of which are still extant, named Naga. Here there are extensive ruins of Egyptian and Roman buildings in much better preservation than those of Soba. Ruins are found at frequent intervals all along this ancient road, while there are carved rock-hewn tombs and sculptures on the rocks further to the east. There are traditions of a powerful Christian kingdom having existed for centuries in this region, till swept away by the Moslem conquest of the country.

Mr. Gwynne told me of an interview with a very intelligent and loyal sheikh, who was much respected in the neighbourhood. This man said to the chaplain: "We were all Christians here some centuries ago. My grandfathers (ancestors) were made to renounce it or die, and forced to become Moslems. The country never prospered as it does under your people. Now, when you have your rule consolidated, you will take us by the throat too, and make us all of your faith: you would not

Naga—Roman Building in the Desert: "The Christian Basilica"

Naga—Roman Building in the Desert
(*Showing the Transition from Egyptian to Roman Style*)



be human if you did not." The chaplain said, "No, we won't, we believe in the heart's convictions, and force no man to change his faith." The sheikh shook his head, but said, "Stay with us: you are a blessing to us such as we never knew before, and you protect us."

Colonel Stanton writes me, since my visit, of tidings of ruins eighty miles off, towards Darfur, and also in many other places near and beyond the Nile on both sides. The buildings at Naga are very remarkable as showing the merging of Egyptian architecture into Roman. The date of the Roman work is probably about 350 A.D. But the inscriptions at such a late date being in hieroglyphic, is indeed a puzzle. We are told that Egyptian hieroglyphic writing had gone out, and even its meaning was forgotten, in the second century A.D. Still more remarkable is the knowledge that these monuments bring us, of the existence of the Roman style of architecture so near the equator.

The whole matter is a mystery deserving to be worked out.[1] Lord Cromer and his able lieutenants are keenly alive to its importance, but the Sudan Exchequer has no surplus, and we must wait awhile. Pending the establishing of a Department of Antiquities for the Sudan, orders have been given, I believe, for the registration and preservation of these and other records of the past history of the vast territory (as large as France, the Netherlands, and Germany) which it

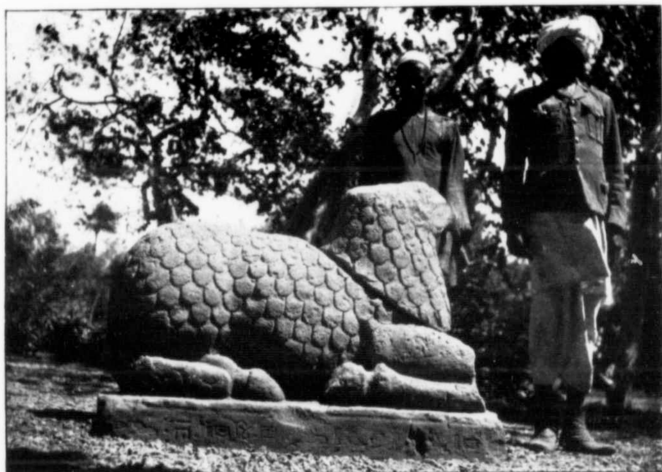
[1] Since my visit to Khartoum I have found an account of this stone lamb which was, it appears, seen at Soba by Dümichen in 1863. I give his own words: "This ram, with the foundations of a Christian Basilica, and several well-preserved capitals, with the cross upon them, was brought to light by me not far from Soba (the Asta-Sobas of Strabo). This ram is ornamented with Ethiopian hieroglyphics. . . . This proves that where afterwards rose the capital of the old Christian empire (called 'Alua' by the Arab geographers) there formerly existed an old Ethiopian town, Sobas. The ancient name is preserved in that of the village of Soba. According to the Ethiopic inscription this was part of the Meroëtic kingdom." From this it seems that Dümichen was able to read the inscription, though the experts of the present day cannot do so.

has fallen to our lot to rule.[1] The whole of the Sudan, it will be found, teems with ancient remains. At Meroë there are twenty-nine pyramids, at Merawi many more, with temples, palaces, and tombs at Napata, Gebel Barkal, Soleb, Semneh, Arquo, and many other places. The existence of these remains all over the land proves that it was not always barbarous. There was, once before, the civilisation of a Christian power, as far as and beyond Khartoum. Its history is lost, but scientific examination of the monuments may wrest from them the hidden mysteries of the past.

There is, also, a utilitarian aspect of the case. A Department of Antiquities, once developed, can be made to pay. It will benefit the poor country by drawing towards it, licensed by the Government, explorers who would gladly pay their way. The monuments, being declared the property of the State, would attract visitors and capital to an interesting and unknown land which needs both to advance its development.

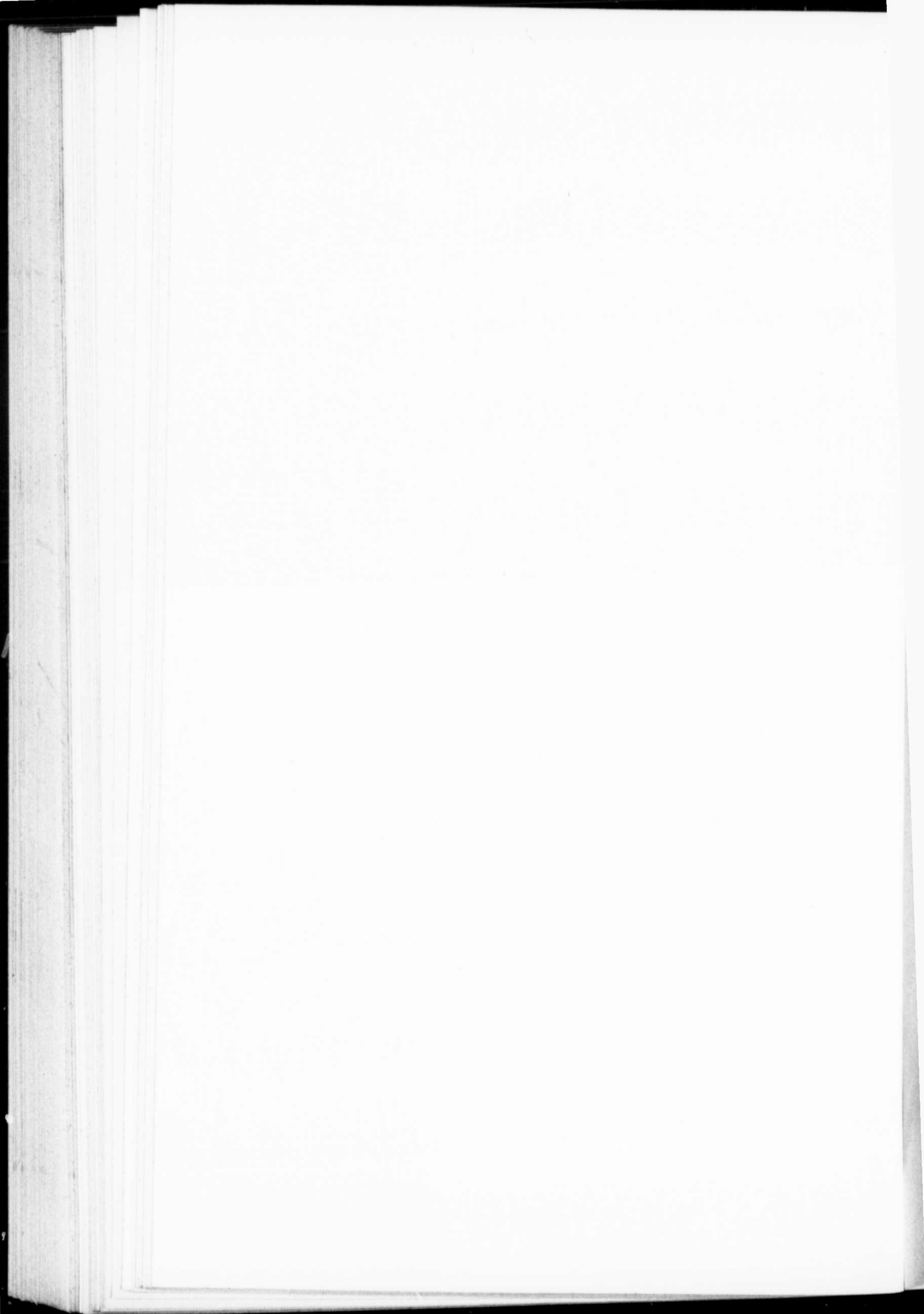
The Roman legions in the reign of Augustus penetrated as far as "Æthiopia" to check Queen Candace, but apparently never occupied it, and left no monuments or inscriptions, as far as is known, to record their visit. Brugsch tells us in the *Livre des Rois* that there were Æthiopian kings down to the middle of the Roman epoch, and depicts over a hundred of their cartouches. These are to some extent taken from the volumes of M. Caillaud, who went along with the conquering expedition of Mehemet Ali's son Ismail, in 1818. In this rather scarce work there are upwards of a hundred plates of ancient ruins all along the Nile from Halfa to Naga, which show what a wealth of antiquities await investigation by the

[1] A comprehensive survey of the Sudan is now in progress under Colonel the Hon. M. G. Talbot. Since my return to London I have seen many of the earlier sheets, far advanced, at our War Office. If this survey be made to embrace the antiquities, all the rest will follow. Once their number and importance is known, the Home Government no doubt will lend a helping hand, if the expense of the care of the antiquities be too much for a country so recently recovered from anarchy that it will be certainly unable to pay its way for some years to come.



