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EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

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LORD SALISBURY

IN one of the contributions which the late Lord Salisbury is credited with having made to the *Quarterly Review* there is a passage eulogising Pitt which is singularly appropriate to the subject of the present article. It is as follows:

> England may well cherish his fame and look upon his greatness with an interest which no other single image in modern political history can claim. She owes it to him that she was rescued from the deep degradation into which corruption and imbecility had plunged her. She owes to him the policy which, planned and commenced by him and perfected by his disciples, placed her on a pinnacle of greatness which no modern nation had attained before. But she owes to him a greater benefit than all these—an example of pure and self-denying patriotism and the elevation of public feeling which it has worked.

I do not mean to assert that every word of this passage is applicable to Lord Salisbury. It would be an exaggeration to describe the condition of English politics in 1860, the date at which Lord Salisbury's political influence may fairly be said to have begun, as degraded. Still less could it be truly said that such degradation as there was, was due to corruption or imbecility. And though the greatness of England has enormously increased since the words I have quoted were written, yet it cannot be said that the credit of that increase is solely due to Lord Salisbury. But that his "example of pure and self-denying patriotism" has been of the greatest benefit to his country and his party does not, I think, admit of serious controversy.

In 1860 the condition of English politics was by no means satisfactory. On the Liberal side Lord Palmerston, though nominally a Whig, was on most questions a convinced Tory. Mr. Gladstone, recently a Tory and still from time to time using the language of Toryism, was rapidly progressing towards the Radicalism of his later days. As for Lord John Russell, rightly or wrongly his reputation as a politician could scarcely have been lower. Things were no better with the Tories. Lord Derby was a brilliant speaker of very unstable opinions, and Disraeli at that time almost openly professed the creed that the whole duty of a party leader was to get the other side out of, and his own side into, office as soon as possible. In the result political principle was at a discount. Except for the Radicals led by Cobden and Bright, who had a definite programme, the only real difference between the parties seemed to be that one of them sat on the right hand of the Speaker and the other on the left. Each coquetted in turn with the Radicals and obtained parliamentary victories by out-manœuvring its opponents. Politics had indeed become a game, and a game at which the Conservative leader was pre-eminently skilful.

It was at this juncture that a series of articles in the *Quarterly Review* appeared, the keynote of which was that there were such things as Conservative principles, and that if the Conservative leaders and the Conservative party desired again to be a force in the country they must uphold those principles. Though the authorship of the articles was unknown they at once attracted attention. The first of them was quoted by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons and discussed in the leading articles of the *Times*. In a word, politicians began to realise that a new spirit was abroad, and that there was one Tory writer who cared more for measures than for men. The sequel is well known. The only question of party politics then to the fore on which there was a sharp difference in principle was that of Parliamentary Reform. The Radicals desired extension of the Franchise. The Conservatives, though not averse to reasonable amendments of the anomalies in the Act of 1832, were opposed to any change which would transfer the balance of political power to the working as opposed to the middle class. Lord Palmerston and the Whigs, though they formally assented to Radical schemes of Reform, really sympathised with the Tory view. While Lord Palmerston lived, therefore, nothing was done. A Reform Bill was introduced by the Government and withdrawn. Other proposals of a like nature made by private members were opposed by Ministers, and with the assistance of the speeches of Tory leaders and the votes of their followers they were rejected. Then came the election of 1865. Lord Palmerston again obtained a majority, but before Parliament met he died. He was succeeded by Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone, who immediately introduced a Reform Bill. It was opposed by the Tories and some of the Whigs, and after a troubled Session the Government was beaten and resigned. In Lord Derby's Ministry which followed, Lord Cranborne, as he then was, received the office of Secretary of State for India and a seat in the Cabinet. To his consternation the Government, after some hesitation, resolved to introduce a Reform Bill more democratic than that on which the previous Administration had been defeated. Here was a crisis to test the sincerity of the young politician's belief in principle. He was only thirty-seven, in office for the first time under leaders of great authority and experience. To resign might well wreck his career and would certainly not prevent the Reform Bill from passing. Indeed the Tories had utterly lost heart. In the event not only did they not divide against the second reading of the Bill, but they made so poor a fight of it in Committee that the measure left the House even more democratic than when it was introduced. With such leaders and such a party it may well have seemed that the self-sacrifice of a subordinate Minister would be of no advantage to any one. Nevertheless, Lord Salisbury with two other Secretaries of State, Lord Carnarvon and General Peel, resigned, and in doing so, performed the greatest of all the services which he rendered to his country.

I have dwelt thus at length upon the story of this resignation because I believe that it was the possession of the qualities here displayed that forms Lord Salisbury's chief title to greatness and that eventually secured for him the unbounded confidence of his fellow countrymen. He had many intellectual gifts. He was a man of extensive knowledge, a master of the English language, a mordant and effective debater, of singular mental clearsightedness, and of great originality of thought. But it was not these attributes alone that made him great. It was the combination of these with his courage, his self-denying patriotism, and his keen sense of personal honour that raised him to the level of the greatest of his predecessors, and it was in 1867 that these qualities first publicly appeared. They characterised him to the end of his life. He was ready, as all men know, in 1886 to serve under Lord Hartington, and England saw for the first time two statesmen within grasp of the Premiership, each willing in the public interest to resign it to the other. But probably the greatest trial of his patriotism and courage was reserved for the end of his career. Only those in his most intimate circle know how distasteful office had become to him in his later years. He hated war, and his hatred of it grew as he grew older. He was borne down with domestic grief and physical weakness; and yet he felt himself unable to lay down his burden lest the enemies of his country should take courage from the ministerial and electoral difficulties that might, and indeed did, follow his resignation. He remained at his post, and his countrymen honoured his determination. But very few of them knew what the effort was costing him and how much sorer was the self-sacrifice involved in holding office in 1900 than in resigning it thirty-three years before.

Indeed, the resignation of 1867 is not remarkable only or mainly for self-sacrifice. Other men have resigned owing to differences with their party. That which makes this resignation so interesting to a student of Lord Salisbury's character is its motive. It was not chiefly because he disliked reform and feared democracy that he resigned. His conduct was not so much intended to free himself from responsibility for a political mistake as to protest against the breach of faith of the Tory leaders. Readers of his article on "The Conservative Surrender" will see this very clearly brought out. A few pages are devoted to a discussion of the public dangers likely to follow the wholesale enfranchisement of inexperienced electors, and then the writer turns to what he regards as of infinitely greater importance, namely, the blow which had been given to all reasonable confidence in the pledges of politicians. Loyalty to those who had trusted him was to him the most sacred duty of a political leader. "No amount of public gain," as he elsewhere says, "will ever extenuate a course of conduct which involves a betrayal of party attachments and is open to the reproach of compromising the honour of public men."

Nowadays there would perhaps be few who would controvert that proposition, and it is largely due to Lord Salisbury's influence that this is so. But in the sixties the Peel tradition was still paramount. That statesman had twice abandoned a cause which he had been trusted by his followers to maintain. No one doubts that in each case he was actuated by the highest motives. Indeed, it is difficult to see what other inducement he can have had. No personal consideration was in question, and in each case party disaster was the result. The Tory disorganisation following Peel's change on the question of Catholic Emancipation rendered effective resistance to the Reform Bill of 1832 impossible, and it took a complete generation for the Conservatives to recover from the shock of 1846. All this is pointed out in the article which I have last quoted, but in the writer's judgment the fact that Peel's action was fatal to his party was the least of the evils that followed from it. It lowered the whole tone of public life. Less high-minded men than Peel imitated his conduct without the extenuating circumstances which existed in his case. It came to be thought that political principle was unimportant and political expediency all that mattered. The defences put forward for the Conservative surrender in 1867 were as surprising as the surrender itself. It was said to be necessary to settle the question, to get it out of the way, and finally that without some such measure the Conservative Ministry could not continue to hold office! Retribution followed swiftly. But it is to be feared that the evil was not even then extirpated. True, neither of the great parties has since attempted to retain office by adopting the policy of its opponents. Perhaps there has hardly been an opportunity for such a manœuvre. But we have seen a great leader propose after a general election a constitutional change to which up to the election he was believed to be profoundly opposed. And it is doubtful if it is even yet generally realised, how vital it is to the best interests of the country that there should not be the faintest suspicion of sharp practice in the conduct of public men.

It is, therefore, not of every politician that it can be said, as it can of Lord Salisbury, that he was as loyal to his followers as they were, with very few exceptions, to him. Loyalty was, indeed, very deeply planted in his nature. It belonged to the same category of ideas as his hatred of all hypocrisy and cant. When, as Chairman of Quarter Sessions, it became his duty to sentence a criminal, he never could bring himself to dilate on the wickedness of the crime. Excellent persons who came to him with projects for "making people good by Act of Parliament" generally went away sadder if not wiser men. Even forms and ceremonies, unless they had some reality behind them, were distasteful to him. He saw no harm in asking for a Minister's seals of office before the conventional time for handing them over had arrived, and many were the stories told of his ignorance, almost amounting to disdain, of the trivialities of Court etiquette. It is, too, to this side of his character that belong his so-called "blazing indiscretions." These I take to have been not the mere efflorescence of a reckless wit, still less the outcome of a cynical disbelief in lofty ideals, but the result of his anxious desire that those whom he was leading should know, as far as possible, the real opinions of their leader. When he described "twenty years resolute government" as the alternative policy to Home Rule, when he said villagers would find a parish circus more amusing than a parish council, he was not only speaking the literal truth, as subsequent events have proved, but he was deliberately putting before the electors in a striking form an aspect of the question under consideration which he thought important, and which the party managers were anxious to keep in the background. Other mental or moral characteristics—for in Lord Salisbury the two were often indistinguishable—were no doubt partly responsible for the "indiscretions." Himself incapable of self-deception, he thought it the most dangerous of all mental defects. Any phrase or opinion arising from this cause or even from want of clearness of thought he regarded as noxious. And he did not shrink from attacking intellectual insincerity, even though in doing so he might wound feelings otherwise entitled to respect.

It is only by appreciating this side of Lord Salisbury's character that the principles which underlay his foreign policy can be understood. To him foreign politics were a very practical, prosaic matter. The "dreamy sentimentality" which surrendered the Ionian Islands to Greece, or made peace with the victorious Boers, was not more repulsive to him than the bombastic jingoism of these later times. To him a British Foreign Minister was the trustee of his countrymen, and had no more right to squander their resources in the pursuit of some vague ideal of his own than in the enforcement of some British claim of the justice of which he was not satisfied. The substantial interests of the country must be maintained and her international obligations performed. That and that alone was the trust committed to the Foreign Office. As he himself has said, "There is nothing dramatic in the successes of a diplomatist. His victories are made up of a series of microscopic advantages: of a judicious suggestion here, of an opportune civility there; of a wise concession at one moment and a far-sighted persistence at another; of sleepless tact, immovable calmness and patience that no folly, no provocation, no blunder can shake." Though this was written forty years before his death and some fifteen before he was Foreign Minister, it remained to the end of his life an accurate expression of his opinion. In his eyes a perfectly successful negotiation was one by which all the English rights of importance were maintained, all the glitter and show went to the other party. In foreign affairs, as elsewhere, it was the real substance of the thing in dispute that he cared for. So long as he obtained that he was only anxious that no soreness, no sense of injury, or even of defeat, should remain to hamper future negotiations.

