

**THE MONTHLY
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EDITED BY
HENRY NEWBOLT

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THE MONTHLY

REVIEW

EDITED BY

FRANK NEWBOLT

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THE ARMY QUESTION IN AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY

By COUNT ALBERT APPONYI, *Ex-President of the Hungarian Lower House, and present Leader of the Opposition.*

I

IN order to form a competent opinion on the difficulties recently arisen between Austria and Hungary concerning the state of their armed forces, it is absolutely necessary to be thoroughly acquainted with the nature of their connection. The matter is somewhat intricate, and it seems still more so; this may be the reason why few persons outside Hungary take the trouble to look into it with any degree of accuracy. Even the politically educated, nay, the leading politicians of foreign nations, entertain the falsest notions on the subject. Did not we read a few years ago with mingled feelings of annoyance and amusement how Mr. Gladstone put it before the English Commons, when he supported his first Irish Home Rule Bill by elaborating a fanciful analogy with the Austro-Hungarian settlement. "There is an imperial parliament at Vienna, and there is a local parliament at Budapest"—these were his own words, and such was his belief. True, he made himself better informed before the second Home Rule Bill came under discussion. Speaking no more then of Austria and Hungary, he called the attention of his listeners to another model—to the connection between Hungary and Croatia. This was certainly more to the point, since it is quite correct to say: "There is an imperial parliament at Budapest as well as at Vienna, and a

parliament with limited rights at Zagrab." But the error into which one of modern England's broadest intellects had formerly fallen is none the less a significant fact, a characteristic feature of foreign opinion on the subject. This opinion is fostered by a certain school of Austrian and German writers, who still try to hold up, in theory at least, the standard of a political system which has utterly failed in practice. The fundamental error, the *πρώτον ψέδος* propagated by that school, consists in imagining an "Austrian empire" which is supposed to contain Hungary, as the primordial fact, and in considering what they are pleased to call "Hungarian autonomy" (or, let us say, home rule) as a concession made to a turbulent province by the central power of the empire. According to that theory Hungary ought to be thankful for, and well satisfied with, "what she has got," and not to disturb any further, by ever-recurring "new pretensions," the peace of an empire the preservation of which is essential to the balance of power in Europe.

Now it is only natural that to minds preoccupied in that way the whole machinery of our institutions and of their working, the totality of whatever happens in Hungary, will ever be an insoluble enigma. As a matter of fact, the above-quoted theories are entirely false in history, law, and fact; in every respect the historical, legal, and living truth is diametrically their opposite.

From the beginning there has been an independent Hungary, a sovereign Hungarian State, with a Constitution as old in origin as the national life itself, worked out by national genius through a process of organic growth to which the growth of the English Constitution alone offers a parallel. And Hungary has never given up any portion of her independence as a nation, of her sovereignty as a State; when she called, by free election, to her throne the dynasty which rules over the countries designated by the collective name of Austria, she did so on the express condition of maintaining her independence and the distinct individuality of her crown; she

has never been absorbed into Austria; she has merely allied herself to that country for purposes of mutual defence; in order to ensure the efficiency of that mutual defence, she has by an act of her own legislative power entrusted some strictly circumscribed functions of government to a body representing both countries. In this it is *she* who has *granted* a concession, if the term is to be used at all, but she has *received* none. She had none to ask for, being fully possessed of all the attributes of an independent and sovereign State.

From the moment you have well grasped these fundamental truths, on which no Hungarian—to whatever party he may belong—even admits discussion, you feel that the scales are falling from your eyes, and everything at once becomes perfectly clear. It matters not that there still is a school of political writers, chiefly Austrian and German, who try to explain away the clear language of those laws and transactions in which our guarantees have been embodied, and that some belated politicians and courtiers in Austria persist in using every opportunity to smuggle into the working of our common institutions some appearance of pan-Austrian Imperialism. These petty vexations—for which leading Hungarian politicians sometimes profess an exaggerated degree of forbearance—can endanger only the solidity of the bond between Austria and Hungary by rendering permanent mutual distrust and disaffection; it is beyond their power to affect the principle of Hungarian independence. When our great struggle on behalf of that principle began, we had certainly right on our side, but as a matter of fact we were decidedly the weakest party; the country, exhausted by the incursions of the Turks, who occupied nearly half of her territory, was poor to the verge of starvation, the nation numbered from two to three million souls, and was torn by religious dissensions and political intrigues. We had a very poor chance then against the mightiest dynasty of those times, a dynasty backed by the resources of two worlds, a dynasty on whose domains, as Charles V. put it, the sun never set. Still we held out for three centuries and a half, and at

last we conquered. Now the balance of power is reversed ; we number nearly twenty million souls, we are of one mind, in this matter at least, whatever may be our differences in other respects, and Hungary forms the main support of the Hapsburg dynasty. How can Court intriguers and political fossils hope to prevail against our strength, when even our weakness had proved invincible ?

To bring this into stronger relief I think it convenient to put before the reader a rapid sketch of our relations with Austria in their historical growth and their present state.

When our forefathers called the Austrian dynasty to the Hungarian throne, in 1526, after the disastrous battle of Mohács, which had opened Hungary to the Turks, they did so—as already mentioned—on the express condition that the independence and the Constitution of the kingdom should remain untouched. That condition was put before every king chosen from the same dynasty, accepted by every one of them, and solemnly confirmed in their coronation oath. No sort of tie was formed at that time between Hungary and the other domains of the dynasty, nor could anything of the kind be then expected, since those latter domains (which we shall henceforth call Austria for shortness' sake) were hereditary possessions, while Hungary remained an elective kingdom. It was a chance connection like that which subsisted between England and Hanover in the eighteenth century. But in 1723, when hereditary right to the Hungarian crown was conferred on the Austrian house, that connection became permanent, and took a precise judicial shape. This was done by the celebrated transaction known to history as the "Pragmatic Sanction," embodied for Hungary in her Laws I., II. and III. of the year above mentioned. In the terms of these laws the order of succession to the throne is identically the same in Hungary and in Austria as long as the male and female lineage of the Emperors and Kings Leopold, Joseph I. and Charles VI. (Charles III. of Hungary) lasts, the other collateral branches—though entitled eventually to succeed in Austria—

being excluded from the succession in Hungary. Whenever the above-mentioned lineage becomes extinct, Hungary may use her right of free election to the throne, irrespectively of what Austria or any part of Austria chooses to do in that emergency; the connection between the two countries is then severed *de facto*. While the personal tie which binds them together lasts, they are bound to assist each other against foreign aggression.

It is perfectly clear that neither the contents nor the form of that solemn compact between Hungary and the ruling dynasty (or, as some students of public law state it, between Hungary and Austria) take away any particle of Hungary's independence as a sovereign State. That independence is, on the contrary, part of the compact, quite as strictly binding as the right of succession therein granted. The only obligation which Hungary takes upon herself towards Austria, the obligation of mutual defence, depends wholly on her good faith in its interpretation as well as in its execution, no power superior to her own public power having even a shadow of existence which could control and enforce it against Hungary's will and contrary to her free decision. And these are exactly the characteristic features of a sovereign Power in its transactions with another similar Power.¹

¹ What I am stating here has been definitely formulated by a celebrated law bearing the date of 1791. In our country, as well as in England, laws which embody great constitutional principles have been generally framed after an attempt to infringe or to obscure those principles. The principle in question is then solemnly reaffirmed, not as a fresh invention or as a new acquisition, but, on the contrary, as a declaration of what has legally always been in force. The law which I am about to quote belongs to that class of constitutional laws. It is the solemn reassertion of Hungary's independence, a re-enactment of the principle laid down in the Pragmatic Sanction, after the attempt of Joseph II. at infringement. It runs as follows:

"LAW I. of the year 1790-91, Emperor and King Leopold II., Article 10.

"On the humble proposal of the estates and orders of the realm, his most holy Majesty has been pleased to recognise:

"That, though the succession of the feminine branch of the Austrian House, decreed in Hungary and her annexed parts by the Laws I. and II. of

Some confusion was, and still is, produced, or, let us say, artfully maintained, in consequence of the Austrian imperial title, which Francis I. took in 1804, when the "Holy German Empire" ceased to exist. There is an impression generally prevailing of some sort of collective sovereignty, extending to both Hungary and Austria, expressed by that title. But this is a perfectly false assumption. The imperial title bears no relation to Hungary; it is not superimposed upon but juxtaposed to the title of King of Hungary. His Majesty may call himself whatever he pleases, in his capacity of ruler of his Austrian domains; to us this is quite immaterial; but never shall the time-hallowed holy Hungarian crown be melted into a comparatively brand-new imperial diadem, and never shall the sovereignty of the King of Hungary, the only one to which we submit with the manly loyalty of free citizens, undergo any sort of mediatisation. It is true that physically the same person rules both countries, Hungary and Austria; but the Emperor of Austria and the King of Hungary are two distinct entities in public law, neither of whom is subordinate to, or includes, the other. Widely different is the origin of their title and the nature and essence of their prerogative. In Austria the Constitution is a free gift of the Emperor, and the people of Austria enjoy such rights as the Emperor thought fit to grant to them; in Hungary, on the other hand, the Constitution is an organic product of national genius, and the royal prerogative consists in such rights as the nation has chosen to vest in her King. I need not trouble the reader with particu-

1723, belongs, according to the fixed order of succession and in indivisible and inseparable possession, to the same prince whose it is in the other kingdoms and hereditary domains, situated in or out of Germany; *Hungary with her annexed parts is none the less a free and independent kingdom, concerning her whole form of rule (including therein every branch of administration) which means: submitted to no other kingdom or people, but possessed of her own consistence and constitution; therefore they must be ruled by her hereditary and crowned kings, consequently by his most holy Majesty too, and by his successors, according to her own laws and customs, and not after the example of other provinces, as is already enacted by the Laws III. 1715, VIII. and XI. 1741.*"

lars as to the many contrasting points of these two prerogatives ; the practical impossibility of mixing them together results clearly enough from the radical difference of their origin.¹

Since our acceptance, then, of the Pragmatic Sanction in 1723, such is the juridical nature of the connection between Austria and Hungary. It is, according to Francis Deák's definition, a personal union of two independent States, covenanted to defend each other against foreign aggression. But in the course of those struggles to which I have already alluded, the contrary tendencies of the dynasty sometimes prevailed in fact, though never in right, a protest made in due form always maintaining the legal continuity of our independence and constitutional freedom. These epochs of oppression proved, upon the whole, more fatal to the dynasty and its power than to Hungary ; they always ended in reconciliation more or less sincere, and in compromise more or less satisfactory. The principle of Hungarian independence was reasserted and solemnly recognised in all those transactions, but some practical encroachments generally survived, and were adhered to by courtier-politicians with a tenacity and artfulness surpassing even the genius of eastern diplomatists for baffling in their execution reforms which have to be accepted on principle.

¹ To put this still more clearly, let us consider as a striking sample of the contrary situation the coincidence of an imperial and a royal title in the person of the German Emperor, King of Prussia. In this case the imperial title truly represents a superior sovereign power, placed above the sovereignty of Prussia, absorbing or controlling some of the latter's attributes, since the German Empire is a superior unity, to which Prussia stands in the relation of part to the whole. Austria and Hungary, on the other hand, are two distinct and independent unities—though bound by compact to act together in certain cases—and therefore the imperial (Austrian) and the royal (Hungarian) titles represent two distinct sovereign personalities, possessed of widely different prerogatives, but upon a footing of perfect equality, neither of them absorbing the smallest particle of the other's attributes. It is quite as nonsensical to invest the Emperor of Austria, as such, with any portion of public authority in Hungary as it would be absurd to rule Austria in the name of the King of Hungary. In the eye of Hungarian public law the Emperor of Austria is a foreign potentate.

The latest and most celebrated of these transactions is the compromise of the year 1867, effected by the wisdom of the present King and of Francis Deák, assisted by the diplomatic genius of Count Julius Andrassy. This compromise put an end to the most serious crisis which had arisen in the mutual relations between king and nation, between Austria and Hungary, since the great Rákoczy War and the peace of Szátmar concluded in 1711. It was meant to be final, to settle all points of difference, to uproot every abuse and to prevent every misunderstanding; and, though the result, as we shall see, fell somewhat short of an aim which is perhaps unattainable in our circumstances, this compromise is certainly superior in completeness and practical success to all its predecessors. It was not couched in the form of a treaty, like the Pragmatic Sanction; it took simply the shape of a law (Law XII. of 1867) which the legislative power of Hungary, King, Lords, and Commons, may abolish or modify whenever they are pleased to do so, like any other law, a fact asserting in itself the position of Hungary as a sovereign State. This law begins by declaring the true sense of the Pragmatic Sanction, just as we have explained it above, as containing two chief principles: the independence of the kingdom of Hungary and the obligation of mutual defence between her and Austria. Provision is made then for the fulfilment of that obligation by institutions which the fact of Austria's being endowed with a Constitution has rendered necessary. In order to make mutual defence more permanent and efficient, those functions of public power which bear strict relation to it, foreign and military affairs, are to a certain extent declared common to both countries, and common executive agents, a common Ministry of Foreign Affairs and of War, are created for their direction. The Parliamentary control over these Ministries and the vote for their expenses is delegated by both Parliaments, Austrian and Hungarian, to committees elected by them, forming two distinct bodies, like the Parliaments themselves, but meeting at the same place (alternately at Vienna and at Budapest) in

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order to compromise matters in an easier way when they happen to disagree. No common organ of legislative power has been called into existence; legislation on foreign and military affairs remains in the domain of both Parliaments, who are invited to agree in these matters as well as they can. None of the executive agents of common affairs, the common ministries, or their controlling bodies, the delegations, represent a public power superior to those of Hungary or Austria; no trace of such a thought can be found in their constitutional position. The common Ministries are simply Ministers of both countries; they serve his Majesty in those affairs in which he exercises, through the same Act, both his prerogatives, royal and imperial, and, even between these strictly defined limits they must act in agreement with the Hungarian Ministers who are co-responsible for their administration before the Hungarian Diet. The delegations, on the other hand, are under the strict control of the mother-assemblies, of their respective Parliaments; even the vote for the common expenses obtaining the force of law—in Hungary at least—only when registered and inserted in the general Hungarian Budget by the Hungarian Diet.

It is no part of my present task to explain the working of this somewhat complicated machinery, or to give a detailed description of all its parts and organs. What I have to show and what I mean to impress the reader with is simply the fact that the great principle of Hungarian independence, the complete sovereignty of Hungary, has undergone no mutilation through that more talked about than known transaction of 1867. It is true that we have common organs with Austria, but these common organs are created by the free will of our legislative power, and may be abolished at any moment by the same will; far from representing a public power superior to our own power, they are as much under our control as any other institution of the kingdom; they are, in fact, part of *our* public powers, a part to which we have thought fit to give a particular form, a sort of exceptional connection with the

corresponding powers of another State, but which we neither abdicated nor alienated.

As far as principles go, we are then clearly on safe ground; our logic, our consistency is and remains unimpeachable. But how in practice?

The somewhat unsatisfactory answer which, in candour, must be given to this question, lies at the root of the present crisis.

II

The old military system of Hungary was based upon the duty of every freeman to take arms at the call of his king when the country was in danger. When the necessity of a standing army became evident, it was only stated by law (in 1715) that such an army should be formed of Hungarians and of foreigners, and that no provision for its payment should be made without the consent of the Diet; but no organisation was given by law to the new military force, nor does its importance as a national institution seem to have been thoroughly understood by a generation still clinging to memories of a military past, glorious indeed, but irrevocably done with. The dynasty—left free to organise its Hungarian army as it thought fit, “of Hungarians and of foreigners”—seems to have preferred the latter. It was only when Maria Theresa in her distress appealed to the loyalty of the Hungarian nation that a great Hungarian army was formed, led by Hungarian leaders, commanded in its own language, and fighting under its own banner. The glorious feats of that army belong to the history of Europe. But a few years afterwards, when national enthusiasm was no longer wanted against imminent danger, and when Joseph II. came into power, the Hungarian troops were gradually absorbed in the Austrian army, which thenceforth in fact represented the pan-Austrian ideal, in opposition to the principle of independence on which all our public law is based. Joseph II. tried to do away with the whole Hungarian Consti-

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tution ; his unification of the armed force was at least consistent with his general policy. But even when, after his death, one of the numberless reconciliations between king and nation took place—when Leopold II. restored the Constitution and sanctioned the above-quoted law of 1791, which contained the most solemn reassertion made in modern times of our national independence—the *status quo* in the army, as created by Joseph, remained untouched. The Diet could not break through the resistance which even that liberal-minded Emperor and King opposed to the re-nationalisation of the army. Henceforward it became a tradition of the dynasty to adhere uncompromisingly to unity and uniformity in their army ; here at least a plank had been saved out of the general shipwreck which their pet idea, the unification of all their dominions into one empire, had suffered through Hungary's resistance. The absence of a positive law concerning army organisation favoured that policy. The crown even asserted its constitutional right to settle military affairs as it pleased. The Diet never assented to that pretension, and even at different times from 1791 to 1848 tried to win back actual power over the army, and to introduce at least the Hungarian language into the Hungarian regiments. But though they had a means of enforcing these claims in their undoubted right to vote the recruits levied in, and the taxes laid on, Hungary for army purposes, they never could peacefully prevail on that point, and never chose to push matters to extremes. The only result obtained was a series of laws, not very scrupulously observed, enacting that Hungarian troops should be commanded by Hungarian officers, and that the commanders of Hungarian regiments should correspond with Hungarian civil authorities in Hungarian. In all other respects uniformity and Germanism was so uncompromisingly upheld that even when a great military school was planned in Hungary by private subscription it was maintained that teaching in that school must be German ; upon which the subscriptions were withdrawn, and the school never opened until 1867.

The great reform of 1848 laid the foundation of independent Hungarian military institutions, but time failed the legislators of that epoch to settle in a satisfactory way the connection between the armed forces of Austria and of Hungary. The conflict which soon broke out removed the possibility of solving that part of the problem.

It was only natural that the period of oppression which followed should restore, and even aggravate, the *status quo ante* in the army, since that period asserted on principle a flat denial of Hungary's right to independence and to constitutional freedom. No more arduous task, therefore, fell upon the authors of the compromise of 1867 than that of finding some solution for the army problem, which should give satisfaction to the principle of Hungarian independence, and at the same time ensure the unfailing co-operation of her armed force with the armed force of Austria, as required by the duty of mutual defence. The problem, extremely delicate in itself, was, and still is, complicated by manifold sentimental difficulties. The Emperor and King loved his army, such as it was. To uphold the principle of indiscriminating unity upon which it was founded appeared to him a sacred legacy from his forefathers. Hungary, on the other hand, had always winced under that practical encroachment on her independence, and, feeling now stronger than she ever was, endowed with more efficient parliamentary institutions than in former times, she was less disposed than ever to put up with it. To unravel so intricate a tangle seemed indeed a task beyond the limits of human wisdom.

It is, therefore, no slur on the memory of the great men to whose wisdom and patriotism is due the restoration of our independence and constitutional freedom; it is no unfairness to the authors of the compromise of 1867 to acknowledge that they did not succeed where momentary success was impossible, that they found no immediate solution to a problem which can be solved only by a long and patient process of evolution. Their statesmanship is vindicated against all unjust criticism if we can affirm that they laid a foundation upon which the

solution can be built. And so much must be admitted, and has been admitted during the present crisis, even by the opponents of their work.

The problem they had to grapple with was twofold: to assert the independence of Hungary in military as in all other matters, and institutionally to ensure the co-operation of her military forces with those of Austria. For that double purpose the fundamental law (XII. 1867) laid down the following principles, which we shall sum up here, in their broad outline, leaving out what is less important.

His Majesty is constitutionally invested with the right of unitedly commanding, directing, and regulating as to its inner organisation "the whole army," of which "the Hungarian army" forms an integral part; but the right of fixing and, if need be, modifying the military system belongs in Hungary to the whole legislature (King and Parliament), which will proceed in these matters as far as possible in agreement with Austria, but in perfect juridical independence. To the legislature belongs the annual voting of recruits for the Hungarian troops, and the determining of conditions eventually attached to that vote. Army expenses, being common, are voted by the above-mentioned delegations of both Parliaments.

These principles contain an express recognition of Hungary's sovereignty in military as well as in other matters, of a "Hungarian army," though in organic connection with the Austrian forces, both together forming what the law simply calls "the whole army." They draw a boundary line between the rights of the crown and those of the whole legislature, in opposition to the pretensions of former rulers to absolute power in military questions; they ensure the necessary cohesion between the Austrian and the Hungarian troops through the unity of command, direction and inner organisation, entrusted to the Emperor and King; they give sufficient guarantees to the country with respect to these rights of the crown, by stating that they are to be exerted "constitutionally"—that is, through responsible agents, under parliamentary control; they

wear, in short, the aspect of a fair compromise, which gives satisfaction to what is just and essential in the claims of all parties concerned.

But in execution the equilibrium between the standpoint of the crown and of the nation has been dislocated in favour of the former from the very beginning.

The first military law, framed in 1868 on the principles of the compromise, made "the Hungarian army" dwindle away into that realm of juridical fiction where so many of our national lights had in former times led Olympian lives, till some Prometheus tore them back to earthly existence, at the risk of being chained by Zeus to a rock in the political desert. That fictional life of rights is certainly not valueless; it prevents prescription and maintains the promises of the future; we owe the very preservation of our Constitution and national existence to a judicious upholding of legal fictions when reality was beyond reach. But by their nature, by the intention which creates and animates them, fictions of that kind strive to become living reality, and are therefore fruitful of convulsions. And so it ever was, and so it is in the case which we are examining.

The only distinction between the Hungarian and the Austrian armed force which was practically preserved in the military organisation law of 1868 consists in the enactment that Hungarian recruits should be enlisted into Hungarian regiments only, to which we may add a royal ordinance enjoining, in conformity to old laws, that Hungarian troops should be commanded by Hungarian officers. Apart from this, the army remained exactly what it had been in times of oppression: an Austrian army, including some thousands of Hungarian soldiers, but with no trace in its inner life and outward appearance of such a thing as an independent Hungarian nation and a sovereign Hungarian State. On the contrary, it corresponded to the old pan-Austrian ideal, and is cherished even now by a certain school as the only remaining embodiment of that ideal, with its Austrian emblems and flags, and German as the

official language among the Hungarian as well as the Austrian troops.

To give some satisfaction to national feeling in Hungary, a territorial armed force, a "Landwehr," was created at the same time, which bore the name of "Honvéd"—"Defenders of the Fatherland"—a name suggestive of glorious memories. This force was put entirely on a Hungarian footing, in its emblems, flag and language; it is paid by Hungary alone, and submitted to a greater amount of parliamentary influence than the standing army. Consisting only of infantry and cavalry, it is incapable of independent action, and must remain embodied in the fighting order of the standing army—a fact worth noting, throwing a peculiar light on the pretended practical necessity of uniformity in language. The relative strength of the standing army and of that national military force may be gathered from the fact that, out of, roughly speaking, 55,000 recruits yearly enlisted in Hungary, more than 42,000 belong to the former, and only 12,500 to the Honvéds. Considering the incompleteness and comparative weakness of the latter body, and its submission to the higher army authorities, it forms no compensation for the unpleasant features of the general army organisation, and, though highly valued even in its present state, has no soothing influence on the feelings which such unpleasantness creates.

The legislators of 1868 assented to these unsatisfactory dispositions, chiefly because the possibility of a compromise with the crown seemed to depend on them; at the same time, they were full of hope that the natural expansion of the Hungarian element in the army, the increasing number of Hungarian officers and higher commanders, would reform in practice what was defective in organisation. Unhappily, matters took a different turn; in fact, further legislation on military matters rather aggravated than mitigated the harsh features of the first organisation law. Even the old enactment, that none but Hungarians should, as far as possible, be placed at the head of Hungarian troops, though enforced in 1868 by the above-

mentioned royal ordinance, gradually fell into desuetude. Not only were our regiments swamped with Austrian officers, a fact which is explained by the comparatively small number of Hungarian officers, but as many as one-third of the latter, insufficient though they be in number for their own troops, were transferred to Austrian regiments: a glaring abuse for which no earthly reason can be given, at least no reason consistent with the spirit, and even the letter, of the law, or admissible before a Hungarian Parliament.

But why is the number of Hungarian officers so scarce? For manifold reasons, one of which—as in candour must be owned—certainly is a mental disposition among our young men averse from the drudgery and strict discipline of military service—especially in times of peace. But granting this, we must at the same time point out the difficulties thrown in their way by a system of military education which was, until a few years ago, exclusively German in language, and (to Hungarian minds) unpalatably Austrian in spirit, while our civil schools are of course thoroughly Hungarian in spirit as well as in language. No unprejudiced mind can fail to perceive the difficulties—moral as well as material,—which on account of this flagrant discrepancy beset a young Hungarian on entering one of these military schools; and from them are taken the great bulk of officers. I wonder how many young Englishmen or Frenchmen would devote themselves to military service if access to it had to be gained through teaching given in a foreign language and a foreign spirit—and I fail to see why the laws of national psychology should be surrendered or take a different course, when, instead of English or French, Hungarians are in question.

And so the gulf widened, and discontent deepened, and, under a smooth surface, matters ripened to a crisis.

To the unprejudiced reader who has vividly followed us so far, the outbreak of last year will no more be an object of wonder; he will rather ask himself, I presume, and seek for an answer in these pages, how such a state of things could have

lasted so long without leading to serious difficulty. Complete explanation of this astonishing fact would fill a book; but a few indications shall be given here. In the first instance, the nation is extremely unwilling to start a new conflict with the crown—a feeling which may have led her to exaggerated forbearance in this and some other matters, but which is, upon the whole, a perfectly legitimate and wise one. Then the state of party was adverse to gradual reform. We have a strong party opposed on principle to the compromise of 1867, bent upon its total destruction; advocating a complete separation of the Hungarian and the Austrian army. The radicalism of this programme drove the defenders of the compromise into an attitude of absolute, almost Chinese, conservatism in all matters connected with it, especially in all military questions. Between these two currents scanty ground was left to those who, like the writer of these pages, took a middle course, and, accepting the legislation of 1867 as a base, thought many parts of its superstructure, especially the military establishment thereon founded, susceptible of reform in the sense of the principles laid down in the fundamental law. It was slow progress which we attempted: a reform of military teaching, to begin with; and still we appeared iconoclasts in the eyes of the crown, while the current of national opposition asked for a quicker pace than we thought wise to adopt. At last our policy has been vindicated from both extremes by the whole course of last year's crisis; national opposition made its stand, as we had done, on the compromise of 1867. Its methods were somewhat clumsy, but still it pretended to ask for nothing else than the strict fulfilment of that compromise. The representatives of power, on the other hand, took refuge in those very reforms which had been our "subversive" programme before. They did not, however, handle them with any peculiar felicity of touch, and, what was worse still, they were late.

III

To tell the truth, the spirit of absolute resistance to Hungary's just claims in military matters had shown some symptoms of relenting in the last years before the crisis. Under Baron Banffy's Government the military schools of the Honvéds (that national section of our armed force which has been mentioned before), where teaching is given in Hungarian, were augmented in numbers, developed to the highest degree of military efficiency, and endowed with the privilege of educating officers for the standing army too. Under Mr. Széll's Government a reform of the emblems and flags "in conformity with our public law" has been promised, and though nobody knows what that reform will be like, this shows an intention at least of taking into account Hungary's existence as an independent political entity. The constant violation of the laws which enact that Hungarian troops should be commanded by Hungarian officers, having been brought under the notice of Parliament, the promise has been made that Hungarian officers shall be gradually restored to their regiments, and this promise has already begun to be fulfilled. Indications of a brighter future were not wanting; only that future—considering the pace at which reform moved—seemed too distant, and the concessions, hesitatingly made, too small to minds exasperated by constant repression and full of larger aspirations. Still, it would have been possible to maintain a patient mood of mind throughout the nation as well as in Parliament had the progress of military changes been slackened so as to march with the slowness of the corresponding national progress. But in that unhappy hour when a Bill was brought in to increase by 22,000 the number of the annual recruits, which means 60,000 men more to be kept under arms in time of peace (the service being triennial), the latent crisis broke out. Into a full vase the drop—a heavy one—had fallen, which made it overflow. Vehement opposition was made to the Bill on financial grounds at the beginning; then

came an outcry for compensation through the fulfilment of Hungary's claims. The introduction of Hungarian emblems, flags and official language into Hungarian regiments was urged as the price of military expansion. No doubt the Opposition carried the country with them; petitions showered in, supporting the demands; the Government majority, on the other hand, was but half-hearted in their adhesion to a measure which had taken them by surprise, and to which a conspicuous part of the leading members submitted only because they were unwilling to overthrow Mr. Szèll's honest and—but for this fatal mistake—wise Government. Inflamed by the encouragement of public opinion, opposition soon degenerated into obstruction. Mr. Szèll resigned. His successor, Count Khuen, tried to restore peace by withdrawing the ill-fated Bill; but it was too late. The cry for army reform in accordance with the general principles of our public laws, and the idea of an independent Hungarian kingdom, especially the demand for the introduction of our language into our regiments, was no longer to be appeased by a simple return to the *status quo ante*. These reforms were no longer urged as a compensation for greater military changes; they were claimed as absolute rights of the nation, rights founded on the very terms of the compromise law of 1867, which expressly mentions a "Hungarian army" as part of "the whole army." Most sections of the Opposition declared their firm intention to go on with obstruction, and to stop the whole activity of Parliament, including the vote on the Budget and on the normal numbers of recruits, till these claims should be allowed. In fact the country was governed through nearly ten months without a Budget, and without a law on recruiting, taxes being paid only by those who chose to do so (happily for our public credit these were the enormous majority of the taxpayers), and no recruits being levied during the whole year 1903.

Parliamentary anarchy of this kind never fails to produce incidents which complicate the situation; they were not wanting during Count Khuen's short but stormy administration. Seeing

that his mission had failed, he, too, resigned, and we were practically left without a Government for more than a quarter of a year. All attempts to form an administration became wrecked on the radical opposition between the wishes of public opinion and the principles upheld by the crown. It was the most serious epoch of our history since 1867, an epoch in which the legitimate anxiety of patriots was soothed only by the twofold certainty that never, under any circumstance whatever, would Francis Joseph break his coronation oath, and that never would the people of Hungary be shaken in their loyalty to a king faithful to the Constitution. Still we were again on the verge of a conflict between King and nation.

At last, towards the end of 1900, a compromise was effected. A military programme was elaborated by the leading members of the Government party, which provided that the introduction of Hungarian as the official language into our regiments should not be enforced, but teaching should, to a large extent, be given in Hungarian in military schools of all degrees existing or to be created on Hungarian territory; measures were devised for increasing the number of Hungarian officers to the amount required by our regiments; the flag and emblem question was brought no further than to a general declaration that it should be solved in accordance with the principles of our public law. Minor points I pass by, nor do I mention those particulars, though not unimportant, which suffered alteration when the new Government was formed. To this programme the majority of Parliament assented; after some hesitation it was accepted by the crown, and Count Tisza came into power. A revulsion of feeling had taken place throughout the country; public opinion certainly did not renounce the claims of Hungary to the use of her own flag and of her own language in her regiments, but it was no more thought fit to enforce them by irregular proceedings. The dangers which beset the Constitution through lasting parliamentary anarchy were more keenly felt than before. So

obstruction gradually died out and parliamentary order was restored in March of this year.

So far the facts. But how are we to appreciate them? What are the results of the crisis? Is the solution arrived at a satisfactory one? Is it a solution at all? What will the future bring: an epoch of peaceful activity or a new series of outbreaks?

It is by answering these questions, as far as they can be answered at all, that I hope to fulfil the task set before me. After the foregoing explanation, which may have taxed the reader's patience to an unconscionable degree, this is comparatively short and easy work.

IV

The above-sketched compromise did good service in stopping obstruction, but it is no solution of the army question, as still pending between Austria and Hungary, and, what is of still graver import, between Hungary and the reigning dynasty. It is merely a halting-place, where that question may rest for a while, it is not the goal to which it tends and where it can be considered as finally settled. The preternatural quiet which reigns in Parliament, the apparent satisfaction of public opinion, is but that sort of reaction which generally sets in after an overstraining of the nervous system. It is a mere question of public pathology how long it will last. The crisis is not ended, it is only suspended.

No solution is deserving of the name which does not embrace all essential elements of a problem. Now the Austro-Hungarian army problem contains two such elements: the independence of Hungary and the unfailing efficiency of mutual defence. Present organisation takes into account the latter alone, to the almost total neglect of the former. The solution should mean a fair compromise between the two, and from this we are still very far, though some advance towards it has undeniably been made. No unprejudiced mind will consider an armed force commanded in a foreign language, under

foreign emblems, as answering to the idea of an independent State, as not being rather in flagrant contradiction to that idea; and the first of these anomalies has been expressly maintained in the latest arrangements, while the way in which a remedy will be applied to the second one is still extremely doubtful, Government declarations on that point being rather productive of uneasiness than otherwise. Hungary, looking into the state of her armed force as into a mirror, is still met by the apparition of strange, even unsympathetic, features.

So much must in fairness be considered as placed beyond controversy. But it may be asked why Hungary, having obtained satisfaction as to her political independence on all other points, should not make some concession on this one; why she should not accept a military settlement, somewhat unpalatable to her national pride, as an anomaly indeed, but a practical necessity?

Why not indeed?

Simply because military life is an essential part of national life; because a nation with no military institution of her own feels crippled, and a nation with military institutions of a foreign character feels subjugated; because no healthy nation can be persuaded into remaining crippled, and no proud nation into putting up with even a semblance of subjugation. Even if it should be practical wisdom to do so, wisdom so high cannot enter the heads of the many without spoiling their hearts.

But it is no wisdom; better than such wisdom is simple-minded instinct, which guesses the great practical problem underlying what in appearance is but a question of national pride.

