THE LORDLIEST LIFE ON EARTH

MR. KIPLING has added one more striking success to a list already long. We do not say this paradoxically, but merely to emphasise a point that has been missed by those critics who have denounced "The Islanders" as bad metre and worse poetry. Mr. Kipling's intention was to use not poetry but prophecy—in the Old Testament meaning of the word he saw before him the public as a huge and self-complacent beast, and in his desire to rouse it, it was not the lyre or the banjo that his hand closed upon, but the sjambok. This weapon he has used apparently at random, but in reality with deliberate cunning. He has done right and wrong with unsparing hand, and left the matter to be fought out as a quarrel between those who see the right, and those who see the wrong, more clearly.

There is no denying—and this too was probably intended—that to the majority the wrong is, at first sight, the more visible. The lines teem with obvious misstatements and false statements. For example, in the last forty years we have been more continuously at war than any nation in the world; there are few families in the Island that can have "said of Strife: What is it? Of the Sword: It is far from our ken"! Again, in the last two years the just complaint has been, not that we "fawned on the Younger Nations for the men who could shoot and ride," but that, on the contrary, we showed an

ungracious and unintelligent lack of readiness to accept their offers of fellowship in the service of freedom. And if these are the premises, the reasoning from them is no better. "You are too much given to athletics; you hunt and shoot too much; therefore you are beaten by the Boers, whose only qualifications for war are that they are good shots and horsemen." Also we shoot at rabbits and cock-pheasants, but must not expect the rabbit or the cock to repel an invasion. Apparently targets would do so, if we had shot at them instead. This opinion is, at any rate, unique. So, we fancy, is the belief that in physique our troops at the front are "striplings" compared with the millions of "strong men" who cheered them off. So, we hope, is the view that, when looked at from the true—that is, the military—standpoint, all the elements and objects of civil life are contemptible: schools, prayers and preaching, print and the ballot, trades unions and public speeches, Parliaments and municipalities—all these, if we understand our prophet rightly, come under the tail of his lash. But the thick of it, no doubt, falls upon our sports and pastimes; pursuits which are in themselves entirely undeserving of such castigation, and which are denounced here at the moment when their true value is being more and more appreciated on the Continent.

Such, we believe, was the impression of nine men out of ten upon a first reading. The opposite view was taken by a remnant only: those to whom games are less congenial, or the memories of their youth less near; those who resent a popularity in which they are unable to gain a share; those who have long given their energies to that other kind of holiday task which Mr. Kipling now urges upon us all: and some who had already seen for themselves the dangerous tendency of athletic mania. To these, no doubt, there have been added many who have read the charge a second time and found the sting of it less painful as they perceived it to be more deserved. For, after the first natural indignation is past, no reasonable man will claim an acquittal because most of the counts against him are struck out, while a verdict of "guilty" is returned on

one or two not less serious ones. And it is the nature of our countrymen not to nourish resentment or remorse for their faults when convicted of them, but to turn resolutely to the work of amendment.

Have we then deserved this judgment, or are we in danger of it? Have we learned, or are we learning, to boast without foresight, to take pride in domination rather than in service? Is our energy lost in the pursuit of frivolous distraction? Are we both stupid and idle: eager to witness or bet upon games but not to play them? It is not seriously against those at the wickets or the goals that the woes are denounced, but against a nation capable in the time of danger of contenting its soul with toys: are we given to this strong delusion, unwilling to sacrifice trade or ease or amusement for the safety of the life our fathers kept with the hand of the strong man armed?

It is no light matter to be called upon to plead to an indictment such as this, and no wonder that we have fallen for a moment into confusion and recrimination. We remember with a new and deadly fear those reports of football fields, where crowds of twenty and thirty thousand men watched a game in which their interest was chiefly that of the gambler and partly that of the savage and unintelligent local partisan; where the principal players on both sides were hired gladiators, and the umpire's life was in peril from a disappointed mob. We remember certain stories of the population of mining districts, much given to cock-fighting, whippet-racing, and other "sports," clamouring like one man for war, and refusing like one man to offer themselves when the time of need came. We think of certain great halls where suburban idiots gathered lately to applaud a miniature form of an inferior game. We think of certain "men about town," rich, strong, and unemployed, who have spent these two years past in reading the papers and are still "men about town." And we remember that a serious hard-working volunteer is a thing to be snubbed by the organisers of Colenso and despised by every semi-

professional who has "made his century" or been named as "an aspirant for International honours."

Once remembered, in this way, such things are not to be again forgotten; and we are mistaken if the Islanders let slip the lesson so roughly given by the prophet they have themselves chosen. It is to be hoped that they will not, in their eagerness for practical reform, fall into an even more grievous error, which the prophet himself, we fear, has not altogether escaped.

To begin with, he is open to the old retort, that an indictment will not lie against a whole nation; and the more closely such an indictment is pressed the further we are from hopeful resolutions.

> We seem therefore to be driven to absolute despair, for we have no other materials to work upon, but those out of which God has been pleased to form the inhabitants of this island. If these be radically and essentially vicious, all that can be said is, that those men are very unhappy to whose fortune or duty it falls to administer the affairs of this untoward people.

Even Mr. Kipling does not think us "radically and essentially vicious"; but we doubt if he quite realises how far his presentment of the national character overshoots the mark; how much more there is to be said for the Islander's view of "the lordliest life on earth."

Neither force in arms, nor the safety it brings, is an end in itself. Mr. Kipling, who has lived much of his life out of England, and has seen the South African struggle at very close range, may be pardoned for taking a short view and feeling that the one thing necessary for salvation is a gigantic army, and that to have a soul "full harnessed, accepting, alert" for war, is for any people the very state of salvation itself. But the Islander, though for two years he has given much painful thought to war and the things of war, is under no such delusion. He is willing enough to be safe, and therefore asks for the due maintenance of his hereditary sea power, but for any military force beyond the merely necessary, for any life-long and universal playing with drums and swords, he has, we believe, no appetite; nor does he set too high a value even upon safety

itself, for he comes of a breed that has always known how to take risks.

Since conscription, this saving idea of "the nation under arms," took hold on modern life, how far has the civilisation of Europe fallen; how utterly have the minds of men forgotten those other ideas, of a universal language, a common literature, a fraternal commerce! Foreign words are banned by one nation, foreign books slighted by another; savants and professors are foremost in savage and baseless campaigns of slander; the merchants of the world speak of their trade as "commercial war," and their rivalry and hatred beget more dangers in a generation than the follies and ambition of all the kings since Charlemagne. Nations have been brought nearer together only to look upon each other with more wolfish eyes of greed and terror. They fear to starve if they cannot plunder, to be attacked if they are not ready to attack. To this base Moloch of "safety" the Islander is not willing to sacrifice. Money he would give, comfort he would give; but not his own kindliness and goodwill to man, not the last hope of a peaceful mind and a progressive civilisation for Europe. It is a trust he has received: he alone, as Islander, is in a position to keep in some degree

> the larger equipoise,
> And stand outside these nations and their noise.

In this matter his faith is the faith of a player of games, a follower of warm-blooded active sport. War, like life itself, is either a game, or else a brutality worse than bestial. If its immediate objects are paramount, all is over with the soul of man: to the Islander, at any rate, the child of all ages upon our playing-fields, this is clear: he will "play the game"; he will win if he can do it within the rules; but not at the cost of that which is more than any game, any safety, any life. It is for the leaders of conscript nations to take their dreaded enemy in his weak hour and slay him off his guard; to make alliances behind the backs of their allies, to sacrifice justice and humanity to "the honour of the national army," to alleviate their nervous terrors by vain

babble of arbitration: it is for the Islander to walk the world as he has done, venturous, kindly, slow to anger, slower to hatred, slower still to fear; spending the strength of his thought, such as it is, on things which are at least in some way for man's good; and going, however indirectly and unconsciously, with upright and fearless steps towards a civilisation which shall deserve the name of "the lordliest life on earth."

ON THE LINE

WE have now completed a full year since we first undertook to offer to the public a monthly exhibition of readable books. Our object has not been to divide the publications of the day into classes according to merit, or to decide whether any book should take rank as of permanent or ephemeral value: it has been to recommend rather than to dissect, to appreciate rather than to appraise. It may be well, at the beginning of another year, to restate our aims as they were originally put forward.

> We shall give a list; the books will be recent; they will be such as in our opinion no one can ignore without loss; among them will be found foreign books, especially books in French; all classes of literature will be eligible. On the other hand, the list will not claim to be an exhaustive one; it will not necessarily be confined to books appearing within the month; it will not consider the interests of the expert in any branch, but the pleasure of the general or omnivorous reader. It will contain comments, but brief and not detailed: the mere report of a patrol, so that the reader may not feel he is being led to attack entirely unknown positions: it is far from our intention merely to add one more to the chorus of critics. The books we do not like we shall leave others to advertise.

This modest programme we may claim to have carried out with some fidelity; and we have certainly been generously paid by favourable comment both public and private. This has, especially of late, been so frequent and so marked, that we cannot any longer allow the common impression to go unchecked which ascribes the whole of the work in this

department to one hand. The Editor has done but a small portion himself: whatever praise has been awarded is due to the writers whose names are here with their consent subjoined:

Reginald Balfour	James H. F. Peile (Rev.)
Mary Coleridge	A. T. Quiller-Couch
Roger Fry	Gerald Ritchie
Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L.	Edith Sichel
Andrew Lang	F. Warre-Cornish
Alex. Fuller-Maitland	(Vice-Provost of Eton.)

The books hung on the line during the year have reached the total of one hundred and fourteen: of these thirty-four were fiction, ten poetry, and the remaining eighty included Memoirs and Biography, Natural History, Religion, Art, Music, Antiquities, and books on the War. Seven of the whole number were books in French, and no fewer than twenty-eight others were books of American origin or translations from the Russian, French, German, or Swedish. The ten volumes of poetry were all English, and formed, we are interested—but not surprised—to note, decidedly the most remarkable group of all. It is a living and fertile literature which in a single year puts forth fruit on branches bearing the names of Laurence Binyon, Robert Bridges, "Lucilla," George Meredith, T. Sturge Moore, Herbert Trench, and W. B. Yeats. For the rest, the year must be pronounced below the average, as perhaps was only to be expected in the present state of public affairs.

"*Guided by the moon and the dead soldiers on the line by which I advanced*"—the little phrase, dropped into the midst of a description of the Sikh War, lights it up with a flash of vivid remembrance beyond all imitation but that of genius. Shakespeare, when he made Harry Hotspur, uttered a forecast of the character that reveals itself in **The Autobiography of Harry Smith.** (Murray. 24*s.* net.) "Fie upon this quiet life!" said the "little clever-looking old man" when, at the age of seventy-two, he saw himself compelled

to retire. Here is the record of what he called "life" indeed in 1844:

> I have now served my country nearly forty years. I have fought in every quarter of the globe, I have driven four-in-hand in every quarter, I have never had a sick certificate, and only once received leave of absence, which I did for eight months to study mathematics. I have filled *every* Staff situation of a regiment and of the General Staff. I have commanded a regiment in peace, and have had often a great voice in war. I entered the army perfectly unknown to the world, in ten years by force of circumstances I was Lieutenant-Colonel, and I have been present in as many battles and sieges as any officer of my standing in the army. I never fought a duel, and only once made a man an apology, although I am as hot a fellow as the world produces; and I may without vanity say, the friendship I have experienced equals the love I bear my comrade, officer or soldier.

Sir Harry felt for his horse as if he had been half a horse himself, for his thirteen dogs only a little less. He shot his favourite charger, "Aliwal," with his own hand; but he could not come down to dinner afterwards. Every night, however ill he might be, he dressed; in imitation of the Great Duke perhaps, or because he was vain of his beautiful little foot. He could not bear a man who ate his pudding with a spoon or left his glass of wine unfinished. His powers of resource were, like his prejudices, immediate and direct. In Mobile Bay, where no bread was to be got, "a sort of vision" bade him turn oyster-shells into mortar, and thus enable the men to construct bakers' ovens. When he had no ammunition he fired the buttons off his jacket. He was not afraid of being dramatic nor too refined for popularity. He would weep for a comrade; he said so afterwards without reluctance. He was not ashamed to fall in love and to avow religious faith, and he saw no reason why either of these things should be kept secret; he stood too often face to face with death to care about mystification. If modesty was not among his virtues (and the Ercles vein suits autobiography much better), pride had neither art nor part in him. He was the first to draw attention to the fine conduct of an enemy. He justified to the Colonists of South Africa the Government which had distrusted and super-

seded him. He accepted an invitation from Lord Grey, the man who, of all others, wronged him, and that in public, and with the added provocation of irony. At the age of twenty-four he married a high-born Spanish beauty of fourteen, who threw herself on his protection after the siege of Badajos; and the rest of the Peninsular War was their honeymoon. Whenever a fight was imminent he would leave her as near the battlefield as might be, and when it was over she would come to look for him. She behaved in the most ladylike manner as regarded crying and fainting, but we are not without a suspicion that he enjoyed this quite as much as her marvellous prowess on horseback, her dancing and singing, her kindly gaiety of heart, her constant courage. Every soldier, from the Duke downwards, became her devoted admirer, and the words in which "Johnny Kincaid" speaks of her rival those of her husband. The note of depression is never struck throughout this gallant Odyssey but when "Enrique" has to leave her; and even then, so cheerful is the temperament of Enrique, that pictures of "The Sorrows of Werther" avail to brighten his existence, and to inspire him with "a hope which never afterwards abandoned me." If Goethe had read this passage, it might have gone far to console him for the maiden who drowned herself with "Werther" in her pocket. Yet sorrow was true enough.

> I shall never forget her frenzied grief when, with a sort of despair, I imparted the inevitable separation that we were doomed to suffer, after all our escapes, fatigue, and privation; but a sense of duty surmounted all these domestic feelings, and daylight saw me and dear Colborne full gallop thirty-four miles to breakfast. We were back again at Castel Sarrasin by four in the afternoon, after a little canter of sixty-eight miles, not regarded as any act of prowess, but just a ride. In those days there were men.

He went to America, where the exclamation, "'Heavens,' says I, 'if Colborne was to see this!'" became frequent. Warfare was not conducted as a Peninsular man held that it should be. He was back again, after a second expedition, in time for the great sensation of 1815.

As we neared the mouth of the British Channel, we had, of course, the usual thick weather, when a strange sail was reported. It was now blowing a fresh breeze; in a few minutes we spoke her, but did not make her haul her main-topsail, being a bit of a merchantman. Stirling hailed as we shot past. "Where are you from?" "Portsmouth." "Any news?" "No; none." The ship was almost out of sight, when we heard, "Ho! Bonaparter's back again on the throne of France!" Such a hurrah as I set up, tossing my hat over my head! "I will be a Lieutenant-Colonel yet before the year's out!" Sir John Lambert said, "Really, Smith, you are so vivacious! How is it possible? It cannot be." He had such faith in the arrangements of our government, he wouldn't believe it. I said, "Depend upon it, it's truth; a beast like that skipper never could have invented it, when he did not even regard it as news. 'No; no news; only Bonaparte's back again on the throne of France.' Depend on it, it's true." "No, Smith, no." Stirling believed it; oh, how he carried on!

The story of Juana's wild ride to Waterloo to seek her husband among the slain must be read in her own words. The despatch containing the news of Aliwal was praised by Thackeray; who dare praise it after that? "My fight at Aliwal was a little sweeping second edition of Salamanca—a stand-up gentlemanlike battle," says the General himself. Boy or girl, man or woman, not one but must think life a braver, a deeper and more glorious thing with such a book as this in hand. The editor has done his part to perfection; it only remains for us to quote from him the fair and fit conclusion of the whole matter.

Historians may perhaps find some matter of instruction in the autobiography now presented to them. But is it too much to hope that it may have a still happier fortune, and that young Englishmen and Englishwomen yet unborn may be kindled to a noble emulation by the brave and glowing hearts of Harry and Juana Smith?

It would be as easy as it would be unfair to judge and condemn **St. Nazarius**—(Macmillan. 6*s.*)—by the ordinary standards of fiction, to point out that it lacks incident, construction, realism, and, in fact, all the qualities that go to make the success of the Modern Novel. The truth is that the narrative form is purely accidental, though happily chosen

and skilfully employed, notably in the exquisite treatment of the forest in all its moods and seasons as the background on which the rather shadowy figures move. Essentially "St. Nazarius" is a study of Love from the standpoint of a very pure and noble mysticism, and the author has wisely kept her real purpose quite untrammeled by the limitations of the literary form she has adopted. The story has no very discernible date, for the problems it treats belong to all time and even to eternity. The scenery, beautiful and appropriate as it is, or rather because it is beautiful and appropriate, seems to us scenery of dreamland. The persons of the drama, too, are frankly abstractions; or, as one of them says of another, they are "a dream within a dream, a delicate nothing, bearing all gifts of beauty and hope, all properties save that of actual life." Humphrey stands for Religion, for Divine love, not the love of God for man, but the love which the God-possessed man bears to his fellows. Mirvan is Art, with all the passionate selfishness of the artist, exacting the uttermost from those around him as the condition on which he will consent to live, and even so giving them full recompense. Sebastian and Irène are two aspects of the vast mass of Humanity who are not leaders but disciples: the man, patient, simple and content with duty, and a strong rock in time of trouble; the woman, restless and craving for rest, which she can find only in the tribute of the highest natures. We have not space to tell of the many other Virtues and Vices of this morality, but Mirvan's bear and fox must not be forgotten.

In this gracious setting Mrs. Farquharson presents to us, with singular charm and earnestness, thoughts on the relation of man to God and to humanity, which are worth attention, some because they are really new, and arise from the conditions in which we live; some because they are old and have been very thoroughly forgotten.

It is no small thing to have the spiritual side of love and marriage brought before us so forcibly and delicately at a time when many able writers are trying to convince us that in the

primary relations of life man always has been, and always will be, as the beasts that perish. It is no small thing in an age when religion and ecclesiastical controversy are commonly regarded as synonymous, to be reminded that the only true service of God is love; and to be shown why it is that religion, as they see it, is repulsive to some sound and honest natures.

If "St. Nazarius" had no other virtue, the English in which it is written would give it a claim to notice. A style so free and simple, yet artistic in the high sense of perfect fitness, is as rare as it is delightful.

More Letters of Edward Fitzgerald. Edited by W. Aldis Wright. (Macmillan. 5*s.*)—Of what correspondent was it said that to know him in the letter was to know him in the spirit? At all events, it is true when written about Edward Fitzgerald. Whoever has known him, whether in life or after death, has never failed to love him, his company, his crotchets—and he kept a standing army of them. The letters in the volume that has just appeared show the whole man, with his pipe and his book and his boat; or in later, sadder days when his sight grew bad, with his reader the cabinet-maker's son, who read to him every evening and said "furniture husband" for "future husband." Most of these letters—and also the best of them—are written to the editor, Mr. Aldis Wright, to the elder Sir Frederick Pollock and to Professor Cowell; some of the tenderest are addressed to his old friends, Frederick Tennyson and Thomas Carlyle. To these, as to Thackeray, Tennyson and Spedding, he was always "Old Fitz"—the strong personality with tastes that ran in strong narrow grooves—the beloved comrade, vigorous yet sensitive, too sensitive to live with the people he cared about. In his literary judgments he was as unfair as he was lovable, which is saying a great deal. His prejudices were of adamant. The mention of Browning's poetry never failed to lash him into a temper, and the thought that Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë could be mentioned in the same breath as

Scott affected him like an east wind. Happily his prepossessions were also of adamant and he never liked, though he often disliked, wrongly. To Thackeray, Dickens, Crabbe, Cervantes, Sainte-Beuve, he is always just. When he is not blinded by prejudice his arrow usually hits the bull's-eye, and his general utterances upon art are fine and full of sap. Take, for instance, the comparison he draws between Hogarth and Frith.

> There are passages of tragedy and comedy in his (Hogarth's) works that go very deep into human nature and into one's soul. . . . I don't say that Frith is not more natural (in the sense you use the word, I suppose) than Hogarth; but then does he take so difficult a face of Nature to deal with; and, even on his own lower ground, does he go to the bottom of it? Is there in his Derby the one typical face and figure of the jockey, the gambler, &c., such as Hogarth would have painted for ever on our imaginations? . . . If we take the mere representation of common Nature as the sum total of art, we must put the modern everyday life novel above Shakespeare. . . . Nor can I think that Frith's veracious portraitures of people eating luncheons at Epsom are to be put in the scale with Raffaelle's impossible idealisation of the human made divine.

His criticisms of people are as racy as his criticisms of books. Humour was so closely spun into the woof of the man that it cannot be unravelled from the rest of him.

> My paper [he writes] is in mourning, for my Brother Peter's Wife: a Capital Woman, who died five months ago. He really loved her, was like a Ship without rudder when he lost her, and has in consequence just married his Housekeeper. I believe he has done well.

One cannot tell what is humour here and what is not: a kind of salt humour that tastes of the sea. Fitzgerald is, after all, just what he was: an Irishman living on the East Coast. And he was a great deal more besides—an Irishman of genius, a lover of sailors and sailing, a friend who could not change, and a past-master in letter-writing.

An English Commentary on Dante's Divina Commedia. By the Rev. H. F. Tozer. (Clarendon Press.)—The literature of Dante is as wide as the sea, and the tide is still rising. No student can hope to read the hundredth part of

the books which elucidate or obscure the "Divine Comedy." For the present generation of English Dantophilists, and particularly for those who read Dante as a poet, and do not aspire to be among "those who know" all the heights and depths of his immensity—for to know Dante is to know all that could be known six hundred years ago, and to have genius as well as erudition—the way is now clear enough. With the useful Fraticelli we can get over the ground. Mr. Butler provides a faithful if somewhat difficult translation, and admirable illustrations from Plato, Aristotle, and the *Summa*. Mr. Warren Vernon is hitherto the most helpful guide for those who have not been trained in classical scholarship. His judgment is sound, and his style easy and attractive. Dr. Moore provides a text either in his own "Oxford Dante" or in the beautifully printed volume edited by Mr. Paget Toynbee, which is, in fact, as he tells us in his prefatory note, a second edition of the "Oxford Dante," with "qualche miglioramento nel testo e nella punteggiatura."

Now comes Mr. Tozer, and gives us what has long been wanted, a volume of Notes such as those with which Oxford and Cambridge scholars have enriched the study of the classics. Henceforward an English reader can attack the "Divine Comedy," not indeed with the hope of ever finding it easy reading, but without the necessity of being beholden to German and Italian commentators, the former inaccessible to many by reason of the difficulty of the language, the latter often missing the point or clouding it by a ponderous *catena* of authorities, which bewilder where they mean to enlighten.

Where there is so much to praise and to be thankful for, it is ungracious to criticise. We think, however, that the brevity of the notes—an excellent feature—is sometimes carried too far. Too much knowledge of mediæval Italian forms of language is assumed, and there is not quite enough of the linguistic information which is to be found in Blanc's excellent *Vocabolario dantesco*. In the next edition we hope Mr. Tozer will furnish a table of mediæval and dialectical variations from

the received types of inflection, giving the usage of Dante's time as shown in the "vulgar" writings of himself and his contemporaries, whether in prose or verse. It is all to be found in Diez; but Diez's "Grammar" is in three volumes, and not accessible to every one. We should welcome also more illustrations from the Provençal literature, which was part of Dante's poetical equipment, and to which his *bello stile* in creating the Italian language was much beholden. Further, the passages cited from Aquinas should be written out in full, as in some cases they are, and should be, if possible, more numerous; for, although every poet is his own commentator (a fact dwelt on by Mr. Tozer in his preface), Dante is so steeped in the *Summa* that every part of every canto can only be fully understood by reference to it. These additions would increase the bulk of the volume, but would be well worth their cost. We miss also an index. The elucidations from the classics, both poetical and philosophical, leave nothing to be desired, and the language is always clear and simple. It is first-rate, scholarly work throughout, and the typography is excellent, including Greek—a rarity.

EUROPEAN EXPANSION IN ASIA

EUROPEANS have trebled in numbers during the past century and will probably treble again during the present century. These are the facts of far-reaching import which the eminent statistician, Sir Robert Giffen, announced at the last meeting of the British Association; and what this immense growth of Europeans means for Asiatics it is worth our while, as the greatest Asiatic Power, to study.

The growth of the European population (including that of the United States of America, but excluding that of South American countries and Mexico) was from 170 millions at the commencement of last century to 510 millions at the end. The population of the United States increased from a little over 5 to nearly 80 millions. The English population of the British Empire increased from 15 to 55 millions. The population of Germany increased from 20 to 55 millions; that of Russia from 40 to 135 millions; and that of France from 25 to 40 millions.

Besides this fact of the growth of the European, there is a connected fact which bears with almost equal weight upon the problem of the relation of Europe and Asia.

> With a population which not only increases in numbers [says Sir R. Giffen], but which year by year becomes increasingly richer per head, the consuming power of the population increases with enormous rapidity and must be satisfied,

if at all, by foreign imports of food and raw materials. There is no other means of satisfaction.

The increase of the population has not meant that the individuals comprising it have in consequence grown poorer; for the aggregate wealth has increased even faster than the aggregate population, and consequently the average individual is richer at the end of the century than he was at the beginning. His wants are increasing. He is not satisfied with what was once sufficient for him. A thousand years ago most Anglo-Saxons, Frenchmen, or Russians would have been content with a rough hut for shelter, a few skins wherewith to clothe themselves, and a mess of porridge, with a little game from the forests, to eat. Even a century ago they had fewer wants than they have to-day. The houses, the clothes, the food which satisfied them at the commencement of last century, do not satisfy them now. A comparison of the accommodation provided for servants in the poky little rooms of old London houses with the accommodation provided for them now will give some idea of the difference in living which a century has produced; and from the windows of a railway carriage running through France, England, and most other European countries can be seen superior new cottages in the country and new rows of houses in the town rising up in thousands to take the place of the low, cramped habitations of the past. And most, even middle-aged, men can notice a rise in the style of living of the population generally; how much better furnished the houses now are, and how both the diet of the people and their clothing have improved in quantity as well as variety. The whole standard of living of Europeans, and more still of Americans, has risen and is rising, and their wants have vastly increased, till what were before considered luxuries are now becoming necessaries.

Now all these increasing and varied necessaries of present-day civilisation cannot be obtained in Europe itself, nor even within the limits of the United States. It is a well-known fact that the countries of Europe are unable to supply their rapidly

augmenting population with even the barest necessaries of existence, much less the luxuries. Sir R. Giffen, after giving statistics of the imports of food and raw materials into the chief countries of Europe, says: "The inference seems undeniable, then, that the Continental countries named, especially Germany, have largely increased their imports of food and raw materials of recent years—that is, have become increasingly dependent on foreign and over-sea supplies." The tendency is for each country to direct its attention to producing only that which it can produce with special advantage, and to look to exchanging its own special products for the special products of other countries. More especially of moment to the present study is the fact that one and all of these European countries have need to obtain the products of the tropics, which they do by purchasing them with the manufactures which for one reason or other they can turn out more cheaply in Europe than in the tropics. The numerous and rich European population must have cotton, silk, tea, coffee, rice, tobacco, pepper, jute, &c. All these necessaries of existence are obtained in the tropics only; and it is from Asia, especially from the great plains of India and China, that they, as well as the further supplies of wheat required for the European consumers, are most easily and most abundantly obtained. Hence the impulse of Europeans towards Asia.

And it is important that we should clearly understand that the search for tropical products is the great compelling cause of the European impulse to Asia; because in many minds there is still an idea that Europeans go there for settlement, and these think that as experience has proved that Europeans cannot settle in tropical Asia as they can, for instance, in the United States, therefore they will soon retire from Asia. It is, however, only in a small degree that Europeans go to Asia for settlement, to live there for good, and to rear children generation by generation. In the northern regions a few millions of Russians settle down and colonise; but the surplus population of Europe go for the most part to America and Australia for

purposes of settlement; and the Europeans that go to Asia go there chiefly for trade—to obtain the tropical products which are so necessary an accompaniment of modern civilisation. Until this point is thoroughly realised the real cause of the expansion of some European countries will never be understood.

Consider for a moment the case of France. Her population for some years has been nearly stationary; and yet she not only clings to her existing possessions in Asia, but is ever seeking to extend her influence. She holds Tonking and Indo-China, but she never ceases her efforts to acquire influence in Siam, Yunan, Szechuen, and the country behind Canton; and if the British had not forestalled her she would by now have had Burma under her control. Why is this? Not because she wants more countries upon which to dump down her surplus population; but because her population though stationary is rich and growing richer; because the standard of living of the people is rising and their needs consequently increasing; because they want to buy the tropical products with the products of their home industry; and because they know that they can purchase those products more easily and more advantageously in a market under their own particular control than they can in a market under the control of some one else. The French could never have hoped to use India as a settlement for surplus population. But they struggled with the British for mastery there because they instinctively felt that they could trade with India much more advantageously if it were under their control than they could if it were under British control. And they were right. Though India is nominally as freely open to French trade as it is to British trade, yet, as a matter of fact, five times as much of the products of India go to Great Britain as go to France. This would never have been the case if the French had beaten us instead of our beating them in the struggle for supremacy in India. Their anxiety to gain exclusive control in other markets can therefore be well understood.

Take, again, our own case. Our population certainly is increasing, but we do not send our surplus population to settle in India because, in the first place, India is nearly full already with a population of its own; and because, in the second place, the tropical climate is not suitable for the permanent settlement of people of our race and for the rearing and bringing up of English children. Furthermore, it is an established fact that white races and coloured races do not work well together. Wherever they try to labour in the same field the white man either becomes master and simply superintends the coloured labouring man; or if he cannot do that he sulks, becomes lazy, and degenerates. Consequently our main surplus population goes to America and to our colonies in the temperate zone; and when we go to India and other parts of Asia we go there not for settlement but to obtain tropical products.

Russia is the only European country which sends any surplus population to Asia for settlement, and these spread in a loose way over Northern Asia, where the climate is temperate and suitable for colonisation by Europeans, and where there are few Asiatics already in possession. In all other cases Europeans go to Asia not to settle but rather to trade. Here then is one of the great generative forces which impel Europeans to expand over Asia. It is not the only one; for besides being impelled there by the necessity to find food and raiment for the body, they are also driven there by more spiritual impulses. But it is the one on which we have to fix our minds in the present study.

Now, if Europeans (in which term are included the people of the United States) are strongly impelled towards Asia at the commencement of this century, with how much greater force will they be impelled thither at its close? Sir R. Giffen has carefully examined the rates of increase of the population of the several countries of Europe and America, and he comes to the conclusion that increase from the present 510 millions "to at least 1500 millions during the century now beginning, unless some great change should occur, would appear not im-

probable." Europeans trebled in numbers during last century, and there is as yet no sign that they will not treble again during the present century. At any rate, they will enormously increase in numbers. It is no less certain that they will greatly increase in wealth. Once the ball of wealth is set a-rolling it increases by going. The standard of living has been steadily rising, and there is nothing to show that it will cease to rise during the present century. If this is so there will be a still greater demand for the tropical products of Asia. More cotton and silk will be required for clothing and furniture; more tea, coffee and sugar for our meals; more tobacco to smoke; and as the fields of Europe become built over by the spreading towns more wheat will be wanted from outside to supply the very foundation of our diet.

And as the demand increases the efforts of Europeans to satisfy it redoubles. A century ago slowly sailing ships were considered sufficiently suitable means of transport for conveying the products of Asia to Europe. They would take five or six months to reach India and more still to reach China. Now steamers perform the journey in half that number of weeks. Where the Isthmus of Suez opposed a barrier to direct intercourse by sea a canal has been dug to let ships through. Railways have been run into the interior of Asia to facilitate the transport of products. The Russians have constructed one railway right across the breadth of Asia and another into the heart of Turkestan, thus connecting the whole of the northern portion with Europe. The British have built 23,000 miles of railway in the Indian Peninsula, making the remotest parts accessible. France has run a railway into Tongking. Germany has just begun to push a railway into China. And under the influence or guidance of Europeans railways have been constructed in other parts of China, in Japan, in Siam and in Asia Minor.

Europeans are therefore every year being brought nearer to Asia and in closer contact with Asiatics. And whereas a century ago Europeans only touched Asia on the west, they

are now in position on the east as well, in the United States and Canada; they have expanded over all the north of Asia, and they are filling up the Continent of Australia on the south. Asia is being surrounded by European peoples; it is becoming more and more accessible to them, and at the close of the present century will be incomparably more accessible than it is now. The number of vessels plying between Europe and Asia will have vastly increased; the time they occupy upon the voyage will have proportionately diminished. Already there are railway schemes in preparation for connecting the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf and even with India; for connecting Russia with India, India with China, and China with Russia. All these will certainly be carried out during this century, till at its close Asia will be as permeated with railways as Europe now is. In addition, the Nicaragua Canal will have been completed, putting the great American cities on the Atlantic sea-board in direct sea-communication with the Far East.

Europeans will, moreover, press forward with the more keenness to purchase the products of Asia because of the rivalry which exists between them. The Europeans are not one nation, but many, all keenly struggling with each other for the means of sustenance and maintenance. They each want the products of Asia, and one nation cannot afford to let another gain an advantage over it in facilities for obtaining its requirements. The English fought for a century for the control of the trade of India. They obtained it in the face of the Portuguese, the Dutch and the French; and perhaps it is not altogether unconnected with this fact that the three nations named have distinctly fallen away in comparison with the progress the English themselves have made. Russia and Germany are now pressing into Asia, and showing unmistakable symptoms of acquiring special facilities for themselves; and this fear alone makes other nations press on to ensure that they will not be left at a disadvantage. This rivalry in Asia will become more intense in future as the rivalry in Europe

itself comes to an end, and the numbers of the population yet increase. And the more intense the rivalry of the European nations, the more rapid is likely to be their progress in Asia.

What, now, has been the effect of this pressure of Europe upon Asia during the past century? In the first stages of the struggle for existence among the nations of the world the strong seize individual men and women of the weak and capture their cattle and other means of sustenance, by such methods growing larger and stronger. But in the later stages the tendency is for the strong to absorb the weaker bodily, either in part or in whole. Thus we have France taking part of Italy, Germany part of France, Russia taking Poland, and now perhaps Finland, and America taking part of the Spanish possessions. So it has been, too, in Asia. In the rivalry and struggle of life the powerful Europeans have been bodily absorbing the weaker nations of Asia.

At the commencement of the nineteenth century the English were established in lower Bengal and along the coast line on both sides of the Indian Peninsula. But the Great Moghul was still reigning at Delhi; the powerful Mahratta Confederacy held all Central India; the semi-independent Viceroys of the Deccan and Oudh were yet unconquered; and the Northern Chieftains of Rajputana and the Punjab were scarcely known except by name. At the close of the century the Queen of England was Empress of India, not merely by title, but by more assured fact that any ruler had ever been before. Her will was absolute throughout India; the Great Moghul had been swept away; the most powerful Confederacies had vanished into thin air; and the haughtiest Chiefs had proclaimed their allegiance to the British throne.

In more distant China there has been a less vigorous and sustained pressure from Europe, and a more determined opposition from the people or rather the government of the country. Yet here, also, the marks of European pressure are seen. Along the borders of the Chinese Empire States like Burma, Annam and Tongking, which a century ago were tributary to

China, are now governed by the English and the French. Fortified naval stations along the coast are held by European Powers at Hongkong, Kiaochau, Wei-hai-wei and Port Arthur, and European commercial settlements have been established in many places along the coast as well as in the interior. In the northern portion of the Empire Russia has been steadily extending her influence and control. First the Trans-Amur districts of Manchuria were absorbed; then the coast-line was annexed and a port established at Vladivostok; and now a virtual protectorate has been declared over the remainder of Manchuria. In Japan the effects of European pressure, though different, have been greater. At the beginning of last century the Japanese were as exclusive as the Chinese in matters of trade, and European trade with Japan scarcely existed. By the close of the century the Japanese had only saved themselves from absorption by Europeans by freely opening their country to foreign trade and residence; so that now Europeans can trade with Japan as freely as they can with each other. In Northern Asia Russia has extended her sway over all Siberia. In Central Asia she has acquired control over Turkestan and the Khanates. Persia is every year coming more under the influence of Russia in the North and England in the South. Except, indeed, secluded and useless countries like Tibet, Afghanistan, and Arabia, where there never could be any trade of importance, no Asiatic country has escaped the effects of European competition for the trade of the tropics. Some, like India, where competition was most severe, where the means of applying pressure was easiest, or where the resistance was weakest, have had to submit to being controlled absolutely and to being incorporated bodily with the European. Others, like Japan, have only escaped absorption by conceding all the Europeans asked. But all alike have had, during the century which has passed away, to withdraw that opposition which at the commencement they put in the way of Europeans purchasing with their own products the needed products of the East.

The net result is that out of the total population of Asia (including Japan, but excluding the islands of the Malay Archipelago) of 844 millions, no less than 344 millions are now under European control, some 250 millions having been absorbed during the last century.