In speaking of British interests it must not be forgotten that Lord Salisbury regarded the maintenance of national honour as paramount to them all. Nothing could exceed the vehemence of his denunciations of British policy in connection with the Danish Duchies. It was not so much that he thought that the question in itself was one of first-rate importance to this country as that in his view we had led Denmark to believe that we would support her in retaining them and then stood by while they were wrested from her by the overwhelming force of the German Confederation. "No minute verbal criticism," he wrote, "will exonerate England from the practical pledges which she gave to Denmark, or relieve her of the dishonour of having retreated from the threats which, to all intents and purposes, she addressed to the German Powers." Five and thirty years later he had to deal with a somewhat similar case. In the Fashoda incident every one will recollect how far Lord Salisbury was from retreating from the threats which had been in effect addressed to the French Government.

It was for this reason, among others, that of all diplomatic methods Lord Salisbury disliked bluster most. A threat, in his view, ought never to be made unless, in the event of its being disregarded, it was intended to carry it out. "Anything is better than feeble and impotent braggadocio. To try and secure by vapouring a position which we will not or cannot obtain by fighting, is a policy worthy of no potentate above the calibre of the Emperor of China." From this principle he made one notable departure. It cannot be denied that in the Guildhall speech in 1896 he uttered threats against the Sultan which he was not afterwards able to put in force. I refuse to believe that at the time he spoke he did not think that he could make good his words. Some unexpected obstacle must have been interposed to prevent him from doing so, but what that obstacle was we must wait for the publication of the political secrets of Europe to tell us.

If this reading of Lord Salisbury's character be right, it follows that from many of the ordinary charges levelled against him I emphatically dissent. The accusations of rashness, of weakness, and of vacillation may, perhaps, be dismissed as the "common forms" of political controversy. If a political leader promotes his policy with vigour, he is said by his opponents to be rash. If he postpones it till a more convenient opportunity, he is said to be weak; and if, when that opportunity arrives, he takes advantage of it, he is said to be vacillating. There is more substance in the allegation that as Prime Minister he failed in the oversight and, if need be, the correction of his colleagues. During his Administration each Minister, it was said, did that which was right in his own eyes, and the policy of the Government in consequence lacked unity and coherence. To some extent this was doubtless true. Lord Salisbury himself was very averse to collaboration, and it was natural for him to think that his colleagues would equally dislike it. He did his own work best when left entirely to himself. He had no fear of responsibility, and it only hindered him to have to explain to others the reasons of his actions. The plan which suited him best he assumed to be the best for others also. It may be that in this he was mistaken, especially in dealing with the less able of his colleagues. With the ablest type of mind individuality is usually so strong that any attempt at co-operation with another results in a loss of vigour and consistency.

Many other criticisms there have been of Lord Salisbury.

Even the administration of his property has not escaped censure, remarkable, generally speaking, for nothing but its abysmal ignorance and petty ill-nature. One charge was very frequently made and at one time was very generally believed. He was thought to be cold-hearted and cynical. It is difficult for any one who knew him well to conceive a more complete misconception of his character. He was reserved, even shy, beyond most men. He would as soon have made a parade of his religion as of his feelings. But they were not the less real for that. This is not the place to speak of the depth of his domestic affection or even of his devotion to Queen Victoria. But no true estimate of his life will ever be made which leaves those two factors out of account. Still less can his profound religious faith be here discussed. It is enough to say that it was the mainspring of his life, the foundation on which all else was built.

On the whole, then, he was a great man. Of his intellectual power there is no question. It has never been denied. His moral qualities were even more remarkable. He has left behind him an example of public virtue and public spirit rare and valuable at all periods of political history and certainly not to be despised at the present time.

X.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FISCAL POLICY

WITHIN the last five months the whole course of politics in this country has been suddenly and violently changed; all home questions except that of Education and the Army have been for the time thrust back by another issue which has displaced them. There has been no outbreak of war, no great disturbance of external affairs, no catastrophe at home, no grievous depression of trade, no birth of new ideas to cause this; the fiscal issue itself does not present us with new ideas or principles; preferential tariffs have been in the air for some time; Protection, under its own name or under that of Fair Trade, has been a commonplace of many Conservative resolutions for many a day—it has been simmering in Mr. Balfour's mind, we are told, for more than twenty years. The cause of the change is not in things, but in the action upon things of the personality of Mr. Chamberlain.

We shall do well to understand the force against which we have to contend, and not to underrate the motives by which it is impelled. Mr. Chamberlain's action is not, in my opinion, a mere move in a political game; he has put home questions aside, or is using them only as means to an end, because he cares intensely and exclusively for his Imperial issue, and those of us who think his policy mistaken and dangerous have not only to defeat the manœuvring of an expert political tactician and to oppose the protagonist of British public life, but to withstand the onset of an enthusiast. It is true that the familiar electioneering methods are in evidence; appeals have already been made to cupidity and passion, and made so crudely as to check the enthusiasm of some people, who wished to think that they were serving a great cause; but however commonly the lines of battle may be set the war is really joined about a very serious issue. The most powerful personality in the Government has come to believe that the Empire is in danger and can be saved only by challenging and subverting the fiscal principles, which many of us believe to be more essential than ever to our Empire and prosperity. The opinion that this enthusiasm and belief of Mr. Chamberlain are of comparatively recent date does not imply any qualification of their strength. New converts often have most zeal, and in his case it seems as if "the passion of a moment came as on the wings of years."

Nevertheless this statement as to the Empire is so very unexpected as to be not only startling but incredible. Till the middle of last May the growing strength, the mutual attachment, the good feeling throughout the Empire, had been matter of general congratulation. The Government had not been backward in emphasising this; their friends drew party inferences from it, some of them so naïvely that they were twitted with thinking that their Colonial Secretary had created the Empire. Mr. Chamberlain himself gave the impression in many a speech that in recent years there had arisen an increased consciousness of Empire and devotion to it both at home and in the Colonies. Now the sky is suddenly darkened, and we are told that the Empire is in peril, that its existence is precarious, and that by one means and one alone, that of Preferential Tariffs, can disruption be averted. Was the preceding security false, or is the present alarm unfounded? Those of us who shared the opinion that the Imperial sentiment had grown stronger, who found amidst all that was distressing in the late war, and all that was hostile in the world, some comfort in the readiness of Colonial opinion to side with us and help us, who think that the Empire has gained and not lost ground in late years, cannot believe in the reality of this alleged Imperial crisis. We do not resent inquiry, and we are ready to discuss, when we are invited and allowed (these two things do not always go together), but we do not believe that the pistol of disruption of Empire, which is held at our heads, is a real danger.

Let us see then what we have to discuss. Mr. Chamberlain at first presented us with Preferential Tariffs and Retaliation, the latter connected specially with tariff relations between Germany and Canada: these two projects have been supplemented if not superseded by Protection pure and simple, or perhaps one should rather say naked and unashamed, for Protection can never be in one sense either pure or simple. Those who have followed the controversy closely have observed, not without gloomy forebodings, that while it was an Imperial spirit that Mr. Chamberlain summoned, it was the spirit of Protection that was evoked. I will, however, take the subjects in order of precedence, if not of importance.

There is some mystery about the recent development of the Preferential Tariffs controversy. The original idea was that the Colonies were to mitigate their Protective Tariffs against us without asking or expecting any new return. Their Preference to us was to be regarded as in itself a return favour to us—and not too great a one—for our free ports and for the large share borne by the United Kingdom of the burden of Imperial Defence. It was held that we could not incur taxes in favour of the Colonies for anything short of an ideal Free Trade within the Empire. Now, whatever else is doubtful, there is no doubt that neither Canada nor the other self-governing Colonies offers us Free Trade. Here is the account of the matter which Mr. Fielding, the Finance Minister, has lately given in Canada: "We told them (the British Ministers) that if the Imperial Government were prepared to adopt the preferential policy and give our products exemption from the duties now imposed or hereafter to be imposed on foreign goods, we would be prepared to grant some further preference subject to certain conditions, which were clearly laid down. We frankly stated that we could not undertake to give that further preference in a manner which would operate to the disadvantage of our own industries. As between the British manufacturer and the Canadian manufacturer we thought we had gone as far in the way of reduction as we could. But we pointed out that Canada consumed a large quantity of goods imported from foreign countries; and in return for the preference which we sought for Canada we were prepared to so rearrange our tariff as to give Great Britain a further preference not over the Canadian manufacturer, but over the foreign competitor." It will be seen that the protection of the Canadian manufacturer against the British manufacturer is still an essential condition of any offer of the Canadian Government. A Zollverein—Free Trade within the Empire; for that is what a Zollverein means—is as far off as ever; the Colonies do not propose to adopt our system of Free Trade, they ask that we should adopt their system of Protection, and the Government, or some of it, are now asking us to agree.

This means a new departure, basing relations between ourselves and the Colonies upon a separate bargain with each Colony. Bargain is at best a poor base for this relationship, but in this case we are asked to make a one-sided bargain very much to our disadvantage. We are asked, for instance, to tax foreign corn to an amount sufficient to transfer our wheat trade to Canada. The tax is to act as a bounty upon the growing of wheat in Canada, and the whole of the bounty is to be paid by the United Kingdom. In return, Canada will arrange, not to admit British manufactures on a footing of equal or fair competition with Canadian manufactures, but to protect her own manufacturers still more against the foreigner, while retaining rates of duty which are called Preferential, but are in reality Protective, against British produce. This is indeed a one-sided bargain; it is no wonder that Canada is attracted by it, but is it fair, is it wise, is it statesmanlike for a powerful Minister in Great Britain to make Canada an offer which must cause so much heart-burning at home? Suppose, however, that the tax imposed in the United Kingdom does not, after all, raise the price of bread; will there be such a one-sided bargain then? No; for the bargain will be ineffective; there will be less heart-burning at home, but there will be disappointment in Canada, and we shall then be told that having excited hopes we must go on till we gratify them; having adopted a policy we must persevere with higher taxes till we make it effective.

We shall not get out of these difficulties by taking equivalent taxes off tea and other things. In the first place, we shall not be able to limit our taxes upon foreign corn and meat and other things which our Colonies produce by what we can spare upon tea, &c. The measure of taxation we impose will not be the amount which we can remit upon tea, but the amount which is necessary to transfer our trade in food-supplies to the Colonies. In the second place, the proposed exchange of taxation is undesirable, for cheap tea is a poor substitute for cheap bread and meat; and, in the third place, it will be wasteful, for while the people will pay more on every loaf and every pound of meat, the revenue will benefit only by every foreign loaf and every foreign pound of meat consumed, which are to be a diminishing quantity; for the object of the whole policy is that we shall cease to consume food of foreign origin. Unless, therefore, the policy fails and the Colonies are disappointed, the revenue will rapidly fall off, and while continuing the taxes upon foreign corn, meat, &c., we shall in time have to replace the old taxes upon tea and other things.