The Lamb in the Palace Garden at Khartoum
(*Brought from Soba*)

One of the Animals at Naga



use of the spade. Hoskins and Lepsius visited Soleb, Napata, Gebel Barkal, Meroë, and Naga, in 1833 and 1842. They both published many drawings, but no scientific expeditions have been attempted since.

Professor Sayce and I tried to visit these and other localities in the Sudan in 1900 and 1901. We made application to the Sirdar, but without success. We were politely told there were no facilities for explorers, owing to the unsettled state of the country, and we were advised to postpone our projected visits for a time.

Now the case is different, and to use a vulgar phrase, "inspection is invited" so far as concerns Khartoum. With increased facilities and security for visiting all the antiquities along the Upper Nile, its lost history may yet be revealed from its monuments.

From what I have seen myself, and read in the travels mentioned above, I am convinced that there are as many unexplored antiquities in the Sudan as in Egypt, and although by no means so ancient, they are worthy of attention by those responsible for the development of the country. Possibly also this wide region may abound in unexpected prehistoric remains, for which no search has ever been made. It is a duty to facilitate and protect such discoveries, and I have no doubt the Government will do its best.

JOHN WARD.

# DECORATIVE ART AT TURIN

IN 1861, when the firm of Morris and Company began its operations, taste in household decoration had sunk to its lowest conceivable ebb. We who are of a younger generation can hardly imagine the ugliness, the heaviness, the depressing stolidity which ruled in the habitations of that day. In one of his ingenious stories Mr. Wells imagines a young couple in the twenty-first century collecting the quaint objects which pleased their great-great-grandfathers, "their antimacassars, bead mats, repp curtains, veneered furniture, gold-framed steel engravings and pencilled drawings, wax flowers under shades, stuffed birds and all sorts of choice old things." Seeing that most people collect rather what is rare than what they consider beautiful, there is nothing very absurd in this imagination. But the social historian of the twenty-first century, when he deplores the taste which tolerated useless and hideous and trivial things, will also have to relate how towards the close of the nineteenth century there came a reaction. He will have to tell how attention was turned, first in England and then in every country of Europe, to the use of art as an element in the actual surroundings of the home. He will have to trace the history of the revolt, the almost frenzied uprising, against the banality of the domestic style which we in England call the Mid-Victorian. And he cannot fail to give an important place in his survey to the first exhibition of decorative art which is now open, and remains open until November, at Turin.

For this exhibition gives us an opportunity to reckon up the progress which the Morris movement, as we may call it, has made in just over forty years. It was in 1861, as I have said, that Morris and Rossetti, and Ford Madox Brown and Burne-Jones offered themselves as designers "for all kinds of manufactures of an artistic nature." There was scarcely anything in the well-to-do English house of that time which they did not wish to alter. For the crudely coloured and trivial patterned carpets and wall-papers they offered in exchange harmonious and satisfying designs. For the heavy unimaginative chairs and tables of our grandfathers they proposed to substitute, either old furniture of the best periods in the past, or new furniture planned with an eye to graceful proportion. Their ideal house was, as Morris once put it, a house in which there was nothing that the householder did not either find useful or consider beautiful. It is a simple formula, but it covers the whole ground. It requires every object in a house to justify its presence there. It abolishes at once half the contents of the average middle-class residence. It leaves no room for the tedious trumpery ornaments that still take up so much of the space of our dwellings. Those who put Morris's maxim into practice will never have their rooms crowded with furniture. They will limit the number of their tables and chairs, and cabinets and sideboards, and so forth, to their actual needs. If they have a wall-paper that pleases their eye they will not spoil its effect by hanging pictures all over it. For rooms which are to be hung with pictures they will choose a plain paper of some neutral tint. Each of their rooms will have a scheme of colour of its own. They will study what the painter calls "values." Walls and floor, and curtains and furniture and paint, must all be in harmony. And, as they aim at this harmony in order to give their colour-scheme its full effect, so also will they arrange the things which they consider beautiful with a view to letting their beauty be well seen and understood. They will not huddle their possessions closely together, or set them out in such a way as to leave upon the mind a confused impression.

Everything they own will be either useful or beautiful in itself, and will fall into harmony with everything else.

The revolution undertaken in 1861 had its rise amongst the middle-class and has remained essentially a middle-class movement. Looking at the rich in the lump, one can only say that their taste, so far as they have any, is deplorable. They buy Academy pictures. They regard with complacency public monuments which ought to be destroyed by the common hangman. They fill their houses with bastard imitations of bygone gaudiness, or with the relics of the dark ages of furnishing which have come down to them by inheritance. Among the cultivated middle-class, on the other hand, you find the results of the revolution in almost every house you enter. You find them also in every shop that makes a bid for the patronage of this class. Furnishing a house forty years ago simply meant ordering in the kind of domestic possessions that the respectable householder was expected to possess. No one took much interest in it. No one could take much interest in it. One mahogany table was very much like another. Dining-room and drawing-room "suites" differed from one another in glory, but were all upon an equal plane of ugliness. You might exercise your personal taste in the choice of this or that kind of dining-room mantel-piece clock with its attendant bronzes, or in the selection, for the drawing-room, of the china shepherdesses, of the candlesticks with glass lustres, and of the prints or oleographs that adorned your walls. But the main lines of your furnishing and decoration were rigidly laid down by custom and common form. The eccentric persons who had their own ideas of what was comfortable, and pleasant to live with, were mostly regarded as being certainly a little mad, and probably a little dangerous.

To-day there is nothing that offers wider scope for personal taste, or a pleasanter task to those who have taste, than the furnishing and decorating of the rooms in which they are to pass their lives. We are gradually coming back to a right view of the end and aim of Art. We are beginning to under-

stand the truth which Morris taught, that the love of beauty must, if it be genuine, influence the surroundings of our everyday life. Art does not simply mean pictures and statues, and prints and drawings and curiosities. It ought to influence the shape and the colour of everything that we use and look upon. It is no good to hang fine pictures in a room filled with ugly furniture. It is worse than useless to think that we possess artistic tastes if these tastes do not make themselves felt in every corner of our homes.

The leading principles to be kept in mind are: (1) That everything should be genuine and simple, and should not pretend to be anything else but what it really is; and (2) that to everything must be applied the touchstone of personal liking. If a man prefers glum mahogany furniture, and dun-coloured wall-papers, and flowery carpets, and useless lumber, in the nature of occasional tables and "what-not" and *chiffoniers* (pronounced "sheffoneeres"), let him have them by all means. If he likes the appearance of Gower Street, let him live there, or commission some unlucky architect to build him a house on the Gower Street model. An ugly house filled with ugly things is more tolerable, so long as the owner's eye delights to dwell upon ugliness, than a dwelling built and decorated in pleasant style by a householder who is merely anxious to be in the movement. All the changes that have been made in the building, and the decorating and furnishing of houses, have been the work of men and women who first saw in their mind's eye the forms and colours they desired, and then set strenuously to work to realise their imaginations. They tolerated nothing that was meaningless any more than they tolerated what was positively unpleasant. Conventions had no binding force on them. The fetters of formality were shaken off and broken into pieces. They set no store by things that were old, simply because they were old; any more than they embraced new fashions simply because they were new. It was this resolve to follow the path of individual taste, governed only by the eternal laws and traditions of Beauty, which lay at the root of the

Morris movement. It is the resolute adherence to the same plan which keeps life in the English decorative art movement to-day. We decline to be bound by the letter even of the Morris tradition. We insist on working out our own salvation unhampered by dogmas even of the recent past. England, therefore, is still reckoned the leader among all other countries in nearly everything which concerns domestic decoration upon modern lines.