And those Asiatics who are now under European control will remain subject to it during the present century. It would take more space than can be afforded here fully to justify this statement, but it may nevertheless, I think, be safely accepted. It is possible to imagine that through our apathy and callousness, and the neglect of our Indian administration—the finest piece of work that any nation has ever had in hand—a great popular rising, assisted by an attack from Russia or France, or both combined, might result in our evacuation of India. This is, I hope, improbable; but it is imaginable, for it has been imagined by that Englishman who of all his countrymen has given the longest and most profound study to the question. Mr. Meredith Townsend, in his lately published work, "Asia and Europe," states, as a result of a life-long study, that "the Empire which came in a day will disappear in a night."

> It is [he says] a structure built on nothing, without foundations. . . . Banish those fifteen hundred men in black, defeat the slender garrison in red, and the Empire has ended. . . . It is the active classes who have to be considered, and to them our rule is not and cannot be a rule without prodigious drawbacks . . . of which the last and greatest one of all is the total loss of the interestingness of life. . . . The catastrophe in India will arrive either in some totally unforeseen manner, or through a general insurrection aided by a voluntary transfer of power from European to Asiatic hands. The insurrection will recur within a month of our sustaining any defeat whatever severe enough to be recognised as a defeat in the Indian bazaars. . . . The Peninsula might be reconquered. . . . Still an uneasy tranquillity might continue for a generation, to be broken again after thirty or forty years by a third uprising.

Such are the gloomy forebodings of one who has lived in India and known India as few know it, and who, moreover, was in India during the great Mutiny.

Nevertheless, there is a ray of hope for us still; and these convictions are not shared by some, at least, of those who have

had recent and practical experience of governing India. The antipathy of Asiatics for Europeans, upon which Mr. Townsend so strongly insists, is undoubtedly there, and always will be there. He is perfectly right in saying that the active classes miss the excitement and interestingness of their old, wild, gambling life; and are oppressed by the leadenness of our rule. So, however, did the wild, aboriginal tribes of India miss the still greater freedom to hunt, and murder and steal, and wander as they would which they enjoyed till they were brought into some sort of order by the superior races which came flooding into India in recurring waves from the temperate regions of Asia. But the savage aboriginal tribes had to submit to the inevitable march of civilisation. Whether they appreciated it or not, they had to submit to the restrictions which the more civilised invaders imposed upon their formerly uncurbed licence to murder and steal as they liked. Similarly in their turn the present active classes in India will have to submit, whether they find it congenial or no, to the restraints which the last and the most civilised, because most socially efficient, of the invaders from the temperate regions impose upon them to curb that spirit of wild adventure and excitement which had as its main result the anarchy in which we found India a century and a half ago. Even the last Mutiny did not succeed; and it produced no single man of capacity nor any symptom of a government which would have replaced ours and stayed the flood of European invasion. And if it did not succeed in 1857, how is any similar movement to succeed now when there are 23,000 miles of railway running through India, and telegraphs to every corner of the peninsula; now, since the Suez Canal has been cut, and since our steamers have so increased in speed and in numbers, and our whole organisation of Empire so improved that we could more easily place 200,000 white troops in India in 1902 than we could 20,000 in 1857? How could it succeed when all these troops would be accompanied by the most modern artillery, while the natives would not have even the obsolete artillery which they possessed in 1857?

However, it evidently is imaginable that there may be such a concatenation of misfortunes—attacks from outside and risings within—that we may lose India. But what is not, I believe, imaginable by any one who has the arguments of this article before him, is that India freed from the English will continue free of European control altogether; and this is the real point of importance in the present study. Mr. Townsend's forecast is that after the natives of India have evicted us either by force or by gradually getting into their hands all the power in the Government Offices,

> India will be reduced to the condition in which we found her . . . life will again be made interesting as of old by incessant wars, invasions, and struggles for personal ascendency. The railways, . . . will be torn up, the universities will be scouted by military rulers, the population will begin to decrease, and in short, for one word expresses it all, India will once more be Asiatic.

Now, even supposing the mother country had become so effete as to allow this, and that the great young nations of Australia and Canada would look with indifference on so deplorable an ending to all the efforts which we who spend our lives in trying to rule India justly have made, is it likely that Russia and Germany, and France and America would stand by and see that great market go to ruin from which they require so much of the necessaries of civilisation? The world in general has need of what India *can* produce; and if there is one thing more certain than another it is that the European nations—incomparably more powerful as they now are than they have ever been before, even in the days of the Greeks and the Romans, from whose efforts Mr. Townsend draws his analogies—will insist that great rich spaces of the earth's surface like India and China shall be placed and kept under those conditions which most conduce to efficient production. The industrial progress of the world is advancing with ever accelerating rapidity. Greater strides forward have been made in the last century than in all the centuries which have gone before. The forces which favour this progress are continually

increasing in strength, and the resisting forces are continually decreasing. It is altogether inconceivable, therefore, that the civilised Powers would ever allow the clock to be set back in India in the way Mr. Townsend anticipates and the industrial progress already made to be summarily swept away.

If the English are too indolent, or too indifferent, or too lacking in virility to rule India and allow it to relapse back into the anarchy in which they found it, depend upon it there will be an even keener scramble among the European nations for its possession than there ever was for spheres of influence in Africa or China. And there is nothing so extraordinary or unprecedented in such a movement from Europe to Asia that we should look upon it as unnatural and merely ephemeral. On the contrary, it is a strictly normal occurrence in the general life of nations. Throughout its history there has ever been a succession of waves of invasion from the temperate regions over the fertile plains of India. We are simply in the presence of the last and greatest of these waves, and there is nothing to show that it will be any less permanent than the others. There is, indeed, every indication to show that it will be just as lasting. It may be over-laid by some higher wave still. But it will not be thrown back by the masses over-ridden. Because Europeans do not settle down in India to live and inter-marry with the people like all previous invaders is no indication that their dominion will be less permanent. Quite the contrary; it is, if anything, an argument in favour of the permanence of European dominion; for, while all other northern invaders have been absorbed by inter-marriage with the conquered and have been rendered effete by the tropical climate of India, the Europeans will keep their type true and their vigour fresh. For the coming century at least, we may conclude, the Asiatics now under European control will still remain dependents of Europe.

We may conclude even more than this. Not only will they remain still under the control of Europe, but they will even be used to extend European influence in other parts of

Asia. The English have so used the natives of India all through the past century. Madras sepoys helped to conquer the Bengal Presidency, Madrassis and Bengalis to subdue the Mahrattas, and all three to subjugate the Sikhs. Besides which, all these separate types of Indian troops—more different in every respect as they are than Italians are from Scotchmen—have been used by us in the extension of our influence in Persia, in Afghanistan, and in China. Similarly the French, from whom, indeed, we first learned the system, have used the Annamese against the Tongkingese, and both against the Chinese; and the Russians have used one class of Asiatic against another. Even more remarkable and significant still is the fact that to quell the Indian Mutiny we raised levies of Indians themselves; that we have used frontier tribesmen to put down frontier risings; and that to relieve the Legations at Peking we took the newly formed Chinese regiment from Wei-hai-wei.

I think it will be a fair conclusion, then, that the 500 million Europeans who wish to trade with Asia will be assisted in their efforts to establish equable trade relations with the 500 million independent Asiatics by the 344 million Asiatics now under European control; and they will be assisted the more readily because of the advantage which these Asiatics themselves gain from free commercial access to new markets. Not only will Europe gain by the opening up of China, but India will too. The trade of India with China at the commencement of last century was quite insignificant. It now amounts to more than the trade of France, Germany and Russia put together with that country.

Further, it can be shown that both the Europeans and also the Asiatics under European control will probably augment in numbers more rapidly than the independent Asiatics. It has already been stated that the Europeans are likely to treble in numbers during the present century. The population of India has also been steadily increasing under the security of our rule, and at the present rate will be two and a

half times more numerous at the close of the century than it is now. On the other hand, except in Japan, which only furnishes a tenth part of the total, there is no indication that the independent Asiatic population will increase so rapidly as either the population of India or the population of Europe and the United States. Countries like Arabia, Persia and Asiatic Turkey have a way of keeping down their population by incessant wars or massacres. The only country where a great increase of population is likely is China, and I can find no sign that the Chinese under their own rulers will more than double in number while the Europeans are trebling. Mr. Parker, who was for many years in the British Consular service in China, has devoted a chapter of his recently published work on China to a consideration of the increase of the population. His conclusions are that for the 1500 years up to 1260 the population remained, off and on, at about 50 millions, and that it did not reach 100 millions till the beginning of the eighteenth century. According to the most reliable Chinese statistics, in

1700	the population was		100	millions
1741	„	„	143	„
1762	„	„	200	„
1851	„	„	432	„
1894	„	„	421	„

These figures cannot, of course, be taken as strictly accurate, and they are generally considered to be somewhat in excess. They are, however, sufficiently correct to show that there was a pretty steady increase from the beginning of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century, when the progress was arrested by the great Taeping rebellion and by subsequent famines. The last two centuries have been the most progressive in the history of China as regards the increase of population, and in that time the population has quadrupled. As far then as the data at our disposal will allow us to draw conclusions, we may assume that the Chinese are doubling in numbers every century.

The outlook is, then, that while the Asiatics under European control will during the century increase from 344 millions to about 800 or 850 millions, and the Europeans from 500 to 1500 millions, the 400 million Chinese are not likely to increase to more than 800 millions; and of the remaining 100 million independent Asiatics, one-half are unlikely to increase at all, and the other half—the Japanese—already accept European methods of commercial intercourse.

China is therefore likely to receive the chief attention of Europe in the present century as India did in the past. It is known to be a country of great natural resources, which are not at present properly developed by the people, and these wasted resources are needed by the growing populations of Europe. It is no hardship, but, on the contrary, a benefit to the Chinese that these wasted resources should be developed under skilled European guidance, and that they should have unfettered opportunity of interchanging their own special products with the special products of Europe. As, then, the Europeans see their numbers augmenting, and their wants even faster than their numbers, and so feel their need for the products of China increasing in urgency; as they find themselves by the spread of railways and the increased speed of steamers yearly getting nearer to China; as they feel their power of making their will felt steadily developing, it cannot be expected that they will for long tolerate the attitude of exclusion which the Chinese Government have so far assumed.

Under the inexorable law of progress the Chinese will be given the choice of advancing with the foremost nations in the world, opening up their country as the Japanese have opened up theirs, and trading as freely with European nations as Europeans trade with one another, or else of passing under the control of more socially efficient and vigorous races, as India has come under the British, Turkestan under the Russians, and Indo-China under the French. It will be more satisfactory to themselves and everybody else if they choose the former course. But, in any case, we may assume as the result of this

study that during the century China will be as thoroughly opened up to European trade as are now India and Japan; and the idea of the Yellow Peril may be dismissed as a bogey of badly informed philosophers.

Those European nations who are wise will adapt their foreign policy accordingly. We British may not continue to take the leading part in opening up China. We may allow ourselves to be outpaced by Russia, Germany, or America. But whether we take the most prominent part or not, the work will be done; and if we may judge from our experience in India during the last century, that nation which works the hardest, the most intelligently, and the most resolutely will as ever reap the richest reward.

F. E. YOUNGHUSBAND.

PUBLIC-HOUSE TRUSTS

IN 1900 Lord Grey applied for a new licence for the village of Broomhill, and the Morpeth Licensing Authority granted his request. The consequences of this action of the Morpeth Justices have been momentous. Lord Grey was informed that his new licence was a valuable property, and could be sold for many thousand pounds. He immediately imparted this information to the papers, and proceeded to organise companies whose object should be to secure to the public use the unearned profits which he had discovered were enjoyed by "the trade"; he set about the undertaking with characteristic energy, he travelled to view the co-operative public-houses in Scotland, he wrote to the papers, he held meetings, and he read Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's book. He has been rewarded by the very widespread approval which has been given to his proposals. Newspapers have been filled with sympathetic articles, companies have been formed in many different parts of the country, composed of all the magnates, civil or ecclesiastical, that can be found in Peerage or Clergy List. In many parts of the country lawyers have been instructed to apply to Brewster Sessions for fresh licences, and it has been given out that these applications will be renewed on an extended scale next year.

"The Report of the Central Public-house Trust Association," published in October 1901, gives us the official report, and contains a statement of the principles and objects of the

Association, as well as a list and description of the different Public-house Trusts which have been formed in connection with it, and a lengthy list of subscribers to what Lord Grey calls "the sinews of war." With this publication before me I propose to discuss the merits, the probable results and limitations of a movement which has secured so much support, and which evidently rouses emotion among classes which have not hitherto been stirred with enthusiasm for the objects for which the Trust Association is said to be established.

The temptation to attribute the popularity of the movement to the prospect of 5 per cent. dividends is (although the rate of interest may seem unnecessarily high for a philanthropic undertaking) to be resisted; on the other hand, the indignation with which the advocates of the scheme regard any criticism is perhaps even more unreasonable.

I have observed that old-fashioned Roman Catholics view with irritation the excessive cocksureness of fresh converts, and it is unreasonable to attribute to veteran temperance reformers, who have spent their lives in the study of the problems of temperance reformation, the unworthy motive of jealousy of any scheme which they have not originated, because they scrutinise with some caution the royal roads which are promised to lead to universal improvement, without danger or opposition, by reformers of yesterday.

To consider whether the safeguards on which the trust founds its claims to be a temperance reform are really adequate, and whether the danger that the influential character of the promoters of the companies, and the undisputed excellence of their motives, may not lead to an increase of the facilities for the sale of drink, should not be regarded as a condemnation of the work of such men as Major Craufurd, who, convinced by his experience in connection with the army canteens, of the importance of strict management, established the People's Refreshment House Association, of which the Bishop of Chester is President. This society has nineteen houses under its management; all these are old licences, and, as far as I can

gather, it has not acquired any fresh licence. I see, by the way, that the last Long Ashton Licensing Sessions refused a licence to one of the company's houses, on the ground that "the tenant at a weekly salary was not a true resident holder." This decision must seriously affect the prospects and plans of the company, as it is an objection which may affect the reformed trust houses. The Association claim that no police complaint has been made against any of their houses, but this claim cannot be extended to all the houses managed on the "no private profit principle"; and the good management of these old licensed houses cannot be taken as a proof of the beneficent results of establishing trust houses in fresh areas. Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's detailed description of several of these houses which they visited shows that, though it is probable that the houses themselves were better managed and more respectable than they used to be, there is no reason to think that the total sales of drink are diminished, particularly in those places where the Association has not a monopoly of licensed houses; but this is a point which leads to the discussion of a difference, which is, I fear, fundamental, between the old and the new temperance reformers.

Whether these associations can really advance temperance, as no doubt it is the wish of their promoters that they should do, depends on whether they can diminish the total amount of drinking in the country. The diversion of the profits of the trade may be desirable, as it may enable the diminution of drinking to be secured; but it does not necessarily bring about any diminution. It is conceivable that it might, on the contrary, increase the consumption, if the benevolences to the public become increasingly tempting. The manifesto of the trust companies appeals to the authority of Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell in support of their "two important principles," viz., the elimination of private profit and the taking of the trade out of private hands. It is therefore to no hostile witnesses that I should ask those who are interested in the schemes of the trust to listen, when I refer them to the above

authors' other and newer book on "Gothenburg Experiments and Public-house Trusts." It is well known that these encyclopædic students of the subject have put forward a proposal for the municipalisation of the sale of drink; they cannot surely be looked upon as bigoted prohibitionists, and I should therefore hope that their first and strongest contention as to the necessary condition of company control may meet with the approval of the promoters of trust companies. They say:

> What is the success that is sought? Is it merely to have an orderly public-house in which drunkenness shall be forbidden? [&c. &c.] or does the success aimed at go farther, and seek to bring about a substantial reduction in the normal consumption? This question is fundamental, as upon the answer that is given to it will probably depend the lines of policy of the trust companies. It is often assumed that the problem to be solved is solely one of intemperance, by which we mean flagrant and manifest excess, and that, apart from this, normal consumption of alcohol calls for no special attention on the part of statesmen and temperance reformers. But surely this view of the problem is inadequate, if on no other grounds, certainly on this, that it leaves out of consideration the serious economic danger that results from the present average expenditure upon alcohol. The present writers have elsewhere conclusively shown that the average family expenditure of the working classes in this country upon drink cannot be less than six shillings per week—a sum that is probably more than one-sixth of their average family income. This expenditure clearly leaves no sufficient margin for the maintenance of that standard of physical and mental efficiency which is now seen to be of primary importance in the industrial competition of nations. In view of this fact it would seem to be self-evident that no experiment could be considered really "successful" that did not bring about a substantial reduction in the normal expenditure upon drink.

I suspect that many of Lord Grey's supporters would own that they merely aim at making the public-house decent, and do not wish to attempt the diminution of drinking or of the total profits of the public-houses, which Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell estimate at £19,400,000. This estimate, when quoted by Lord Grey, appears to have shocked and surprised the Duke of Devonshire, who, at a meeting for establishing a trust company in Derbyshire, is reported

> to have alluded to Earl Grey's statement that the trade profits amounted annually to nineteen millions sterling. He said that such a fact could not fail

to deeply impress them, especially when they remembered that as the population of the country grew, these figures would naturally also be increased. It would be superfluous to enlarge on the enormous benefits which would accrue to the community if by the universal establishment of public-house trusts all future profits from the licensed trade were devoted to public purposes.

This statement of the Duke's, and the prominence given by Lord Grey to "the certificated nurses, the bowling-greens, the billiard-rooms, the reading-rooms," which the Fifeshire miners procured from the profits of their co-operative "pubs," leads me to fear that it is rather to the appropriation of the profits than to their diminution that the hopes of the organisers of trusts are directed. The examples of Sweden and Norway are always appealed to as a proof of the efficacy of the "public profit" principle. Yet there is much misrepresentation as to the causes of the diminution of drunkenness which has apparently taken place in those countries. The total reduction is attributed to the establishment of the "Bolags" and "Samlags" or trust companies, and the other important factors have been ignored. These are, first, the prohibition of domestic spirit stills (which between 1835 and 1850 diminished the consumption of spirits from 46 to 22 litres per head); secondly, in 1855, an Act, giving every administrative area power to suppress or sell licences, the decision to rest on the direct vote of the electors, so that in one year the voters of 2303 rural districts left only 537 licences, and the consumption dropped to 10 litres per head. This legislation, however, did not apply to the towns, where the so-called Gothenburg system was not applied till 1865, but in the same year the police ceased to have a share of the fines on drunkenness, so that it is not perfectly fair to attribute the diminished number of convictions solely to the action of the "Bolag," even in the urban districts to which it was limited.

What the real effect of these spirit monopolies may be is much disputed, but it is obvious that the improvement of the drink statistics of Norway and Sweden cannot fairly be attributed solely to their action, but that local veto in the

country districts and the alteration of the police management in towns must account for much of it.

Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell, however, though critical, commend the Scandinavian system; but they consider that certain conditions are necessary to the success of its application. These are:

> (1) The elimination of private profit for the sale of drink. (2) Public cupidity must not take the place of private cupidity. (3) In any town in which a company is established it must have a monopoly of the retail licences both on and off. And (4) lastly, if these companies are to achieve any high success they must be conducted as undertakings having for their object a distinct temperance end to which commercial considerations must be strictly subordinated.

Of these necessary conditions it seems that the scheme of the trust company only meets the first. With respect to the second, it is true that the Report admits that "the appropriation of profits in Sweden to the relief of rates has by common admission led to bad results, and consequently the trust companies provide against the appropriation of profits to objects properly chargeable to the rates," and they proceed to put forward the regulations of the People's Refreshment House Association as a model. Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell have carefully analysed the sums voted by the Association "for public purposes," and they show that 64 per cent. has been spent "either upon objects properly chargeable to the rates or upon forms of charitable aid usually supported by private philanthropy." At the Hill of Beath Tavern the profits of the pub. provide for "electric lighting, bowling-green, football club, singing class, and certificated nurse," "who is regarded as a perfect treasure," and Lord Grey claimed that these excellent results "had fairly set the heather on fire in that part of Scotland." Yet it must be owned that they are considerations which come under the head of "public cupidity," and they are hardly consistent with the claim of the Report that the trust companies will "secure the advantages of the Scandinavian system without the defects." That the new trust

companies are not free from the defects of the Scotch companies may be gathered from the rules of the Hampshire trust companies, which set forth the objects on which the trustees may apply the surplus profits, among others:

> (1) Making donations or subscriptions to any society, institution, trust organisation or charity; (2) in acquiring sites for the building and restoring, altering and enlarging, maintaining and endowing churches, chapels, whether intended to be consecrated or not, churchyards, burial-grounds, hospitals, colleges, schools, school-houses, mission halls, parish rooms, institutes, almshouses, libraries, washhouses, theatres, music-hall restaurants, coffee-taverns, &c. &c., and homes for the working classes;

and the scheme for the appropriation of profits is very nearly identical in the prospectus of the Northumberland trust company, on which Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell remark:

> Hardly any scheme could be devised more unfortunate than that of giving the churches and schools an interest in the drink trade, by making their incomes dependent in part upon the traffic. The gift which "blindeth the wise" would exercise its ancient familiar power.

In a letter to the *Times*, Lord Grey states that "it is most undesirable that a single penny of public-house trust profits should be expended for a denominational purpose. I cannot think," he adds, "that the trustees would be likely to bestow money which was intended for the benefit of the community at large on any sectarian object." It would be interesting to know where the undenominational churches and unsectarian chapels are to be found in Hampshire and Kent, and whether it will be even easy to avoid "sectarian objects" in giving to the schools of Northumberland.

The third condition of success mentioned is "that the company must have a monopoly of the retailed houses in the district." This condition cannot be obtained in any populous district, as in all these licences already exist in excess. It is claimed for the Scandinavian companies that they have reduced the hours of sale, that they have prohibited the sale of drink to young persons below eighteen, and sales on credit, and have abolished the adventitious attractions in their houses, and these

benefits are also spoken of in Lord Grey's Report. But experience shows that these influences cannot be exercised, if within a few doors from the company pubs. other licensed houses are opened in which none of these restrictions are enforced. Thus we are told that the managers of one of the new trust houses "are keenly sensitive to the competition of the rival inn," and, therefore, "show an evident desire for trade." The manager of another house pointed out "that even to attempt to close earlier on Sundays would mean a loss of ordinary trade, since it would place the house at a disadvantage with other licensed houses in the town." The manager of another house is reported to have said:

> My principal bother here is drunken people coming from other places. This place is doing no good. One of its kind in a place is no use. If we had all the houses in the place under our management we could do some good; but what be the use of us closing earlier, or anything like that, when our customers could just go aeross the way to the public-house opposite?

The promise that "the licensing laws shall be strictly carried out," and that "absolute co-operation with the police may be relied on," would, I imagine, be made by any ordinary licensee, and seems hardly necessary on behalf of the lord lieutenant, mayors, and other "men of light and leading" who constitute these companies.

> A company or municipality could easily enforce stringent regulations if it had the monopoly of the local traffic—*i.e.*, when the choice of the customers lay between stringent regulations and no liquor; but when it is a case of unattractive and carefully regulated sale *versus* attractive and free sale, the former will have no chance.

The Report indeed admits "that the plan does not, except by example, touch the management of existing public-houses." Unfortunately, the example of the existing house seems to exercise a greater influence on the new trust house than the latter can bring to bear on the existing trade house.

As to the last condition, "a distinct temperance end to which commercial considerations must be subordinated," I

have already expressed a fear that the promoters of these schemes will think that their claim to be temperance reformers is sufficiently justified by their establishment of houses in which drunkenness is discouraged even if in doing so they add to the total drink sale of the country. Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell, on the other hand, consider that "the most decisive test of any scheme of temperance reform is its ability to effect a considerable reduction in the national consumption of alcohol," and they add, "it is not a small or unimportant fact that, if the consumption of alcohol per head of the population in this country could be brought down even to the level of the American consumption, our national drink bill would at once be reduced by £66,000,000 per annum."

I cannot see in what manner the new trusts would or could materially reduce consumption. We have seen that where the new houses compete with old ones, though better managed, they cannot claim materially to reduce the amount of drink sold in a locality, while in so far as they succeed in establishing themselves in new districts, they must inevitably largely increase the volume of sale. Lord Grey, I know, maintained that new licences would only be granted where they are "inevitable"; but, as the Glasgow trust prospectus truly remarks, "law provides no means whereby the licensing bench or the people of the neighbourhood may, in advance of the Court, record their opinion whether or not any licence should be granted." The only means of knowing whether a licence will be granted is to apply for it, and this, we see, has been done all over the country by trust companies; but when such a company as that of Northumberland, consisting of the lord lieutenant, the chairman of the County Council, the mayor of Newcastle, the principal of the College of Science, and every other imaginable potentate in the county, makes an application, can any ordinary licensing board view their request with the same calmly judicial mind with which they would regard that of an ordinary trade applicant? (always supposing that the trade applicant did not offer to give a park to the

locality in return for the licence!—a plan which was adopted last year in a licensing area which Lord Grey had instanced as exceptionally suited for his purposes). Or, take again the case of the Durham trust company, where a similar array of magnates appealed to a licensing board for the grant of a fresh licence, when one of the elected directors of the company was sitting as chairman of the licensing bench. How can it be certain that licences granted under such circumstances as these are "inevitable" and solely due to "displacement of population"? The danger of the trust companies devoting their efforts to the acquisition of new licences rather than of old ones must be largely affected by the rate of interest which they engage to give to their shareholders, and which they say is necessary to attract capital. Application was made at the last Brewster Sessions for a fresh licence in Surrey, but the authority held that the district was already congested with licensed houses and that they could not grant a fresh licence; but they promised to grant a licence if the trust would buy up and surrender an existing licence, which, owing to the great number of public-houses in the neighbourhood, would not be a costly undertaking. The representative of the trust replied *that, owing to the necessity of providing 5 per cent.*, this offer could not be accepted.

The advocates of the trust will tell you that the zeal for social improvement of the organisers and directors of these companies is a sufficient guarantee for the prevention of any evil result following from the grant of licences to "local bodies of public-spirited gentlemen"; but it is unfortunately true that the best intentions have not sufficed to prevent successive generations of public-spirited gentlemen from making the present hopeless muddle by their well-meant efforts to reform the evils of the sale of drink by coaxing it into harmless channels. When the frightful evils of spirit-drinking forced themselves into notice in the middle of the eighteenth century, the great satirist Hogarth painted the pictures of Gin Lane and Beer Street to show how the country was to be saved by

encouraging the national beverage; and following this idea the Beerhouse Act was passed with the same good intention. The well-meaning persons who planned and passed it hoped to break down the tied-house system and to discourage the excessive spirit-drinking by the consumption of innocent beer. The disastrous effects of this well-intentioned device still obstruct the administration of the law and bar the way to progress. The next well-meaning effort to destroy the evils of drinking was made by Mr. Gladstone, when he established the off-licences, or commonly called "Grocers' licences," in order that persons might be diverted from spirits and the drinking-bar by light wines and respectable shops. The results of this effort have not answered to the expectations of its promoters. Complaints are made that by these means drink is circulated in carts and vans in defiance of the law; above all, that the facilities of procuring liquor secretly have largely increased drinking among women. These accusations are disputed by the representatives of the off-licence holders, and they ask indignantly for proofs; but it must be remembered that, from the nature of the case, these are almost unobtainable. "Police statistics cannot prove the drinking that results, as by its nature it is secret."

The last effort made to diminish the evils of drinking by increasing the facilities for obtaining it was that of the establishment of working men's clubs, which was advocated by enthusiastic workers for social reform as certain not only to civilise and educate the working classes but also to wean them from their present clubs—the public-houses. The hopes and their fulfilments of these social reformers are illustrated by the history of Prebendary Davison's Model Club.

In 1896 the Vicar of St. Michael and All Angels, North Kensington, opened a large club in his parish. The temperance societies of the district protested against the sale of drink in the club; the Prebendary answered "that they were amateurs, and he a professional," "as the Bishop of London had placed 10,000 souls under his care." "It was the business of Chris-

tianity to produce strong men, not moral invalids, and the club was to be a house of healthy, self-respecting manhood." The club was opened, and a curate was placed in charge of it. Shortly after one member was summoned for disturbance, and some months later an assault was made on the treasurer. In the vicar's words, "First they threw beer at him, then they poured some glasses of it down his back, and finally they dragged him into the back kitchen and thrashed him dreadfully. I fancy they mistook him for my manager." Soon after the club was closed, and, as Lord Grey tells us, it would be well if many more of such clubs could be closed.

Here are three efforts at reform, all made by men with the best motives, who have imagined that they could get round the abuses of drinking by civilising and raising the machinery for consumption.

I trust that the suggestion made by Mr. Chamberlain may soon be acted upon, and that the way may be cleared for further temperance reform by bringing all these privileged social reformers under the control of the licensing authorities. The magistrates of Newcastle have, I am glad to see, agreed to join the magistrates of Birmingham in urging the Government to bring in a Bill for this purpose. But if the guarantee of safety, owing to the good intentions of the promoters, is inadequate, there is the safeguard of the absence of profit from drink to the manager. This safeguard seems to me to have been much exaggerated. The majority of people will drink because they wish to and because they are tempted by the facility of getting the drink, and not because the publican presses them; but even if this be not so, the manager will be interested in "the general trade," and in the success of the establishment, both of which will be dependent on attracting customers. The accounts of the experiments of the Association houses show, what indeed is obvious, that the whole success of the scheme depends on the manager, for it is not to be supposed that the twenty-two dignitaries who compose the Northumberland trust company will personally supervise the

Broomhill public-house which they own. The celebrated Fox and Pelican at Grayshott is described as "having suffered from frequent changes of management," but the experience of the clergyman who established a "model public-house," "The Anchor," at Scaynes Hill, will illustrate the danger to which the best efforts are open. The Anchor was the only licensed house in the village, yet there were frequent police cases connected with it (reported in the *Sussex Daily News*). The clergyman had great difficulty in getting managers; several of them gave way to drinking. By the aid of a neighbouring clergyman he got a Good Templar who had been an abstainer for several years. In less than twelve months the ex-Good Templar was discharged for drunkenness! The clergyman stated, "I attribute his fate wholly to the wicked bigotry of the Good Templars. He being a total abstainer, not by grace, but from a worldly policy, with the removal of the human prop the total abstinence disappeared." In January 1897 an inquest was held on Henry Cross, manager of The Anchor, who drowned himself after brutally ill-treating his wife, owing to continual drunkenness. The clergymen had implored him to mend his ways, and had withdrawn his notices to quit on his promising to take no liquor except at meals; he had formerly been in the owner's service, and was then a respectable and intelligent young man." After the last experience the vicar handed the house over to the management of relatives, who were brewers.

It is not necessary for my contention that all experiments should be as unfortunate as that of the Vicar of Lindfield, but the difficulty of obtaining a number of men possessing the rare qualifications necessary for a successful manager must always make the success of these ventures uncertain.

The instruction of the People's Refreshment House Association, which directs their managers that they should

By the exercise of their personal influence try to do great and permanent good; that they should try to become acquainted with their customers, so that they may be able to help those whose self-control in the use of intoxicants

is weak, or to check by a timely hint the excess which might lead to his having to refuse a customer drink,

may possibly be followed in a small village inn; but it would be impossible for the most ideally perfect manager to act upon it in a popular town corner house, where (as I am informed is commonly the case in Liverpool) customers stand five or six deep waiting to be served. Similarly the safeguard of the prominence given to food supply may be of some service in village inns; but the circular of the Glasgow trust points out that this "does not seem quite so necessary in our towns, *well equipped as they are with restaurants*," and the Corporation of Glasgow seem to have agreed with this view, and further to have considered that the provision of fresh houses for the consumption of whisky was unnecessary.

I should regret if these criticisms were considered to express disapproval of "the acquisition of existing licences from private owners or from public corporations," where it is found that these owners will not consider the possibility of doing without the licence, and of managing these in the careful and unambitious methods of the People's Refreshment Association, or of the establishment of canteens for temporary collections of workmen, such as those managed by the Birmingham and Harrogate Waterworks Committees.

These are works which were being carried on before Lord Grey's enthusiasm had covered the country with an array of organised trusts, who, unless they extend their energies into fresh fields, will appear to be rather superfluous, and who, if they increase the number of drinking-houses, will not be prevented by their high enthusiasm from being nuisances.

The numbers of shareholders who will become, though indirectly, interested in the sale of drink, may considerably add to the forces, already sufficiently powerful, interested in the trade; but I should prefer to hope that the predominant result of so much effort may be in the opposite direction, and that the experience which these masses of notables will gain from practical contact with licensing problems may lead them to

take still further and more effectual steps in the direction of temperance reform.

CARLISLE.

P.S.—Since writing these few observations another, apparently semi-official, apology for Lord Grey's scheme has appeared, "Public-house Reform," by A. N. Cumming, M.A.

It contains, besides some of the information which I have already described, "A Reply" to criticisms, which indicates, I think, some exacerbation on the part of the advocates of the trusts.

Anyhow, Mr. Cumming is *plus royaliste que le roi.* Hitherto, when criticisms are made on the scheme, Lord Grey denies that any grounds for these criticisms can be found in his scheme; but Mr. Cumming boldly answers that criticisms coming from extremists are worthless and that the companies are wise in ignoring them. Thus, when the Bishop of Hereford points out the dangers of endowing Church and Education from drink funds, Lord Grey answers that he could not dream of doing such a thing; but Mr. Cumming boldly says, why not? *Non olet pecunia.* But the most significant change in the attitude of the apologist is seen in his treatment of Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's description of the Gothenburg experiments. These I had certainly supposed would have had weight with all who believed in "municipalisation," and certainly with those "moderate reformers" who are never tired of quoting Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's criticism on prohibition; but, above all, as their opinion is appealed to by the Central Public-house Trust Association in their report as conclusive on the first principles of their undertaking, it is surprising to find Mr. Cumming saying that "their attitude is critical, not to say captious, to the verge of hostility," and that "enough has already been said of this attitude (viz., that of the extreme temperance party)."

Beyond this attempt to discount the criticism of the

representatives of "public profit" principles by calling them extremists, Mr. Cumming really provides no reply.

For his treatment, for instance, of the question of the necessity of monopoly is hardly serious. Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell contend that a local monopoly is necessary for the success of the company system, and that without this local monopoly no improving or restrictive experiments are possible. To this Mr. Cumming answers, "that the most creditable attempts have been made, notably in the Elan and Hill of Beath experiments"; when, in point of fact, there is a local monopoly both at Elan and Hill of Beath. He then adduces the success of the Scandinavian system, "although the companies have no monopoly of the sale of beers, but only of spirits"; but this, Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell point out, is the "weakest point of the system and distinctly proves the need of the monopoly of all kinds of alcoholic liquor; but the most amazing answer of Mr. Cumming's is, "that the South African Alliance for the Reform of the Liquor Traffic does not exclusively propose a Government monopoly for the whole of South Africa, as Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell contend, it merely asks for Government control in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony!" I need hardly point out that the monopoly which is spoken of applies to the town or district, and that the action of the South African Alliance is founded on the belief in the necessity of the monopoly principle, instead of being an argument against it. The fact is, that this latest exposition of the intentions of the trusts seems to be rather anxious to show that "they do not imply any hostility to the interests of brewers and publicans," and that their houses are "elysiums," than to meet the criticisms of those whose fault it is to have studied the question.

C.

BRITISH INDUSTRY AND THE WAGE SYSTEM

THAT British industry is approaching a dangerous crisis is, it is to be feared, only too true. It is a mistake, however, to assume that this crisis is wholly, or indeed chiefly, due to the inefficiency of the British workman. His inefficiency, however deplorable, is only part of the general inefficiency gradually creeping over the nation; the outcome of an incapacity to realise the importance, whether in social or industrial matters, of the intelligent direction of means to secure the desired end; an intellectual defect which is gradually reducing our efficiency as a nation below that of races originally less favoured, and even yet less competent. This defect is shown in the character of the controversy now proceeding as to the effect of trades unionism upon industry. A mass of evidence is adduced to prove that that effect is injurious, that it unduly hampers the activity of the employer, and occasions indifference and indolence on the part of the employed. These propositions having been established to the general satisfaction, a chorus of reproach arises, and indignant citizens vie with one another in denouncing, in the daily papers, trades unions and all their works; but of any rational desire to discover the source of the evil, or indeed of comprehension that any cause beyond the natural depravity of trades unionists need be sought, there is no trace.

Now to seek to prove that under the *régime* of trades

unions work is inefficient, is a work of supererogation. The presumption in favour of such a proposition is quite strong enough to throw the burden of proof on those who deny it, if any may be found.

The important matters for inquiry are: Must labour combinations be accepted as essential to the well-being of the working class? Why do they preach the doctrines they do? and why do the working men give ear to them? and finally, Is the method of production in vogue calculated to give us efficient labour?

The answers to these questions are not difficult to find. Upon investigation we shall see that the inefficiency of labour is the inevitable result of the conditions under which it is employed in this country.

The relations of capital and labour must be viewed in light of the facts that, with us, labour has practically no other resource than industrial employment, and that the supply is always somewhat in excess of the demand. The wage system, acting under the above conditions, is demonstrably sufficient to explain the existence of all that is alleged against the efficiency of the working man.