It is said that taxes upon wheat do not and will not raise the price, but the figures in every country which taxes imported wheat appear to be against this paradoxical assumption. It is true that the increase of price does not always, or at every time, correspond to the amount of the duty, but take the prices in France, Germany, and Italy over a series of years and if figures prove anything they prove that when a tax is imposed the consumer does not escape.

There is in the case of Canada a still more serious consideration than the economic one; the British Imperial ideal is being brought into conflict with another ideal, which some of us have had much at heart—that of growing sympathy and union of sentiment throughout the English-speaking race. We hoped and had come to believe that the two ideals were compatible. Can we, without bringing the two into sharp conflict, penalise United States grain in favour of Canadian? We have a perfect right to do this and for a political pedant that is enough, but practical men have to ask not only what our rights are, but what use it is expedient to make of them? Is it certain that the Western States as well as the Eastern will take a purely abstract and theoretical view when this tax is progressively applied? We are assured that they will do no more than shrug their shoulders and say that Great Britain has a perfect right to cement its union with Canada at the expense of the United States. We are told that commercial negotiations, which were proceeding or beginning between the United States and Canada, have been dropped since the question of Preferential Tariffs was raised at Birmingham. Does any one suppose that this is the last word and the end of this matter? Mr. Chamberlain is, in fact, challenging the United States to an economic contest for the possession of Canada; if he succeeds in provoking this contest it will be one in which the United States, with its larger population and its nearness, can outbid Great Britain, and if he teaches Canada to measure political attachment by commercial advantage he will have raised, as far as that part of the Empire is concerned, the very question which, of all others, it should have been the care of a wise man to let sleep.

The issue of Preferential Tariffs is not one between those who desire the closer union of the Empire and those who are indifferent to it. Attempts to make it appear so are an abandonment of inquiry and fair discussion in order to appeal to prejudice; we shall not see more clearly into the fiscal problem by stirring up the mud of last election. The supporters of Preferential Tariffs are trying to carry their scheme by assertion rather than by argument. The Empire is breaking up, something must be done to save it, and it can only be saved by Preferential Tariffs; such is their statement, and after it they ask in triumph what does any one else propose to do? Various other proposals have been made; there is, for instance, Mr. Haldane's suggestion that the first step should be to create a permanent committee of the Privy Council, representative of all the great component parts of the Empire, which should sit and advise the Crown continuously. With a sympathetic Government this step would lead to others; the committee would not only be fertile in suggestions, but would prevent false steps and crude proposals. The development of trade routes between different parts of the Empire is one of the subjects that would probably be considered by such a committee, but proposals such as these are too tame and slow for the Preferential Tariff men. They will have it that there is an Imperial crisis and that something striking must be done. There have been times of crisis in the history of the British Empire—the last war was one—but the normal way in which the Empire progresses is by steady and quiet growth: some of us neither see a crisis now nor believe in one, and think the restless passion for heroics, with its disregard of any proposal which is not heroic, is mischievous and foreign to the real nature of the British Empire.

It may be urged that the tariff struggle between Canada and Germany is a crisis. When did it become so? There is mystery about this too. In June 1899 the British Government asked Germany for an explanation of her treatment of Canada; in August 1899 the German explanation was received. In November 1899 Mr. Chamberlain appealed for an alliance with Germany, adding that there was no occasion for anything like serious controversy between the two countries. A somewhat unexpected answer to the German treatment of Canada, but the only approach to an answer that followed the German despatch of August 1899. There was therefore no crisis then. In July 1902 the following minute was drawn up at the Colonial Conference in London:

> In connection with the discussion of the question of Preferential Trade the Conference also considered the point raised by the Commonwealth Government as to the possibility of the Colonies losing most-favoured-nation treatment in foreign countries in the event of their giving a tariff preference to British goods. As, however, the exports from the Colonies to foreign countries are almost exclusively articles of food or raw materials for various industries, the possibility of discrimination against them in foreign markets was not regarded as serious, and as the exports from foreign countries to the Colonies are mainly manufactured articles it was recognised that if such discrimination did take place the Colonies had an effective remedy in their own hands.

This is not the language of men dealing with a crisis. And when, in the face of that minute, Mr. Balfour asks what the Opposition would do in his place, he ought in fairness to accept the answer, "the Colonies have an effective remedy in their own hands" as a reasonable one.

But we ought, in my opinion, to go further than that answer, which contented the Government a year ago, and urge that in all our commercial treaties the right of the United Kingdom and its Colonies to make what arrangements they please between themselves should be established. How we ever allowed our Colonies to be deprived of this right in the old treaty with Germany I do not know or understand, but the fact remains that we expressly agreed with Germany that our Colonies should not have this right, and we now have to strike a new bargain. The right we seek to establish is, I believe, expressly conceded by Germany to France and her colonies, and I have little doubt that our Government could carry this point now, if they were in a position to promise Germany the continuance of our present policy of free imports or purely revenue duties. Unfortunately, Mr. Chamberlain and the tariff reformers between them are depriving the Government of this position; some of them have rushed, and the rest are drifting, into wholesale promises to protect British manufacturers against German and other competition. We shall have henceforth two tariffs, a higher and a lower, but the lower one will be a Protective and therefore a fairly high tariff, and we are asked to believe that by this means we shall be able to make better bargains with foreign countries. The tariff reformers have, in fact, overshot their own mark, and while declaiming about our present inability to bargain have thrown away, as far as they themselves are concerned, the most powerful inducement to foreign nations to treat British trade favourably. The hope of securing, and the fear of losing, a Free-Trade market in Great Britain might be such an inducement, but we shall now, if we listen to the tariff reformers, share the common lot of other Protective countries, each engaged in building a wall against the other; adding from time to time fresh rows of bricks, some of which they pull off in making new bargains, but generally leaving the wall higher than it was before. It seems to me that Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour only half understand the matter when they point with pride to the milder tone used in Germany recently respecting our trade relations. Free-Traders hold that our Free Trade is a greater advantage to ourselves than to Germany or any one else, but it is an advantage to Germany for the continuance of which she would make concessions. A Government which had threatened to abandon Free Trade, while holding itself in a position to continue it,[1] would probably find Germany pliable; a Government which has pledged itself to Protective duties, and is bound to impose them anyhow, will be in a much weaker position, and this is the position in which Mr. Chamberlain, judging by the Birmingham leaflets, intends to place the next Government.

For there is really no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain must be Protectionist as well as Preferential-Tariff Imperialist; some shorter name would be much wanted for this latter section of politicians, if it were not that their lot is so much bound up with Protection that they will not retain a separate identity. If Mr. Chamberlain is not a Protectionist he will have to become one; his own policy, with taxation of food as its first condition, cannot stand alone, and he must take what allies offer themselves. In this, as in every other country, the Protectionist element is present and active; every industry which is lagging behind from lack of modern methods, of organisation, of education, of ability, or from whatever cause, jumps at the chance of Protection. These are not the best quality of allies, but they are numerous and clamorous, and they come with the specious appeals of ill-used men needing help and relief. Every man who believes in short cuts is attracted by Protection; the whole combative instinct of the country cheers it under the name of Retaliation,[1] without considering what it would cost us; and the existing system, which in our case is Free Trade, is always at this disadvantage, that its opponents can attribute to it the poverty, distress, or hardships which are not connected with it in any way. People who are discontented or in distress give ear to any proposed change without thinking, just as a person in pain turns from one side to the other in bed.

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[1] Such a position is not impossible, but it would be one of very delicate equilibrium. To discuss its ethical and economic aspect would be a digression and would occupy too much space to be possible here.

The Protectionist has also a certain advantage on the platform in the use which he can make of concrete instances. I heard the other day of a loss of trade attributed by the loser to

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[1] It is nonsense to say that we have no power of Retaliation at present. We have the power, and given certain conditions I for one would support its use in a particular case; but before doing so I should want to be convinced of five things:

1. That we were being so seriously injured by the hostile discrimination of a foreign country against us that some action on our part was peremptorily required.

2. That the ordinary methods of diplomacy had been exhausted and failed to secure redress.

3. That the political situation afforded no means of putting effective pressure upon the foreign country in question. There are sometimes extraordinary diplomatic measures available in special cases.

4. That commercial Retaliation would not injure us more than our adversary.

5. That it was likely to be effective.

German or foreign competition, whereas the trade had really gone to other but abler British firms. The loss, no doubt, will be quoted in the district; the true answer will not be available for public use. Let me give another instance of the concrete argument. So many tons, the Protectionist will say, of cheap German iron and steel have been imported into Great Britain; he will then quote the number of workmen who would have been employed in making this iron and steel if produced in England; he will calculate the wages they would have earned; all this, he will say, is dead loss to the country, and there he will stop, as if his point had been triumphantly demonstrated. To many people, unhappily, it will appear to be so. A friend of mine, no politician but an earnest and hardworking clergyman, pronounced himself in conversation the other day on Mr. Chamberlain's side, because he had himself seen men in a large industrial locality out of work and in distress owing to the importation of German iron. To him this was the last word; he had seen, and there was no more to be said. What my friend had not seen or had forgotten was the still larger number of men employed in building ships which, without cheap iron and steel, would not have been built in England at all, and who would be thrown out of employment by a Protectionist policy. We have hitherto considered that much depends upon the shipbuilding trade; if by a short-sighted policy we prevent that trade from purchasing in the cheapest market the materials for its industry, the trade may shift to any other country which is wise enough to profit by our folly and to take advantage of cheap material, when such is to be had. And if our shipbuilding trade suffers, there will be a contraction in the volume of our iron and steel industry, and whatever spurt it may receive at first from Protection, its latter condition will be worse than the present, which is, apparently, not bad. The gains from Protection may be direct, but they will be individual and temporary; the losses may be indirect, but they will be wholesale and permanent; that is why some of us dread Protection so much. Lord

Salisbury once advised the use of large maps; people in this fiscal controversy should keep an open eye for large figures, and not be fascinated by specially selected items of trade. Some cases of hardship there must be in the stress of competition, but what we have to look to is the general prosperity. It is easy to point out eddies and backwaters, but it is by observing fixed landmarks that we discover whether the tide is ebbing or flowing. Such sure marks are to be found in the last annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, and they prove that with us the tide is still flowing. It is instructive to observe the dismay with which this report was received by Protectionists, and how they besought us not to pay too much attention to the figures in it. Protectionists, instead of welcoming any evidence of national prosperity, now cavil at it and belittle it, just as if they were hostile foreigners jealous of Great Britain and reluctant to make admissions in her favour. Their theory seems to be that we have been very prosperous, but that we are beginning to decline, and that by an inspiration of genius Mr. Chamberlain has discovered the fact just in time. What has been discovered is that Germany and the United States have in recent years been progressing at a greater rate than ourselves. In the case of the United States it would be astonishing if this were not so; an undeveloped country of vast area with immense natural resources is likely to increase with unprecedented rapidity both in population and wealth when first opened up by modern means of communication. In Germany the progress, though striking, has shown signs of being less substantial and solid; but is it true to say that in either country the prosperity has been due to Protection? If Protection be the cause of prosperity, why are Germany and the United States such exceptional instances? Why have other Protectionist countries not made equal progress? The Protectionist may reply that there are special circumstances in the natural resources or national character of those other countries to account for this. If so he must admit that we also are entitled to use this argument, and to urge that there are special circumstances (apart from Protection which is not special but common to all) in the natural resources or national character of Germany and the United States which account for their success. I believe it to be the true explanation.