A Swiss friend of mine told me not long ago how his countrymen were accustomed to reckon up the merits of objects of modern decorative art. "When it is very good we say that it is English. When it is pretty good, we suppose it to be French. When it is very bad, we know it must be Italian." But this classification leaves out of the case altogether three countries which are the most active in disputing with England the palm of leadership in decorative art. These three countries are, Germany, Holland, and Austria.

An Italian who had never been out of his own country, and who judged the positions of other nations solely from the Turin Exhibition, would be obliged to conclude that each of these countries is far ahead of England. But this would be solely due to the fact that we English, with our tiresome disregard of the opinions of our neighbours, and with that lack of energy which prevents us from making the best of the good work we do, have let slip the chance of showing to the world, at Turin, what our position really is. The Arts and Crafts Society, who made themselves responsible for the collection and the arrangement of the English exhibits, do not seem to have taken enough trouble to discover what the nature and scope of the Exhibition were to be. They sent out an interesting collection of the work of various individual designers and craftsmen. But the collection does not really give any idea, either of the quantity or the quality of the decorative work that is being done in England. Nor is it arranged in such a manner as to present to the eyes of foreigners in the most attractive light the examples of that work which are on view.

Let me explain the contrast that there is between the English sections and the sections allotted to other nationalities. Take the case of Austria. The miscellaneous display of Austrian exhibits is to be found in a charming little palace standing by itself in the very pretty grounds of the Exhibition. In addition to this, the Austrians have fitted up a country villa, which stands hard by. It is just such a villa as a man of moderate wealth and good taste might build and furnish for a country home. Every room in it, from the oak-panelled hall to what the house agents call "domestic offices"—bath-rooms, pantries, and the like—is fitted up in the most charming manner. Each room was allotted to a different firm, and each firm was allowed a free hand in the matters of decoration and furnishing. It would be impossible to give a better idea of Austrian taste, or of the manner in which Austrian commercial houses are able to satisfy that taste. Both the palace and the villa were built after the designs of an architect appointed by the Austrian Government, which made a large grant as well towards the expense of their erection. The Belgian Government, too, commissioned a distinguished architect to design the Belgian section. The walls are covered with beautiful stuffs. The floors are carpeted in colours to match. The exhibits are arranged in charming cabinets and upon handsome tables, not, as in the English section, put into ordinary show-cases and fastened upon wooden partitions. Or take the case of France, which had no Government subsidy to assist its section. The large hall allotted to French artists and to French firms is decorated in striking fashion, and all the objects are arranged with an excellent eye to their ornamental effect. Even in the Scottish section you may see how pleasant an impression can be produced by unaided enterprise, if only care and individual taste are brought to bear upon the task. England alone neglects the opportunity to show how the art of house decoration stands within her borders. England alone sets out her exhibits with a "take-it-or-leave-it" air, with a disregard of their possibilities which seems almost wilful.

When you contrast this carelessness of effect with the influence that English taste and initiative have had upon the objects shown by all other countries, you get an instructive light upon the British character. It is not our way to make the best of ourselves. We set movements on foot and let everybody else draw ideas and inspiration from their fruits, and then we do not take the trouble to keep ourselves to the front, or even to remind the world where the ideas and the inspiration came from. We give the cue to all other nations, and then retire into the background and lose all the credit. I suppose it would be useless to rail against British Governments for holding to the good old British policy of do-nothing in such a case as this. But is there any reason why the whole nation should think it necessary to follow the same plan? Is there not all the more need for individuals and private associations to do what the State persists in leaving severely alone? Some day we may awake to the fact that, if we are to keep our place in the world's markets and in the estimation of our neighbours, we must adopt the same means as others use to let people know what we are doing. Our section at Turin must lead foreigners to suppose that the impulse given by Morris to the movement for bringing the influence of art into everyday life is almost expended in the country of its origin. Yet there is no doubt that we are to-day quite as active in many directions as we ever were, and more active than many of our competitors whose wares make a brave show at Turin. We are gradually calling into existence many schools of artistic handicraftsmen. There is furniture being made at present in England that will have its place in the history of furniture along with the Chippendale, the Heppelwhite, and Sheraton styles. We are doing metal work that is far ahead of anything I have seen on the Continent. English jewellery is, as yet, a little rough, clumsy even, beside the exquisite work of French or Hungarian artists in the precious metals and in precious stones. But it has, all the same, a distinct character of its own. It is impossible to study the work of men like Mr. Fisher, or Mr. Henry

Wilson, or Mr. Gaskin, of Birmingham, without taking pleasure in the beauty and ingenuity of their designs, without a feeling of relief that the jeweller's shop method of treating stones, and of working in gold and in silver, is rapidly being superseded. If you go round the London shops, you are constantly charmed by the skill shown in adapting graceful forms to the uses of the household; by the ready acceptance of the principle that useful things should, as far as possible, be beautiful also; by the endeavour to make everything which goes to the completion of the modern house minister, not only to our actual needs, but to the delight of the eye and the pride of life. And, with all this activity on our part, we still manage to keep before our eyes a more reasonable ideal, a saner notion of what is fitting in objects to be lived with, than do many of those who are adapting our notions in accordance with the bent of their particular national characters. In some ways this restraint may act as a drag upon our progress. On the whole, it is, I think, to our advantage. Those who do not rush to extremes sometimes miss the chance of great discoveries, but they also avoid falling into bad mistakes. We are rather shy of *L'art Nouveau*, which to most people suggests abnormally tall young women, clad in clinging draperies, and seeking with sad eyes for somebody or something about which they may entwine their long, thin arms for support. One consequence of this is that the French are far ahead of us in plastic art, as it can be applied to domestic purposes. But another consequence is that we have not excited ridicule by carrying to absurd lengths the attempt to express in such figures the modern spirit of yearning and unrest.

If we glance for a moment at the various fashions in which various nations have developed the principles of decorative art, borrowed originally from us, we find that the distinguishing quality of modern decorative art in France, is the manifestation of the French love of form. Wherever he can, the French artist-craftsman must introduce the human figure. He seems to have no sympathy with the forcible yet graceful realism, which is expressed so well in the work of his Italian fellows.

There is scarcely any one in France whose work could stand beside the bronzes of Signor Bialetti, for example. I doubt whether French sculptors would have made anything like such a good job of the plaster figures which form a striking feature of the exhibition grounds and buildings. French sculpture is apt to be either merely pretty, or to fall into that grotesque form of flattery which consists of imitating M. Rodin's manner without M. Rodin's genius. The French craftsman, who sets to work to adapt the human form to the purposes of decoration, uses a large convention—a convention which is more often pleasing than not, but which can very easily be exaggerated into the monstrous or the absurd. The lines which charm us in the plaques of M. Charpentier soon become strained and distorted under the hand of a designer of a less distinguished talent.

In the French furniture the inclination of the Latin races to fly from one extreme to the other, finds itself forcibly expressed. The traditional sobriety of French taste keeps it from going quite so far in this direction as the Belgian or the Italian furniture. But the ideals of all these nations follow the path of eccentricity and obtrusiveness. Their colours are too often crude and violent, their forms too often twisted and grotesque. It would be a trial to live with such fussy and fantastic shapes. Italian cabinet-makers still favour the florid and the gilded style. They are afraid of plain surfaces. They cover their bedsteads and their cabinets and their tables with heavy carving of no merit. Or else they offend the eye by such devices as the inlaying in light brown wood of green and black tree-trunks. Some of the Italian bedroom furniture is not too curious to be useful and charming. Some of the French sets for living-rooms, upholstered in plain colours, have a pleasing effect. Even the Belgian furniture is now and then quiet and decorative, though it is mostly placed amid wall and floor patterns of staring, wearisome design. It is at any rate something for these Latin nations, following the lead of England, to have got away from the trumpery gilt chair, the imitation

Buhl table, the tawdry and tiresome forms which merely parodied the manner of the past. They are no longer content to live upon the husks of a worn-out tradition. They are following their own bent, and, however little the results may appeal to us, they are presumably in the direction of their own national ideals.