It would be but little more difficult to show why the class from which employers are drawn is too fond of amusement, too impatient of steady work and moderate profit, too apt to regard business as a dreary pilgrimage to the Elysian Fields of luxury and pleasure; but, following the fashion of the hour, let us confine our investigation to the cause of the shortcomings of the working man.

As all know, speaking generally, capital undertakes the business of production, for this purpose hiring what labour it requires at a wage. The root evil of the wage system is that the wage earner is denied any share in that which he helps to produce, consequently capital and labour, which are necessarily associated for the purposes of production, are associated as antagonists and not as allies. The bond which unites them is as close as that of the Siamese twins, yet they are condemned

to perpetual conflict one with the other. That under such conditions production should not be very cheaply or satisfactorily carried on need hardly occasion surprise.

Where trades unionism comes in under such a system, and in what directions its influence will be felt, has now to be considered.

Trades unions are, of course, combinations of working men. To some extent they are friendly societies, undertaking the care of their members in sickness and so forth, but this side of their activity may be disregarded from the economic point of view; so far as concerns the present subject they are organisations directed to the regulation of the relations between employer and employed, and aim at protecting labour from the encroachments of capital. To be effective the association of labour must be wide, and to attract the largest numbers to their ranks trades unions must aim to secure the highest possible wage to the largest possible number of men. But if their nets are spread wide they will enclose men of every degree of capacity, while the natural interests of the most capable differ widely from those of the least capable; if, therefore, solidarity is to be maintained, unionism must be based upon conventions which will identify so far as possible the interests of all. In dealing with the remuneration of labour, therefore, unions will favour equality as a means of assimilating the interests of all their members.

Now, equality in wage necessarily tends to equality in the return given for the wage. If, for instance, two men are working side by side, and one is capable of turning out twice the work of the other, he will not be likely to do so, or to continue for long to do so, if the remuneration of both remains the same. Before long some sort of standard of a day's work will be arrived at. But inasmuch as the day's work must not, in the interest of the union, be beyond the capacity of any of its members to perform, the standard cannot be fixed with reference to the capacity of the most efficient, nor indeed with reference to the capacity of the average man; it must be

based upon the capacity of the least efficient. The tendency of unionism, therefore, is to reduce the labour of all to the standard of the least efficient. Moreover, unionism is only interested in seeing that this standard is not exceeded; it is not concerned to maintain it.

It may be said that this argument fails to recognise that in many industries piece-work prevails, and that piece-work is not open to the objections indicated above. Although piece-work leaves the antagonism between labour and capital untouched, in this case the evil might be expected to disclose itself in quality rather than in quantity. It may be admitted that if the men were paid in proportion to the work done an adequate incentive to exertion would be afforded. But piece-work is not likely to be fairly treated on either side; nor, so far as the information which I have been able to acquire goes, is it in fact fairly treated. The payments for piece-work are settled between masters and men with a view to securing the workers about what they previously received in weekly wage. If, as often happens, exceptionally able men earn very much more for several weeks in succession, the masters become dissatisfied with the prices paid, and reduce them. The consequence is that the less capable hands have to increase their exertion to earn as much as they did with the weekly wage, and some few are benefited at the expense of the many. If the best men worked their best at piece-work it would enable the employer to get from the men at large an increase of work without any increase of wage, and this result would not be likely to commend itself to the unions, who would best protect their members by discouraging the efforts of the exceptionally capable men. This we are told they in fact do.

The effect of trades unionism on the efficiency of labour is therefore seen to be prejudicial, whether labour be remunerated by weekly wage or by the piece, on account of the natural desire of unionism to promote equality; but not only does it seek to deal with wages, but its interests are also concerned in securing employment for as many of its members

as possible. Hence the desire to spread labour. If the employment of two men to do the work of one can be forced upon the employer, the immediate interests of the unions are served; consequently they will be inclined to support any measures calculated to secure that result. The most obvious way is to limit the amount accomplished by the individual. Not to limit output; that is a heresy into which some of the working class have fallen, but with which unionism has nothing to do, and which need not now be considered. The natural objects of unionism are attained if increased production leads to a proportionate increase in the number of workmen employed, and it is to this end that the "ca' canny" and "go-easy" principles are applied, as well as the restrictions imposed upon the use of labour-saving machinery, and the limitation of the number of machines to be tended by a single workman. It is only fair to say that these methods are repudiated by the more intelligent trades unionists themselves, but I am here concerned only in showing that they are the perfectly natural outcome of the tendency of trades unionism. The "lump of labour" principle is derided because it is alleged to be based on the economic fallacy that the anount of labour to be done is fixed. It must be remembered, however, that the truth of economic law requires time for verification. The immediate amount of labour to be done *is* fixed, and the working man is justified in his conclusion that the more one man does the less there is for the rest. As an illustration, let us suppose that the individual output of the workman to-day is 25 per cent. below his maximum. If to-morrow he were to increase his output to the maximum, 25 per cent. of labour would suddenly be thrown out of employment; whether this loss would ever be regained would depend upon the increase of the employer's business by the same amount. Cheaper production might be reasonably relied upon to secure increased orders, and in the end a great advantage would probably result to both masters and men; but for an indefinite period the "out-of-works" would have

nothing but their hopes for the future to live upon. It is not, therefore, altogether surprising that the lump of labour doctrine should obtain with some trades unionists, especially when it is remembered that, in the circumstances supposed, the master would make an immediate saving of 25 per cent. in his labour bill, while all that he pretends to offer to his workmen for their sacrifice is the salvation of a trade which, I fear, neither he nor they seriously believe to be in peril.

We have now seen that every count of the indictment recently made against trades unionism might naturally have been expected to be true, from the tendencies of the wage system, if the popular belief that under it combination is essential to the welfare of the working man is well grounded. Inasmuch as reliance upon the operation of the natural laws of supply and demand to meet the difficulty has been advocated, it is necessary to examine somewhat closely what the actual position of the working class would be in default of combination.

The working man has but one commodity to dispose of, his labour; and the supply of that commodity is always slightly and sometimes largely in excess of the demand, while it is incapable of ready transfer to another market, and must be disposed of promptly. Under such circumstances in the case of commodities other than labour there is no limit to the depreciation which might follow, so long as the supply continued in excess of the demand.

From the point of view of the political economist, such a condition of the market could not endure. Capitalists, finding they could not secure the normal profit, would leave the trade and employ their capital elsewhere. If the working man were content to await the operation of the laws of political economy, the first result would be the fall of wages to the point of bare subsistence, at which point they would remain until the members of the working class had been starved, or driven out of the country, in sufficient numbers to reduce the supply of labour below the demand, a process which would

not be accomplished for several generations. It is frequently forgotten that "in the long run" must be read into most of the propositions of the political economist. The capitalist who should embark in trade in the belief, engendered by a superficial study of political economy, that his capital would necessarily secure the normal profit, would soon find occasion to correct his ideas; and the working man who willingly left his remuneration to the operation of natural laws would soon have cause to regret it.

The force of public opinion would not, as some suppose, ensure a fair wage to the worker. To talk of a fair wage at all is a misconception of what competitive industry means. Commodities are bought and sold not at a fair rate, but at the market rate, and to attempt to make the competitive system fair, would be as sensible as to try to make war humane. In fact, public opinion has no such effect. In some trades the wages paid are not sufficient even for bare subsistence for any length of time. The writer of the articles in the *Times* on the crisis in British industry may be called as a witness to prove how the rate of wages is settled. He tells us that in the Birmingham tin plate trade, a firm employed women to manufacture lanterns, which had previously been made by men at a wage of 35*s*. to 40*s*. a week. The women were found to do the work as well or better than their male predecessors. They were paid 14*s*. or 15*s*. a week. Women are less able to protect themselves than men. Moreover, if it is desirable that the laws of political economy should assert themselves, the interference of public opinion is unjustifiable.

Nor will the "standard of living" prove a sufficient protection. It is quite true that no class will willingly abandon its style of living for a lower one, but the question here is not of the will but of the power to prevent it. In an overstocked market the vendors of a commodity, which will not keep and cannot be transferred, can only maintain their price by combination. This the working class have long understood.

The existence of free labour associations proves nothing to

the contrary. What the free labourer seeks to combine, or at all events succeeds in combining, is the advantages both of trade combinations and personal freedom. The strength of his position lies in the fact that trade unions exist, while he is unfettered by their rules. Though the unions do not include the majority of the working class, the subtraction of their numbers would reverse the position of supply and demand. But for trades unionism the free labourer would only be free to serve the employer on his own terms, and would soon regret his liberty.

That employers could destroy trades unions if they thought it worth their while, is I think hardly open to doubt. Against the individual employer combined labour can enforce its terms so long as what they leave him is sufficient to induce him to continue his business, but where combined labour meets combined capital the latter is certain to prevail. It then becomes simply a question of resources. Labour must stake its subsistence against the disinclination of capital to forego profit. The wider the combination the more swift and certain the catastrophe to labour. If a universal strike be conceived as possible, it only makes the point more clear, for assuming the inflow of the means of subsistence to be suddenly arrested, existing supplies would be secured by the owners of the longest purses, and the working class would starve before the employers were hungry. No strike can succeed against a strong combination of employers if only the combination be maintained. The Engineers' strike, the strike of the South Wales Miners, and the strike against the Steel Trust in the United States, are all recent verifications of the truth of this proposition. Strikes no doubt have succeeded in the past and may succeed in the future, but only in cases where combination on the part of the employers is non-existent, or where the prospect of immediate gain proves too strong for the loyalty of some members of the combination.

That employers, however, should combine to fight trades unions to the death is improbable. Hitherto, rather than face

them, they have already submitted to a degree of interference in the efficient conduct of their business, which seems to the onlooker intolerable, and almost incredible. But further, were they to do so, it is very doubtful if their position would be advanced. The working classes could be, if they chose, a great political power, and employers would probably soon find their business restricted by legislation, to an even greater extent than by trades unionism.

The above considerations lead to the conclusion that trades unionism is inimical to efficient production, but that under the wage system it is essential to the welfare of the working class, and at all events cannot be got rid of. We are able, moreover, to appreciate the mental attitude of the average working man. He knows that his position has substantially improved of late years, and he attributes that improvement largely to trades unionism. He begins to suspect that in a fight with the employers to a finish, the chances are all against him, but he believes in the power of trades unions, in case of dispute, to give a good account of themselves and to inflict heavy loss upon the employers. The history of his class has taught him, that he is far more patient to endure privation than his opponents to suffer loss. He believes either avowedly, or tacitly, in the lump of labour theory, and when he is told that his methods will ultimately bring disaster upon himself as well as upon his employer, he is either not impressed by the tale, which he has often heard before, or frankly disbelieves it. Generations of wage earning are not conducive to providence and foresight, nor has the education of the working man been calculated to make him receptive to the truths of economic science. Moreover, he cannot fail to observe that when the shortcomings of his employers (to which he is by no means blind) are in question, the existence of any cause for alarm is confidently denied.

Such as he is we have seen the conditions of his labour are calculated to make him, and in proof that I have not been merely arguing from the effect to the cause, perhaps I may be

allowed to quote a short passage from an article written in the autumn of 1900 and subsequently published in *Copartnership*, the organ of the "Labour Association."

> The tendency of combination is to reduce the labour of all to the standard of the least efficient. The less work one man performs the more he leaves for the rest, and the argument naturally follows that by reducing exertion to a minimum he is consulting the true interests of his class. His (the workman's) only concern is to earn his wage with the smallest amount of trouble to himself.

These views were strongly denied at the time, but I find a passage from an ironmaster's experiences published in one of the *Times* articles, as follows:

> What I find in regard to the men who have come under my notice is that they have ceased to take any pride in their work, and their only concern is how they can get through it with the least trouble to themselves.

What theory shows to be inevitable experience confirms.

The problem is how to change the mental attitude of the working man. How to insure his interest in his work, and to incite him to put forth his full powers, in view of the fact that trades unionism has to be accepted?

Now in this connection the aims of trades unionism must be considered separately. So far as it seeks to fix and maintain wages, and so far as it seeks to reduce unduly long hours of toil, its action, though it may sometimes be ill-considered, is perfectly legitimate, and in the interests of the community at large. On the other hand, so far as it seeks to limit effort, or hamper production, its action is wholly mischievous, and calculated to involve employers and employed in a common ruin. Such a catastrophe is not beyond the range of reasonable apprehension. The apologists of our industrial position base their arguments in favour of the permanence of our prosperity, upon the continued pre-eminence of British products, where highly specialised skill is required in the artisan, and treat our position in regard to machine work as of minor importance. But the skilled hand-work of to-day is the machine work of to-morrow. The field in which high class hand-work is of

importance, is a continually contracting field. The limit to its contraction no one can put, for successive inventions disclose possibilities in the application of machinery, undreamt of before. The case of the optimist, therefore, amounts to this: that with regard to processes, some of which continually do, and all of which shortly may, become obsolete, British industry still holds the field. If in America, as we are told, five men will tend fifty machines, while under existing rules it would take fifty men to tend them in England, it is quite obvious that where English machine-made goods have to compete with American, they will be driven out of the market.

The situation, therefore, appears grave enough to warrant the adoption of any measures to improve it, even should they at first sight shock our conservative instincts. If the defects pointed out above are inherent in the wage system it may be worth our while to consider whether it is in fact the only system under which production is possible. It is, it is true, of wide extension, but it is a mistake to include it in the category of the divine institutions sent direct from heaven for the benefit of the upper classes; on the contrary, it is a thing of mushroom growth, the evil effects of which we are the first to feel, because we are in a later stage of industrial development than our neighbours.

It is remarkable that while the proposals of socialists are very properly condemned, on the ground that they offer no adequate incentive to exertion; while it is recognised that under a socialist *régime* the whole nation would be likely to "ca' canny" and "go easy"—into the abyss; the absence of any such incentive under the wage system, affecting as it does the majority of the people, should pass unchallenged and apparently unnoticed. The very symptoms foreseen to be the inevitable result of the one system make their appearance under the other, yet they are attributed to original sin, false teaching, anything but the same cause. Yet in truth this incentive to exertion must in some way be supplied; without it all the preaching in the world will be without effect.

In America we are told that the difficulty is met and a sufficient incentive provided by what is termed the premium system. Under that system men are engaged at a weekly wage, in return for which they have to perform a certain amount of work per hour, failing this they are dismissed; but on the other hand the benefit of all extra output is divided between the employer and the man prducing it, in agreed proportions. This system is said to work well, and there are good *primâ facie* reasons why it should, but we are not told to what kinds of work it is applicable, or to what extent if at all the unions oppose it.

The position of the working man in America differs widely from his position here, and it is, therefore, ill arguing from one country to the other. Masters and men here are alike slow to take up a new system, particularly one which requires considerable elaboration and very careful checking, and it may be feared that if this system were attempted with us, either one party or the other, or both, would succeed in making it a failure, for it has not the merit of reconciling the interests of capital and labour. The rate of the minimum wage and the amount of premium are left of the first importance, and are as likely to provoke conflict as ever. The strike against the steel trust shows how readily such a conflict may arise.

The system of profit-sharing has been the method adopted in England by those employers, far-sighted enough to deal promptly with the labour difficulty, who have recognised that part of a loaf is better than no bread, and that the denial to labour of all share in the profits it has helped to make may defeat its own purposes in the end. This system would appear to afford a more hopeful prospect. If the share given to labour is sufficient to make the men identify their own interests with the profits made, it goes a very long way towards uniting the interests of capital and labour. Apart from the question of its sufficiency, the only weak point would appear to be that the idle may share the benefit derived from the exertion of the industrious, since each man's remuneration does not entirely

depend upon his own efforts. The opinion of his fellow workmen, however, might be expected no longer to encourage idleness. I believe in the case of navigators working in gangs shirking has never been tolerated, and certainly what evidence comes to hand is in favour of the efficiency of the profit-sharing system.

On this point we may again put the *Times* correspondent in the box. He shows a startling difference between the labour cost per ton of the coal dealt with at the South Metropolitan Gasworks and other gasworks. This he attributes entirely to freedom from trade union influence, omitting even to mention the fact that the business is conducted upon the profit-sharing system. Yet these works were among the first, if not the first, to adopt a carefully thought-out system of profit-sharing identified with the name of Mr. Livesey, while it has been denied that trades unions are in a position to influence the men in the other works with which the comparison was made. Under these circumstances it is surely permissible to attribute the admitted improvement in efficiency to the fact that the men have been given an interest in the profits. Profit-sharing concerns already employ 60,000 work-people; yet it may be doubted if what profit-sharing can do, if fully developed, has ever been tried. Capital and labour combine to produce, and the share which each contributes can be readily ascertained. After payment of the normal rate of interest on capital and the normal wage to labour the natural division of profits between them would seem to be in the proportion of their contribution to production.

The argument that it is not fair that labour should share profit, inasmuch as capital must bear all losses, is based upon a misconception of the ground upon which the adoption of profit-sharing is urged upon employers. If employers are satisfied with work as it is, or if they can find any other means of making it satisfactory, it would be idle to ask them to forego any part of their profits for the benefit of labour; that is no concern of theirs; admittedly, it is the business of labour to take

care of itself. Wise men, however, know that it pays better to give a good price for a good article than to buy cheap rubbish, but when it comes to dealing with labour all this seems to be forgotten. The labour in America, which is now so lauded, is paid from fifty to a hundred per cent. more than British labour, yet during the whole of the attack upon trades unions, I have not seen one single suggestion of any consideration to be given to the working man, in return for the improvement demanded in his labour.

But though it represents a great step in advance of the crude wage system, profit-sharing cannot be accepted as the model method of production. To ensure the full exercise of the faculties of the individual it is of first importance to ensure to him the entire product of his labour. To labour with unabated energy, notwithstanding the abstraction of the greater part of the produce, is a quality man does not appear to share with the bees. So long as capital is master of labour, of brain and hand alike, this seems the inevitable result. Fixed remuneration to capital, and reward to labour in proportion to the services rendered, is the only method of production calculated to ensure the exertion by the individual of his full power. This involves the provision by labour of the capital required for the production in which he is concerned. Already upwards of 15,000 men are working under this system in this country, while France is outpacing us. The great stumbling-block at the present time in the way of rapid development of the system, is that experience has not yet taught the working man how far success depends upon management, that management depends upon brains, and that brains must be paid for at a very different rate of remuneration from that accorded to manual labour. Time may be trusted to correct this mistake. The merit both of the profit-sharing and co-operative system of production is that, each in their degree, they attack the cause of the inefficiency which has resulted from the wage system, viz., the exclusion of labour from any share in profit and the consequent enduring antagonism between the interests of capital and labour.

The fatal weakness in all proposals for reform of which we hear to-day is that they are content to deal with symptoms, and leave unsought and unremedied the cause of the social ills they undertake to alleviate. Even in a case like the present, where the cause stands plainly in view, the last thing thought of is to attempt to deal with it. On all hands it is ignored or explained away. It is quite useless to complain that things are as they are, unless we are prepared to alter the conditions that made them so. So long as the remedy is thought worse than the disease, the disease must be accepted.

It is not suggested, of course, that the wage system is to be abolished to-morrow. The wage system must be employed over a vast field in any case. What is urged is that it is not calculated to give good results in competitive production. Profit-sharing and co-operative production are making way even under the dead weight of hostile opinion, formed, in the vast majority of instances, without inquiry or appreciation. Given a fair trial, I believe that by the law of selection they would gradually oust the old system. When labour has learnt that high wages, short hours, and go-easy is an idle dream; when capital has learned that a monopoly of profit may end in the destruction of the profit itself, they will become more receptive to new ideas. The question of pressing importance is whether either or both of these lessons will be learned in time to save the trade upon which our prosperity depends. The answer to this question turns upon the intellectual attitude of the nation as a whole.

RALPH NEVILLE.

CORONATION PEERAGES

AMONG the many half-forgotten features of the coronation of an English king is a special creation of peerage dignities in honour of that joyous event. An antiquity of more than five centuries can be claimed for this historic practice, which takes us back, indeed, to Froissart's days. In the glittering pages that bring before us chivalry and all its splendours we read how Richard II. was crowned in his eleventh year (July 16, 1377),

et fist ce jour IIII contes et IX chevaliers, premièrement messire Thomas son oncle conte de Boukingham ; le seigneur de Persi conte de Northanbrelande, messire Guichart d'Angle, conte de Hostindonne, le seigneur de Moutbray, conte de Notighen.

The earldoms and the houses which received them are now alike extinct, and Richard's creation proved to be but an anticipation of a practice which could not then attain its full development; for it was not till about the middle of the fifteenth century that the peerage finally assumed its present shape. Knighthood as yet remained the gift that kings conferred, and Richard's successor, Henry IV., founded, it is held, the Order of the Bath when he made at his coronation six-and-forty knights.

With Richard III. we at length begin the long series of precedents which, however fitful at first, have now crystallised into custom. Eleven days before his coronation, and within two of declaring his own accession in person, he divided the

titles of the House of Mowbray between its two co-heirs, creating Howard Duke of Norfolk, and Berkeley Earl of Nottingham (June 28, 1483); and on the same day Edward Grey received the viscountcy of Lisle. It was reserved, however, for Richard's successor to associate more closely with the coronation festivities the gift of peerage honours. Henry's uncle, the Earl of Pembroke, was raised to the dukedom of Bedford; and Lord Stanley, to whose adhesion he owed his great victory, received that earldom of Derby which is still possessed by his house. As the dukedom of Norfolk is now held under the Flodden creation (1514), the earldom of Derby is the oldest existing of all coronation peerages.

In the quaint "Device," as it is termed, for Henry VII.'s coronation, we read how,

> in araysing the auncyaunt nobles of England, the King hath appoynted a good noumbre of noble persons of this his realme to take the order of knyghthode, and be made Knights of the Bath, in the Tour of London the 28th daye of October next, called the evyn of his coronacion, . . . wher shalbe a seige roiall prepared as accordeth for his estate, wherin his grace, sitting or standing, shall order the Knights of the Bath after the forme of the auncient custome of Kinges of England, and may then in the same create lordes in such estate as shalbe thought to his highnes, for the maner and wele of hym and his roialme.

We see here that, although the King's creation of new peerage dignities was treated as a part of the ceremony, that of Knights of the Bath was still the essential feature. Henry was crowned on October 30, three days after his bestowal of the new peerage honours.

The Tudors were by no means prodigal in creating or promoting peers. Henry VIII., I have argued in my "Studies in Peerage and Family History," set the example of swamping opposition in the House of Lords when he created, in the critical Parliament of 1529, seven new barons; but his coronation was not marked by any changes in the peerage. His son, at the time of his accession, was a puppet in the hands of Somerset, who conveniently discovered that Henry had intended to bestow a number of fresh dignities on himself and his

friends. Ten days, therefore, before Edward's coronation, a dukedom was created for himself, and the marquisate of Northampton for Parr, while Lisle and Wriothesley received respectively the earldoms of Warwick and Southampton. The baronies of Seymour of Sudeley, Rich and Sheffield were created at the same time, and that of Willoughby of Parham four days later. Of all these dignities the dukedom of Somerset alone survives at the present day.

The fresh creation of the earldom of Devon (September 3, 1553), under which the Courtenays now hold it, can hardly be connected with Mary's coronation (September 30); but that of Elizabeth (January 15, 1559) was made the occasion of creating, two days before, the baronies of Hunsdon, Howard of Bindon, and St. John of Bletsho, of which Hunsdon was bestowed on her own cousin Carey, and of raising to the peerage the son of the fallen Somerset as Viscount Beauchamp and Earl of Hertford. St. John of Bletsho is the only dignity created on this occasion which has escaped extinction.

With the Stuarts began, as we all know, the lavish distribution of peerage honours. The British Solomon started the game even before his coronation. As early as May 13, 1603, he created four baronies, Cecil of Essendon (the oldest of Lord Salisbury's dignities), Sydney of Penshurst, Knollys of Grays, and Wotton of Marley. Four days before he was crowned (July 21), in the great hall of Hampton Court, he personally bestowed three earldoms and no fewer than eight baronies. Of the former, Suffolk still survives; of the latter, four have suffered extinction, Harington, Ellesmere, Danvers, and Gerard; Russell of Thornhaugh is now merged in the dukedom of Bedford, Spencer in the earldom of that name, and Grey of Groby in that of Stamford and Warrington; Petre remains a barony. The industrious monarch proceeded, two days later, to knight with his own hand 300 gentlemen, and lastly, on Sunday the 24th, the day before his coronation, there "was performed the solemnity of Knights of the Bath, riding honourably from St. James' to the Courte."

Mr. Gardiner holds that it was because Charles I. had no expectation of any opposition in the Upper House "that he neglected the opportunity which the coronation afforded of raising to the peerage persons in whom he could confide." But no Stuart felt that an "opportunity" was needed, and Charles had already raised an incompetent Cecil to the peerage. It was more graceful and dignified to make, as he did, his coronation the occasion of bestowing earldoms on eight existing peers. From this occasion date the earldoms of Berkshire, now united with Suffolk, and Manchester, which for nearly two centuries has been merged in the dukedom of that name. Cleveland, Mulgrave, Danby, Totnes, Monmouth and Marlborough are all of them now extinct.

The restoration of the monarchy in the person of Charles the Second was signalised by scenes of great splendour, of which his coronation was the climax (April 23, 1661). Monk had received his dukedom and Ormonde his English barony nine months before, and the faithful Hyde had been raised to the peerage in the month of November preceding; but the great creation of new dignities was reserved for the King's coronation. Charles, in accordance with the ancient practice, first created Knights of the Bath (April 19), and on the following day personally bestowed six earldoms and six baronies in the Banqueting House at Whitehall. Pepys, of course, was there:

> Then with my Lady and my Lady Wright to White Hall; and in the Banqueting House saw the King create my Lord Chancellor and several others, Earls, and Mr. Crew and several others, Barons; the first being led up by Heralds and five old Earls to the King, and there the patent is read, and the King puts on his vest, and sword, and coronet, and gives him the patent. And then he kisseth the King's hand, and rises and stands covered before the King. And the same for the Barons, only he is led up but by three of the old Barons, and are girt with swords before they go to the King. That being done (which was very pleasant to see their habits), I carried my Lady back.

Pepys would have agreed with the French consul, who observed to me in plaintive tones, at an official dinner in the East, "*Pas de dames! Comme c'est triste!*" Evelyn, a more

sedate observer, who was present at the same ceremonial, records that

> after obedience on their several approaches to the throne, their patents were presented by Garter King-at-Arms, which, being received by the Lord Chamberlain and delivered to his Majesty, and by him to the Secretary of State, were read, and then again delivered to his Majesty, and by him to the several Lords created. They were then robed, their coronets and collars put on by his Majesty, and they were placed in ranks on both sides the state and throne; but the Barons put off their caps and circles and held them in their hands, the Earls keeping on their coronets as cousins to the King.

Among the new dignities created were the earldoms of Essex and of Bath, bestowed on the sons of the loyal Capel and the gallant Sir Bevil Granville in reward for their father's services, whilst that of Cardigan was obtained by Lord Brudenell for his own. It was now that Clarendon received the earldom he had fairly earned, but that of Anglesea fell to a peer (Arthur, Lord Valentia) who had only "found salvation" after the King's execution, while that of Carlisle was given to a still more recent convert, the Howard who, even less than three years before, had stooped to accept a peerage from Cromwell himself. To the student of political history the only wonder is that the Liberal Unionists of the day had not the lion's share.

Of these earldoms three, Essex, Cardigan, and Carlisle, alone exist to-day. Of the six baronies, those of Crew, Holles, Cornwallis, and Delamere are all to-day extinct; that of Townshend is now merged in the marquisate of that name; and that of Ashley, though given, like Townshend, for services at the Restoration, was the prize of that "false Achitophel," who soon obscured it by his later and more familiar title, "a name to all succeeding ages curst."

The inauspicious accession of Charles' hapless successor (1685) was not marked by the grant of coronation honours. James contented himself with creating two Scottish viscountcies (Melfort and Tarbat) some five or six weeks before his coronation-day, and three English baronies (Dover, Churchill, and Jeffreys) three weeks after it.

It could only be expected that so great an event as the overthrow of James II. and the accession of the House of Orange, as the result of the "glorious Revolution," would involve the bestowal, by creation or promotion, of several new peerage dignities. On the coronation-day of William and Mary the *Gazette* contained the announcement, dated from Whitehall the day before (April 10, 1689), of ten new dignities, to which an eleventh was added immediately afterwards. A dukedom of Cumberland was conferred on Prince George of Denmark, the husband of the Princess Anne, and the earldom of Portland on the king's favourite and trusted servant, William Bentinck, a dignity still possessed by his descendant. The native recipients of favours, of course, were those who had taken an active part in securing the triumph of the Whig cause. The holder of the ancient marquisate of Winchester (1551) received a dukedom of Bolton, which became extinct with his heirs male in 1794. The famous John Churchill, already a baron, was promoted to the earldom of Marlborough, and earldoms were bestowed also on Viscount Fauconberg, whose wife was a daughter of Oliver Cromwell; on that ardent supporter of the Revolution, Lord Mordaunt, better known by his later title as the eccentric Earl of Peterborough; and on another active supporter of William's cause, Lord Montagu, whose London residence, Montagu House, is now the British Museum. Henry Sydney, "the great wheel on which the Revolution turned," according to Burnet, received the barony of Milton and viscountcy of Sydney.[1] Lord Lumley, of Lumley Castle, the head of the ancient house of that name, had secured Newcastle for William, and now received as his reward a viscountcy, to which was added a year later that earldom of Scarbrough which is still the peerage dignity of his heir. Like Lord Lumley, Lord Cholmondeley already possessed an Irish viscountcy; his support in arms of the

[1] Only the former of these honours was announced in the Coronation *Gazette*. They are both erroneously assigned in the "Complete Peerage" to "Sep." 9, 1689.

Prince of Orange now procured him an English barony, a revival of that which had been held by his family from 1645 to 1659. This promotion was an interesting precedent for those which have figured regularly at the three last coronations. There remains only the creation of an Irish viscountcy and barony in favour of an English baronet, Sir George Hewett, with whose death in the same year they both became extinct.

"To the victors the spoils!" James II. was busy, on his part, in creating or promoting peers in this eventful year, but these, who were mostly Irish or Scotch, had put, in the language of to-day, "their money on the wrong horse." As we examine the names of those on whom William bestowed his honours, we are reminded of the aristocratic character of the old Whig party, which forms so peculiar a feature of the one English "Revolution." And we are reminded, further, of the really curious fatality by which peerage dignities have been so often attended. Of the eleven recipients of honours at William and Mary's coronation, only two are represented to-day by heirs male of their bodies who possess the titles bestowed on that historic occasion; these are the Duke of Portland and Lord Scarbrough. But, as Lord Cholmondeley received his barony with a special remainder to his brother, it is still enjoyed by his family.

The accession of Anne was in marked contrast to those of her predecessor and her successor; it was associated with no national event, such as the Revolution or the Restoration, and was not even marked by so striking a breach with the past as the advent of the House of Hanover. She followed, therefore, her father's example in refraining from coronation peerages. The two batches of creations in her reign were those of March 1703 and December 1711—January 1712, both of which were purely Ministerial devices to secure a majority in the House of Lords. On the second of these occasions the ranks of the Tory peers were reinforced by the addition of twelve new barons within five days.

With the coming of George I. the Whigs might have claimed their revenge; but the King, instead of merely adding to their voting power in the House of Lords, gave to his coronation peerages a far more dignified character. Following the precedent of Charles I., he created eight earldoms, their recipients being in every instance already members of the House. He also bestowed English dignities on four of the peers of Ireland; and he bestowed new baronies on an earl's brother and on a baronet (Henry Boyle and Sir Richard Temple). In the quaint language of a contemporary work, "The Political State for 1714" (p. 344):

> The King's Coronation being near at hand, his Majesty, in imitation of his Royal Predecessors, resolved to add to that great Solemnity by a new creation of Peers. Accordingly on the 15th of October his Majesty was pleased to direct Letters Patent to pass the great seal of Great Britain, &c. &c.

It is remarkable that in this first announcement only seven earldoms were named, while the list ended with a barony for "Sir Michael Wharton, Knt." But, although thus actually gazetted, Sir Michael declined the honour, and was permitted to do so. This we learn from the following further notification:

> On the 18th of October it was declared that his Majesty had been pleased to order Letters to be passed for creating Henry Lord Paget and Burton, Earl of Uxbridge; but Sir Michael Warton [*sic*], who had been mentioned in the *Gazette* to be created a Baron, having, with the utmost sense of duty and gratitude to the King, declined that Honour, his Majesty was graciously pleased to accept his excuse. (*Ibid.* p. 346.)

The best known among the earls created on this occasion was Thomas Lord Pelham, who obtained the earldom of Clare,[1] which his mother's brother had held, and who added thereto the next year his dukedom of Newcastle. Next, perhaps, in interest to this well-known Whig statesman is Lord Chandos, the "Princely Chandos" of his later and ducal days, who received the earldom of Carnarvon. Among the

[1] Its creation is strangely assigned in "The Complete Peerage" to July 26, 1714.

"Lords Justices" of the realm who had helped to secure it for George was Halifax, who now exchanged his barony for an earldom. The King, however, did not, it seems, restrict his favours to one party; Lord Guernsey, who now obtained the earldom of Aylesford, had been one of the four Tories—"the violentest of the whole party," as Burnet termed them—who had been included in Anne's first batch of creations, while Lord Paget and Burton, who was one of the twelve in the second, was now raised to the earldom of Uxbridge within three years of that date. But John Hervey, who, although a Whig, had obtained a barony by private influence, when Lord Guernsey had received his, was also now among the new earls. The others thus promoted were Lords Rockingham and Ossulston, of whom the latter became Earl of Tankerville, a title which his father-in-law had held. Here again, of these eight earldoms, those of Rockingham, Carnarvon, Halifax and Clare are all now extinct. And neither of the two baronies created on the same occasion passed to an heir.

George II. and George III. appear to have held, like Anne, that as there had been no change of dynasty or great political convulsion, there was no occasion, when they were crowned, to create peerage dignities; but George IV. established, as it has proved, a precedent. As in the case of Richard II., he succeeded to a monarch whose prolonged reign had blazed with martial glory; for, although the fact seems now forgotten, the reign of George III. was the most glorious in our history. In the reflection of that glory George IV. was effulgent; he omitted nothing that could add to the splendour of his own coronation, and dispensed with bounteous hand a shower of peerage honours. In addition to a marquisate and five earldoms bestowed by way of promotion, he created eight fresh baronies, and distributed a viscountcy and seven baronies among those Scotch and Irish peers who had no seats in the House of Lords.

It is from this coronation that date the earldoms of Eldon, Falmouth, Howe, and Stradbroke, and the marquisate of

Ailesbury. Of the eight baronies bestowed on commoners, two (Glenlyon and Maryborough) went to sons of peers, and three (Delamere, Ravensworth, and Forester) to the old families of Cholmondeley, Liddell, and Forester; two (Oriel and Rayleigh) were given to comparatively new families who had "married into the peerage," and one to a representative of the law in Lord Eldon's brother.

Although but ten years had elapsed between the coronation of William IV. and that of his brother, the precedent set by the latter was followed with strict fidelity in 1831. The promotions and creations again numbered no fewer than twenty-two, or, counting the earldom of Ranfurly, twenty-three. The earldom of Westminster was raised to a marquisate, and two Scottish earls who had seats in the House of Lords, Lords Cassilis and Breadalbane, received the same promotion. The earldoms of Lichfield and Camperdown were bestowed, it is interesting to note, on two holders of naval peerages, Viscounts Anson and Duncan; and that of Burlington, merged since in the dukedom of Devonshire, was created for Lord George Cavendish.[1] Seven Scotch and Irish peers received English baronies, and in the peerage of Ireland Lord Northland gained a step by becoming Earl of Ranfurly. Of the nine baronies, three were given to cadets of ennobled houses, namely, those of Panmure, Oakley, and Templemore; four were carefully bestowed on those who represented by birth or marriage old territorial families, the titles chosen being Poltimore, Wenlock, Mostyn, and Dinorben; the holder of the Berkeleys' historic estate obtained under well-known circumstances, the ancient title of Segrave, and a distinguished admiral, who also represented one of the oldest Channel Islands families, received from "the sailor king" that of De Saumarez.

But, in spite of their aristocratic character, these creations reflect the fact that the King's coronation took place in the

[1] This earldom is wholly omitted in the list of the Coronation Peerages of 1831, given in "The Complete Peerage," which shows the difficulty of ascertaining the facts even at this late period.

midst of a fierce struggle, that Lord Grey's Reform Ministry had recently triumphed at the polls, and that the opposition of the House of Lords was the rock in the Reform Bill's path. The coronation afforded the Ministry a chance of strengthening by many votes their party in the Upper House, and the chance was not lost. Yet the Lords were still able, a month after that event, to reject the Bill by a majority of 41, and had to be threatened, as is well known, with an even larger creation in the following year.