Even if Protection be held to have been of use to another country, it does not follow that it would at this time of day help Great Britain. This is not a new country, full of undeveloped or undiscovered resources, capable of a rapid increase of population with a corresponding expansion of the home market. On the contrary, it is remarkable that a country of this size, so much exploited already, is still increasing in population and in wealth. The question of Free Trade or Protection as applied to us cannot be argued as if we were the free agents that we may have been years ago. Conditions have changed. It is curious that Protectionists should rely upon this fact and quote it, as if it must necessarily tell against a Free-Trader; in my opinion it tells the other way. We have a crowded population of which a comparatively large proportion depends for its livelihood upon our export trade; the more hardly we are pressed the more must we rely upon cheapness and efficiency of production. I was taken to task for this the other day and told that I was the victim of a fallacy. The advantage, it was said, that we gain for our export trade by cheapness of production is more than counterbalanced by the disadvantage of high tariffs in other countries. No one denies that these high tariffs are a disadvantage, but will increasing the cost of production help us to overcome them? Surely my critic's paradox is worse than my "fallacy." Of course he knows this, but he hopes to safeguard his logic and save the situation by lowering foreign tariffs by a process of retaliation and bargaining. If he fails in this after getting his way with our tariff, he will ruin his country: and that he will fail, all experience hitherto of the bargaining of other Protectionist countries amongst themselves goes to show.

Another critic (or perhaps the same, for both are anonymous and in large type in the *Times*) tells me that cheapness of production depends under modern conditions of industry mainly upon the amount turned out. His argument apparently is that if by Protection you guarantee to British manufacturers the possession of the home market, the volume and stability of the demand assured them for their goods will enable them to produce more cheaply than ever. Very well; but will they sell in the home market as cheaply? I thought it had been impressed upon us that in Germany and the United States (those pattern countries which do secure the home market for their own manufacturers), it was the high prices and large profits realised in the home market which enabled them to "dump" a surplus so cheaply in Great Britain. I am afraid my critic is more of a theorist than a practical business man, and is himself in conflict with the theories of his allies. At any rate one of the business men is against him, and that man a Protectionist too. Sir Thomas Wrightson has written, "The enhanced price for their home consumption will enable them (*i.e.*, British manufacturers) to keep their prices low for export, exactly as our competitors in foreign countries are now doing." This is contrary to the result at home expected by my critic, but it is just what I expect and fear. If, for instance, we guarantee the British iron and steel trade against foreign competition ("make secure our home market" is, according to the critic, Mr. Chamberlain's proposal), the result will be an iron and steel trust and artificially raised prices at home, to the great detriment of the shipbuilding, and every trade which depends upon iron and steel. As these trades decline under this handicap we may see our exports of iron and steel increase; but this will be so because we can use less at home and the increase of this particular export will be but an indication of the injury done to the home trade generally.[1]

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[1] It must be observed that those who advocate duties upon imported manufactured articles never give an instance of a manufactured article which is not also used by us in some further stage of manufacturing, and, therefore, for our purpose, raw material.

I fear, then, that Protection means to Great Britain an artificial increase of the cost of production for which we shall receive no compensating benefit; we shall certainly incur some tariff wars with other countries, and when these are over we shall be lucky if we find ourselves with tariffs against us not more unfavourable on the whole than they are now. We shall, in fact, expose our export trade to the risk of tariff wars and handicap it by the certainty of increased cost of production; our trade will contract; some millions of the population who are dependent upon the present volume of trade being maintained will be eliminated by a process of suffering and distress; the strength of Great Britain will decline in proportion; and we who dread this result are for purposes of the next election to be denounced meanwhile as Little Englanders.

EDWARD GREY.

PREFERENCE AND RETALIATION

ALMOST the only proposition in regard to the fiscal controversy which commands general assent among the disputants engaged is that that controversy is both confused and confusing. This is due to the circumstances of its origin. Mr. Chamberlain desired to take a step in colonial policy which appeared to him to be wise. No one can blame him for this desire, whether his plan be thought good or bad. The strange thing was the occasion he selected for pressing it upon the country. It may be doubted whether there is one of his colleagues, or one of his party, who does not think the occasion perversely ill-chosen. For the Cabinet has been openly divided and the party reduced to a mere mob of conflicting politicians. Why was the new policy started now? Why now?

The only reason that has been given is the dispute between Canada and Germany. But the measure on which Mr. Chamberlain mainly lays stress, to which he attaches the highest importance and without which he believes our Empire will be dying, is the imposition of a tariff for the purpose of giving a preference to colonial imports. Preferential tariffs are of the essence of his policy. And the dispute between Canada and Germany, though it arises out of a Canadian preferential tariff, does not naturally suggest the adoption of such a tariff by the United Kingdom. What it did suggest (whether rightly or not) was some retaliatory action against Germany.

Retaliation, therefore, Mr. Chamberlain added to his preferential scheme, regardless of the fact that the two things are quite different, and might probably be found in practice inconsistent with one another.

Another reason for choosing last May for the first publication of the new policy may perhaps have been the discontent aroused among a section of the Unionist Party by the repeal of the corn tax. This discontent was mainly felt by those who had regarded the corn tax as a first step in a return towards Protection. It is not improbable that Mr. Chamberlain thought he would take advantage of the irritation aroused by the Budget as well as of the abiding partiality for Protection which some Conservatives have always felt. Whether for this reason or not, Mr. Chamberlain has himself coquetted and his supporters have much more than coquetted with the idea of setting up a general protective tariff for home producers. Thus, there has been brought forward a third proposal different from either Preference or Retaliation—namely, to establish a protective tariff on American and German lines. The confusion of three different conflicts being at issue in the arena at the same time is naturally great. Very few educated people (as far as can be judged) are Protectionists. More are in favour of a policy of Preference. Still more like some sort of retaliatory policy. Among the working classes, on the other hand, protection of home manufactures seems far less unpopular than colonial preference with its hateful mechanism—a tax on food. But the notable thing is that the three parts of Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda being really distinct, the supporters of one part are by no means always supporters of the whole. He is not in for one "big fight," but for three; and those who fight for him on one point are against him on another. Thus, we have no ordered battle, but an unmanageable riot.

The confusion is further increased by the vagueness with which the new policy has been sketched out. Only outlines have been given and those incomplete ones. Indeed, when Mr. Chamberlain's supporters have nothing better to say (which often happens) they reprove his critics for attacking what has not yet been expounded, subtly distinguishing (as it would seem) between the degree of clearness in exposition which justifies enthusiastic support and that at which criticism may become proper. That they should be disturbed is natural; for the hostility which has been aroused at the very beginning of the discussion of the new plan bodes ill for its ultimate acceptance. What even in outline is denounced is not likely to fare better when all the details are exposed to attack. But meantime it is unquestionable that the vagueness of the scheme is a hindrance to either intelligent support or intelligent opposition. We have to fight ghosts: three ghosts apparently disposed to mutual contradiction.

Yet fought they must be, even before they become embodied. For in a democratic community where large numbers of people are not unaccustomed to assent loosely and without precise understanding, if silence indicated a general acquiescence in Mr. Chamberlain's adumbrated ideas very many would unintelligently give him their support and most who so adhered would adhere irrevocably. Protest and objection are necessary in such a case from the very first, so that all may be cautioned against drifting into an assent which cannot be rationally approved. Nor, confused though the controversy is, is it at all impossible to take an intelligent part on either side even at the present stage. Enough has been said by Mr. Chamberlain and his Tariff Reformers to give rational opportunity for either criticism or approval though not of that elaborate and minute character which will doubtless later be appropriate.

The most important part of the scheme—the most important of the three policies which Mr. Chamberlain recommends—is that of fiscal preference for colonial produce. Preference, as it is convenient briefly to call it, is plainly what has his heart. And it seems equally plain that it is the Imperialist rather than the economic arguments in its favour which have decisive force in his mind. He has approached the matter as an empire-builder rather than as a man of business. It is to save the

Empire from disunion rather than its industries from decay that he has proclaimed his crusade. These things make Preference important. For the fiscal question is so largely Mr. Chamberlain's creation, that what he most cares about becomes for that reason the most deserving of attention. He it is who has lighted the fire, and but for his tending it would flicker out as quickly as it has blazed up. And his power to do what he has done has not depended merely on his great talents and reputation. It has been because of the subject-matter of the policy. Mr. Chamberlain on economics would have carried little weight: Mr. Chamberlain on an Imperial and Colonial question is another affair. It is as though the Pope of Imperialism had defined a new dogma of the Faith. But it follows that if his political doctrine be condemned as unsound, it matters comparatively little if he is acquitted or convicted of economic heresy. He himself, I apprehend, would agree to this. Could he but be convinced that his Imperialist hopes are visionary he would feel little concern about the rest of the controversy. Convert him on the political point, and his voice would be the first to declare the sentence, "Judico me comburi."

Let us then ask what are the grounds for thinking that the political results of Preference would be good. First, it is said that a tie of interest is needed to bind the Empire together. That is to say, that we cannot be sure that the Colonies will not leave us unless we set up an arrangement which makes union profitable and secession costly. But there is surely little ground either for fearing secession or believing that it could be averted by Preference. As things are, the Colonies have great advantages in remaining part of the Empire, and no motive whatever for leaving it. Canada and Australia are as free as the United States, enjoy whatever lustre attaches to membership of a great nation with a memorable history, and bear an insignificant share of the burden of sustaining the national defence. Why should they leave us? History does not teach us that great secessions take place on slight grounds, nor that such advantages as Preference would give the Colonies would suffice to maintain union. The two great precedents for a colonial secession are the revolt of America against George III., and the rebellion of the Confederate States forty years ago. Both arose out of long and bitter quarrels. Neither would have been prevented by any such "tie of interest" as Preference could create. Indeed the South, of course, attempted to secede in spite of all the advantages of a Zollverein. The truth is, that such a thing as secession is not thought of, except under the influence of violent passions. And if such passions are roused there is little reck of fiscal advantages. If we keep from quarrelling with the Colonies, they will not leave us; if we quarrel, it is not a preferential tariff that will hold them.