Military life is an essential organ of national life, not on sentimental grounds only. On the very coolest consideration we find it to be the most universal and most efficient instrument of national education. Under a system of general compulsory service—as prevalent on the whole European continent—every young man is trained through three, or let it be two, years to certain duties, which, beyond the mechanical

drudgery inherent in them, convey to him the idea of a community, the broadest he can conceive, of an authority the highest—the most crushing—he will ever know. That community requires devotion to the point of self-immolation; that authority commands submission and forbids the exercise of individual judgment. Such service would be deadening were it not ennobled by the constant practice of self-denial, and by the highest sense of public duty. Symbols of this public duty float before the young soldier—flags and emblems—which represent to him what he is to hold most sacred on earth, what he must be ready to die for, without even asking why. Through feelings of fear and of awe, through aspirations of honour and of ambition, through a sense of hopeless weakness as an individual and of unconquerable strength as a member of his community, through all forces and faculties, low and high, of his soul, every young man in that age when receptiveness is at its highest and ripens into maturity, is submitted to influences which pervade his innermost self, and put a stamp on his ideas and feelings on public matters which no impressions in after life can erase. For ever will he feel inclined to consider the community, the power, the principle represented by his regiment as the highest one which he is able to imagine.

Now if this community is his nation, if this power is the state which is his nation's juridical form, if this principle is his country, then indeed is military service the most efficient school of true citizenship and patriotism on earth. But what if this be not the case? What if a community is suggested to the young soldier broader than his nation—a power mightier than his state—a principle higher than his country? What if all those feelings of dread, enthusiasm, and awe which military honour and military discipline breeds draw his soul away from the idea of that country towards some object of allegiance different from her—or even exalted above her?

Military service then is no more a school of patriotism, but a positive danger to it. A nation with such a military system is not only missing a powerful element of strength, she is

inoculated with an agent of weakness the like of which no man in his senses would suffer in his own body.

If this be generally true it is still more so in the case of Hungary. Less than any other country can Hungary afford to miss such an educating force, or to put up with such a disturbing influence.

To the problem of national independence, which for centuries absorbed the energy of our forefathers, recent times have added the problem of national unity. Hungary is a centralised kingdom, with no trace of federation in her political organisation. From the first moment of her existence her people have been in public law a homogeneous mass of individuals enjoying equal rights, bound to equal public duties, forming one political nation—the Hungarian nation. But to that nation belong several millions of citizens whose mother tongue is not Hungarian. Our unity, then, is political, not racial; but it is not on that account a mere legal fiction, it is none the less an organic product, a result of natural forces. Law which proclaims us a nation, one and indivisible, gives expression to a live fact, founded on history and tradition ten centuries old, and on the numerical, economical and cultural preponderance of the leading Magyar race.¹ It became a problem in the

¹ How such national unification has been arrived at in Hungary is a matter full of interest to the student of historical evolution. It was achieved by a process quite *sui generis* in Europe, and therefore little understood by foreigners. A few hints may be given here, pointing out the contrast between the proceedings of our forefathers and those of other conquering races. Almost all States of Western Europe are born of conquest achieved during the great migration of nations; in all of them national unity has been effected by a fusion of races, the type of the conquered being generally predominant in the new racial product. Turkish conquest, on the other hand, founded on the theocratic principle, did not care for racial assimilation; it simply laid the new stratum of a dominating caste over the whole strata, which—though oppressed—still remained what they had been and were fit for revival (as modern experience shows) wherever that superposed stratum withdrew. When our forefathers conquered the present territory of Hungary they proceeded in neither of these ways. They did not tend to racial amalgamation with the conquered, after the Western type. They kept their own racial individuality

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second quarter of the nineteenth century only, when agitation fostered from without tried to spread discontent and subversive aspirations among our fellow citizens of foreign tongues. So we, too, have our nationality question, not as acute as in Austria, where, in opposition to the old and uninterrupted political and historical unity of Hungary, almost every race has a provincial organisation to lean upon, and a history to appeal to; but still, a problem to be always borne in mind. The forces of unity, if we know how to use them, are immensely superior in this country to the forces of disintegration; but for numbers of our fellow citizens they do not belong to the realm of flesh and blood, they are moral agents the fulness of which must be kept in constant and conscious operation, to counteract evil influences, appealing sometimes to flesh and blood. Of course a liberal legislation must ensure to our brethren of foreign tongues free development of their racial individuality, free use of their native idioms, as far as

untainted and left other racial types in their new country unmolested; but neither did they contemptuously ignore and oppress those races; on the contrary, they extended to the deserving among aborigines and immigrants the privileges of Hungarian nobility, which stood them in the place of citizenship, just as the Romans had bestowed their citizens' rights on Italian cities. Soon there was no distinction as to public rights between the offspring of conqueror and conquered; fusion into one political nation was already completed at the oldest epoch thoroughly known to history. It is this political nation bearing indeed the stamp of the Magyar race, but knowing neither privilege nor disadvantage on account of race—it is this indivisible Hungarian nation organised as an independent and sovereign State, of whose rights we are speaking in the text, as essentially different from racial pretensions, to which they are sometimes compared by the ignorant. Under this head come the claims of the Hungarian language, not founded on the convenience or infatuation of the Hungarian-speaking race, but on the fact of its being the official language of the Hungarian State. These claims are morally shared by all Hungarian citizens, whatever their native tongue happens to be; they are in fact zealously supported by several constituencies where foreign idioms prevail, especially by most of our German-speaking fellow citizens, even against the practice which favours their own native tongue. So strong is the organic influence of political unity that it generally prevails against racial instinct when the two come into collision. To the maintenance of this state of feeling all forces must be directed.

State unity permits. But for that very reason must every institution and every influence converge in its operation to the strengthening in them of sincere and proud attachment to the Hungarian State, to the one and indivisible Hungarian political nation and to the Hungarian language, as being their own, too, in its capacity of State language and symbol of national unity.

And such is in fact the teaching imparted to these our fellow citizens by our public schools, by the conscious working of all our civil institutions. But in military service this teaching is suspended, nay contradicted, by every impression which the souls of our young soldiers imbibe through the unflinching and irresistible infiltrations of daily experience.

There no emblem reminds them of their Hungarian mother country, nowhere do they see her arms or her colours; the symbols for which they are trained to die are not those of Hungary, the words of command are given in German, the official language is German. Knowledge of German is at a premium even for the modest advancement which any trooper may expect, to the grade of under-officer. Hungarian avails nothing; that language, the official language of the Hungarian State, the symbol and bond of political unity between Hungarian citizens of all races, is degraded there to the rank of a mere racial idiom. Even the King is sunk in the Emperor, and the kingdom of Hungary absorbed in an empire which is a reality only in this connection, but here claims to be the only reality.

Let students of public law explain these facts as they best can; let them prove that the authority of the Hungarian State lies at the bottom of them, since they are sanctioned or at least tolerated by its legislative power. What does the simple-minded young farmer or artisan, whom we are considering in his years of military service, know of juridical fictions and subtleties? Things work upon his soul as they appeal to his eyes, to his ears, to his immediate perception; and he sees, he hears, he perceives only what has been described here.

Now fancy the effect of such military training, with all its crushing efficiency, on the mind of a young Hungarian, not belonging to the Magyar race, whose racial instincts are worked upon by unscrupulous agitators in a sense adverse to patriotism, and whose soul is apt to waver between the hissings of these agitators and the patriotic teaching conveyed to him through the channels above mentioned. What can that effect be but an impression that those are deceived or deceivers who talk to him of his Hungarian mother country as an ideal to be cherished above everything upon earth; of the Hungarian State as the highest authority on earth; of the Hungarian language as a symbol of that same authority to be honoured and cultivated as such by all good citizens; and that those may be right who denounce all this as the idle pretensions of a race no better than his own. The odds are great that such must be his impression when his most absolute devotion is enlisted for symbols not representing Hungary, when an authority takes hold of him in a firmer grip than he will ever feel again, which is not Hungary's, when that authority speaks a language which is not Hungarian, and when all this conveys to him an idea of a "something else" more powerful than Hungary, and, as the perfidy of agitators never fails to suggest, perhaps destined to turn against her in due time. That "something else," by-the-by, is an old acquaintance of ours: it is the pan-Austrian idea, which, defeated on all other points, seeks a last refuge in the army (as some Austrian politicians are candid enough to own), not without entertaining hopes of regaining lost ground through the educational agency of military training. Should this hope be well founded, should military service really succeed in rearing up votaries of that idea among our fellow citizens, that would be for us one stringent reason more for enforcing military reform, and that without a moment's waiting. We cannot reasonably be expected to look quietly on at the inoculation of the souls of our citizens with an idea which we took such pains to drive out of our institutions through three centuries' hard labour and suffering. We certainly adhere to

the legal connection with Austria, as from country to country by collective will of the nation, but we cannot admit that individual citizens of Hungary should enter into any direct relation to an empire, real or imaginary, which is not Hungary, which is even meant to be placed above her; by such a process connection would be transformed into absorption. Still, we could understand the pertinacity with which our opponents, the faithful courtiers of pan-Austrian imperialism, cling to such moral agencies if positive results in the enlisting of recruits on behalf of their pet idea were possible to any appreciable extent. But they are not, powerful as the influence of military training is to put a final stamp on minds worked upon by other convergent forces; it can hardly ever succeed in a positive sense, when quite isolated, perfectly unsupported, or even counteracted by every other influence; and since there is no other school of pan-Austrian patriotism in Hungary, that plant cannot thrive in a soil so unprepared. The "something else," then, is none the better for this last effort. But, as a perturbing force and in a negative sense, such military training may yet be sadly efficient. The plant cannot thrive, it is true, but still its sickly shootings weaken the good seed, and where its pollen falls on some kindred bloom, it breeds fruit, bitter to all tastes. To speak without metaphor, in the minds of those our fellow citizens who do not belong to our race, military training, such as it is, meets with one congenial negative influence: the influence of anti-Hungarian agitators — it matters not whether intentionally or not — tends to lower the authority of the Hungarian State in the eyes of its own citizens, and in that negative sense her combined action is full of peril. Who knows in how many young souls among those our fellow citizens the waverings between patriotic and unpatriotic influences have been decided in favour of the latter by the psychological action of military institutions where Hungary is present only in fiction, but almost entirely absent in reality? And who is it who wins by our loss? It is a dead certainty that, speaking of the masses, not of a few exceptional

cases, whoever in Hungary looks not to Budapest as his metropolis is casting sidelong glances towards Belgrade, St. Petersburg, Bucharest, or Berlin, even if the tactics of his seducers teach him hypocritical bowings to Vienna.

That bearing of the army question on the problem of national unity imparts to this question an eminently practical character. And this is why we cannot leave it alone, whatever may be its difficulties, and why it has taken hold of public opinion, and will never drop out of the public mind till some satisfactory solution is found. In former times, when the question of nationalities was less acute, and when a comparatively small number of recruits were required for a much smaller army, forming then a separate caste, the matter might have been considered as one of national pride only; with no such vital importance as to warrant struggles of the most serious kind; and this explains the somewhat hesitating tactics of our forefathers. In 1868 again, when universal obligation to military service was adopted, the educational consequences of this reform, on which no previous experience of our own had thrown light, could hardly have been fully understood. But now we know them; now we have seen with our own eyes how military training, undergone for several years by the whole male population, affects the moral life of a nation. Now at last we can no more play hide-and-seek with the question, but we must face and solve it, or commit conscious national suicide.

Viewing the last crisis in the light of these considerations we shall be loth to pass judgment on it in any sweeping terms. It is a phase in our great struggle for independent national existence, which, having been successful on all other points, has yet to fight its way through the army question, if we are to remain a nation at all—a nation in the full sense of the word, not a mere race or nationality. And to that fulness of national existence we have a right, sanctioned not by venerable parchments and title-deeds only, but by a vitality victoriously asserted against fearful odds through the struggles of ten centuries. This right we do not mean to abdicate.

It can hardly be denied then, that the Opposition was materially right in the aims of its campaign ; but its tactics were most certainly objectionable. Not only is obstruction, generally speaking, a dangerous weapon, the use of which never leaves the Constitution unhurt, but the present question especially is not one to be solved by violence, but only by patient and continuous action in and out of Parliament. Perhaps it ought to be conceded that obstruction, in the first phase of the crisis, did much to range public opinion in such fighting order as to break the spirit of absolute resistance to our national claims, and that the compromise—such as it is—is partly due to its moral effect. But granting even so much as that, it must be stated that the leading spirits of obstruction, as generally happens to the impassioned, failed to perceive the moment when public opinion became hesitating, when the results at present attainable had already been attained, and when—for this very reason—going on became rather detrimental than useful to their cause.

The consequences of this mistake were—as above related—the gradual defection of the most valuable elements of public opinion, a general revulsion of feeling not favourable to further national progress, a rallying of adverse forces and, at a very inconvenient time, the prevalence of such universal apathy as generally follows preternatural excitement.

But such transient phases in public temper have no lasting influence on ultimate results. In due time the country will shake off her present torpor, and on the arrival of new military questions, the thread of action will be taken up where it has now fallen to the ground. The crisis will be really ended only when both constituent parts of the army problem—the claim of the independent Hungarian State and nation, and the conditions of unflinching efficiency in mutual defence with Austria—have received their due. Until then there may be armistices, halting-places, alternations of excitement and exhaustion ; but solution, lasting security, there will be none.

Now nobody who has given to these matters any degree of

serious consideration will venture to deny that the problem is a most arduous one. Still, I am perfectly convinced that its solution through fair compromise is possible, without resorting to very radical measures, on the substructure laid down in the fundamental law of 1867, which insures "unity" of command, direction and inner organisation, but does not enjoin that "uniformity" into which the principle of unity has been misinterpreted. Seeing my way to a satisfactory solution on such grounds, I cannot help thinking that the chief difficulties against it are of a sentimental order. Brave soldiers cling to glorious memories and traditions embodied in the army such as it is, such as they have learnt to cherish it, and they become nervous about these their dearest moral treasures when any change is suggested. They are under a mistaken impression that military traditions are imperilled if certain political claims are fulfilled. And since these feelings constantly find their way to the throne, they are a moral force to be reckoned with, to be treated even with a proper amount of regard, as long as there is no doubt of their being held in perfect good faith. Unfortunately such wise forethought is often missing in the method of our Opposition; more unfortunately still, Austrian politicians openly proclaim the army in its present uncompromising form as the last stronghold of what they call the "Reichsgedanke," by which they mean our hereditary foe, pan-Austrian imperialism. Thus a whole thicket of accidental difficulties bristles round the chief obstacles, and bars the way to them. Still, I feel perfectly confident that a fair solution will be discovered by a power less clamorous than the accidental, a power often ignored, nay disowned, but so irresistibly real that again and again it has broken through adverse intention and made the parties concerned act against their conscious inclinations. That power, destined to prevail against the difficulties of this question too, is the perfect harmony of interest which exists between Hungary and the reigning dynasty.

Were this force not so real, the bond between them would

have been severed a hundred times before now ; were it not so stringent, outbreaks of antagonism so pregnant could not have been so constantly followed by reconciliation. But there it is, an agent of history, a law of our mutual destinies ; a rapid sketch of its bearing upon the present question will bring me to my conclusion.

Is there any real antagonism between the claims of Hungary concerning the army and the interests of the dynasty ?

The army, as it is, in fact, still represents the old pan-Austrian ideal, whatever royal fiction may state to the contrary ; the Austrian politicians, whom I just mentioned, are so far right. But this is precisely the negative reason why we must insist on reform, because, with that idea or any reminder of it, Hungary can make no truce.

But what has that same idea ever done for the dynasty ? What force has it ever got through it ? At all times it has been the Pandora's box of civil war, revolution, reaction, and evils numberless, an *ignis fatuus* luring it away from the rock on which its power could be founded safe and impregnable to the marshes of decay, defeat and humiliation. Why should the dynasty, after having in view of such experience, solemnly renounced that idea, long for its revival ? Why should it compromise an institution dear to its heart by tainting it with the suspicion of being the predestined instrument of such a revival ?

On the other hand, our positive aim, when insisting on certain reforms in the army, is to inflict a deadly blow on all tendencies of disintegration in Hungary, to ensure and to strengthen her political unity, by enlisting on that behalf the powerful educational influence of military service. Now a Hungary made secure for ever as to the firmness of her inner structure is, indeed, the rock—and the only rock—upon which the dynasty's power can rest in perfect safety. In Austria, difficulties between races will never be quite settled, the moral fusion of them into one national mentality is not to be attained ; in Hungary, on the other hand, though her people, too, consist

of different races, that fusion has been achieved by the action of centuries and—if liable to occasional perturbation—that unity of soul already exists. Should Hungary be torn down from the pedestal of her millennial unity into the whirlpool of racial confusion, the whole domain of the Hapsburgs will be converted into quicksand, with no firm ground anywhere to rest upon, with no organic force to keep the parts together. But if Hungary remains that unified power which history and the political genius of the leading race has made her, if she even fortifies herself in unity as her people grow in number, wealth, and culture, then, indeed, the dynasty's power is laid on a foundation unfailingly secure, able to defy future storms as it has defied past hurricanes, before the onset of which mightier empires have fallen into dust. And if, to make such result absolutely certain, one force is wanted, the contemporaneous influence of military training, why on earth should that force be withheld from it or even be allowed to work against it?

Either I am greatly mistaken or the voice of historical destiny speaks through these considerations. What are to them the petty objections of political opportunism and pretended military expediency? How small does all such ephemeral argument appear in the face of these grand aspects of our question? And on the ground of these mighty truths will not Hungary and her dynasty come to a perfect understanding? On the day when this happens the army question will be solved.

Until then let the reader be warned of two things: of considering the present crisis as terminated, and of taking too tragically the difficulties that from time to time must still ensue. He may look upon them with perfect equanimity, for he now knows what the ultimate result will be.

ON THE LINE

MR. MALLOCK has added one more *Symposium* to the long list of those already in existence—a list which already included two from his hand. But for a good *Symposium* there is always room on the shelf. We may have listened to a dozen, from Plato with his "Absolute Beauty" down to Mr. Lowes Dickinson on "The Meaning of Good," but so long as the subject is one really alive, and the persons in the play are given marked characters and witty speeches, the game is always a fascinating one, and, like a gambit in chess, ends by stimulating us to devise fresh combinations of our own.

In *The Veil of the Temple* (Murray, 6s.) the opening is the famous one known as "Science and Religion." Some twenty years ago Mr. Mallock played a very similar game in *The New Republic*, which he himself called by the second title of "Religion and Philosophy." The pieces on that board were fashioned in the likeness of persons then living, and coloured with no timid hand; but in the intervening quarter of a century many of these have been taken from us and one by one back in the closet laid; their authority has to some extent perished with them, and the riddles of their generation have come down to us in forms they could not foresee. To discuss a new situation we must have new characters, men and women of the world of to-day. And here a disappointment is in store for those who look for a bold *roman à clef*. There are no such portraits this time as the too realistic figures in *The New*

Republic: no indiscretions for the sake of indiscretion, no caricatures for the fun of caricature. The types are strictly chosen for the moves they are to make in the game, and if they still seem, as they mostly do, to bear a certain resemblance to well-known personages, the resemblance is one of opinions rather than of personalities, and goes no further than is necessary; and some necessity there is, for obviously, marked views are the views of marked people. Mr. Cosmo Brock, for example, cannot stand for the Spencerian philosophy without exhibiting a strong likeness in character and manner to Mr. Herbert Spencer. Artistically, then, this series of dialogues is a better piece of work than Mr. Mallock's previous essays in the same style: it shows more sense of proportion, more power of concentration and disdain of the irrelevant: the wit is of a higher order, a blade wielded with less glitter, but with more grip and a directer thrust.

Philosophically it is impossible to criticise the book without first taking up a definite standpoint. To the man of science it will look like one more attempt to substitute the wish for the thought, to build on aspirations instead of inductions. But he will admit the good sense of a builder who prefers to use no inductions rather than to rely on unsound ones. To those for whom mind is something more than a function of matter, to those, for instance, who have been lately following Mr. Haldane on his "Pathway to Reality," the devious and tangled byways through which Mr. Mallock undertakes to conduct us will seem to be perhaps less puzzling, and certainly less troubling, than he thinks them; to be, at any rate, unimportant, as bad roads become unimportant to an army which has secured a line of railway. But they, too, will think the better of him for refusing to sit down and declare that no road leads anywhere. As for the Churches, they will find more to commend, for the *reductio ad absurdum* is here brought up to batter each of them in turn, and to each it will seem well aimed against the others, harmless against its own impregnable rock. There is, however, a danger in employing this weapon at all,

and Mr. Mallock has not escaped it. There are many gentle souls who desire above all things to live in a world without conflict, who would rather forget an enemy than hear his fortress bombarded. The noise itself is torture to them, and in their distraction they are apt to turn in anger even against an ally whose tactics they do not understand. Certain Broad Churchmen, thinks Mr. Mallock, have contemptibly travestied the faith entrusted to them; let us blow their treachery to pieces with a salvo of ridicule. Alas! he alarms where he intended ultimately to reassure: the very juxtaposition of the absurd with the sacred gives offence to those who, if they only knew it, share his animosity; in a sudden panic ultimate intentions go for nothing, fog sets in, and friends are no longer distinguished from foes. He who makes fun of those who make folly of religion is himself taken to be guilty of sacrilege and a partaker with the hordes of the infidel.

This charge of flippancy having been made while *The Veil of the Temple* was appearing as a serial in the MONTHLY REVIEW, Mr. Mallock is in a position to reply to it in a preface to the book. The question he is treating, the question which weighs upon the imaginary inhabitants of his fashionable world, is how far modern scientific knowledge is logically compatible with religious belief of any kind. It is discussed in ways and words appropriate to the characters of the play, persons neither more nor less reverent or dignified than would be generally found assembled in a smart country house-party; but the author's purpose is entirely serious. He directs their argument to the conclusion that practical life and civilisation cannot continue to progress and flourish if religious belief should be banished from the human consciousness—a conclusion, he says, "which, though not co-extensive with orthodoxy, is its primary essential; and is also the conclusion which, in the face of science, the clerical apologists of to-day find it most difficult to establish. The arguments here suggested," he continues, "are widely different from theirs, which are here dismissed as useless; but the object aimed at is, within the limits just specified, the same."

Here Mr. Mallock, though we do not share his philosophical standpoint, seems to us to be doing good service. He is helping towards a clearance of the ground, which we believe to be inevitable and desirable. "It must concern the clergy," as he says, "more than any other body of men, to realise how the arguments which they put forward in church affect their congregations when they are outside the church door." It must also, we would urge, concern them hardly less to realise how the defensive works which they set up look to those who are not of their congregations; for, after all, it is mainly to the faithful that they speak in church—to those who have little or no need of exhortation, being already within the lines; while the desirable allies and possible recruits outside look doubtfully on the entrenchments they are invited to enter, for they see them successively abandoned as untenable, and the conclusion seems hard to avoid that sooner or later the position must be fatally straitened, and at last carried with a rush. We humbly commend to the clergy—and to Mr. Mallock—the study of the recent spread of "Christian Science," a creed despised equally by the orthodox Christian, the ordinary man of science, and the educated philosopher, but a creed which daily gains adherents and apparently satisfies them. It appears to include a thousand absurdities and vulgarities, but from our present point of view it has this one advantage, that its position cannot be sapped by any approaches or endangered by any half-heartedness. It neither struggles nor parleys with historical criticism or with the science of matter; it simply affirms mind to be the sole reality. To say this is not to acquit its votaries of the ignorance, untruth, and confusion commonly laid to their charge. The dust-heap may be none the less dusty because it nourishes by chance a single green shoot; but the sight of it may suggest to others, who have fields to till, that nothing can replace the living seed; to put the seen in place of the unseen, the temporal in place of the eternal, to work with worldly means for spiritual ends, to rest on miracles and transubstantiate the heavenly into elements of earth—this is to sow materialism, and to reap inevitably nothing.

THE ONE-EYED COMMISSION

THE chorus of disapproval, it may even be said of ridicule and contempt, which has greeted the Report of the Duke of Norfolk's Commission on the Auxiliary Forces, is probably no worse than they looked for. Without any apparent mandate, they deliberately attacked the most dearly cherished and most unshakable belief of Englishmen, that whatever may be necessary for less favoured peoples, compulsory military service is not essential to the safety of our island. They must have known that they had no more sympathy to expect from public opinion than have other voices who, like them, have cried courageously in the wilderness. The condemnation as usual has been intemperate, confused and misjudged. There are serious people who, having done their best to study aright the problem of national defence, still share the national belief as firmly as the most bigoted and impulsive islander of them all, and yet such men can see much good in the Report. In spite of what they believe to be its false conclusion, they cannot but admit that the Commissioners have brought together much matter of the highest value. The most convinced opponents of the necessity of compulsory service should recognise the patient and exhaustive labour which has thrown so much light on the pathology of the two land forces on which their faith largely rests, and they should not be ungrateful to the men who have so boldly raised the vital issue.

So much we may say in all candour, but no more. Taken

as a whole the Report is simply a monument of that vicious and apparently ineradicable habit of thought which is, and almost always has been, at the bottom of all our great strategical blunders. It is not the bold conclusion that is by any means the most lamentable part of it. It is rather the manner in which the Commissioners' task was set before them, the premises from which they started, and the method of reasoning by which they shaped their course. All these things are rooted in the persistent heresy of regarding military and naval strategy as two different subjects that can be dealt with apart, of refusing to see them broadly as mere branches of the great art of war, two branches so intimately intertwined that one can never be treated apart from the other, and least of all when we are dealing with the fundamental problems of Insular or Imperial Defence. To bid the Commission inquire how best the auxiliary forces "shall be maintained in a condition of military efficiency and at an adequate strength" is not to raise, as the Royal Warrant appears to assume, a simple question of military organisation. It is to raise the whole question of national defence. As the Commissioners were quick to see, the answer turns on the degree of the country's liability to invasion. This again rests on what the Navy can do, and this again upon how far our military preparations ashore can avail to shape the enemy's strategy upon the sea. So across and across the whole machine is interlocked. It is but justice to the Commissioners to recall that they did make an effort to fill the hiatus in their warrant, and it was not their fault that so deformed a document was past mending. Still the taint of the old heresy hangs to them even in this. They approach the Admiralty for information as to what the Navy can do to prevent invasion, but it is in the old vicious spirit. It is still with the conception of two machines, one of which begins to work when the other leaves off, or where the other cannot reach. Instead of an answer they obtained from the Admiralty a rebuke. They were referred significantly to the Defence Committee, the engine we have devised in these later

days to combat the traditional heresy, and by the Defence Committee they were practically told that for a Commission constituted as they were it was impossible to do more than consider how to improve the existing forces. With this the Commissioners were not content. Their warrant bade them undertake the larger question, and failing to get what they regarded as the missing factor of the problem either from the Admiralty or the Defence Committee, they went to work on the old misleading lines to determine it for themselves. The result was the same as ever. Instead of a broad-viewed study of the amphibious strategical conditions, we have the old acrimonious contest between a naval and a military school, and it is no less a man than the then Director of Military Intelligence who set the ball rolling at the very start. In answer to question No. 7 Sir William Nicholson insists that nothing can be done till his Majesty's Government decides "whether the naval view or the military view is correct." So he gives the heart-breaking note, and the chorus takes it up deplorably. With one or two notable exceptions, which it would be invidious to specify, both Commissioners and witnesses range themselves in one camp or the other, and even the few men who seemed to feel the errors of the rest are never able to formulate questions or furnish answers to bring out clearly the aberration of the line which this part of the inquiry was taking.

To attempt within the compass of a short article to show completely where the middle course lies, and how again and again the Commissioners had it under their finger ends and failed to grasp it, would be as impossible as it would be presumptuous. Nevertheless an effort may be hazarded to point out how a rigid refusal to regard naval and military strategy separately serves at once to clear the fog and to reveal a plain line leading to a wholly different conclusion from that to which the majority of the Commissioners perversely hurried.

As has been said, the Commissioners rightly saw that the whole question turns on our liability to invasion. Let us

then first take the constants of the invasion problem, as seen, not from a military or a naval standpoint, but from a point midway between them. They present no difficulty, for they are clearly and readily to be isolated from the admirable evidence of a number of distinguished officers who appeared before the Commission.¹ The constants are these :

- (1) An invasion is possible.
- (2) It might take three forms :
 - (a) " A raid " of about 10,000 men.
 - (b) " Small expedition " of about 50,000.
 - (c) " A dangerous invasion " of not less than 150,000.
- (3) The possibility of making any form of invasion varies with the degree of our command of the sea.
- (4) Our command of the sea may be :
 - (a) Absolute ; *i.e.*, the enemy cannot pass the sea except by lucky and hazardous evasion.
 - (b) Conditional ; *i.e.*, it may be lost temporarily or locally by an action or strategical dispersal.
 - (c) It may be lost altogether by the practical destruction of our fleet.
- (5) With these degrees of command the possibilities of invasion vary, as follows :
 - (a) A " raid " must be regarded as possible even when we have absolute command.
 - (b) A " small expedition " is possible when our command is conditional.
 - (c) A " dangerous invasion " is only possible when the enemy has command.

To give the facts on which these constants rest is impossible in this place. They depend on complex but ascertainable figures relating to time occupied by embarkations and disembarkations, amount and nature of transport required, extent of sea covered by fleets, the question of mobility and supply after

¹ See particularly the evidence of Admiral Sir John Hopkins, Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces, and Major-General Sir John Ardagh, late Director of Military Intelligence.

landing, and the like. But in the minutes of evidence that accompany the Report there is ample testimony that the above propositions are accepted as constants by the best authorities. History, moreover, tells us that they have been accepted as constants by all the great masters of strategy except Napoleon, and not only did he fail to demonstrate his case, but he remains as the conspicuous example of a man who came by his end mainly through failure to measure the limitations of invasion.

With these constants in our mind, let us then examine the Commissioners' Report. They begin with what they describe as "the general considerations present to our minds at the outset." These considerations fall under two heads: first, the enormous increase which has taken place of late years in the numbers of foreign armies, and the improved mobility and organisation that has accompanied it—all of which is indisputable; and, secondly, the similar and simultaneous changes that have come over naval warfare, and here all their considerations are far from disputable. "During the period," they say, "in which Continental nations have recreated their military systems changes not less important have taken place in the conditions of maritime warfare. Movements by sea have become more rapid, more continuous, and more certain as regards time; weapons have become more destructive. Naval warfare is always more concentrated and decisive than land warfare, and the effect of the developments is to intensify these characteristics." No actual conclusion from these considerations is stated, but it is clear from the whole of the Report and the tenour of the Commissioners' questions that they started with the idea that within a few weeks of the outbreak of the war we might be reduced to that condition of sea command which makes "dangerous invasion," or, at least, "small expeditions" possible. From this wholly gratuitous assumption they make their departure, and to the very end the inquiry is confused by it. That the assumption is wholly gratuitous is not too much to say. So far from being "obvious," as they allege, it is against

all experience and all reason. To begin with, the statement that "naval warfare is always more concentrated and decisive than land warfare" rests on no historical basis. Of what naval war were they thinking? Where is a naval war that for concentration or decision can compare with the six weeks' war of 1866? What maritime campaign can they set beside Austerlitz and a score of others ashore? Trafalgar itself took two years and a half to prepare, if, indeed, we may not fairly say it took ten. How many of our long naval wars have been concentrated; how many of our naval actions have been decisive? No! History teaches us exactly the reverse of the Commissioners' remarkable dictum. Naval warfare has always been more difficult to concentrate than the warfare of regular armies, and decisive actions have always been more easy to avoid at sea than on land. In only one point is this "obvious" consideration of the Commissioners indisputable. They say that recent developments intensify the characteristics of naval warfare. That is true, but in the opposite sense to that which the Commissioners intend. The more rapid, the more continuous and the more certain naval movements become the longer and more warily must fleets contend for strategical advantage; the more deadly the weapons, the more chary must admirals be in joining battle before overwhelming tactical superiority has been obtained. Nor is this mere supposition. The actual tendency of naval tactics tells exactly the same tale. The increasing power and range of naval weapons, and especially of the torpedo, tend to increase the distance at which fleets engage, and consequently to decrease the chances of decisive action. Over and above all this there is the new factor—never once dealt with by the Commission—that the defeat of a battle fleet no longer gives the victor the command of the sea. Behind it is the second rank of torpedo craft—the mobile defence—deadliest and most difficult to destroy in those very narrow seas over which the invader's transports must pass. They are the means, moreover, which we should preferably choose to deal with transports,

however secure and powerful our battle fleet ; for their attack is swift, sudden and secret ; difficult to avoid, and appalling in its moral effect beyond anything either cruisers or battleships could effect upon such a quarry. Yet of our elaborate mobile defence there is not a word. Every one talks glibly of our fleet being defeated, of our navy being lured away, as if that settled the question of command. So far is this from the truth that it is a conceivable stratagem of war that our battle fleet might feign to be lured away as the best means of drawing out the enemy's transports, and exposing them to annihilation by a torpedo flotilla. For one belligerent to lose the command of the sea is still a simple matter, but for his opponent to gain it is quite another thing. A fleet action might deprive us of command, but many fleet actions would be necessary before our enemy obtained even sufficient command to set about weeding out our mobile defence, and not till that mobile defence was paralysed could they hope to obtain such an absolute command as would justify their attempting a "dangerous invasion." Such a task against a navy as large as our own, no matter what the coalition against us, must be a matter not of weeks or even of months. Judging from the experience of the Japanese where the task is comparatively simple, and the enemy playing comfortably into their hands, it could not be done under a year ; and with our powers of rapidly renewing torpedo craft it might well take a practically infinite time. Be that as it may, it is enough to remember that the Japanese, with all the advantage of surprise and strategic position, with only two ports to watch and equal force, have not been able in nearly five months to win absolute command, even locally, from one of the worst and most ill-directed navies in the world. They have never ventured to move anything larger than "minor expeditions," and their oversea communications are at the moment of writing still insecure.