It is amongst the Teutonic races that we find the notions of comfort and seemliness in the home which come nearest to our own. Holland has always been famous for its furniture, and the modern Dutch manner is one that appeals very strongly to English taste. There is a solid dignity about it, a quiet insistence upon comfort and honesty of purpose, which give the Dutch rooms in the exhibition a very pleasant air of restfulness. It is not that the articles of furniture are particularly interesting in themselves. But they are so exactly suited to their ends, and their relation to one another is so well proportioned, that they strike one as exactly hitting the happy medium between furniture designed mainly for its appearance and furniture made solely for use. In German furniture originality of design is rather more conspicuous. Yet this element is kept in check almost always by good sense. The room fitted up by Professor Olbrich of Darmstadt illustrates very happily the modern German ideal of domestic decoration. The dark blue walls and the furniture of dark unpolished wood, relieved here and there by gleaming metal work, might seem to produce an effect too sombre, if a contrast were not offered by the charming window recess, with its cream and holland curtains, and its chair and table of white enamelled wood. Of the Austrian furniture I have given some idea already. I need only add that any one anxious to furnish a house in the modern style could do no better than choose his furniture from among the productions of Austrian firms. They have a character of their own—English by derivation, gracefully Austrian by development. They are well adapted to their purposes. And they are certainly not dear.

It is not only the furniture of the Continent and the interior

decoration of Continental houses which show the influence of the movement that began in England. The modern English style of architecture has also had its effect abroad. You cannot help seeing this if you study, first, the architectural photographs which hang in the English section, and then the designs for houses that have been sent from Germany. In Austria, too, this influence is felt, but I do not think it has yet touched, or is even likely to touch the Latin races. The exhibition buildings may be supposed to show what is the modern ideal of decorative construction in Italy. I am afraid they will strike most English visitors as grotesque examples of the anxiety to be original at any cost. You cannot evolve new ideals in architecture out of your head. They must be related to ideals of the past; they must grow naturally out of them. All art that has in it any element of permanence must be a development of what has gone before. It would be difficult to say upon what analogy in nature, or upon what bases in the achievement of earlier times, were founded the designs for these exhibition buildings. They are of a style that does not seem to me to have any roots, nor to be likely to spread any seed. This, I think, is the chief danger that must especially be guarded against by those who are in the forefront of the army of modern decorative art workers. In their haste to reconstruct the world, so far as man is responsible for its appearance, they are sometimes too much inclined to rely entirely upon their intuitions and not upon those intuitions *plus* the accumulated experience of all ages. In so far as they give way to this inclination, their movement is doomed to be sterile and impermanent. Only by working, as Morris and his fellows worked, along the lines of the best tradition, can we hope to carry on effectively the revolution which he began.

H. Hamilton Fyfe.

# THE KING OF ENGLAND

IN that eclipse of noon when joy was hushed
Like the birds' song beneath unnatural night,
And Terror's footfall in the darkness crushed
The rose imperial of our delight,
Then, even then, though no man cried "he comes,"
And no man turned to greet him passing there,
With phantom heralds challenging renown
And silent-throbbing drums
I saw the King of England, hale and fair,
Ride out with a great train through London town.

Unarmed he rode, but in his ruddy shield
The lions bore the dint of many a lance,
And up and down his mantle's azure field
Were strewn the lilies plucked in famous France.
Before him went with banner floating wide
The yeoman breed that served his honour best,
And mixed with these his knights of noble blood;
But in the place of pride
His admirals in billowy lines abreast
Convoyed him close like galleons on the flood.

Full of a strength unbroken showed his face
And his brow calm with youth's unclouded dawn,
But round his lips were lines of tenderer grace
Such as no hand but Time's hath ever drawn.

Surely he knew his glory had no part
In dull decay, nor unto Death must bend,
Yet surely too of lengthening shadows dreamed
With sunset in his heart,
So brief his beauty now, so near the end,
And now so old and so immortal seemed.

O King among the living, these shall hail
Sons of thy dust that shall inherit thee:
O King of men that die, though we must fail
Thy life is breathed from thy triumphant sea.
O man that servest men by right of birth,
Our heart's content thy heart shall also keep,
Thou too with us shalt one day lay thee down
In our dear native earth,
Full sure the King of England, while we sleep,
Forever rides abroad through London town.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

# DANNY

## XXXIX

### MY LADY'S CHAMBER

UP in her high eyrie that looks down through a gash in Windy-hope on Burnwater and the many-flashing Ford, she washed him; for the stains of war were on his armour to tarnish it; and he bore himself mannerly, stepping in and out of his bath, raising his pats orderly to be dried, as one well used to lady's handling in such circumstance.

When he was sweet again as thyme, and need no more dry before the fire, a restlessness came on him, and he began to roam about the room. He pushed into her wardrobe and lost himself among rustling gowns; he came forth again, the skirts of them trailing over him and clinging to his brow like clouds to Lammermore; he thrust beneath the muslin hangings of her dressing-table; he leaped upon the chairs one after one, and searched; and ever the mystery grew upon him, and the trouble in his eyes.

Lady watched him and wondered.

"You comical little puzzle!" she said, and laughed at him tenderly.

At the sound of her voice he stopped dead and looked at her haggardly.

Downstairs the dressing gong went.

"Now," said lady, "Danny play at bye-bye!" and she threw a shawl about him to hide his eyes.

*** Copyright by Alfred Ollivant, 1902.

He made no protest, but settled himself upon the floor, a little shawl-hidden heap.

Lady rustled in and out of shimmering raiment, ever and anon glancing round to see if he was good; and he was good.

"You are the quaintest!" she cried, gurgling soft laughter; and even as she said it, and stood a moment in white disarray, heard a stir behind her and padding feet.

"Danny!" she cried, snatching up a quilt. "How *dare* you, you ——" and flashed scared eyes about the room, nor could see him.

"Horror!" she cried, clothed to her chin in the quilt, and hopping round on one white foot. "Horror! Beast! Where are you?"

The cane-chair by the fire was rocking softly.

In it sat a stalwart grey form, very sedate with nodding head; his back upon her.

Lady looked, sat down, and laughed; and rocked with laughter; and he hearkened stolidly nor turned.

Then she crept up behind him with hushed feet, tilted his face, and kissed him; and he, his long, grey muzzle framed between her hands, sat, and seemed to drink in some dear familiar fragrance of the night borne to him from the unforgotten garden of the Long Ago; and trembled.

Lady went back to her white busyness, and later she called to him to look.

He turned.

The scent of the honey-suckle at the window was heavy in the room and very sweet, yet not so sweet as that aroma of roses blowing in the snow that came to him from her who stood and laughed at him with fond eyes.

She stood at the open window, in black, with swan neck and hair of shadowed gold.

Standing upon the chair, he stared passionately. His soul leaped to his eyes, flamed and flickered, waxed and waned.

Then he crept to her whimpering as one who is afraid

because of the glory of his Well-Beloved revealed to him after many years.

"Well!" she laughed, bending above him, "D'you like me?" and strutted her maiden beauty before him. "I am—I am—*rather*—don't you think?" and swept him a splendid curtsey.

At the sound of her voice he stopped. The mist of trouble drifted across his eyes to cloud them.

"I see you don't," said lady with high nose. "Very well. I'll go," and marched to the door in outraged majesty.

There she turned, herself once more, and warned him, hushed finger at her lips, peering round the door, fair-headed.

"Hushez-vous!" she cried. "Plenty bad men in this house. Lady be back soon;" and went. And he was left standing in the floor, lost in a love-mystery.

## XL

### CHILLY LADY

In the smoking-room sat Tony.

His legs were where his arms should have been; and he was reading a pink paper and giggling, when there came in upon him, sudden, silent, cold, a Chilly Lady.

He ceased to read and looked up.

She was standing by the door all in black, with fair neck, ruddy hair, and eyes of stone.

"Hullo," said Tony, with a frightened smile, "back again? what?"

"It doesn't look like it, does it?" said Chilly Lady,

Tony rose and stood warming his hands behind him at an imaginary fire; and he was smiling foolishly to conceal his fear.

"I say, what!" he stuttered; "I say!" and smirked. "I say, I say!"

"What d'you say?" asked Chilly Lady, chillier than Death in the dawn,

"What!" smirked Tony, foolish and afraid; "what, I say! what?"

Chilly Lady regarded him with blank eyes of stone.

"I said nothing," she said.

"What!" said Tony, and smirked again. "Well, take a turn now; what?"