But most of the advocates of Preference are thinking less of averting secession than of promoting a closer union. It is as a step to Imperial Federation that they urge their plan. The arguments that such would be its effect are very limited. I know of only one. It is that Germany had a Zollverein before she had political unity. But the answer is surely simple. The Zollverein had very little to do with promoting German unity, which was the result of much stronger influences. The conditions of the German unifying process were altogether different: notably, Germany is a convenient area enclosed in one ring-fence, instead of a number of vast countries divided by oceans. And, finally, Preference is something quite different from Zollverein and much less unifying in tendency. Let any one who thinks that Mr. Chamberlain's policy will lead to Federation consider what are the obstacles that hinder the Empire from federating now. The main one is its geographical condition and the diversities of political problems which arise out of that geographical condition. Preference will evidently do nothing for this. It will not bridge the Atlantic or tow Australia into the northern hemisphere. It will not make the difficulties that encounter the Colonies the same as those which Great Britain has to face. How could any Parliament rationally legislate for the whole Empire? This is the nut the Federationist has to crack, and Preference is no help to him. Nor does it affect what is probably at the root of the reluctance of the Colonies to move towards closer political union. The disproportion of numbers between the population of the United Kingdom and that of the Colonies would make any measure for a common authority a measure also for the subjection of the Colonies to the Mother Country. Whatever powers over the whole Empire were given to any Imperial Council or Parliament would be in the hands of the overwhelming British majority which would sit on that body; and such powers, whatever their extent, would be to that extent a deduction from the independence of the Colonies. Naturally colonists prefer the present state of things. And, indeed, one cannot see what good would, at the present time, come of Federation. It is not easy even in imagination to conceive any possible sphere of common Imperial action except that of war. And war, as South Africa has taught us, we can even now wage in common. Something might perhaps be done to facilitate co-operation in war by taking the Colonies more closely into confidence with regard to foreign affairs. Diplomatic correspondence might be privately communicated to Colonial Ministers. By that means they might watch with intelligence and comprehension the development of the Home Government's policy, and be able at an early stage of any foreign question to inform our Cabinet whether in case of war we might or might not reckon on colonial support. But whatever might help common action, Preference would not. It is irrelevant to it. For the purpose of promoting a closer union of the Empire, Preference is at best useless.

Useless, however, is too good a word for it. A preferential tariff is called a "tie of interest." It is, in fact, a mechanism for giving a non-natural profit to some sections and classes of the people of the Empire. The producer of corn within the Empire is to have an advantage in the British market; the British manufacturer is to have an advantage in the colonial markets as against the foreigner, though not as against the colonial manufacturer. Where these advantages are given by the imposition of duties the consumers will be worse off; where they are given by the remission of duties the consumers will be better off. The duties imposed by this country will cost exporters the advantage of the treatment of a most favoured nation in foreign countries. The shrinkage of imports from the foreigner will cause a shrinkage of exports to the foreigner. And so on. Here is surely a fertile seed-bed for discontent, grumbling and recrimination. Will not every one who loses under the tariff, and even every one who does not gain, not unreasonably complain of ill-treatment? Not every Canadian is a producer of corn, not every Englishman is a manufacturer for the colonial market. Why should a State machine for making artificial profits favour one class rather than another? Then, as between the Colonies and the Mother Country, and between one colony and another, what a field there would be for suspicions, complaints, disputes. That Canada gains more than Australia, that Australia gives less than Canada, that South Africa is neglected for her more powerful sisters, that the Mother Country is greedy and unfair, that the Colonies are useless and think only of sucking profit out of Great Britain—such would be the cries that Preference would give us in exchange for the mutual courtesies, regard and co-operation which now adorn, unite and arm our Empire. If a tariff be once realised to be what it is, an arbitrary alteration of the channels of trade, and, therefore, of wealth, then the theory that it can draw the Empire together will be seen to be fantastic. Preference, as its very name suggests, is essentially unfair, and from unfairness not union but only jealousy and division can spring.

On Imperialist grounds alone, then, we ought to reject Preference, apart from its purely economic effects. And when we reject it, do not let us be told that we must produce an alternative policy for uniting the Empire. The best bond of Empire just now is patience and the avoidance of causes of dispute. Great political changes—as such the closer union of the Empire must be reckoned—are better and more securely achieved by leaving them to slow and unconscious developments than by hasty and sensational measures. If a pear is unripe it is silly to call for a policy to ripen it. The only wise policy is to wait and hope for fine weather. And so with our Empire.

It is to be lamented that the advocates of Preference do not make up their minds whether to defend it as an economic benefit to Great Britain or as a wise sacrifice of British wealth for a great Imperial purpose. The second has always seemed to me the stronger line, and I have tried therefore to answer it at length. But a few words must be said about the first. The most approved form of this contention now seems to be that the import duties on corn and meat would be very small, that there would be little or no rise of price, that new Canadian corn-land would be brought into cultivation, that as the United States population grows American corn-land will be used up, that therefore the new Canadian corn-land will be ultimately the saving of the cheap loaf, that as to the cost of living to the working man he can even now be given more on his tea, sugar and tobacco than he will pay on his bread and meat—and that, in short, no patent medicine was ever more universally beneficial than a preferential tariff.

The chief error in this form of urging the advantages of Preference is that it ignores the fact that Preference will only operate upon the colonial producers through prices in the British market. If the colonial producer is to be helped, if the cultivation of corn-land is to be stimulated, it can only be by the British purchaser paying more for colonial produce than he does now. Supposing that it be possible that a very small import duty should be thrown wholly on the foreigner so that the price of the taxed commodity should be unchanged, then, though the Exchequer would be enriched, the colonial producer would gain nothing. If, again, the tax fall partly on the foreigner and only raise the price a little, then only a little will the colonial producer be benefited, only a little will the cultivation of new land be stimulated. The absurdity of this, which may be called the minimising defence, is surely manifest. For in proportion as it is accepted, the Imperialist side of the case must be rejected. What is to be a bond of Empire cannot be an insignificant triviality. If the Colonies are to gain little or nothing, then there will be little or nothing more to restrain them from secession, little or nothing more to lead them towards federation. Mr. Chamberlain's policy in the hands of these defenders ceases to be burdensome only by becoming nugatory. You may bind people together with chains. Chains are strong, but they are heavy. You may bind them with cobwebs. Cobwebs weigh nothing, but they stand no strain. Advocates of Preference may choose whether their "tie of interest" is more like a chain or like a cobweb; but in proportion as they assert that it is strong, they must admit that it is burdensome; in proportion as they assert that it is light they must admit that it is frail.

Once the very obvious truth is realised that Preference is preferential only by reason of its operation on prices, much of what is said in defence of it is disposed of. One is saved, moreover, the necessity of entering on the difficult question of the precise incidence of small import duties. Who paid last year's corn tax, for instance, is a doubtful matter. But though a highly important question to consider in the case of a duty intended only to bring revenue, no solution of it can help the advocates of Preference. We may pass by, not without relief, that intricate problem.

The argument that to stimulate the growth of corn in Canada is ultimately in the interest of cheap bread can be readily answered. It is strange indeed that such an argument should ever have been put forward. That the growth of population in America will use up her corn-lands is true. But the process will be gradual. There will be no overwhelming rise of price suddenly bursting upon the consumer. The rise of price that Preference would produce may occur—some rise of price will occur—and the necessary stimulus will be given to the cultivation of Canadian land. But why should such a change be forestalled by many years? Why should not we continue to have cheap corn as long as we can? There seems no answer to these questions. We may well wait and leave to time and natural development the future utility of Canadian corn-land.

But it is impossible not to feel that these economic arguments are in the nature of ingenious after-thoughts. The real charm of Preference to its supporters is the prospect of promoting the closer union of the Empire. It is a most laudable object. But if it cannot be shown that Preference really helps us towards it, if, on the contrary, its tendency is likely to be disruptive, the economic discussion becomes unnecessary. For if the advocates of Preference could be convinced on that head they would not exhaust themselves in trying to persuade us that it is economically wise.

Next in interest to Preference in the present controversy is Retaliation. And it must be admitted that we have in this to deal with a much less unconvincing case. There seems nothing theoretically indefensible in the proposition that since a protective tariff is injurious to trade and therefore inimical to the interests of both the countries concerned in any foreign trade affected by the tariff, either country may wisely try to get it abolished. If the tariff be its own it may of course abolish it forthwith. But if it be its neighbour's, how should it proceed? May it not, by threatening to make things worse or even by temporarily making them so, force its foolish neighbour to consent to the tariff's abolition, or at least to a mitigation of its evils. This appears reasonable. But when it is suggested that Great Britain should now act on this plan, three questions suggest themselves. First, how much would it cost, how great would be the temporary increase of hindrance to trade? Secondly, what ground is there for thinking that Retaliation really would bring our neighbours to the path of liberty or comparative liberty? Thirdly, what should we do if we tried Retaliation and failed? Should we have the good sense to drop a retaliatory duty as soon as its inefficacy was proved, or should we retain as Protection what we had begun as Retaliation? The two first questions cannot be properly answered except in respect to a particular proposal. But some surprise may in this connection be expressed at the strange contention put forward by some—and notably by Mr. Balfour—that liberty to propose Retaliation must be granted before any particular retaliatory duty can be so much as suggested. Why? No such solemn permission was required when the export duty on coal was introduced. No awful novitiate had to be passed through before that change in our fiscal system was made. Why is a retaliatory duty different? I am afraid Mr. Balfour may be not unwilling, in the manner of a German prince in the eighteenth century, to allow his retaliationist arguments to fight battles not their own. I hope the country is not going to be asked to assent to some such faulty syllogism as this: Retaliation is a change in the fiscal system: Retaliation is reasonable: therefore all changes in the fiscal system are reasonable—and among them in particular those which are suggested by the Tariff Reform League. Yet if some such logical chiromancy is not to be attempted, it is hard to see what can be the meaning of the mysterious process called "regaining our liberty." The answer to all such claims for a vague liberty should be: "Make your proposals and then we can judge of them. But because there is something to be said for Retaliation we are not going to commit ourselves to assent to an undefined revision of the fiscal system."

Even as to Retaliation there seem grave practical difficulties and dangers. The worst among them is that suggested by the third question noted above. Retaliation would grow so easily into Protection. It is not as though there were no Protectionists in this country. There are many and they have received great encouragement from the unwise action of the present Government in opening a controversy they were not prepared to guide. The "grand inquest of the nation" has been largely an open market for bad economics. How far Tariff Reformers are prepared to go in advocating Protection may be learnt by reading their leaflets. I have one before me which is in verse. The British farmer looks back to 1846 as to a golden age:[1]

"In my youth," said the farmer, "before '46,
I was happy as happy could be."