Thus, within less than eleven years, coronations had been made responsible for forty-four peerage honours. It was deemed needful to call a halt when, in 1838, her late Majesty was crowned. The creations and promotions were, on this occasion, reduced by half in number; but the same principle of distribution was observed with marked fidelity. The total of eleven was made up of three promotions, four baronies bestowed on Scotch and Irish peers without seats in the House of Lords, and four baronies given to commoners. The marquisate of Normanby was added to the earldom of Mulgrave, and two barons were promoted to the earldoms of Lovelace and Zetland. The holders of the Irish baronies of Rossmore and Carew and viscountcy of Lismore, and of the Scottish earldom of Kintore, received baronies of the same names in the peerage of the United Kingdom. It is of interest to observe that in the selection of four commoners to be raised to the peerage, the precedents of the two preceding coronations were again closely followed. All four were chosen from the same classes as before. Baronies of their own name were given to Sir John Wrottesley of Wrottesley, whose baronetcy dated from 1642, and who was descended in the male line from a founder knight of the Order of the Garter, and on Mr. Methuen of Corsham Court, whose ancestor gave his name to "The Methuen Treaty" with Portugal (1703). Mr. Hanbury-Tracy's title of Sudeley was taken from the ancient inheritance of his wife, and Mr. Spencer Ponsonby, a younger son of Lord Bessborough, became Lord de Mauley, having married a co-heir of the

Mauley barony, instead of that ancient dignity being called out of abeyance in accordance with the fashion of the day.

In one matter, however, there was introduced a change which would probably be overlooked by all but close observers. It was the old practice, as might be expected, that the whole group of honours should be granted on the same date, and this was the case with fourteen of the fifteen baronies created by George IV. and with fourteen of the sixteen at William IV.'s coronation. But every one of the eleven honours bestowed at Queen Victoria's coronation (June 28, 1838) was dated on a different day, ranging from June 25 to July 13, the three promotions heading the list and the four elevations of commoners forming its "tail." In 1821 all the honours, except the earldom of Eldon, were announced five days before the coronation, and the bulk of the patents bore date two days before it; in 1831 all the honours, except the baronies of Cloncurry and De Saumarez, were announced the day before, and the general date of the patents was two days after it; in 1838 all were announced together on the actual day of coronation, and the patents, as observed above, all bore different dates.

One more feature of the last coronation may be noticed. The baronetcies conferred at the same time as the peerage honours had increased in number from twenty-four in 1821 to twenty-eight in 1831. At the Queen's coronation, instead of undergoing, like the peerage honours, a sharp reduction, they were further increased to thirty. The elastic character of the "Degree"—it objects now to "Order"—appears to have no limits, and the distinction between the holders of patents and those of royal warrants threatens to become in time of little or no consequence.

It would be obviously vain, if indeed it were not indecorous, to speculate on the probable number of creations or promotions in the peerage in honour of so great a national event as the coming coronation. We have seen, in this brief survey, how diverse has been the practice since the first coronation honours were bestowed by an English king; and the sovereign's

prerogative is unfettered. On the other hand, the last three coronations have given perhaps an indication, if they have not constituted precedents, of the principles likely to govern the distribution of honours. The only feature, however, that can be safely anticipated is the further bestowal on peers of Scotland and Ireland of peerage dignities of the United Kingdom. This has become a settled policy, although in the case of Ireland the excessive proportions of its peerage are due to the lavish bestowal in the past of what was deemed an inferior dignity on Englishmen as well as on natives. The result has been that, as has been shown by the learned author of "The Complete Peerage," although, up to the time of the late Queen's Jubilee, seventy-eight peers of Ireland had received since the Union peerages of the United Kingdom, there were still nearly ninety without seats in the House. In view of this further absorption of Scotch and Irish peers, one may perhaps venture, with all deference, to suggest that every care should be taken to ascertain, in the case of those selected, that their right to the titles they bear has been proved before the House of Lords; for it is still possible, in both countries, to obtain recognition of a title without so proving one's right thereto.[1]

J. Horace Round.

[1] See "Studies in Peerage and Family History," pp. 13, 99.

THE SCANDAL OF THE MUSEO DI VILLA GIULIA[1]

NEVER, perhaps, since the forgeries of Mr. Shapira, has a greater archæological fraud been perpetrated than that for which the recent Administration of Public Instruction in Italy has been responsible in the creation and publication of the collection of the Villa Giulia at Rome. Seldom have false accounts been published and original documents suppressed with greater levity. In no country but Italy would it have been possible for a small band of public officials to dispose of the whole machinery of Government for its own private purposes, to seize the honours due to excavators, to garble their reports, to exhibit their finds as its own, to hush rumours of its own malversations, to throw dust in the eyes of students, suppress their inquiries and investigations, present false material for their studies, while denying them all verification and proof of this material, and boldly to claim this mystification as a laudable and suitable achievement of Public

[1] (1) *Monumenti Antichi.* Pubblicati per cura della Reale Accademia dei Lincei. Vol. iv., with atlas, 1894. (2) *Reale Tribunale Civile di Roma.* Prima Sezione, Principe del Drago contro Ministero della Pubblica Instruzione, Allegati, Roma. Casa Editrice Italiana, 1899. (3) *Estratto dal Supplemento al Bolletino Ufficiale,* il 10. Giugno, 1899. *Inchiesta sul Museo di Villa Giulia.* Relazione. Ludovico Cecchini, 1899. (4) Fausto Benedetti. *Gli Scavi di Narce ed il Museo di Villa Giulia.* London. David Nutt, 1900. (5) *Le Rivelazione di Fausto Benedetti sopra il Museo di Villa Giulia e la stampa estera.* Rome. Scuola Tipografica Tata Giovanni, 1901.

Instruction. And nowhere else would the partial disclosure of these profane proceedings have received more decent and courteous sepulture at the hands of men of science.

The Museo di Villa Giulia is perhaps not as much visited as the other museums of Rome. It lies outside the gates, about half-way between the Piazza del Popolo and the Ponte Molle. It contains no sculptures. It purports to be scientific. Its appeal lies to archæologists. Those who find their way there discover a charming villa, a fine sarcophagus of terra-cotta with recumbent figures (much like a second example in the British Museum), the restoration of a Faliscan temple, and, in the upper story, a large collection of vases, wooden coffins, ornaments, odds and ends, and a few beautiful, but much restored terra-cottas. The tourist retreats with the profound conviction that all these things will interest others. He errs, however.

Among all there are but few of intrinsic importance. There is, indeed, a very fine case of Greek vases in the central hall; and there are a few more scattered here and there. The museum can boast of the famous astragalos, probably by Syriscus; a fine dog's head, a psykter with centaurs, and some other treasures. The Faliscan vases have a character of their own, loose indeed in style, but retaining something of Greek grace; and the evidence that they were often produced in almost exact duplicate is interesting. But in general the collection is poor, consisting of vases that could not find their rightful place in a museum except on some plea extraneous to artistic merit.

The common superstition that an archæologist delights in anything that is old hits only a part of the truth. He will delight in anything old that will help him to appreciate what is important in ancient art, literature, or history—anything that will establish a date, give the solution of a problem, or, if possible, complete the *disiecta membra* of a ruined past. But he no longer, like Vergil's farmer, merely wonders at bones dug up from ancient sepulchres. He tries to put them together.

The museum, in fact, rested its claim on quite other grounds

than that of the artistic quality of its exhibits. It supplied—or, till lately, was supposed to supply—a want very vividly felt by students.

The Government, it is well known, reserves all excavations for Italians. It is almost a crime to see any object come out of the ground. Your presence gives rise to fearful suspicions. Doubtless you are meaning to spirit away the "national patrimony," or secure for yourself the glory of its discovery. Any native who chooses to speculate on a capital of four or five hundred francs, any yokel or *imbroglione* is more welcome than you.

We doff our hats and respect the wise patriotism of a nation, which, as we have been recently assured by Professor Pigorini, is "amply competent to dig up and bring into full light the relics of its past."[1] The history of the Museo di Villa Giulia, on which the professor is commenting, proves precisely the contrary; but foreigners must evidently be content with what they can get, and, failing excavations, they were glad to see, as they supposed, the results of excavations exhibited in scientific order in a museum.

The plan of this museum as announced was perfect. You were to find the contents of each tomb arranged together. A descriptive volume was to tell you in what sort of a tomb they were found, an Atlas was to give you designs of the tombs and plans of the cemetery. From this you were to draw your own conclusions.

Perhaps the greater archæologists, who can carry the Annali and the Notizie degli Scavi in their heads, would not have rejoiced in such a collection so perfectly as the man who only remembers what he sees. But all would have found it delightful to be able to confute a controversialist by telling him that the kinds of art he is so anxious to hold apart are at least contemporary, since they are represented by objects found in one tomb. The flash of light on a single moment of the past

[1] Non abbiamo bisogno dell' opera di alcuno, per ricercare e mettere in piena luce quanto rimane sepolto del nostro passato.—*Inchiesta*, p. 1142.

which is given by the heavy fall of the stone door of a sepulchral chamber is no less impressive to the student than to the traveller in search of emotions. One or two objects, or an inscription, decide the question. Sixth century, end of fifth century, you say, and all the things found must fall into line. Some shard reveals to you that at that date an early style survived in decrepitude, or that a new style was already begun. All the learned arguments of Professor Dry-as-dust must collapse before the proof of fact, and, what is perhaps best, you do not need to read the professor's lucubrations. But a tomb, especially if it is filled with mud, and a little lake on top, may cost something in time and trousers to excavate, and may contain nothing to give you a clue. Not nine out of ten tombs, but perhaps thirty-nine out of forty, are useless. What a blessing to have the contents of the best tombs of a necropolis arranged in order, with a handbook full of notes on the general character of the rest, not worth transportation! This the Museo di Villa Giulia was supposed by the archæologist to furnish. But he erred.

True, a very rich necropolis, one which should have exercised the special watchfulness of the "defenders of the national patrimony," had furnished the materials for the museum. For a part of the finds accurate notes had been handed in. But the notes had perished, when the museum chose to destroy the whole (!) of its archives, and the contents of the tombs, like the babies in "Pinafore," had been mixed up. All certainly had vanished. It was thought that some of the finds themselves had likewise vanished after being placed on the shelves of the museum. This, it seems, was not true. They had vanished long before, because the museum had refused to buy them.[1] In extenuation it must be said that some of the finds so refused were important and valuable. The museum was evidently bent on maintaining its character—poor but honest.

Professor Helbig, however, had heard ugly rumours, and disallowed the second adjective. He would not accord scientific

[1] Fausto Benedetti. *Gli Scavi*, p. 13.

consideration to unscientific material, and he said so in the introduction to a new edition of his well-known guide. There was no escape. A Commission had to be appointed. It was appointed, of course "at the request" of Professor Barnabei, director of Fine Arts and Antiquities, who, however, was not suspended from office, though two of the Commissioners held office under him. The Commission sat for some time—without visiting the site of excavations. It heard such evidence as could easily be brought before it, and did not trouble itself much with further investigations. Its report (*Inchiesta*) resembles nothing more than the antique and therefore appropriate practice of closing the barn-door after the horse is stolen. The door closes indeed in a manner expressive of some exasperation. It is suggested that Professor Helbig be expelled from the offices he holds (there is no mistake, it is Professor Helbig, not Professor Barnabei, the *fons et origo mali*, whom the Commission proposes to expel). To justify this extraordinary proposal a few ancient accusations are furbished up, accusations which have never been proved, though proof has frequently been challenged. They are stated by the Commission to be justified by documents existing in the archives of the Ministry, the Italian Government being, it seems, more careful to preserve archives that may compromise, or may be thought to compromise, foreigners than those which concern science and might compromise their own officials—but no one, save the initiates of the Ministry, has seen these archives or knows what the accusations are. As for that part of the Commission's charges which was explicit, the well-known writer on liturgical antiquities, Monsieur l'Abbé Duchesne, director of the School of France in the Palazzo Farnese, had written to protest against reflections on the School, denying the allegations in the most unreserved manner. Evidently no justification was forthcoming. The Ministry merely acknowledged receipt of the Abbé's letter.

So the matter rested. Professor Barnabei, in spite of proved mismanagement, retained his office. Italians could

explain Professor Helbig's zeal only by interested motives. Later on Professor Barnabei was *collocato a riposo*, of course, again "at his own request"; but he could still appeal to the judgment of the Commission:[1] "It is deplorable that because of a few mostly irrelevant or unfounded criticisms on the collection of Narce, Professor Helbig should have raised so great a storm." (The Commission here assumes that, setting apart the collection from Narce, the remaining collections in the Museum are in order. We shall see that this can at most be assumed of antiquities from Corchiano, but these are as yet unpublished, and the notes on them (*Fundberichte*) appear to have been destroyed.)

The Commission had reckoned, however, without a certain excavator, Signor Fausto Benedetti, who had long been burning with indignation against the systematic falsification of the results of his excavations in the volume published by Professor Barnabei under the authority and at the expense of the Accademia dei Lincei. Benedetti had protested time and again while the publication was in progress, but his protests had been disregarded. He had explained to the Commission that he possessed certain documents—notes taken while excavating, letters written at the time, designs of tombs, rough drafts of his reports to the Government—but the Commission had passed judgment without waiting to see these. Benedetti was not content, and has laid before the public in a pamphlet of eighty-five pages, *Gli Scavi de Narce ed il Museo di Villa Giulia*, the evidence to be derived from these documents.

It is now eighteen months since this pamphlet appeared; and, since no answer, not even a provisional answer, has been made to the indictment it contains, although the *Revue Archéologique* offered its pages to Professor Barnabei for the purpose, there is perhaps occasion to sum up the results of the controversy.

We have to deal with many sites—Civita Castellana, Mazzano Romano, the neighbourhood of Calcata, Corchiano,

[1] *Inchiesta*, p. 1135.

Monte Sant' Angelo—in general with the valley of the Treia, a stream which finds its way through deep ravines to the Tiber below Civita Castellana. For convenience we may divide the region into three districts: (1) the necropolis of Civita Castellana itself, the ancient Falerii; (2) the necropolis of Narce including Calcata and Mazzano Romano; (3) the necropolis of Corchiano. The tombs of the Monte Sant' Angelo, few and far off from these centres we may leave on one side. All these burial grounds have furnished antiquities to the Museo de Villa Giulia, but the antiquities of Narce alone are published. Of these Benedetti excavated about one half.

He began to excavate at the age of fifteen, and under no supervision. He learned by experience. He had only a common school education—no archæology. Under the circumstances the Government should not have accepted his results, or made any publication. But, as we shall see, it was indifferent to the officials whether notes were correct or not. In his early days, when he knew nothing of his business, as in his later days, when by assiduous endeavour he had become probably one of the best, as he is certainly one of the most conscientious, professional *scavatori* in Italy, they alike accepted his notes without verification, published them with fantastic alterations, and finally burnt them up, or caused them to disappear in some fashion. The Corchiano reports, his ripe work, have gone the same way with the primitive memoranda of his boyhood, and all his notes on Narce, whether early and unsatisfactory or late and well done, are treated with the same pretence of accuracy and disregard of facts.

Benedetti's pamphlet begins with his own excavations, taking them in order of time. His earliest documents are: a receipt and a letter, each signed by Conte Cozza, Professor Barnabei's factotum, on behalf of the Government. The receipt mentions certain objects "from Calcata." These are published in the volume of the Lincei, but not as from Calcata. They are stated to come from Monte Soriano, where no Benedetti ever made excavations. The letter gives directions

for the conduct of the work. "Note the principal measurements of the tombs (if you haven't them, jot them down from memory with an effort at approximation)." It is the result of such efforts, at best, that is submitted to the scientific world; at worst we should have variations on the theme excogitated by officials. In no case—speaking always of the earlier stages of Benedetti's activity—should we have the full information that science requires, and that is ostensibly provided by the publication. Sometimes we have a part of it, in Signor Benedetti's papers, not in the official account. Thus he retains the designs made on the spot of a tomb and its contents. In the publication we recognise the design of the tomb, but it is there stated to have been found vacant. The contents we identify among objects stated in the publication to have been found in a second tomb. Another instance. In the publication a certain tomb is taken as typical in its arrangements—the body being placed on one side, the vases on the opposite side. Now Signor Benedetti happens to have in his possession a full description of this tomb, and this shows that all the objects were found on or near a skeleton, or along the wall opposite the door, not one in the "typical" position along the wall opposite the skeleton. In a third case—a tomb where no sarcophagus was found—the design of the said sarcophagus is published. Special attention is called in the publication to the discovery of two bodies, one of a man, the other of a woman, in certain *tombe a fossa*. The case would be interesting, but Benedetti, who excavated the tombs in question, tells us that it never occurred. In each tomb he found one body only. We find also a hill (*monte*) which, by a privilege hitherto restricted to faith, has been removed from the place it occupied in nature to another place which it occupies on the published map.

These otiose inaccuracies, bad enough in any case, as implying what Benedetti calls the "infinite frivolity of Professor Barnabei and Count Cozza," become scientifically unpardonable when tombs of a different type are not held apart; when, for instance, the contents of a *tomba a camera* are mixed up with

those of a *tomba a fossa*—a case proved to the hilt by letters written at the time of the excavations. They become more than scientifically unpardonable when a sarcophagus, stolen from Signor Benedetti's excavations, finds its way into the museum and is published as found in quite a different place. The purpose of assigning to it a new origin would be plain enough. We should have a reason for its existence within the walls of the museum. It would not have been discovered by Signor Benedetti but by a certain Signor Mancinelli, for whose excavations the Government ultimately paid, securing thus the right of possession.

The Commission, adopting this view, has tried to establish a line of defence—a line ingenious rather than persuasive. It points out that the published plan shows—if drawn to scale—a larger sarcophagus than Signor Benedetti's, and concludes that there were two similar sarcophagi, one published, but not in the museum, another unpublished which arrived at the museum unnoticed.[1]

It will be observed that this argument, were it true, leaves untouched the question of theft. The fact that no one can tell how the sarcophagus came into the museum, is, of itself, suspicious. The defence, then, at most would justify the scientific character of the publication. It would not establish the right of the museum to possess the "unpublished sarcophagus." But even as a scientific justification, it falls to the ground in a manner which does no credit to those who devised it. The difference between the measurements of the sarcophagus in the museum and measurements given in the published plan, is demonstrably an inaccuracy and only makes matters worse. The plan is not drawn to scale. We gather this from the following facts. The sarcophagus is stated in the publication to have contained a baby (*bambino*). The design represents the outline of the baby's body sculptured in the stone, precisely as we find it in the sarcophagus preserved

[1] Nessuno serba memoria circa il tempo e il modo del trasporto a Roma del sarcofago.—*Inchiesta*, p. 1131.

in the museum. This outline in the sarcophagus would suit the proportions of a baby. But if we take the design and calculate on the basis of the scale given, and of the outline represented, the height of the "baby," we find that this interesting infant would have been one metre forty centimetres, or four feet seven inches tall. The plan clearly does not agree with the publication which provides us with a baby only. It cannot, then, serve as evidence for measurements, and the only other evidence is the strict identity of design in a very unusual case. For the interest of the sarcophagus, which is not valuable, consists wholly in the rarity of the sculptured outline. A plain man would never have doubted that the sarcophagus preserved was the one designed; and it is distressing to see the Commission descend to such sophistications to justify the administration, especially when we consider the character of the gentlemen who composed it.

The President was the Conte Bonasi, at that time only Senator, shortly afterwards Minister of Grace and Justice. He was assisted by Signor Ghirardini, at that time Professor of Archæology at Pisa, immediately afterward Professor of Archæology at Padua, and "Commissario delle Antichità del Veneto." The third member of the Commission was Signor Pigorini, Professor of Palæo-ethnology in the University of Rome, and Director of the Prehistoric Museum in the Collegio Romano, who drew up the report. These illustrious gentlemen should have discovered that the government official who made the plan was only following official directions. "If you have not the measurements, jot them down from memory with an effort at approximation."

In sum, Benedetti finds that there is not one tomb, or at most, there is only one tomb, of which he retains any notes, which can be said to have been published without error.

The Commission has tried to meet some of his objections by referring to the receipts given by his father, when the objects were sold to the Government. But these receipts were drawn up by Count Cozza, who acknowledges that their

purpose was formal and financial, not archæological.[1] They are admittedly inaccurate and slovenly; they often enough disagree with the publication; and if their admission as evidence would in some cases help the administration, they would considerably damage it in others. Yet the Commission, for want of proper material of verification due to the destruction of the archives, is reduced to calling these disorderly receipts "documents of capital importance."

The only other documents to which the Commission can appeal are a few rough notes taken by a certain Cardella when objects entered the museum. They are cited for only five tombs, and, as Benedetti remarks, the citation is particularly unfortunate. In the case of three tombs they mention objects not in the museum, in the case of the fourth they do not enumerate objects which are in the museum, and in the fifth they register an assembly of objects which, though confirmed by the publication, the Commission itself considers to be a confusion. One may almost say that Benedetti has given himself needless trouble to overthrow these sorry arguments, yet they are all that the Commission can adduce in proof of its thesis; that the tombs of the Villa Giulia "have not undergone such alterations as should place in doubt their scientific value."[2]

Of the charts of cemeteries excavated by him, Benedetti says that, with one exception, they are simply the offspring of the official imagination, desk-work elaborated in Rome without data, and so they would be, for, as far as evidence goes, no chart save one (the exception above mentioned) was handed in by Benedetti, and only one official ever visited the site, and he only once, and for scarcely an hour, and without taking notes. The beds are said to be bad in the neighbourhood.

When Benedetti leaves his own ground to discuss the material furnished by others from the same district—that of Narce—he has little to add to the facts already in possession

[1] Si preoccupava soltanto di avere un documento il quale guistificasse presso la corte dei conti la spesa incontrata.—*Inchiesta,* p. 1138.

[2] *Inchiesta,* p. 1130.

of the public. But he becomes on that account the more interesting. Traversing ground which the Commission had gone over, he reaches quite opposite conclusions.

We here enter on a much debated question, and a short explanation is necessary.

The excavations of Mazzano Romano, with which we are now dealing, were conducted (like all the excavations through which the museum profited) by private people, in this case mainly by a certain Cianni,[1] within territory belonging to the Principe del Drago. The products of the excavations were, according to Cianni, placed in a shed (*tinello*) where the cattle were accustomed to pass with the hay, occasioning much damage to objects not well preserved when found. They were finally packed and sent to the Prince, who sold them to the museum. To this Professor Barnabei adds that the objects so received were uncatalogued. The only information, then, by which they could be identified, or their original position in the tombs determined, would be furnished by certain notes, said to have been taken by Count Cozza—the gentleman whose inaccuracy has been above mentioned; and these notes, whatever they were, are admitted to have been derived, for the most part, not from observation, but from the reports of Cianni.[2]

The Commission points out that notes taken on hearsay are customary, that Professor Helbig often contented himself with such at Corneto. They neglect to add that such notes were not intended or used for the magnificent publication accorded to Count Cozza, or shall we say to Cianni, in which designs, measurements, plans and sections abound. But even if we allow to Cianni the maximum of archæological authority, the full authority of the Minister of Public Instruction, the question remains how such ruined objects were to be identified. Any one who has had to do with such things knows how hard it is to identify fragments or even mended vases without the most accurate descriptions and measurements, how quickly facts are lost (never to be recovered) unless noted at once. It is to

[1] *Processo del Drago*, p. 5.

[2] *Inchiesta*, p. 1136.

Cianni's notebooks, not to Count Cozza's, that we should have to go for this information. It is from Cianni's notebooks that we should have to identify the potsherds extracted from beneath the feet of the cattle to be sent to the museum uncatalogued and published with all circumstance. Now it is not affirmed that poor Cianni ever had any notebooks. In this respect his honour is untouched, like that of the Knight of the Pancakes.

But if we are so far satisfied, and, if our satisfaction is further confirmed by the statement of the Commission[1] that under other auspices another part of Del Drago's territory yielded valuable and well authenticated results—apparently unpublished—our satisfaction is brief. We fall at once into a new quandary. Were the antiquities acquired from the Prince's territory in all cases exhibited and published as from Mazzano, or were some of them mixed up with those from a different site—Civita Castellana?

The Prince thought so. He believed that the cases he had received and sold to the museum were not the whole produce of the excavations, and he brought a law-suit against the Ministry of Public Instruction for connivance with theft. Now the supposed thief was Cianni. The evidence was intended to prove that Count Cozza visited Civita Castellana not solely to take archæological notes, but also objects reserved by Cianni from the excavations at Mazzano — which objects, so far as one can conjecture, would have been exhibited as found at Civita Castellana. The trial brought no definite results. The administration, after a very damaging defence, escaped under the Statute of Limitations. It is needless to discuss whether the indictment was convincing or not. Benedetti thinks it was. The Commission thinks it was not. However this may be, we may take it for certain that any archæologist would refuse to accept material certified only by the Statute of Limitations. The Commission does not think so, but the Commission has its own way of thinking.

With all respect for that way, it is unfortunate that

[1] *Inchiesta*, pp. 1129–30.

Benedetti should be able to cite certain statements from documents which were under the eyes of the Commission, statements which point to the opposite conclusion.[1]

They are made by certain Zocchi, father and son, to the effect that no objects—save the down-trodden lot above mentioned—were sold to the museum from the territory of the Principe del Drago. They are confirmed by Count Cozza, who says he knows of no such sale. But the Commission itself publishes a receipt given by Zocchi, the son, for certain objects now in the museum, and these objects are said in the official publication to have been found at La Pietrina—which is precisely the place excavated by Cianni in the territory of Prince. This certainly seems difficult to explain away. The archæological memory of Count Cozza and Zocchi appears to have been rather treacherous, and the publication rather treacherously honest.

But if the archæologist is to refuse materials from Mazzano, he must also disregard those from Civita Castellana, despite the very strong stand made for them by the Commission.[2] It was not stated by whom these excavations were conducted; but we are told that a guard was present and made notes, and that Count Cozza superintended the work. To his report we are referred as a document "the high value of which is contested by none."[3] Signor Benedetti rejoins that it is not published, and cannot therefore be contested—to say the least, a pertinent observation. But it may be doubted whether its publication would throw light on any side of the subject. We know Count Cozza already too well. Even passing by the question whether he would have an object in assigning to Civita Castellana things found at Mazzano, we cannot forget that it is to him we owe certain fanciful alterations in Benedetti's tombs, a series of receipts which are a monument of inaccuracy, and that his name is mixed up with almost all the irregularities of the museum. Under the circumstances not even the Minister of Grace and Justice, nor Professor Pigorini, nor

[1] *Gli Scavi*, pp. 70–71. [2] *Inchiesta*, pp. 1133–35. [3] *Ibid.* p. 1135.

Professor Ghirardini is likely to succeed in imposing his authority on the archæological world.

There remains only Corchiano. This necropolis was excavated by Benedetti, who sent in full reports with charts, designs, sections, and extensive notes—his best work, accomplished after four years of experience, and between the ages of nineteen and twenty-one. At that time he had already mastered the requirements of a serious *scavatore*, and in patience and care he was indefatigable. The results, naturally, are more important than the work is difficult. The point is accuracy. Your reports, measurements, plans, &c., must be absolutely correct; your description of objects sufficient for incontrovertible identification. At this point your materials pass into the hands of archæologists. It was this point which the museum had hoped to reach, with the addition, of course, of precise archæological description, references to analogies, &c.—a catalogue with comments such as could be drawn up after the finds had been transported to Rome.

It is thought that the objects from Corchiano reached the museum without confusion. Their arrangement there is, for the present, at least, not attacked. With the *scavatore's* notes they would be invaluable—would have, in fact, all the certainty which is conspicuously absent in the rest of the museum. But from the report of the Commission it is to be inferred that all these highly important notes, plans and designs have perished.

> The archives [it says] are wanting, although the Royal Decree by which the Museum was instituted prescribed in article 2 that they should be kept, with the documents that refer to the history of discoveries, that is to say, journals of excavations, plans, &c.[1]

No exception is made for the excavations of Corchiano, and no explanation is offered of the extraordinary disappearance of matter known to have been sent in.

We have done with sites excavated; but our survey would be unfortunately incomplete, if we did not deal with at least

[1] *Inchiesta*, p. 1138.

one site not excavated. On page 443 of the *Monumenti* we find the description of a *sepolcreto* consisting of fourteen tombs. It occupies six columns of text, and is illustrated not only by reference to "typical" designs, but also by a general plan of the cemetery, showing the relative position of the sepulchres. On all this Benedetti's comment is brief: "I have visited the place and discovered that it has never been excavated."[1] The statement is so startling that it suggests an error on Benedetti's part; but, if so, an error so easy of rectification by a little digging that one would have expected Professor Barnabei to appeal at once to the evidence of the facts, and this he has not done.

The Commission asserts[2] that an excursion to the site of excavations would have been lost time; but it is clear that one discovery such as this would have been of the greatest service. It is easy to be very foolish while being very wise.

We have done with the museum. It remains to consider the conduct of the Administration. The Government, while buying, publishing, and destroying in this haphazard way, did not hesitate to claim for itself the whole credit of the excavations so long as those excavations were supposed to be creditable. In the *Monumenti* the account of what was found by a solitary boy in the country—a boy who was neither employed nor appointed nor supervised by the Government—is pompously introduced by phrases such as "we found," "we discovered." The Minister of Public Instruction, in opening the semicircular hall of the museum, was allowed to say that officials of the Government "had found and set in order the objects exhibited," and that all had been done "with rigorously scientific method." The Commission has dispelled this illusion. It acknowledges that the excavations were mostly done by private people, so that official reports tomb by tomb are wanting.[3]

[1] Avendo visitato il luogo, ho riscontrato che in questa località non si è mai scavato.—*Gli Scavi*, p. 66.

[2] *Inchiesta*, p. 1115.

[3] *Ibid.*

The Commission, however, as usual, has not measured the whole extent of the deception. In the publication *Mon. dei Lincei*, iv. p. 22, we find an acknowledgment of faculties granted by the township of Calcata for excavations in its communal territory. (The author of this part of the volume is Professor Barnabei.) In Signor Benedetti's book (p. 57) we find the certificate of the Mayor of Calcata that such permission was never granted to the Government, nor even asked by the Government. A few trenches (*saggi*) had been driven by Signor Benedetti's father, and these were sufficient to show that excavations would be useless. Accordingly none were made, and no antiquities found. Professor Barnabei is thanking the municipality for an imaginary permission to conduct imaginary excavations; and all this to veil the fact that the Government had no share in the work.

Much the same is the case with Mazzano. Professor Barnabei[1] mentions Government excavations in lands possessed by the township of Mazzano. The mayor knows only of excavations made by Signor Francesco Mancinelli. It would go hard with Professor Barnabei to acknowledge that the Government and Signor Mancinelli were one thing, and, in truth, the Government's share in these doings was confined to the payment of 400 francs to Signor Mancinelli four years after the excavations.

But this is not enough. One of the two tombs thus discovered is contested by Mancinelli himself. He is not, it is true, a particularly weighty witness, and the Commission reproves Professor Helbig for taking his evidence[2]—evidence, however, which it does not disdain when it thinks it may tell against Professor Helbig.[3] But it is unfortunate that in this very tomb the sarcophagus is supposed to have been found which contained the "baby" 4 ft. 7 in. high. If we believe in the tomb, we must believe in the baby.

Can we doubt after this that Benedetti is right in dis-

[1] *Processo del Drago*, p. 89.

[2] *Inchiesta*, pp. 1133, 1140.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 1141.

claiming the discovery of Tombs XXXIX. and LVII., which are published as found in his excavations? After all, had they been so found, Professor Barnabei would still be in a pickle; for he certified that they were discovered under the supervision of a functionary of the Government, while it is admitted on all hands that Benedetti's work was not supervised at all. If, on the other hand, we admit that they came, as seems probable, from Mancinelli's excavations in the township of Mazzano, Professor Barnabei jumps from the frying-pan into the fire, for he asserts that these excavations were governmental, and even mentions the payment for them.[1] Count Cozza asserts that he received the objects from these excavations,[2] and yet, notwithstanding the payment and delivery which should have completed the transaction, they were subsequently sold to the museum in a roundabout way.[3]

It is evident that the archæologist, if he is to arrive at scientific results from the Museo de Villa Giulia, must fish in very muddy waters. Professor Barnabei, however, is of quite the "contrary opinion." Speaking in court at the time of the *Processo del Drago* he said:

> The Ministry of Public Instruction has obtained in these last times abundant praise by the institution of the Museo di Villa Giulia. By means of this Museum it has been able to demonstrate that the care of Public Administration wisely directed is that which most greatly subserves the progress of scientific and artistic culture whenever the undertaking is one of archæological exploration. It has been possible to show in what manner that series of documents must be made up which shall give to us the greatest aid in the reconstituting the historical development of an ancient centre. And together with this it has been also shown that for the better direction of such investigation the authority of the Government must intervene.[4]

Verily a cloud of words!

We may measure its substance by considering what the Commission relates concerning the museum inventory. This inventory, begun when the museum was constituted, dragged on for three months and then collapsed. After that time, for

[1] *Processo del Drago*, p. 89.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 68.
[3] *Inchiesta*, pp. 1122, 1123.
[4] *Processo del Drago*, p. 85.

ten years, no inventory at all was kept. The museum satisfied itself by asserting annually in response to reiterated requests that it was being compiled. The assertion is quite as interesting as the fact. But the fact is also noteworthy, since it shows what limit Professor Barnabei was disposed to set to salutary Government intervention, a limit which it has, at times, been hard to define. We now know that it stops before the inventory begins, and with the assertion that it is being compiled.

But, if we are enlightened concerning the limit not to be exceeded, we are still in some perplexity as to the tasks to be accomplished within that limit. Something, it seemed, was to be gathered from Professor Barnabei's complaint,[1] that the criticism of the museum tormented officials with infinite anguish (*angoscie infinite*), calling their honour into question, and taking them away from the serene surroundings of their researches. Research, then, was the province of Administration, and, as we gather from another part of the same deposition (p. 88), topographical research. If so, it is an endless pity that the Administration should have failed to determine the site of a hill, and remained in ignorance whether "Tombs" that it published had ever been found or not. The very discovery of the existence of Narce appears to have been made not by the Government, which took the credit of it,[2] but by the local schoolmaster.[3] He apparently, being domiciled at Calcata, had some time to walk about the neighbourhood, an example to be recommended to those who, like Professor Barnabei, are mainly interested in topography. What, then, were the services rendered by the boasted intervention of the Government? At Professor Barnabei's advent to office, the objects, which were destined—after some damages and transpositions—to form the collection of the Villa Giulia, were all in the tombs. They were admirably arranged; for the Faliscans, in addition to their many other graceful and charming qualities, possessed, by a caprice of destiny, a peculiar privilege. They were archæologically infallible.

[1] *Processo del Drago*, p. 87. [2] *Ibid.* p. 23. [3] Benedetti, *Gli Scavi*, p. 4.

The objects thus disposed might very properly be called national patrimony; they might still more properly, considering the inheritance of all civilised nations from Greece and Rome, be called the world's patrimony; held in charge, unfortunately, by the Italian Ministry of Public Instruction. The value of this patrimony consisted not so much in the objects themselves as in their archæological classification due to the Faliscans, wiser than they knew. It was no use dragging the poorer things to light unless such order could be preserved. This was the position at the beginning of Professor Barnabei's administration. At the end of that administration we find the necropolis ransacked with that consummate ability to bring things into full light of which Professor Pigorini boasts, the contents of the tombs mixed up, the notes on their original position, so far as such notes were handed in, destroyed, the science of the thing lost, and no chance to begin again. This, which looks rather like wanton destruction, is represented as the defence of the national patrimony. This is that method "on which we may most rely in reconstituting the history of an ancient centre." The excavations done by private people, and in part very well done, but more and more confused as the share of the Government in the work becomes greater, are the triumphant proof that for the better direction of such researches administrative authority must intervene. One cannot regret that the Administration was torn from such researches. It would have been better occupied in making the inventory.

To Signor Benedetti's pamphlet, as has been said, no reply was vouchsafed. Professor Barnabei, who had been "at his own request" withdrawn (*collocato a riposo*) from his post as Director of Fine Arts and Antiquities before the pamphlet appeared, was made deputy. But the *Processo del Drago* was still hanging over his head. An appeal had been allowed. Here we pass into the unknown. A writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* (July 19, 1899) reports a rumour that the Government was attempting to bring the Principe del Drago to accept a compromise (transaction) and to withdraw his prosecution.

A writer in the *Centrale* of Teramo (November 12–13, 1901), states that the Prince accepted an indemnity of 250,000 lire. If this is so, we should have the rather comic spectacle of the Ministry of Public Instruction paying out of the people's funds to keep the people, and indeed the world of students, in ignorance, and consenting with unusual modesty to hide the glorious history of its model museum, its chief achievement for many years, and the special pride of Professor Barnabei. But whether the treaty was negotiated and concluded or not we shall never surely know. The secret service fund in Italy is 1,000,000 lire, and, besides this, there is a *fondo per combattere il malandrinaggio* amounting to 1,500,000 lire, of which accounts are never rendered. If any of this has been used to put an end to the *Processo del Drago* we shall not be officially informed.