Chilly Lady looked at him with the stony scorn of a tombstone, regarding a facetious Cockney.

Then she turned.

"I shall not be down to dinner," she said, and began to go.

Tony made a half step forward to follow her.

"I say, Missus! Got a headache, what?" he asked with real solicitude.

"I thank you," said Chilly Lady, "I have not got a headache."

Tony stopped dead, and looked at her marching forth stately as she had come.

"Got the hump then?" he asked, and tittered, "what?"

Chilly Lady marched out without a word.

"I say, little gal!" protested the voice behind her.

She marched out unheedingly and shut the door. As she crossed the hall the door opened behind her.

"I say, Missus!" pleaded the voice.

She marched up the stairs, chilly, stately, slow.

As she came to the head of them she caught a glimpse of one standing at the stair-foot, doleful, forlorn as a deserted duckling.

"I say, Marion!" said the voice, desolate now. As she passed on down the passage it still followed her, full of woe. "I say, Marion! I say, Ma! don't know what I've done—reelly don't."

## XLI

### LADY'S CHAMBER

Lady dined; and Danny sat at her feet with memory-searching eyes, and would not eat.

After she had eaten she sat down beside the fire and worked; and as she worked, white-handed, looking at him with serene fond gaze, he lay at her feet and devoured her with his eyes.

At last she laid aside her work,

"What is it, little man?" she asked, and bent to him.

He rose and came to her, with that dazed look of one who seeks a clue and cannot find.

She enticed him with long slim fingers, and he leaped to her lap very tenderly. She took his face between fragrant hands; she bent and kissed him on the brow; and he trembled beneath her touch, as a man trembles beneath the hand of his love; and yet does not understand.

Little true knight he loved his frouzy Woman faithfully; but she was not as this sweet-smelling white lady, who stirred for him the pools of memory.

## XLII

### THE TAMING OF TONY

LATER there came slow feet, slipper-shod, along the passage, and stayed at the door; followed a knock, very humble.

"I say, Marion!" said a voice of woe.

"What?" said Chilly Lady.

There was a long pause.

"Nothing," said the voice of woe at last.

Another pause.

"May I come in?" it went on at length.

"No," said Chilly Lady.

Another pause.

"Aren't you coming to bed?" asked the voice of woe.

"No," was the reply.

"Not at all?"

"No."

"But, I say! why not?"

"Because I prefer to stay here."

"But you can't stay there all night."

"Yes, I can."

"But it won't be even comfortable."

"It will have to do," said the Chilly Lady.

"I don't think you ought, Marion" said the voice, miserable now; "reelly I don't! reelly and truly."

"I am going to," said the Chilly Lady, briefly.

A pause; then the miserable voice began again.

"I say!"

"What?" shortly.

"If I go and sleep in—in—in the coal-hole, or anywhere else you like—will you go to bed?"

"No," said lady, low.

"O you might, Marion!" pleaded the voice, not now far from tears.

No reply.

"Won't you, Ma'?"

"No," said Ma'.

"Oh, why not?"

"I shall do very well here."

"Think you might, Ma'! I'll kick out. Won't you?"

"No," said Lady, "and it's no good going on any more, because—well, because I won't."

"Why won't you?"

"'Cause I can't," said lady, shortly.

"Why not?"

"'Cause I won't," said lady.

He had not been married long, nor was he very wise in the ways of woman, this foolish Tony; but already he was beginning to know the just value of a woman's won't, so he gave up the contest.

"All right, Marion," he said dolefully, paused, and crept closer to the door. "I say, Marion!" said the voice, low as the whisper of a ghost.

"Well?"

A pause.

"Good-night, Marion."

"Good-night."

A pause.

"I say, Marion!" urgently.

"What?"

"Good-night, Marion."

"Good-night again."

A pause.

"I said," said Tony, reproachfully, "good-night, Marion."

"And I said it back," said lady.

Another pause.

"Is that all?" asked a voice of utterest woe.

No reply.

"I say!" said the voice, hard up against the door.

"What?"

"Come closer, will you? I've something confidential to say."

"I am close."

"I say!"

"Well?"

A pause; then it came, low and timid.

"Aren't I going to be kissed—what?"

"No," said lady, low.

"But I say! why not?" asked the voice, nearly weeping.

"Because," said lady, and hesitated—"because—I don't like you."

"Oh!" said Tony, like one wounded in the heart, and he began to move away.

"Besides," said lady, quickly, now at the door herself, and panting a little, "I think I've got a cold."

He came back.

"Have you?" he asked anxiously.

"Not sure," said lady. "Think perhaps I have."

"I say, may I come and rub your chest, or something—what?"

Lady withdrew from the door.

"Certainly not," she said.

"Well, may I send Mrs. Hobart?"

"No, she's in bed."

"I'll go and haul her out in a jiff," said Tony.

"Certainly not," said lady. "Go to bed now," she ordered, "you'll be catching cold in the passage. Good-night."

He went away with sad trailing feet.

"Good-night, Marion. Hope you'll be better in the morning," said the voice; and sad feet trailed away.

"Thank you," said lady, and added for her own gratification, and not for him to hear—"dear."

## XLIII

### DEAD LADYE

Lady arose, wound up her clock, and her hands began to play about her hair. Then she smiled at Danny, nodded meaningly, and he established himself upon the rocking-chair.

Later she came to him, leaned over him with laughter, as he sat with resolute back, and kissed him for being a gentleman and good; then she whispered a warning in his ear, bid him stay as he was, and rustled away.

Behind him a door into another room opened. He began to stir uneasily.

A low voice called to him.

He leaped round, stood on the other chair, and looked.

Lady was in the next room, peering round the door, her face shrouded with hair of gold and swept back with one restraining hand.

"Danny be good," she whispered, and warned him with uplifted finger. "Don't cry. Bad men about. Lady be back in a little minute."

The door closed.

Danny leaped down, sniffed along the way she had gone,

hovering over each white foot-print, lover-like; came to the door, and listened, ear at the crack.

He heard her moving in the other room, fairy-footed, and rustling like the wind in willow-leaves; and was glad; and went back to his chair.

Later, a low voice, singing, woke him from a reverie.

He leaped round.

Lady was standing at the casement combing her hair and looking forth into the night.

Beneath her were the deep-breasted woods and moon-wan waters of the lake, calm, careless, pale as the face of the dear dead who sleep.

In white raiment, shrouded in her hair, she leaned out towards the moon and sang a song of Chivalry:

> "He cometh across the cold moor,
> Hot and in haste from the Sea,
>   Home from his Quest,
>   Cometh to Rest,
> In the arms of his Dead Ladye."

Behind her, as she sang, she heard a tiny cry; turned, and peered across her shoulder through gossamer meshes of fair hair with shy eyes that laughed.

Her true knight stood four-square upon the floor, the moon upon him, and looked; and the soul was like flame in his eyes.

Slowly she turned about and bowed. Her hair fell about her face like a water-fall to frame it; through the veil of it her eyes were seen like tender stars peeping through mist of rain; and with mute lips she invited him to come.

He came; slow at first, and gathering passion with each step; and at the last with a rush and clamour of love fell upon her.

She swept him up into her arms and cherished him fondly and motherly. Her hair was all about him like a water-flood; her kisses on his brow, her breath upon him. And he, anguished, passionate, fond, yearned upwards for her eyes,

her throat, her chin, her hair, to drown her with delight of of love.

At last the cloud had lifted. She had come back to him, his lady dead; come back to him at last from wanderings in far-and-near Eternity.

## XLIV

### JUST AS OF OLD

DANNY slept that night on the mat in the passage at the threshold of her door, just as of old.

As the innocent-eyed dawn crept in to see her in her sleep, he pattered in to see how it fared with his lady, just as of old, when home from bloodying with Robin in the dews, he would come back to surprise her in her sleep.

Upon the sofa she lay curled, with hair like sunbeams caught and coiled; she lay and slept and smiled, merry even in her sleep, a single tress loose upon her pillow like a splash of gold, just as of old.

Tender-footed he leaped up, crept along beside her, thrust among her hair to find her ear, and pinched it tenderly to show her he was there and she need not be afraid, just as of old.

She stirred, and shook her head as a blush-rose that would shake off a too importunate bee, and still with April smile and baby-gurgling throat, just as of old.

An arm like a rope of rosy pearls, slender, sweet, moved; and slim fingers sought her brow.