From this false point of departure—that is to say, from the assumption that what may be called "invasion command"

can be won from the British Navy in a few weeks—the Commissioners proceed to the “scope of the inquiry.” They would perhaps themselves deny that they made any such assumption, but their remarks on the “scope of the inquiry” pin them to it more firmly still. In response to their inquiries in the proper quarters they are told two things—first, that the Admiralty can guarantee complete protection against any form of invasion except a raid; and secondly, that for an adequate defence army some 300,000 auxiliaries are required, of which about half are required for garrisons and half for a mobile army. These two data they regard as contradictory; arguing in this way: an army of 300,000 men, half of it mobile, is far too large if nothing but raid is to be apprehended; therefore it is clear we must apprehend “dangerous invasion.” The middle term of “small expeditions,” so clearly explained to them by one of the highest military authorities in the country, they ignore. Now invasion, they proceed, can only be undertaken “by one of the great European powers which possess forces highly trained and ready to move in large numbers at the shortest notice.” Therefore, they conclude, we must have ready at the outbreak of the war this army of 300,000 men, “as highly trained and as ready to move” as those of our possible invaders, and the only way to provide such an army is, as our possible invaders provide it, by conscription or some other form of compulsory service.

Such is the Commissioners’ argument put as fairly as a real desire to do them justice can achieve. It is an argument which contains errors so glaring that is impossible to understand how such men as signed it could ever have come to endorse it with their respected names. To begin with, the numbers given as a basis do not necessarily imply an apprehended invasion. An army of 300,000 men, even if half of them are to be mobile, is no more than would be required to meet sudden raids on so extended a coast-line as our own. Such raids must be met promptly. They can only be met with sufficient promptitude to render them ineffective by

locally organised units and a moment's calculation will show that 300,000 men are none too many to provide an adequate number of such units composed of auxiliary, irregular, or partially trained troops. It is only by ignoring the secrecy, suddenness, and variation of line which sea transport lends to military operations, that the Commissioners could possibly have made the inference they did.

Their second inference is equally extraordinary and equally blind to the influence of fleets, whether in command of the sea or not, upon military operations. Having assumed that our auxiliary army is intended to meet not mere raids but an invasion in force, they proceed to assume that we may have to meet it at the outbreak of war. Having permitted those remarkable "considerations" above dealt with to be "present to their minds," it was impossible they should come to any other assumption. Yet to build a system of defence on such an assumption is not merely to calculate on possible defeats of our fleet or its possible strategical dispersal; it is to ignore the Navy altogether. It is certain they would indignantly repudiate such a charge. Do we not, they would urge, admit the Navy as our first line? Certainly they do, but that is not enough if they ignore the time it must take to break the first line. That is to ignore it altogether. We can only exclaim again that such blindness to the interaction of naval and military strategy is incredible, and surely nothing in the world could so fully justify the constitution of a permanent Defence Department, charged with the co-ordination of both branches of the National Forces, as that such men as the Commissioners could solemnly base their conclusions on a strategical heresy so flagrant and elementary.

If only we keep this interaction of naval and military force even vaguely in our minds, the true inference from their datum of 300,000 men is obvious and as different from what the Commissioners inferred as it is obvious. First, it means that we require a force sufficiently numerous and sufficiently trained to stop sudden raids at the moment of landing. In the second

place, it means that we require a force sufficiently numerous and sufficiently trained to deter our enemy from attempting an invasion except upon such a scale as would set up the conditions which our Navy requires for certain and effective counter attack. Let this clear example of naval and military interaction never be forgotten. A sufficient army, even if half trained and capable only of passive defence, practically doubles the ubiquity and power of our fleet in that by forcing the enemy to mass his offensive, it proportionately fixes for the fleet its true objective, and increases the vulnerability of that objective. In the third place, the datum of 300,000 means that we require a force sufficiently numerous and sufficiently trained so that within the time by which an enemy can win invasion command from our fleet, it can be brought to such a degree of strength, cohesion, and efficiency as to have nothing to fear from the most formidable foreign force that conceivably can be landed on our shores. All three of these desiderata are fully met by an auxiliary defence army. It is enough to stop raids, it is enough to force upon the enemy conditions most favourable to the action of our fleet, and it provides a force capable of being tuned up to Continental pitch behind the two advanced lines which our battle fleets and mobile defence afford.

One more consideration remains, but that is so vain an imagining that it would not be worth notice were it not so often repeated by serious people and were it not actually seen lurking in the minds of some of the gravest of the Commissioners. It is this—that there is a likelihood we should have no time to prepare because it is possible for one of the great military powers in time of profound peace, and without disclosing his intention, suddenly to throw a dangerous invasion upon our coasts. During the great continental manœuvres, it is said, there are enough troops ready mobilised to form a great army of invasion at an hour's notice and in the ports always enough steam shipping to transport them. It merely requires that a moment should be seized when our fleets, as often happens, are

far away at manœuvres, and the thing is done. To provide against such a chimera is as though a London householder should insure against earthquakes. It is inconceivable that with all the means we have nowadays of knowing each other's business such an intention could be carried out in secret and with no hint of strained relations. Take the one item of preparing ships as horse-transport. The days that alone would require and the noise it must make, even if perfect organisation be granted, are enough to shatter the whole fantastic structure. But that is far from all. The difficulty of starting such a move in absolute silence is as nothing compared with the difficulties of the arrival. The wholly unopposed landing of a force of 100,000 men with all its horses, transports, stores and ammunition, even if a first-class port be seized, is a matter of days; on an open coast it would be matter rather of weeks. But by no possibility of suddenness or secrecy could such a landing be unopposed. Dismiss if you will the idea that our auxiliary forces could harass it from the land, there still remains the torpedo flotilla which is never far away. Think then of the feverish haste, the nervous confusion in the invading host as they scan the darkening waters for the first sign of the gathering terror; think of the condition of the helpless mass when the first torpedo explodes and they know the holocaust has begun. Who is there in his sober moments can believe that any master of war would run so insane a risk? Who will not rather hope that if we have an enemy who means us secret mischief he may in his frenzy be tempted to give us so splendid a chance of chastising him? Even in bygone days, when news was hard to get, when armies were less cumbrous to move, and when we had no second naval line, there is no example of such an enterprise having succeeded, there is no example of its having been attempted. Every day, as mobile defence increases in power, the whole conception grows more impossible and more insane, so long as we have even the semblance of a force which would make successful invasion out of the question unless it were undertaken with numbers

greater than any ruler would dare to expose to such a risk.

An improved and better organised auxiliary army then, and not compulsory service, is the true conclusion to which the official data should have led the Commissioners if they could only have kept both their eyes open. It is of course only a very broad and general conclusion. The elaboration of its details would have provided ample scope for the inquiry. It gives us only a fundamental conception of the Army we need, and it leaves many questions open which the Commission might have done much to solve. It leaves open the questions whether so large an auxiliary force with the colours is not really unnecessary, and whether part of it might not be a reserve; how it had best be trained, whether as irregulars or regulars; how its mobility within local defence areas can best be secured. It also leaves untouched the question of active defence, and it was open to the Commissioners to inquire whether for counter attacks we had best rely at the outbreak of war on a specially organised part of the auxiliary force or on a partial reorganisation of the regular army. But all these things the Commissioners hurried by as they ran on blindfold and, as it would seem, with a preconceived determination to universal compulsory service. The radical difference between sea and land frontiers is ignored, the Navy is treated as a negligible quantity, naval warfare as a quantity that is unknown, and nothing is seen but those continental peace-trained hordes of whose power of waging war we have at least as small experience as we have of modern warfare on the sea.

The issue has been raised and all these things must now be settled. Our comfort is that so nearsighted a report as the one in hand will effectually stop any further attempt to settle it by Royal or Parliamentary Commission. It will, and must be settled in the Committee of Defence, where soldier and sailor at least sit side by side.

JULIAN CORBETT.

THE PLACE OF GREEK AND LATIN IN HUMAN LIFE

*An Address delivered at the first General Meeting of the
Classical Association of England and Wales, held at
Oxford, on the 28th of May, 1904.*

THE name of this Association, and the statement of the objects which it proposes to further, have reference to Greek and Latin as a single object of study, to be pursued by a common method, and with a common or at least an inseparable place both in education and in their bearing upon life. The ancient world, as it is summed up for us in the history and the literature of Greece and Rome, does, indeed, possess a certain imposing unity. But scientific research emphasises what is sufficiently obvious on a general view, that Greece and Rome represent two civilisations which, though they overlap and intermingle, though enwound and engrafted one on the other, have a different parentage, a distinct essence, and a separate product. Philology tells us that the Italo-Celtic family are but second cousins of the Hellenic. History shows a nearer affinity between the Roman and the Teuton than between the Greek and the Latin. The areas ruled by the thoughts and acts of the two races always fell apart from their forced or fortuitous coalescence. The Greater Greece beyond the Seas was temporary and fugitive, like the New Rome on the extreme Eastern outpost of Europe.

Each sank back into its environment, and resumed the colour of the native soil and atmosphere. The Tarentine and Massiliot Republics lapsed into the Latin world, as the Duchy of Athens and the Principality of Achaia dissolved into that nearer-Eastern world out of which they were artificially created. The Exarchate of Ravenna ended its troubled and precarious life in the course of nature, like the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem. Nor is the difference in the art and literature of the two races less radical. The sculpture and painting, the prose and poetry of Greece remain something apart from those of Europe, while the civic architecture of Rome, like her language, her law, and her machinery of government, became that of the Western world. The influence of Christianity was insufficient to bridge over this deeply-rooted divergence, and the separation of the Eastern and Western Churches was only the formal acceptance of a more profound alienation. It is not undesirable, when this Association is being inaugurated, to emphasise the difference between the two spheres which classical studies include, and to realise fully that they represent forces in the education and control of life which are complementary, or even opposed, to one another. Under the ambiguous name of the classics we include much to which the name of classical can only be applied in different senses, and by far-stretched analogies. The distinction, no less than the likeness, between the two spheres of classical study is of importance not only towards clear thought, but towards the pressing and practical question of the place which each holds separately and which both hold jointly in education, in culture, in our whole view and handling of human life. It is to this distinction that I would specially invite your attention, without trespassing upon any controversial ground towards which its consideration might lead us.

The classics, as an object of study and an instrument of culture, may in the ordinary usage be defined as all that is known to us through the Greek and Latin languages, or the knowledge of which is intimately connected with and

inseparable from a knowledge of Greek and Latin: first and foremost coming the languages themselves, as mediums of the most exquisite delicacy, precision, and finish; then the literature embodied in the languages, as the original record of that history upon which our own history is founded, and the expression of the fundamental thought, the permanent aspiration, and the central emotion of mankind; then the effective surviving product of Greece and Rome in art, politics, religion, and the whole conduct and control of life. But the classics, in this sense, bear to us a still further implied meaning: that of a certain factor or element in our own lives, both individual and national, which depends upon and can only be expressed in terms of that knowledge. The classics are in this sense at once the roots and the soil out of which the modern world has grown, and from which, as a matter of mere scientific or historical fact and apart from any theory or preference, it draws life through a thousand fibres. In this organic sense the phrase of the dead languages exactly expresses what is not classical. So far as they are dead, they are not classical. So far as they are classical, they are alive, as part, and that not the least part, of our own life. "In our life alone does nature live." On dead letters and arts, as on dead science and dead theology, is pronounced the same inexorable sentence and the same call to a higher activity: *Sine ut mortui sepeliant mortuos suos; tu autem vade, et annuncia regnum Dei.*

On a broad survey of the facts, we may say that the study of the classics is the study of the great bulk of relevant human history through many ages, over a period of not less than a thousand years, which is the bridge between the prehistoric and the modern world. We cannot make this period begin later than 850 B.C., the date to which modern criticism, reluctantly returning to the ancient tradition, assigns the Homeric poems. We cannot make it end sooner than the shifting of the world's axis by the growth of Christianity and the emergence of Central Europe in the third century after Christ. But round these thousand years extends a penumbra

reaching backward and forward for ages at each extreme. Between the two great catastrophes in which the Graeco-Latin world may be said to begin and end, the sack of Knossos and the sack of Constantinople, hardly much less than three thousand years intervene; and of the whole of this prodigious period the Greek and Latin classics in their widest sense are at once the key and the symbol.

In a more restricted and more accurate sense of the term, the classical periods of Greek and Latin civilisation are different, and stand apart. Each is comprised within a space of little more than two centuries. The former begins and ends with the rise and fall of self-government in the free States of Greece Proper. The latter is included in the last century of the Roman Republic and the first of the Roman Empire. Between the two lies another period of equal extent, which is in literature, as well as history, of great interest, but which is not that of the classical writers. We learn Greek and Latin in order to obtain access to the whole of the past; but still more, and as regards ordinary study primarily, to acquaint ourselves with these two classical periods, which represent, in important respects, the culmination of what mankind has done at the height of its trained intelligence as regards both the art of letters and the conduct of life. Arnold, in a well-known passage, states the case with admirable precision. "First," he says, "what a man seeks for his education is to get to know himself and the world. Next, for this knowledge it is before all things necessary that he acquaint himself with the best which has been thought and said in the world. Finally, of this best the classics of Greece and Rome form a very chief portion, and the portion most entirely satisfactory. With these conclusions lodged safe in one's mind, one is safe on the side of the humanities."

Such then is the scope and object of classical studies, such the place of the classics in a rational and educated human life. But the place of Latin and Greek in such a life is in two spheres, which, though they intersect and interact, are neither concentric nor co-extensive. He who truly knows both holds in

his hand the keys of the past, which unlock doors in the house of the present, that *anceps dolus mille viis* far exceeding in intricacy the Cretan labyrinth of the Minoïds or the maze of chambers and corridors that stretched round and beneath the palace-fortress of Blachernæ. But these keys are two, and the doors they open are different.

The place of Rome, of the Latin temper and civilisation, the Latin achievement in the conquest of life, is definite and assured. It represents all the constructive and conservative forces which make life into an organic structure. Law, order, reverence for authority, the whole framework of political and social establishment, are the creation of Latin will and intelligence. Throughout the entire field of human activity we are still carrying on the work of Rome on the lines drawn once for all by Latin genius. This Latin genius impressed itself most strongly on their grammar and their literature. And just as Latin grammar is an unequalled instrument for training the mind in accurate thought, Latin literature is an instrument as unequalled for discipline of the practical reason.

While Rome stands for the constructive and conservative side of life, Greece represents the dissolving influence of analysis and the creative force of pure intelligence. The return to Greece, it has been said, is the return to Nature; it has to be made again and again, always with a fresh access of insight, a fresh impulse of vitality. The return to Rome need never be made, because we have never quitted her. Rome we know. Deeper study, larger acquaintance, fresh discoveries, only fill in the details and confirm the outline of forms which, once impressed on the world, became indelible. Greece is in contrast something which we are so far from knowing that we hardly have a name for it. Even if accidental it is highly suggestive, that we can only speak of it by the name of one or another insignificant tribe, outside of the land we think of as Greece and of the culture we call Hellenic. The Hellenic name, to quote the famous words of Isocrates, seems not to stand for a race, but for intelligence itself; for an air of the

spirit, that blows when and where it lists. At every point we are presented with its strange intermittence and elusiveness. What is Greek appears in a manner to have existed only to prepare the way for what is Latin, and then to dissatisfy us with that; lest one good custom, perhaps, should corrupt the world. The whirling nebula of commonwealths between the Aegean and the Adriatic took fixed shape merely as a burnt-out satellite of the *orbis Romanus*, the puny and eventless Roman province of Achaëa. Greek art wandered lost through the world until Latin hands seized it and transmitted it to the Middle Ages. The Christology of the earlier Greek Church just fixed itself for a moment at Nicaea in order to hand over a symbol to the West; and the structure of thought built up by the Latin mind from Augustine to Aquinas was the central life of mediæval Europe, while the Eastern Church lost itself in iridescent mists of super-subtle metaphysic. A history of Latin literature is a possible and actual thing, a thing of defined scope and organic limits; as with the political and social history of Rome, we can only re-draw it with a firmer hand and a greater mastery of detail; in their main substance and effect, the *Aeneid* or the *Commentaries* of Cæsar are what they have been and have never ceased to be since they were written. The history of Greece and of Greek letters has to be perpetually re-written; in both we seem to be dealing with something that is less a substance than an atmosphere or an energy, something elusive, penetrating, fugitive. In the sculpture of Phidias and his predecessors there is a subtlety of modelling which actually defies the pencil of the most accomplished draughtsman to follow; the delicacy of outline and fluidity of plane is like that of life itself. So with the Greek classics; they never yield their final secret. Our picture of the Homeric age—by which I mean the age that produced the Homeric poems as we know them—is in constant flux; it is like a land seen intermittently through dropping and lifting mists. Modern scholars are revolutionising the whole aspect and meaning of the Athenian drama. The work of Mr. Gilbert

Murray on Euripides, and of M. Victor Bérard on the *Odyssey*, to quote only two instances, is of a really creative value in reconstituting or revivifying two aspects of Greek life. We still need some one to light up for us "Hellas and mid-Argos," to give us a living insight into that brilliant period between the Median and Peloponnesian wars when life reached a sustained height and tension to which history presents no parallel, and which yet is so insubstantial and impalpable. We cannot fix that central time, any more than we can fix a central place, of Greek national life. Where are we to look for the focus of that incalculable curve? in Elis or at Delphi? in the unwall'd Eurotas valley, or where Athena lodged in the fenced house of Erechtheus? and where are we to seek the central moment of Hellenic culture, among those strange people, half children and half savages, yet so accomplished and so worldly, among whom were born beauty, truth, freedom, and vulgarity; on whom the mature mind of the Roman looked, as Egypt and Persia had done before him, with a mixture of fascinated contempt and admiring awe? While Rome has laid down for us a realised standard of human conduct, Greece rears aloft, wavering and glittering before us, an unrealisable ideal of superhuman intelligence. It appears and disappears and reappears, always with the same extraordinary power of deflecting, dissolving, recreating the life that it touches. For a thousand years the Western world had to do without Greek; and it did very well; but there was something missing. Since then there have been three great movements of return to Greece; the later Renaissance, the rediscovery of Greece a hundred years ago, and now the fresh impulse that makes us face the problem again with our test-tubes and magnesium-flares, our armament of archaeology and history. In each of these cases the Greek influence has acted as a disturber and a quickener: "the men that have turned the world upside down are come hither also." It comes as something kindred to and yet transcending our own habit of thought and mode of life, midway between our own Western inheritance and that of the

alien blood and mind of the East. The Indo-Chinese world stands now, as it has always stood, aloof and apart from our own. To earlier races in the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates we owe the beginnings of science, art, and thought. From the Semitic stocks of the Syrian and Arabian plateaus we draw our religious doctrines, our chivalry and our romance. The Empires of Iran and Nippon have given birth to arts and civilisations, if not to literatures, of a high order of importance. But all these are foreign to us. Greece is foreign also; yet some strain of that remote blood mingles in our own. Using the Latin eye and hand and brain, we find in the Greek eye and hand and brain an insoluble enigma and a perpetual stimulus. Hundreds of years hence the same process of return to Greece may still be going on, amid a society still based upon the foundations and carrying on the work of Rome.

In the essay from which I have already quoted, Arnold observes that in the Athens of the fourth century B.C., we see a society dying of the triumph of the Liberal party, and in the age of the Antonines, a society dying of the triumph of the Conservative party. Notwithstanding the obvious criticism that Athens was ruined by Imperialist expansion, and that the decay of Rome is almost coincident with the era of peace, retrenchment and reform inaugurated by the Good Emperors, the observation is interesting and suggestive. By which death is the study of the classics now menaced?

The foundation of this Association is partly due to the general modern movement towards better organisation, more scientific methods, increased regard to efficiency. It is partly due also to an uneasiness which in some minds approaches terror. The classics appear before the world, not, as once, candidate and crowned, but in a garb and attitude of humility, almost of supplication. Scholars rally to the defence of a besieged fortress. Many of the phrases of half a century ago have become inverted. As the Middle Ages produced the Renaissance, as the Reformation produced the great Catholic revival, three hundred years of education based on Greek and

Latin have produced the anti-classical reaction we see now. The supercilious attitude only too familiar among scholars of an earlier generation has been abandoned. It is not necessary to rush to the other extreme, and weaken our case by appeals to prejudice or pity. No good will be done by calling names, or by ignoring facts. It is not thus that hostility is disarmed or that converts are made. In the first place, let us clear our minds of cant. Greek and Latin are not, as was once claimed for them, objects of study and means of education possessed of some mystical or sacramental value. That does not make them less educative as a study, less potent as an influence, but more. Nor need we aggravate the controversy, already sufficiently heated, as to the necessity of Greek and Latin at certain stages and in certain places of education, by involving it in an atmosphere of controversial theology. Into this matter I dare not enter further. The President of Magdalen, with tears in his voice, implored me not to utter even in a whisper a certain phrase which at present distracts this University; and in any case I should not have been much inclined to pursue what seems to me a curiously confused issue. A controversy with regard to compulsory bread as an article of diet might conceivably be carried on with equal heat and pertinacity, were the supply of bread, and let us say of potatoes, in the hands of two bodies of highly educated persons representing enormous interests, and if the question were further complicated by one section of the disputants insisting that bread was not beef, while potatoes were, and another, that what was true of bread must be true of wine also.

Again, it may be stated with some emphasis that much in Greek and Latin literature is of no particular value, and its study has no appreciable claim on our regard. The brutal dexterity of later Greek art, the laboured pedantry of the Latin decadence, are objects merely for the scientific study of specialists. Even in the classical periods there is much of secondary value, much which is dead language. From this point of view, Gregory the First and Amr ibn el-Asi, if they

were really responsible for the destruction of the Palatine and Alexandrian libraries, might be reckoned as unconscious benefactors of classical studies, and as having indeed inherited the practical sagacity of Roman administrators and the uncompromising logic of Greek thinkers.

Lord Cromer, who would I hope pardon me for quoting him as one in whom the Greek lucidity of intelligence is combined with the Roman faculty of constructive administration, once told me that he asked a lady at Cairo what she thought of the Pyramids; to which she replied, that she never saw anything half so silly in her life. "And I am rather inclined to agree," he added, "in this scathing but original criticism." The contrast between this modern attitude and General Buonaparte's famous words to his troops on the morning of the 3rd Thermidor of the year Six puts very pointedly one side of the contrast between the old and the new feeling towards the classics. It may be supplemented by a more commonplace instance of my own experience. I lately had occasion to confer with a representative of the London Chamber of Commerce regarding certain examinations conducted by that body. He spoke of the difficulties arising from the conservatism of school authorities, and instanced the Head Master of one particular school, not in any spirit of contempt, but rather in sorrow, as "a man who had no soul for anything above Latin and Greek." The phrase is noteworthy; for a real enthusiasm, not unlike in its nature to the old enthusiasm for the classics, has arisen around what are called practical studies. Those which specially kindled his were office work, typewriting, and certain arithmetical processes called tots—the last of which would very possibly have met with the approval of Plato. But if it were the case that the soul had gone out of Greek and Latin, they would be what their opponents call them, dead languages. Or may the soul have gone out of their teachers? Have they lost the faculty of making the classics alive to themselves and to those they teach? For it profits little that the thing taught is alive, if the person who teaches

it is dead. To keep Greek and Latin from being in effect dead languages, to keep classical culture a vital influence, is the most important of the objects which this Association has to promote.

The late Lord Bowen, in the preface to his brilliant translation of Virgil, pointed out by a single satiric touch one of the great weaknesses of professional scholars. They remind one, he said, in their jealousy for the interests of their studies, in which they seem to claim a kind of proprietary right, of a timid elderly traveller fussing over his luggage at a crowded railway station. A life spent among the masterpieces of ancient thought and art is in fact misspent if it fails to communicate to the student something of their large spirit. If it sometimes results in something strangely small and petty, that is the fault of the method and not of the subject of the study. The fine vindication of these minute researches in "A Grammarian's Funeral" is too well known to quote; but the specialists are not always inspired by so high an ideal. The arguments for the value in education of science and of modern languages are equally applicable to the classics if studied by proper methods and in a proper spirit, only that they apply in a higher sense. But the objections which may be urged against science or modern languages as preponderating elements of education are no less applicable to Greek and Latin as they are often taught and studied. Two-thirds of the study of the classics is vitiated by that very narrowness of outlook and over-specialisation of research which is the defect of science as an educational instrument. Will any one say that the columns of the *Classical Review* breathe a more liberal air and radiate a more accomplished humanity than those of the *Proceedings of the Chemical Society*, or the *Journal of Entomology*?

But in spite of all that is said about the decay of the classics as a main factor in education, there has never been a time within memory when they were as widely and as seriously studied as they are now; and never a time in which they have

given promise of being a larger influence. The outlook upon life of the Homeric rhapsodes and the Attic dramatists, the art of Agelaidas and Phidias, the thought of Plato and Aristotle, are actual living forces of immense moment; and in a like measure, though in a different way, this is true of Cicero and Lucretius, of Horace and Virgil. If they suffer temporary eclipses of fashion, we may await the revolution of the wheel with confidence. Should they cease for a time—which I do not think will be the case—to be an important factor of education, time will reinstate them. Signs of a reaction in their favour are already visible. The State is beginning at last to take the problem of higher education seriously in hand. In any scheme aided and supervised by the State, linguistic and literary training will henceforth bear its part, will neither be ignored nor squeezed out. And if this is so, the classical languages, each in its own sphere and in its own degree, must, simply by the force of their own unrivalled qualities towards imparting such training, assert their place. After trying many substitutes, we shall have to fall back upon the fact that in Greek and Latin we possess languages unequalled for organic structure and exquisite precision, and literatures which, because they reached perfection, cannot become obsolete. We may get rid of cant without losing reverence. The classics include certain specific things which are unique in the world, and without which human culture is and always must be incomplete. These are the final objects of the whole study which leads up to them. Meanwhile, there is much to be done in quickening the spirit and renewing the methods of classical teaching, in lifting from off it a dead weight of indolent tradition and class prejudice. If this is effected under the pressure of criticism from without and of awakened conscience within, the anti-classical movement may turn out to have been a scarcely disguised blessing to the cause of the classics.

I have ventured to place before the Association these general considerations with regard to the place of Greek and

Latin in human life as a prelude to the more severely technical discussions which will be its main occupation. Here, in one of the ancient centres of humanism, where the ghosts of Dante and Erasmus move among more familiar shades, some such inaugural tribute to the humanities may not be thought unfitting before we set seriously to the work we propose to undertake :

As men in the old times, before the harps began,
Poured out wine for the high invisible ones.

J. W. MACKAIL.

THE NAVY AND CLASSICAL EDUCATION

IN the following pages an attempt will be made to show that the question of classical education may be given a wider application than has hitherto been assigned to it, and that the beneficial effect to be expected from that education in a particular, but important, case ought not to be overlooked. It is not my intention to deal—for in truth I do not feel qualified to deal—with the subject of classical education from the academic or scholastic side. The detailed methods of conducting instruction in “classics”—which means much more than teaching the Greek and Latin languages—may be left to the consideration of expert teachers, amongst whom there is sufficient difference of opinion on particular points to ensure attention to the interests of the nation at large as represented by the general body of pupils. What I wish to establish, and what I believe there is nothing presumptuous in my trying to establish, is that, in a discussion of the merits of classical study as part of our English system of education, the Navy ought not to be left out of sight; and also that the practical value of a knowledge of classical subjects to many naval officers is great enough to justify its inclusion in our scheme of officers’ training.

We have got beyond the times in which it used to be necessary to begin a dissertation on anything relating to the sea-service with a demonstration of the importance of the Navy to the Empire and of the desirability of inducing the public to

interest itself in naval matters. It is now all but universally recognised—all but universally because a passive-defence enthusiast sometimes raises his voice—that the essential condition of our national security is the maintenance of a strong and efficient fleet. The true position of the Navy in the defensive arrangements of the British Empire has come to be a commonplace of everyday journalism and even of drawing-room conversation. Hardly any one now ventures to parade his ignorance of the A B C of national defence by ignoring or undervaluing the naval factor in it; and discussions of our system of naval education may be profitably carried on outside purely professional circles.

In the recent controversy on the place to be assigned to classical studies in modern education, two things must have been apparent to the impartial observer. One was the opinion largely held by the opponents or disparagers of those studies that, if suitable at all, they were suitable only to pupils who complete a course at the higher schools intending to proceed to one of the Universities. The other thing was that classical knowledge was a mere ornament, what some years ago would have been styled an “accomplishment,” and of no practical value. The opinions mentioned may be correctly summarised as meaning that classical education was all very well for those whose parents were rich enough to give them an expensive education, but was of no use to those whose circumstances render it necessary that in early youth they should receive an equipment of knowledge fitting them to engage with a fair prospect of success in the struggle for life, intensely sharpened as it is by the keenness of modern competition. Some of the most distinguished names in natural science were not to be found in the list of those so thinking. As was to be expected, the greatest scientific authorities showed a desire, not to abolish, but to improve the methods of classical instruction, openly expressing their conviction of its value *if assigned its proper place in our national scheme of education*. I have italicised the statement of the condition, first because of its importance,

and secondly because I believe that an immense majority, if not the whole, both of those who are engaged in teaching the classics and of those who favour such teaching, readily accepts it, and indeed has been contending for its adoption.

In view of this, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that time devoted to the acquisition of classical knowledge is well spent, and that the only question which can arise concerning it is, What shall be the proportionate amount of that time? Every one knows that a variety of branches of knowledge have virtually come into existence in modern times and, indeed, within a comparatively short period. Mineralogy, electricity, especially in its latest developments; metallurgy—not to mention other sciences—were not in a condition to be made subjects of school-study till long after the classical curriculum had become well established. Time for imparting instruction in the sciences alluded to could only be gained by taking it from the period devoted to the older curriculum. There would naturally be differences of opinion as to the new division of the academic time-table. Conservatism would grudge the resignation of a large share; whilst convinced innovators would demand for the new subjects more than they could fairly claim. There is no necessary connection between this conflict of demands and the existence of classical education. The conflict arises whenever some branch of natural science is held to have become a subject suitable for a school-course. This was apparent in the recently disclosed reaction against the predominance of mathematical instruction in our naval education system. The introduction of the new or Osborne system was heralded by an attack on what in the Navy we call "*x*-chasing," and by a vigorous demand that time should be taken from that pursuit and devoted to the study of "practical" science.

Having attended last month's (May 1904) meeting of the Classical Association at Oxford, I came away impressed by the absence of all desire on the part of the members professionally engaged in teaching classics to exclude from our schools or to

undervalue what are called scientific subjects. I was also impressed by their desire—unanimous as far as I could see—to include those subjects in our scheme of education. Whatever arrangement is come to, it must be a compromise, and a compromise in the best sense. The spirit displayed at Oxford ought to prevail with those who devise schemes of naval education, whatever may be the subjects to be included in it. The above-mentioned reaction against the undue predominance of “*æ*-chasing” is a proof of this.

What is it that we require a system of training naval officers to produce? Obviously, we require it to produce men suited for high commands. Any system which fails to do this is beyond all question defective. We cannot appeal to the results of our present system, because it has not been long enough in existence to enable us to see its ultimate effects. We can, however, see what it aims at, and can estimate the probability of its achieving the result which the country has a right to require of it. Stated briefly, the object of our present system is to turn out specialists. The Navy itself is a special profession. It also contains within its own speciality certain narrow specialities. There are the Gunnery Branch, the Navigating Branch, the Engineer Branch, and the Torpedo Branch. Till very recently the Engineer Branch was regarded as a persistent speciality; that is to say, its members were to remain engineers and nothing else throughout their career. This has now been altered, and those who are to be trained at first for the branch are eventually to revert to the general body of officers, in order that they may succeed, or have an equal chance of succeeding, to positions of command.

The members of a specialised branch, except in rare instances, only remain in that branch for a short time. If we say that it takes an officer about twenty-four years to reach the rank of captain, he will have served in his speciality little more than a third of that time. The more brilliantly he performs his duties as a Gunnery or Torpedo Lieutenant the shorter his service as one is likely to be, because the successful

specialist generally gets promoted early. In the great majority of cases promotion to the rank of commander ends the officer's connection with his specialist branch. In the Navigating Branch—and this is highly significant and worthy of attention—the connection more frequently lasts longer. Gunnery and torpedo work are purely naval, and are not essentially parts of an officer's duty in his capacity as a seaman. Navigating work, on the other hand, is of a general nautical character, and efficiency in its performance is indispensable to the mariner on the quarter-deck, whether he belongs to the Royal Navy or not. There are some reasons for expecting, when the new system of training naval engineers has been longer in existence, that the condition as regards the Engineer Branch will approximate to that of the Navigating Branch. Even then, a large proportion of officers trained under the system will quit the branch for the ranks of the general body.

As regards the prominent specialities—gunnery and torpedo—which, it ought to be explained, have for some years past attracted, and are still attracting to themselves the flower of the officers' corps, the condition of brief connection with them is likely to endure. In other words, our system of naval education is so arranged that in the case of the most promising young officers it only trains them, and indeed only professes to train them, for the special duties of one of several branches of their profession. The leading principle of our system is that of training sets of specialists, the great majority of whom will cease to be specialists in eight or nine years' time. The general public will more readily perceive what this means if, for the sake of illustration, we apply the conditions to another profession in which specialisation of branches is common. In the medical profession there are several special branches—oculists, aurists, &c. What would be thought of a system of medical education which divided the ablest of the young students into specialised sections in spite of the certainty that, as soon as some years' experience had made them adepts in their speciality, they would abandon it and devote themselves to general practice?

The problem which the naval educator really has to solve is that of keeping down specialisation to the lowest limits compatible with efficiency. To extend it beyond those limits is to mistake the end and object of training. The all but universal abandonment of the special branches by those deliberately trained for them as soon as enough time has been devoted to them to render the mastery of them possible is an admission of the insufficiency of the system. As soon as the more capable officers reach the stage at which the prospect of obtaining positions of command comes in sight they nearly all hasten to withdraw from the special branches. This is a proof—although it may not be often perceived—that our naval education scheme is too narrow; that it must embrace something beyond a mere plan for turning out temporary specialists; and that the true object of naval education, viz., the equipment of officers with the culture most likely to fit them at a mature age for the exercise of high command, must be kept in view.

Naval specialisation is almost exclusively devoted to instruction in the handling of material. It is largely occupied in ensuring familiarity with the use of machines—*i.e.*, with things that are always worked for the same purpose in the same way. General reliance on machinery produces in all classes a lack of reliance on self: and it is a matter of common observation that it checks readiness of resource. Amongst the qualities most needed in a naval commander are intellectual alertness and flexibility of mind. Specialisation of training chiefly, if not exclusively, composed of the examination or manipulation of machinery—whether it be that which moves a gun, operates a torpedo, or propels a ship—is not favourable to the development of the alertness or the flexibility. It is true that an exceptional genius like Pascal can invent and solve geometrical problems without having received any mathematical instruction; but we have to deal with men as they are, and how many Pascals has the world ever seen? It need not be disputed that specialisation in different branches is necessary in our naval training; but we must never lose

sight of the fact that it is intended to produce only a temporary result. Also we should never cease to bear in mind the danger, due to schemes of specialisation, of discouraging readiness of resource, breadth of view, and strengthening of character.