But there is one thing that should be known, and that, one would think, Italians would like to know. There have been excavations over an immense tract and numberless tombs were opened. The eighty-three tombs of the collection of Narce do not represent the whole museum collection, nor even all the sepulchres of Narce. The museum, in purchasing, made a choice, excluding on the one hand, as we now know, some which appeared too valuable and important, and on the other hand, as we must in courtesy assume, some that were considered too insignificant. It is true, Signor Benedetti complains, rather ungratefully perhaps, that many insignificant things were bought from him. But then neither he nor we can tell to what end the researches were tending when the officials were torn from their "serene surroundings" to become the prey of "infinite anguish." Perhaps their speculations were such as could be most appropriately illustrated by the purchase of insignificant objects. We may have missed some instructive conclusions. However, this may be, the number of cemeteries explored was large, and though all, or practically all, were dug up by private persons, the excavations were represented as governmental for a number of years—seven or ten

years, according as we count from the public announcement of the Government's achievements by the Minister of Public Instruction, or from the beginning of those achievements and the foundation of the museum itself. Now, were these excavations ever paid for on behalf of the Government? If so, by whom, and to whom? So simple a question, which might settle many other questions, never appears to have occurred to an Italian deputy. Yet it is the only way of bringing the truth to light, seeing that he has by virtue of his office the privilege of examining accounts.

Truth to tell, however, on matters pertaining to knowledge, Italians are grossly apathetic. Professor Barnabei, as deputy, is allowed without remonstrance to continue his sempiternal orations on the defence of the national patrimony of antiquities. He has even, since the appearance of Signor Benedetti's pamphlet, been candidate for the directorship of the Museum of Naples. The Accademia dei Lincei, which bore the expense of his luxurious and useless publication, has not yet had the self-respect to exclude him from membership. Count Cozza continues to draw his salary. No one resents what has been done. Grace leads Justice by the hand. Faliscan excavations, the national patrimony and so forth, are not taken seriously in Italy, and Italian officials must be somewhat amused when at the hand of some innocent foreigner they have better luck than the Faliscans.

Properly to appreciate what goes on in Italy, we must not associate with high-sounding titles the ideas of seriousness, dignity, independence, and interest in the public good which they connote in other lands. The moral tone of such departments is not essentially different from that of the pedlars of antiquities. The latter present you indiscriminately objects genuine and false. The department of Fine Arts and Antiquities presents you a museum of "tombs" which in their "scientific" arrangement and publication are partly genuine and partly false. The purpose in each case is to furnish what will satisfy the unsuspecting foreigner for the moment.

The reason of this low standard is to be sought, of course, in the "rings" which control Italian politics. For the purposes of these rings it suffices that a man appointed to a position shall be of their faction, and not likely to give them too much trouble. The only person to be dreaded in archæological matters is the foreigner, since he alone is profoundly interested in the "national patrimony." From him alone will come the protest which might make the Italian position difficult to hold. To the Italian it makes no difference that a copy of the nude youth pouring oil attributed to Praxiteles is first cleaned till it is ruined, then provided with a plaster head portraying a Roman model, and thus disfigured, set up in the Museum of the Conservatori, when it would have been perfectly easy to place on it a cast from the proper head, a copy of which exists in Naples, mounted on a draped Dionysus. The Italian does not trouble about such things. The foreigner does. But after all, he is not so terrible; for in the event of any disturbance, the same interested motives which prevail in Italy, and are alone comprehensible to Italians, can be imputed to the interfering foreigner, and the whole scandal covered over with the veil of Italian patriotism.

Occasionally, in consequence usually of foreign protests, the holders of public offices may be men more suitable for their position. Thus Professor Fiorilli has received the Directorship of Fine Arts and Antiquities, and Professor Pasqui has been placed in charge of the Museum established in the Baths of Diocletian. But confidence once shaken is not easily regained. And very drastic measures, notably the sweeping away of a number of subordinates bequeathed to the new administration by Professor Barnabei, are necessary as a guarantee that good intentions will be carried out. Not less important is extreme vigilance in making new appointments. There are many hanging, as it were, about the doors of public offices with the whole-hearted desire to renew the exploits of their predecessors. *Uno avolso non deficit alter.* The reformer is not supported by public opinion, not even by the academy.

The intensely corrupt methods which to the Italian are synonymous with business, and which have invaded the public administration, are taken as matters of course. The reputation of Italy is abandoned by the Italians, and especially by those who speak most of the *patrio decoro*. No wonder that old residents in Rome consider all efforts useless.

AUDITOR.

P.S.—Since the above was written Professor Barnabei has at last broken silence. In justice to him his letter (*Tribuna*, October 21, 1901) is translated in full.

ROME, 20 *Octobre*.

ILLO SIGNOR DIRETTORE,—I have just been shown a treatise with the title, "The Truth concerning the Roman ships in the Lake of Nemi," in which the writer has endeavoured to be amusing by reopening the stale subject of the mystifications alleged to have taken place in the Museo di Villa Giulia, which Museum I had the honour to direct, and by declaring that enormous expenses were incurred by the Treasury for this Museum.

If any can have forgotten it, it is well to recall that the question of the alleged mystifications was amply treated by the Commission of Inquiry composed of most competent archæologists, men beyond cavil, under the Presidency of the ex-Minister Bonasi. These gentlemen demonstrated that the accusations made against me were utterly unfounded (*destituite d'ogno fondamento*).

As for the exploitation of public moneys, it is really astonishing to hear now of millions thrown away, though there was a time when the purveyors of antiquities went about to nullify government contracts on the ground that antiquities were being sold at less than the lowest market price.

After the verdict of the Commission of Inquiry there were published in foreign newspapers articles inspired by speculators and merchants of antiquities containing a mass of gratuitous affirmations now repeated in the book on the Lake of Nemi.

To these speculators and merchants of antiquities I did not, and do not reply. Their insinuations suffice to prove that I was worthy of the lofty post that I had the honour to occupy in the Administration of the State.

Believe me, with profound respect,
Your most devoted

Prof. FELICE BARNABEI.
(Deputy to the Parliament.)

STATION STUDIES

I. IN EAST AFRICA

AT six o'clock, when I am roused by the bugle and look from my window, the dawn is just breaking through a sky of passing shadows, surely and gradually winning to victory, but as yet unable to chase them quite away. Dark clouds still hold their own above; a chaplet of mist rests upon each mountain peak; a grey veil floats over the lake; the plain lies hid beneath a robe of haze. For a moment darkness lingers, fading but not defeated, and the light grows but slowly to its strength. Then the moment passes, and with a joyous sudden charge the day is upon us. Rosy lights flash out across the sky; the mists fade swiftly into space, leaving uncovered a breadth of stirless glittering water, mile upon mile of tanned prairie, and behind all a range of grim clean-lined mountains. From every corner of heaven the last grey shadows are caught aside like a curtain, infinite blue dimmed by the tawny glare of day takes their place, and I know that far behind me in the East the sun, spurning all gorgeous ceremony and flinging his crimson robes about him, has stepped forth to run his course, fully and vividly astir within a moment of his rising.

As yet, however, he has but little power of heat to shed, and there is a hint of frost in the air, which makes me shiver as I pass along the verandah to urge my boy Hamis to action. We stand five thousand feet above the sea at Eldala, and the sun, for all that he can bake us to 120° at mid-day, can do

little at this early hour to change the 45° of the night and unborn morning. As a result of this I am in a mood to call down fire from heaven on any who fall short of their duty; and until the more natural sources of warmth gain ground am apt to become a very currycomb to all who venture to cross me. It is unwise, therefore, for my boys to provoke me to anger at this hour, and they should know it by now. Nevertheless, they repeatedly take the risk of punishment, and this morning is one selected by them for a trial of my good nature. I see no smoke or sign of life in their huts; they are asleep half an hour longer than my law allows.

"Hamis," I call—with toleration as yet: he may just be astir.

No answer; he is not.

"Hamis!" I repeat, still calmly, but with such acids in my tone as will consume him if awake. A long pause. Then the ineffably drowsy sound,

"S-a-h."

He hears me, but only in his dreams—an unsafe environment at such a time.

"HAMIS!"

"Ndio, Bwana (Yessir)?" is queried slowly and with some surprise. He is half-conscious now; the dreams are passing.

"Maji moto; upessi (Hot water; hurry up)." This is thundered, and awakes him thoroughly to the sense of panic and impending disaster which I desire him to feel.

"Ndio, Bwana; baada kidogo (Yessir; directly, sir)," he replies loudly, at top speed, and with an air of reassurance and conciliation intended to persuade me that he has for long been watching my interests and the water boils.

It does not; the fire is not even laid. I rate him soundly for a few minutes, to his lasting terror and temporary improvement; then return to feast my eyes on the great scene before me.

The sun is soon on his way, gathering power with each rushing step, and pouring abroad a flood of light as he hastens

up the sky, with a promise of white heat in later hours. The lake, under his rule, has changed its hue from iron to steel, from steel to silver, from silver to unruffled glass, till now at length in the still radiance of the morning it is able to drink in and flash back with unerring accuracy every line of the clean-cut mountains that guard it, every tree and feather of the papyrus brakes that fringe it, every film of the soft flesh-tinted haze above. Far away round its shores, and round each of the islands that float upon its central waters, a clear deep duplicate of reed and rock, bank and bush, looks up as bright and vivid as its original, and from the midst a second sky as distinct as that which peers down into it. Only on the hither side of its broad face, near to the hill from which I am looking, is there any dimness to spoil the mirror. Here, right up to the rocks beneath my feet, and stretching far out into the deeper waters, there lies a great garden of water-lilies, whose broad leaves roof the surface against all light, and carry the lines of the sweeping prairie out beyond the shore. Here are great purple blossoms opening from their sleep as the sun touches them; here too clusters of white egrets sunning themselves after their morning bath: and all along the waterside there are tribes of birds—teal, coot, spoon-bill, ducks, geese, and a hundred more—fluttering from bay to bay, splashing, feeding, chuckling, playing, and quarrelling among the shallows. A fat white pelican is waddling through a bank of mud in search of food. Beyond him a line of white flamingoes stalk arrogantly, apart from the common herd, on a cape which they have made their own. Guinea-fowl call and chatter from the bushes close at hand; and a bell-bird rings his strange notes among the larger trees behind them.

To the brown caked shore of the lake too comes a string of huge hump-backed cattle, filing slowly over the bright green marsh land into the water to cool their lips before the sun becomes too hot for movement. Behind them, on the edge of the plain, hundreds of scattered sheep and a senate of thoughtful donkeys crop busily at the rich grass of

the meadows. A few herds of goats, a team of mules, and a pony or two are dotted here and there amongst them, making the most of their pasture while the dew still hangs upon it in heavy abundance. And when I take a telescope and scan the long plains which sweep away, on the right to a low line of jagged hills, on the left to a gaunt volcanic peak, I can see a host of varied kinds of game. Quite close at hand are two herds of gazelle boldly feeding in the open, the broad fringe of black from shoulder to loin plainly distinguishable on their rich brown coats; a few fisi are slinking cautiously home after their night feast of camp remnants; a pair of bustards are quarrelling angrily over food. Further away, close to a belt of trees, stand a few brick-red mpala; beside them a cluster of grey zebra, whose dim rounded outlines suggest through the haze a cloud at rest upon the plain; and still further, in the open ground beyond, a score of tawny hartebeest, guarded at each corner of their feeding-ground by a sentinel on the alert for danger. Amongst them stand more and more gazelle, more and more clouds of zebra; a knot of water-buck is moving slowly among the trees which line the river; and just within the glass's utmost sight lies a dark spot of black, which by all the laws of Africa should be ostrich.

After a long look at all this scattered assembly of the plain I turn to the day's business. The water has at length boiled. I dress speedily in the thinnest of flannels, and take my *chhota hazri*—tea, toast and bananas—alone in the verandah. Hamis, attending me too closely, as he always does when anxious to propitiate me for his sins, receives a rough reminder of his error, and retires to his right place round the corner within call, glad to be out of my reach.

Breakfast finished, I issue flour, sugar, and oatmeal sufficient for the day's needs to mpishi,[1] who is a Swahili and has no sixth commandment, nor would obey it if he had; and then at half-past seven it is time for the day's work to begin, and I stroll to the office with a cigarette and a comfortable sense of

[1] Cook.

virtue in that I am setting thus early to work which, had I the inclination, I might leave majestically undone.

In the outer room of the office Manuel, a man of Goa, is already at his desk, making out forms and documents of all sorts for a horde of Indian traders who stand at the door, desiring to pass their goods through the gate of fees and customs which it is my duty to keep against them. They scatter as I approach. Hosain the Somali, my headman, who is Joseph of the station to me, Pharaoh, and Majaliwa bin Suliman, Swahili orderly, an ape made peacock by his blue uniform, worshipping himself, to me Ariel and scapegoat in one, leap from their seats like corks from a pop-gun to do me honour. I acknowledge their greetings, have a host of papers thrust into my hands by Manuel, and pass into the inner shrine, thereby relieving the assembly, who promptly resume their seats.

Accounts, correspondence, lawsuits—which shall I take first this morning? The correspondence strikes my mood as being the most unpleasant part of the work, and therefore the first to be tackled. I settle down to finish some long outstanding letters, and answer those which have just come in.

Of the many waiting for my reply one in particular has been shouting to me for days "You must write me," while I have as often answered, "Not so, you may easily remain till to-morrow." It relates to the case of Private Mongorora bin Hassan of the Company of L—— Rifles in my charge, who has created an insoluble problem. At the present moment, he is lamentably useless to the King owing to a legion of disorders pronounced by the doctor incurable, and I wish to discharge him. But this apparently cannot be done in a moment, if at all. Once upon a time Mongorora was a deserter; then he was recaptured, found to be ailing, re-made in hospital, taken back into the ranks, and given the wages of his calling from that date onwards. Now he is what a young American of my acquaintance (a man, of course) once described to me as a "goner for keeps," and to retain and pay him as a soldier of

Edward VII. would be to waste twenty-two excellent rupees belonging to the latter every month. Yet, despite this waste, and for all his Majesty's apparent power, he cannot, as it seems, say to and of the man, "Go; and he goeth." When I write a recommendation to the officer commanding L—— Rifles that the man be discharged, he is all afire with indignation, and snorts back that it is impossible.

"No," he writes, "you cannot discharge a man who deserted. Mongorora deserted on March 21, and ceased from that date to be part of the army."

"But he was taken back," I reply. And the correspondence proceeds on the following lines:

O.C. L—— Rifles. "He should not have been taken back."

Self. "He *was*."

O.C. L—— Rifles. "That is a mistake on your part, which must not occur again. As it is I shall probably be compelled to bring it to the notice of H.M. Chief Commissioner."

Self. "I regret the error. But civil officers placed in charge of military work cannot be expected to be infallible. The man *was* taken back, and is now incurably ill. He ought not to be kept."

O.C. L—— Rifles. "He cannot possibly be discharged. He deserted on March 21."

Self. "But was re-captured March 28."

O.C. L—— Rifles. "Is that on the books?"

Self. "Yes; and since then he has been paid his wages and ration allowance."

O.C. L—— Rifles. "How much, in all?"

Self. "Six months pay, 120 rupees; and rations, 15 rupees."

O.C. L—— Rifles. "Has he drawn all his money? Can't you get some of it back and strike him off from March 21?"

Self. "No; I cannot recover the rations, and as for his wages, he has been fined fully half what he earned by me, sitting as a criminal court, for a criminal offence."

O.C. L—— Rifles (*furiously*). "You cannot possibly try a member of the Armed Forces in this Protectorate except by court-martial."

Self. "I am sorry for the error; but as a civil officer I felt some diffidence about forming myself into a military court."

O.C. L—— Rifles. "That is beside the point. The only possible course now is to consider the trial as having not taken place, and for you to refund the money."

Self. "I cannot possibly re-pay the money, as my doing so would disturb the accounts for some months past."

O.C. L—— Rifles. "I cannot take that fact into consideration at all. The error was yours, and I must ask you to pay in the money without delay."

Self. "Such a course of action would cause wide-spread confusion throughout the books; and I cannot admit that your demand is correctly founded."

O.C. L—— Rifles. "If you fail to transfer the money within a period of two months, I shall have to request H.M. Chief Commissioner to set the liability for it against your private account."

Self. "I dispute the liability. And I repeat that the man, being incurably ill, ought to be discharged."

O.C. L—— Rifles. "He has no official existence, and therefore cannot be discharged. I shall now place the matter in the hands of H.M. Chief Commissioner."

So far, up to the present. It looks as if I have but a poor chance of victory. But of Mongorora bin Hassan I must and will be rid. I contemplate the whole correspondence for some time to seek an outlet, then give up the search in despair and send in my version of the history to headquarters, hoping that I may there find an ally, and gain peace with honour.

The other letters laid before me do not take long to answer. Two of them, I can see at once, come from Indians, for I know the hand of Haku, writer of petitions to the nobility and gentry of my district, as well as I know my own, depend upon him indeed for half the amusement of my life.

The first explains itself—for a wonder; Haku is seldom able to express his meaning at the first attempt.

"HONOURED SIR (it runs),—With utmost possible respect I beg to pray that it is now many days I apply to you for a licence to shop to which your goodness replied sanction will be obtained now we shall feel divine if your honour will inform us with the result and grant us a leave which to gain we send rupees one hundred and fifty and shall ever pray for your long life and prosperity.

"Your respectful servants

"RAM DITTA and KIRPA SINGH."

Trading licence issued—the evidence tends to show that this is what they want—receipt for Rs. 150 made out in triplicate; caution given to the applicants' messenger against their selling liquor or opium; the whole transaction entered in the day-book; rupees counted through twice and placed in the safe.

Haku's other effort is less lucid.

To the SUB-COMMISSIONER AND MAGISTRATE.

"ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,—I most humbly and respectfully beg to pray to bring to your kind notice that Allah Din late Jemadar of first earthworks sub-division has complained against me falsely of Rs. 270, and I beg to state he is player of tricks and was dismissed by his misconduct and mischives and I beg to pray that I am a poor man kindly go through the matter and kindly inquire from Allah Din that for what purpose he gave me the above mentioned sum of money. I am not a gambler and your honour can inquire about my conduct and about the money from the men of Din for which he complained against me and if he has any false receipt with him kindly let me know the writer of it and I beg to state that kindly inquire the matter fully whether who is liar and who is true. For

which act of kindness I shall ever pray your long life and prosperity.

"WADHAWA
"(Cooly of Ram Surru's gang)."

What does Wadhawa require? Who is he? Where does he live? To whom has Allah Din complained falsely? And is his complaint false? All these questions occur to me as being, on the face of the matter, obstacles to the execution of justice in the affair of Wadhawa *v.* Allah Din. In addition, who am I that I should try a case of defamation of character between two Indians? Solomon himself could not solve such a tangle as this must be, and I am not even Oriental by birth or training. The letter is docketed and filed—put in preserve, so to speak—and I pass on without further consideration to the next.

It is in a hand unknown to me, and I open it with the feeling of flatness which I always experience after reading one of Haku's letters or an intensely exciting story. But, though Haku's mark is not on the title-page I find it to be a work of even richer material than any which he has yet produced. It comes from a railway camp lying eighty miles away, just beyond the limits of my district, and properly it should have been sent to the officer of the next station to mine. But I read it, in spite of all the laws of red-tape, and soon become exceedingly glad that I have done so.

"Honoured Enormity," it begins, thereby arousing my interest at once, for though I have been approached as "Respected Magistrate," "Most Gracious Light," "Sanctified Effulgence," and, of course, "Honoured Presence," and "Protector of the Poor," I have never before been addressed in these exact terms.

"HONOURED ENORMITY,—I beg to pray that Fazel Din promised me for Rs. 25. But when I ask him for the sum he denies and has a mind to kill me: and the whole gang is of his district and only I am a poor, being a other district man

so that I go in fear of my life: wherefore plaintiff solicits the honourable Court to put a mark on eight asses belonging to the defendant so that your poor petitioner may be benefited by your renowned justice. Even your own holy Church teaches that those who help themselves will be helped. Therefore I implore with much hope that you would be kind enough to give me a judge for which act of kindness may the almighty whom your honour much resembles send to you a long life happiness and much prosperity from your most respected servant

"IZAMDIN."

Poor Izamdin! I feel that he is not leading a very comfortable life; and I should like to assist him if possible, for he is certainly respectful, and even respectable if his own evidence may be believed; more than that, he has brought me to the verge of death with laughing, and therefore has no small claim upon me. Yet he does not live in my district, and, strictly, I ought not to interfere. Can I do anything to help him? "No," says my official conscience, "let him apply in the right quarter." "No," also would say the inexperienced who read his letter; for considerable knowledge and wisdom are required to detect what he means. "Yes," however, say I, very wrongly obeying my personal conscience. The man has made me laugh, and he comes from a camp lying only just beyond the border of my district; equity itself demands that I reward him, even though I risk the pleasure of my neighbour by doing so. This, as a matter of fact, is not likely to be very terrible, for he would go down on his knees to thank me if he knew that I had taken even one from his load of Indian lawsuits; as would I to him. So I determine to do him this illegal kindness, and write to the district engineer, under whom Izamdin serves, asking him to explain to the latter the process whereby he may bring the law to bear upon Fazel Din.

A few more letters have to be finished before I feel justified in laying down my pen: then I am ready for the receipt of

custom, and any fees, moneys, or dues which the public desires unwillingly to bring.

First come three Indian traders, who are reported unwilling to pay the road dues demanded of them by the law. Manuel lays bare their iniquity, eloquently, lashing them with his tongue; Hosain takes them by the shoulders and solemnly sets them in a row before me, bidding them be silent till I give the signal for speech. They fold their hands as for prayer, and then, at my word, begin to whine out their complaint, half in Hindustani, half in bad English, Hosain interpreting into Swahili, and I listening to both.

"We have come from far over the sea to this foreign land to make some livelihood——"

"Stop that bunkum; what do you want?"

"We hoped that the honourable court would have taken notice that we have lost caste by crossing the sea and——"

"Stop it, I say."

"May it please the honoured court that we are poor men——"

"STOP IT."

"And is it fair that we pay the dues?"

"Fair; why not?"

"Because we have brought up our goods only by the *gharri* line, and we only desire to go upon it to our own shops, and till then we will not leave it, nor at all go upon the honourable court's road."

"Well?"

"We hoped that it would have been considered by the court whether it is justice that we should pay—we are poor men——"

"You will pay."

"But, sahib——"

"You will pay."

"We desire to do no evil, but——"

"You will pay. Go."

"But, sahib——"

"Out. You will obey the law."

"We are poor men, sahib."

"OUT!"

They are summarily ejected, wafted away by Hosain, and I am left to reflect upon the just laws of my Protectorate, which demand of every man a due of eight annas upon each load of goods he brings into its borders for the protection of roads he does not use, though he has already paid portly rates on the railway which he does. I am sorry for those traders; but when in office I am a talon, not a man; and as I am here to administer the law and not to expound it, I eject before I explain.

Fees for gun licence and trader's licence, deposit on their porters and customs-dues, besides the disputed road-dues, I take from each of the three, and from half a dozen more of the same calling—a pretty haul for one morning's work—and then throw aside my *rôle* of collector and become a judge.

A dirty brown man of the country, name and tribe unknown, his clothing no more than one ancient rag, pitifully unequal even to the light task it was ever set to do, and his whole expression crying out "What fun life is, full of surprises!" is brought in by Hosain, arraigner of criminals, and set in order for trial. His accuser, Mahmoud, sergeant, and guardian of the railway station, stands opposite him, theoretically at attention, but in reality shaking with nervous fear that his evidence may not be considered good.

"Found on the *gharris*" is the prisoner's offence as stated in the charge sheet which lives, like Homer, not in writing but on the lips of men, principally those of Hosain; and Mahmoud is the one witness. On the face of things the accusation is not serious, for though Mahmoud has orders to arrest all natives travelling on the *gharris* without passes, the arrested seldom incur more than a censure and a warning: "Found" is not a criminal offence. In this case, however, there is evidence of blacker guilt beneath the surface, for prisoner has a rifle in his hand—in itself an unlawful act for a native who is not, so to

speak, "organised," and part of some white man's following—and obviously he must have committed some sin to acquire so rich a prize. It is true that the breech-bolt is altogether missing, and he cannot possibly do more with his booty than excel in the eyes of his fellows as a man of substance and consideration; but this does not lessen the illegality of his being abroad with the rifle in his possession, nor weaken the strong presumptive evidence we derive therefrom that he is a porter by calling, who has deserted from his master's caravan and left his load, possibly a case of whiskey or something even more invaluable, in the heart of the thirsty wilderness. If so, the man merits death by some slow process; and if it can be proved he will actually get at least a year's hard labour; for we are rightly inexorable to deserters. But unfortunately proof is lacking to-day. Though he can give no account of his recent life which is even plausible, I can gather nothing but moral certainty that he is guilty of the great offence, and do nothing but send him to prison for a month, there to wait lest his master, afire for vengeance, and coming to make inquiries as to his whereabouts, find me unable to answer them. "Next."

Next comes Maula Bux, Indian merchant and rogue, with a piteous complaint against Nur Din, coolie, who is absent. He bows his head, curtseys, puts his hand to his forehead, saluting me and murmuring "Ji, sahib," then stands in an attitude of prayer beside Hosain, who still paws him suspiciously as though anxious about his good behaviour—a tall, solemn, weak man, clothed in dirty white draperies and turban to match, his silky black beard twirled into horns, his shoes left outside the door. Feeble, handsome, treacherous, vicious, loathing me and my race, and yet cringing to me as to a god, he folds his hands together, whines out his name, swears by the Koran that he will not lie, and at my signal begins to do so.

He has lent Nur Din Rs. 700, and Nur Din will not pay.

"Who is Nur Din?"

"Lately a sweeper of Jemadar Khuda Bux, Second Earthworks Division, Mr. Doone's camp."

"When did you lend him the money?"

"It is now ten months."

"And why?"

"He pleaded with me; he had debts."

"What interest?"

"Three annas in the month on a rupee."

"What security?"

"He promised with me."

"What does he earn?"

"Twenty rupees in the month."

"You knew that?"

"Yes, sahib, but he is a gambler, may it please the honoured court, and a wicked man, and——"

"You knew that, too?"

"Yes, sahib."

"And still lent it him? Where is he now?"

"Who can tell?"

"Then how in thunder do you expect to recover?"

"You will perhaps, I beg, find the man, sahib, and take the money from him."

"I! Go to blazes. Turn him out, Hosain. Manuel, make out the summons and tell him we'll serve it when he finds his man. Next case."

The next case is sent in, that of Kirpa Ram, also an Indian trader, known throughout the length of the railway as a fierce and ready litigant. He has a great portfolio of documents under his arm, and a host of witnesses (all well paid) outside the door. Plainly the twenty defendants whom he is equipped to meet will have but a poor chance against such overwhelming testimony. But as a matter of fact none of the latter are present; and I am reluctantly compelled to give judgment against them by default, though I know full well that Kirpa Ram makes his living, and a rich one at that, by bringing actions against all and sundry, and would rather give him two years hard labour than a favourable judgment. But to-day, as on every day, there is no proof against him, and he must go on and flourish in his iniquity.

A period of peace follows upon the departure of Kirpa Ram, and I settle down once more to the endless task of correspondence and the invention of a Monthly Report. I say invention, because I know that the report has not only to be constructed, but created. Nothing has happened during the month; nothing ever does happen; and out of this void the two queries arise: How am I to compose a record of any sort? and how am I to put colour into a narrative which does not exist? Both problems seem insoluble at first sight, for there is never anything to record which could possibly be of value or interest to anybody, and this month there seems to be even less material than usual to start upon. However, I go to work bravely, and record such small details as I can find. So many pounds of flour and corn have been taken in; so many more have been issued. The revenue exceeds that of last month by a hundred odd rupees. The road to the railway station has been finished. The tribes have been quiet and friendly—that is a stereotyped phrase and might be omitted—and for the rest I am entirely at a loss. No, there is always one passage which has often served me before, and will yet do much good work for me if I do not press it too hardly. "The need of a new prison is beginning to make itself felt at Eldala, and the matter merits early attention. I have some doubts as to the possibility of controlling any large number of prisoners, should occasion arise, with the present limited accommodation, and I beg to submit that a new building should be erected in the near future."

That is, I find, a safe form in which to put the suggestion. No one will give me my prison on such a tepid appeal; and instead of what I ask I shall obtain the far more desirable opportunity of asking for it again and again. So the report shall end. The rest I will invent.

Monthly Reports are presumably intended for those of our children's children who will write the history of Africa; for they can certainly be of no interest to any contemporary reader, and, if the truth were known, are perhaps not even glanced at by those who ask for them. Nevertheless, they

form an interesting study, for after all there is no little element of art in a Monthly Report, and considerable scope is afforded for the imagination in the task of covering the paper at all. Incidents have to be invented with an eye to their possibility (or the reader may cast doubts upon them), events have to be expanded (if one is so lucky as to have any events), and comments brought in so as to make the most of some facts and the least of others. Then statistics have to be arranged with such tact as to form a petition for future favours rather than a thanksgiving for what crumbs one has; and there are a hundred little matters in which great care must be exercised; for the writer's object in writing at all is to make the needs of his district into mountains, and its financial successes into molehills; and to effect this, he must keep a vigilant eye on his figures and the wording of his sentences. Some may question whether I do not assign too much importance and difficulty to a task apparently so trivial, and deny that it requires any more skill than the drafting of an invoice. But I assure them that they cannot realise till they have tried how many subtle qualities are required for success in this form of fiction; tact, restraint, and selection are all necessary parts of the writer's armoury, and—to take an instance—no small delicacy is needed to dwell upon the penury of a district in different terms each month, with such emphasis that the reader will take notice of the distress, and so little importunity that he will not be unduly harassed and purposely forget it.

The Report is hard to come by to-day, both in matter and manner, and I spend an hour's tough work upon it before approaching what I consider to be a satisfactory conclusion. Long before reaching it I am interrupted by Majaliwa, who enters with a sheaf of telegrams, and stands before me at the salute, desiring my instant attention. He does not get it, for I am at a critical point when he comes in, and much to his annoyance and improvement he has to remain standing for more than ten minutes. But when at last I turn to him and take the telegrams I am well rewarded; for, though most of

them are requests for "adjournment of case" from Indians (surely that fine Greek edifice, ὠρθρο-φοιτο-συκο-φαντο-δικο-ταλαιπωρος, "early-rising, base-informing, sad-litigious, plaguey knave," was expressly built to describe the Indian), there are two pearls among the sand which make up for whole hours spent on Monthly Reports.

One is from Mulki Ram, Jamadar, of an Indian coolies' camp, eighty miles up the line. He does not waste words.

"Issa run away with my rifle anywhere," is his simple message—no need for comment or instructions. I shall presumably throw aside all other business on hearing his news, and without waiting for or needing further directions scour the district till I have run the villain to earth, divining by instinct such small details as his nationality, profession, appearance, and line of flight.

Mulki Ram must lose another of his ideals, I fear; the British Empire has larger affairs than his to occupy its servants' time. I docket and treasure up the telegram in the Eldala archives and hope for the best: but Issa is left running.

The other telegram comes from Nawaz Khan, signaller of a camp neighbouring that of Mulki Ram; and it is equally flattering to my omnipotence, even at eighty miles distance.

"Ram Singh escaped with my wife and property. Please return property."

Serious business becomes impossible after this. I look at my watch, consult the sun, find that it must be almost midday, give the order "Piga ngoma" (blow the bugle), by which it is *made* twelve o'clock, and then lock up the office and retire to lunch and rest.

A British Official.

ART AND THE PUBLIC MONEY

THE angry outburst which greeted the German Emperor's recent efforts to direct and encourage German art, must have afforded some members of our Government a certain feeling of quiet satisfaction. Last July, it may be remembered, Lord Stanmore proposed the establishment of a Fine Arts Commission; a body which would have had to undertake duties analogous to those undertaken by the Kaiser; and which would have had to face disadvantages which William II. had not to face. For the *Avenue of Victory*, the Emperor seems to have furnished the funds out of his private resources. The English Commissioners would have had the responsibility of administering public funds. Where the German Emperor, riding one of his hobbies—at his own expense—can, no doubt, safely ignore the discontent he may excite, a Government largely dependent upon popular opinion is compelled to act more timorously. If any doubts existed as to the discretion and wisdom of our Government in opposing Lord Stanmore's motion, this object-lesson from Germany must serve to remove them.

There can be no question that the House of Commons is as strongly averse from spending public money for the encouragement of art, as the Upper House showed itself to be on the occasion referred to. But whether this attitude is the result, as Lord Salisbury said, of a national lack of interest or appreciation of the achievements of art, may well be

questioned. For if England has no use for Fine Art, why is any public money devoted to Art-education? What the sum, even approximately, may be, is, I believe, in the muddle of our whole educational system, impossible to ascertain. But the total must represent a very considerable amount. And as our legislators are spending thousands yearly on the special education of our youth in artistic matters; as, moreover, the State itself undertakes the cost and responsibility of training a body of teachers, in order that this important branch of education may be adequately carried forward; it seems only reasonable to assume that the objection to spending a comparatively insignificant thousand or two on the employment of the artists thus anxiously trained, does not spring from a national disapproval or contempt of art. The real reason must be sought elsewhere.

Now, the practical issue within all the rather vague talk of patronage and encouragement is, whether national funds shall be used for commissioning, or purchasing, the works of living painters, sculptors, and other art-workers. But who has any confidence that any government, or any single representative, or body of agents they might appoint, would, or could, employ the money so destined, in supporting only good art? As the Premier so truly remarked—though for obvious reasons he did not give the remark its due importance: "I do not know whether it" (*i.e.*, a particular work of art) "is ugly or not myself, but I am certain that if the noble lord and his artistic following say it is ugly, it would be possible to find another artistic following equally strong who will say it is not." It is this distrust of the experts, this feeling that there are no competent hands into which the business could be safely and confidently placed, which forms, I venture to submit, the weighty and sufficient reason which is at the bottom of the general and deeply rooted objection to undertaking it. Those who would be most energetic in obtaining such support, are unnerved and daunted by the thought of the incompetent hands into which it would be placed. The Government, likewise, feel

they have no one who could be confidently entrusted to assume the initiative, and exercise the proper superintendence, which the executive side of the scheme would demand. In this knowledge, it opposes an unhesitating resistance to the half-hearted and spasmodic efforts that are made to induce it to take the matter up. That in shrinking from doing certain harm, even though the sacrifice of an indefinite and very problematical amount of good may be the price involved, is, after all, not conduct which can be lightly, or hastily, condemned.

It might be thought, that the knowledge and training engaged in the task of Art-education could be utilised by the Government for this further task; and no doubt, these officials would readily place their expert knowledge at the nation's service. But the Government has no confidence in them; and the common sense of the country is with the Government. The experts may be suitable for their position. They may, at any rate, be the best material for this kind of work procurable by the methods of our Civil Service. But in the absence of any check, or any way of estimating the value of the work they perform, who can reasonably feel much confidence in them? The prizes and meed of commendation bestowed on successful students are given only for proficiency in learning what these experts choose to teach them. There is absolutely no guarantee that they are being trained in the most likely methods of producing good art. The only test of the results achieved is the test supplied by the teachers whose competence is in question. For it is impossible to take the after-career of students as any certain test, because, in the event of failure, the causes may be altogether outside the system of training; as the ignorance of manufacturers, employers, and patrons, in refusing all monetary support for good work and only being ready to encourage bad. Or the worker himself may be at fault; he may be lazy, or given to bad habits, or subject to bad health. In short, there are a thousand considerations which effectually prevent the afterwork of art-students being taken in evidence against the system of education to which they have

been submitted. It is the same in the case of a successful artist; for even badly trained students can, by rigid self-discipline and self-culture, overcome in after-life the effects of a bad early training. Under such circumstances, then, it is not too much to say that the system, or systems, of Art-education supported at present by public money produce results whose value admits of no definite appraisement whatever. Good results may be achieved; or we may have only elaborate organisations for the equipment of a large number of persons with a special sort of training, which is of no use to themselves, and which the country, in general, has no desire to employ. The chances certainly are, if these specialists do not know how to distinguish good from bad art, they are not likely to be able to fit their students with the training which should enable them to produce the one and eschew the other. It is, however, only fair to confess that, at present, it is all a matter of mere individual opinion. Nothing is capable of proof, or even of a moderate degree of demonstrative probability.

As a matter of fact, one is forced to confess that most things connected with the subject of graphic art seem a mere matter of opinion. The Kaiser's question, "Wie ist es mit der Kunst überhaupt in der Welt?" has never been satisfactorily answered. Nothing whatever is known about the value of art, about the position the achievements of the artist take in the hierarchy of man's mental and manual labours. Doubtless the artist himself has knowledge, sure and scientific knowledge, —according to his rank as an artist,—but it is of the means by which he produces his results, of the means by which the work of art is brought into being. When the artist has done his work, who can determine its value to the community? He is a bold man who shall pretend to clear ideas of even the elementary factors which go to make up the problem.

Yet upon the correct answer to this question must depend the success, or failure, of any steps taken to encourage art. And if the qualifications of the educational specialists are not of a kind to warrant their assumption of the position of advisers

to the Government in a matter which involves such an answer, it is evident that the only other authorities upon whom it could rely are similarly disqualified. For a certain amount of distinction as an executant in some single branch of art-practice (the social dexterity needed can here be left out of consideration), which is sufficient to command such positions as President, or Member of the Council, of the Royal Academy, is far from warranting the assumption of any general authority over art in its relations to the common good.