He could contain his soul no more. In an anguish of delight he leaped on her.

With a little frightened cry she emerged from sleep.

"O!" she cried. "O Danny!" woke and knew. "Danny!" she whispered, horribly afraid. "Hush! O do! O don't! O Danny! You're hurting! *Do* mind! The door's open! He'll hear!" Desperately she began to scramble to her feet. "Do, Danny! O don't! How strong you are! O quiet! O please! O let me!"

"What?" muttered a sleepy voice doleful in the door. "I say!—what?"

"There!" said lady; and said no more.

## XLV

### MOTHER AND BABY

Tony stood in the door like a lank young owl clothed in a winding sheet, a towel about his shoulders and in his hands a mighty sponge.

Lily-footed lady stood beside the sofa, in white array, with lioness-eyes; and waited, Danny in her arms.

In the struggle her hair had fallen uncoiled and lay strewn about her in richest disarray. Her eyes gleamed through it, and she stood, palely flaming, tapping out the seconds with naked, defiant foot.

Tony stood and blinked at her as though blinded with the sun.

Slowly the flame died out of her eyes. She ceased to tap, and began swaying to and fro, to and fro, as though to measured music.

Then she shook her splendid mane, raked it aside with royal hand, and looked forth at him unveiled, appealing, with love-eloquent eyes, un-lioness-like.

"Do you like me, Tony?" she asked at last, all low, making meek eyes; and stood before him, fairest of young mothers, arrayed in glory and white raiment, her baby on her breast.

"Think I like you a heap better than you like me," said poor Tony.

Lady tossed back invading hair.

"Only," she pursued, rocking lily-footed, "if you don't, you've only got to say so. That's all. And we can go."

"Go?" said Tony. "When'll we go, what?"

"Not you at all," said lady, rocking. "Baby and me."

Tony stood perched on one clammy foot, the other curled inelegantly about it to keep it warm.

"But why, what?" he asked blankly.

"Only if you're thinking of killing him," said lady, "we shall just clear out—that's all!"

"Who's talkin' o' killin'?" said Tony like a sulky schoolboy. "I like the little beggar. He's such a dooce of a little sport—takes on anything from a badger to a bull."

"Then," said lady, "will you, please, tell Joliff he's not to."

"I never told him to," said Tony sulkily.

"To what?" said lady, looking at him.

"To what? what. Well, to shoot him!"

"I never said he'd been trying to shoot him," said lady, looking with blank eyes.

Tony hopped uneasily from foot to foot.

"What!" he stuttered with scared eyes. "Did'nt you? what!—Eh! Oh, what!"

Lady's chin dropped on Danny's back, and she looked at her husband long and searchingly.

"No," she said at last; "but for fear he *might* try I want you to tell him he's not to—see?" delicately.

"He won't try without orders," said Tony, surlily.

"You never know," said lady, looking at him.

"No, one doesn't," Tony agreed.

"And I think it would be safer perhaps if you gave him definite orders not to. And, anyway, I should like it, if you don't mind," said lady.

"Me!" said Tony quickly, "me mind! No, not me! But really it's nothing to do with me. Joliff's the fellow for you to get at. I wouldn't like you to think I'd anything to do with it," said he.

"No, no," said lady quickly.

"So if you can square him, see?"

"I can square him," said lady, "I think."

"Well, he can square me—see? I won't ask any questions—see?"

Lady lifted her chin and looked at him through falling hair.

"That's a promise, Tony?" she asked, looking at him with eyes beginning to dance.

"Dyin' oath," said Tony.

"True and faithful?"

"S'elp me never," said Tony.

Lady broke forth into radiant smiles.

"There," she cried, merriest of young mothers, and made as though to toss her baby ceiling high. "There, Danny! Come and see his dad!" and danced across to him in the door with splendid mane ashake. "You can be nice, Tony. I always tell everbody that you *can*," and swept aside her hair, "and it's only," tilting on fair toes, "that you won't," and kissed him.

## XLVI

### "GOOD-BYE, MY BABY"

Lady dressed, and Danny sat with resolute back.

"I suppose," she called into the next room, "I mustn't keep him, Tony?"

"Why not?" said Tony. "All you've got to do is to run over to Hepburn, and ask old Heriot."

"Course I can't," said lady shortly.

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't be nice for me," said lady. "But you might go for me," she added.

"Thank you for nothin'," said Tony. "I met the old boy on the moors once. The look of him is good enough for me."

"Ha!" scoffed lady, "he's afraid!"

"I am," said honest Tony, "ain't you?"

"Shouldn't be if I was a man!" snorted lady.

"I'll lend you my trousers," Tony retorted.

"Besides, I don't believe half the stories," said lady. "There's no actual harm in him. He's only mad and murders people."

"All I know is, he ain't going to murder me," said Tony firmly, "because I ain't going within range of him."

"He might miss," said lady; "he does sometimes.'

"He ain't going to miss me," said Tony firmly, "that's all I know. Besides, he don't make a practice of missin'. He did murder a feller at least once."

"It was only once," said lady. "He's never murdered anybody since"; and added dolefully, "But I'm afraid he won't part."

"Not him!" said Tony.

"We must send Danny home in the carriage," said lady.

"Carriage!" said Tony. "Why can't he go same as he came—on foot!"

"He don't know the way," said lady.

"O, don't he?" sniggered Tony.

"Besides," said lady, "he won't want to go."

"O, won't he?" grinned the other.

"Well, we shall see," said lady, nodded complacently, and called to Danny.

He turned in the rocking-chair and looked; and as he looked there back into his eyes came the cloud of trouble.

She called again, and he came to her with dubious tail, and sniffed and wondered.

"It's goin' off," giggled Tony in the door. "He don't like you like he did—what!"

Lady was silent.

At breakfast Danny sat beside her chair, wondering up at her; and twice he went to the door.

"I told you," giggled Tony. "He wants to be getting home."

"Believe he does," said lady dolefully.

"You're off," said Tony, delighted. "He's fed up with you already—what?"

"He's rather man-ny after all," said lady disdainfully, rose, and led him to the steps.

"Go!" said she, and waved a scornful hand. "Go back to

your Laird who murders people, and forget all about kind lady who only saved your life."

Danny went tripping down the steps, came back to her, led away again, turned and invited her with urgent tail to follow.

"He wants you to go too," said Tony; "wants to show you to his old man."

Lady hesitated.

"I'll go a wee way," she said, skipping down the steps.

So together the two went through the fair morning, gay and glad at heart, he bearing himself as one well used to ladies' company in the dew, until they came to that headland where last night she had striven with him to turn him homewards.

Here she stopped, the morning wind caressing her fair hair, stood a moment nibbling a silver pencil, then wrote, looking down at him with mother-eyes.

"No farther, Danny," she said, kneeled, and her fingers played about his collar. "Bless you, my baby!" framed his face between her hands. "Dear wet nose!" and kissed him. "Be good; and don't come again."

## XLVII

### MISSIE HEARS

On the highest point of Lammermore Robin stood in the opening of the dawn. His bonnet was beside him in the heather, and he prayed aloud and with blind eyes passionately.

Danny had been gone then four days. For three of them Robin had endured greatly, and had endured alone.

On the evening of the third news had come to him that Simon Ogg had returned. He had risen and hobbled down to the village to the cottage of Simon. There he had found the youth's mother, who barred the entrance with akimbo arms; Simon was none that well, Simon had the trouble on him sore, Simon could not see him.

The old man, too utterly undone to force an entrance, had quavered home.

Next morning, for the first time for three days, he crept brokenly to the kitchen and looked in.

Within Deborah Awe kneeled by the empty hearth-stone, her great hands clutched together, all knuckle-bones and working fingers; lost in prayer.

She heard his coming and looked round.

"Is he home?" she asked, in dull passionless voice, nor stirred from her knees.

"I just cam' to see that," gasped Robin.

The Woman closed her eyes, and was back again at prayer; then she raised her face, and said in that still voice, hushed as in church,—

"Was it crucify him?"

The old man had run out at a little dribbling trot, had crept up to this high loneliness to be miserable there with God alone; and here in the eyes of the wakening morning he knelt now, unbonneted, dim, he poured out his heart with sobs to the God of the Bereaved.

Anon he rose, walked to the brink of the hill, and peered out over the mist-muffled moors toward Burnwater, cradled in the hills, and wrapped in mystery of sleep.