We must come to the conclusion that, however good within its present limited range, our naval education system is still imperfect; indeed, that without expansion it cannot produce the result which is most desired. It has, indeed, this merit—that it admits of expansion. It does not now force every student through the same speciality or branch, for some selection is still allowed. Training for one speciality goes on side by side with training for another, and some instruction is given to officers who do not select any one special branch.

The present training for each branch is at present very largely a school-room training. The special knowledge acquired is, to a great extent, knowledge derived from the study of books in colleges or schools more or less distant from the scene of the specialist officer's future duties. It is not only possible, it is also probable, that a gunnery or torpedo lieutenant who has gone through a long course of instruction in the lecture-rooms and studies of Greenwich will never be within fifty miles of Greenwich during the whole time that he does duty in his special branch. Consequently the principle of book-education in the Navy has been admitted and has, in fact, been consecrated by several years' practice. No objection can, therefore, be made to any particular class of study, because it must be carried on with the help of books and lectures.

Qualification for command is perhaps a natural gift. It is possible to stunt it by too narrow a course of training. It is also possible to develop it by a proper course. It is reasonable to suppose that its development is fostered by the acquisition of widely extended culture. The more a commander knows of what men have done, the more likely he is to understand the dispositions and forecast the actions of men, whether they be his subordinates, his allies, or his enemies. The more he has learned of causes and effects in human affairs as traced

throughout long periods of time, the more promptly will his reasoning faculty come to his assistance in moments of doubt and difficulty. It is an historical fact that, amongst all the progressive Western nations, the great majority of persons who have conspicuously influenced public affairs have received what is now called a "classical education." This has been the rule from Burleigh to Gladstone and Salisbury; from Jefferson to Bismarck. An Abraham Lincoln is as much an exception as a Pascal in the world of science. It has, indeed, been the rule amongst eminent naval officers; such school education as, for instance, Boscawen, Hawke, Rodney, and Nelson had time to receive, being of the usual English "classical" type. Though too much stress should not be laid on this, it is worth consideration.

What may be reasonably deduced from it is, that no formal system of education has yet been discovered which results in imparting such wide culture to the student as that "classical" education which some quarter of a century ago it began to be the fashion to disparage. The disparagers will, perhaps, perceive before long that they themselves are now behind the age, and that the ideas of the early "seventies" are as much out of fashion as last year's bonnets. We must recognise the necessity of giving to naval officers, who may hereafter have to fill positions of high command, facilities for acquiring the culture which will fit them for such positions. Attempts to force it on those who are not qualified to receive it will fail of course; but seed sown in congenial soil will bear abundant fruit. We know what has proved itself an unsurpassed vehicle for wide culture; can it be doubted that we ought to consider how it may be utilised?

As encouragement for those who hold that it should be considered, evidence may be adduced of the practical value of classical studies even to naval officers. It is necessary to explain to some at least who readily give their opinion of the value of those studies that they comprise a great deal more than instruction in the Latin and Greek languages. They include the study of the archæology, the art, the history, the policy,

the institutions, and the naval and military campaigns of the Greeks and Romans and of their rivals. They, in fact, include the elements of a very wide circle of culture, the mere touching which must impart some refinement and some bracing of the intellectual faculties.

A mere knowledge of the two languages mentioned, or even of one of them, is of practical value to naval officers. At the Oxford meeting I had an opportunity of adducing from my own experience an instance in which a sea-going naval officer's knowledge of Latin prevented the risk of a grave international complication. Of course one swallow does not make a summer, and a single instance, though it may prove much, does not prove everything; but we may challenge the production of an instance showing anything like equivalent value of the result of any of the specialised branches of training. The vocabulary of Latin naturally resembles that of the derived, or daughter languages—the French, the Spanish, and the Italian. These are the modern foreign languages of most use to English naval officers, to whom German is quite useless. A moderate amount of early instruction in Latin greatly facilitates the acquisition of any one of the above-named modern tongues. Officers who attend the classes of strategy and tactics at Greenwich would not have their interest in their studies lessened if they knew something of the language from which the names of the two subjects are derived.

I respectfully maintain that the study of classical history will be found of inestimable value by officers appointed to command our fleets, especially fleets in distant waters, where, even in peace time, contact and communication with foreign and strange nations are frequent. It will be remembered that Mahan makes effective use of the record of the Second Punic War as illustrative of the influence of sea-power upon history. Illustrations as effective may be taken from the records of more remote periods. The earliest wars of which we have detailed accounts tell the same story as that now in progress in the Far East. Why did Xerxes' Persians, when advancing

to the invasion of Attica, instead of the easier passage by sea from Asia Minor, make a long land march through Thrace, Macedonia, and Thessaly? The answer is, For the same reason that Kuropatkin has to look for reinforcements and supplies to the single line of the Trans-Siberian railway. The Russians, like the Persians, as was indicated in the case of the latter at Artemisium and proved to demonstration at Salamis, had not secured the command of the sea. Why did the huge Persian monarchy fail in the struggle with the much smaller Hellenic States? Surely we can see the cause in the contest raging at this moment, the course of which a knowledge of history would have enabled us to predict.

It may be said that modern history is full of examples of great use to the student of naval strategy. This may be granted at once; but in modern history we have at best an unfinished picture. In the history of ancient Greece and Rome we have a completed record. In the latter we can trace the several phases of rise, culmination, and decline. Modern history, owing to its incompleteness, is sometimes bewildering, sometimes misleading to the student of warfare. Is the Prussia of Frederick the Great or the Prussia of Frederick William IV. to be our guide? Are we to follow the France of Marengo or the France of Trafalgar? The finality of ancient history is of the utmost value as an aid to the study of naval strategy. We know how the brilliant campaigns of Hannibal failed to avert the fate of Carthage. We know how illusory was the revival of naval activity at Athens after Syracuse. Who can say if after Port Arthur Russia is to see another Sinope or another Tcheshmé? We are all now alive to the significance of naval efficiency. The very term "sea-power," which Mahan has made as familiar in our mouths as a household word, was used by an historian who wrote more than four hundred years before the Christian era.

It is not necessary to make classical study compulsory in the Navy. All that is wanted is to introduce and extend it, to hold out encouragement to those who would take it up as

voluntary work ; that is, to those who would be most likely to turn it to good account. It is worth the while of people who are old enough to have caught the unreasoning mania of five-and-twenty years ago for what Professor G. Ramsay calls "facile and shoddy courses" to look around them and see what is being done in other countries. The example of Germany is being perpetually forced upon our attention. Well, Germany seems to be more devoted to classical study than any country in the world. The Americans are justly regarded as an up-to-date people ; and amongst them classical education has extended within the last few years at a rate of which there is no previous example. The latter is a highly impressive fact ; a fact of which we should do well to take serious note.

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

THE QUESTIONABLE SHAPES OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

WE do not venture to speak of those immortals who keep the secret of their nature as closely as if they were angels; but among men of lesser fame—say among those whose immortality is about fifty years of age and bids fair to grow older—the final test of the power of their books to endure is, perhaps, not only style, but a certain kind of suggestiveness, a gift of challenging the reader's will to agree, that holds him wakeful, alert, conscious of problems that bewildered his grandfathers and grandmothers neither more nor less than they bewilder himself. This power of suggestion Nathaniel Hawthorne, the centenary of whose birth falls on July 4 of this very year, possessed in a remarkable degree, the more remarkable because on two or three subjects he is a Puritan of the Puritans, and admits of no suggestion whatever. Capricious as he felt the world to be, he never speculated as to the Power that made it, as to the end for which it was made, as to the wickedness of everything that runs counter to that end. The world was made by "Providence"; it was made for the expansion and improvement of man; it was marred by sin, and sin is excessively sinful and never can be anything else. The proud humbleness, the strong natural reverence of Hawthorne's character, preserved him, in spite of his appalling sense of the comic side of tragedy, from the conjecture put forward by

Heine, and in our own day by Thomas Hardy, that God might be a kind of Aristophanes.

If we look through all the heroic fortunes of mankind, we shall find this same entanglement of something mean and trivial with whatever is noblest in joy or sorrow. Life is made up of marble and mud. And, without all the deeper trust in a comprehensive sympathy above us, we might hence be led to suspect the insult of a sneer, as well as an immitigable frown, on the iron countenance of fate.¹

It is calmly said: the possibility of any difference of opinion is not even contemplated. God is God; fate, a dead heresy, slain long ago.

Concerning the aim of God in the creation of man there is the same clear steadfastness of view, the more noticeable because it consists merely in faith, unlighted by the faintest glimmer of hope. "The Blithedale Romance," alone among the longer masterpieces of Hawthorne, is written in the first person. Miles Coverdale goes to live as a Socialist at Blithedale because Nathaniel Hawthorne went to live as a Socialist at Brook Farm, and the two gentlemen of Utopia have much in common with one another. Miles Coverdale departs with a greyness of purpose that might have sobered the purple and gold of the most ardent reformers who ever lived. He believes that men and women will at length strike out some harmony whereby life shall be more musical than it can become at present. He is curiously prophetic of Ibsen in his belief that woman and the workman are the instruments by which this harmony will be attained. As to the use of any particular woman or any particular workman, he is not merely an agnostic, but a sceptic. Rubbish, all of it! He will give the experiment a fair trial, but he knows, ere he begins, that it is doomed to fail. He himself has no public spirit at all, and the other hero, Hollingsworth, has too much. Public spirit, carried to such an excess, becomes a private crime. It destroys friendship; it vitiates religion. Zenobia kills herself because, as she was not a criminal, Hollingsworth never had time to fall

¹ "The House of the Seven Gables," c. ii.

in love with her, and he is left at last, humbled and deeply repentant, to consider himself the only murderer whose reform he dare undertake. Poetical writers are always against such persons as Hollingsworth. Here again Hawthorne anticipates Ibsen in his stern condemnation of Brand. The philanthropist is a modern development; there are no philanthropists in Shakespeare. Society is on his side—one reason, probably, why poets are not. His fellow mortals, the poets excepted, admire, adore, are ready to do everything but imitate him. Women will imitate and even marry him; but they die of the effort, inasmuch as they cannot kill that in themselves which belongs to the poets, and the poets are left lamenting over their graves and cursing the philanthropists. Yet the poets come in for little more favour at the hands of the terribly impartial Hawthorne. Miles Coverdale, for all his intellectual power of sympathy, is a selfish fellow. He has no true idea of living in and for others. Hand in hand with the desire to comfort goes the desire to know. The fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil tastes sweeter to him than the fruit of the tree of life.

What of the women then?

Hawthorne saw two types—the strong and the innocent—Hester, Zenobia, Miriam, on the one hand; Phoebe, Priscilla, Hilda, on the other. The innocents are never strong, nor the strong innocents. Innocence is dangerous ground. Dickens and Thackeray often came to grief over it. The heroine who talks about *Poor little me!* and is always jingling the household keys, or making a pie, or crying because a soldier has gone to the war, does not number us among her worshippers. Hawthorne avoided the household keys, the puddings and the tears. He never makes innocence absurd or petty. It is to be noted also that his conception of innocence rises as he goes on. Priscilla, in her mysterious enslavement, is a white passion of innocence, but for all her grace, rather unformed and inconvenient. Phoebe is the perfect girl, compact of sweetness and light, whom we have all had the happiness to meet once or

twice in our lives. Hilda, the silver dove, high up in the Madonna-guarded tower, tending the Virgin's lamp, is little lower than the angels. Women like these, however, cannot wield any powerful influence outside their own homes. They are too delicate and fragile; they would wither in the sun or the storm. The women framed by Nature to rule, are always, in Hawthorne's books, disqualified by some past error. Zenobia, hardened by tyranny, is as cruel in her love of one as Hollingsworth in his love of many, and drowns herself, regardless of the world. Miriam, ever under the shadow of some unknown horror, vanishes, stained with the guilt of blood. Hester Prynne, the only one who, in the eyes of the world, had committed an actual crime, is the only one who spends her days for other women, in the relief of their suffering, in the ministry of their souls.

As to the sinfulness of sin, it is insisted on with such vengeful purpose that, if we could weary of anything in the writings of Hawthorne, it would be of the reiteration of this one theme. The four great novels show each a different aspect of it. The characters of "The Scarlet Letter" reveal it at its strongest, in the weakness of Arthur Dimmesdale—in the passion of Hester—in the hatred of Roger Chillingworth—even in the lawlessness of the unlawful elf-child, Pearl. "The House of the Seven Gables" is a study of the power of sin in the past to overshadow and destroy the life of after generations. The punishment of the sinner finds expression in the terrific chapter describing the death of Judge Pyncheon, with a strength which is—we can use no other word—Shakespearean. In "The Blithedale Romance" the cunning bosom-serpent sin of egotism devours every fair bud of virtue. In "Transformation" there seems to be a crime without a criminal. Who can doubt that Miriam was beside herself at the moment when her eyes encouraged Donatello to fling her persecutor over the precipice? Who can help thinking that Donatello did well to rid the earth of a monster whom justice could not reach? Yet "Killing no Murder" would never have found favour with

Hawthorne as a title. Murder is murder, and murder will out. Through the darkness there shines the bright light of that star of modern thought which he was one of the first to see above the horizon—the thought that sin may be the condition of higher goodness; but yet the woman—though she gains in true womanhood—must lose all joy; the Faun—though he become a man—must lose all joyousness, because against sin, whatever it may lead to, the tremendous forces of Nature and of innocence are arrayed; between the pure and the impure there is a great gulf fixed, a gulf that Hilda cannot pass, even for Miriam—a gulf that the little wild birds and beasts of his garden cannot cross, even for Donatello.

The shorter stories are full of sin; one or two, indeed, are choked with it. It shows its ugly head again and again, even in the pages of those discreet diaries which, says a witty biographer,¹ “read like a series of very pleasant, though rather dullish and decidedly formal letters, addressed to himself by a man who, having suspicions that they might be opened in the post, should have determined to write nothing compromising.” Hawthorne, who “always knew perfectly what he was about,” was conscious of this. “The devil himself always seems to get into my inkstand,” says he.

Of the devil in person he had little experience. His disposition was of too high and rare a stamp to be moved by common temptations. He was very shy. He liked to have his meals set down outside the door of his room. He suffered from weighing coals as other genii have suffered from other incongruous tasks, and he did not take kindly to milking cows, for even among the cows at Brook Farm his preoccupation was rather as to the character of the transcendental heifer belonging to Margaret Fuller, which would aspire to rule the herd. But shyness, low spirits, and vaguely general discontent were not, in those days, accounted criminal. Even the cultivated Bostonians did not know that Dante had relegated them to a circle of their own in hell. Hawthorne never reproached

¹ Mr. Henry James.

himself; nor does he reproach others. There were no very wicked people to study either at Salem or in Concord. His friends were loyal; he numbered among them Thoreau and Emerson. Love worked a miracle on his behalf, and brought back health to his betrothed, that she might bless him. "I have married the Spring. I am husband to the month of May," says he. Was there ever a prettier word spoken by a man to a woman since that compliment to the lady of old, who came "with the Spring in her eyes!" There is nothing in Hawthorne himself, there is nothing in the circumstances of his life to account for the fact that he was more taken up about sin than many a sinner. We are driven back on his Puritan ancestry.

Apart from these strong convictions, however, everything in the world appeared to him questionable. To mention his name is to call forth a question—a question typical of the questioning spirit that he never fails to provoke.

"Hawthorne!" says one of his admirers, when called upon to name the most original men of letters born across the Atlantic.

"Hawthorne!" says another. "O yes!" (and then in a moment it is sure to follow) "*Had Donatello furry ears?*"

This riddle of two natures, the animal and the human, drove all England and America mad with curiosity when it was first propounded, but Hawthorne would never answer it. And the reason that his questions are as interesting now as when he asked them is this: that they cannot be answered—there are as many answers as there are arguments.

Does evil in one man create—or only suspect—evil in every other? Young Goodman Brown had his own opinion; but we are at liberty not to agree with him.

Is there a physical connection between sin and sickness? Lady Elinor would never have died of the plague if she had not been so proud of her gorgeous mantle; and the snake that was eating out the heart of Roderick Elliston would not have

rustled away into the grass but that Rosina killed his jealousy with forgiveness. Here is matter for Christian Scientists.

Are there any so miserable as those who cannot feel misery? To make one at "The Christmas Banquet" is to be convinced that there are not; yet many are in the position of those guests who doubted.

If the old could grow young again, would they carry their wisdom backwards, or would they be as foolish as ever?

Foolish, forsooth :
But gladsome, gladsome !

Alexandre Dumas père was so much pleased with "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" on this wise that he did it the honour to steal it—and Hawthorne had the good sense to feel flattered. The revival of the dead rose thrown into the water of the Fountain of Youth revives an historic question of no mean interest. Sir Thomas Browne, the distinguished author of the "Religio Medici," is a person of undoubted veracity; but was he speaking the truth when he declared that a violet could be recalled to life by science?

Is there a science in art by which the future may be fore-coloured, and people grow more like their portraits than their portraits, in the first instance, grew like them? Some of us have lived long enough to be well aware of the existence of these "Prophetic Pictures"; others deny that they are possible.

Is the longing of love for perfection in what it loves an error that must destroy earthly happiness, or a light from heaven that leads man to sacrifice all for the highest? Here the conclusion of the heroine of "The Birthmark" is different from Hawthorne's own; and he is probably right in believing that husbands and wives would not give the same answer, though he suppresses the husband's view.

Can perfect innocence grow up in the midst of evil, and yet contaminate a lower nature than its own? This is the problem of "Rappacini's Daughter" in the garden of poisonous flowers

—surely, whatever we may think of the moral, one of the finest stories ever written.

We have but caught up at random a few of the unending speculations of a spirit that, far beyond all its Puritan ancestors, must have claimed kinship with the Sphinx. The borderland of mystery was more familiar to him than the world of sense. His characters go “glimmering” and “darkling.” They move, as he says himself, “in a clear, brown, twilight atmosphere.” They speak not in the least as any human beings ever spoke, albeit in those days Americans “conversed” more than they do now. They talk—or rather they think to one another—just as Hawthorne was in the habit of talking to himself; and we accept this beautiful Hawthornian as if it were the ordinary speech of men and women, nor ever find out, until we come to listen closely, that it is as different as if he had invented a new language. Furthermore, as he did not care for the light of common day, so neither did he care for common life. His heroes and hercines have something strange about them. He will die for it, but they had something strange; yet never quite so strange but that it may be naturally explained. They are gifted artists, sculptors, poets, doctors, daguerreotypists, or what not? They have appeared before the public as Veiled Ladies, or stood in the pillory, or been mysteriously married to villains with black beards and bands of gold round their teeth. Several of them are Faust in another form, possessed with his insatiable craving for unlawful knowledge. The most fascinating of the women have something witchlike. How on earth did Zenobia contrive to wear a fresh hot-house flower every day when she was living at a farm in the winter, in the depths of the country?

Fancy and Truth stood each by the cradle of Hawthorne a hundred years ago; but Fancy came five minutes earlier to the christening, else had she never gotten the advantage. There are passages in the Note-Books to prove that he could have rivalled Zola on his own ground, had he chosen to do so. We have only to compare the description of the drowned girl

whose body he helped to find with the description of the finding of the body of Zenobia, to see that, if he withheld, in a work destined for the public eye, those details which Realists adore, it was for reasons other than because he had not observed them. When he was writing for himself, Truth got the upper hand. She makes the sober pages of the Note-Books to certain people in certain moods even more delightful than those which Hawthorne meant that they should read. They experience the same kind of pleasure that is derived from Thoreau, or from the Letters and Travels of Stevenson.

Again, when he is writing for children, there is the same sense of instinct in the choice of what to tell, what to omit, and in the selection of words. The story of the childhood of Christina, Queen of Sweden, is a model for any one who would teach history to babes, and they could not learn mythology better than from "The Tanglewood Tales." Here, in the Note-Books, and in the delicate prefaces, we catch a glimpse of the man himself. "Oberon" his friends called him—and fairies were certainly obedient to his wand.

It is the personal note also that makes "Our Old Home" piquant; and for us Britons, when we take it up, there is the added zest of reading in exquisite English what a man thought of us who was quite as much a foreigner as if he had been born in France. The book wounded many at the time of its publication—unreasonably, it would appear; but England is always very sensitive about America, and America about England.

Still, these things are by the way. It is not as a historian; it is as one of the most favoured sons of Fancy that Hawthorne will be remembered. He did well to be born on Independence Day; for there are none like him. His flowers, his jewels, his butterflies, his magic fountains are Fancy's own. We do not meet his characters in the street as we meet those of the other great novelists. How often have we not said: "This family is by Dickens"; "That other family is by Thackeray"; "Here is a middle-aged woman straight out of George Meredith"; "Trollope, of course, invented that pretty girl!" and so on.

Rarely do we come across the remote heroes, the yet more distant and ethereal heroines with whom Hawthorne brings us acquainted. Nature, so apt to take a hint from art, has turned a deaf ear to him; she will not be persuaded that there are any men and women like those of the enchanter.

The writer of this essay had once the pleasure, or the pain—it was neither, and it was both—of seeing a child that Hawthorne might have made. She was pale as she was beautiful, a flower of air and fire rather than of earth and clear water; a blossom reared in an autumnal spring on which it seemed as though winter instead of summer must follow. She came of an old house, and in an ancient home had she played. The fairyland wherein all children dwell was solid, substantial ground compared with the elfin, ghostlike unreality of the world as it appeared to her. To see her was to rejoice, but to rejoice with a pang at the heart to think what life must bring to such a creature, and to hope that never another like her would be born. Questionable shapes are they all. Let them remain where Hawthorne set them, in a wonder-world of their own! It would be at her peril, should Nature re-create them in flesh and blood.

M. E. COLERIDGE.

JAPAN AND THE POLICY OF A "WHITE AUSTRALIA"

THE vagaries of the late Australian Government and the strange freaks in which it at times indulged under the influence of the necessity for standing well with the Labour vote are no new things, but of all these actions the attempt to make Australia a "white" country was the most amazing. Even this monstrosity of narrow-minded legislation, which admits of shipwrecked aliens being refused a landing on Australian soil or allows of an English-speaking half-Englishman being examined in Greek, might have passed into being without any outcry from the civilised world, of so little importance are Australian affairs apparently, if the Australian legislation against the Japanese people as a whole, without consultation with the Japanese Government, had not ensured steps being taken to bring the Commonwealth Government to book for its actions. Japan has protested, without much coming of it; but recently two events have happened which encourage her to take more decided steps. First, there is the readiness expressed by Lord Milner to negotiate a special convention with Japan with regard to the exclusion or restriction of Japanese subjects wishing to enter the Transvaal; and, secondly, the opening of the war with Russia has demonstrated Japan's strength on the sea and has produced in the world a feeling that Japan can no longer

be treated as a mere *enfant gâté*, but as a nation come to her full power and determined upon obtaining her rights.

The way in which the cry for a "White Australia" has arisen in a country where a little over a hundred years ago there was not a white man to be found, is very interesting. Although almost all of the black population have died out since then, the geographical position and the climate have not changed, and powerful though the Commonwealth may be, it is extremely doubtful if it can make all of that great island continent suitable for white inhabitants, without the aid of the coloured races. The mean summer temperature of Melbourne is 65·3 degrees; of Sydney, 71 degrees. When the thermometer registers a temperature of from 80 to 85 degrees it represents only a sub-tropical temperature, it is true, but in Australia there are nearly 2,000,000 square miles of territory with a summer temperature that runs up from 85 degrees to the fervours of, say, an anthracite furnace. Thus the exclusion of all but the whites from this continent cannot be justified either climatically or geographically, and the origin of the agitation is usually supposed to be due to the Labour party in Australian politics. In reality the Immigration Restriction Act owes its existence to the triangularity of Australian party politics. It is not fair to blame exclusively the Labour party, which itself only came into existence as a result of the half-heartedness of the Free Traders. Owing to the desire of both Free Traders and Protectionists to secure the Labour party's support, it came about that seventeen members out of a House of Representatives of seventy-five were able to dictate terms to the Federal Government. Both parties watch to outbid each other for the Labour vote, and if the Labour party does not actually determine the politics of the Commonwealth, it has an influence over them altogether disproportionate to its numbers. And the "White Australia" Act as it now exists is, apparently, the result of a "shameless *liaison* between the Free Traders and the Labour party."

The action of the Commonwealth in regard to aliens brings

up several very important questions, chief of which, undoubtedly, is that of the right of a portion of the British Empire to make special arrangements touching foreign countries, contrary to the wishes of the Central Government. In other words, can Australia be both within and without the Empire? Can she choose what conventions shall bind her, and what she can ignore? The position that Australia has assumed is a most anomalous one, and it behoves the Imperial Government to define more clearly the limitations and possibilities of such a vital situation. A leading Australian magazine states that "by the passing of the Immigration Restriction Bill, the Australian Commonwealth has been put on terms of non-intercourse with two-thirds of the human race." Not a bad achievement for the first year of the Federated States!

While there has never been any question as to the right of Australia to manage her own internal affairs, there also has never been any doubt that the Imperial Government acts as intermediary with foreign Powers, and that the Commonwealth has no power to deal with foreign governments. A brief survey of past relations will show that Australia has, for instance, absolutely no right to treat with Japan—taking this country as the Asiatic nation possessing the most responsible government—even allowing that a colony could ever have the right of making independent conventions governing international relations, for in 1894 a treaty of commerce and navigation was signed between Japan and Great Britain, which forms the foundation of all present-day relations. In this treaty the rights of the ordinary British and Japanese subjects are defined as follows:

ARTICLE I.—The subjects of each of the two High Contracting Parties shall have full liberty to enter, travel or reside in any part of the dominions and possessions of the other Contracting Party, and shall enjoy full and perfect protection for their persons and property. They shall have free and easy access to the Courts of Justice in pursuit and defence of their rights . . . and in all other matters connected with the administration of justice they shall enjoy all rights and privileges enjoyed by native subjects. In whatever relates to rights of residence and travel; to the possession of goods and effects of any

kind, &c. &c., the subjects of each Contracting Party shall enjoy in the dominions and possessions of the other the same privileges, liberties, and rights . . . as subjects or citizens of the most favoured nation.

ARTICLE III.—There shall be reciprocal freedom of commerce and navigation between the dominions and possessions of the two High Contracting Parties.

In this treaty was a special proviso that it should not apply to the following colonies of the Queen, these being: India, Canada, Newfoundland, The Cape, Natal, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, South Australia, West Australia, and New Zealand. It was, however, stipulated that the treaty might be made to apply to any of these "on whose behalf notice shall be given to Japan by the British Minister in Tokyo within two years."

From this proviso it is evident that then, at least, nobody recognised the right of the Colonies to approach Japan save through the British Minister at Tokyo, that is, through the representative of the Imperial Government. This treaty was adhered to by Newfoundland, Natal and Queensland, the last-named with special reservations. These were:

I. That the stipulations contained in the first and third Articles of the above-named treaty shall not in any way affect the laws, ordinances and regulations with regard to trade, the immigration of labourers and artisans, peace and public security, which are in force or may hereafter be enacted in Japan or in the said Colony of Queensland.

II. That the said treaty shall cease to be binding, as between Japan and the said Colony of Queensland, at the expiration of twelve months after notice shall have been given on either side of a desire to terminate the same.

This adhesion was signed on behalf of Queensland, a colony of Her Britannic Majesty, by the British Minister at Tokyo. Under this treaty and its added stipulations, Queensland was enabled to make an agreement with Japan that the number of Japanese arriving in Queensland should not be permitted to exceed the number departing from Queensland in any one year. In the words of the *Times* correspondent in Mackay, writing in January 1901, "there is no question that this treaty was working admirably, and Queensland held in her hands the

entire management and control of the entrance of Japanese labourers and artisans." The same treaty, with the added stipulations as adopted by Queensland, was offered to the other States, who, however, preferred to remain without any treaty rights with regard to Japan, which left them in a very peculiar position, amongst others, that of not possessing the right to travel there except in the prescribed districts.

At the forming of the Commonwealth the right to restrict immigration passed into the hands of the Federal Government, and the treaty between Japan and Queensland was terminated as per Article II. of the special stipulations. Thus, it is clear that there remains absolutely no ground, if the absolute rights of the matter be enforced, for any of the Australian States to have any rights in or with Japan.

All the evidence of the last twenty years, also, goes to prove that the Australian Governments recognised the necessity of dealing with foreign nations with regard to immigration through the Imperial Government. In 1888, when there was an influx of Chinese coolies, Sir Henry Parkes, Prime Minister of New South Wales, addressed a memorandum to the Imperial Government urging that the Foreign Office should negotiate a treaty to prevent an inrush. In June of the same year an Intercolonial Conference was held, at which were representatives of all the Australian Governments, and it was agreed that the Chinese immigration could best be restricted by diplomatic action on the part of the Imperial Government, and by adopting uniform laws in Australia. If Imperial diplomatic arrangements were considered wise in the case of China, how much more so should they be considered necessary in the case of a country possessing a stable form of government as does Japan. Despite this expressed desire on the part of the Colonies for the attention of the Imperial Government to be directed to the matter, no decided policy on the question of exclusion seemed up to 1896 to have been determined upon by the Imperial Government. In that year, however, Mr. Chamberlain, as head of the Colonial Office, adopted a decided

policy. It is to this Minister that we owe several very outspoken opinions upon the question of exclusion, and it is creditable to him that he has never failed to recognise the necessity for the fair treatment of Japan as a civilised nation. Mr. Chamberlain decided that, for the future, exclusion laws were not to be aimed at a nationality, but at the undesirable elements of all races, really a proposal to judge immigrants less by colour and race than by quality.

While the Immigration Restriction Act is ostensibly aimed at all undesirable immigrants, the speeches in the Federal Parliament show very clearly that it is intended to cope really with the Asiatics, and is primarily aimed against the Japanese people. This being the case, it is necessary to study more closely the question of Japan in this connection, apart from that of either India or China. Japan's rapid advance forms one of the most interesting, and probably the most conspicuous, feature of the history of the nineteenth century. The wonderful development of her trade, the growth of her naval and military power, and her undeniable diplomatic skill, have compelled recognition from the great Caucasian nations. The geographical position of the country and the friendly sentiments of its people toward the British Empire have caused Japan to be sought for and welcomed as a trusted ally of Great Britain, and thus to play a most important part in shaping the destinies of mankind. Japan being a civilised country, holding a position in the front rank of nations, and worthy of being admitted to an alliance with Great Britain on an equality, why then should she be treated as an irresponsible country overflowing with hordes of possible immigrants to Australia, and legislated against by that colony without any attempt to ask the opinion or assistance of the Japanese Government?

To protect her labour market by legislation should be a fairly easy matter for Australia, without having to set at defiance friendly nations. It is easily conceivable that there may be undesirable elements among the lower class of Japanese who immigrate, and if such proves to be the case,

after due investigation by the proper authorities, the remedy might easily be sought by coming to a diplomatic arrangement over the matter and by limiting the objectionable features. The Japanese Government would without doubt be open to reason, but to pass a law condemning the Japanese wholesale, for no other reason than that they are Japanese, is striking a blow at Japan at her most sensitive point. An open declaration of war would not be resented as much. The reason is not far to seek. Japan has had a long struggle in recovering those rights of an independent State which she was forced to surrender to foreign nations at the beginning of intercourse, and in obtaining a standing in the civilised world. And now, when that goal has seemingly been achieved, if those nations will no longer associate with her on equal terms, the resentment against them must of necessity be bitter. Are not the signs too evident that in the coming century that part of the world known as the Far East is going to be the seat of stupendous convulsions from which great nations could not keep themselves clear if they would? And is it not most desirable that in that crisis those countries which have a community of interests should not have misunderstandings with each other? It is earnestly to be hoped that statesmen will estimate these large problems at their proper value, and not let them be over-shadowed by partisan considerations.

These claims of Japan are at least so large and important that the Australian Parliament could not disregard them without some efforts in the direction of self-justification. Mr. Chamberlain apparently considers that his policy regarding exclusion is met by the Natal Act, which provides for an education test to be passed by all immigrants. At the Colonial Conference, held in London in 1897, Mr. Chamberlain forced the Australian Premiers to adopt the Natal Act policy, and obtained their promise that they would fall into line with his ideas on the subject of race exclusion. How this promise was kept may now with advantage be shown. The Natal Act lays down as a test for immigrants, the writing "in some

European language an application for admission." Even this would seem to the average man to be decidedly aimed at all persons not of European nationality. The Australian Act does not even conform to the Natal Act, however. The test is described in Section A of Article III., and names as prohibited "any person who, when asked to do so by the officer, fails to write out at dictation, and sign in the presence of the officer, a passage of fifty words in length, in any European language directed by the officer." This test of course gives the right of deciding admission into the hands of the customs officers, since they are to select the European language to be dictated. In the *Times* of September 3, 1902, a striking proof was given of the manner in which this pseudo-Natal Act test is regarded by those who have to enforce it. A Labour Member of the Queensland Parliament, when interviewed in regard to the Act, said: "We don't object to any white people. Germans and French make good colonists, and the orders to the customs officers are not to enforce the Act against any but the Asiatics, but if we chose, we could trip up a Cambridge B.A. on that Act." If that does not point to legislation against colour, and not against undesirables of all races, it would be hard to find a more absolute violation of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. The same day's paper contains an account of a customs officer at Thursday Island, in Queensland, who awaited the arrival of twenty-nine Japanese on the wharf "with an exercise in dictation, which, he said with pride, no man on Thursday Island could do correctly!" It is well to remember also that the framers of the Immigration Restriction Act do not consider this entrance test as sufficient, but hold over the head of immigrants who have entered the country the likelihood of being called upon to undergo another test of the same nature at any time during their first year of residence:

No. 17 OF 1901. 5.—II. Any immigrant may at any time within one year after he has entered the Commonwealth be asked to comply with the requirements of paragraph A of section three, and shall, if he fails to do so, be deemed to be a prohibited immigrant offending against this Act.