Where, one wonders, do the Tariff Reformers read their history! But it is surely remarkable that at this early stage of the discussion a longing for a high duty on wheat should be so frankly avowed. Prose leaflets[2] go almost as far. In short, there can be no doubt that the present agitation largely derives its energy from a desire for Protection after the German or American pattern. In face of such a state of feeling any measure of Retaliation which would have incidentally a protective effect must be regarded with grave misgiving. No benefit that the most ingenious advocate could attribute to Retaliation can be weighed against a real risk of Protection with its hideous attendants—industrial monopoly and political corruption.

At any rate, the first economic need of the Empire is the emphatic rejection of all schemes for preferential or protective tariffs. For that end politicians of all schools of thought ought heartily to co-operate.

HUGH CECIL.

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[1] Tariff Reform League Leaflet, No. 19.

[2] *E.g.*, No. 9, "Bismarck's Prophecy," and No. 16, "A National Trade Union."

CANADA, THE EMPIRE, AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN

ABOUT a quarter of a century ago there was to be seen posted on the church doors in England a proclamation of the Privy Council respecting the Colorado beetle in which Ontario was designated as "that town." Just after the settlement of the *Alabama* claims by the Treaty of Washington a Canadian visitor to England was invited to a meeting on emigration held in a city reputed highly intelligent. He spoke of the warm feelings of Canadians towards the Mother Country and was followed by a speaker, evidently a well-educated man, who expressed his pleasure at what he had heard about Canadian feeling, adding that he hoped, now the *Alabama* question was settled, there was nothing to separate the two nations from each other! This ignorance, and the indifference of which it was the ludicrous manifestation, have passed away. They have given place to an extraordinary access of interest in Canada and an enthusiastic expectation of the part to be played by her in the unification of the Empire, which, though far more gratifying to her than the previous neglect, may in turn be somewhat misleading in its way, especially if British visitors confine their observation to official Ottawa or the specially British circles of Toronto and Montreal.

The first condition of real knowledge and sound inference about Canada is the use of the physical in place of the political map. At the time of the Jubilee the Canadian Post Office issued a stamp with a miniature map of the British Empire and the motto "We Hold a Vaster Empire than Has Been." Canada appeared as an unbroken expanse of territory, coloured the Imperial red, including the North Pole, and equal in extent to all the remaining members of the Empire put together, Great Britain appearing as a mere pigmy in comparison. A common Englishman looking at this stamp would certainly have imagined that the whole of the vast expanse was habitable and cultivable, and that the population of the whole of it was British. Such is the political fancy.

The physical fact is that of this vast area by far the greater part belongs to the region of ice and snow. Canada may be described as the northern section of the habitable and cultivable continent, much broken and indented, and with a great and at present undefined projection to the north formed by Manitoba and the Territories newly opened. The Dominion is made up of four separate blocks of territory divided from each other by wide spaces or great barriers of nature. The Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, are divided from Quebec and Ontario by the tract through which the Intercolonial Railway runs, hardly taking up a passenger or a bale of freight for a great part of the way. The territory including Quebec and Ontario again is divided from Manitoba and the North-Western Territories by desert and Lake Superior, a great inland sea. Between the North-Western Territories and British Columbia there is a triple range of mountains. The proportion of habitable and cultivable land in the Maritime Provinces is not great; nor is it very great in Quebec. In Ontario, hitherto the premier province, it is much larger. In Manitoba and the North-West Territories the extent of habitable and cultivable land is vast, how vast is not yet known. In British Columbia there is not much cultivable land, though there is mineral wealth which is attracting a swarm of adventurers, and timber abounds on the mountains.

Of the population, the homogeneity of which is suggested by the uniform red colour on the stamp, the British, though the predominant race, are not the majority. The majority is made up of French-Canadians, Celtic and Catholic Irish, Germans, Americans, and other miscellaneous nationalities, including those which the Government has been importing into the North-West. The French are gaining ground. They have ousted the British from the district south of the St. Lawrence called the Eastern Townships, they are advancing in Eastern Ontario and to the North, along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Americans are pouring into the North-West, which, owing to their superior aptitude for prairie farming and life, seems destined to be theirs.

The French of Quebec are, or have hitherto been, a simple, contented, and devout people, kindly and courteous, though generally little educated and unprogressive; rather a refreshing exception to the surrounding whirl of progress. They multiply apace, their priests inculcating early marriage on moral grounds. The priests, whose ascendency has hitherto been complete, have made the French-Canadian moral in an ecclesiastical way, and French-Canada is probably about the best thing that Roman Catholicism has to show. The French-Canadians are content with British institutions. Their leaders are satisfied with office or the position and salaries of Members of Parliament at Ottawa. The revolutionary spirit of 1837, its causes being extinct, has died away, though the antagonism of race still remains and sometimes shows itself in the jury-box. A Quebec "Red" is merely anti-ecclesiastical and Liberal. But the belief that the French people are Anglicised, or converted to British Imperialism, is unfounded. Their nationality is still strong. Their language is still the French patois. Their popular flag is French. Their hearts were with Riel and the French half-breeds who rebelled in the North-West.[1]

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[1] It was probably to flatter French sentiment that cruel charges were brought by a party in the Canadian Parliament against the character of General Sir Fred. Middleton, who had commanded against the French Half-

Two battalions of their Militia were called out but not sent to the front, while the colonel of each of them obeyed his political sympathies and withdrew. It may be easily judged whether they would fight against France. The ascendency of the priesthood is beginning to be shaken, by railroads, which break into parish seclusion; by the progress, though slow, of education; and most of all, by intercourse with the Republicans of New England, whence not a few of the French who have gone to work in the New England factories return, bringing with them Republican ideas. Another element of religious, or at least of ecclesiastical, change is the advent of the Jesuit, who has succeeded in extorting a partial indemnity for the estates sequestered at the time of the conquest, and whose wiles have largely prevailed. The old Quebec priest was Gallican, unambitious, living in perfect amity with the State, and in his views limited to his Canadian parish. The Jesuit has larger and less unequivocal aims.

Had participation in the South African War been put to the vote of the French-Canadian people, there would probably have been an overwhelming majority against it. But the Premier was a Frenchman. The French followed him from national feeling, and thus French sentiment was masked. The French members at Ottawa went with the Premier, owing their seats to the influence of his party. But Mr. Bourassa,[1] an opponent of the war, resigned his seat for the purpose of testing the opinion of his constituents, and was re-elected by acclamation.

There are now twelve hundred thousand native-born Canadians in the United States. The great centres of employment draw, and a Canadian youth has little more hesitation in going to better himself at Chicago or at New York than a

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breeds. The charges, that which was probably their political object having been served, were allowed to fall to the ground.

[1] Two articles by Mr. Bourassa on "The French-Canadian and the British Empire" appeared in the MONTHLY REVIEW for September and October 1902, and a reply to them in the November number of the same year.

Scotch or Yorkshire youth has in going to better himself in Manchester or London. In the Pacific States of the Union also British-Canadians abound, while French-Canadians swarm in the factories of New England. Canadians have a good name and are in request among employers in the United States. Interest prevails over prejudice, and the Canadian who has been giving vent to loyal anti-Americanism one day may accept a "call" to the other side of the line on the next. Of this there have been amusing cases. In race, language, religion, political tendencies, and the fundamental character of their institutions, the population on the north and that on the south of a conventional line are one. Intermarriage is common. Churches and associations of all kinds, benevolent, literary, scientific, and industrial, join hands across the line; some of them totally disregard it. The paper currency of the United States circulates freely in Canada. Canadian banks do a great deal of business in the United States and Canadians speculate largely in the stock market of New York. The wealthy classes of the two countries meet in their summer resorts. The periodical literature of Canada is mainly American, and American papers, especially Sunday papers, have a considerable circulation. A presidential election creates almost as much interest in Canada as in the States. The political institutions, though differing in important details, are in principle fundamentally the same; so are the methods by which they are operated, the cant language in which the people speak of them, and the political character which they form. The Canadian Government believed itself to have ascertained that there were forty thousand Canadian enlistments in the army of the United States during the War of Secession. Apart from political sentiment, there is in fact nothing to divide the two populations from each other except the territorial and fiscal line. They are rapidly mingling in the North-West.

It is obvious how widely the circumstances of Canada, especially with regard to her relation with the United States, differ from those of the other colonies, particularly from those of Australia and New Zealand, and how difficult, consequently, it would be to force her into a fiscal union. The States of Germany were of the same nationality, though under different governments; they were territorially in a ring-fence, and their commercial interests were generally the same. Yet it took an arduous struggle to bring about the Zollverein. No divergence of interest among the Colonies was called into play in sending the contingents to the Boer War.

Protectionist monopoly, especially on the American side, has done its best to sever Canada commercially from the rest of her continent. But Nature struggles hard, and not unsuccessfully, against the malignant greed of man. The trade between the two countries is still large, and there was a notable increase in it last year. The United States want Canadian timber, pulp, coals, minerals, and farm produce. For farm produce evidently the nearest market is the best. Canada, on the other hand, is a natural market for the manufactures which the Americans produce on a large scale. There was a reciprocity treaty between the two countries till 1866, when Canada lost it through the conduct of the governing class of England in violently espousing the cause of the South, a fact which should be borne in mind when the balance of the obligation between the Imperial country and the colony is to be struck. In spite of the patriotic attempts of Canadian statesmen to keep the lines of communication and transportation apart, they are intimately connected. The winter ports of Canada are Portland, Boston and New York, from which, according to Mr. Carnegie, thirty-seven per cent. of Canadian exports are shipped. American capital is being largely invested in Canada. For Canada a commercial war with the United States would be disastrous. The power of retaliation would be far greater on the side of the Americans, with their boundless variety of home productions and their vast internal market.

What, after all, in an economical point of view, is this unity of the Empire, for the consolidation of which commercial war is to be proclaimed against the world? What is the Empire but the aggregate result of accidents of war and discovery governed by no plan or regard for community of economical interests? What reason is there for presuming that all its parts ought, in defiance of the indications of nature, and at great risk of incurring the commercial enmity of other nations, to be forced into a fiscal union? Canada was conquered to rid of a formidable neighbour the British colonies in America, which presently cast off their allegiance.

The future of the North-West is now the great subject of interest and speculation. The extent of the wheat-growing land, though not yet ascertained, is certainly immense, while the wheat is of the finest quality, and the roots are as fine as the wheat. Nor does it seem that there is any danger of exhaustion. On the other hand, the climate is very severe; forty below zero being not very uncommon, even a lower temperature being not unknown. The winter is too long, the summer is too short, and there is a danger of frost at harvest time. The summer air is delicious and health-giving. There is now coal enough. What is wanting is wood. There is a dreariness in the boundless expanse without hill or tree, but the sensibilities of the pioneer, tilling a rich soil, are not apt to be very keen. The prairie being so apt for the machine, it seemed that large farming might pay there. Large farming was tried, but the expense of keeping the staff through the winter proved too great. Of the waifs of European population imported by the Government, some, particularly the Mennonites, have made good farmers, but they have not made good citizens. The best settlers are the Americans, natives to the prairie and to the style of farming. They will probably predominate in the future. Young Englishmen have not done well, though they do better on ranches than on farms. Many of them went with the contingent. The farmer must work hard, live hard, and bargain hard; perhaps to the young English gentleman the last is not the least difficult of the three.