There was no sign of him he sought for—only hope creeping out of the East over the land like the first faint flush of Love rosying innocence, and the white mists drawing ever up from the face of the moors like the skirts of women-hosts who rise from night-long prayer in the dark places of the earth, and trail back to heaven in the fair morning, there to fulfil their day-long duties as God's choristers.

He closed his eyes and prayed again, not now to Him who would not hear, but to her who lay for ever at the foot of the Throne, prayed she would turn the ear of God towards him; calling her "Missie!"—"dearie!"—and a thousand tender names of the old time; "You that had the fondness for your man one while! You that could wheedle his Honour's self to hear you!"

At length for a last time he opened his eyes.

Beneath him still the moorland lay with the patient face of the unheeding dead. Only as he looked, a cock-grouse rose with sudden alarum cry; nearer, a raven, slow-winged, and gorged, flapped wearily away; at the foot of the hill a whin-chat leaped into the air; and then it was as though one was walking up the hill-side unseen, yet leaving in his wake a trail of wakened creatures.

Robin fell to his knees. His eyes were shut; yet he prayed not.

The heather rustled before him; there was the patter of coming feet, and sound of one who pants; then two small hands thrust at his breast, and one was kissing his blind old face very tenderly.

Robin lurched forward, as one who swoons.

"Am I dead?" he gasped; opened his eyes, as one first opening his eyes in heaven, who looks about in frightened hope to see if all is well. "Or, Missie! have you heard?" and knew that she had heard.

## XLVIII

### THE RETURN OF THE REIVER

Robin came to the kitchen, Danny riding on his shoulder.

There kneeled the Woman as he left her, lost in prayer.

"There's no need for any more of that," cried Robin jauntily.

"I am just putting up a prayer to Missie for my man in Heaven," said the Woman, soddenly.

"And I tell you," reiterated Robin, "ye can just hike off your hunkers, lass."

"Eh?" said the Woman, dully, nor moved.

Robin behind her began to snigger.

The Woman, still on her knees, heard him and wrenched round.

"Where is he?" she screamed, saw him perched on Robin's shoulder above her, held there by his fore-paws, striving to get at her, scrambled to her feet, rushed at him, and tore him from his perch, and was parading the kitchen in paroxysms of sobs and laughter.

"I aye kenn't he would come!" she cried, and kissed and kissed. "I aye tell't his Honour," and laughed and sobbed. "Now I can depart in peace!" and hugged. "O the cold neb to him!" and rocked. "O the dear eyes!" and marched. "And may this be a life-lesson to you dreep-dropping on the dresser, and making believe to nicker while you greet."

She ceases to march.

"I was forgetting. He will not have tasted these three-four days!" she cried. "That is a mother to her man!" put him on the high dresser and began to bustle. "But I have held ready a bit venison against his return—fer I aye kenn't he would come; I aye kenn't he would come; I aye tell't the Laird," and placed a bowl upon the dresser before her prodigal returned. "O the heart of gold! O the motherless wee one!" and stood over him motherly as he lapped.

Then she turned for the door.

"Where to?" asked Robin, obstructing her.

"To tell his Honour."

"Na," said Robin, and clutched her back.

"Because of why?"

"Because I will for you," said Robin, "I who have found him."

"We will go both," said the Woman doggedly.

"We will go both then," said Robin generously. "And I will go first, and you will go second," and thrust her behind him.

The door opened as they wrestled.

The Woman looked round, and screamed.

Robin turned.

In the door the Laird stood like a shrouded corpse, spectre-footed.

Danny, at breakfast on the dresser, looked up, saw, leaped down, and fell upon his master as though to devour him.

The Laird picked him up, packed him beneath his arm, turned without a word, and padded off on naked feet down the groined passage, silent, shrouded, ghostly, Danny a blotch of silver grey against his night-gown, with tail swishing like a sword.

He was already turning into the hall when the Woman came to herself.

"Where's your stockings?" she screamed, and clattered down the passage in pursuit. "O the infidel! O the face of brass! before my very eyes and a'! I'll gar him flout Deborah Awe!" and flung furiously against the hall door, only to find it locked.

She put her eye to the key-hole.

"I spy ye!" she screamed. "Dinna fancy you are hidden from Deborah Awe—squattin' there just as yer mother made ye, ne'er a thread to yer foot, nor a shred to your body. O!" she shrilled, "just bide there a bit till I come to ye! I'll gar you trapse the stone-floor bare-fit! I'll learn you paddle the death-cold stones dressed for the buryin'!"

She turned and plunged into Robin standing at her heels.

"His Honour sits within like a blessed idol—naked save for his sark!" she cried. "Just stand to the door and kep' him at it till I come. I'm away after his duds!" She turned and fled. "O! if Missie should see him now. God send she's sleepin'!—and me that she left to mend him, and mind him, and a'," and scuttled screaming up the stairs.

Robin put his shoulder to the crazy door, forced it, and entered.

The Laird sat in his winding-sheet in the half-arm chair. A shaft of cold sun fell on his grey head to hoary it. His naked feet were crossed, his face low, and grey hands framing the face of him who sat upon his knee, and he devoured it with mother-hungry eyes.

Robin looked long, then turned to go.

"Wait," said the Laird, nor looked up.

"Why?" said Robin.

"Because I tell ye," said the Laird, busy still at his gazing.

Robin shuffled.

"I weary of waiting for the thanks that do not come," he said at length.

"Thanks!" said the Laird, and looked up now.

"Ay," said Robin, "for finding him for you."

"I thank you," said the Laird grimly, "for losing him; and I will thank you," more grimly, "not to lose him again; and lastly I will thank you to read this," and handed him a label, "that I have just detached from Danny's collar."

Robin took and fingered it.

"I canna read," he said, "without my spectacles."

"Or with them," said the Laird. "I forgot. Hand it back. Hark now!" and read harshly:

"'Mrs. Johnson presents her compliments to Mr. Hepburn, and he must *never* allow Danny to go hunting again, because you never know *what may happen*. There are bad men about.'" The Laird looked at Robin and continued:

"It is signed," said he, 'A Friend of Danny, who must remain anonymous.' There's a postscript—'Dear Love to him.' And the mark on the label is Altyre. And now," said the Laird, "what d'you know of this?" He stared at Robin with penetrating eyes.

"It will be the fool-man's fair wife," said Robin. "She has the fondness for Danny."

"How d'you know that?"

"It has been shown to me," said Robin curtly.

The Laird looked at the label.

"*What may happen*," he read, and regarded Robin with sudden thunder-brow. "What might be the meaning of that?"

"Canna say," said Robin shortly; "I have no knowledge of divinations."

"He *can* say, your Honour," panted the Woman on the other side of the door, "if he will. And if he winna, I can for him if you will bid him let me in. Open to me, Man!" she ordered, "I have a word for his Honour's ear, and stockings for his feet."

"Never!" said Robin firmly, his back to the door. "His Honour is not dressed for receiving company."

"Will Mr. Hepburn be pleased to *order* him open!" shrilled the Woman.

"Keep her out, Crabbe!" said the Laird. "I can't abide her chatter. And you, Woman!" he called, "just bide where ye are—the right side of the door for hearkening and the wrong for seeing—and hear his tale, and see he tells it true. Now"—to Robin—"tell on!"

"Tell on!" snarled the Woman. "And tell all! Mind! I am here."

So Robin, sulky as a beaten boy, must needs tell all: of the meeting of dark men at the Ferry Ha', of the oath of the Bloody Englisher, of Simon Ogg and his going forth, and much else; and the Woman shrilly edited the tale through the key-hole.

"How long has this been forward?" asked the Laird when all was finished—"these plots upon him?"

"Maybe just a year-twa," said Robin, feigning nonchalance.

"And you have not seen good to forewarn me?" said the Laird.

"I thought the Woman would have tell't you," said Robin. "I tell't her."

"O ye Adam," screamed the accused.

"It was for you to tell me," said the Laird.

"I thought ye knew," said Robin.

"How should I know?"

"Same as I do," said Robin. "Ye might dream it."

"And you think," said the Laird, deliberately, "if I had known all this I would have let you lose him so?"

"Me lose him?" cried Robin. "He does lose himself. It

is me finds him. Oh!" he cried, in bitterness; "himself save me from the thanks of man."

"When each time you lost him," continued the Laird, "you knew it might be the last, and that he might never return to me."

"This is just what I have aye tell't him," shrilled the Woman. "Once ower often, I aye said: and once ower often it has nigh proved: and he would never heed, but jeered and called out in me 'Bald-head!'"