Since Mr. Chamberlain is the one statesman who has taken a decided line upon the subject of the exclusion of aliens, it may be as well to recall his statement in regard to the exclusion of the Japanese. On June 7, 1901, speaking in the House of Commons with reference to the veto of the Imperial Government on an Act introduced in the Queensland Parliament prohibiting employment of Asiatics and other coloured labourers in the sugar mills receiving financial help from the Government, he said :

His Majesty's Government has represented to the Queensland Government that the Bill in question is open to objection, both on the grounds of principle and policy ; first, because it embodies a disqualification based solely upon the place of origin, not on account of any moral, educational, or physical deficiencies, but solely on difference of race and colour ; secondly, it is offensive to Japan, a friendly Power, inasmuch as it not only excludes natives of that country from employment, but also places them in the same category as Asiatics generally, without any consideration being paid to their state of civilisation.

If this Act of 1901, which had no direct bearing upon Japan, and which was passed before the Alliance was established, and when Queensland, the colony which it alone affected, had a treaty right to legislate against Japanese immigration, could be considered by the Colonial Secretary as offensive to the Japanese, and therefore as undesirable, how much more should Mr. Chamberlain object to this action of the Federal Government in the Immigration Restriction Act? which, as will be shown later, is almost wholly directed against Japan. It is perhaps to be deduced that, while the Act of a single colony can be vetoed, the Federal Government is too formidable a force to be thwarted in any way by the Imperial Government?

After the conclusion of the Japanese Alliance, Mr. J. O'Kelly asked in the House of Commons—

Whether provision had been made under the terms of the Japanese Treaty to relieve Japanese subjects from the disabilities attaching to Asiatic immigrants to Australia, and if not, whether his Majesty's Government would urge upon the Congress of Colonial Premiers the necessity of recognising the equal inter-

national rights of Japanese subjects within the British Empire with the subjects of other friendly foreign Powers, and call upon the self-governing British Colonies to extend to Japanese subjects all the privileges and rights as to residence, trading, settlement and colonisation enjoyed by the subjects of other foreign Powers?

Mr. Chamberlain answered, on May 8, 1902, that "the Anglo-Japanese Agreement does not touch immigration. It is not proposed to discuss the position of Japanese subjects at the Conference of the Colonial Premiers." A suggestion from Mr. O'Kelly that the Japanese subjects were not being treated as the subjects of a civilised Power, brought forth from the Colonial Secretary an indignant "there is not the slightest foundation for that insinuation." From which it may be concluded that Mr. Chamberlain has receded from his former position in regard to the Japanese, or had not had the advantage of reading the speeches of the Australian Federal Members upon the Immigration Restriction Act.

If there were any doubts as to the main aim of that Bill, a reference to the debates in the Australian Commonwealth Parliament shows how great a proportion was devoted to the Japanese; and if this were not sufficient, Mr. Deakin, Attorney-General, speaking in the House, in the name of the Commonwealth Government, made the direct statement: "that the measure was primarily aimed against the Japanese." Sir Edmund Barton, the Federal Prime Minister, in introducing the measure, was not able to say much to prove the necessity of the exclusion. He was in the unhappy position of having to support, for political reasons, legislation of which he knew little, and which he had apparently less at heart. He was able to state very plainly, however, the dangers and difficulties accompanying such legislation. He said:

It is not a desirable thing in our legislation to make discriminations which will complicate the foreign relations of the Empire. It would be of untold evil and harm to us—and likely to lead to troubles even rivalling those which the future may bring forth to us from the causes themselves—if we were to

take such action. There are Australian interests, it must be recollected, which it is our duty to attempt to preserve, so long as we do not defeat or embarrass the policy of the Empire itself.

He does not, however, apparently think that the insulting of the ally of Great Britain is likely to embarrass the affairs of the Empire, though in Canada, where the same question has arisen in British Columbia, the exclusion of the Japanese has been repeatedly vetoed by the Dominion Government in Ottawa on "Imperial grounds."

Sir George Reid, who followed the Premier, made a speech which, while it contained much of his usual eloquence, disclosed how absolutely the Bill was intended to serve as a hypocritical screen to lead the Colonial Office and the world to imagine that Australia was adhering to the policy of not discriminating against races because of colour or nationality. That Mr. Reid did this unintentionally does not detract from the value of his proof. That he quoted Mr. Chamberlain as saying "that such discrimination with regard to Japan was offensive to a friendly Power and contrary to the general conception of that quality which has been the guiding principle of British rule throughout the Empire," did not deter him from going on to explain how the Bill might be used against the Asiatic races while preserving an outside form of fairness. At the time Sir George Reid made his speech the test dictation was to be in English, later this was changed, despite the express promise of the Government, to a European test.

On the face of it [said Sir George] the Bill is not aimed at European nations, Governments must be credited with common sense, or it is no use committing to them the administration of such measures at all. This amount of common sense and discrimination must be credited to the present Government and its successors, that they will *discriminate* between those cases in which *desirable civilised* immigrants are seeking admission and cases in which those seek admission whose presence is baneful to us at present, and may be much more so in the future.

Since the "White Australia" agitation was supposed to have its foundation in the Labour question, the speech of Mr.

Watson, the Labour leader, might be expected to state clearly the real causes of exclusion. The reasons he gave were very illuminating, it is true, but hardly in the way the Australians might wish. He said: "The objection I have to the mixing of these coloured peoples with the people of Australia, although, I admit, it is to a large extent tinged with considerations of an industrial nature, lies in the main in the possibility and probability of racial contamination." He then touched the true note of the whole situation by adding, "I think we should gauge this matter, not alone by abstract possibilities of the case, but by those considerations which appeal to our ordinary human weaknesses and prejudices." Later in his speech he said, "We have room for every man who has a standard of living equal to our own, and whose general tone is in no way inferior to that of our own people." If the standard of living can be determined by any other tests than those of wages and education, Mr. Watson should have enumerated them. It is evident also that he does not allow education, because he said, "The more educated the Oriental becomes, the worse he is likely to be from our point of view. He becomes more cunning and more able, with his peculiar ideas of social and business morality, to cope with the people." So that from this it would appear that it is the ability "to cope with the people here" that forms the real danger. If this is not a purely industrial consideration, what is it?

It was reserved for the speech of the Attorney-General, Mr. Deakin, to sum up the arguments against the alien immigrants. To quote his own words:

I say that the Japanese require to be absolutely excluded. I contend that the Japanese require to be absolutely excluded because of their *high abilities*. I quite agree that the Japanese are the most dangerous because they most nearly approach us, and would therefore be our most formidable competitors. It is not the bad qualities, but the good qualities of the alien races, that make them dangerous to us. It is their inexhaustible energy, their power of applying themselves to new tasks, their endurance, their *low standard of living*, that make them such competitors.

Cheap labour must not be confounded with low-priced labour—low-priced labour can never be as effective nor as cheap (in the sense of the old maxim “quality is the test of cheapness”) as high-priced labour. There is not one of the Labour representatives in Parliament—not one labouring man in the world probably—who will deny that low wages and a low standard of living must result in a low standard of all the qualities which make for the progress of the community. Then what becomes of Mr. Deakin’s contention in this respect in regard to the Japanese? Are “inexhaustible energy, the power of applying themselves to new tasks, endurance and high abilities”—are these the sort of qualities produced by a low standard of living? Either the Japanese do not possess the good qualities which Mr. Deakin has credited them with, in which case the formidable danger of their competition disappears, or they do possess those qualities, in which case it is clear that Mr. Deakin is absolutely wrong in his statement of their low standard of living.

Mr. Deakin’s remarks called forth a spirited speech from Mr. Bruce Smith, who, after pointing out that by making the language test a European one Japan was being significantly differentiated from the rest of the civilised world, went on to say:

The Attorney-General has gone so far as to say—and I think it is a humiliating confession—that the principal reason for shutting out the Japanese race is, not because they are a low type of humanity, or a degraded people, but that they are too thrifty; they work too hard and they are too provident, and they possess so many of those old-fashioned virtues that we Britons cannot compete with them in our daily life. It is one of the things which I think had been better left unsaid. I think it is a humiliating confession to go forth to the world from one in so high a position that the truth of the matter is, we are *afraid* to come into contact and competition with a race like the Japanese.

So much stress has been laid upon the possibilities of a “Japanese peril” that it merits investigation based on indisputable facts. This is rendered possible by the publication of the official figures collected at the instance of Sir Edmund

Barton. They are so convincing that Sir Edmund Barton must necessarily have carefully abstained from reading them, having his introductory speech in view. "During the five years betwixt 1896 and 1901 the total number of alien arrivals was 23,741 ; the departures during the same period were 18,223. The growth of coloured aliens amongst us, in a word, has been at a rate of about 1000 a year, spread over the whole area of Australia and Tasmania." Thus Dr. Fitchett, the well-known Australian writer, who further writes on this subject : "The whole question, it is clear, has been contemplated through the lens of agitations and alarms, which destroy all sense of the relative sizes of things. Australia, even without the aid of more stringent administration, is not in the least likely to be submerged beneath a 'yellow wave' or a wave of any other undesired tint."

It has always been the habit of the Labour party and its organs to represent Japan as a country inhabited by forty-five millions of impoverished "little brown men" ready to swoop down upon Australia in hordes to offer their services in the labour market at a beggarly rate of pay, on which no white man could live. As a matter of fact, the roving and colonising instinct is much more a western than an eastern one. It is found most difficult in Japan itself to induce Japanese farmers and agricultural labourers to immigrate to the northern island of Hokkaido, so strong is their love of home, and so little have they the wandering instinct. The forty-five millions of Japan are as fond of their country as the forty millions of Great Britain are of theirs—perhaps fonder ; and the suggestion that a sufficient number of them to cause the slightest embarrassment would ever attempt to come to Australia, uninvited, is one which facts disprove. When it is remembered that there are 130 million Russians, 55 millions of Germans, 38 millions of French, 32 millions of Italians and 25 millions of Turks all within "a few weeks' sail of Australia," and that these various millions are far more likely to descend upon Australia than the Japanese, the danger of being "swamped"

by white aliens is certainly no less, but probably greater, than that which is threatened by coloured races. In the whole of the British Empire there are only some five thousand or so Japanese subjects, and of these Australia has received, before the present system of restriction, about three thousand in all. What a spectacle to see the three and a half millions of Australia terrified before three thousand Japanese! Whatever is the real reason for this strongly professed fear of the encroachment of the Japanese, it is abundantly proved by the official figures that it has no substantial basis in fact, for according to Mr. Bruce Smith, speaking in the Federal Parliament, who took the statistics dealing with the Japanese immigration for the last two years :

I find that in Western Australia the arrivals during the last two years were 29, while the departures were 86. In Queensland there were 206 arrivals and 534 departures during the same period! There is no record as to departures from New South Wales, so I count none, but there is a record of 42 arrivals; therefore the number of departures over arrivals of the Japanese, in the three States of Western Australia, Queensland, and New South Wales for the last two years was 393, so that the Japanese, so far as any one can ascertain, have been leaving these three States at a rate of 196 per annum, during the last two years, instead of coming into them.

In Queensland in 1901, the Japanese formed only 0.45 per cent. of the population, and in the whole of Australia only 5 per cent. of the alien inhabitants were Japanese. These figures knock the very foundations out of the wonderful bogey of Japanese invasion, which was made the excuse for the Immigration Restriction Act.

One of the favourite arguments against the Japanese also is that the Japanese women tend to lower the moral tone of Australia. This subject was treated by Mr. Grainger, Agent-General of South Australia, with the customary disregard for exact facts with which this subject has been treated, in a letter to the *Daily Graphic* in 1901. Amongst other statements he said, "Hundreds of Japanese women of a too accommodating disposition do not increase the morality of

our young countrymen." Sir Horace Tozer, Agent-General for Queensland, whose forty years of residence in the colony, where the greater part of the Japanese population is to be found, has given him the right to speak on the subject, wrote : " There has been practically no blending with the Japanese. I never saw a Japanese half-caste in Queensland." The last official returns gave 201 females, including children, most of these residing on Thursday Island. Where, then, are Mr. Grainger's "hundreds of women of a too accommodating disposition" ? since at least a certain percentage of these 201 Japanese women, besides the children included in this figure, must be put down as wives and unobtainable for immoral purposes. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that all the Japanese women in Australia resided there for that purpose, does Mr. Grainger wish the world to believe that these few women set out, unsought for and unaided, and of their own free will, for Australia, in order to make a determined attack upon the tender morality of the colonies, which for long have had the unenviable reputation of possessing a very high standard of illegitimacy ?

Meanwhile, what do the Japanese think of the position taken by Australia ? Notwithstanding the low opinion held there of Japan's civilisation, she has shown through it all a sanity and good reasoning not to be excelled. To understand the general Japanese attitude, we take a passage from Dr. Nitobe's book on "Bushido." Bushido is the Japanese equivalent of the English word chivalry. Dr. Nitobe says :

The transformation of Japan is a fact patent to the whole world. In a work of such magnitude various motives naturally entered, but if one were to name the principal one, one would not hesitate to name "Bushido." When we introduced the latest improvements in every department of life ; when we began to study Western politics and sciences, our guiding motive was *not* the developing of our physical resources and the increase of wealth ; much less was it a blind imitation of Western customs. The sense of honour which cannot bear to be looked down upon as an inferior power—*that* was the strongest of motives.

The Japanese are extremely sensitive upon subjects that touch

their ideas of national honour—a fact that may be conceded without any derogation from their dignity. The proposal to exclude them from Australia therefore was one which they viewed first with surprise. As a dependency of Great Britain, Australia was not unnaturally regarded as likely to be dominated by similar sentiments to those which had already found expression in Great Britain in friendly and reciprocal treaties between that country and Japan. The Immigration laws that had been passed by several of the colonies from time to time, before the inauguration of the Commonwealth, had formed the subject of respectful remonstrances or protests with various degrees of effect. The position always taken by the Japanese Government was a dignified claim to be recognised as one of the civilised nations of the world, with a clear and indefeasible title to courtesy and justice. At the time of the discussion of the Immigration Restriction Bill the Japanese Consul-General in Sydney expressed himself as follows in a newspaper interview :

Whatever opinions my Government might hold as to the wisdom of legislation admittedly passed for the purpose of excluding the Japanese from Australia, however they might consider the motives, real or ostensible, which could prompt the Commonwealth legislature to pass such an Act, no matter how clearly they might foresee consequences unforeseen by its advocates following upon its passage, the matter might have been treated with comparative indifference or borne with equanimity if some of the principal clauses of the Act were not couched in terms which make discriminations on the grounds of race and colour. Such discrimination we hold to be in direct opposition to the spirit of international law, and besides being calculated to wound the feelings of a friendly nation, is altogether unnecessary for the carrying out of the objects in view. It is upon these considerations that I have addressed communications from time to time to the Prime Minister, for the purpose of inducing him to accord to Japan a similar treatment to that shown the European nations. I have pointed out that Japan is entitled to equal rights and privileges with Western civilised nations, in all matters regulated by international law, and is recognised clearly as being on an equal footing with them. This is certainly not the case with any of the other peoples with whom the Bill proposes to include the Japanese, in the tests prescribed for secure admission to the country, and in other matters connected with the administration of the Act. I can only hope that the representations that I

have made may lead to the exemption of the Japanese altogether from the operation of the Act, leaving them to be dealt with separately in the manner I have suggested, or of placing them upon the same footing with the Europeans. That is to say, if a Frenchman, or a Russian, or a Turk, or a Greek may be examined in his own language, there is no reason why the Japanese should not be allowed the same privilege.

The Japanese Government has begun to wonder whether the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has anything to do with Australia, or whether in case of a war in the Far East involving Great Britain the Australians would expect the Japanese fleet to protect their thousands of miles of coast-line from a hostile fleet, although the crews of the Japanese fleet could not land on Australian soil!

Although the Australian Government was not consulted as to the Treaty of Alliance between Great Britain and Japan, Sir Edmund Barton expressed publicly his high opinion of it, and Sir Horace Tozer wrote on the subject that—

Japan has always been looked upon as the menace of the Far East. It is the only powerful neighbour that we have at our doors, for Japan is within eight days' sail of Australia. If that powerful neighbour is turned into an ally, the entire menace is withdrawn. We hail with satisfaction the removal of a danger which, I can assure you, has not been absent from the minds of responsible men in Australia.

It is in this dependence of Australia upon the British Empire and her ally for protection that is found the whole crux of the question. If Australia were in an independent position, even while remaining a part of the Empire, able to defend her own shores from an enemy, then there might be more justification for her action towards the Japanese, but so long as Australia is anxious to be able to borrow money at British Empire rates, and relies upon the protection of the British Empire and expects that conventions entered into for the purpose of the better defence of the Empire shall also include Australia, then it is a monstrosly unpatriotic move for the Australians to "complicate the foreign relations of the Empire"—to use Sir Edmund Barton's own words. Such

action as has been indulged in towards Japan, for this, if for no other reason, should not be considered to be in any way justified. The shallow pretence that the education test does not discriminate between races is valueless as a shield of hypocrisy, when no secret is made as to what is to be the practical working of the Act. Even the most bitter opponents of the Japanese race in Australia have to admit that, as things now stand, the Australian Commonwealth has assumed a position which she does not possess, with regard to the Empire, in dealing with this question. It is difficult for outsiders to realise why there should be such a strong desire to offend a civilised nation, when the protection of the labour market in Australia, the ostensible cause of the agitation, could have been secured by invoking the direct action of the Japanese Government. There is no doubt that, should Japan be asked to regulate her immigration to Australia, she could do so thoroughly. First, she possesses a most competent central authority; and, secondly, every emigrant leaving Japan has to have a special passport, and thus absolute control of them is possible. The cases of Queensland and of the United States, where the influx of Japanese came to an abrupt end owing to the action of the Japanese Government itself, proves the efficiency of this control. By such an arrangement any danger of coolie or artisan hordes swamping Australia could be obviated at any moment by applying to the Japanese Government. As to the admission of Japanese business men travellers in Australia, there should surely never be any more question than there is of Australian travellers in Japan.

As has been mentioned before, the action of the Japanese has been most praiseworthy throughout. During the debate on the Immigration Restriction Bill, the following message was given to Lord Hopetoun as "British representative in Australia" by the Consul-General of Japan in Sydney: "I have received a cablegram from his Imperial Majesty's Government stating that they consider these two Bills [the Immigration Restriction Bill and the Post and Telegraph

Bill] clearly make a racial distinction, and requesting me on that account to express to your Excellency their dissatisfaction with the measures." In addition to this, many respectful offers from the Japanese Government were made to deal with the whole question of the regulation, limitation, or total cessation of Japanese immigration, by means of a direct treaty of agreement with the Commonwealth Government, so that, what was represented as the wish of the Australians might be carried into effect without an unnecessary affront to the Japanese nation. But all these overtures were disregarded on the shallow affectation that the Immigration Restriction Bill involved no reproach to the Japanese on the grounds of either race or colour. Yet, when at the same moment assurances were being given to the Labour supporters of the Commonwealth that the test clause of the Bill would only be put into operation against coloured aliens, surely an illustration has been afforded of legislative double dealing and public hypocrisy that might well cause every honest man and woman in the Empire to blush for shame.

Mr. Bruce Smith made some remarks during the debate on the Immigration Restriction Act which have a great deal of truth in them :

I think [he said] that this measure is a very important one, and the result of this debate will constitute a sort of mirror in which we, as a people, can be seen by other nations; because for the first time in Australian history we are put to the test to demonstrate our sincerity in using so many glib phrases, which though they apply admirably when they involve confessions by other people, yet seem to change their meaning altogether the moment they involve concessions to others; we are being put to the test, not merely as parochial politicians, but as statesmen, to be judged by our utterances, how far we are capable of grasping our position as part of the Empire, and as one of the powerful nations who now have to deal with the politics of the world.

And how has the British Empire emerged from this test placed upon one of its members? In the altogether shameful position of a nation which has legislated against another people, occupying a place in the front rank of nations, and an

ally, on the evidence of a danger which was absolutely distorted and largely false. The Japanese Government recognises that no nation has the right to force Australia to receive one single alien against her will, but that does not alter her firm conviction that the present state of affairs is quite an impossible one, and that it is the Imperial Government's duty to see her put right as regards the British colony, Australia.

The Japanese Government has never recognised the right of the Australian Commonwealth to negotiate the matter, and has always addressed itself to the Imperial Government. They have made no secret of the fact that, if approached on the subject by the Imperial Government, they are prepared to make a treaty to regulate the Japanese immigration to Australia if, after investigation, it is still thought necessary to protect Australia from an outgoing rush of some 196 Japanese yearly.

Let Great Britain remember that mutual intercourse is a necessary condition for the existence of any member of an international society. Let her appoint a special commissioner, or a small commission, to go through the evidence at first hand and negotiate with the Japanese Government. Then if the facts justify it, let the Australian Commonwealth be given to understand, as a part of the Empire, what are the duties which it has to that Empire and to the Imperial Government. But, first of all, let the Immigration Restriction Act be repealed as far as Japan is concerned; that is an essential step before discussion can take place. The great value of this question of Japan and Australia is that it may be regarded as a portent of the great and imminent danger which is now hanging over the British Empire, and which may come to a crisis at any moment, rending the already loosening ties between the Mother Country and the Colonies asunder beyond hope of repair. No time should be lost in removing this danger, and it may be truly said that never before has there been such an opportunity for an Imperial statesman. But where is that statesman?

ALFRED STEAD.

ENGLISH MUSIC

A PRACTICAL SCHEME

WITHOUT troubling ourselves to analyse what we mean by perfection in a work of art, but resting contented with the definition of it as an absence of whatever faults or defects the artist himself can perceive and would have wished to avoid, we may say that even if perfection is unattainable it is that which every serious work of art aims at. We rightly regard the Greeks as the best artists that the world has seen ; and yet, without disputing their supremacy, the moderns may claim, in respect to this quality of perfection, to have actually surpassed them ; for it happened that the one art which they left unmastered was the one in which the most perfect results are most readily attainable ; perfection being more easily attained in music than in other arts by reason of the strange concurrence of two different advantages : for while the method of it is more scientific and reducible to law, the result aimed at is more indefinite and irreducible to criticism and comparison either with ideas or with nature. It is difficult to imagine a statue by Pheidias competing with a prelude by Bach, and few could pretend to such a knowledge as would be necessary even to weigh the relative perfection of each in its own province ; but one need not shrink from saying that, judged by human criticism, a faultless statue was an extreme rarity, while faultless music has been very freely produced by the best masters.

It is a reflection which must cause us most painful regret, if it be not even a ground of national reproach and discredit, that our countrymen, whose musical endowments are second to none in the world, should during the last century have taken such an inferior rank in this living and spiritual art. The position that we should have expected to hold is witnessed by the earlier history of music, for it is an eminence whence we have fallen; and that we might still occupy it is attested by our keen appreciation of the most modern developments of music, and by those concerted performances which are unsurpassed out of England. As for the actual decadence, I am writing to those by whom it is recognised and lamented; and I would only point out that its evident and sufficient cause was accidental, for orchestral music was developed in Germany at a time when English music was stagnant and almost dead, its springs having been utterly quenched and choked by the civil war; the new art therefore grew up impressed with the characteristics of a foreign temperament, and we cannot now identify ourselves with it, and be as truly part of the stream, as if it had flowed spontaneously from our own life. And though music tends to become more and more cosmopolitan, it cannot be denied that its exact actual condition has been largely determined by national character; and such differential qualities are an accident which might have been other.

Now I suppose that those interested in this matter must agree with me in believing that there can be no solid improvement in English music without the formation of a sound national taste, which is an indispensable condition for the guidance as well as the encouragement of our composers, if they are to have an art of their own. And I wish to persuade them that, having the best possible material to work on, we have lately acquired an all-sufficient means to work with; and that by a very simple course of action we could in a few years assure ourselves of all that we desire.

It has been my life-long observation that all persons (the exceptions are not worth considering) will prefer the music to

which they have been accustomed ; and I am myself absolutely convinced that the reason why our common people have a liking for bad music is solely and wholly because they are badly trained, and have from childhood been brought up to hear bad music, and that if they had been trained in good music they would have preferred the good. Remembering that the alternative which is most frequently offered to them is foreign music, I assert that there is absolutely no other reason or cause at work than this habit, and to call a healthy national taste into being we have only to get rid of the bad music from our children's education.

In order to do this we must seek out its habitats ; these are chiefly three :

- (1) The primary schools.
- (2) The churches.
- (3) The theatres and the music-halls.

First to take the primary schools; these are most important, and the machinery of control is perfect. The Board of Education has an Inspector of Music, whose authority is ample. Let the inspector draw up a schedule of music, that is, a sufficient list of musical pieces suitable for the different classes in the schools, and all published at a national office ; then let the County Councils forbid the use of any music in their schools save what is provided in the schedule.

As a mercantile venture this would not only pay all its expenses, but become capable of providing a fund for musical scholarships ; and it must expect opposition from those who derive income from the present supply of music to schools. To the objection that the County Councils would not be likely to enforce what they would consider doubtful means to promote an end which they did not understand, it may be answered that they are composed of sensible, practical and well-intentioned men, and that there is in every county a sufficient number of musicians with authority to present an expert opinion to the council, which its committees would be too reasonable to neglect ; especially if it had, as it would

have, the urgent recommendation of all the best musicians in England. Now, if this action were adopted, then in ten years all our people of twenty years old and under who had been to school would have the foundation of a sound musical taste, and in thirty years the whole population under forty.

Secondly, the churches. Sacred music, that is dignified music with mystical significance and religious association, is just what we should most desire as one basis for sound education, and it is sad beyond words to find that, with few exceptions, our natural ally is our worst enemy, and that the typical parish church choir is the *ne plus ultra* of vulgarity. With the moral aspect we have nothing to do; we must face the fact that the obstacle of bad tradition is here reinforced by the clergy for the most part belonging—as I do myself—to that class in whom bad taste has been ingrained and fostered as a social accomplishment; while the artists whom they employ represent often enough the very condition of music which we so deplore. The extreme obstinacy of the situation is shown by this, that even where the musicians are of the very best, their slavery has broken their spirits and made them hopeless of good, and they meet the raillery of their friends with all manner of paradoxes to excuse their connivance in what they despise. Nevertheless the church would have to follow the schools, for, if I may trust my little experience, the clergy would soon find their choir-boys laughing at them. Moreover the main defence that the clergy have for their bad music is that it delights their congregations; and their congregations would be soon leavened, and at last altogether unsympathetic.

Thirdly, the music-halls and theatres I am content to leave aside. They are also a powerful element of evil where they exist in force, but their action is fortunately more local; and supposing education to advance, one of two things would happen to them: either they must to some degree give way before the improvement in public taste, or they must lose their musical significance and become mere haunts of buffoonery and vulgar revelry, which would stand apart from musical art,

especially as they mostly exist in centres where music would be too strong for their competition. At present there is nothing to be done with them; but it would be monstrous if we should allow their influence to deter us from attempting to rescue the innocent, and should scruple to invade the proprietorship of a devil's possession.

These considerations have only regarded "the people," and above them there is that large class much more difficult to deal with, that upper many who are self-satisfied in the possession of insufficient or bad culture and the fashions of a degraded tradition. Their activities need not be described; the historical text-book of English music, its doomsday book, is the musical catalogue in the British Museum; let the simple consult it: but there is a passage in Cowper worth quoting—he is telling how "art can fashion and reform the race," and this is what music can do:

She guides the fingers o'er the dancing keys,
Gives difficulty all the grace of ease,
And pours a torrent of sweet notes around
Fast as the thirsting ear can drink the sound,

and that is all. It may excite wonder that a poet of most refined feeling, and with the accomplishments of a liberal education, could write thus of music when Beethoven was alive; but his example may serve for a revelation of what English culture was from that time down to Thackeray, who represents, I suppose, the period of worst vulgarity. As the authors, so of course were their readers. Thinking of the musical Philistine's long reign I am reminded of Sir Thomas Browne's sturdy phrase about the Turk, which I was reading the other day; it runs thus: "*For the Turk, in the bulk he now stands, he is beyond all hope of conversion; if he fall asunder there may be conceived hopes, but not without strong improbabilities.*" Our Philistine's case is much as the Turk's; but he shows better symptoms of falling asunder; for his company comes most directly into collision with that really sound, living and expansive movement of musical culture which has sprung up

during the last thirty years ; so that there are every day fewer families that do not send one or two members to a local orchestra ; and chamber-music of the best is heard in their drawing-rooms performed by such amateurs. The schools, too, where their sons go, are showing a musical sense, the masters uniting in a league to raise the standard of the boys' teaching. Again, only this year a new society for the co-operation of the teachers in girls' schools has been founded by Miss Cecilia Hill, so that one may expect the Cowperian view of music to perish out of those establishments. But valuable as all these attacks on the Philistine are, I should hope more from a strong upward movement of the lower classes.

Nothing more need be said to make my position clear. Unless my practical scheme is open to some grave objection, I hope that it will receive the attention of those in whose hands the musical future of the country lies. Even though all the good results which I anticipate should not follow from the action which I recommend with regard to the primary schools, yet, it seems to me, the action is simple and good in itself ; and in the presence of great evils and abuses which call for immediate reform of some kind, a scheme such as I advocate should at once be adopted, unless something better can be proposed.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

JULIAN STURGIS

I

TH**ERE** are now many writers—and their number seems to be increasing—in whose hands the art of writing becomes a very grim one. The idea of saying or describing something for the pleasure of doing so lingers here and there, but it is not as strong as it used to be. Writing now ranks as skilled labour; it is no longer for amateurs; if amateurs still practise it, they do not regard themselves as such. One man sets to work in the morning to make steel plates, and another to write novels; and if the novelist has not yet reached the standard of the mechanic, it is not because he considers his trade demands less precision, less accuracy of measurement and nicety of line, than the other. This is all very different from what it was; the artisan was once less neat and rigid in his work, but his work had a grace and individuality which it has not now; the writer, too, worked with happy insouciance, but managed to leave on his productions the sweet glow of life, which is the only thing that can prevent a book from being forgotten. It is not that this magical quality is now undervalued, or that any one imagines it can be produced by correctly following the rules; but the mere fact that books are now written by “taking thought,” enormously increases the difficulty of getting the fresh living idea into words without crushing and thumbing it. And so it is that so many of even the better class of books now written are like plums, that

instead of being left to bulge luxuriously in the sun, have been examined and pinched and fingered till they have lost that clear, clean bloom that no device can restore.

Among books such as these, the novels of Julian Sturgis have a peculiar zest and charm. Such a light hand, such a sensitive touch, has produced them that they reach the reader in all their morning scent and colour. The story grew, bright and significant, in the writer's mind, the attractive figures, the queer characteristic types, moved and talked, and without any stereotyping of the life and motion, without any thickening of the lucid air, the words were found for it all, and the book written. I do not imply that the construction is careless, which is far from being the case, though there will be more to be said on the point presently; but it is this absence of strain, this clearness and ease, that give the books part of their especial charm. Tennyson spoke of certain writers as moving in a wide sea of glue; and there are others who work in a medium of sand and chopped straw. But others are able to move in a clean violet light, quite unmarred by the earthly hand of technique; and it is hardly too much to say of the author of "Stephen Calinari" that he was one of them.

Charm, however, which is the evasive note that has to be insisted on in speaking of Julian Sturgis's writings, cannot be identified as easily as this. Beside the rare gift of unimpeded expression, there are still essential qualities, of the mind and spirit, that must be there: some brightness and romance of sentiment, some especially vivid sympathy with life. It will, I think, be found that these qualities are never absent in the books under consideration. There is no very wide range of subject, and even within the chosen field, curiously definite limitations are imposed. The theme taken is nearly always that of the young man passing through spring weather along the primrose path—which is not all primrose, but often hindered by thorns and briers—that leads through school and college to maturity and the free outside world. This is a subject which many people seem to think themselves able to handle, but it requires in reality the rarest capacities. The

young cannot do it, and the old do not know anything about it—"si jeunesse pouvait, si vieillesse savait"—such, it may be said, is the general rule; but Julian Sturgis not only could do it as a young man, for "John-a-Dreams" was his first published book, but also he never forgot: "Stephen Calinari," his latest, has lost nothing of the freshness of insight and sympathy of the earlier book, and the earlier has very nearly the firmness of touch of the later.

The gift of sympathy with immaturity, with crudeness gradually ripening, with vagueness gradually concentrating—in the convenient German phrase, with the "werdende Mensch,"—is rarer even than the rare gift of sympathy with children. Childishness has such grace, such originality, such queer depths of imagination, that it is naturally more attractive than the wayward, yeasty whirlpools of thought and feeling in which the human being revolves between the stages of boy and man. Keats is, perhaps, of all people the one who has spoken in the truest and most touching way of this period; but he was barely out of it when he wrote the preface to "Endymion," and was not likely to speak unfeelingly. People who in after years retain any recollection of it, usually adopt a very different attitude. "Suave mari magno" may be the explanation of it; it is certainly true that the habit of "beaming through spectacles" on the perturbations of the young, that is supposed to sit so gracefully on middle age, is generally combined with a patronising complacency that many people must in their time have found galling. There is nothing of this in Julian Sturgis. He pays his inexperienced and enthusiastic heroes, Irvine Dale, Philip Lamond, Stephen Calinari, and the rest, exactly the compliment they would most have appreciated. He takes them seriously; he banters them, he challenges them with delightful raillery, but all the while he is on their side against the people "who stiffen in their middle age."

There, then, is a further explanation of the charm of these books, their atmosphere of the thrilling dewy morning, their romantic sympathy with youth, far too fresh and humorous ever to degenerate into sentimentalism, which is another

quagmire into which writers on such subjects usually fall. This latter point is especially noteworthy in one whose plastic sense is almost Greek in its responsive vividness. The instinct for beauty in all forms is to be seen on every page; his many pictures of Oxford and Oxford life have a radiance worthy of that flower of cities, and in several of his books there are Italian landscapes and glowing southern figures that reflect the sweet brilliant light with peculiar richness. But this keen sensibility to beauty of form is salted with an honesty and candour that keep it always fresh and alert.