The Canadian Constitution is in form that of a nation with a federal structure; the national element being modelled after the British Constitution, the federal element after that of the United States. The national element in the Canadian polity, however, is stronger than it is or has hitherto been in that of the United States. The Senate, supposed to answer to the House of Lords, is appointed, nominally by the Crown, really by the Prime Minister. After the long reign of Sir John Macdonald, who was master of the country, with a brief intermission, for thirty years, the Senate was overwhelmingly Conservative; a run on the other side since his death has turned it Liberal. The Governor-General reigns and does not govern, unless it be underhand. There has latterly been a tendency to give the office the air of royalty and to introduce the state and pageantry of a Court, which take with the high society of Canada.

The political system is party. The parties trace their pedigree to those which existed in the two united provinces before confederation; one based upon the British and Protestant, the other on the French and Catholic province. But there has ceased to be any dividing-line of principle. The result is a perpetual struggle of two factions for power with the usual instruments of faction, as recent revelations have shown. A Member of Parliament who dared to be independent was deprived of his seat by the joint action of the two parties, which openly combined their forces for that purpose. The powers of commerce, the great railroad companies especially, hover over the two parties, and play for their own purposes upon them both. Federal parties extend to the provinces, where, as there can be no national questions, there is, if possible, less of a dividing principle to give rationality or dignity to the contest. The Canadians are worthy people, probably there are none worthier in the world; but Canadian politics leave something to be desired. Nor can the general character of the people remain wholly unaffected by the example of public life.

It is an anxious question what will be the political effect of the great American immigration into the North-West. Time alone can show. But the probability is that the Americans will take kindly to institutions closely akin to their own, and become, for all ordinary purposes, good Canadians; though it is very unlikely that they will become Imperialists and wish to spend the earnings of their labour in the destruction of South African Republics or the conquest of the Soudan. Commercial interests cannot fail to draw them closely to the adjacent States of the Union. What seems certain is, that when the North-West fills up, the centre of power must shift to it, and Ontario, which paid largely for the opening up of the North-West by the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, will have paid for her own political dethronement.

A peculiar feature of Canadian politics is "United Empire Loyalism," the political religion of a group of families tracing their origin to the Royalist exiles of the American Revolution, and doing their best to keep those memories alive. They are, of course, intensely anti-American and Imperialist. Their feelings must be mixed when they see Great Britain falling upon the neck of the American Republic. Many a descendant, however, of United Empire Loyalists may probably now be found on the south of the line. An English audience listening to a political missionary of the United Empire Loyalist order, and fancying that it hears the voice of Canada, is apt to be led astray.

Orangeism is, perhaps it would be more correct to say that the Orange Lodges still are, a power in politics; but the religious war between them and the Roman Catholics is at an end.

The Irish Catholic vote is strong. Twice under its influence the Dominion Parliament has passed resolutions of sympathy with Home Rule; the second time after receiving a rebuke from the Imperial Government for interfering with the question. The Legislature of Ontario, under the late Sir Oliver Mowat, passed a resolution censuring Lord Salisbury's renewal of the Crimes Act.

Lord Durham thought that in uniting the two Provinces, French and British Canada, he assured complete British ascendency, which he regarded as the law of nature. He was mistaken. The French held together, and forming a party with a section of the British, brought government at last to a deadlock, escape from which was found in confederation of all the British colonies in North America. New Brunswick came in with little hesitation. Nova Scotia refused, but was dragged in by intrigue, which she long resented. Prince Edward Island came in later. The Canadian Pacific Railway was constructed to take in British Columbia. In the debate on confederation, when the familiar simile of the bundle of sticks was used to prove that union made force, it was replied that the same could not be said of seven fishing-rods tied together by the ends. British Columbia sends a delegation to Ottawa and Eastern Canada speculates in her mines; otherwise she is almost out of ken, nor could the man in the street of Eastern Canada give any account of the political distractions to which she seems to be a prey. She is ominously embraced between the Pacific States of the Union and the American territory of Alaska. Nor in the case of the other Provinces does confederation amount to political fusion. The builder of a Dominion government has to pay something for each stone of his edifice.

Distance and the interposition of French Quebec between Ontario and the group of Maritime Provinces still keep them socially separate from each other, and there is little interchange of population.

> Will some enthusiastic advocate of the present system please rise and explain why, after twenty years of confederation, a Nova Scotian is never seen in Ontario except as a traveller or a delegate to some denominational convention; and why, with the exception of the "Drummer," an Ontario man is as great a curiosity in Nova Scotia as a South Sea Islander? There seems to be something generally wrong with a system which, after twenty years of enthusiastic gush over the confederation and the building of a national sentiment, has for its product complete isolation between the several provinces; which sees the merchants of the maritime provinces making constant visits in the way of trade to Boston and New York, and none to Toronto, which sees the business men of Ontario going daily backward and forward between that

province and the American cities about them, and coming to Halifax in the way of business once in a century.[1]

So wrote an eminent Nova Scotian twenty years ago, and it is believed that nearly the same thing might be said now so far as the interchange of population is concerned.

Since the revolution of 1837 the separation of the Church from the State in the British Provinces has been complete, though not so complete in Quebec. In Ontario the Catholic Church, having the command of the Irish vote, is able to exact the privilege of separate schools. Wealth and fashion in Canada, as in the United States, incline to the Anglican Church with its hierarchy, its ritual, and its English connection. Methodism is the church of the people; more of the people perhaps than of John Wesley, for spiritual enthusiasm inevitably spends its force, and objects less distinctly spiritual succeed.

The tie which binds Canada as a dependency to the Imperial country has, by successive concessions of self-government, been worn thin. The sovereign power still remains in the King and Parliament of Great Britain. The Canadian Constitution is embodied in an Imperial Act, alterable only by the same authority. Otherwise the bonds consist of the Governor-Generalship, divested, like the monarchy which it represents, of real powers; the command of the Militia, perpetually contested by the Canadian Minister of that Department; a veto, almost formal, on Canadian legislation; an appellate jurisdiction which has been greatly reduced, with a prospect, after the Australian example, of further reduction; and the fountain of honour—*i.e.*, of titles and decorations. It is a question whether of the surviving prerogatives the last is not the most effective. The thirst for titles and decorations is great. Some years ago a leading Liberal moved in the Canadian Parliament against the profuse distribution of Imperial titles, the effect of which on the devotion of the bearers to the interests of their own country he reasonably feared. Yet the same man could not help taking a title when it was offered him. Decorations have been recently solicited and received for an encounter which took place more than thirty years ago. In the Canadian Almanac there is a list of titled Canadians forming a sort of miniature peerage. Military titles also are much prized.

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[1] "Handbook of Commercial Union," pp. 113, 114.

Imperial Federation has been preached in Canada by a small but enthusiastic party for many years without ever assuming a tangible shape. No one has yet pretended to say what the government of the federation was to be, what was to be its relation to the British monarchy and Foreign Office; how its decrees and requisitions were to be enforced; or what was to be done with India.

Canadian writers bewail the betrayal of Canadian interests to the Americans by the weakness of British diplomacy. Especially do they deplore the loss, by the Ashburton Treaty, of Maine, which carried with it the winter port of Portland. The answer apparently is that the British Government has done the best for the Canadians that diplomacy could do, and has obtained for them, even in the case of the Ashburton Treaty, more than they could have obtained for themselves. But Great Britain has ceased to be a military power on the Western Continent, or to be able to enforce her claims against the United States by arms. Such is the fact, however unwelcome it may be. Canadians in their warlike mood, conscious that nothing could be done against the power of the United States on land, used to talk of bombarding New York. "Bombard New York!" said an old Canadian once to the writer; "I have three sons there." However, a bombardment of New York, if it ever was possible, is so no longer, since the Americans have set on foot a strong navy. The British people, it may safely be said, could not be induced to go to war with the United States for any trans-Atlantic object. Brougham gave utterance, in his brusque way, to the general sentiment when he said in the debate on the Ashburton Treaty that he cared not where the boundary was fixed so long as there was peace. The Americans may not in these disputes have conceded to Canada all that in strictness was her due, but in conceding anything they paid a tribute to international law and justice.

Great efforts are being made to impress on Canada the duty of contribution to the military and naval defence of the Empire. Can the Empire undertake the defence of Canada? Lord Lansdowne says that the only land frontier of the British Empire facing a great military Power is that of Northern India. The ex-Governor-General seems to have forgotten that Canada has a frontier of probably four thousand miles, allowing for the curves, for the most part open, facing a Power which, if it does not keep a great standing army on foot, has shown that it can on short notice put into the field half a million of men with all possible appliances of equipment and science. Is there any use in making a feeble show of doing that which cannot effectively be done? The effective defence of the Canadian frontier would probably take something like the whole population of military age. Meantime Canada is in no danger so long as she is not involved in European wars. In upwards of thirty years intercourse with Americans of all parties and classes the writer has never heard a single expression of a desire to aggress upon Canadian independence. There is great apathy even upon the subject of continental union. Many American politicians fear it as a possible disturbance of the balance of parties, while American Protestantism is apt to feel a groundless dread of the Roman Catholicism of Quebec. The question whether, if Canada taxes herself for the defence of the Empire, the Empire could undertake the defence of Canada, ought to be plainly answered. Canada in reality needs no defence but peace. Of course, so long as she remains a dependency of Great Britain, she will be a recruiting-ground for British armies and navies. It has been seen that the martial and adventurous impulse is not wanting.

When the duty of contribution to Imperial armaments and participation in Imperial wars is pressed on Canada, note should be taken, not only of her military position, but of the miscellaneous character of her population, especially of the large French element. The French and the other non-British elements are contented under British institutions. But they do not share British sentiments; they are not fired with British ambition; nor do they wish to share the expense of British wars. They are here to make their bread. If there is to be a Canadian corps or contingent in the British Army, will there be a provision that it shall not be used in a war with France?

In common with the other colonies, Canada has asserted fiscal as well as political self-government, and lays import duties on British goods; a thing, it must be confessed, not manifestly consistent with the theoretic unity of the Empire. It is not likely that Canadian manufacturers will assent to the removal of those duties; in fact, they have pretty plainly intimated that they will not. Strong as sentimental attachment to the Empire may be, it is not strong enough to sweeten commercial competition. Canadian manufacturers did not exult in the reduction of duties on British goods by the preferential tariff of Sir Wilfred Laurier. They are now calling for an increase of protection. Their influence on Government is great. The Laurier Government came into power on the platform of Free Trade, or at least of tariff for revenue only, and the leading financier among them had been the Boanerges of that policy. Yet the Laurier Government soon formed amicable relations with the manufacturing interests, and instead of tariff for revenue only, declared for stability of tariff. Sir John Macdonald, so long master of the Government, cared little for any economical questions. But his personal leaning was probably to Free Trade. When he adopted Protection, under the *alias* of National Policy, it was for the purpose of winning an election. Taxed with his inconsistency on the subject, he jauntily replied that, Protection having done so much for him, he was bound to do something for Protection.