"Is it Mr. Hepburn's will," asked Robin, trembling, "that I be spat upon by this Person through the key-hole?"

"Attend to me!" said the Laird.

"I will attend to your Honour now," said Robin: and turning—"And I will attend to you, Vessel of Hell, later."

"I'm mighty frightened!" sneered the Woman.

"Hear me," said the Laird terribly and leaned forward; "there will be no more losing Danny from this day. You understand?"

"Who is to help it?" snapped Robin.

"You are," said the Laird.

"How?" said Robin.

"I leave that to you," said the Laird, grim-lipped. "It's for me to give the orders; it's for you to carry them out. I hold you responsible."

## XLIX

### THE SHADOW OF THE DEAD

Robin pattered off to the village. It was yet early. As he entered the village-street the sluggard folk still slept; and a slatternly black hen lorded it in the road and eyed him scornfully.

At the cottage of Simon Ogg, where no wolf-eyed mother stood on guard, he stopped; passed through the rank garden where the wild thyme grew, pushed open the door and entered the evil-smelling parlour hung with bacon hams, nor knocked.

In a recess in the far wall, on a low-heaped couch of straw, lay Simon with flaming head, and slept guiltily.

Robin's hands smacked down upon the youth's naked shoulders.

He woke with a scream, calling on God and his minnie.

"Who is it?" he cried, horribly afraid.

"Me," whispered Robin, "factor to him who slew your father."

The youth stared up through the dimness.

"Why for d'you whisper?" he asked, whispering himself.

"Because I am afraid for you," Robin replied.

"What gars you come here?" hoarsed Simon.

"His Honour gar'd me come," whispered Robin.

"Because of what?"

"Because of you know what," said Robin.

Simon lay looking up, a horror of madness gathering in his eyes.

"I know nothing," he chattered, writhing.

In the room had been no sound but the hiss of whispering; now came the noise of hushed feet, ghostly in the silence and slow.

Simon tried to start to his elbow.

"Heark!" he cried.

"What?" said Robin, holding him down.

"Like it might be a dog!" chattered Simon; and peered round the body of the other.

"What's yon?" he hissed, and gazed and gazed, his face ghastly beneath the freckles.

"Where?"

"There!" staring fearfully.

Robin turned, and saw Danny, who had followed him, standing in the dim light with eyes like cairn-gorms ablaze.

"I see little," whispered Robin, unmoved.

"I see my fate," said Simon, and fell back like one dead. "I have seen the Shadow of the Dead. I will not live."

Robin bent over him.

"Is Danny dead, then?" he asked.

"Dead these two days," whispered Simon, lying with closed eyes.

"How came it?"

"Over away in the forest."

"Who slew him?"

"The Bloody Englisher."

"Was you there?"

"I was so. It was me snared him. Himself be good to me!"

He lay with shut eyes, breathing like a dying man.

Robin removed his hands from the other's shoulders.

"Do not leave me, Mr. Robin," whimpered Simon, "I will go mad else," and clutched him. "Is he there yet?" and peered round the old man stealthily.

"He is there yet," said Robin, nor whispered now.

"What?" cried Simon, "can you too see him? Are you, too, a wraith?" and clutched his wrists.

"Wraith!" cried Robin. "Far be it from me. Na, I am that Robin Crabbe that is factor to the Laird of Hepburn these forty years. And I have found you in your sin."

Simon lay back, panting like a stranded fish; then he began laughing, laughing, laughing; and at last looked up.

"Is it a dream?" he asked.

"It's no dream," said Robin awefully.

"Thank God for that word!" said Simon, lay back with shut eyes, and laughed and laughed.

"Well for you were it a dream."

"I care na by," cried Simon, and laughed and laughed. "I have not seen the Shadow of the Dead, and I will live."

He opened his eyes suddenly.

Danny was digging busily at a heap of sacking and sawdust in a far corner.

"What gars him snout so yonder?" he cried, rising on his elbow.

"We will see soon," said Robin.

"There's nothing there," said Simon; "cry him out of it."

"If there's nothing there," said Robin, "he will do nothing no hurt."

At that out of the heap of sacking came Danny backing, and pulling sturdily.

Robin went across to him and bent.

"Your nothing is one of my roe-deer," he said, and looked at Simon.

Simon lay back with shut eyes.

"He's no wraith for sure," he said, and laughed his empty laughter. "And I will live: and I will not die."

"You will not die," said Robin, shouldering the deer. "This day to-morrow you will be praying that you could!" and he marched out.

## L

### SIMON GOES HOME

THAT afternoon Robin brought word that his Honour would speak with Simon.

Simon went, quaking.

His mother escorted him to the great gates, and bid him remember he was going to stand in the presence of his father's murderer, and there parted from him.

"Bid your minnie good-bye, lad," said Robin, not unfeelingly. "A man has but the one mother in this world."

"Will I not see her again?" cried Simon aghast.

"That is as his Honour wulls," said Robin with bowed head.

The Woman thrust Simon into the great hall without a word.

There sat the Laird in his cloak, lonely, grim, twining grey fingers, and Danny at his feet.

"Have you anything to say," asked the Laird, "why I shouldn't send you to gaol?"

Simon sucked his thumb.

"I'd liefer bide with minnie," said he, "if yer Honour pleases."

"Ye must find a better reason than that, my lad," said the Laird.

Simon fell back on the old argument.

"Your Honour killed my father," he said.

"What if I did?" said the Laird curtly.

Simon bit his thumb and pondered.

"Only," said he, "it was none that neighbourly."

"And anyway," said the Laird, "because I killed your father that's no reason you should kill my deer."

Simon shifted uneasily.

"A lad must live," he said, "and I'm far ower wankly to work."

"You're strong enough to steal," said the Laird.

"That's easier done," said Simon.

"So's going to gaol," said the Laird.

Simon pondered.

"There's minnie, too," he said. "There's none but me to work for her."

"Ye're not strong enough to work," said the Laird. "You're forgetting."

"There is other things I do for her," said Simon.

"What sort of things?"

"I fetch her whiskey," said Simon. "She will miss that sore."

"Sorer than ever she'll miss you," said the Laird. "I can tell ye that. D'you know, my lad," he added earnestly, "your dear mother has been at me these seventeen years to get me to put you away for her."

"Same as ye did daddie?" gasped Simon.

"She's not particular," said the Laird, "only so long as you go; and she gets her crown a week and her cottage to herself. And I'm going to oblige her."

Simon knelt down.

"I'd liefer not be murdered," he whimpered, "if it's all the same to Mr. Hepburn."

"Get up," said the Laird. "Make believe for once ye're some sort of a man; and listen here."

Simon rose.

"You can take your choice," continued the Laird. "Either you follow in your father's footsteps," said he, "to gaol——"

"Why for should I go to gaol?" whined Simon.

"Because you're a danger to the peace," said the Laird.

"Whose peace?" asked Simon.

"Mine," said the Laird. "Or," he went on, "I will get you admission to a Home of Rest, I know, for such as you. And if you'll be advised by me," added the Laird, "you'll take the Home."

Simon looked at him.

"What's a Home?" he asked suspiciously.

"Home is sweet Home," said the Laird. "And there's no place like it—that's all I can tell ye."

"How long will I bide there?" asked Simon cunningly.

"Till you're better," said the Laird.

"What of?" said Simon.

"Of being worse," said the Laird.

Simon shook his head.

"I'll bide with minnie," said Simon, "an it please yer Honour."

"You'll take your choice," said the Laird, briefly. "Gaol or Home."

Simon burst into tears.

"I'll take Home," he said. "Though it's not much of a Home when you wear a chain all the time."

. . . . .

Robin, who had been listening at the door, trotted off to the kitchen, sat down there and bowed with laughter.

"The Laird's the cannie laddie!" he cried, and wiped the tears of merriment away. "He has put Simon Ogg away fine. We need fear no more for our man."

"Where away?" asked the Woman.

"Abroad," gasped Robin, "in Barbary."

"In Barbary?" cried the Woman.

"Ay," said Robin, "in England."

"Where?" asked the Woman.

"In a Home," gasped Robin, and wiped his eyes.

"What kind of a Home?" cried the Woman.

"A Home!" gasped Robin, "for Lost Imbesillies."

. . . . .

So Simon left Hepburn and retired to a place on a barren hill in a south land beside the sea; and the land knew peace for a while.

END OF PART I.