It is at Oxford and Eton, or in the goodly English countryside, crowned with summer seas, or in the magic splendours of Venice, that the writer most willingly lingers; but in London, too, to which he often returns, he finds a fresh attraction. It is London on a June morning that he delights in, with gay window-boxes and streets washed by the night's rain. Here is to be found every variety of quaint and entertaining humanity, the æsthete, the valiant dowager, the butcher-poet, the duchess determined to be original, the Bohemian determined to be fashionable, the beautiful girls, as merry and gracious as young Rosalinds and Violas—the whole gay, variegated life, that makes our hero forget his sulky morbidities and extravagances, charmed in spite of himself by such sparkle and flash; all this is touched in the lightest possible manner, with delicious humour. The London scenes in "John-a-Dreams," in "The Folly of Pen Harrington," in "Stephen Calinari," may be singled out as admirable examples of this tender sunny view of London, sketched in the fewest words, yet with perfect precision of line, worth volumes of the ordinary solemn or sarcastic or meretricious descriptions of the London "season."

So our Irvine or our Stephen passes on, growing gradually in wisdom, gradually finding himself, little by little reaching his stature, till the great thing comes that he has heard of, seen from far off, hoped for, yet perhaps hardly believed in—he finds the completion of himself in the maiden who becomes his wife; and strangely enough, here, at the point at which the realities of life, as they are generally considered, begin, where the gay

and simple prologue is over, and the stern tragic drama opens—here our author leaves us, and we get no more from him. He will not lift that veil, and we must supply the rest for ourselves. Passion, the joy and pain that cleave to the foundation of existence, the fiercer struggles and more lasting scars of manhood, he will not write of; here we are excluded from our Stephen's mind, and are only allowed to watch him through his mother's eyes as he crosses the green garden to the figure by the sundial.

It is easy to see why this is so—to recognise the reverence and delicacy that will not lay bare such sacred things; but the fact remains that though a man may refuse to violate this sanctuary, an artist may not. In Mrs. Browning's poem the great god Pan cut a tall green reed from the river, and hacked and hewed it, tearing off its leaves and drawing out its pith; then, and not till then, could he make music out of it. Such seems to be the bitter fact—that a man must be torn and stripped before an artist can be made; and it is thus far, and only thus, that Julian Sturgis must be called an amateur.

Within the limits that he so carefully marked out for himself, his work is nothing less than admirable. His firm seizing of his point of view, his intimate knowledge of the people with whom he has to deal, the refreshing sense that life has forced its way into words, and has not merely been laboriously written round, his limpid style, as exquisite in his occasional political and economic writings as in his creative work—even in his earliest books there is no amateurishness in all this. What he touched he did well; the bold task of adapting Scott and Shakespeare for opera he accomplished with delicate tact and judgment, and though his few published poems are slightly inconclusive and wanting in concentration, they have an airy grace that is all their own.

There is always a danger in speaking of a writer of this kind, of representing him as a trifler with literature, a Harold Skimpole, who refuses to be treated as a serious writer because he knows it is not in his power to be one. Such an idea as this in connection with Julian Sturgis would be totally false. It is

true he seems to work by felicitous instinct rather than by tape and foot-rule; but no good book, not the *Odyssey*, not *Twelfth Night*, not Boswell's *Johnson*, is written by instinct alone. It is only the author who knows what thought and labour and experiment have combined to train that instinct; and if, after all, no smell of the lamp clings to the book, that is the last triumph of the artist.

It is the enjoyment with which he writes, and no laxity of workmanship, that separates Julian Sturgis from the sad self-conscious writers alluded to a few pages ago. His method is one of great freedom and spontaneity, and though of the school of Fielding and Thackeray, does not draw much from either; indeed, it is to the dewdrop sparkle and fresh laughter of *As You Like It* and *Much Ado About Nothing* that he seems to owe the most; it is in that bright world that he loves to move. Comedy is his domain—that true comedy, that is mostly now replaced by farce or by drawing-room sentimentalism. Comedy is a very delicate medium; it hovers like a butterfly over a flower, takes one draught of sweetness, and is gone to another. Its movements are the lightest possible; yet, though like *Camilla* it hardly bends the grasses under its feet, it has moments of bewildering insight, revealing the tender spirit beneath. This authentic soul of comedy is to be found in nearly all Julian Sturgis's novels: in "John-a-Dreams," his first published book, in which his sensitive, allusive style is seen already perfectly mature; in "Little Comedies," a book that contains some of his most delicate and characteristic writing; in "An Accomplished Gentleman," an admirable study of shallow literary pomposity, set in the pearly background of Venice; in "Dick's Wanderings," the story of a typical public school-boy and country squire, who will not relapse into the opinions and pursuits that in England are ready-made for such; in "The Folly of Pen Harrington," a picture of the artificial eccentricity that in certain parts of London so often does duty for originality, sketched with fine humour and just sufficient malice; in "Stephen Calinari," his latest and best, which takes the experience of the clever, un-

satisfied young hero a little deeper than is his wont—all these pleasant books, and others, are continually illuminated by the ready sympathy and wit and insight of the writer. The result is, that a very definite *personality* pervades them all; they come from a living hand, not from a shorn reed, through which anything and everything blows into music. The curtain that hides the innermost altar that hand will not draw aside. But it is only the impersonal writer, the artist, in the stern modern sense of the word, who really does this, though there are many hysterical voices who, without doing so, yet delight to shout aloud what it is that is hidden. The writer of these books does neither. He takes you through bright lawns and sunny courts; he leads you up the marble steps; and then he disappears behind the curtain. The rest, the most important part, is for himself alone; but even so, the visitor has had a charming experience.

PERCY LUBBOCK.

II

Pure and beautiful as Julian Sturgis's literary work is, it does not wholly reflect his temperament; indeed, it reflects only one side of it. His work cannot be said to be profound, not because his own nature was not a profound one, but because he had a quiet reticence about the things that lay deepest in his heart. This reticence—and in these days of self-revelation it is a *dulce vitium*—was, perhaps, part of the mark set upon him by his education, which, in spite of the fact that he was an American born, was almost typically English.

He was a characteristic product of Eton and Balliol, so far as his outward training went; and he was not only an Etonian, but he came from that inner fastness, so to speak, of Eton, known to the initiated as Evans's. Evans's still exists under the beneficent sway of the gracious lady who gives her name to the House. It is the last of the so-called Dame's Houses. A Dame, in old Eton parlance, might be of either sex, but the essence of the position was that the Dame in

former days had no teaching connection with the school, but simply held a domestic authority, subordinate only to the Headmaster. When Julian Sturgis was at Eton, the House was nominally governed by Mr. William Evans, father of Miss Evans, an artist of considerable power, and a man of much character. But he was in weak health, and only exercised a species of constitutional monarchy.

The House was and is larger than most Eton houses, containing nearly fifty boys, and was, at the time that Julian Sturgis was a member of it, remarkable for the number of vigorous personalities to be found among the boys. The dynasty of Lyttelton, that band of brothers who have since won high distinction, was in the ascendant. The House was to a great extent governed by the boys, and under this despotic yet liberal constitution, Julian Sturgis grew to maturity. Then, though perhaps less than now, a boy's social influence largely depended upon his athletic prominence. Julian Sturgis became a notable athlete; he was Captain of the School Football Eleven, and distinguished himself as a jumper and runner. At Balliol he rowed in the College Boat, and might have figured in the University Eight but for parental remonstrance.

But Julian Sturgis gained and kept, in spite of his strong athletic bent and social popularity, what boys in that vigorous yet narrow atmosphere are apt to miss—a belief in ideas. He did not do much in the schools at Oxford, because his pursuits were varied, and he followed his own literary bent too much. But he acquired a solid knowledge of, and a vivid interest in, academical subjects, such as history and political economy; and he became an essentially well-educated man, with a lively taste for intellectual things, a mind open to big questions, conscious of the stir of political forces, sensible, balanced, intelligent.

He travelled much, and was interested in art and kindred subjects; but life and character and national atmosphere appealed to him more than archæology and tradition. He became thoroughly open-minded, and got rid of the insular

and provincial point of view that characterises the ordinary Briton. But if he was touched by conventionality, it was in this respect—that his education gave him a strong sense of propriety, and a dislike of the affected or superior point of view. The result was that in his writing he hardly let himself go. The deeper forces of life, the secret energies of the soul, seemed to him things to be experienced rather than to be glibly discussed and written about; he had, indeed, a virginal delicacy of mind; and in an age when shamelessness is held to be virile, and lawless impulse has stepped out of the shadow, he preserved a chastity and purity of thought and outlook, which almost hampered him in his creative work. Certain things seemed to him to be *tacenda*; and he could not even bring himself even to hint at what he so instinctively disliked, and what was so entirely absent from his own life and thoughts.

The literary work, then, of Julian Sturgis is a mere reflection, brilliant but superficial only, of his mind and heart. And yet literature proved for him a school in which he learnt a deep and far-reaching lesson of character. Successful, in a sense, as he was with his writings, he had dreamed of making a still larger mark, and wielding a mightier influence than he found himself able to achieve. This failure, or seeming failure, was at times a very poignant disappointment to him. He was conscious of diligence, of perseverance, of a power of expression patiently acquired, of sincerity and vigour of thought; and yet he proved powerless to do more than attract that smaller circle of readers who could appreciate charm and distinction. I do not think he was ever quite aware that it was because he could not speak out. But he bore his disappointment with courage and cheerfulness; and it played its part in moulding the generous and gracious philosophy of life, which he practised in unaffected simplicity.

In his earlier days, after leaving the University, there was, I believe, a certain severity of judgment about him, a certain absorption in his own aims and pursuits. This is not to be wondered at in one who had trodden the dewy field of early life so firmly and blithely; who had found himself from the first admired

and applauded. There was, one hears, a certain restlessness and impatience about him, which did not wholly disappear until he stepped inside the door of experience. It may be said that his marriage brought him face to face with reality; and it was then that a stronger and deeper side of his character was revealed. It is not always easy to predict whether the nearer and simpler horizon of domestic life will bring satisfaction to one who has lived with zest and enjoyment the unfettered life of the social world; but in the case of Julian Sturgis, it became clear that he had found his true vocation as a husband and a father. We must not, however gently, draw the veil aside; but all who knew and loved him would agree that his married life was one of the most beautiful that it is possible to imagine; from that time he drew apart to a certain extent from the world, though he never deserted it; but instead of embracing his new duties as many good citizens of social gifts have done, with a certain tranquil resignation, he lived his real life henceforth within the charmed circle, and brought the radiance of his happiness abroad with him legibly written in face and voice. He no longer needed the larger field, the motion, the excitement of life. At first in a quiet home, Elvington, near Dover, and latterly in a pleasant white house, Wancote, which he built for himself on the ridge of the Hog's Back, near Guildford, he lived a simple life of extraordinary happiness, tranquil without being self-centred, and leisurely without being idle. He loved his airy white rooms and the terrace commanding a wide view over pleasant fields and wooded ridges. There he welcomed his friends with that genial serenity and gracious kindness which drew a newcomer at once within the home-circle; he did not desert London; he kept his house there, and visited it at intervals; but it was the simple country life, with open-air pursuits and time for his beloved work, that he treasured most.

It is always a difficult thing to analyse charm, because it seems so evasive a thing; it is not a combination of circumstances or qualities, so much as a distinct ingredient of character. There are faces of which each feature by itself is beautiful, each detail is picturesque, and yet the face, the choir, the scene,

may just lack some gracious harmonising influence, some balance of effect. But as there are personalities which seem to have every capacity for pleasing, except the power to please, so again there are personalities which, by a kind of inner grace, have a power to send a thrill through intercourse, to choirs of which each single voice is admirable, scenes of which quicken interest, to give a zest to life, and to hint at beautiful mysteries lying all about us.

Julian Sturgis had this gift of charm in a high degree. His well-furnished mind, his quick perception, made it easy for him to put himself in line with people of very varied interests. He had that kind of sympathy in talk which does not overwhelm by brilliance, but which draws the best out of the interlocutor, interprets a baffling thought, raises a faltering fancy on to a higher plane. He was not witty so much as humorous; his stories illustrated a passing point, and never relapsed into anecdote; he had a keen appreciation of complexities of character and personality, a tolerant enjoyment of oddity, a generous admiration of originality. He was personal in talk without being egotistical; he claimed no recognition of his own gifts; he had no sense of superiority. One felt in talking to him his keen relish for life and activity; his quiet, almost lazy laugh, seemed to brim over from a great reservoir of contentment; but his happiness was so unselfishly enjoyed, so liberally distributed, that it aroused admiration and never envy. It was never complacent; but one could watch it as one could watch the eager pleasure of a child; and the world seemed a more gracious place which could hold such gentle and tranquil enjoyment. His own interests were so wide that there was no need for him to divert talk into his own channels; he could devote himself without strain to following out the line which others seemed inclined to pursue. And thus it was that he seemed to irradiate a circle with something of his own serene joy; again, he had the great power of being *intime* in talk without sentimentalism; and it was possible to be entirely frank in talking with him, and to say what one really felt and believed, because he had no contempt for other

points of view. He could disagree without despising; he desired to understand and to appreciate; and the result was that many people expanded in his presence, and went away with the happy discovery that they were more interesting than they had been apt to believe.

After all, the real charm was the simplicity of the man; he had no worldliness, no conventionality; he could not understand how people could sacrifice an ideal to the pursuit of wealth or fame. Had he been a poor man he would have worked at his profession with the same tranquillity and diligence that he put into all that he did. He would have accepted his limitations without question; and his work would have been full to the brim with happiness. Those who did not know him might have thought, with Becky Sharp, that it was easy to be virtuous on an assured income; but there was no one who knew Julian Sturgis who could not have unaffectedly declared that he would have been both virtuous and happy, however homely a task he had discharged.

In his consideration for others, his entire freedom from pettiness, in his modesty, his ingenuousness, his wholesome purity of thought and life was revealed one of those natures that seem to raise the possibilities of humanity higher. He could not be untrue to himself; he could not have stooped to any meanness of word or deed, however strong the temptation had been; and the beauty of this was its unconsciousness, for he never thought of himself as different to others; and indeed his belief in others, his trustfulness, his appreciation was the secret of the influence which he possessed, and which he would have been the first to disclaim; and though this charm was perhaps concentrated in his own family circle, yet he carried it abroad with him into any society in which he found himself.

So the good years sped by; and looking back, it all seems to present a record of cloudless and unbroken happiness such as it is given to few to realise.

But it was even so that his truest self came out. All the best things of life, all the things that men agree to think desirable, came to him, not as it were by conquest, but as

by a supreme and easy felicity. He had wealth and leisure, work and success, a large circle of friends, and a happy home. But the most admirable felicity of all was in his own temperament. These blessings flowed in to him, and left him simple, tolerant, generous. He grew more wise and tender every year. The sunshine of life, instead of making him impatient, fretful, self-centred, made him large-minded, compassionate, and loving. He moved from strength to strength. He neither judged nor criticised; he took people as they came, he spoke frankly and unaffectedly, and thus he was one to whom others showed their best side without affectation or unreality. It was natural to him to praise and appreciate because, constrained by the quiet charm of his own nature, his friends showed him all that was praiseworthy and admirable in themselves.

And then the shadow fell; in an illness, which he bore with wonderful patience and fortitude, he spent his last months; and even here his felicity did not desert him, for there was hardly ever a time at which there did not seem to be a favourable prospect of recovery; there were times, indeed, when he was overshadowed by the thought, not so much of death, as of the suspension of his chosen activities. He was not conscious of how much he was needed; but much depended on him as the centre of a home, and the shadow was rather that others might have to bear the burdens he shouldered so easily, than any selfish dread of the cessation of his own happiness. And thus he passed quietly out of life, like one gently summoned rather than one ordered to relinquish delights; and so, though to all who loved him the world that knows him no more must seem a poorer place, yet it is possible with grateful hearts to ponder the memory of a life of supreme felicity, simple, generous, and unstained, unshadowed by care, but still more nobly unshadowed by the taint which so often vitiates the fragrance of good fortune. Here, if ever, was a sweet and noble mind, a stainless example, a gracious and beloved memory.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

HUMANITY

“**E**VER exulting in thyself, on fire
To flaunt the purple of the Universe,
To strut and strut, and thy great part rehearse ;
Ever the slave of every proud desire ;
Come now a little down where sports thy sire !
Choose thy small better from thy abounding worse !
Prove thou thy lordship who had'st dust for nurse,
And for thy swaddling the primeval mire !”
Then stooped our Manhood nearer, deep and still,
As from earth's mountains an unvoyaged sea,
Hushed my faint voice in its great peace until
'T seemed but a bird's cry in Eternity :
And in its future loomed the undreamable ;
And in its past slept simple men like me.

THE HAPPY ENCOUNTER

I SAW sweet Poetry turn troubled eyes
On shaggy Science nosing in the grass,
For by that way poor Poetry must pass
On her long pilgrimage to Paradise.
He snuffled, grunted, squealed, perplexed by flies,
Parched, weather-worn, and near of sight, alas!
From peering close where very little was,
In dens secluded from the open skies.
Yet Poetry in bravery went down
And called his name, soft, clear, and fearlessly ;
Stooped low, and stroked his muzzle overgrown ;
Refreshed his drought with dew ; wiped pure and free
His eyes ; and lo ! laughed loud for joy to see
In those grey deeps the azure of her own.

EV'N IN THE GRAVE

I LAID my inventory at the hand
Of Death, who in his gloomy arbour sate ;
And while he conned it, sweet and desolate
I heard Love singing in that quiet land.
He read the record even to the end—
The heedless, livelong injuries of Fate,
The burden of fear, the burden of love and hate,
The wounds of foe, the bitter wounds of friend :
All, all he read, ay, ev'n the indifference,
The vain talk, vainer silence, hope, and dream :
He questioned me : " What seek'st thou then instead ?"
I bowed my face in the pale evening gleam :
Then gazed he on me with strange innocence,
" Ev'n in the grave thou'lt have thyself," he said.

BRIGHT LIFE

“**C**OME, now,” I said, “put off these webs of death,
Distract this leaden yearning of thine eyes
From lichened banks of peace, sad mysteries
Of dust fall'n-in where passed the fitting breath :
Turn thy sick thoughts from him that slumbereth
In moulder'd linen to the living skies,
The sun's bright-clouded principalities,
The salt deliciousness the sea-breeze hath !
Lay thy warm hand on earth's cold clods and think
What exquisite greenness sprouts from these to grace
The moving fields of summer ; on the brink
Of archèd waves the sea-horizon trace
Whence wheels night's galaxy ; and in silence sink
Thy pride in rapture of life's dwelling-place !”

WALTER J. DE LA MARE.

RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT CARTHAGE

IT is to be regretted that modern criticism refuses credence to the charming story of Dido and her association with the foundation of Carthage. While recent research seems to suggest that the Cretan Labyrinth was no myth at all (or at any rate a fable reared upon a strong substratum of fact), the opposite result has overtaken the Carthaginian legend; and Dido perishes, not in the flames of her funeral pyre, but under the fierce and withering light of historic inquisition. We are to relinquish our faith in the pleasing story of the bull's hide cut into many strips, and to accept Byrsa as being derived from *Bozra*, a Semitic word signifying fortress.

Mr. Bosworth Smith, writing some seventeen years ago, applies to Carthage the memorable words of Gibbon describing Palestine as it has been ever since the Crusades: "A mournful and solitary silence has prevailed along the coast which so long resounded with the world's debate." And to the casual observer these words might seem to apply with equal force to-day.

On this wind-swept peninsula, where four Empires have raised cities which have vanished, whose mosaic floors lie piled one above the other with wide intervals of earth in between, here one sweeping glance will take in almost all there is left to see. The ruins and excavations to the right and left of the Cathedral; the gigantic Cistern, with its marvellous groined

roof going away back into cavernous distance; the ruins of the Roman Basilica, the groups of flat white buildings which shelter the few Arab peasant inhabitants of to-day; and, further away to the left, the Convent built beside the tomb of St. Monica, spot reminiscent of that epoch when Carthage became the centre of African Christianity; and further on that sweet white town sacred to the Arab, which Christian foot seldom defiles, Sidi-bou-Said, which clings like a group of white sea-birds to the side of the red cliff.

Behind the great white Cathedral—the one imposing erection here—over on a lonely little hill stands a solitary cross sacred to the memory of St. Cyprian, who perished on that spot and won his martyr's crown—and lower down beyond the station is the arena where St. Perpetua was devoured by the wild beasts.

In front are the miniature lake and ancient port where the pride and glory of the Phoenician race—their fleet of five hundred ships—was towed out of the harbour and deliberately burned in sight of the citizens by their treacherous and brutal conquerors.

And this apparently is all that remains to-day of the richest city of ancient times, the pioneer of international commerce, who not only held the proud position of mistress of the seas, but also enjoyed a period of uninterrupted prosperity for a period extending over seven hundred years, the story of whose decline and fall alone forms the stateliest of epics. And so when the time-pressed traveller pays his hurried visit here, he may perhaps be pardoned if, after a cursory glance round at things in general, he returns to his carriage and makes straight back for Tunis, revising the time-honoured sentence to "*Deleta est Carthago.*"

In front of the Cathedral, on the brow of the hill, stands enclosed in its garden the Convent and Museum of the White Fathers of Carthage, into whose skilful hands has been entrusted the very careful and painstaking excavations of the treasure-laden soil of the ancient city's site.

Though a missionary community receiving and training continually changing candidates who are drafted south to the desert to teach the heathen the True Faith, and certain manual arts, still the director of the Convent, the Reverend Father Delattre, sees men come and go, and himself remains with a little band to accomplish one of those glorious victories of peace, by patient research, by applied scholarship and by untiring zeal, forcing the past to yield up her secrets, to unfold page by page the mystic scroll of the buried years.

Wherefore behold a change, silent and modest though methodic, and tentative in its beginnings, but pregnant with mighty results, and the Convent Museum which stands where the ancient Phoenician citadel once stood, holds to-day such a precious and unique collection as must command the profoundest admiration and distinguished recognition of the world's *savants*.

In the Museum of Antiquities at Cagliari is another rich and interesting gathering of Punic remains and workmanship, collected in Sardinia alone—an island which would appear to have imbibed and retained a more thoroughly Phoenician character than any of the other Carthaginian territories, not even excluding Cyprus. But the main point of difference between the collection at Cagliari and that at Carthage seems to lie in the fact that the former is of a more or less fixed character, the precious bequest of a few rare souls and the spoils of another district many miles from Cagliari in the north-west of Sardinia, whereas the treasure garnered up at Carthage grows in ever increasing quantity; and the continual record of each find, with its image and superscription, is given to the world through various channels—notably that of the *Comptes Rendus* of the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*.

The systematic excavation of Carthage undertaken on the initiative of Cardinal Lavigerie, and pursued with so much enthusiastic pains by the Reverend Père Delattre, in addition to his unceasing ecclesiastical duties as Arch-Priest of the

Cathedral of St. Louis of Carthage, have occupied a period of upwards of twenty years.

Unquestionably the most fruitful results have been obtained from the cemeteries, Christian, Roman, and Phoenician, and more especially the latter, the oldest of which is the Necropolis of Douïmes.

Anything approaching a summing-up is obviously out of the question in the case of work still in progress. For drawing conclusions and compiling a history of Carthage in the light of modern excavation, the time is necessarily not yet, but meanwhile it may be of interest to recount some of the results obtained from opening up the ancient cemeteries surrounding the Byrsa or citadel, and its environs.

The chief of these are the Christian cemetery of Damous-el-Karita, excavated in 1884. A Roman cemetery of the "Officiales" in 1888, and again in 1895 and 1896. A Jewish cemetery at Gamart in 1895, a Punic necropolis in the flank of St. Louis' Hill, 1891-1892. A Punic necropolis at Douïmes; and lastly, the inexhaustible Punic necropolis near St. Monica's Hill, and the battery of Bord-el-Djedid.

Though the cemetery at Douïmes is considered the oldest of all, we have chosen the next oldest, that of St. Monica's Hill, as offering perhaps a richer variety, if not a rarer and more choice collection, of treasure trove.

Towards the end of November 1897, M. Célérié, Guardian of the Battery of Bord-el-Djedid, in causing a trench to be made to obtain sand, came across traces of Punic sepulture. After making certain investigations, M. Célérié became further convinced of the genuineness of his find, whereupon he communicated the news to the Chaplain of St. Louis, then engaged in excavating the Amphitheatre, the site of Perpetua's death. The Reverend Père Delattre there and then resolved to suspend the work he was engaged upon in order to undertake the exploration of the newly found necropolis. This enterprise has yielded, and up to this present day continues to yield, such happy results that there can scarcely be placed a limit to

the possibilities one may dare to hope for in the future in connection with this subject and the light which may come to shine upon Phœnician origins.

With regard to the marked differences existing between the two cemeteries of Douïmes and Bord-el-Djedid, the Reverend Père Delattre writes :

We are acquainted to-day with the mode of sepulchre in use among the Carthaginians during the seventh and sixth centuries before our era, as well as during the third and second centuries. Then after stating that the *savants* agree in attributing to the second of these two periods the necropolis of St. Monica's Hill, he goes on to say: The two large Punic necropoli which we have explored at Douïmes and near Bord-el-Djedid, offer considerable differences, confirming the gap which seems still to exist in the chronological order of the various modes of Carthaginian sepulture, but he adds the following foot-note: I adopt here the date lately assigned by M. G. Perrett to our two necropoli; I am inclined, nevertheless, to believe that that of Douïmes served as late as the fifth century, while that of Bord Djedid already existed during the fourth century. Thus the interval which separated the end of the first from the commencement of the second could not have been very considerable, and the gap which exists between the funereal appurtenances of the two might be filled up by a study of the necropolis of St. Louis, which does not appear to have been abandoned from the foundation of the city until its destruction by the Romans in 146, and includes in consequence types of sepulture of every epoch.

The most ancient Punic sepultures are characterised by a simple grave, or by caves constructed by large stones, by special funeral accompaniments, by the absence of cremation and that of coins. The less ancient Carthaginian tombs have been hollowed in the rock at the extremity of the region of cemeteries, and that which characterises them above all else is the simultaneous use of inhumation and cremation, as well as the presence of numerous coins.

The more ancient necropolis has furnished us with quantities of hieroglyphics; the less ancient, while containing scarabæi and Egyptian amulets, after a year of excavation has not yielded a single hieroglyphical sign.

The terra cotta figurines taken from Douïmes have moreover either an Egyptian or proto-Corinthian stamp, while those coming from Bord-Djedid show on the contrary an Italo-Greek or Etruscan influence.

So much for the lines of demarcation separating the usages

of one age from another; but before finally dismissing this side of the subject in order to proceed further we may stay to note an interesting coincidence, namely, at the same time that M. Heron de Villefosse received and communicated an account of the first Punic discoveries at Bord-el-Djedid to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, at the port of the ancient *Berytus*, in the dunes which extend to the south of that town between the mountains and the sea, some funeral pits were found enclosing the remains of wooden coffins and jars of Phœnician and even Greek graffites. Perhaps the parent origin of these two necropoli so widely separated, though washed by the waves of the same sea, could not be better demonstrated.

Meanwhile an interesting and somewhat important discovery had been made at Bord-el-Djedid—which went still further towards reviving the bonds between these two distant coasts, namely, a Punic inscription graven in very fine characters on a plaque of whitish stone. It is composed of nine lines enclosed in a cartouche formed by a raised rim which frames the front of the stone, and proved to be a votive offering to Ashtoreth and Tanith. It is the longest and most important that has been met with at Carthage up to the present moment, Unfortunately it is incomplete.

MM. de Vogüé, Phillip Berger, and Clermont Ganneau have all studied it, and the conclusions arrived at by the latter seem to show that it belongs to the epoch when Carthage was independent and is a dedication to Ashtoreth and Tanith of Lebanon of two new sanctuaries and their entire contents, and gives an enumeration, unfortunately incomplete, of objects manufactured and sculptured, of sacred vessels, possibly of altars placed before the sanctuaries, and it finishes with a date indicated by the name of the month of Higar and the names of the magistrates. Their list is long and apparently arranged in hierarchic order.

First come the *suffetes*, supreme magistrates of the city, then persons simply designated by the title *Rab*, members, no

doubt, of the Senate, then the high priests, sons themselves and grandsons of high priests, lastly a magistrate whose function remains to be determined.

The inscription commences with these words, "To the Goddess Ashtoreth and to the Goddess Tanith of Lebanon, two new sanctuaries." This is a sufficiently interesting commencement, and reveals an unexpected fact, since up till that moment it was usual to confound Ashtoreth with Tanith. M. Phillip Berger advances the suggestion that these two divinities might correspond with Demeter and Persephone, that is to say, Ceres and Proserpina.

The inscription goes on to enumerate the contents of these sanctuaries and all things pertaining to them, columns and sculptures, works in gold, stairs, steps, barriers of enclosing walls, &c.

M. Clermont Ganneau fills in the gaps of the text, and makes the first part to read thus :

"And in like manner they (the people of Carthage) have surrounded with an enclosure the Chomerat (or the Chomerots) in order to (protect) the hill of . . ."

From the fifth line he goes on to decipher thus :

"And the expense has been entirely borne by the people of Carthage from the greatest to the least. Made in the month of Haijar, the suffetes being Abd-el-Melkart and . . ."

Here the name of the second suffete is missing. The Carthaginian year was indicated by the name of the supreme magistrates or suffetes in charge, just as, later on, the Roman year was designated by the name of the two consuls.

At the sixth line M. Clermont Ganneau reads, "The suffetes being Chophet and Hanno"—and here the learned epigraphist finds cause for rejoicing, for he takes it that there are here two dates given, which he looks upon as forming the first step in Punic chronology, since for the first time it is possible to establish, at an unknown distance, it is true, two suffetic years in relative order.

The rest of the inscription names civil and religious



Architectural Fragments—*Temple of Ceres, Carthage*

functionaries in charge during the construction of the two sanctuaries. First comes the *Rab* Abd-el-Melkart, son of Magon, who possibly may be identified with the chief of the famous Council of the Hundred, who administered the affairs of Carthage. The other persons named on the stone are Azrubaal, son of Chopet, the high priest, which would seem to indicate that the function was hereditary; then lastly, a person of the name of Akboram, son of Hannibaal, whom M. Clermont Ganneau takes to be a master builder, and M. Phillip Berger, a questor. The last-mentioned *savant* was of opinion that the stone has been found in the neighbourhood of the Temple of Ceres, and subsequent discoveries would seem to have added strength to his surmise.

In the course of excavating this spot there next came to light the stumps of fluted columns of Numidian marble, and other architectural fragments, likewise of marble and of a beautiful style, such as bases and capitals, cornices, pilasters, and capitals of pilasters, and numerous fragments of inscriptions sufficient to indicate the presence of a sanctuary at some former time, and in addition a statue of Ceres in a fine state of preservation, laden with fruit (grapes, figs, and bananas), and bearing a wheatsheaf, the habitual attribute of this divinity, who was surnamed the "Goddess of the Harvest."

A beautiful classic head of the goddess was likewise found here, veiled and crowned with wheat-ears; then came some curious fragments, apparently portions of a large marble serpent or dragon, on which strode a tiny cupid, portions only of the little body and limbs remaining, and another stump belonging to the region of the reptile's head, and bearing wings.

On finding these Père Delattre says he no longer retained a single doubt that these fragments belonged to certain winged serpents or dragons driven by small cupids, which drew the car of Ceres, since it is thus, according to the fable, that the goddess is represented going to search for her daughter Proserpina, whom Pluto had borne off to dwell with him in Hades.

It was often the custom in Roman times to confide the sacerdotal ministry of Ceres to matrons of the upper classes, whose office lasted for one year; and M. Delattre mentions that in an epitaph from Carthage which was acquired by the British Museum from Mr. Davis, the word *Cerealis* is given as a cognomen or possibly a title to a woman of Carthage.

The *ludi cereales* consisted chiefly of processions in which nuts and dried peas were thrown to the crowd, and curiously enough an egg was solemnly borne as a symbol of the earth which Ceres had been obliged to overrun, in searching for her daughter Proserpina, a proof that the ancients were acquainted with the real form of our planet.

It was at the commencement of the fourth century before our era that the Carthaginians, frightened by their reverses in Sicily, and attributing them to the vengeance of the goddesses Demeter and Persephone, because the army had violated and ravaged their temple at Syracuse, resolved to introduce them into their pantheon. They raised statues to them, and, in order to render themselves favourable to the goddesses, they essayed to honour them with the pomps and rites of Greek sacrifices. In addition they gave the care of their cult to Greek priests.

The panic which was a prelude to the establishment of the cult of Ceres and Proserpina at Carthage, and the influence which the Greek priests exercised on the manners of the Carthaginians, seems both to explain and admit of the dating of the unexpected appearance of the custom of burning the dead and enclosing their calcined and broken bones in little stone chests.

The necropolis of Douïmes, which dates approximately from the end of the seventh century to the first years of the fifth century, has furnished scarcely an example of cremation in upwards of a thousand sepulchres visited, whilst the pits and funeral chambers hollowed in the massive rock where was raised in the Roman epoch, according to these authorities, the *fanum* of Ceres—contains, almost exclusively, urns with

calcined bones. There have been found as many as eight or ten in one chamber, and up to the present moment the total reaches 400. The custom of cremation seems indeed to have been introduced suddenly into Carthage at the epoch when the Greek priests, charged with the cult of Ceres and Proserpina, exercised their influence on the manners and religion of the Carthaginians.

But above and beyond any other finds those which bear the most distinctive *cachet* are the beautiful and curious engraved hatchet razors, the exact counterparts of which are not, up to this present, forthcoming from any other quarter of the globe.

In every instance the engraving bears a distinctly Egyptian character, and the handle is invariably shaped in the form of a swan's head and neck. To the unskilled eye these flaky blades, notwithstanding their delicacy of form, appear to be little more than a mass of verdigris; but a patient and minute antiquary, the Marquis d'Anselme de Puisaye, has brought to light the true meaning of the scarcely discernible lines.

A very perfect specimen bears on one side a man's upright form turned to the right, the left leg advanced, dressed in a kind of skirt decorated with *motifs* in the form of crosses. The neck is adorned with a collar. In the left hand he bears a palm towards which he is holding up his right hand in a gesture of adoration.