And with the third, and last, class of experts,—whose reputations for special knowledge of some one period or subject of art are supposed to ensure the proper discharge of their duties in our museums and public institutions—their qualifications are seen to be just as illusory. For a man may be a great authority on the subject of old bookbindings, but that will not constitute him a reliable expert on architectural or pictorial matters; and it is possible to have a large fund of enthusiasm for, and knowledge of, say, early Florentine painting, and yet be the worst possible judge of other periods, and different manifestations of art. What is wanted is a broad-minded appreciation and wide knowledge of all the various manifestations of art, together with a just appreciation of the relations of art to the other branches of human activity. And there are no grounds for crediting any class of art-experts with such knowledge.

If our aim were only to pander to the general sentiment of the commercial classes with regard to art, enough had now been said. But as our aim is rather the removing of the obstacles which prevent art from receiving the amount of national encouragement which we think it to deserve, we may perhaps be allowed to pursue the subject somewhat further. For though we cannot indicate any class of official art-experts who might be presumed to possess the knowledge needed; though we can do little more than draw attention to the complete absence of such knowledge; yet even thus, may some useful result be achieved. For, as has been well observed, "a

false imagination of plenty is among the principal causes of want, and as too great a confidence in things present leads to a neglect of the future," so the most likely way of obtaining the knowledge which the welfare of art requires is, perhaps, to draw attention to our unmistakable, but nevertheless, generally unobserved poverty.

To distinguish a good boot from a bad one, it is necessary to consider the general purpose for which boots are made, and the individual requirements of their wearers. The only grounds on which experts can differ are in determining whether various adaptations of design and material are more, or less, likely to ensure the maximum amount of protection with the minimum degree of discomfort for the wearer. Differences of opinion only exist as to the best means of arriving at certain clearly known results. As with foot-gear, so with most of the other articles produced by human skill and industry, the end in view is sufficiently simple and obvious. But what effect does a work of art have on the community, or on the section to whom it may be addressed? For what purpose does a work of Fine Art exist? To pretend that the social result which is the justification of the artist's activity is simple, obvious, or clearly known, —either to the community which rewards or neglects, to the worker who gives his labour, or to the public appraiser of this class of work—would be to make an assumption not warranted by the facts of the case. It is not easy to exaggerate the importance of this fact. Certain it is, though, if other branches of industry suffered from such a stultifying disability, their productions would be characterised by the infirmities of purpose and eccentricities of performance, which do much to countenance the dislike, or contempt, with which many practical and serious-minded men regard painting and sculpture, architecture, and the so-called minor arts.

If we consider the answers given to this question, we shall see that it is a question which is still vehemently disputed, and to which the most diverse and contradictory answers are given. Of course every worker and writer is ready to state, generally

in highly poetical diction, the results he is immediately seeking to obtain, or the results which appeal to his personal predilections, and to attempt to foist these on the public as the only true standards of artistic achievement. But we may well ask, as Huxley asked in a somewhat analogous case, can the pigeons be expected to produce their own Sir John Sebright? Of course not! And that is why the whole conglomeration of special-pleading which passes as art criticism, can be safely ignored in this connection. And it would be idle, too, to pretend that among the thousands of different answers given some may not be correct. But the correct answer cannot command adhesion because it is, after all, only a brilliant guess; and it is necessarily lying *perdu* in the heap of other brilliant and obscure guesses. When the real answer is proved, so that every educated person must accept it, the lucky guess will no doubt be rescued from the rubbish heap and its maker duly honoured. But until the answer is proved it cannot be discovered.

The only two answers which serious attempts have been made to prove, will be found to labour under one of two disqualifications. They are either, with Mr. Herbert Spencer's, too limited (*i.e.*, important divisions of the subject are not comprehended), or they are, like Hegel's, so vague and limitless as to be practically useless.

There is one answer, one attempt to define the purpose of the Fine Arts, and to give them their proper position in our intellectual life, which is very largely accepted among English thinkers of to-day. It is an answer which receives support from the prestige attaching to the names of Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professors Bain and Sully, and Dr. G. F. Stout. According to these thinkers, the province of art is sharply separated from the province of utility. Mr. Spencer points out that every other human activity, "the bodily powers, the intellectual faculties, the instincts, appetites, passions," and even those "egoistic sentiments which prompt care of property and liberty, or those ego-altruistic ones which regulate conduct

towards others," are all useful to society; they have for their immediate or remote end the maintenance of individual or social life. Not to be necessary, or useful, to the individual or society is the proud and singular distinction of the activities which are employed in the production and enjoyment of the Fine Arts. According to Mr. Spencer, the aim of the Fine Arts is to produce something which shall be at the same time pleasant and useless. If this be so, it is difficult to see why the country should waste money in the endeavour to teach Englishmen to produce anything useless, even though it be pleasant.

It is not Nature alone which, in the prodigality of its productive energy, brings organisms into a world, where the stress of adverse circumstances shall prevent their ever performing the functions which their fellows seem created to perform. Modern industry is responsible for similar tragedies, and it is easy to imagine an article of human apparel, manufactured by the thousand, which has, unfortunately, failed to find the purchaser for whom it was intended. Hanging disconsolately in some retail establishment, it might lure Mr. Spencer, or any other eminent thinker, into a clothes philosophy, as amusing and one-sided as is the æsthetic theory under consideration; provided—and this is the important point—provided they had never experienced in their own persons the uses for which such garments are generally employed, nor been instructed by their more experienced fellows in them. In such a case, the appeal to experience would alone prevent the greatest intellect from error and, similarly, the appeal to experience is sufficient to warrant the dismissal of Mr. Spencer's theory as inadequate.

Of the art of primitive tribes and nations, little is known to to us that can rightly be considered useless. Most of it came into being to serve very definite ends. It was a means of record and of imparting information; it was an important agent in the magical and totemistic bonds of tribal solidarity; it was also the instrument of the historical and biographical requirements of savage man. In Egypt and in Greece, painting and

sculpture always had religious and social ends. They expressed, in the oldest language, the doctrines of the priests, popularised the national and social virtues, glorified the rulers and the achievements of the race. In mediæval Italy they formed the most effective means of bringing before the minds of men, the horrors of hell and the temporal splendour and power of the founder of their Church; while round the figure of Mary, they grouped the bewitching grace and the loveliness and sacredness of motherhood. In the hands of the artists, the Virgin Mother became the supreme manifestation of woman's affection and self-sacrifice. The written word, with its tedious and cumbersome methods of calling up ideas by means of arbitrary signs, whose significance has to be learnt by a long process, was ineffective compared with the pictorial language, which calls up ideas by signs invariably associated with them by experience, and whose power of recall is, therefore, so instantaneous and impressive.

I know not what misbegotten and misapplied wastrel of modern art may have induced Mr. Spencer to assume so rashly the uses and functions of all art. But if, throughout the largest known portion of man's history we find, as we undoubtedly do, that painting and sculpture have acquitted themselves as the potent allies of religion, of sociological stability and advancement; and that the wisest and most capable men have not disdained to employ them, to guide them, and superintend them for these ends; then this I know very well, that it is not accurate to define the essential quality of art as its uselessness to society.

But if we turn from the jejune speculations of men, distinguished and able enough in other departments of knowledge, but singularly uninformed in this, we find, on the other hand, men whose personal enthusiasm for the activities exercised by art leads them to claim so much for it that all the boundaries seem abolished. Hegel's theory of art suffers from this defect: "The absolute realising itself in the relative; the absolute passing out of latency into self-manifestation." This definition,

profound and true as it may be, yet surely is too unlimited and indefinite!

Enough has now been said to show that no satisfactory answer to the problem of the social effect of the Fine Arts has yet been given. But such an answer, of fundamental importance though it be, will only express in general terms the result towards which every branch of art is consciously, or unconsciously, striving. It will only set up the boundaries, will only, as it were, delimit the territory which will have to be conquered. Suppose, for a moment, that Ruskin's dictum should prove correct, and painting be "nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing." That would not go far in enabling us to estimate the value of any work, or help us to build up a rational system of education. If painting is only a language it will be necessary to know what ideas it is most fitted to express, and wherein it differs as a medium of communication from the written and spoken language. *A priori* deductions of what art should, or ought to, do are totally misleading. It is only safe to assume that what art has once done it can, given similar conditions, do again. The accurate and careful study of all art-remains will have to be undertaken, and the reasons for which these works were brought into existence made evident.

Of a truth, the numerous so-called Histories of Art which have been put forth are of a nature to obscure the degree of our ignorance of the art of the past. So much enthusiasm and labour has been devoted to the discovery and the publication of details of the private lives of art-producers the question of the accurate chronology of individual specimens of art has loomed so large, that the need for further and different efforts, is not apparent. It is, nevertheless, only too true that a reliable history of art must still be set down as "wanting." For though a certain class of writers attach such extraordinary importance to information about Michael Angelo's broken nose, to Andrea del Sarto's unfortunate marital relations; though the facts that

would warrant our considering Turner of a mean and grasping disposition, or Sir Joshua a warm-hearted but prudent gentleman, or a cold, calculating, heartless man, are debated at large with much gravity; yet one is bound to confess that from our point of view these matters seem trivial and extraneous. If only half the time and labour that has been squandered over the petty accidents of Turner's life had been spent in the intelligent study of his works, we should not be as ignorant as we are of the essentials of good landscape painting, nor of the means for its production. Consider the wealth of material at hand for such a course of study! In the National Gallery hang specimens of the work of the untrained boy, the uncouth water-colours where every object is outlined by a thick ink-line, and the whole completed by washes of dirty and disagreeable colour. Under the same roof hang specimens of the work done by the artist in every stage of his development. The alterations of method and practice are the result, not of chance, but of deliberate design. From the first bald and childish efforts, we see him learning to produce those elaborate and complex works which are capable of affecting mankind so profoundly, but so inexplicably. What are the steps by which the man has passed from this one extreme to the other? If we could only state exactly what he had done in each of these pictures, we could express, in unmistakable language, the steps by which simple art develops into complex.

To write the history of art is to make evident the successive steps of this development. Whether we trace it in the individual or in the race, we are sure to be struck by the similarity of the streams of tendency thus discovered. We can study, across the ages, the gradual unfolding of the graphic ability of mankind; and in each individual artist we can trace the same law of development unfolding itself. That the great paintings in the National Gallery have hitherto defied all rigid analysis is not to be wondered at. For the method of investigation which has proved so successful in the study and classification of natural phenomena has yet to be adopted.

Instead of starting with the most complex specimens, the simplest would have first to be studied.

It is strange how far we are from even the first attempts at any such method of study. Only the most complex and highly developed works of art are considered fit for notice by the highly strung and enthusiastic writers, whose hyperbolical periods and turgid rhetoric are supposed to constitute the high-water mark of art-criticism. Had physiologists been content to remain thus, in an attitude of mental and physical fluster before the most complex organisms, instead of, with diligence and painstaking effort, analysing and comparing the simplest, our knowledge of the functions and relations of the human body would be as vague, fragmentary, and inaccurate, as is our knowledge of the functions and relations of the plastic activities of man.

It is a remarkable instance of the lack of perception of the useful ends to be sought by a study of art-history, that the sole aim of all writers, up to the present, has been to differentiate its various manifestations and to mark off one from another as totally and radically distinct. Secondary differences are exalted into fundamental ones, and art is broken up into arbitrary and useless divisions. Conventional art is opposed to Realistic, Decorative to Expressive, Classic to Romantic, Romantic to Naturalistic, and Naturalistic to Impressionistic. As no effort is made to realise the fundamental unity of aim which underlies all graphic art, the minor differences are not seen in their proper proportions. Even Ruskin, whose disinterested love of art enabled him to penetrate so deeply into its meaning, must "divide the art of Christian times into two great masses, Symbolic and Imitative;—the Symbolic reaching from the earliest periods down to the close of the fourteenth century, the Imitative from that close to the present time." If modern Imitative art is the due development of the art of the past, a closer investigation would have revealed the fact that art was only undergoing a progressive differentiation or further development, and that there was not that profound and radical distinction that was supposed. In

the same way, in his endeavour to exalt the achievements of Turner, Ruskin did not attach sufficient importance to the work of the preceding painters who alone rendered Turner's achievements possible. By ignoring, or belittling, the work of the Van de Veldes, of Bakhuizen, de Koninck, Van de Cappelle, Cuyp, Rubens, Gellée, Gaspard Dughet, Wilson, and Gainsborough, the glory of Turner was supposed to be increased. It would have been more instructive to have shown how his work, at first dependent upon theirs, gradually came to represent a higher or more complex development. But Ruskin's failing has set the bad vogue for all forms of panegyric, and every writer, to-day, who undertakes to laud the achievements of any single artist, is at great pains to prove that his work is totally different from, and quite uninfluenced by, any art that has gone before. It is surprising that the gentlemen who write the advertisements for other industries do not take the hint; they might claim, for instance, their bicycles of the 1902 pattern as being constructed on principles absolutely and fundamentally different from those of last year's machines. Whether the bait would prove equally tempting in the one case, as it is supposed to be in the other, it is difficult to say; but it would be equally true.

However, it would never do to imagine that the artistic millennium is likely to arrive, even when we know for certain what is the sociological value of art, and have attained some clear ideas of its life-history. Such knowledge will not enable everybody to turn out the best art, without any effort; nor is it at all likely to ensure the possibility of its production by machinery. At most, it can only supply the data necessary for the elaboration of a rational system of education; and it may place the patronage of art on, what may be called, a sound business basis. But until we have such knowledge, I have no hesitation in saying no Government would be justified in spending one penny of public money in the direct support of any kind, or branch, of Fine Art. That the money spent every year on Art-education in England is not wholly wasted is because much of it is used in providing facilities for self-education and self-improvement,

for earnest and self-reliant workers; but the whole system of education at present in vogue is tentative and empirical, and it is liable—nay, certain!—to require the most drastic and complete revolution of its methods, as soon as the knowledge which is now absent shall come into being.

ALEXANDER J. FINBERG.

THE STORY OF A FAMOUS BOTTICELLI

VASARI, in his life of Botticelli, speaks of the little altar-piece, once in the church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence, in two several places, by way of especial commendation; a thing which he does of no other work by the master. After ascribing to him the altar-piece in the National Gallery, which is now known to have been painted by Francesco Botticini, for the chapel of Matteo Palmieri in San Pier Maggiore, Vasari goes on to relate that

at this time, Sandro was commissioned to paint a little picture on panel, with figures of three quarters of a *braccio* each, which was placed in Santa Maria Novella between the two doors of the principal façade of the church, to the left on entering by the middle door; and therein is the *Adoration of the Magi*, in which is seen so great a love in the first old Mage that, as he kisses the foot of our Lord, and is overcome with tenderness, he plainly shows that he has accomplished the end of his long journey. And the figure of this king is the proper portrait of Cosimo de' Medici, the elder; and of all those that are to be found at the present day the most lifelike and the most natural. The second, who is Giuliano de' Medici, father of Pope Clement VII., is seen, all intent with his soul, devoutly doing reverence to the Child, and offering him his gift. The third, who is also kneeling, and who appears, as he adores him, to render him thanksgiving, and confess him the true Messiah, is Giovanni, the son of Cosimo. Nor can the beauty be described which Sandro showed in the heads, that are to be seen therein, which are turned in divers attitudes, some in full face, some in profile, some in three-quarter face, and some bending down, and others in other manners; nor the diversity of airs both of young and old, with all those rare fancies that are able to make known the perfection of

his workmanship: he having distinguished between the retinues of the three kings in such a manner that one is able to perceive which are the servants of one king, and which of the other. A work it is, certainly most admirable, and for colouring, design and composition, carried to so fine a finish, that to the present day every craftsman remains astounded at it: and at that time it brought him, both in Florence and abroad, such renown that Pope Sixtus IIII., having built the chapel in the Palace at Rome, and wishing to have it painted, ordered that he should become the director of the work.[1]

Except that Vasari adds in the second edition, the statement that the figure of the third Mage is a portrait of Giovanni di Cosimo de' Medici, the passage is the same in both editions of the "Lives." Vasari, as I have said, alludes to the picture a second time, towards the end of the life of Botticelli, in a passage which stands thus in the first edition:

Truly Sandro deserved great praise in all the pictures which he made, wherein he was constrained by the love and passion which he bore towards his art; and although he may have been led, as I have said, to the things by which the beautiful considerations of the art are, through hypocrisy, rendered distasteful [Vasari is here alluding to the baneful influence which the teaching of Savonarola exercised over Botticelli's art]; it does not, therefore, follow that his works are not beautiful and greatly praised, and especially the panel of the Magi in Santa Maria Novella.[2]

Of the writers who followed Vasari, Raffaello Borghini in his *Riposo*,[3] and Filippo Baldinucci, in his *Notizie dei Professori del Disegno*,[4] are content with reproducing, in a more or less modified form, Vasari's notice of this altar-piece. On the other hand, Francesco Bocchi and Giovanni Cinelli in their editions of the *Bellezze di Fiorenza*, which appeared severally in 1591 and 1677, make no allusion to the picture in their description of Santa Maria Novella. The earliest indication of the subsequent fate of the picture occurs in the annotated edition of the *Riposo* of Borghini, published at Florence in 1730, where it is recorded in a note, that at that time the altar-piece had

[1] Vasari, ed. 1568, vol i., par. ii., p. 472.
[2] Vasari, ed. 1550, vol. i., par. ii., p. 496.
[3] *L.c.*, Fiorenza, 1584, p. 352.
[4] *L.c.*, Firenze, 1681, vol. iii. p. 138.

Photo, Anderson

PLATE I.—The Adoration of the Magi, *by Sandro Botticelli, once in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, and now in the Gallery of the Uffizi, No. 1286.*

already disappeared from the church.[1] For more than a century, the commentators appear to have made no attempt to discover what might have become of the picture; so little was Botticelli regarded at that time. At length, in the fifth volume of the Florentine edition of Vasari, published by Le Monnier, which appeared in 1849, it was stated in a note to the passage in question, that the altar-piece once in the church of Santa Maria Novella, and long thought to have been lost, had been recently discovered by Carlo Pini, one of the annotators of that edition, "still fresh and well preserved in Florence, in the Royal Gallery of the Uffizi, where up till now it has been admired as a stupendous work by Domenico del Ghirlandaio."[2] Carlo Pini's attribution has long been endorsed by all intelligent students of Florentine painting; and the *Adoration of the Magi* in the Uffizi, No. 1286, is now generally acknowledged to be the altar-piece by Botticelli, once in the church of Santa Maria Novella. But although more conjectures than enough have been put forward concerning the portraits which the picture contains, or is supposed to contain, the researches of the modern archivist have hitherto failed to bring to light any document which might illustrate its origin, or history.

In the course of my reading in the Riccardian Library at Florence, I chanced upon a *Sepolcrario*, or catalogue of all the tombs and chapels in the church of Santa Maria Novella, "diligently copied," so ran the title-page, "from the original, in the possession of the Fathers of the said church, by me, Father Gaetano Martini, in the year of our Lord, 1729." It appears from an inscription on another page, that the original was compiled in 1617, when Niccolò Sermartelli was prior. There, in the course of the description of the chapels and tombs in the nave of the church, I found the following passage:

THE ALTAR OF THE VECCHIETTI.

Between the two doors, that is to say, between the middle door [of the façade] and the door on the side towards San Benedetto, is the altar of the

[1] *L.c.* p. 285.

[2] Vasari, ed. Le Monnier, 1846, vol. v. p. 116, note.

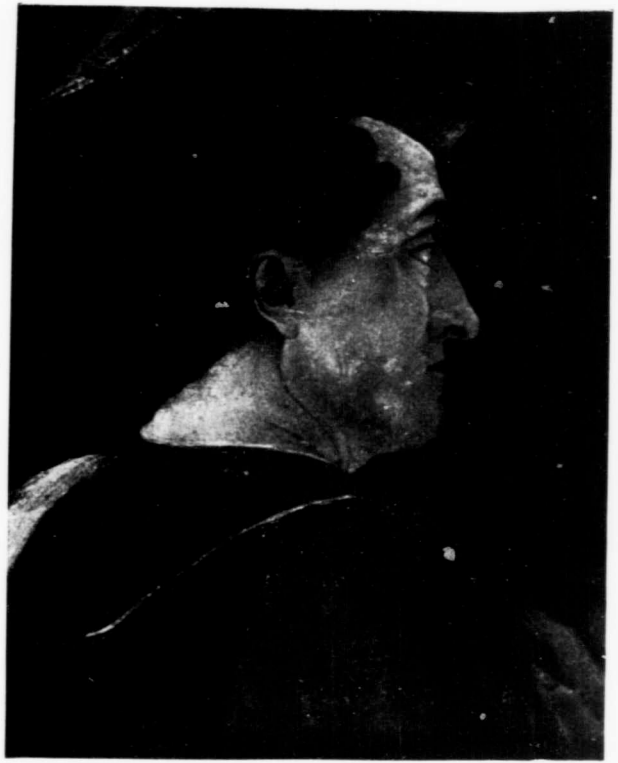
Annunciation, of the family of the Vecchietti, which was anciently erected by Giovanni Lami, a citizen of Florence, together with a sepulchre of marble, under the title of the Epiphany, and called the Altar of the Magi, because there had been painted in the *Ancona* by Sandro Botticelli, a most excellent painter, the story of the three Magi, held by all to be a marvellously fine work, which, in the course of renewing the altar, was taken away by Fabio Mandragoni, the Spaniard, and placed in his palace, which he had built a little distance from the said church; and in that exchange, he caused the picture to be executed, which is at present to be seen there, wherein was painted by Santi di Tito, a most rare painter, the *Annunciation of the Virgin by the Angel.* This altar was the first time constructed of the richest marbles, and ornamented with the noblest carvings, by the aforesaid Lami; and afterwards it passed to the family of the Fedini. They, after possessing it many years, sold it to Fabio Mandragoni, who then remade the altar, pulling down the old one in order to follow the order of the altars, and covering with the steps of the altar the burying-place of the first founder of the house of Lami, intending to make his own in front of it, conformable to what the other Patrons of the Altars had done, who in the reparation of the church placed their tombs in front of their altars; but this thing did not come to pass, (for what reason I know not,) and he sold it to Bernardo di Giovanni Vecchietti, on the condition that he might remove the arms of the Mandragoni, and place there those of the Vecchietti, as we see at present.

The aforesaid panel [the writer adds by way of correction, meaning that of the *Annunciation,* painted by Santi di Tito,] was executed at the instance of the Vecchietti, when they entirely completed the said chapel left unfinished by Il Mandragoni.

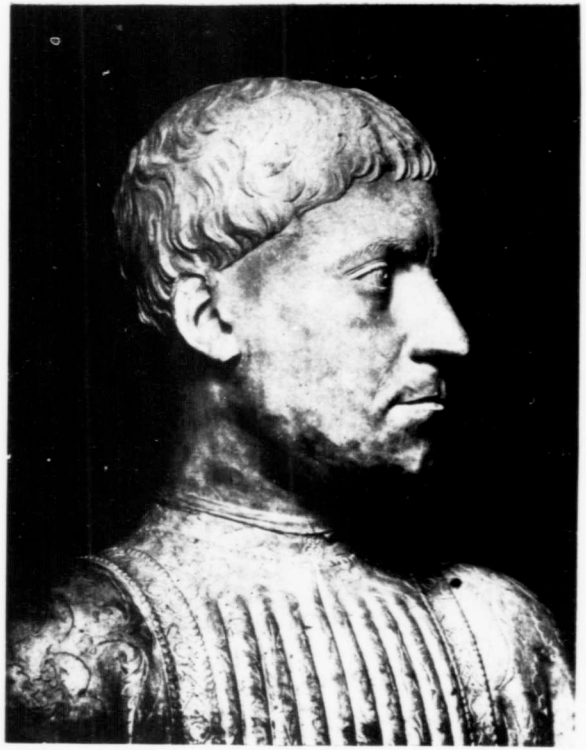
At the foot of this passage in the original manuscript, are tricked the arms of Lami, or del Lama—viz., or, a chevron gules.[1]

It is evident, then, from this account, that Vasari was in error when he stated that Botticelli's *Adoration of the Magi* was originally placed above the altar to the left of the principal door of the façade, on entering the church; an altar which, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, if not earlier, belonged to the Attavanti. On the contrary, the altar above which it was placed, formerly stood to the right of the principal door of the façade, on entering the church; between that door and the door opening into the right aisle of the nave, which

[1] The original document will be found printed at length in the Appendix.



Photo, Houghton



Photo, Houghton

PLATE 2.—(*a*) Portrait of Piero de' Medici, Il Gottoso, *by Sandro Botticelli, from the "Adoration of the Magi" once in Santa Maria Novella.*

(*b*) Bust of Piero de' Medici, Il Gottoso, *by Mino da Fiesole, now in the Bargello at Florence, No. 234.*

adjoined the now destroyed Chapel of Saint Benedict. On the wall, against which this altar once stood, is now to be seen Masaccio's fresco of the *Trinity*, which was removed to its present position, during the barbarous restoration of the church in 1858–61, from above the third altar in the left aisle of the nave, where it had been discovered behind Vasari's large altar-piece of the *Madonna del Rosario*.[1]

The family of Lami, or del Lama, is first heard of during the latter years of the Florentine Republic; the earliest record of the name which I have met with is of one "Mattheus Joannis de Lama," who matriculated in the Arte di Calimala in 1379. No member of the family appears to have enjoyed the Priorship, or other office of distinction under the Republic; and the family has been ennobled only in comparatively modern times. Giovanni Lami, the founder of the Altar of the Magi, was probably a successful merchant, and an adherent of the Medici. The Altar of the Magi must have passed, probably by marriage, to the Fedini (since they did not remove the arms of Lami), no great while after the death of the founder; for the compiler of the *Sepolcrario* records that the Fedini had possessed it "many years," when they sold it to Mondragone, *c.* 1570. The family of the Fedini was more distinguished than that of the Lami. Among other honours, they enjoyed the Priorship on twenty-two occasions between 1397 and 1531; and more than one member of the family figures in Florentine history during the sixteenth century.[2]

Don Fabio Arazzola, Marchese di Mondragone, who, according to the writer of the *Sepolcrario*, bought the altar and altar-piece of the Magi from the Fedini, was tutor, and afterwards chamberlain and *gran favorito* of the Duke Francesco de' Medici. The palace near Santa Maria Novella, which Mondragone built for himself from the designs of Ammannati, still stands at the Canto de' Cini, where the

[1] Vasari, ed. Sansoni, vol. ii. p. 291, note.

[2] Firenze: Biblioteca Nazionale, *Sommario delle Famiglie di Firenze di Piero Monaldi*, cod. II., I., 129; B. Varchi: *Istorie Fiorentine*, &c.

Via del Giglio runs into the Via de' Banchi. Agostino Lapini records in his "Diary," that it was begun in the month of February, 1567-8.[1] To this palace Mondragone removed Botticelli's altar-piece, according to the writer of the *Sepolcrario;* and it is possible to corroborate his story, in so far that not only may the date of its removal be ascertained within a year or two, but also the reason why the new altar-piece begun by Mondragone in Santa Maria Novella was left unfinished by him.

Vasari, in his own life, which first appeared in the second edition of 1568, relates that the Grand Duke Cosimo I.

> has lately caused me to remove the choir-screen of the church of Santa Maria Novella, which took all the beauty away from the building, having first made a new and sumptuous choir behind the high altar, in order that the old one which occupied a great part of the middle of the church, might be done away with, which makes it appear a new and most beautiful church, which it is. And since works which do not possess an order and proportion in common among themselves cannot be entirely beautiful, he has ordered that in the aisles of the nave are to be made, in such a way that they correspond to one another in the middle of the arches, between column and column, rich ornaments of stone after a new fashion, which may serve with their altars in the midst for chapels, and may be of one or two manners; and that afterwards in the panels which go within the said ornaments, seven *braccia* high and five wide, may be executed paintings according to the will and pleasure of the patrons of those chapels.

Vasari then adds that at that time, in the summer of 1567, he had already painted two of the panels for these altar-pieces.[2] The work of removing the old choir from the body of the church of Santa Maria Novella, and forming a new one behind the high altar, was finished in April 1566; and the same year the lateral altars in the aisles of the church were begun to be renewed from a common design by Vasari, a process which entailed the removal or covering of the old altar-pieces

[1] A. Lapini, *Diario Fiorentino,* Firenze, 1900, p. 157. The tradition that the first meetings between the Duke Francesco and Bianca Cappello were brought about in this palace, through the machinations of Mondragone and his wife, has not stood the test of modern criticism.

[2] Vasari, ed. 1568, vol. iii., par. iii., p. 1001.

Photo, Houghton

Photo, Houghton

PLATE 3.—(*a*) Portrait of Giovanni di Cosimo de' Medici, *by Sandro Botticelli, from the "Adoration of the Magi," once in Santa Maria Novella.*

(*b*) Miniature of Giovanni di Cosimo de' Medici, *copied from the portrait by Botticelli by some follower of Angelo Bronzino, in the Gallery of the Uffizi, No. 5363.*

and frescoes which adorned them.[1] The work proceeded slowly, for it would seem that more than one of the families who then owned these altars, rather than be put to the cost of providing new altar-pieces, sold their rights to others who were more wealthy, or more anxious than they, to contribute to the Duke's scheme for beautifying the church. The altar-piece of the *Deposition*, by Battista Naldini, over the fourth altar in the right aisle, is dated 1572; and those of *Christ and the Woman of Samaria*, over the second altar, and of *San Giacinto*, over the last altar of the left aisle, by Alessandro Allori, are severally dated 1575 and 1596.[2]

Such were the circumstances under which Mondragone acquired the altar of the Magi; but while the work of renewing it in accordance with the design of Vasari, was in course of execution, an unlooked-for mischance brought the undertaking to an abrupt termination. On August 12, 1575, Lapini records in his "Diary":

> The Grand Duke Francesco gave Mandragone, the Spaniard, formerly his favourite, to understand that before the end of the coming September, he must quit his dominion—having first paid all his debts. He departed before that time had expired, and sold his fine house at the Canto de' Cini, to Zanobi Carnesecchi, it is said for 7000 scudi.[3]

It appears that Philip II. of Spain had offered to the Duke Francesco di' Medici, Port' Ercole in pawn for a loan of 800,000 scudi. The Duke confided to Mondragone, who was then Master of the Chamber, that he considered such a transaction would be greatly to the advantage of the State: whereupon Mondragone wrote to the King of Spain to inform him of Francesco's satisfaction, and to dissuade him from so unequal a bargain. Philip followed his advice, and sent to Francesco, as his reason for wishing to withdraw the proposal, the letter of Mondragone.[4]

[1] A. Lapini, *Diario*, pp. 152–3. *Cp.* J. Gaye, *Carteggio inedito*, vol. ii. p. 480.

[2] G. Richa, *Chiese Fiorentine*, Firenze, 1754, vol. iii. p. 72.

[3] A. Lapini, *Diario*, p. 188.

[4] M. Lastri, *L'Osservatore Fiorentino*, Firenze, 1776, vol. i., par. iv., p. 171.

Bernardo Vecchietti who bought the unfinished altar at the dispersion of Mondragone's effects in 1575, was a great *virtuoso*, who figures in the *Riposo* of Raffaello Borghini, and who by an odd coincidence possessed the little *St. Augustine* by Botticelli, now in the Uffizi, which Vasari mistook for a work by Fra Filippo. The new altar-piece of the *Annunciation* which was painted for the Vecchietti by Santi di Tito, was, according to Giovanni Cinelli, the last work of that master, who died in 1603.[1] The altar of the Vecchietti remained in its original position, in Santa Maria Novella, against the wall where now is the *Trinity* of Masaccio, until it was swept away, during the restoration of the church, in 1858–61, with the other altar-frames designed by Vasari.

The subsequent fate of Botticelli's *Adoration of the Magi* becomes, during an interval of some two centuries, a matter of conjecture. It probably passed at an early date, if not at the dispersion of Mondragone's property in 1575, into the Grand Ducal Collection, and was among the pictures that were taken to the Villa of Poggio Imperiale, after its reconstruction by Giulio Parigi in 1622, on account of the portraits of the Medici which it contains. A seventeenth-century traveller relates that he saw at Poggio Imperiale, in one gallery, "the true pictures of divers late Princes of the house of Austria, of the house of Medices, and of other Princes their allies."[2] Be this as it may, the picture was brought to the Uffizi from the Villa of Poggio Imperiale; its *provenance* and the date at which it came to the gallery being thus recorded on a label at the back of the picture, "Imperiale, 13 Maggio 1796."

Of "the many portraits from life," to use the phrase of the *Anonimo Gaddiano*, which are to be found in this picture, I must speak more briefly than this part of my subject deserves. The figure of the first Mage who kneels at the feet of the Virgin, in a stately dress of black, embroidered with gold, and lined with ermine, is a portrait of Cosimo de' Medici, Pater

[1] G. Cinelli, *Bellezze di Firenze*, ed. 1677, p. 240.

[2] R. Lassels, *The Voyage of Italy*, Paris, 1670, par. i. p. 205.

PLATE I.—The "Chigi Madonna," *by Sandro Botticelli, now in the collection of Mrs. J. L. Gardner, Boston, U.S.A.*

Patriae, as Vasari notes. The head has apparently been taken from the medal of Cosimo, attributed to Michelozzo Michelozzi, which exists in more than one version.[1] Below the Virgin, in the nearer foreground of the picture, kneels, in an ample robe of scarlet lined with ermine, the figure of the second Mage, which Vasari mistook for a portrait of Giuliano di Piero de' Medici. In the massive head, the shrewd, sharply cut profile, the powerful jaw and thick-set neck, it is not hard to recognise the features of Piero, Il Gottoso, the father of Giuliano, and the son of Cosimo. The bust of Piero, by Mino da Fiesole, now in the Bargello, No. 234, apart from the other portraits of him which have come down to us, sufficiently disproves Vasari's assertion in regard to this portrait.[2] On the right of the figure of Piero, in the person of the third Mage in a white habit, kneels his brother, Giovanni di Cosimo, according to Vasari. He is represented as a young man, though he died at the age of forty-two, in 1461. This head undoubtedly passed as a portrait of Giovanni, in Vasari's time; for both the miniature ascribed to Bronzino, in the Uffizi, No. 3363, and the large portrait, No. 5, which now hangs with the other portraits of the Medici, among the copies made by Cristofano dell' Altissimo for Cosimo I., in the gallery leading from the Uffizi to the Palazzo Pitti, were both taken from it.[3] The bust of Giovanni, by Mino da Fiesole, now in the Bargello, No. 236, represents him as an older man.

Of the other portraits which this painting is supposed to contain, it is difficult to speak with any certainty. On the extreme left of the picture is a group of three figures, who are engaged in conversation: the young man in hose and tunic, with his hands resting before him on the hilt of his sword, has been thought to represent Giuliano di Piero de' Medici; the figure behind him, who leans over his right shoulder, Angelo Poliziano; and the third figure who stands on their left, conversing with them, Lorenzo, Il Magnifico. A glance, however,

[1] Reproduced in J. Friedländer: *Die Italienischen Schaumünzen,* Berlin, 1882, Pl. XXVII. [2] See Plate 2. [3] See Plate 3.

at the portraits of Lorenzo and Poliziano, which Domenico Ghirlandaio has introduced into the story of the *Confirmation of the Rule of St. Francis*, painted *c.* 1483–6, above the altar of the Cappella Sassetti in Santa Trinita, at Florence, suffices to show that the figures in question hardly bear so much as a superficial resemblance to them; nor does the third figure really contain any of the characteristic features which mark the portrait-bust of Giuliano de' Medici, bearing the name of Botticelli, in the Morelli collection at Bergamo, No. 21. In my opinion, these heads, like those of the corresponding group of three figures immediately behind Giovanni de' Medici, on the other side of the picture, are not portraits at all, but merely heads of Botticelli's peculiar manneristic type. Some of the other heads on either side of the picture are no doubt portraits; but it is far easier to make surmises as to whom they may represent, than to substantiate them. Only in one instance has a conjecture been put forward which bears the stamp of probability: the full-length figure in the yellow robe, on the extreme right of the composition, looking out of the picture, is doubtless a portrait of the painter. Only one other portrait of Botticelli has survived, in the fresco of the *Crucifixion of St. Peter* and *St. Peter and St. Paul before the Proconsul*, in the Brancacci chapel in the Carmine, which Filippino probably painted after Sandro's return from Rome, in 1482. From Filippino's portrait Vasari copied the woodcut which is prefixed to the life of Botticelli, in the edition of 1568. For the rest, it is possible that some of the remaining portraits in the *Adoration* may represent the donor and his family; but hardly the motley, though illustrious, crowd which Dr. Ulmann fondly imagined himself to have discovered in them.