Beneath his feet, a line of oval shapes completes the scheme of decoration.

The reverse bears the form of another person wearing the double Egyptian crown, and a collar also adorns his neck. He, too, lifts his hand in adoration, but in this instance the palm is an entire tree and placed at some distance from him. The following is the description of another specimen given by Père Delattre himself:

Here is a new specimen. It is a razor found more than ten years since in the Punic necropolis at Byrsa. On one face it bears a sort of palm or water lily with lotus flowers, surmounted by two hawks bearing Egyptian crowns and facing each other. At the foot of the sacred tree are two birds resembling

herons, cranes or ibises. The reverse bears a representation of peculiar interest, which is further augmented by a Punic inscription comprising a dozen letters.

On presenting the photograph of this precious piece of archæology to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, at the meeting of the 22nd September, 1899, M. Heron de Villefosse gave the following description of it, which he accompanied with the following learned commentary:—

Beneath the inscription is depicted a bull, lying with his two front legs folded under his body. A bird attacking a serpent is perched on the back of the animal, who seems otherwise pre-occupied.

The origin of this curious representation is to be sought for in the East, and no doubt as far as Chaldaea. Some bone combs decorated with an analogous scene at Carthage and in the South of Spain. Thus we do find attested the commercial predominance of the Phoenicians throughout the basin of the Mediterranean.

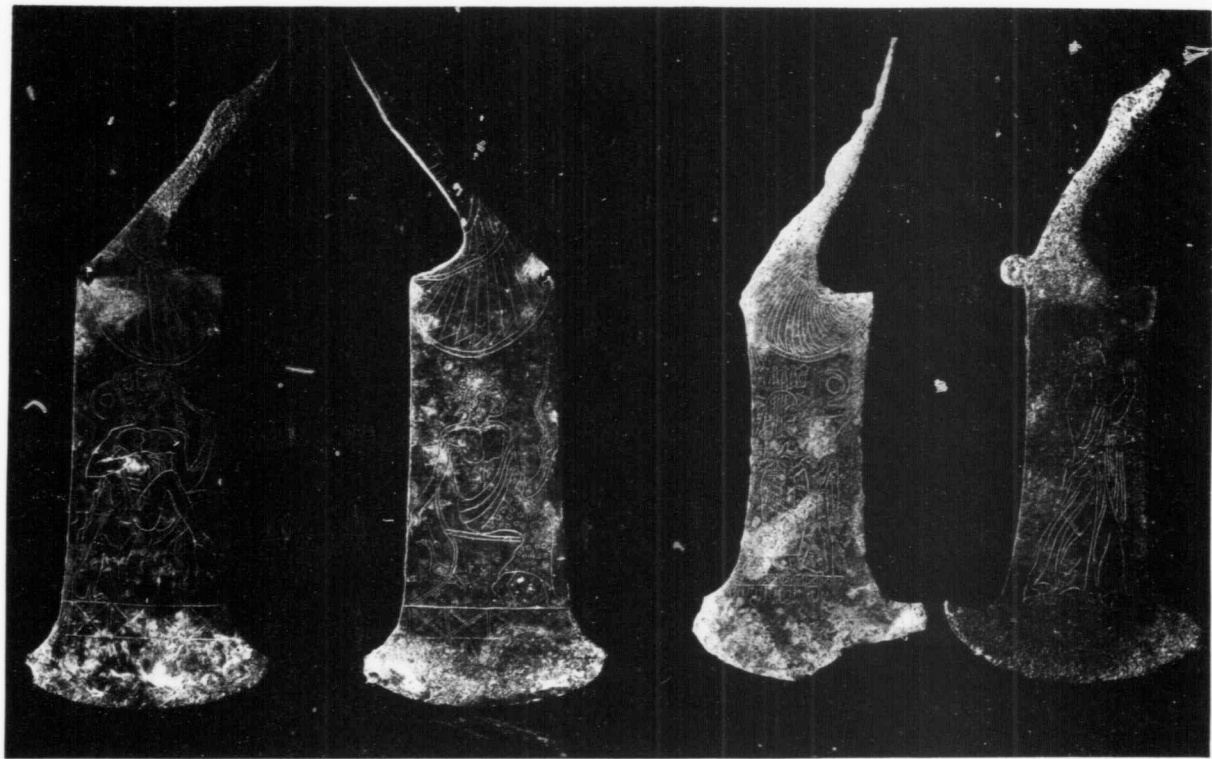
It is certainly a very interesting *à propos* of the bird perched on the bull's back, to recall the celebrated bas-relief of *Taurus Trigaranus*, which decorates one of the altars discovered in Paris in 1711, under the Choir of Notre Dame, and preserved to-day in the Musée de Cluny. One sees there cranes perched on the back of a bull, but instead of the animal lying down, it is upright and adorned for the sacrifice. On the blade of Carthage a bee or large fly is engraved at the left of the inscription—one of its wings being overlapped by the tail of the bird.

This bronze blade was found at Byrsa, on July 31st, 1889. Preserved in the Musée de St. Louis at Carthage, it there hid its secret for ten years under a thick oxydised coating. It was the skilful and delicate hand of the Marquis d'Anselme de Puisaye which knew how to reveal it to us.

As to the inscription, M. Phillipe Berger notices that the writing is archaic and analogous to some ancient Phoenician inscriptions of Egypt of the epoch of Psammeticus.

The learned epigraphist there deciphered the name Arbarbaal, son of Asar, preceded by a word the meaning of which he could not determine. One is asked whether one might attribute to these little monuments a votive character or simply recognise in them an instrument of special use. Many of my *confrères* who have sojourned in the interior of Africa, particularly the Equatorial regions, Upper Congo and Tanganyika, have assured me that the blacks of this district use razors having the form of our little hatchets.

This assertion has led me to see in these objects genuine razors, and this



Engraved Hatchet Razors found in the Punic Necropolis, Byrsa

opinion has been admitted by the *savants*. Possibly these instruments formed part of the paraphernalia of Phoenician worship, since there have been discovered in the ruins of Carthage Voting Offerings of the Sacred Barbers, and in an inscription from Cyprus we see *tonsures* forming part of the *personnel* of the Temple of Astarte.

We have here, perhaps, an explanation both of our razors in the form of a hatchet and of the frequent presence of those scissors (*forcipes*) in the tombs of the necropolis which we are exploring.

The razors are perhaps the most interesting as they are indeed among the rarest of the finds.

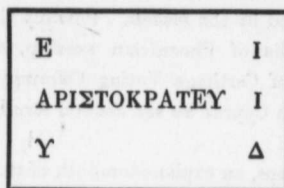
A certain tribute of Carthaginian spoil finds its way to the Museum at Bardo, the Official Palace of the Bey of Tunis; and here one notes, as in the Musée St. Louis, that there is no plethora of these little bright green hatchet razors.

As for pottery and potter's marks, the subject is so wide that only a touch at the fringe of this extensive theme can be aimed at here.

[Of potter's marks the Chaplain of St. Louis writes]:

We collect and publish with care these little monuments which at first sight appear insignificant, but in archæology there is nothing insignificant, the smallest potsherd, as soon as one can by dint of a long series of observations, recognise its origin and assign to it a date, becomes a scientific element enlightening a discovery. The Musée Lavigerie de St. Louis possesses hundreds of potter's marks of all epochs. When these inscriptions shall have become embodied in the *Corpus Inscriptionum of Berlin*, which publishes all Greek and Latin Ceramic texts collected throughout the world, some interesting conclusions will be opened out, not only as touching the history of pottery and epigraphy, but also, and above all, that of the great commercial currents of which Carthage constituted the point of departure.

He mentions elsewhere "the clay handle of a Rhodian amphora with a circular potter's mark ornamented with a rose, symbol of the Isle of Rhodes, which took its name from the abundance and beauty of the roses which its soil produced." Again he notes "the handle of a Rhodian amphora and another of a Punic amphora, each with its mark." The Greek stamp is 87 millimetres long and 15 wide. I reproduce it here.



Albert Dumont gives a similar mark (*Inscr. ceramique de la Grèce*, page 84, No. 61). But he shows at each corner of the seal a star of four rays; in our example I recognise rather the letters.

It is impossible to enumerate, far less to describe within the straitened scope of a review, the diverse forms of the vases and other pottery found in this Punic cemetery, for their name is legion; but though there are Greek, Roman and Etruscan types met with in abundance, testifying to the widespread commerce of Carthage, the pottery which belongs to Phoenician invention is no doubt represented by the curious amphora with long stems, instead of the usual conic base. Evidently they were intended to be held by this form of handle, as a torch would be held, and were destined for religious use.

In Roman ceremonials it was forbidden to deposit on the ground the vases containing the liquid destined for the sacrificial rites.

Probably this was also the case among the Carthaginians, and the vases were thus constructed to facilitate their tenure.

Of the vases it will for the present suffice to repeat the description of one interesting specimen which the Reverend Père Delattre gives in his account of the work done during April, May and June, 1898, in this necropolis at Bord-el-Djedid.

The most remarkable finds were two terra cotta pieces, a small vase and a figurine, both of them decorated with painting. The vase is a lecythos of very fine earth; the convexity, of oval form, is surmounted by a narrow neck. A slender handle takes up the back of the vase, which is decorated with a palm leaf met by two half-leaves which over-reach it in height. But it is the painting on the front of this vase which is especially interesting. One sees here, a woman seated on a stool receiving from a slave the finishing

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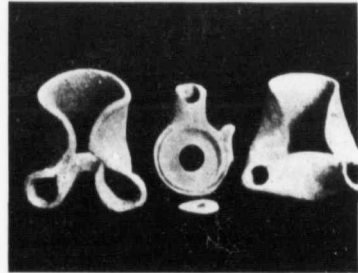
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1. Painted Etruscan Terra-Cotta Vases from necropolis at Bord-el-Djedid. 2. Roman Lamp. 3. Christian Lamp. 4. Three Lamps, one Greek and two Punic in form

touches to her toilet. The *coiffure* is completed, the arms are already adorned with bracelets, the right ear has its earring, and the maid is helping her mistress to pass the second pendant into the left ear.

The slave herself, placed on the left and seen in profile, also wears bracelets and earrings. On the right, in the background, appears a band of stuff finished at each end by a fringe, and some lines.

The artist, perhaps, wished to represent a girdle. This scene has an astonishing realism. The drawing is perfect; the pose and movements have a quite remarkable naturalness; the expression is living. The matron, her gaze fixed on the slave, seems to betray an apprehension of pain, and to say to the one helping her, "Oh don't hurt me!"

One could not wish for a picture more full of life. At first sight the two figures appear to be painted in a light tone on a black ground of metallic reflectiveness. Nothing of the kind. The artist, after having determined by drawing the position of his models, has painted the outline in black. He has done the same with the palm leaves, filling with the same colour the whole remaining ground.

The black colour has again served him to fix with excessively fine touches and lines the features of the faces and the details of the garments. This system of painting *in reserve* upon the light tone of the clay displays great art in the painter who has decorated this vase. To complete the effect he has employed white. With this he has entirely painted the stool on which the matron is sitting. The same colour has served to indicate a slight cap on the head of the two women, likewise the earrings, bracelets, borders, fringes and lines which finished the two ends of the band of stuff mentioned further back.

Finally, behind the slave in the background appear six or seven little touches arranged in a vertical line and diminishing in size until the lowest and last is scarcely perceptible. The scene depicted on our lecythe is truly a work of art. Several *savants* have thought that the greater part of the painting thus executed on antique vases, particularly on Greek ceramics, reproduced the pictures of celebrated painters. The painting on our vase, dating back to more than 2000 years, has perhaps preserved to us the copy of a picture of one of those great masters.

This cemetery seems to enclose a most representative display of the various forms in which defunct humanity may be committed to the dust. Here are found the little stone chests which contain, not only the ashes of the corpse, but likewise traces of his vesture and the money placed on his person, together with other mysterious accompaniments, the exact reason of whose presence has not entirely been deter-

mined upon, and which have all been burnt together. Then come the wooden coffins in large quantities in various stages of preservation or decomposition.

In the Musée de St. Louis is preserved a large coffin hollowed out from the bole of a cedar tree, containing a perfect skeleton embedded in resin, and it is interesting to speculate whether this resin was poured over the corpse after the latter was placed in the coffin, or whether the simple, natural plan was adopted of allowing the sweet resinous sap, the *λιβανος* of the Wise Men, to flow from the wounded cedar wood, enfolding the corpse in a fragrant shroud of incense.

Then come the sarcophagi of stone and white marble, six of the latter having come to light during the year 1902, and among these last are to be included the crowning surprise of the year, namely, two very beautiful, very perfectly preserved and most characteristic, anthropoid sarcophagi, the one of a Carthaginian priest and the other of a contemporary priestess.

Truly this sweet priestess need not fear to take her place in the ranks of classic loveliness. The dove she is holding in her right hand might be taken as a symbol of her own gentle beauty and serious sweetness. From across the gulf of the centuries she looks down on those who have taken her from her tomb, with a look of such ineffable sweetness as seizes the imagination and holds it in reverie.

She lies extended on her sarcophagus, which is painted all over with the most brilliant colours, which are still further enhanced by the addition of gilding. She wears the costume of the great Egyptian goddess Isis and Nephtys, the body being hidden by the two wings of the sacred vulture which enfold the hips and cross in front, thus arching their extremities in such a fashion as to give to the lower part of the body almost the aspect of the tail of a fish. The vulture's head appears surmounting her head-dress, and a short veil falls on each shoulder, leaving free the brow surrounded by close curls, the full calm face, the throat and the ears bearing rings.

The bosom is draped with a slight, veil-like fabric, sym-

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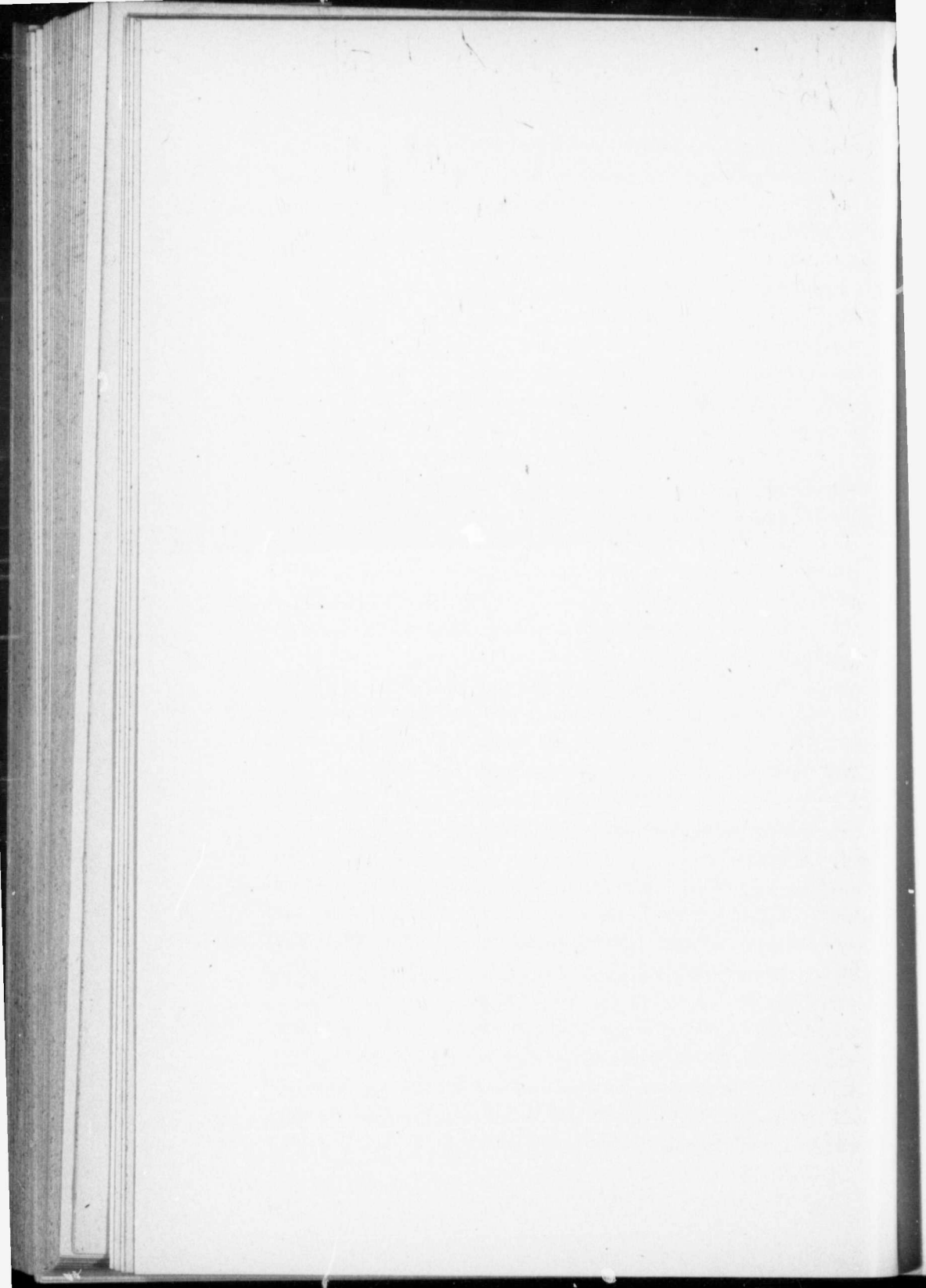
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Figure of Carthaginian Priest on Sarcophagus : (1) Front view ; (2) In profile



metrically and beautifully folded and attached by two brooches to a wide golden collar band, while the same piece of fabric continues from the girdle to the feet, so exquisitely chiselled, which appear from beneath the robe and between the two great wings.

Surely here is a pure type of Phoenician womanhood. That majestic calm, which is the outward and visible sign of the highest courage within, accords well with all we are told of the women of Carthage, of their bearing and enduring, in that most terrible siege which tried and proved them valiant unto death.

A large hole was found in the upper end of the lid of this sarcophagus, and on opening it a femur was found near the skull, indicating only too clearly that the tomb had long since been rifled by the Arabs. They had left twenty-one bronze coins, which possibly they considered too unimportant to take, but the entire absence of silver or gold coins in any of the coffins or ossuaries leads one to wonder whether this deplorable practice was the cause.

However, it is possible to attribute other reasons for the exclusive presence of bronze coins, which appear by hundreds and even thousands, sometimes well preserved and with the head of Persephone or Astarte clearly defined on the one side, and the galloping Phoenician horse on the reverse; sometimes, on the other hand, stuck together into a green and solid lump by oxydation.

One hypothesis is that the golden rings found in some of these tombs were possibly coins in their primitive form, and used as such by the Carthaginians, even as the Egyptians before they introduced stamped golden coins made use of golden rings for the purpose of exchange.

Three of these golden rings were found in the sarcophagus of the priest, which was discovered beside that of the priestess. Their position deserves to be noticed. On the right side of the skull, at the bottom of the coffin, lay two of these rings, and the third was found on the left side.

A curious terra cotta masque, discovered six years ago and preserved in the Musée Lavigerie, represents the head of a man wearing bronze rings in his ears and a leaden or silver ring in his nose, analogous to the "Nezem" or nose-ring of the Hebrews.

Until this mask was discovered, it was thought that the nose-ring was entirely relegated to women. Now, however, in view of the fact that they evidently were also worn by men, an interesting speculation arises as to whether perhaps our priest wore them too, and whether in course of decomposition the nose-ring slipped down to the right and joined the ear-ring.

The skeleton, as is almost invariably the case, retained the shrunken remains of an envelopment of resin. On the neck a tiny cylindrical box had become oxydised to the breast bone, and on removing it the fork of the sternum came away with it. But the box itself, after very short exposure, crumbled to atoms, leaving revealed twenty-five bronze coins.

The ring finger of the right hand bore a beautiful signet-ring entirely of gold, engraved on the bezel, of which was a profile head with hair and beard crisply curled. So close is the resemblance of this head to that sculptured on the lid of the sarcophagus, as to leave no doubt that we have here two accurate portraits of the defunct priest.

The sculptor has revealed a man of great character and dignified presence. The features are well accentuated, the brow slightly wrinkled, the ears are small, and the eyes, whose irises still retain traces of colour, gaze straight forward with a reality and solemnity which is almost startling, and this impression is by no means diminished by the attitude of the right hand, raised in benediction.

He wears a tunic with short sleeves and over this falls a *loga*, terminated by a fringe. In his left hand he bears a perfume or incense vase. His marble robe and that of the priestess both have a rosy tinge in parts, due, perhaps, to the action of that all-pervading Phoenician red with which the

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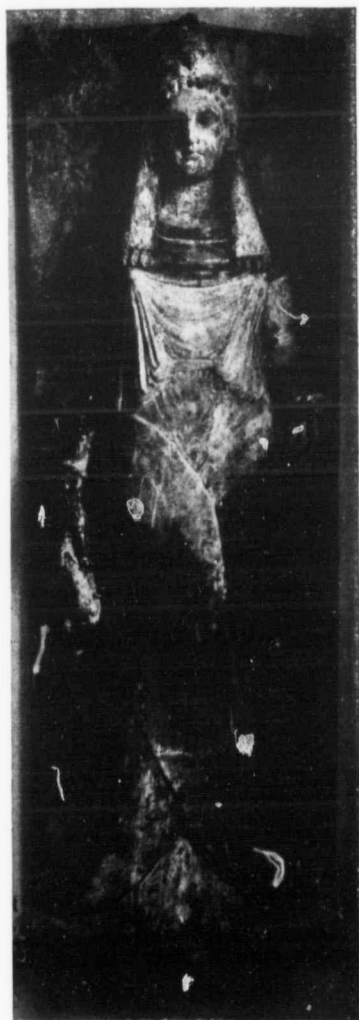


Figure of Carthaginian Priestess
on Sarcophagus, with wings
of Sacred Vulture



Figure of Carthaginian Lady
on Sarcophagus



interiors of the coffins and the walls of the tombs were so frequently painted. This vivid scarlet, which they knew how to obtain from certain molluscs, especially from *Murex trunculus* and *Murex brandaris*, became so entirely their own national colour, that in order to intimate to a slave that he should have his back reddened with the cuts of a lash, he was told that his skin would wear a Phoenician or Punic tint. *Fiet tibi puniceum corium.* (*Plautus. Rudens*, 1906.)

The same writer in one of his vanished comedies bearing the title of "*Coecus*," composed, it is said, to satisfy the bitter hatred of the Romans against Carthage, mentions in the only two verses remaining to us:—

Nihil quidquam factum nisi fabre nec quidquam positum sine luxu,
Auro ebore purpura argento picturis spoliis tum statuis.

The visitor to Carthage to-day may find in the glass cases of the Museum, workmanship of gold, silver, ivory, coloured objects in which the Punic red dominates, painted vases, sculptures, statues and figurines, all of them the spoil of ancient Carthage.

Much more excavating and much more comparative study must no doubt be accomplished by the wise White Fathers, before they can fully interpret for us the meaning of the abundant presence of heterogeneous objects which invariably accompany the dead in their tombs. So much has already been done that there is every reason to hope the time is not far off when each fragment found may be forced to yield its secret and take its part in telling once more, better than has ever been told, the story of Punic Carthage.

Meanwhile, this queen of the ancient world lies trampled in the dust, but guarded, as majesty should be, by the eternal majesty of the hills, the broken heart hushed into rest by the soft song of the breakers, the naked soul, shrouded as with a veil of mystic colour, radiating from the everlasting loveliness of the tideless sea.

MABEL MOORE.

RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN ÆGINA

AN excursion from Athens to the Island of Ægina is well worth undertaking for the natural and artistic beauties of the site. Long before reaching the island, its widely extending mountains, half-veiled in blue vapour and crowned by the steep cone of the Oros, meet the eye. We know that important remains of a large sanctuary exist, and the fame of the Æginetan sculptures contained in the Glyptotek at Munich is universal. The north-eastern point of the island, with the hill on which since the dark ages the renowned temple has stood, is the most striking. After climbing this height a high plateau is reached, thinly sprinkled with pines; the temple, standing on a broad terrace among fragments of stone, shines resplendently white in the blue atmosphere. Below, on two sides, the sea glances in the morning light; the richly indented coast of the Gulf of Saronicus, from Cape Sunium to the Attic plain, from Salamis to the mountains of Geraneia near Megara, bounds the view. The temple is a Doric peripteros, the twenty columns still standing are in good preservation, most of them are situated on the front side, facing east, and on the adjoining lateral parts. Besides these columns and considerable remains of walls, the two columns of the pronaos remain, also to a great extent intact. The measurements showed the length of the pillars with their capitals to be five yards and three-quarters, the diameter of the lower part is one

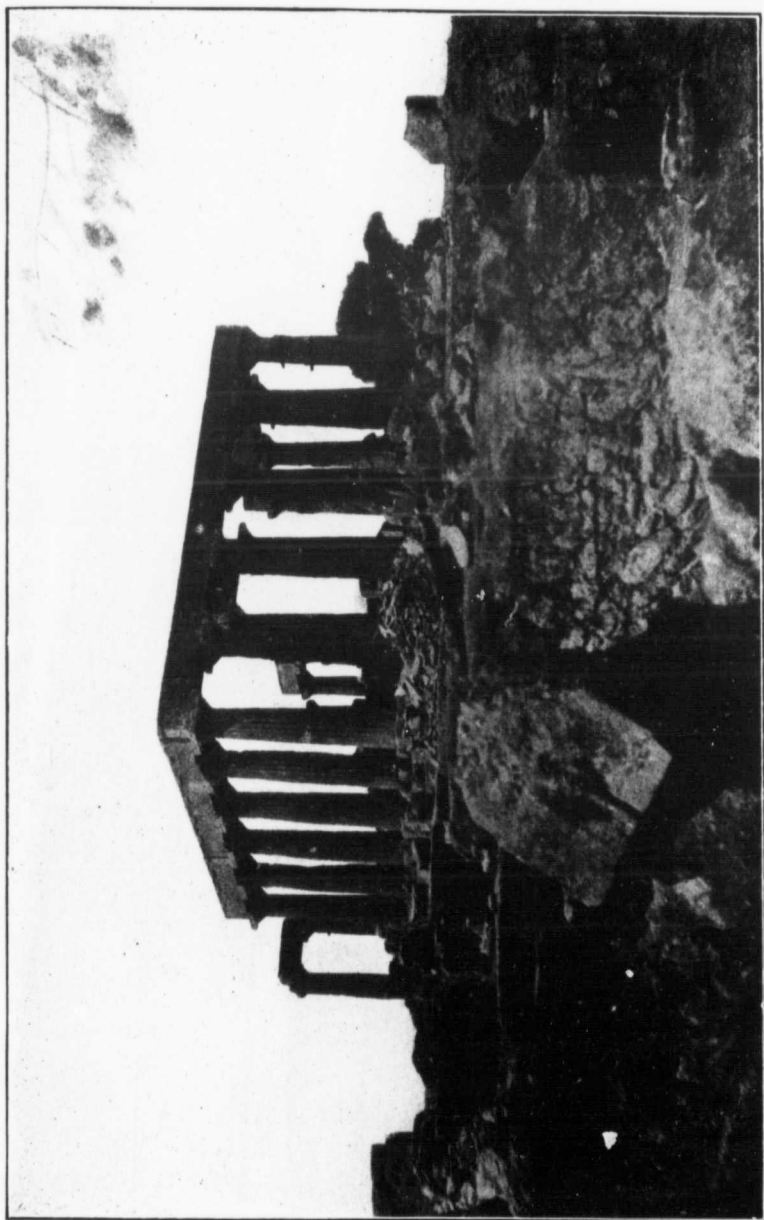
RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN ÆGINA 147

yard, that of the upper twenty-four inches. Some of the shafts are monoliths, the remainder show the usual drum division; the material employed is the common limestone, of a yellowish hue, found in the neighbourhood; it was covered with a coating of stucco, still partly preserved. The roof and pediments are gone; the latter, the greatest ornament of the building, were conveyed to Munich by Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, afterwards King Ludwig I. Cockerell and Stackelberg had discovered the celebrated pedimental sculptures in the course of some excavations for architectural purposes among the ruins in the year 1811. The problem of the "Æginetan smile," which has so occupied archæologists, had its origin in the finding of these benign-faced groups. No further excavations were made till 1893, when M. Staïs worked at the northern end of the east terrace wall, but without obtaining any very definite results. It was the liberality of the Prince Regent Luitpold of Bavaria which has lately opened the way to a thorough investigation of the ruins and the whole of the sacred precincts. The excavations conducted by Professor Furtwängler have brought the following facts to light:

The temple was built in the early fifth century, for the greater part, on the remains of older edifices, and is divided in the usual way into the pronaos, cella, and opisthodomos. There were six columns in the front of the court and twelve on the sides. As in the Theseion at Athens, the pronaos and opisthodomos are screened off by outer walls with two intermediate columns. The parastades of the pronaos have perished, but both columns are upright, and the walls separating the outer court from the cella is also intact. The floor of the pronaos as well as that of the cella still shows many traces of the red stucco that covered the flags. Originally the interior space was ornamented on both sides by a row of narrower columns placed more closely together in fives; upper rows of columns were superimposed, which supported the roof, as in the Parthenon. Traces of a wooden staircase in the cella

have been found, leading upwards, and on the floor of the cella the spot where the image stood was recognised. This was not at the end of the cella, but stood about at the end of two-thirds of its extent (an exactly similar arrangement to that in the Parthenon at Athens and the temple of Zeus at Olympia). Four holes and the arrangement for pulleys are clearly discernible. It is evident that the image rested on a low basis and also that it was of small size, proportionate to the space, and surrounded by a railing. It was made of wood covered with ivory. From the fact that Cockerell had found a large ivory eye in the cella, it was inferred that the image must have been on a large scale. The space, however, does not admit of this hypothesis, and it is more likely that the eye in question formed a separate votive offering, or possibly that it ornamented a ship's prow, or some utensil or piece of furniture. A door leads from the cella to the opisthodomos and, curiously enough, is not built in the middle of the posterior wall, but quite unsymmetrically. Though the door is undoubtedly of ancient date, the broad piece irregularly inserted into the threshold and riveted by a small stone, seems to point to a later construction than the remainder. The addition might have taken place during the building of the temple or after its termination. The opisthodomos is divided into several parts; that to the left contains two remarkable marble tables, which may have served as altars. The recent excavations, bringing to light the whole understructure, have shown that each row of columns and wall rests on a separate foundation, the intervening space between the foundations being filled up with earth and stones. Some remains of an archaic pavement found behind the opisthodomos below the terrace of the temple, probably belonged to an earlier sanctuary which occupied the same site. A wide gutter runs along the northern side of the temple, branching off at the north-east corner in a north-easterly direction and running for about twelve yards to a small fountain and from thence into a cistern. The cistern communicates with a cave situated under the

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Temple of Aphaia, Egina



eastern terrace and used by the first excavators as a shelter. Evidently the cave formed the centre of worship in distant ages, for a great part of the oldest remains were found in it. Before the eastern front of the temple, and belonging to the same period, stood a monumental altar; judging from the foundations discovered at some distance, it occupied almost the entire breadth of the edifice and was accessible from the west. Several more buildings, whose use still remains doubtful, were found in the vicinity; one, a plain bath-room in the old Greek style, probably served for religious and sacerdotal purposes. The small propylaion or gateway in the southern terrace wall, leading to the open space before the temple, deserves more attention. It consisted of a plain portico with double octagonal pillars standing between the andes on the north and south sides. From the rich stucco covering the floor, similar to that in the pronaos and cella of the temple, it would seem legitimate to assign the same date to both buildings, were it not for the fact that the propylaion stands on a lower level. We must conclude, therefore, that its construction preceded that of the temple and was adapted to the newer edifice.

The question as to what goddess presided over the sanctuary has been finally solved by the results of the excavations. In former times the temple had been ascribed to Zeus Panhellenios; the inscription, however, which led to this assumption proved to be false. Afterwards the goddess Athene was credited with being the protectress, because her image figured to a large extent in the sculptures of the pediment. Now the recent investigations point with the greatest show of probability to Aphaia, an Æginetan local goddess, as the deity of the temple. Besides other fragments of inscriptions relating to her, a large votive inscription unearthed beneath the rubbish accumulated on the eastern terrace proves with almost absolute certainty that Aphaia was worshipped within the sacred limits and that the temple was in her honour. She is, however, not found among the brilliant throng immortalised in the nation's verse and familiar

to all Hellenic minds, nor is her name to be met with among the deities of the old Greeks. Her worship presumably reaches back to a period beyond the ken of historic Greece, for our knowledge of her is limited. The legend attaching to her is probably of a later date and inspired by her name (*Ἀφαίη*); as far as we can ascertain, she was a tutelary and beneficent deity, protecting the female sex in all its woes.

Though the conceptions of her vary greatly, she never attained to the plastic distinctness of an Olympian deity, but was familiar chiefly to the Æginetans as a local goddess. Her early disappearance is a natural consequence of this; with the foes of Ægina, as these grew in power, came their gods, the fame of the Athenian deities spread, and Aphaia's name was forgotten. Yet Pindar had sung her praises, and we may infer that the occasion was the consecration of the magnificent new temple on whose ruins we now look. At that period, the commencement of the Persian wars, the island saw its most palmy days. These were soon past; barely thirty years after the erection of the temple the Athenians became masters of Ægina; material prosperity and all artistic and intellectual individuality ceased in the dark times that followed and obliterated even the tutelar goddess's name, which it is the learned Nicander's merit to have rescued from oblivion long after her temple had been destroyed and the surroundings devastated.

Between the ruins of the temple and the accumulations of soil, numerous small objects have been found and deposited in the little museum of Ægina; they deserve attention, as they determine the history of the sanctuary and date of the temple, to a great extent. A surprising abundance of vases, female figures of idols of the so-called Mykenæan period, monochrome pottery of still older date, Corinthian vessels, ancient Ionian terra-cotta statuettes and Attic fragments of the sixth century, were unearthed; the remains of more recent times, on the other hand, were few.

Architectural fragments of ancient Doric buildings were

also discovered among the dust of the terrace on the east and south sides, besides portions of the temple of the sixth century, well preserved in colour. The pearls of the excavations consist in the newly discovered fragments of the pedimental sculptures and other remains of ancient statues, amongst them a head of great beauty, which is unfortunately much damaged.