For the moment, however, I wish to lay stress on the fact that this *Adoration* contains no portrait of Giuliano de' Medici; for this is the only clue which we possess to the date of the picture, apart from internal evidence of style. Giovanni Lami, it would seem, was some Florentine merchant who wishing to ingratiate himself with the Medici, caused the three immediate

Photo, Anderson

PLATE 5.—Detail of the group of the Virgin and Child in the "Adoration," *by Sandro Botticelli, once in Santa Maria Novella.*

ancestors of Lorenzo and Giuliano to be represented as the three Magi; a compliment which even in the fifteenth century would hardly have been extended to a living person. Had the picture been painted subsequently to the murder of Giuliano de' Medici, on April 26, 1478, we should have expected to find his portrait, rather than that of Giovanni, in the figure of the third Mage. Again, this *Adoration* is but slightly earlier in style than the *Spring*, a work of the year 1478, if I rightly interpret certain documentary indications which I have come upon in the course of my researches: in other words I take this *Adoration* to have been painted *c.* 1476–7. It marks the transition from his early Pollaiuolesque period, to the time when his manner became perfectly formed, as we already see it in the *Spring*. As an illustration of the development of Botticelli's art during this period (and no more striking illustration exists), there will be found reproduced side by side for comparison, in Plates 4, 5, and 6, the *Chigi Madonna*, now in the collection of Mrs. J. L. Gardner, of Boston, U.S.A., the group of the Virgin and Child with St. Joseph and Cosimo de' Medici, from the *Adoration* once in Santa Maria Novella, and the head of Venus from the *Spring*. Especially remarkable is the similarity between the Child and the Virgin's hand in the *Chigi Madonna* and the *Adoration*, not only in type and form, but even in such defects as the disproportion of the Virgin's hands. Again, the head of the Virgin in the *Adoration*, and of the Venus in the *Spring*, are no less alike.

All such indications as we possess, serve to show that the *Adoration*, once in the church of Santa Maria Novella, was the work which established the reputation of Botticelli in Florence, as one of the first masters of his day. The reputation of a painter at that time, as the pages of Vasari abundantly show, was established by pictures and frescoes executed for the churches and public buildings, and not by smaller works for private houses. Up to the time of the execution of this *Adoration*, *c.* 1476–7, Botticelli had apparently executed only two paintings for public buildings in Florence; namely, the

Fortitude in the Court of the Mercanzia, a work which he executed as the assistant of the Pollaiuoli, a little before 1470, and the *St. Sebastian* which was once in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, and which according to the *Anonimo Gaddiano* was dated January 1473–4. How partially his reputation was established at that time may be argued from the fact that when, in 1474, he was called to Pisa to paint an *Assumption* in the cathedral, on the condition that if it pleased the *Operai*, he was to be employed on the Campo Santo, so little was his work approved that even this trial-piece remained unfinished.[1] One of the first things which Botticelli's achievement in the *Adoration* of Santa Maria Novella procured for him was the patronage of the Medici. In 1478, after the murder of Giuliano, he was employed, no doubt at the instance of Lorenzo himself, to paint the effigies of the Pazzi conspirators on the front of the Bargello; and about the same time he was commissioned to paint the *Spring*, the first of a series of pictures and frescoes which he executed for the decoration of the Medicean palaces and villas. Some three years later, in 1481, "so great was the renown" which this *Adoration* brought him, as Vasari records, "both in Florence and abroad," that he was appointed by Sistus IV., the master-painter to direct the decoration of the Sistine Chapel.

Of all Botticelli's works, this *Adoration of the Magi* is the most obviously and elaborately scientific; the picture less marked by those bizarre traits of manner and sentiment which we have come to regard as his grand characteristic. Is it not a little significant that the work which, according to Vasari, was considered by his contemporaries to be his finest production, should of all his pictures be the one which is the least in accordance with our modern conception of his genius?

HERBERT P. HORNE.

[1] L. T. Centofanti, *Notizie di Artisti tratte dai Documenti Pisani*, Pisa, 1898, p. 452.

Photo, Alinari

PLATE 6.—Detail of the Figure of "Venus," from the picture of the "Spring," *by Sandro Botticelli, in the Academy at Florence*

APPENDIX.

Firenze: R. Biblioteca Riccardiana. Codice 1935. *Sepolcrario della Chiesa di S. M^a. Novella, di Firenze; copiato diligentemente dall' originale, che è appresso i PP^ri della medesima chiesa, da me P. Gaetano Martini* [&c.] *Anno Domini MDCCXXVIIII.*

[It appears from the inscription on p. 9, that the original was compiled "Anno Domini MDCXVII," when Niccolò Sermartelli was prior.]

(p. 68) ALTARE DE VECCHIETTI.

Frà due Porte, cioè frà la Porta del mezzo, e la Porta uerso S. Benedetto, altare della Nunziata della famiglia de Vecchietti il quale anticam^e fù eretto da Gio. Lami cittad^o Fiorentino insieme con un sepolcro di marmo sotto il Titolo dell' Epifania, e chiamauasi l' Altare de magi perche era stata dipinta nell' Ancona da Sandro Botticelli Pittore eccellentissimo la storia de tre magi, opera marauigliosa tenuta da tutti, la quale in rifare detta altare fù da Fabio Mandragoni spagnolo leuata e messa nel suo Palazzo, che poco lontano dalla detta Chiesa laueua fabbricato, et in quello scambio ui fece fare quella che dipresente si uede, doue da Santi di Tito Pittore rarissimo fù dentroui dipinto la Vergine annunziata dall' Angelo. Questo Altare fù la prima uolta fatto di ricchissimi marmi, e nobiliss^i Intagli ornato dal soprascritto Lami il quale doppo peruenne nella famiglia dei Fedini. Costoro dopo hauerlo tenuto molti anni lo uenderono a Fabio mandragoni, che poi rifece l' Altare guastando il Vecchio per seguitare l' ordine delli Altari, ricoprendo con gli Scalini dell' Altare la sepoltura del primo fondatore di Casa Lami, per farci dinanzi la sua, conforme a che haueuano fatto gli altri Padroni delli Altari, i quali in raccomodare la Chiesa posono i loro sepolcri dinanzi ai loro Altari; la qual cosa non seguì per che la cagion non sò, e lo uendè a Bernardo di Gio. Vecchietti con patto di leuar l' Arme di Casa sua et in uece di quella lasciarci porre quella de Vecchietti come al presente uediamo.

La sopradetta tauola [*i.e.*, da Santi di Tito] fù fatta fare dai Vecchietti quando finirono del tutto la d^a Cappella lasciata imperfetta dal Mandragoni.

The arms of "Lami ò del Lama" are emblazoned on p. 69: Or, a chevron gules.

MRS. GALLUP AND FRANCIS BACON

OTHERS have dealt with the technical value of the "Biliteral Cypher" by which, according to the ingenious Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup (of Detroit, Michigan), Francis Bacon revealed the secret of his life. It is not about the cypher that I am concerned. We are not all judges ot cyphers; I therefore propose to rest my exposure on indisputable facts of history. Let us grant, for the sake of argument, that Francis Bacon (or Dudley) under the names of Marlowe, Peele, Greene, Edmund Spenser, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, and so on, wrote the greater part of Elizabethan literature. Let us grant that this singular secret, known to so many men, was revealed by none. Let it be admitted that Edmund Spenser and Marlowe accepted the laurels which they did not win, and the royalties (if any) which accrued from Bacon's works. Shakespeare (whose real reputation, let it be conceded to the theory, was merely that of an actor, not of an author) was not more dainty, nor was Greene, nor was Peele.

Next we are to grant that for more than thirty years Bacon not only wrote the bulk of Elizabethan literature, but also, under the disguise of a "biliteral cypher," filled his unacknowledged works with an enormous secret message to posterity. For over thirty years the printers in various offices were busy introducing arbitrary varieties of type *from two founts* (of which so eminent a specialist as Mr. Sidney Lee finds no trace), and the letters thus introduced contained the secret. Nobody's suspicions were aroused; the printers were as silent as Bacon's many "masks"—the sham poets—had been.

Let all these things be admitted, as not physically impossible, for the sake of argument, and then allow me to examine the contents of Bacon's message, as deciphered by Mrs. Gallup. The result will be to prove that the statesman, the lawyer, the scientific pioneer, the "only begetter" of Elizabethan poetry, was mad, stark, staring mad. With Mrs. Browning we must say,

> Oh, poets, from a maniac's tongue
> Was poured the deathless singing.

When I first saw Mrs. Gallup's book, I noticed that, if she correctly interpreted the cypher, Bacon must have been a lunatic. This discovery I imparted, in a brief article, to the readers of the *Morning Post* (August 1901). A more detailed and elaborate demonstration seems to be needed.

Before proving this fact of Bacon's lunacy, so interesting to the psychologist, a word or two should be said about that volume by Mrs. Gallup, which has been brought into notice by Mr. Mallock, in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, December 1901. The volume is entitled:

THE

BILITERAL CYPHER

OF

SIR FRANCIS BACON

DISCOVERED IN HIS WORKS

AND DECIPHERED BY

MRS. ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP

SECOND EDITION

(LIMITED)

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

HOWARD PUBLISHING COMPANY

LONDON, GAY AND BIRD

No Date

The first essay is "Personal, to the Reader," and is signed by Mrs. Gallup (March 1, 1899). Then comes "Explanatory Introduction (First Edition)," unsigned, but obviously *not* by Mrs. Gallup. Next is "Preface. Second Edition" unsigned, *not*, apparently, by Mrs. Gallup. Next, after some detached papers, we find a brief account of Bacon; then an essay on cyphers; then samples of old title-pages and old type, and *then* begin (with fresh pagination) the interpretations of Bacon's cypher as found, first, in works nominally by Edmund Spenser, but really, according to Mrs. Gallup, by the versatile Verulam. The accuracy of Mrs. Gallup shines when she writes of "Lord Macauley" twice, and of "De-Quincy" once, in two consecutive pages (i. 41, 42). This is the lady with so keen an eye for letters from different "founts" (on which the whole theory of a "biliteral cypher" depends), that she can pick up these peculiarities in what is called "a photographic facsimile of the First Folio"; perhaps "Macauley" and "De-Quincy" are keys to a cypher of her own, not the blunders of an unlettered lady amateur from Detroit, Michigan, U.S.

The consistency of Mrs. Gallup next amazes us. Greene, Peele, Marlowe, and Shakespeare resemble each other in style (or so she says), because "one hand wrote them all" (i. p. 3). But Bacon (deciphered) avers, "I varied my style to suit different men, since no two show the same taste and like imagination" (i. p. 34). Then, why are the styles of the four poets so closely similar as Mrs. Gallup declares them to be? Bacon "let his own [style] be seen," as if the style of the actual recognised Bacon in the least resembled the styles of the four poets, or of Ben Jonson. They all, however, wrote like the recognised Bacon because Bacon "wrote them all." Moreover, they all wrote *unlike* him because he invented a separate style for each of them, on a basis of his own style (which is unlike that of any poet who ever sang), and they all wrote *like* him, because he "wrote them all."

So Mrs. Gallup argues; her scheme involves a contradiction in terms.

The often repeated burden of Bacon's cyphered confessions, we shall see, is that Bacon himself was the son, born in wedlock, of Lord Robert Dudley and of Queen Elizabeth. To shorten a long story, which I mentioned in a letter to the *Times*, the source of this romance seems to be Mr. Sidney Lee's article on Robert Dudley in the "Dictionary of National Biography," volume xvi. The volume appeared in 1888, and the article cited the scandals current about Elizabeth in 1560–1561. Thus, in August 1560, a woman was arrested for saying that the Queen was about to be a mother. In January 1561, however, the Spanish ambassador told his Court that he did not believe it, and saw no traces of it, and he wrote on the day of Bacon's birth! In February a person, styled by Cecil "Drukenburlegh of Totness," got into trouble for circulating similar scandals.[1] Mr. Lee's article, containing these matters, and a fable about Elizabeth's secret marriage at Lord Pembroke's house, appeared in 1888. By 1893, Dr. Owen, in *his* "Cypher Story," discovered that Elizabeth was married at Pembroke's house, and that Bacon was "the consekens of that manœuvre." Mrs. Gallup's cypher-work then "corroborates" the work of Dr. Owen, who used another cypher. The real source, I think, is Mr. Lee's article. Bacon, we shall find, according to Mrs. Gallup, says that his parents were married, on one of two occasions, at "Lord P's" house. The rumours of 1561 say "Lord Pembroke's." Dr. Owen makes "Lord Puckering" a witness. Was *he* Bacon's "Lord P" ("Cypher Story," p. 250).

We now know that Mrs. Gallup's decipherment of Bacon's secret history contains nothing novel so far. Her researches merely re-state what her fellow worker, Dr. Owen, had already discovered in "the Word Cypher," which is not Mrs. Gallup's cypher. And Dr. Owen's romance rests on the identification of Bacon with the child of whom Elizabeth was, quite falsely, rumoured to be pregnant in August 1560.

[1] Haynes, "Cecil Papers," 364, 365; "Hatfield Calendar," 1, 252, 253, 257; "Spanish Calendar," January 22, 1561.

Having made this clear, we now follow Bacon's own confessions (as deciphered by Mrs. Gallup) from various books, beginning with Spenser's "Complaints" (1591), and his "Colin Clout" (1595). "*At present writing*," Bacon says, lapsing into the style of modern commerce, his secret is unknown. His name, "Fr. Bacon," is his only "by adoption." He is the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester (Robert Dudley), who were married *twice*. "We be Tudor, and our style shall be Francis First."[1] We shall examine this claim to legitimate royal descent.

It is plain lunacy! If Bacon is right, his name is not Tudor, as he avers, but Dudley. He is the first king of the Dudley dynasty. His name is no more Tudor than the name of Henry VII. was Plantagenet; he is no more Tudor than his present Majesty is Stuart. Anybody but Bacon, and the lady who writes about "Lord Macauley," knows these simple facts. The passage next deviates into pure nonsense, without construction or a glimmer of meaning. Bacon was very far gone then, in 1590–1591.

In 1595, Francis claims Greene, Peele, Marlowe, and William Shakespeare as his "pen-names"—not a common

[1] Compare with this the statement in cypher in "The New Atlantis" (Gallup ii. 334). "I am named in the world, not what my stile should bee according to birth, nor what it rightfullie should be according to our law, which giveth to the first-borne of the royall house (if this first-borne be a sonne of the ruling prince, and borne in true and right wedlocke) the title of the Prince of Wales. My name is Tidder, yet men speak of me as Bacon." No one is or ever has been given the title of Prince of Wales "by our law," but always and only by express creation by the Sovereign. Bacon was King's Counsel in 1604, Solicitor-General in 1607, Attorney-General in 1613, Lord Chancellor in 1617; but towards the end of his life when he "cyphered" "The New Atlantis" (published 1635), he had forgotten his law with the rest. As for "Tidder," King Richard III., before Bosworth Field, referred to his rival as one "Tidder or Tudor," for purposes of derision: it would be interesting to know whether the form was ever used seriously as an alternative for "Tudor," except by the author of the cypher. Lastly, why "Francis *First*"? We do not in England speak of King John or Queens Elizabeth or Victoria as John First, Elizabeth First, Victoria First.

Elizabethan term. He had not told us before *when* Elizabeth married Dudley, and we naturally supposed (as Bacon says he was legitimate) that it must have been in the interval between Dudley's first and second marriages. But no, Elizabeth married Dudley when she was "confin'd i' th' tower." Mrs. Gallup's collaborator, whoever he is, writes (i. 7) about "the statement that Elizabeth was the lawful wife of the Earl of Leicester by a secret marriage, *before becoming Queen.*" Dudley was a married man when Elizabeth became Queen. This collaborator, therefore, like Bacon, believes that bigamy is lawful marriage. The two have the opinion entirely to themselves.

When Elizabeth was in the Tower (1554) Dudley, as all the world knew, had for years been the lawfully and publicly married husband of the living Lady Robert Dudley, *née* Amy Robsart. Amy was allowed to visit her husband in the Tower, poor girl. Therefore Elizabeth could not marry him, at that date, for he was already married. Everybody except Bacon, Mrs. Gallup's collaborator, and people who take their history from the novel of "Kenilworth," knows that Dudley married Amy, publicly, in the reign of Edward VI. Therefore, either Bacon was a raving lunatic—or, the statements are by a very ignorant modern American writer. Now Bacon—either the recognised statesman and author of the Essays and *Novum Organum*, or the newly discovered Bacon, author of Shakespeare's, Marlowe's, Greene's, Peele's plays, and Spenser's poems—was not mad. His works prove his sanity. If we grant this, we are driven back on the other explanation, that a deeply ignorant modern American is the writer of the confessions attributed to Verulam.

Even if Elizabeth and Leicester—for no conceivable reason—chose to commit bigamy twice, their son would necessarily be a bastard. As a bastard he could not be heir of the Crown by legitimate descent. Yet Bacon, Mrs. Gallup's Bacon, while he shows that he was a bastard, claims the throne as legitimate. "We were not base-begot." Friends of the cypher may reply that Elizabeth and Dudley were married twice: once while

Dudley's wife was alive, and again after her death. The second marriage would be legal, and, Bacon being born after the second marriage, would be legitimate. This would be conceivable (though futile in the circumstances, it would not account for the marriage of Dudley and the Princess Elizabeth in 1554), but, unluckily, Bacon never tells us *when* the second marriage was celebrated. Amy Robsart died on September 8, 1560; Francis Bacon was born January 22, 1561. On any day between these dates, Bacon, though begotten in adultery, *might* have been, in one sense, legitimated by a marriage between his parents. But, had he produced legal proof of his parent's marriage, he would still have been rejected, as conceived in obvious adultery. Bacon knew that! Bacon, though a lawyer, gives no dates. Such is his idea of evidence. He spent enormous pains, and a great deal of time and money, in conveying secretly to Dr. Owen and Mrs. Gallup that he was the rightful king of England. Not being an ignorant ass, but a great lawyer, he knew that bare assertions were of no value as proofs. Yet—so disorganised was his brain—he never gave even a date of the marriage which, as he supposed, legitimated him. The date (in the circumstances valueless) he could learn from his foster-mother, wife of Nicholas Bacon, who was in the secret, and from his father, Dudley, Earl of Leicester. But even this opportunity of testing his averments by producing the date of his alleged parents' marriage, the great lawyer never gave. To be sure, it would not have helped his case, and he knew it. Had both his parents been free, and "soudered sin wi' matrimony," the case might have had a show, if no property, say a realm, had been in dispute. But Bacon was, at best, something very like an adulterine bastard.

In 1596, in his "Faery Queen," Bacon grew wilder. The poem, he says, is his, so are Spenser's minor poems. "We were in good hope that when our divers small poemes might bee seene in printed forme, th' approval o' Lord Leicester might be gain'd!"

The earliest of the small Bacon-Spenser works used here,

as we saw, by Mrs. Gallup, is of 1591. Leicester died in 1588. Only a raving maniac, like Mrs. Gallup's Bacon, could hope to please Leicester, who died in 1588, by "small poemes" printed in 1591, if he means that.

In 1600 ("Much Ado about Nothing"), Bacon claims Essex as his brother, like him Royal. In 1600 he hints that his father, Dudley, murdered Amy Robsart, and adds that he will write a play on the subject! He calls Elizabeth "our gay *mère*"! In 1605, more of a lunatic than ever, he thinks that the Christian name of the first Lord Burghley is—Robert. *Robert* Cecil (so Mrs. Gallup makes Bacon say) was the enemy "at an early age, of th' intellectual powers I displaied." Now Robert Cecil was born in 1563, or thereabout, he was younger than Bacon, and Elizabeth, in Bacon's boyhood, would not be taking the advice of a still younger boy, Robert Cecil. It was manifestly *William* Cecil, the famous ruler of Elizabeth herself (for she always had just enough sense to take his advice at the eleventh hour), whom the Bacon of Mrs. Gallup's cypher so detested—and spoke of as "Robert." Thus—Part ii. p. 28 (from "The Advancement of Learning," 1605), "A foxe, seen oft at our Court in th' forme and outward appearance of a man named *Robert* Cecill—the hunchback—must answer at th' Divine Arraignment to my charge again's him, for he despoyled me ruthlessly . . . not alone in youth but in my earlie manhood." Robert Cecil, of course, was younger than Bacon himself, *he* is described as more or less deformed, "hunchbacked," not so his father William. The faithful of Mrs. Gallup will reply that "Robert" was a mere slip of Bacon's pen for "William." But the blunder occurs repeatedly: "*Robert* Cecill . . . from the first was the spy" (ii. p. 335); "work purposed for proud *R.* Cecill's record, to cast his woven treacherous plots into view." When Bacon wrote thus, it was precisely as if Mr. Arthur Balfour, in a history of our time, should persistently call Mr. W. E. Gladstone "Mr. Herbert Gladstone." Again, either an ignorant American wrote all this, or Bacon was an idiot.

How William Cecil (for it must be he, though the drivelling Bacon calls him "Robert") succeeded, is told in Bacon's "Henry VII." (1622). (The reference is Part ii. p. 139.) Elizabeth would call her son Francis "her little Lo. Keeper," "till Cecil did sorely anger her," and "bring on one o' those outbreaks o' temper" against a lady who told him the Court gossip. So angry was the Queen that she, rather injudiciously, told Master Francis that he was her illegimate son, but that he should never "reigne o'er subjects yet to bee." He "blessed my unio' with—no, I'll not name him." Bacon goes on, "Tremblingly I obeyed her charge, summon'd a serving man to lead me to my home, and sent to Mistresse Bacon." He naturally wanted corroborative evidence of Elizabeth's revelation. Mrs. B. (Lady Bacon) then admitted that Dudley *was* Bacon's legal father, and advised him to consult the midwife! "The doctor would be ready also to give you proofes of your just right to be named Prince." Bacon does not say that he took this advice or questioned the doctor, who, of course, could not know who Bacon's father was; but, next day, he saw Elizabeth. He "learn'd *from the interview and subsequent occurrences*" (how Elizabethan is the style!) that he would never be acknowledged. Then somebody asked questions "at *an extra-especial* session" of the Privy Council (ii. 142). "Extra Special," the newsboys cry, and know not that they are quoting Bacon. In 1623 (ii. 154) he gets as near to a date for Elizabeth's second marriage to Dudley as I find him anywhere giving. The first marriage was in the Tower (1554), Leicester being already a married man. The second was "after her ascent to Royal power" (1558). Any one but Bacon would have said "after the death of Dudley's first wife," because only after that death could a marriage be legal.

Elizabeth and Leicester twice, at all events, according to Bacon, went through a form of marriage. Their conduct was purely imbecile; they had no motive; they did not even want to make our hero legitimate. "Neither th' Queene nor my sire ever set a seal upon th' papers that declared the legiti-

macy . . ." What papers? They were "the testimony of Lord P., at whose house this marriage was solemnised the second time . . ." If it had been, it would not have helped Bacon's claim to the throne.

Bacon, the recognised Bacon, was a lawyer, and a man of considerable sense. Yet, being out of his right mind, he fancied that a son begotten in notorious and confessed adultery was legitimate; he fancied that, by getting frequently married to somebody else, a man with a living and universally known wife could make the rite legal. He supposed that people who held this theory would go on getting married, yet would destroy all proofs of their marriage, which, of course, was invalid unless it occurred between September 8, 1560, and January 22, 1561, and, even then, was useless for Bacon's purpose. Finally, Bacon took it for granted that posterity would believe in the impossible marriage and its legality, because he kept on repeating the tale in a cypher, while he had not one atom of proof to offer. And all the time that he was burying this romance in a cypher he was yearly writing "from two to six stage plays," many of them the recognised masterpieces of the human intellect. Meanwhile *his* intellect was so degraded that he could not remember the Christian name of his great enemy—a name known to every man who gets a third in the history school. To this narrative our attention is gravely invited.

We must remark that, while Elizabeth only confessed to Bacon that she was his mother, concealing his father's name, Leicester admitted, to Bacon, that he was his father (ii. 71). "It was his wish to have it told openly in our books." Insanity was thus hereditary in Bacon's family, for Leicester wished Bacon to publish openly a secret involving him in trigamy and treason. Bacon's twice-married father and mother held themselves open, we know, to any other marriage, though Mrs. Bacon, the doctor, the midwife, "Lord P." and others, could have exposed them. Leicester was proposed by Elizabeth as husband to Mary Stuart, after Lady Robert's death. Leicester or Elizabeth destroyed "the papers"—those unsealed papers

that proved Bacon's legitimacy. Yet Leicester "wished to have it told ope'lie in our book," without proofs!

Now Bacon manages to give himself the lie. *Here* he represents Leicester as anxious to make Bacon publish the secret of his royal birth. He forgets that he has already told us the very reverse. Leicester wanted to make his younger son, Essex, king. "My just claim," says Bacon, "he set aside," in favour of Essex (ii. 45). Then why on earth did he want Bacon to publish his story, which destroyed Essex's chance? Leicester died in 1588, long before the ambitious attempts of Essex (1600–1601).

Bacon now enters on prophecy; he often does. "The future peoples of a distant shore will prove true," &c. He also says he is known to "English-speaking peoples" as Bacon, before there was more than one English-speaking people. Bacon foresees Mrs. Gallup. "Mania is difficile to controll," Bacon justly remarks (ii. 77). He says that "our Queene's last murther was by a chance only prevented" (ii. 160). How often was Elizabeth murdered?

In his "Natural History" (1635) Bacon, giving the reins to his folly, enters on the tale of Mary Stuart. Elizabeth visited Mary at Leicester's house, where she was "supping in quiet by invitation" (ii. 363). Mary could never have been in Leicester's house; her gaolers were too wary; she could have left not one of her prisons unknown, and her place of residence, on every day of her prison life, can be fixed. Elizabeth, however, we are to believe, pounced on Mary and Leicester when alone at dinner and there was a scene! She discovered the cypher used by Mary in foreign correspondence; as a fact, she always either had the cypher, by bribing the secretary of the French ambassador, or got the letters unravelled by Phelipps. However, Bacon says that *he* did the deciphering, and "had a secret sympathy" for Mary. It was well concealed! At the time of Kinmont Willie's rescue by Buccleugh (1596) King James picked a counter-quarrel over the bad treatment of Mary in "The Faery Queen"—which, so Mrs.

Gallup makes Bacon say, is by Bacon! Bacon "dissembled his love." He next asserts that Davison, not Elizabeth, signed Mary's death-warrant (ii. 365), and that Burghley and Leicester, by inducing him to sign the warrant, "led Davison to his death." Our lunatic thinks that Davison was put to death. Davison was fined and disgraced, but not for signing a death-warrant. Mrs. Gallup never knows the most certain facts. The point of all this rambling talk about Mary Stuart is to lead up to Bacon's remark (ii. 367) that he wrote a tragedy on her doom. That tragedy was deciphered, not by Mrs. Gallup, but by Dr. Owen, not in the newly found "biliteral cypher," but in the "word-cypher." Dr. Owen published his Bacon's "Tragedy of Mary Stuart" in 1894. Here we have Mrs. Gallup's Bacon's story of Elizabeth concealed behind a statue, while Mary and Leicester sit at supper in his house. The date must, from the circumstances, have been about August 1585, when Mary's imprisonment, at Tutbury, under Amyas Paulet, was peculiarly strict. "The indisposition of her body and great infirmity of her legs is so desperate that she herself doth not hope of recovery; and it is no small advantage to her keeper, as he need not stand in any great fear of her running away."[1] So wrote Paulet on September 23, 1585; and this is the Mary who, according to Bacon, was free of prison, and was dining at Leicester's in London! In the same play, Burghley, Leicester, and Davison meet—"in a public house." The new cypher, Mrs. Gallup's discovery, corroborates the old cypher, Dr. Owen's discovery, and both, if accepted, prove Bacon to have been a liar, a lunatic, and a poetaster. His play of "Mary Stuart" is emphatically not in the style of Shakespeare or Marlowe, or in the style of any poet of any age. The Court meets "in the Tower" (see the American in "Martin Chuzzlewit"), Mr. Froude says "in the Star Chamber."

One neat little point in Bacon's account of Mary Stuart gives me infinite satisfaction. Bacon tells a story of Elizabeth

[1] Thorpe's Calendar, "Mary Stuart."

which is also told in the Memoirs of Sir James Melville, first published many years after Bacon's death. Sir James was Mary's ambassador to Elizabeth in 1564.

BACON (ii. 362).

She (Elizabeth) was almost persuaded, I am well assured, to go to Scotland with a gentleman from that court, *in the disguise of a youth, as page to the gay Courtier, whilst her chamber should, in her absence, be closed as though suffering so much pain as that* it compelled her to deny audience to *everybody save Lady Strafford and the physician.* But this foolish plan died ere it was brought to fulness of time.

MELVILLE (p. 125).

I offered to convey her secretly in Scotland, by post, *clothed like a page disguised . . .* and *that her chamber should be kept as though she were sick, in the mean time, and none to be privy thereto but my Lady Stafford, and one of the grooms of her chamber.*

She said, "Alas, if she might do it!" and seemed to like that kind of language.

Now it seems highly probable that Bacon's story is directly copied from Melville's, or from a version of Melville's in some modern history. This is the more likely as there was no Lady *Strafford* (as in Bacon), whereas Melville's Lady *Stafford* was Elizabeth's Mistress of the Robes. The error is that of some modern and ignorant person. Bacon knew who Lady Stafford was.

Let us look at the probability of Bacon's romance about his birth. He was born on January 22, 1561. On that day his mother, Queen Elizabeth, wrote a holograph letter to Rutland about his duties as President of the Council of the north. She also wrote to Archbishop Parker about his revision of the Book of Common Prayer. On January 20 she had written a long letter to the Duke of Holstein. She did not allow maternity to interfere with her royal duties. I have not seen the originals of these epistles. If they turn out to be, not holograph, but drafts by Cecil or another, the circumstance will not prove that Elizabeth was giving birth to little Franky. I have not to prove that Elizabeth never was a mother. The friends of Mrs. Gallup have to prove that she was.[1]

[1] "Foreign Calendar," Elizabeth, 1561; "Domestic Calendar," 1561.

To work out Bacon's system of his birth, Elizabeth must have concealed her pregnancy with great skill. When about five months gone with child, she was hunting at Windsor, where the Spanish ambassador met her, and she told him of the death of Amy Robsart (September 4, 1560). "Mistress Bacon," again, must have pretended to be pregnant, for she took up little Francis, and declared that she had given birth to him. But this was an afterthought of Mistress Bacon's. To make Mistress Bacon's pretended motherhood of Bacon plausible, she must have been, or have pretended to be, about to become a mother herself. But she made no such pretence, for she either did not know that Elizabeth was looking for a baby, or did not expect her to abandon the child. Elizabeth, according to Bacon, "would truly have put me away privily, but Mistresse Bacon . . . saved me" (ii. 138). Here, then, was Mrs. Bacon, notoriously not about to become a mother, nor pretending to be in that condition. Yet every one believes her, when she suddenly claims to have given birth to little Francis! The thing is impudently mendacious.

All these miracles we are to believe on the word of Bacon, imbecile at the time when he wrote such transparent stuff. His absurdities about an intended divorce of Margaret, Queen of Henri of Navarre, that she might marry Bacon, an obscure English lad, are not worth examining. A Catholic Daughter of France to marry a Protestant English *attaché!*

We turn to Bacon's translation of the Iliad, deciphered by Mrs. Gallup out of the "Anatomy of Melancholy." Mr. R. B. Marston in the *Times* (December 19, 1901), and *Nineteenth Century*, January 1902, has proved that Bacon stole much of his translation from Pope—who lived a century later. I have found other proofs, and can add that Bacon and Pope did not borrow from the same older English translation.

We need not work out Mr. Marston's irrefutable demonstration that Mrs. Gallup's Bacon borrowed from Pope. The writer of the Explanatory Introduction (i. 14), says "the decipherer is not a Greek scholar" (of that nobody suspects Mrs. Gallup),

"and would be incapable of creating these extended arguments, which differ widely in phrasing from any translation extant. . . ." In places they recall the common crib (by Buckley Bohn), while in the Bœotian Catalogue and elsewhere they are Pope, done into sham Elizabethan prose. Pope entirely broke up Homer's order of naming towns, and, in about thirty-five verses added nine "ornaments" not in Homer. Bacon exactly followed Pope's, not Homer's order, and stole Pope's nine un-Homeric "ornaments."

Here follows an instructive point. Bacon, writing in the cypher of the First Folio (ii. 170), gives instructions to his future decipherer about dealing with his translation of the Iliad. "You are now come to the Catalogue. . . . It is divided into small parts, as you will observe, *which are so widely scattered in my writings.*" Bacon's Iliad is found in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," unless he also scattered another version all about his works. He goes on (ii. 170): "Keep the order of the Greek in your translation." But he did not "keep the order of the Greek" himself; he kept the order of Alexander Pope, which is not that of the Greek.

That there may be no mistake, I take another case selected by Mr. Marston ("Iliad" ii. 734–737.) Here is Homer:

> Next, those who held Ormenios, and the spring, Hypereia; and the men who held Asterios, and the white crests of Titanos: them did Eurypylos lead, the godly son of Euaemon, and with him followed forty black ships.

Pope has:

> The bold *Ormenian and Asterian bands,*
> In forty barks Eurypylus commands,
> *Where Titan hides his hoary head in snow,*
> And *where Hyperia's silver fountains flow.*

Bacon has:

> Next Eurypylus led th' *Ormenian and Asterian bands,* from th' land *where Titan hideth in snows his hoarie head, or where the silver founts of fair Hyperia flow.*

This is almost an absolutely literal theft from Pope, and Bacon adds all Pope's un-Homeric ornaments.

Anxious not to suppose too hastily that Bacon stole from Pope, I tried to find out whether Bacon had not cribbed from some earlier English translator whom Pope might also have consulted. It was not Chapman. The only other pre-Baconian translator of Homer known to me is Arthur Hall (1581). I cite Hall's rendering of the passage:

> Of Ormen who and Hyper spring, nie Aster holds the state,
> By top of Titan full of snow: their Duke was Eurypile
> Euemon's sonne, he vessels brought forty to Troy that while.

Now Pope and Bacon do not coincide because they both, independently, steal from Arthur Hall. Neither steals from Hall, but Bacon or somebody else steals (in these passages) from Pope. Consequently credulity itself cannot trust to the "Biliteral Cypher." It includes what Bacon could by no possibility have written.

Now this is a rather serious affair. An enthusiast might unconsciously (perhaps) think that he had really found, in a cypher, what was not there. But he could not, unconsciously, transfer into the cypher what he had read in another book. At least, if he could, he is the possessor of a "split personality." The whole book of Mrs. Gallup resembles nothing so much as the vagaries of "automatic writing" with a planchette. But we are not told, it would be a relief if we were, that Mrs. Gallup is an "automatic writer," whose pencil puts down what is not in her in normal consciousness.

After writing this essay I happened to be obliged to study, for another purpose, the foolish conspiracy of Essex early in 1600–1601. According to Mrs. Gallup's Bacon, Essex was the younger son of Elizabeth and Leicester, and Leicester preferred the royal claims of Essex to those of Bacon. But Essex, writing to James VI. (whose claims to the English Crown he wished to back (1600–1601)), said that his enemies had tried to prejudice James against him, "as if he purposed to aspire to that" (the Crown), "*whereunto he could by no colour*

or likelihood justly pretend."[1] Thus, on whatever side we turn we find that Bacon, who heard Cuff's confession, and knew all that was ever known about the secret letter from James VI., worn by Essex in a black bag—we find, I say, that Bacon is absolutely ignorant of the affairs in which he played so great a part. This ignorance, in Bacon impossible, is nowhere checked by Mrs. Gallup, his editor, in a note. It seems, then, that Mrs. Gallup's work is not a valuable contribution to secret history, and that only persons of exemplary ignorance and credulity can believe in her interpretation of a cypher which, according to Mr. Sidney Lee, does not and cannot exist, at least in the Shakespearean First Folio. Meanwhile, it has become necessary, in England, to expose this romantic cypher, though American men of letters, apparently, have passed it by in silent contempt.

A. LANG.

[1] "Confessions of Cuff," February 1601, in Appendix (p. 80) to Bruce's "Correspondence of King James VI. and Cecil," Camden Society, 1861. I have elsewhere touched on Essex's notorious intrigues, as against Cecil, to secure the English throne, not for himself, but for James VI. The evidence I cited was by a contemporary, Archbishop Spottiswoode, but Cuff's is evidence of the actual moment.

THE KHAN AND HIS SON[1]

"ONCE upon a time there lived in Crimea the Khan Massolaïma al Assvab, and he had a son, Tolaïk Alhalla."

A blind Tartar beggar, leaning with his back against the bright brown trunk of a strawberry-tree, began thus one of the old legends of which the peninsula has so rich a store; around the narrator were grouped Tartars in bright gowns and jackets embroidered with gold, seated on fragments of stones of the ancient palace of a Khan. It was evening and the sun was setting over the sea; its red beams pierced the thick mass of foliage round the ruins and lay in bright spots on the stones, which were covered with moss and overgrown with ivy. The wind was moving the leaves of a group of old beeches, and their rustling sounded just like the ripple of unseen brooks.

The voice of the old beggar was weak and it trembled, but the wrinkles of his immovable face reflected nothing except a perfect repose; the words learned by heart were flowing smoothly from his lips; and there rose before the listeners the picture of olden days, rich with strength and passion.

"The Khan was old," the beggar was saying, "but he had many wives in his harem. And they loved the old man, for he had strength and fire, and his caresses soothed and burned,

[1] The translation of this story, like that of "Makar Chudra" in the MONTHLY REVIEW for November 1901, has been made, not through a French version, but direct from the Russian original, and is authorised by M. Gorky.

and women will always love the man who knows how to caress them, though his hair may be grey and his face covered with wrinkles; there is more beauty in strength than in a smooth face and a brilliant complexion.

"They all loved the Khan, but he loved only one: a young Cossack girl brought prisoner from the steppes near the Dnieper; and he caressed her oftener than any of his other wives, of whom his harem was full—his big harem, where three hundred women from different countries were kept. They were all beautiful like spring flowers, and their life was a pleasant one. Many sweet and tasty dishes did the Khan order for them, and whenever they wished he allowed them to dance and to play.

"But his Cossack girl he called often to the tower, from which the sea could be seen, and where he had for her everything that could gladden the heart of a woman: sweet food, and dresses of different tissues, and gold and precious stones of many colours, and music and rare birds from far-off countries, and the fiery caresses of the enamoured Khan. In that tower he enjoyed himself in her company whole days long, resting from the labours of his life, knowing that his son Alhalla would not let the glory of his reign be dimmed, that he was roving like a wolf through the Russian steppes, and always coming back with a rich booty, with new women, with new glory, leaving behind him terror and ruins, corpses and blood.

"Once, after one of these raids on the Russians, many feasts were ordered in Alhalla's honour; all the princes of the island gathered to them, and games were planned and banquets. For practice the guests shot arrows into the eyes of prisoners, and then drank again, glorifying the valour of Alhalla, the terror of his enemies and the stay of the Khanate. And the old Khan felt proud of the glory of his son. It was good for him in his old age to see in his son so bold a fellow, and to know that when he died the Khanate would be left in strong hands . . .

"It was good for him to know that; and so, wishing to

prove to his son the strength of his love, he said to him before all the assembled Princes and Bekahs—at the banquet, with the cup in his hand, he said:

"'Thou art a good son, Alhalla! Glory be to Allah and to his Prophet glory!'

"And everybody glorified the name of the Prophet in a chorus of mighty voices. Then the Khan said:

"'Great is Allah! Even during my life he has revived my youth in the person of my brave son; and my old eyes can see that when the sun shall set for me, and when the worms shall gnaw at my heart, I shall live yet in my son! Great is Allah and Mahomet his true Prophet! In truth I have a good son; his arm is strong, his heart daring and his understanding clear. Tell me, Alhalla, what wouldst thou receive from the hands of thy father? Tell me, and thy wish shall be fulfilled.'

"Hardly had the old Khan time to finish his speech when Tolaïk Alhalla rose from his seat and said with a flashing glance, dark like the sea at night, and glowing like the eyes of a mountain eagle:

"'Give me the Russian girl, O my lord and father!'

"The Khan was silent a moment—not long, but just the time it takes to still your heart's beatings—and after the silence he said, firmly and loudly:

"'Take her! When the feast is over thou shalt take her.'

"The bold Alhalla glowed all over, his eagle eyes were lighted up by great joy; he stood up to his full height and said to the Khan, his father:

"'I know well the price of what thou givest to me, my lord and father! I know it. I am thy slave—thy son. Take my blood, every drop of it—a hundred deaths will I die for thee!'

"'I lack not anything,' said the Khan, bowing his grey head, crowned with the glory of many years and many heroic deeds.

"Soon the feast was finished, and both went out silently, one close to the other, from the palace to the harem.

"The night was dark; neither moon nor stars were seen underneath the black clouds that densely covered the sky.

"For a long time father and son went on in the darkness. At last the Khan al Assvab spoke:

"'My life is fast ebbing away; ever weaker grows the beating of my heart and less fire is in my breast. The warmth and light of my life were the fiery caresses of the Cossack girl. Tell me, Tolaïk, tell me, is she so necessary to thee? Take a hundred, take all my wives, but leave her to me!'

"But Tolaïk Alhalla was silent, and only sighed in answer.

"'How many days are left to me? Few are the days that are left to me in this world. The last joy of my life was she, this Russian girl. She knows me, she loves me—who will love the old man when she is gone? Who? Not one of them, Alhalla, not one!'

"But Alhalla remained silent.

"'How can I live, knowing that thou takest her in thy arms, that she kisses thee? Before a woman there are no fathers and sons, Tolaïk! Before a woman we are all men, my son. It will be hard to live on the rest of my days. Better would it be that all my old wounds opened on my body, Tolaïk, and that my blood oozed from them drop by drop! Better it would be if I did not live through this night, my son!'

"But his son was silent. They stopped before the door of the harem and stood there with bowed heads for a long time. The darkness surrounded them, the clouds were running fast over the sky, and the wind, swaying the trees, seemed to sing a song to them.

"'I have loved her for a long time, father,' said Alhalla in a low voice.

"'I know it, and I know that she does not love thee,' said the Khan.

"'My heart is breaking when I think of her.'

"'And my old heart, with what is it full now?'

"And again there was silence. Alhalla sighed deeply.

"'It seems he was right—the wise Mullah that told me: for a man, woman is always dangerous: when she is beautiful she kindles in others the desire to possess her and delivers over her husband to the torments of jealousy; when she is ugly her husband envies others and feels the pains of envy; and when she is neither beautiful nor ugly, the man imagines her beautiful, and then, seeing that he has been mistaken, he suffers again through her, through that woman.'

"'Wisdom is no remedy for the sufferings of the heart,' said the Khan.

"'Let us take pity on each other, father,' said Tolaïk.

"The Khan lifted up his head and looked sorrowfully at his son.

"'Let us kill her,' said Tolaïk.

"'Thou lovest thyself more than either her or me,' said the Khan thoughtfully and low.

"'And thou too.'

"And again there was silence.

"'Yes, and I too!' said the Khan sadly. Grief had made him like a little child.

"'Well, shall we kill her?'

"'I cannot give her up to thee, I cannot,' said the Khan.

"'And I cannot endure any longer—take out my heart or give her to me.'

"The Khan was silent.

"'Or let us throw her from the rocks into the sea.'

"'Let us throw her from the rocks into the sea,' the Khan repeated like an echo.

"And then they went into the harem, where she was already asleep on the floor, on a sumptuous carpet. They stopped before her and looked; a long time they looked. Large tears rolled from the old Khan's eyes on to his silvery beard, and glistened on it like pearls; his son stood with flashing eyes and ground his teeth to restrain his passion. At last he awoke the Cossack girl. She woke; and on her face, soft and rosy like the dawn, her eyes opened blue, like cornflowers. She did

not notice the presence of Alhalla, but tendered her red lips to the Khan.

"'Kiss me, my old hero!'

"'Get ready; thou shalt go with us,' said the Khan in a low voice.

"Then she saw Alhalla and the tears in the eyes of her old hero, and—quick she was—she understood everything.

"'I am coming,' she said; 'I am coming. Neither to the one nor to the other—is it not so? That's a decision worthy of strong hearts. I am coming.'

"And all three went silently to the sea. They went by narrow paths; the wind was howling, howling with a dismal sound.

"The young girl was delicate, she soon grew tired; but she was proud, she would not show it.

"And when the Khan's son saw that she remained behind he said to her:

"'Thou art afraid?'

"She flashed her eyes upon him and showed him her bleeding feet.

"'Come, I'll carry thee?' said Alhalla, and stretched out his arms to her. But she turned to her old hero and put her arms round his neck. The Khan lifted her up as easily as a feather and carried her along; and she, lying in his arms, turned aside the branches from his face that they might not scratch his eyes. They went on for a long time. Already the booming of the sea could be heard. Suddenly Tolaïk—he was walking on the path behind them—said to his father:

"'Let me go in front, for I long to drive my dagger into thy neck.'

"'Go; Allah might punish thee for thy wish—or pardon thee. His will be done; but I, thy father, forgive thee. I know what it is to love.'

"And now the sea lay stretched before them, void, black, shoreless. Its waves were breaking with a dull sound at the

foot of the rocks, and down below it looked dark and cold and terrible.

"'Farewell,' said the Khan, kissing the girl.

"'Farewell,' said Alhalla, and he bowed to her.

"She looked down where the waves were surging and started back, pressing her hands to her breast.

"'Throw me,' she said to them.

"Alhalla stretched out his arms to her and groaned, but the Khan took her in his arms, embraced her tightly, kissed her, and lifting her high over his head, threw her down from the rocks.

"Down there the waves were splashing and booming so loudly that neither of them heard her fall into the water. Not a single cry did they hear—not a sound. The Khan sank down on the rocks and silently looked down into the distance and the darkness, where the sea was mingling with the clouds, and whence were heard the dull splashes of the waves; strong gusts of wind blew about the old man's grey beard. Tolaïk stood near him, his hands over his face, immovable and silent like a block of stone. The time was passing, and the clouds were flying one after the other over the sky. They were dark and heavy like the thoughts of the old Khan, who was lying on the high rock over the sea.

"'Come, father,' said Tolaïk.

"'Wait,' whispered the Khan, as if listening to something. And again the time passed on, and the waves splashed and the wind came rushing against the rocks and rustling the trees.

"'Come, father.'

"'Wait a little.'

"Many times did Tolaïk Alhalla repeat: 'Come, father.'

"But still the Khan did not move from the place where he had lost the joy of his last days.

"But everything has an end, and at last he stood up mighty and proud; stood up, frowned, and said:

"'Come.'

"They went; but soon the Khan stopped.

"'Why am I going, Tolaïk, and whither?' he asked his son. 'Why should I live now, when my whole life was centred in her? I am old, nobody will love me now, and what use is there in living in this world without love?'

"'Thou hast glory and riches, father!'

"'Give me one of her kisses and keep all the rest thyself. All this is death; only a woman's love is life. When man has no such love he does not live, he is a beggar, and much to be pitied. Farewell, my son. May Allah's blessing rest on thy head in all the days and nights of thy life.' And the Khan turned his face to the sea.

"'Father!' said Tolaïk, 'father!' And could say no more, for what words can you say to a man on whom death is smiling? There are no words that can bring back to his soul the love of life.

"'Leave me.'

"'Allah——'

"'He knows.'

"With swift steps the Khan came up to the abyss and threw himself down. His son could not stop him—he had no time. And again nothing was heard from the sea—not a cry, nor the noise of the Khan's fall. Only the waves went on booming, and the wind continued to howl its wild songs.

"A long time did Tolaïk Alhalla look down; and then he spoke aloud:

"'Give me as firm a heart, O Allah!'

"Then he turned and went away into the darkness of the night.

"Thus perished the Khan Massolaïma al Assvab, and the Khan Tolaïk Alhalla, his son, began his reign in Crimea."

MAKSIM GORKY.

Translated by M. Mojaysky.

THE DEATH OF ADAM

CEDARS, that high upon the untrodden slopes
Of Lebanon stretch out their stubborn arms,
Through all the tempests of seven hundred years
Fast in their ancient place, where they look down
Over the Syrian plains and faint blue sea,
When snow for three days and three nights hath fall'n
Continually, and heaped those terraced boughs
To massy whiteness, still in fortitude
Maintain their aged strength, although they groan;
In such a wintriness of majesty,
O'ersnowed by his uncounted years, and scarce
Supporting that hard load, yet not o'ercome,
Was Adam: all his knotted thews were shrunk,
Hollow his massy thighs, toward which his beard,
Pale as the stream of far-seen waterfalls,
Hung motionless; betwixt the shoulders grand
Bowed was the head, and dim the gaze; and both
His heavy hands lay on his marble knees.
So sits he all day long and scarcely stirs,
And scarcely notes the bright shapes of his sons
Moving in the broad light without his tent,
That propt on poles about a giant oak
Looks southward to the river and the vale:
Only sometimes slowly he turns his head,
As seeking to recover some lost thought

From the dear presence of the white-haired Eve
Who, less in strength, hath less endured, and still
With slow and careful footsteps tendeth him,
Or seated opposite with silent eyes
Companions him; their thoughts go hand in hand.
So now she sits reposing in the dusk
Of their wide tent, like a great vision throned
Of the Earth Mother, tranquil and august,
Accorded to some youthful votary
Deep in an Asian grove, under the moon.

Peace also rests on Adam; not such peace
As comes forlornly to men dulled with cares,
Whom no ennobling memory uplifts;
Peace of a power far mightier than his own,
Outlasting all it fostered into life,
Pervades him and sustains him: such a peace
As blesses mossed and mouldering architraves
Of pillars standing few among the wreck
Of many long since fallen, pillars old,
Reared by a race long vanished, where the birds
Nest as in trees, and every crevice flowers,
As mothering Earth, having some time indulged
Men's little uses, makes their ruin fair
Ere in her bosom it be folded up.
Thus Adam's mind relinquishing the world,
That grows more dim around him every day,
Withdraws into itself, and in degree
As all that mates him to the moving hours,
Even as his outward joy and vigour fail,
So surely turns his homing spirit back
Unto those silent sources whence delight
And hope and strength and buoyancy of old
Flowed fresh upon his youth, persisting still
To seek those first and fairest memories
In youth and sunshine O how lightly lost,

How difficult in darkness to regain!
He sits in idle stillness, yet at times
From the dark wells of musing some old hour
Floats upward, as the tender lotus lifts
Her swaying stalk up through the limpid depth
Of pools in rivers never known to man,
And buoyed on idle wet luxurious leaves
Peacefully opens white bloom after bloom.
He is rapt far from this last shore of age;
He sees the face of Eve as she approached
To bring him flowers new-found in Paradise,
Or hiding her young sorrow on his breast;
And Abel as a child and Cain with him
Playing beneath the shadow of old trees,
All dearer by the desert interposed
Of time and toil and passionate regret,
Troubling his inmost spirit, until his face,
Wrought with remembrance and with longing, wears
The pressure and the sign of all that swells
And brims his heart, fain to be freed in speech.

"What ails thee, Adam?" gentle Eve began.
"Why art thou troubled, what thoughts vex thy mind?
For though my eyes are dim, yet I can see
Thy breast heaves upward, and long sighs go forth,
And thou dost move thy hands, and shake thy head."
But Adam answered not; he seemed alone.
Then, lifting up his eyes, he saw his sons
Slowly approaching in the evening light
With all their flocks; and many voices rose
On the clear air about the tents and trees,
As they made ready for the sacrifice
Before the evening meal: soon they drew near
To Adam's tent; and he looked on them all,
Standing to wait his blessing, of all years,
From the boy Adriel to the aged Seth,

Outlined with glory by the sinking sun.
Strange in their strength and beauty they appeared;
And Adam, though he saw them, seemed to gaze
Beyond them, seeking what he found not there.
Over them all his eyes unresting roved,
While they in silence waited for his word.
At last he spoke: "Where is my first-born Cain?"
They looked on one another. Few had heard
That darkened name; but Eve bowed down her head.
And Seth stood forth amid them hushed and spoke
With a grave utterance, "Cain is far away.
Thou knowest, O my father, how we have heard
That far beyond the mountains to the east
He dwells, and ever wanders o'er that land.
Many days' journey must a man be gone
Ere he reach thither and return again;
Nor know we certainly where Cain may dwell.
Yet what thou biddest, that shall be performed;
Shall we send to him?" Adam answered, "Send:
Let them go quickly, see that they make haste.
But on the tenth day bid them come again,
Whether they have found him, or have found him not,
For mine eyes fail, yea, and my heart grows cold."

Heavy as pale clouds of October roll
Over the soaring snows of Ararat,
The vapour of oblivion fell once more
Down over Adam's head, in languor drooped
Between his mighty shoulders on his breast.
From morn to night, from night to morn he sat
As in a trance of deep thought undivined.
His children looking on his face were filled
With desolation and disquietude,
Sad as Armenian shepherds when they watch
For the still clouds to roll from those great peaks,
Praying the clear bright North winds to restore

Their guardian mountain; with such heavy hearts
They waited for his face to give a sign
That still gave none. Listless amid their toil
They grew, and sitting idle by their flocks
Each from his station, scattered on the hills,
Turned often to the east, in hope to spy
The messengers returning: but at eve
While the grey-bearded elders patient sat
In the cool tent-doors, they would pace the shore
Under the gathering stars, and murmured low
One to another saying, "What is this
That comes upon us all, what evil thing
Whereof we have not heard? What cloud is fallen
Upon our father Adam, and why seeks he
This Cain whose name we know not? Peace is gone,
And nothing now is as it was before."
And others answered, "Well for us, if they
Whom we have sent on such a hazard come
Ever again or we behold them more!
Would they had never gone on this dark quest!
We have no hunters brave and swift as they,—
Ophir, that was the strongest of us all,
And Iddo, that could match the eagle's sight."
Thus the young men spoke their despondent mind.
But every morn renewing wearied hope
They turned with the sunrising to the east,
And numbered the long hours till noon, and still
Nor morn nor noon brought tidings; and each eve
Watching tall herons by the sandy pools
Widen their wings and slow with trailing feet
And lifted head sail off into the sky,
They followed them with long and silent thoughts
Over the darkening mountains, far and far
Into that never yet imagined world
Beginning to oppress them; whither now
Their fears went wandering through enormous night.

Thus waxed and waned each heavy day; at last
From mouth to mouth the unquiet murmur ran,
"'Tis the ninth evening, and they are not come!"

The kingly star had stolen from his throne
In the first brightening of the morrow morn:
And far in the east, with frail cloud overspread,
Light hovered in the pale immensity.
A mile-broad shade beneath the mountain slept;
But opposite a dewy glimmer soon
Moulded the shapes of rough crags, and beneath
Strewn boulders, and thin streams, and slopes obscure.
There, on the slopes amid the rocks appeared
The youth of Adam's race, assembled forms
Sitting or standing with hand-shaded eyes
At gaze into the eastern gorge, where hills
Between dark shoulders inaccessible
Opened a narrowing way into the dawn.
Stiller than statues, yet with beating hearts
They waited while the wished light kindled clear,
Invading that deep valley, until the sun
Flamed warm upon their limbs through coloured air,
And slow rose upward: it was nigh to noon:
At last a motion on the horizon stirred
And a faint dust in the far gorge was blown.
Then those that sat rose up and gazed erect,
And those that stood moved and stept on a pace.
And as they watched amid the shining dust
Two far-off forms appeared, but only two.
Their straining eyes watched, but no other came.
A sigh ran through their troubled ranks, they turned
To one another, then again to those
Two lonely journeyers downcast and slow,
Who now discerned them from afar and raised
Their hands in greeting; then some ran, with cakes
Of bread, and skins of milk, and honey combs,

Down the great slope to meet the messengers;
And others climbed the ridge and backward ran
Down to the tents, the river, and the vale,
And came to where Seth sat beneath a tree
Waiting, with folded arms, and cried to him,
"They come, they come; but Cain comes not with them."
Then Seth arose and came to Adam's tent,
And stood before his father in the door.
Eve questioning sought his eyes: he shook his head
And looked on Adam; motionless he sat
Plunged in a trance, yet dimly was aware
Of tidings, as he heard the voice of Seth
"'Tis the tenth morning and thy sons return."
Faintly by imperceptible degrees
Light stole o'er Adam's features, and Seth saw
The wellings of his troubled mind on them,
As one who in a cavern lifts a torch
And sees the gradual recesses grow
Out of their ancient gloom, uncertain shapes
Of rugged roof and walls without an end:
So dark from innermost obscurity
The slumbrous memories of Adam rose
And on his face appeared: yet still a veil
Remained betwixt his senses and the world;
When now the noise of many feet drew nigh
Softly approaching: and Seth spoke again,
"Behold! thy sons, thy messengers are here."
He drew the matted curtains of the tent
Aside, and Adam raised his head and saw
All his assembled children coming on,
Hushing their steps in awe; they stopped at gaze
Now as his eyes were on them; but before
Came the two messengers and stood alone,
How soiled and burnt with travel! Round the neck
Of Ophir hung the leopard's spotty hide
Stripped from that fierce beast strangled by his hand

Torn now and stained; neither had paused to wash
The thick dust from his feet; but Iddo held
A spray of leaves new-plucked to freshen him
Seared on the parching mountain; thus they stood
With troubled countenance and hanging head
Till Ophir spoke; all listened rapt and still.
"Father, we went; and lo, we are come back
On the tenth morn, according to thy word.
For we have sought Cain but have found him not.
We passed beyond the mountains and we crossed
The sultry desert, toiling in hot sands
Two heavy days, and thence with difficulty
Climbed the far ridge unto the land beyond.
It is a land not fruitful like our vale,
Barren it is with short grass and few trees;
On the fifth day we came into the midst
Of that bare country and we saw no man,
Nor knew we whither to direct our steps,
When on a slope at unawares we spied
A sheepfold made of stones, and Lo! we said
To one another, Surely he was here.
Then eagerly we climbed the highest hill
And all around gazed long, but saw no more.
But toward the evening, when the light was low
And the extremest mountains grew distinct,
Far off in the clear air, but very far,
We saw a little smoke go up to heaven,
And we cried out, It is the home of Cain!
But deeply we were troubled and perplext,
For we were faint and footsore, and thy word
Lay heavy on our thoughts, remembering it,
On the tenth morning see that ye be here!
Surely our hearts were eager to go on;
But thinking of thy word we feared to go,
And hardly even now are we returned.
Father, we did thy bidding. Is it well?"

All gathered nearer, hushed and wistful; all
Awaited Adam's voice, but he was mute.
They would have prayed him, but they ventured not;
Like hunters that at hot noon, lost in woods,
Pressing through boughs and briers, at unawares
Come on the huge throat of a hollow cliff
Ribbed with impending ledges of wet moss,
Whence in a smooth-lipped basin of black stone
Some secret water wells without a sound:
Then sorely though they thirst they fear to drink,
Awed by the mystery of that silent source,
So these awhile with beating hearts delayed
To speak, awaiting what his words might be.
At last he raised his head and turned his eyes
On Eve, and looked upon her long, while she
On him hung gazing: light began to burn
In his dimmed eyes, and his whole frame was wrought
With the stirring of his spirit, as of old.
At length the thoughts were kindled on his tongue:
He lifted up his voice and cried aloud.

"O that mine eyes had seen thee once again,
Cain, that my hands had blessed thee! Thou art gone,
For ever gone, and still that curse abides
On thee who wast my joy, my first-born child.
Eve, Eve, hast thou forgotten that far hour,
When our first child, our baby newly-born,
Held up his little and defenceless hands
Crying toward thy bosom?" And Eve sighed
"Surely my bosom hath not forgotten Cain
Who sucked the tender first milk from its paps.
His feet are worn, wandering the desert wide,
But I have washed them with my tears in dreams.
O, in my heart he has not left his home.
Would I might lay my arms about him now!
Yet why, O Adam, utterest thou these thoughts?

Thou knowest how betwixt us and our son
There lies a land we may not overleap
More than the flames of those exiling swords,
Because of our fault, Adam, and of his.
Why dost thou waken this our ancient pain?"
But Adam still uplifted his lament:
"He is gone from us, gone beyond our reach,
Beyond our yearning, he remembers not
These arms that were around his weakness once,
These hands that fed him and that fostered him
And now would bless him. All these have I blessed
With many blessings, but him whom I cursed
Him would I bless at last, and be at peace.
He is gone from me, and now these also go
Whither I know not, and I fear for them.
How often have I seen them going forth
Into the woods upon these hills, how oft
See them with night returning, but now they
Depart for ever and return no more."
Eve wondering replied with earnest voice,
"Behold them, Adam, they are very fair
And strong with all the strength that we have lost.
What ill shall harm them more than hath harmed us?
Remember how when I was used to fear,
Beholding our first child in his soft youth
Go from us on his tender feet alone—
His tender feet a little stone might bruise,
And would have caught him back to my fond breast,
Thou didst rebuke me, saying it must be
That he go forth alone; now thou dost fear,
When these are strong and we can help no more."

But Adam shook his head and answered not.
For he was like a shepherd who hath lit
A fire to warm him on the mountain side
In the first chill after the summer heats,

And drowsing by the embers wakes anon
With wonder-frighted eyes, to see the sparks
Blowing astray run kindling over grass
And withered heath and bushes of dry furze,
And ere his heavy senses, pricked with smoke,
Uncloud, the white fire rushes from his reach,
Leaps to embrace the tall pines, tossing up
A surge of trembling stars, and eagerly
Roars through their topmost branches, wide aflame,
While all around enormous shadows rock
And wrestle, as tumultuous light o'errides
The darkness as with charging spears and plumes,
Till the whole hillside reddens, and beyond
Far mountains waken flushed out of the night:
Then he who ignorantly had started up
This wild exulting glory from its sleep
Forgets to stir his steps or wring his hands;
The swiftness and the radiance and the sound
Beget a kind of rapture in his dread;
Like that amazed shepherd Adam saw
His race, sprung out of darkness, fill the earth
Increasing swift and terrible like fire
That feeds on all it ruins, wave on wave
Streaming impetuous without rest or pause
Right onward to the boundaries of the world:
And he how helpless that had caused it all!
So stood his soul still in a gaze of awe
Filled with the foretaste of calamity:
And his lips broke into a groaning cry.
"What is this thing that I have done, what doom,
What boundless and irrevocable doom,
My children, have I wakened for you all?
O could I see the end, but end is none.
My thoughts are carried from me, and they faint,
As birds that come from out the farthest sky,
Voyaging to a home far, far beyond,

Sink in our valley on a drooping wing
Quite wearied out, yea we have seen them sink,
So my thoughts faint within my bosom old;
The vision is too vast, I am afraid."

But understanding nothing of his speech,
That yet seemed opening some mysterious door
Disclosing an horizon all unknown,
His children listened, touched to trouble vague
And longing without name: like travellers
Who in a company together pass
On some spring evening by an upland road,
And as they travel, each in thought immersed,
Rich merchants, wise in profitable cares,
Adventurous youths, and timorous old men,
Through deepening twilight the young rising moon
Begins to cast along them a mild gleam,
And shadows trembling from the wayside trees
In early leaf steal forward on the ground
Beside them, and faint balm is past them blown;
All troubles them with beauty fresh and strange,
Stealing their thoughts away; so tenderly
Were Adam's children troubled when they heard.

Long silence fell. At last with heavy voice
And weakened utterance Adam spoke again:
"My children, bring me fruits and bring me flowers,
Set them within my sight that I may see
And touch them, and their sweetness smell once more."
They hasted and plucked flowers and gathered fruit
Such as their valley yielded; balsam boughs,
Late roses, darkly flushed, or honey-pale,
And heavy clustered grapes, and yellowing gourds,
Plump figs, and dew-moist apples, and smooth pears.
All these they brought and heaped before his sight.

Voyagers in the utmost seas, when ice
Pinions their vessel fast and they prepare
For the blind frozen winter's boundless night,
How jealously they watch the last low rays,
How from the loftiest vantage in their view
Cherish the rosy warmth still on their limbs,
Tarrying until the bright rim wholly dips!
Adam, by huger darkness overhung,
So longed to taste life warm even to the last;
And fostering those fair flowers upon his lap
And holding a gold apple in his hand
Remembered Eden. O what blissful light
Flowed o'er his heart and bathed it in its beams!
It seemed the deep recesses of his soul
Welled up their inmost wisdom at the last:
He glowed with some transfiguring fire; his lips
Moved, and his face uplifted was inscribed
With mighty thoughts, that thus at length unrolled
Their solemnly assembled syllables.

"Look well on me, my children, whom ye lose!
Behold these eyes that have wept tears for you,
Behold these arms that have long toiled for you!—
These hands in Paradise have gathered flowers;
These limbs, which ye have seen so wasted down
In feebleness, so utterly brought low,
They grew not into stature like your limbs.
I wailed not into this great world a child
Helpless and speechless, understanding nought,
But from God's rapture perfect and full-grown
I suddenly awoke out of the dark.
How sweet a languor did enrich the blood
In my warmed veins, as on my opening eyes
The splendour of the world shone slowly in,
Mingling its radiant colours in my soul!
Yea, in my soul and only in my soul

I deemed them to abide: sky, water, trees,
The moving shadows and the tender light.
This solid earth, this wide and teeming earth,
Which we have trodden, weary step by step,
Nor found beginning of an end of it,
I deemed it all abounding in my brain:
The murmur of the waters and the winds
Seemed but a music sighing from my joy;
Then I arose, and ventured forth a foot;
And soon, how soon, was dispossessed of all!
By every step I travelled into truth
That stripped me of my proud dreams, one by one,
Till all were taken. On such faltering feet
By gradual but most certain steps I came
Into my real and perfect solitude,
Alone amid the world that knew not me.
O Eve, thou knowest what I tell not now,
How I was comforted, and all the woe
That fell on our transgression; yet not less
When that first child lay babbling on thy knees,
Then again said I, 'Surely this is mine.'
And you, my children, whom I saw increase
Around me, stronger as my strength decayed,
How often have I called you also mine!
But now my firstborn is not any more,
Or wanders lost from me, and ye, ye too
Go from me over earth, forgetting me.
So surely I perceive, for all that I
In joy begot you, ye are mine no more.
But ye, who seem the proud and easy lords
Of this fair earth, ye too must tread the path
Which I trod in my ignorant longing, lose
What I have lost, and find what I have found.
What seek you, O my children, what seek you?
For I behold you in this narrow vale,
That mountains and deep forests compass round,

Filled with desires. Beyond is all the world
That hardly shall content them; ye must go
Forth into that vast world, as from my feet
This water glides, we know not whither; yea,
Even as this stream is prisoned in its speed,
So shall ye be imprisoned in desire.
But when you have imagined peace and balm
For your endeavour, musing 'This is mine.'
When you shall say 'I have a cause for joy,'
Then be distrustful, lest you only learn
How cruel is desire till it attain,
And being baffled yet more cruel grows,
Indignant not to find what it had sought,
And suffering ye rage, and raging fall
Upon your own flesh. Ah, deal tenderly
With one another, O my sons, for ye,
Caged in these limbs that toil under the noon,
Are capable of sorrow huge as night;
And still must ye bear all, whatever come.
Look how the trees in an untimely spring
Put forth their sweet shoots on the frosty air
That withers up the tender sap, yet still
Cannot delay their ripening, nor fold back
Their wounded buds into the sheltering rind;
So shall ye shrink, yet so must ye endure.
I that was strong and proud in strength, and now
Am come to this last weakness, tell you this:
Alas, could ye but know it as I know.
I speak in vain, ye cannot understand."

He ended sighing: for his mind was filled
With apprehensions rolling up from far
The doom and tribulation of his race.
Looking upon the faces of his sons,
Well he divined their weakness from his own.
He knew what they should suffer; yet the worst

He knew not; had he known, he would have rued
Less to be parent of their feebleness
Than of their strength, the power to maim and rend
And ravage even that which to their hearts
Is dearest, though they know not what they do,
Trampling their peace in dust; had he seen all
The dreadful actors on the endless stage,
Sprung from his loins,—the triumphing blind hordes,
Spurred by an ignorant fury to create
An engine of fierce pleasure in the pangs
Wrung from the brave, the gentle, and the wise,
And raging at a beauty not their own
That vexes all their vileness; till the world,
Discovering too late its precious loss,
Loves and laments in vain: had he seen this,
His grief had gone forth in a bitterer cry.
But they that heard him heard incredulous.
Trouble was far, and sweet youth in their hearts.
The beauty of the world encompassed them;
All else was fable; and they stood elate
Yet stirred and pensive, in such wondering pause
As might a troop of children who have found
In a king's garden, under shadowy yews,
Ancestral marbles on a sculptured wall,
Half hid in vines, and lifting up the leaves
Gaze in a bright-eyed wonder on fair shapes
Of arming heroes and unhappy queens,
Or press soft lips on Helen's woeful mouth,
Touching her perfect breast, and smile on her,
Unknowing how beneath that heavenly mould
Swelled, like a sea, the powers of love and pain,
Powers that shall surely also rock themselves
In storms, and their young courage crush to sobs,
Toss them on easeless beds, blind their hot eyes
With tears, in longing violent as vain,
Till they shall quite forget how life was once

Sweet as a rose's breath and only fair,
As now 'tis fair and sweet to Adam's sons.
Exalted in expectancy, they mused,
And in their veins a warmer current glowed
Round their full-moulded limbs; their open eyes
Shone wistful, and they murmured to themselves,
When Adam's voice recalled them to his grief.
Out of unfathomable deeps his words
Seemed drawn in solemn slowness. "Lo, the light
Makes ready to go from you, even as I.
Hearken my sons! Upon the mountain side
There is a cave that looks toward the East:
And thence in the evening clearness have I oft
Far-off beheld the gates of Paradise.
Mine eyes would feel that glory once again
Ere they be turned for ever to the night.
Therefore go down and strew a bed for me,
And lay me on that bed and bear me up.
It groweth late. I may not tarry more."

But now at last the certainty of woe
Smote through them, and they feared exceedingly,
Scarce knowing yet what this command might mean.
They would have stayed, but Adam with raised hands
Moved them unto his bidding; they went down
And busied them, most sadly, o'er that toil
By the stream's shore, plaiting a bed of withes,
And some prepared rough poles, some gathered leaves.
Adam with Eve remained alone; the light
Slept warm upon the grass and on their feet,
And round about them in the spacious tent
Struck upward hovering glories, pale and clear.
He turned to her those eyes which never yet
Sought there a solace or heart's ease in vain,
And spoke, "O Eve!" but even there his voice
Stopt in the shadow of his coming thoughts,

And he could say no more; but she came near
To lay her hands on his cold hands, and looked
On his bowed face, and with a soft reproach
Answered him, "Adam, thou didst say but now
That all were going from thee o'er the earth
And thou shouldst be alone, and none be thine,
And no companion with thee any more.
Am I not with thee? Shall I go from thee?
Am I not thine? Am I not wholly thine?"
Then Adam lifted up his fallen brow
And gently laid his great arms round her neck;
He looked into her eyes, into her soul.
The face of Eve was fallen toward his breast;
Her hair with his was mingled; now no more
They spoke, for they had come beyond all words.
They spoke not, stirred not, but together leaned,
Grand in the marble gesture of a grief
Becalmed for ever in the certitude
Of this last hour that over them stood still.
Thus had they stayed, nor moved, nor heeded aught;
But 'twixt them and the light a shadow fell:
And Adam lifted up his eyes, and saw
Seth standing there; he knew the hour was come.
For lo, about the doorway were the sons
Of Adam all assembled, with their wives
And children weeping; they had brought a bed
Of plaited osiers heaped with leaves; and now
Laying him on that litter, silently
They lifted up the poles. Eve weeping sank
Upon her knees: she kissed the dear last kiss;
She held his body in her tender arms
One aching moment, then relinquished him.
Thus they began, the young men and the old,
To bear him forth, unwillingly, with slow
Sad footsteps planted on the yielding sand,
While all the women wailed and wept aloud,

Beating their breasts ; they felt and were afraid
Yet understood not ; their despair was blind.
But Eve, who understood her perfect loss
Even to the utmost pang, wept now no more.
Her daughters sobbing round her, hid their heads :
She only, with dim eyes, stretched forth her hands.

But they that bore the litter passed beside
The bright stream's pebbly margin ; and with them
The bearded men and boys, all overcome
With desolating thoughts and silent fears,
Followed : soon slowly they began to climb
Slopes scattered darkly o'er their bossy knolls
With shadowy cedars, where the jutting ribs
Of grey rock interposed ; until at last
They came to the great cavern in the cliff,
And rested, gazing backward o'er the vale
Reposing in the golden solitude.
Then Adam said, " Lift me, that I may see."
With careful arms they lifted him : he gazed
Down on the valley stretched out at his feet,
Marked with the shining stream ; he saw beyond
Ranges of endless hills, and very far
On the remote horizon high and clear
Shone marvellous the gates of Paradise.
There was his home, his lost home, there the paths
His feet had trod in bliss and tears, the streams,
The heavenly trees that had o'ershadowed him,
Removed all into radiance, clear and strange
As to a fisher on dark Caspian waves,
Far from the land, appears the glimmering snow
Of Caucasus, already bathed in dawn,
Like a suspended opal huge in heaven,
And wonder awes him to remember how
Long happy mornings of his youth he strayed
Over those same far valleys of his home,

Now melted and subdued to phantom shade
Beneath that lonely mount hung in the dawn:
So over darkened intervening vales
Tinged in the sweet fire of the light's farewell,
Shone Eden upon Adam. Then he sighed
A sigh not all of grief, "It is enough.
Leave me, my children, to my peace; go ye
And comfort Eve, go, prosper and be blest."
They each turned fearfully to each, but Seth
Bowed down his head and hushed them with his hand.
Silent with running tears they wept farewell,
And, often looking backward, on slow feet
Moved down the wide slope. Adam was alone.
At last his eyes were closing, yet he saw
Dimly the shapes of his departing sons,
Inheriting their endless fate; for them
The world lay free, and all things possible.
Perchance his dying gaze, so satisfied,
Was lightened, and he saw how vast a scope
Ennobled them of power to dare beyond
Their mortal frailty in immortal deeds,
Exceeding their brief days in excellence,
Not with the easy victory of gods
Triumphant, but in suffering more divine;
Since that which drives them to unnumbered woes,
Their burning deep unquenchable desire,
Shall be their glory, and shall forge at last
From fiery pangs their everlasting peace.

LAURENCE BINYON.