Thus we have ocular evidence that the sanctuary was held in high honour as far back as the Mykenæan period, and that the worship of the goddess subsisted from those remote times up to the new flourishing era in the sixth century, when Ægina's separation from the parent city took place. The construction of the new temple at the beginning of the fifth century marks the zenith in the island's history; after this culminating-point the backward flow sets in rapidly.

The work in the sanctuary of Aphaia is at an end now, its history an open book to us. It tells of the bold seafaring spirit, of the artistic mind of the old Æginetans and of the unparalleled prosperity attained by them in a short time; it tells also of the rapid decay of this ancient civilisation, beginning precisely at the moment when the Athenian star was rising. Ægina's bright days have long since passed, a great stillness reigns here now. As of old, the intense blue of Grecian skies smiles on us, eternal sunshine lies on the land, we look on the grey stunted growth of olive-gardens, over brown plough-lands and bare rocks to the shore below. Here is the sea, more brilliantly blue even than the sky, the element of being to the Greek nation, its fosterer and its enemy.

AUGUSTA VON SCHNEIDER.

THE REBEL

WHEN I was alone on the farm in the evening, when the sheep had to be counted and the boys to be fed, I often wondered how much there really was that we knew. In the morning, when it was fresh and bright, when there was sun on the veld and a glow on the mountain, a wondrous, varying glow that seemed to fill the sky and shape itself into strange forms and spectrelike figures, when it was warm and sunny and the children came and played around me, when the finches chirped above me and the snipe cried in the distance—then I had no such thought. The present was enough then. Was there not glow and sun to please me? Was there not enough for us all, Hanni and me and father, poor old man with his weak eyes, and the children? What was there to be gloomy about? There was the free sky above and the free veld around me—the veld with its cracks and fissures, its grey and its reds, its green and its yellow and its colourless patches. Did I want more? did they want more?

And now? Is there a blue above or beyond—air, light, life, liberty, freedom, love—all that I dreamed of, all that I still dream of? There is no rent between the leaves—everything is dark, with this only sure, that to-morrow, or the day after, I die, a rebel, sentenced for high treason.

Was I ill then when Scheepers came to the farm three months after Hanni died? Let me try to think about it. Where was I?

It was dark when they came that night; dark, with a drizzling rain that was almost like a mist, that seemed to cling to you as if it loved you and would have you for its own, never to give you up till the sun came out or the moon struggled through the fog bank and the wind blew in gusts. The wind was as if it came straight from the Sneeuwbergen, where it had kissed the cold and brought the breath of the snow back to us. The house was grey, for before Hanni died I had clayed the walls, but when the moon shone upon them it made them white as if they were snow strewn. There was no one about that evening, only old Otto sniffed around as if he had spied a jackal-trail and wanted to nose it through to the hole. The children were round the hearth, cracking mealies in the fire, and I could hear their shouts and how the ayah scolded Mock. They knew nothing—why should they have known? But I knew that Scheepers was coming with his commando, and I wondered what I would have to do.

Look at Martins, now. He likes the English. He would not come with us, for he said there was nothing to talk about and that England was just and in the right. What a life we led him for it! He was nothing much, was Martins, and he did it all for money, bribed, so they say, but he suffered for it. It must be much that makes a man endure all that we made him suffer. I remember when the meeting was over—the meeting at Snyders' house, I mean, when we talked of the war and what we might have to do, he came and we turned him out. He might have betrayed us. Betrayed us—what am I saying? Little Lord, as if there was anything to betray. We were free—we could speak, for we were within our rights in doing so. The atrocities under martial law—they had made an old man walk up a hill till he was almost dead, they had shot a native in cold blood because he would not do as they ordered him, they had stolen sheep and cattle and insulted us and burned houses. Snyders told us at the meeting that they had done worse things. He spoke about Vander Merwe's wife—man, it made one's blood boil! Only Martins said such

things were impossible, or if they had happened the men would be punished.

Martins is a queer fellow. We went the next day, he and I, to look at the Valley of Desolation. I had not been there since I was at school at Graff-Reinet, and I wanted very much to see it again. Snyders could not go, he had to look after the market, so Martins went with me. I did not like it, for I did not know what we could talk about, he being so English-minded. I could not stand his talk, but then he offered to go with me and I could not very well insult him. Snyders said I should have done so to show him that he was not one of us, but I really couldn't. He and I used to be friends after all once, and I had liked him. So he went with me and on the way we talked. First it was about the sheep. He is so English-minded, and yet he is with us when it comes to scab. I told him he should come over to us, for the repeal of the Act was one of our planks, but he shook his head and said that was not the great question. I did not want to go on, but somehow we were fairly in it before we came to the cave, and then I let him talk. And now, when I look back, I have my doubts which of us was right, he or I.

How well I remember that walk! We went over the cliffs, walking on the slopes of the mountain till we reached the valley. We saw its big pillars that stood up like giants—as if some one had piled up stone above stone and forgot to put on the mortar. There was a glorious sunlight, splitting the valley into halves, the one where the rocks overloomed the grass, withered and drear and dry, and threw it into shadow, and the other where the sunbeams fell on the cliff and upon the blinking conies that came and stared at us as if they were satisfied that we would do them no harm. The aloes in the rock clefts were red and in flower and the white spines of the thorn-trees gleamed like silver in the sunglow. It was a grand day, but we saw little of it, Martins and I. We were so busy talking and arguing that we looked little at the valley. He called me Boetie (little brother), as he did in the old times

when we were at school. I hadn't the heart to tell him not to do so, for, after all, I think he is honest, though they do say he does it all for money.

How we sat in those days—ah, it seems years, we scarcely think of it as only a few months back—it seemed so sad, so long, so hard that time. It seems as if we were children then and now have become men, to see these things and to feel the first flush of lust, as a boy feels it when he gets his hands hard and his voice harsh. It seems as if we have been in the dark and have now emerged into the light, seeing the glow dimly beyond, but knowing that surely it is there, and that we cannot miss it. Years ago I was in the Congo caves near Oudtshoorn. It was when I was young yet, before I met Hanni, before father's sight grew weak and all these troubles came on us. I went down with old Jacques Marais, who had black hair and a yellow nose, and he looked so funny in the dim light that we all laughed. Oh Lord, how we laughed! Then he blew out his candle and we came back through the big hall. He said he knew the way and that it was all quite safe, but we did not feel quite at ease till we saw the light glimmering at the end of the hole, dull, but light all the same. It is like that now—as if there was a glimmer in front and beyond that the glow, the light, the full blaze and warmth of the sunshine, the green of the trees and the brown of the veld. Then we knew nothing—and now? An empire in Africa—was that our dream? To drive the English into the sea and usurp the place of the ruler? I do not know. I never thought of it in that light. It was home, it was the farm, Hanni, pa with his bleared eyes and the children. What did I care about an empire—ours or the Englishman's? Snyders did, yes, and he sits at home and talks about the soldiers and the wrong they are doing.

What made me join that night when they came to the farm? I knew they were coming. I did not expect them because anybody had told me that the commando had left Arendspoort, but because I felt that they would come, some-

time. I knew they would not go past without touching at the farm, where they could get coffee, perhaps a man, perhaps a horse. There is no sin in giving a man's kith and kin coffee when they need it, and if there was a horse on the farm, was it my fault?

That night—I shall never forget it. There was a fire inside the house on the hearth and the children were cracking mealies at it. Through the closed windows I could see the glare of the flames, and when the ayah pulled the curtains aside they shone out and fell on the veld beside me. They seemed so fierce and ruddy that I thought they would scorch the dog as he ran from side to side, nosing the ground as if he smelt the commando from afar. Hanni was dead and the children were all alone, for father with his weak eyes had gone to the village to see the doctor, and he could not return because there were no horses to fetch him. The keen cut of the wind, as it swept over the veld and struck the walls of the house, made me shiver. When the blast came and Otto's tail hairs flapped in the wind, I crept closer to the wall. But I stayed outside, waiting, I scarce knew for what. Elias had told me that he had seen a patrol of the khakis clearing away to the town. He could only see the dust as their horses swept past and hear the patter of their hoofs on the hard ground, but he thought there was something up. Elias is a good boy. He'll have nothing to do with the others and he refused to scout, although they promised him ten shillings a week.

I stood outside on the werf (farmyard) and felt the cold bitterly. It was as if some one had thrown a bucket of icy cold water over my shoulders and the streams were trickling down into my boots. I remembered what my mother had told me—she had died of the dropsy, and always complained that she felt so cold and that chills crept over her as if there was ice round her heart, and her warmth could not melt it. They said it was her heart itself that was weak, but there was nothing the matter with mine. It was as sound as a bell, said the doctor, when old Sam Smith, who goes round to get people to assure

themselves that they won't die, got me to take out a life policy. I wonder whether that will stand, and whether the military will get the money or the children? The fire died out, and they put more mealie-cobs on it, so that the flames flared and flickered through the shut windows till the ayah came and pulled the curtains down. Otto ran up to me and put his nose into my hand, whining as if he thought we should go in. But I was thinking, and took no notice of him. Elias had told me the commando was not far off. What was I to do when they came? When Elias came that evening he said: "Baas" (Master), he said, "they'll be here to-night. They're coming from there, baas"—and he pointed towards Arendspoort. "Is baas going to burn the wheat, as the military told baas?" Why should I have discussed my intentions and my not intentions with a Hotnot? When they came it would be time enough to consider the matter, whether I should go in to the children or whether I should remain outside and meet them. I pitied them in that bitter cold. After all, they must be men who could stand such things—for what? Their freedom— independence—liberty. That's what they told me on commando, where we always said that if it was not freedom it need be nothing. Yes, nothing but misery and poverty, to be hunted and starved, to have no place of refuge, to be an outlawed outcast, running about the veld with a rope round your neck and a load at your heart. The wind lay for a moment, and I thought it was going to still, but it blew again so wildly that it flung the wet sand into our faces, and the dog and I turned round. I could no longer see the lights in the windows, but now I could see the dark outline of the mountains and the leafless willow-trees near the dam. The branches were swaying in the wind, and the mountains were cloud-blurred and obscured by mist, so that everything was dark and shadowy. When I turned to the window I saw the firelight again and the shadows of the children and ayah Kaatjie on the curtain. Outside, towards the veld, it was dark like hell, and the drizzling rain threw a shroud over everything.

Then, still vague and far off, I heard the sound of their horses, trotting over the veld. I knew that they were coming up the ravine, by the path where the yellow banks of hard clay were bored through and honeycombed by the earth-peckers, the pirrows, whose long-echoing, snarling cries I had heard all the afternoon. The path curled and twined round boulders and big stones, but I heard the tread of the horses, moving steadily as if they knew the way and did not fear to travel over the slippery ground. Otto ran from station to station, barking and yelping, till I quieted him. I knew Elias was at the huts with his folk, and though I could trust him (for he is a good boy) I could not rely on them. English gold and English talk will make the staunchest Hotnot stumble.

Yet what was there to be afraid of? I knew some of them who were coming. There was young Sarel Michau from Ceres, down in the old part of the colony, near Cape Town, where people have grown quite like Englishmen, and feel little or nothing of what we do. But Sarel was of the old stuff. He stuck at Ceres till he could not endure it any longer, and then he went into the veld with his uncle's old horse and the biltong that his aunt had made, and galloped till he came across a commando. I had known him when we were boys, I old enough to know better than to steal water-melons out of uncle Berend's garden when we came to the village at nachtmaal time, he young enough to despise me because I went about with Hanni and the girls. We have both grown out of that now. He was going to marry a niece from the Free State when last I heard from him. He was a nice boy with large hands, and he could pick up a muid of wheat and hoist it on his shoulders and carry it up the ladder to the loft. Ay, he was strong, Sarel Michau, though he could scarcely read, and the pastor said his ignorance of the book would have shamed a little child. He was fiery, large-souled, obstinate like an earth-pig, but he could be friendly with you, as if he had known and loved you for years.

There was Oompie Dirk of Wonderfontein, in the Senekal

district, in the Free State, where the road slopes down towards the north as you near the river. Oompie was father's step-brother, and went north when the old trouble was settled and men thought they could live free once more. Now and then, at New Year or Queen's Birthday, he came and visited us, and once pa and all of us went to see him. Pa asked him why he did not sell out and return, but he said he loved his new country and he would die there. He was a little old man, with almost no beard, for he never could grow one properly. When it came out it was of all colours, and as he did not like that he shaved, and looked like a young man except for his wrinkles and his white hair. I knew he would be there.

Poor Oompie! He fell when we were fighting in the Camdeboo, but he was not put out about it at all. "It's all right, Frikkie," he said to me and Sarel as we left him, "I am no more use to you or to them, and they can't send me to the islands over the sea. When things are settled, do you come down with Manus (that was his son, who was with De Wet) and see if you light on anything of me and bury it at Wonderfontein, where Tant Saartjie lies—under the yellow-wood near the goat kraal. Get on, hurry now." Some one else will have to do that. Manus is dead, and I—. There was Helm, 'Noldus Helm, who wore a white shirt every day and could read print and writing as if he had made them. 'Noldus was a clever fellow, but not strong. He was always learning and never doing anything, for he took after his mother, Aunt Alet' Meiring, who had been pa's second cousin and died of the stitch five years ago. He was a fine fellow with all his dandyism, and when we heard that he had gone on commando we were quite proud of him.

Elias had told me they would come about that time if they came at all. The moon went in and out amongst the clouds like a partridge that struts in high grass, and when it shone on the ground I saw how muddy and wet the path was. That would leave their tracks all the clearer when the scouts came. I heard the footfalls of the horses, now almost regular again for

they had reached the level ground and were out of the ravine now, nearing the willows of the dam. 'Noldus told me afterwards that they would not have done it if they had not had Gys Tempo with them; but the old man was brought up in these parts and knew the ground as he did his ten fingers. I saw the first horse coming up the rise, and I wanted to go in but could not. I wished to see what they looked like, these men of whom I had heard so much. Would they be as I had known them of old? Would Oompie be as mild, still, as if butter would not melt in his mouth, and 'Noldus so fine as if he were a parson and could not go about except he wore a silk hat? Would they molest me? After all, we were flesh and blood, and fifteen months would not have changed them so much.

Though there were several, I recognised Oompie at once. Dear Lord, he had not changed a bit, though, when I saw him closer, when he drew me into the firelight and looked into my eyes and I into his, I could see that his forehead had become more wrinkled, his eyes brighter. Which was Scheepers? But a moment later I knew, though none had told me. It was that man with no gun, merely a sjambok in his hand, astride on a big brown horse that was mud-mottled all over. It was he with the square shoulders and the thin face, looking as if he had fever or consumption, a young man yet who, when he spoke, dropped his voice to a half-whisper, as if his breath hurt him. 'Noldus I could not see. It was only when they had off-saddled, leaving the saddle-clothes on and giving the horses fodder where they stood, that he came towards me. Then I knew him, for he was as of old, with a tattered glove that he had got from some khaki officer, and the best feather in his hat, though now it hung wet and draggled. But his face was no longer boyish. It was like a man's. And even more so was Sarel's. He had lost his smile and his eyes were gloomy and, though he showed his teeth when he shook hands with me, it was in a half-sorrowful, half-scornful smile. It cut me like the wind almost, though I could not say why I

should have felt it, for he was just as friendly to me as of old.

What could I do? Scheepers came to me and shook hands silently. He did not ask to be allowed to off-saddle. He simply gave the word, and then came forward and greeted me, flinging himself off his horse as if he were dead tired and walking towards the house as soon as he had shaken my hand. The others looked to the horses, and Tempo, the old black fellow who had guided them, called out "Evening, baas," as cheerily as if it were the most ordinary occasion. What could I do?

I followed Scheepers into the house. The children were about him, staring at him, and their neglected mealies were burning in the fire and filling the room with smoke. Little Annie was looking at his gaiters and Mock, the boy, was standing in the background, uncertain what to do. Only ayah Kaatjie kept her wits about her and got out the tea-caddie. He sat down at the table and the ayah brought cold meat and milk and brown bread, and afterwards the tea in the old stoneware jug that was Hanni's favourite. He called Annie to him and the child came, shyly, and as he stroked her hair she played with his sjambok. All the time he sat silent and I stood behind with Mock, looking at him. I could hear the others outside fondling the dog, that had made friends with them at once, and cursing the cold. I could hear Sarel's voice, loud as ever, and then, suddenly, I heard my own name mentioned. What could I do? I turned to the ayah and roughly told her to bring in the others and to give some food to old Tempo. They came in and sat round the table, all silent with me, though they laughed and chatted amongst themselves and with Annie and the ayah. I and Mock stood aside, and the boy was too young to notice it. I felt it and could not stand it. I went up to them and spoke to them. I asked them how they were and whence they had come.

It was Scheepers who replied, looking at me with his dull eyes, "Why should we tell thee, nephew?" he asked, "Thou wilt have to say all when the khakis come."

I felt that they did not trust me, though I knew I would have to suffer for what they had done. I felt it acutely, as one feels a sting, or as one feels when some one has wronged you. But I would not let them see it. So I stroked Mock's hair till the boy wrung himself loose from me. It was Oompie who spoke to me first after that. He asked me how old Mock was, and I replied that the boy was getting on for five. He looked larger and stronger for his age, and Oompie said so. Then another, whom I did not know, struck in with a remark that our children were always sturdier than the others. "Our children"—that was pleasant again, and for the moment I forgot Scheepers' remark. I asked Oompie how he did, and he looked at me before he answered: "How wouldst thou feel, son," he asked, "if thou wert one of us?"

One of them! I had never thought of that. I had never dreamed to be one of them. Was that to be the final result; was that what we had been striving for, Snyders and all the others and I? Dear little Lord—one of them!

It was Oompie who interrupted my thoughts. He asked me, roughly as I thought, if the khakis had been in my neighbourhood. I answered coldly that he should find that out for himself, and the others looked at me suspiciously. Sarel bent forward and whispered something to his neighbour, and I could hear the other's reply, "He is English-minded."

English-minded! Could they have seen into my soul they would have known how little I was against them, how much for them. I turned away and went to the hearth, where the fire had died to coals that glowed under the white ash as my own heart smouldered under all my calmness. They talked with Annie and Mock, and one of them gave the boy some spent cartridges. I could notice Sarel and Oompie sitting somewhat apart and glancing occasionally at me, but what I felt most was the commandant's silent gaze, half-pitying, not wholly scornful.

"Nephew, thou seest what we are doing. And thou?"

The question was sharp and unexpected, given in a loud,

crisp tone of voice that startled me from my abstraction. It was Scheepers who had spoken, and the dull eyes seemed to have gained a light almost too strong for them, the tall figure with the round shoulders to have become impressive and handsome. The eyes were bent upon me, not as if they looked beyond me but as if they wished to pierce through me.

I came forward, for I could not reply at the moment, and wanted time to collect my thoughts. Then, as I came into the circle of shadow where the rays from the fire barely brightened their faces, I replied, "What can I do? I exist—I farm."

"Farm"—it was 'Noldus' voice, jeering almost in its sharpness—"farm, with your horses commandeered, with your oxen gone, with your boys scouting for the khakis and shooting us—how can you farm?"

"I have Elias still," I rejoined lamely, as if that were sufficient excuse. "He can look after the sheep."

"The khakis will do that for you," said Sarel; "trust them for it."

"And thou canst farm, nephew," came the inquiry from the round-shouldered man, "when—when nobody else farms?"

"What would you have?" I asked. "See, I have sheep. Take them if it profit you, though God knows I shall have to suffer for it when you are gone."

"One man"—the voice was milder now and sounded as if it was far away—"one man, nephew, is worth more to us than all thy sheep."

I knew it all then. They wished to make me one of them—and Hanni not yet cold in her grave, and the children uncared for. Was such a thing to be thought of?

Oompie came forward, leaving his chair lurchingly, like one who had not friendship with his legs. He placed his hands on my shoulders and looked me in the eyes. Ayah Kaatjie had thrown more sugar-bush on the fire and the coals had started into blaze again, so that the glow fell on his face and on his thin wrinkled hands. I could see how much he

had aged and how blue the veins on his forehead stood out, how keen his eyes were and how deep the wrinkles on his brow.

"If I have done it, son, canst thou not?" he asked. "Hast thou so little care for thy land and thy freedom that thou canst not give up thy life, ay, and thy children's, when it comes to that?"

He spoke strangely, as if he were praying, and it made me thrill. Everything seemed to slip past me—Scheepers, the men, Mock, the old servant piling more wood on the fire, the dog breathing deeply near the door. I saw only his strangely solemn face, his small, sharp eyes that seemed to pierce me like needles, and his thin white hands through which the fireglow seemed to tingle. I no longer heard the trampling of the horses outside, where Elias and Tempo were chattering together, no longer the sough of the wind over the housetop. Only his voice, so stern and solemn that I was almost frightened, and knew not what to answer.

"What good canst thou do, farming while others die? Leave that to those who are for us and yet are against us—to those of the English who say they abhor this injustice that their nation has done us, yet lift neither hand nor foot to aid us. Thou art ours, Frikkie, from the time thou wert born till now—now more than ever, for this thing has banded what time has sundered, made pliant what was stiff before, loosened what was bound, cemented what was broken. Canst thou sit in silence, hearing what goes on about thee, listening to what the women say, to what the children cry? Canst thou be against us?"

He spoke so strangely that I could not make it out. The others were staring at him in silence and Mock was listening open-mouthed. What could I do?

"There are others to farm and sit still, to speak and write, to agitate constitutionally as they call it. As if our freedom could be gained by request on application, as if we had not to fight for it as our fathers fought for theirs; not with pens or paper, but with guns. Wilt thou be one of us?"

There it was at last. If it were not for Mock and Annie—

ah, I had had enough trouble already for their sake—I might as well be one of them.

“I am not as thou art, Oompie,” I answered hesitatingly, for it was a great thing and to be thought about. “You and ’Noldus are Free Staters. You may do as you like and no one can harm you, except he harm you in open fight.”

“And I?” Sarel’s challenge was direct, and I could not meet his eye. “Is Ceres in the Free State? Could they not harm me?”

“They could disfranchise you,” I said shiftingly. “Perhaps imprison you.” A hard gleam came into the old man’s eyes, but it vanished so soon that I doubted whether I had seen it aright. I felt his hands clenching into my shoulders as a man tightens his grasp to restrain himself.

“They do not let thee have the papers, son,” he said before any of the others, or Scheepers or Sarel, could interpose. “Therefore hast thou not heard what happens to those who, like Sarel, did not wish to farm while their land was throbbing with woe and others were travailing for freedom. Thou dost not know?”

“No,” I replied lamely. “I know that they tried some of them at Dordrecht and at Colesberg and fined and imprisoned them. More I do not know. As thou sayest, we get no papers now.”

“I thought so,” he said, but his eyes searched my face as if he doubted my word. “Then thou dost not know what they are doing to men who, like Sarel, came and joined us here in the Colony?”

“No,” I said in surprise. “What?”

“They are hanging them,” he answered fiercely, jerking the words from between his teeth, while his grasp again tightened on my shoulder. “Hanging them, my God, as if they were murderers or Hotnots.”

“They hanged young Coetzee from Cradock,” struck in ’Noldus, lighting his pipe at the fire and coming back into the shadow. “Quite a boy.”

"He joined us two weeks before Sarel did," said Oompie and loosened his grasp. "I liked the lad. He was——"

He bit his lip as a man does when he cannot continue his speech because of his emotion. I looked at the others, at the commandant sitting silent at the table, with Annie trying to get on his knee; at 'Noldus, puffing at his pipe and blowing the smoke in wreaths about the group; at Sarel, flicking his leg with his riding-whip; and at the others, whom I did not know, though I had shaken hands with them. They were quiet, sad as it seemed to me, and some of them had deep furrows between their eyes. The children went back to the fire, for they were getting sleepy, and the talk did not interest them. I stood alone with the others and as they were silent I spoke.

"I did not know that," I said; "I thought they were just fined."

"They are not," said Oompie. "They are being hanged. Those who go with us know it, and it has made us firmer. It has given us greater courage and faith. Little Lord—as if we wanted faith!"

"We have spoken for you," I said, repeating what Snyders would have said under the circumstances. "We have agitated, written and petitioned. And we have waited and prayed."

"Waiting and praying"—the old man's voice was biting in its scorn, his sneer cut me to the quick—"while others were working and risking their lives. Waiting and praying! Yes, here in comfort, with the fire on the hearth and the bread on the table, with the wife at the side and——"

"Hanni is dead," I said quickly, sinking my eyes, for I could not meet his look.

"It is best for her, son," he rejoined, his voice a trifle less rasping. "These are times when the dead and the unborn are the best off. But we who are neither have our work before us. Come."

"I am a British subject," I said, fidgeting with the tablecloth. "Why should I give up everything and join you?"

"Why, indeed!" exclaimed Sarel sarcastically. "A

pretty subject with not a sheep to call thine own, with every Hotnot insulting thee when he pleases and where he pleases. A pretty subject with thy officers to sweep the life out of thee."

I could answer him when he spoke like that. For, after all, Martins was not altogether wrong when he said that we lived under a good government and had a measure of liberty. Now that the old Queen was dead and there was a new king it might be different, but after all it was our Government, his as much as mine. I could speak to Sarel, but I could not meet Oompie's eyes. They seemed to burn me through and through as if they were fire while I spoke to Sarel and told him what Martins would have said.

"Thinkest thou so, son," said Oompie, laying his hand again on my shoulder. "Listen, there was a time when I, boy as thou art, thought likewise. It was in the old days before we knew of Rhodes and Kimmerlan, or of Conventions and Outlanders and such things. My father did not like the old ideas. He was one who would not go with Pretorius. He said the Old Grandmother was good enough for him——"

"Ah," I interrupted, turning to Sarel, "see, Oompie says so, too."

"Yes, but stay," said the old man. "That was before we knew what we now know. I am changed to-day—God knows we are all changed, and He only knows what has brought us to the turning. The old love lies dead in me and in its place is a new one, stronger than any I ever felt—the love for this land, my country. For that would I give all I hold dear, son and wife and child, everything, as freely as I would give this coat to one who has greater need of it than I have. And thou, son, an Afrikander as I am, thou canst sit in apathy, willing to be of us when our cause is triumphant and the gallows is no longer the reward of those that join us? Sis!"

"'Tis a coward's choice," said 'Noldus slowly. "He will not make it."

"Ay, that it is," said Oompie, "waiting with folded arms.

They were given thee to work with, not to cross in quietness. Sis !”

“Yet it is difficult,” said Scheepers, suddenly joining in the talk, “to sit quietly, Oompie. It demands some courage, perhaps courage that is greater than ours—who knows ?”

I was glad he had taken my part, for I knew he would treat me justly. Surely he could not expect——

“There is no courage in cowardice,” said the old man sternly. “There is courage in enduring silently as our fathers endured, to turn the other cheek to the striker when he has smitten the one, to go into the desert and seek a fresh field where you and yours can be alone with God to live and to enjoy or suffer as He deems best. But there is no courage in sympathy that goes no farther than idle talk and vapouring. A dozen stalwarts at the beginning and, I ask thee, nephew Gideon, would this war have been ?”

“No. I grant you that, uncle,” said the commandant reflectively. “But you cannot blame him for that. It was not upon him that we trusted.”

“Our trust is in God,” said the old man solemnly, reverently, as if he felt what he said, “in none other.”

“Yours, perhaps, and mine, Oompie,” said the round-shouldered man, “but what of the others ?”

The old man was silent and his hands dropped from my shoulders. Some of the men had gone out and the ayah had taken the children to bed. I could hear the wind outside, for the room was quiet and the soft patter of the rain tapped on the window-panes.

“Before thee, nephew,” continued the round-shouldered man, turning his eyes full upon me, “there lies a road of safety and ease and one of peril and danger, not easy to tread——”

“Ay,” said the old man, “it is not easy. We may stumble and fall on it, but God’s hand will guide us, praise be to Him.”

“There is liberty on the one side,” pursued the commandant, “and on the other treason to thy country and to the memory of thy forefathers. Which road wilt thou choose ?”

"What treason?" I asked. "Whither will your road lead me, and why should I travel it? What is the good of struggle? I do not see it."

The old man's eyes, dull a minute before, blazed again. His hands grasped my shoulders convulsively in his eagerness.

"The good we never see here," he said simply. "It is our duty. Is not that enough?"

"That is all we ask of thee," said Scheepers. "We want no unwilling men. We want those who know their duty and will abide by it, even in the hour of adversity."

"For thee the choice is easy," said Sarel. "What hast thou to do here?"

"There are the children," I answered. "Some one must look after them."

"Who looks after ours?" asked Oompie fiercely. "No harm can come nigh them unless He wills it, and if He wills who can avert?"

"Is there hope of winning yet, Sarel?" I asked, not that I thought he would reply, but simply because I wanted time to think.

"Of winning"—it was one of the men who spoke—and his voice was sharp, almost exultant. "Why, man, we have every hope. We are winning. Is it not victory to have stood so long?"

"It is victory indeed," said Oompie. "Praise be to Him—it is victory indeed."

"There is nothing to lose, man," said Noldus impulsively. "Come on, join. We can give thee a horse, a gun, and any quantity of ammunition thou desirest, little brother."

"Leave him alone," said the commandant, and his voice was suddenly scornful and hard. "Let him tell the khakis when they come here all about us. Let him be loyal and see what he gains. They will never believe him."

I knew it was true. I knew that my word would never be accepted, and that the scouts would believe Elias and the other Hotnots before they believed me. I knew it, and as he spoke

I grew ashamed and angry. Was my word to be of less account than a black creature's?

Oompie went to the door, and I followed him, heeding acutely the glances that the others threw upon me. I felt that they were unfriendly, and that the round-shouldered man, though he had affected to take my part, despised me. Yet I could not make up my mind. Wherever I looked I seemed to see Hanni and the children, and when I thought for a moment I seemed to hear Martins' voice telling me to stop and pause. Poor Martins—he was ever faint-hearted—"not the pluck of a house-rat," as Snyders said. He was always quiet, and he advised me to follow his example. Poor Martins. They took his horses and his cattle, and his Hotnot went and lied to the khakis. So they arrested Martins and sent him away. Our little Lord in heaven alone knows where he is now.

How wet it was outside! The rain fell in showers, and the horses stood with their tails to the wind grouped round the poplars to get some shelter. I could hear the lapping of the water in the dam, sad and slow and very quiet, and now and then the rustle of the willow branches. The ground was wet and muddy, soaked and rutted where the little streams had coursed down, and there was no moon to be seen now nor stars. Only the dark wet night and the mist that crept up from the dam, shrouding the mountains beyond.

"They tell us," I said at last, "that you are broken and that there are not a thousand of you that pull the same way. We hear of surrenders every day, and defeats. See, this is the latest official report which has been circulated!"

"Doubtless, doubtless," he answered quickly. "Remember, nephew, that if a cat kittens in an oven the brood is not necessarily loaves of bread. A defeat is not always a defeat, and a victory not always a victory."

Snyders had told me the same, and now, when I heard Oompie confirm it, I believed it. Why should he lie to me?

Tempo came forward and whispered something, and

Scheepers gave an order. Why should I tell you more? They were of my kin, of my flesh and bone—was it a disgrace to share with them, to suffer what they suffered? After all, as Snyders said, relationship is stronger than the Government, and I went with them. I no longer saw Hanni's face, I no longer heard Martins' voice. The fire died down inside the room while we were standing talking outside and arguing. They fetched a horse for me, a fine chestnut, one of their spare ones. It had a saddle and bridle, a military bridle and a constable's saddle, and they said it was to be mine. Then they put a gun in my hands, a Lee-Metford which 'Noldus said they had got at Swartpan in the fight with Gorrings's men. That was to be mine, too.

I turned and went back into the room, and as I did so I heard Scheepers say to Oompie, "Let him be. He has chosen our road." I was grateful to him for it, for I wanted to be alone, to linger a moment in the room where Hanni had died and where the children slept. The ayah was sitting at the door, sewing by the light of a guttering candle, that flickered into sudden brightness as the gust of wind struck it when I opened the door. She knew what I had come for. She was a good old soul, ayah Kaatjie, and I knew that she would take care of the children.

"Little master"—she called me that, for she had carried me pick-a-back round the farm when I was a child—"baasie, is baasie really going?"

"Yes, I cannot help it," I said. "I must. You will look after them?"

"As I did after you, baasie. Have no fear. But you, baasie? What if they should catch you, baasie?"

"They will not catch me so soon, ayah," I said lightly; "and if they should—well, one cannot die more than once."

I went towards the bed where they lay, Mock and Annie. Mock was snoring, for he had fallen asleep an hour ago, but the girl was breathing quietly, and I kissed her very softly, for I feared to wake her. As I turned away the ayah came

forward and gave me my veld-shoes, a spare pair. She had filled my saddle-bags with biltong and biscuit, and while I was pulling on the boots she went to the door and called Oompie. He came in and took my hand and shook it.

I felt calmer when I had pressed his hand in my turn, and I put the future away from me. What had I to do with tomorrow when the rain might be cleared away, the sky clearer and the ground dry?

I went outside with him and together we mounted our horses. Elias held my stirrup as I mounted, and as he handed me the gun he said, "Good-bye, old master," but when I tried to answer my tongue stuck fast in my mouth and I could get out no sound. I lowered my head on my breast and clutched the mane of the horse, and as I waited for the order to move I scarcely felt how wet my hands were, till I heard some one addressing me.

"Lord," said 'Noldus, offering me his pouch; "Lord, it is a bad night. Will you take a fill, neef Frikkie?"

I stuffed my pipe, but when I tried to light it my fingers shook and the match flared and went out, and I put the pipe back in my pocket, unlighted. I looked towards the house, and in the dim light I saw the ayah and Elias standing in the doorway and waving their hands to me. I turned away and dug my heel into my horse's flank, and as he bounded forward I slung my rifle over my shoulders and rode up to the others. They were laughing and chatting and made way for me cheerfully. The wet mud of the path splattered my boots and nearer and nearer came the lap of the pond water. My brain was in a whirl and I could scarcely think, but when I looked back I saw that the darkness hid the house and I could no longer see the fire.

C. LOUIS LEIPOLDT.