It is affirmed by some that the sentiment of Canadian nationality and of recoil from connection with the Americans has of late been on the increase. General sentiment is a thing difficult to gauge, and opinions about it are apt to be formed from a personal point of view; which personal point of view again is apt to be in cities, which are specially British centres, and not perfect representations of the whole country. National sentiment in the proper sense of the term is out of the question, Canada not being a nation but a colonial dependency; unless, indeed, there is an anticipation of independence. Anti-American feeling is cultivated, as was said before, in certain circles; but of actual shrinking from association with Americans, social, commercial, or industrial, there is no visible sign. Resentment of the treatment of Canada by the framers of Dingley and McKinley tariffs there well may be. If it had been the set purpose of the tariff-makers at Washington to force into existence an antagonistic nationality on the northern border of the United States, they could not have adopted a better course. That Canadians, when they were excluded from the market of their own continent, must produce for a European market, and that their general interest and sentiments would take the course of their trade, was evident and could not be denied. But the argument made not the slightest impression on politicians who were mere delegates and agents of district and special interests. The French-Canadians, of course, have a little nationality of their own.

Nobody who has lived both in a nation and in a dependency can have failed to feel the difference in spirit between them. The colonial politician looks beyond the country for his highest rewards. The Imperial title is an honour above any which his own fellow citizens can confer. The social aspirations of the wealthy class generally point to the aristocratic and fashionable centre of the Imperial metropolis. Rarely does the wealthy colonist aspire, as not a few Americans do, to the character of a great citizen. The lot of a colonial dependency as a member of a mighty Empire may be higher than that of a nation of the second order, but its character cannot be the same. Perhaps there is some feeling of this sort in the minds of those who pine to change the present status for that of Imperial federation.

The writer brought with him to Canada the opinion of her destiny and that of the other British Colonies generally accepted in those days, which was that they were in training to be free nations and encircle their common parent with offspring the images of herself in all that had made her happy, glorious, and useful to humanity. This surely was not a mean idea, or one which at all partook of the sentiment of Lord Beaconsfield, who confidentially called the Colonies millstones round the neck of England, and continued to speak of them in the same strain in private, as his great friend Sir W. Gregory tells us, to the end of his life. A new-comer was naturally drawn to what was called the "Canada First" party, a party consisting chiefly of young men warmly patriotic and looking forward more or less definitely to independence. It seemed a good thing to have two experiments in democracy, the more so as flaws have been clearly revealed in the American Constitution. An independent Canada would, as has already been said, have been perfectly safe from molestation on the part of her powerful neighbour. If one or two "tail-twisters" in Congress have said violent things, probably to catch the Irish vote, their words have had no weight. But the "Canada First" party, at the crisis of its course, was deserted by its leaders. There followed the deaths of its two most active members, and the party melted away. Then came the Canadian Pacific Railway, extending the Dominion to the Pacific so as to interpose between its two ends a distance greater than the width of the Atlantic. Every vestige of unity, such as seems requisite for the basis of nationality, geographical or commercial, was thus destroyed, while a connection was formed with territories in the North-West certain, as soon as Minnesota and Dakota overflowed, to be settled, as they are now being settled, by Americans.

There is, however, no danger of violent or precipitate changes unless Great Britain should be induced to declare war against the United States. What is wanted certainly, and without delay, by all but the monopolists on either side, is the renewal of commercial reciprocity, which involves no political change. For this a strong movement is now on foot, initiated, strange to say, by New England, the mother of Protection, but extending also to other and especially North-Western States. Any British statesman who may succeed by proclaiming commercial war against the United States is defeating this movement; and at the same time in depriving Canada, even for two or three years, of the bonding privilege, while he taxes her for Imperial armaments and wars, may chance to find that he has played over again the part of Mr. Charles Townshend as a consolidator of the Empire.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

BRITISH POLICY AND THE BALKANS

IN the early part of 1878 war was raging between Russia and Turkey, having originated in the disorders generally known as the "Bulgarian Atrocities."

There was considerable difference of opinion in England, not only between the Conservative Ministry and the Liberal Opposition, but amongst members of the Conservative party itself. It was considered by many that Lord Derby, then Foreign Secretary, was too lukewarm and vacillating in his administration of the Foreign Office. On one occasion the fleet had been ordered into the Dardanelles, but subsequently withdrawn, and the progress of Russia towards Constantinople was unchecked. Much discontent was created among the members of the Conservative party both in and out of Parliament. A country constituent wrote to his representative wishing to know where Lord Palmerston was buried that he might present his backbone to the Government. A deputation of Conservative Members of Parliament waited on Sir Stafford Northcote in his room behind the Speaker's chair, and expressed the opinion that more active measures should be taken. Sir Stafford announced to them that the fleet was again ordered up the Dardanelles; and, almost at the same time, Lord Derby retired and Lord Salisbury was appointed to take control of the Foreign Office.

Meanwhile the Treaty of San Stefano had been signed, and was a factor to be considered in any further negotiations.

On Lord Salisbury's accession to office he addressed to the British representatives abroad a remarkable State Paper, known as "the Salisbury Circular," of which one portion dealt with the Turkish provinces of Europe.

> The most important consequences to which the Treaty of San Stefano practically leads are those which result from its action as a whole upon the nations of South-Eastern Europe. By the Articles erecting the New Bulgaria a strong Slav State will be created under the auspices and control of Russia, possessing important harbours upon the shores of the Black Sea and the Archipelago, and conferring upon that Power a preponderating influence over both political and commercial relations in those seas. It will be so constituted as to merge in the dominant Slav majority a considerable mass of population which is Greek in race and sympathy, and which views with alarm the prospect of absorption into a community alien to it not only in nationality but in political tendency and in religious allegiance. The provisions by which this new State is to be subjected to a ruler whom Russia will practically choose, its Administration framed by a Russian Commissary, and the first working of its institutions commenced under the control of a Russian Army, sufficiently indicate the political system of which in future it is to form a part.
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> Stipulations are added which will extend this influence even beyond the boundaries of the New Bulgaria. The provision, in itself highly commendable, of improved institutions for the populations of Thessaly and Epirus, is accompanied by a condition that the law by which they are to be secured shall be framed under the supervision of the Russian Government. It is followed by engagements for the protection of members of the Russian Church, which are certainly not more limited in their scope than those Articles of the Treaty of Kainardji, upon which the claims were founded which were abrogated in 1856. Such stipulations cannot be viewed with satisfaction either by the Government of Greece or by the Powers to whom all parts of the Ottoman Empire are a matter of common interest. The general effect of this portion of the Treaty will be to increase the power of the Russian Empire in the countries and on the shores where a Greek population predominates, not only to the prejudice of that nation, but also of every country having interests in the east of the Mediterranean Sea.
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> The territorial severance from Constantinople of the Greek, Albanian, and Slavonic provinces which are still left under the government of the Porte, will cause their administration to be attended with constant difficulty, and even embarrassment; and will not only deprive the Porte of the political strength

which might have arisen from their possession, but will expose the inhabitants to a serious risk of anarchy.

During the discussions on the Eastern Question I had taken an active part in the House of Commons; and, as a prolonged Easter Vacation took place immediately after the publication of Lord Salisbury's Circular, I determined myself to examine the question as far as I could thoroughly, and for that purpose undertook a tour of the capitals in Europe specially affected by the discussions.

On April 15, 1878, Musurus Pasha, Turkish Ambassador in London, said to me: "If you take Egypt, England loses her whole power in Europe. What is that power now derived from? From her respect for public law—a respect which commands the confidence of other nations. Why is the conduct of England at this juncture so highly prized, and why have her words so much weight? Because from the first she has taken her stand on the sanctity of treaties, and she is not supposed to be open to the bribes now so freely dangled before other States. Austria is offered territory down to Salonika, even including Servia; Italy is pressed to take a footing on the eastern shore of the Adriatic; you, no doubt, are offered Egypt, as you were before, tacitly, if not expressly. But Russia knows that, without your presence, the Congress cannot take place, and without the Congress, the Treaty of San Stefano cannot be legitimised. The position of England is impregnable, because she takes her stand on principles without which public faith must always be less secure than even at present.

"Russia always inspires mistrust by having a personal object behind. In '56 the Allies undertook the war in the interest of European law, and at the peace adhered to their programme. They asked for no territory, not even for an indemnity. They took their stand on Public Right, and, this satisfied, they were satisfied. What is the line now taken by Russia? Lord Salisbury's Circular shows you territory, indemnity, exclusive influence. Even the word 'preliminary' attached to the Treaty is a fraud. It is preliminary to concessions, if imposed by the Powers; preliminary to further exactions, if Russia finds support in the Congress."

"But," I asked, "with these views, why did you not help England by endeavouring to allay the agitation kept up on account of Bulgaria?"

"Because we knew that to a great extent the horrors of Bulgaria owed their origin to Russia; and, after all, Turkey is an independent State, and the Government must look to its own position. Up to 1839, when we introduced Western reforms, we were never interfered with. It was only when we began to reform that further reforms were forced on us. In this whole crisis the conduct of Russia has been illogical as well as aggressive. In 1871, when she began to break through treaties, there was a conference. If the state of the Slav Provinces was bad in 1875, it was equally so in 1871; yet not a word was said on the subject in the Conference, and Mr. Gladstone declared in the House of Commons that the state of the Christians was improved. Besides, we had long projected a Constitution, and, if the power of the Sultan was to be limited, we preferred to have it limited internally than subjected to external limitation. This, as much as any other motive, precipitated the war. Russia was left the last Despotism in Europe."

"But what do you say to the Greek Allies?"

"We are ready to give to the Greeks of Turkey every privilege, and even to make concessions to the Hellenes, if they will help us against the Slavs. I cannot define the extent."

This statement as to the dislike of Russia to the Turkish Constitution—which unfortunately Lord Salisbury had opposed at the Constantinople Conference—was confirmed to me from another source. Mr. Butler Johnstone, who was very active in the study of Eastern politics, said to me: "It was declared that the advance of Russia on Constantinople was the result of a compact between the Russian Generals and the Court party at Constantinople, the result being shown in the immediate dismissal of the Turkish party. It was added that

Suleiman Pasha's alleged criminality was the result of an intrigue, and that since the part he took in the deposal of Abdul Aziz, every attempt had been made to discredit and ruin him. Movements, apparently inexplicable, and accountable only by treason, were undertaken merely in obedience to treacherous instructions. It was found that his popularity with the army would give him a formidable influence in supporting the constitutional principle to which he is attached. Midhat, the author of the Constitution, is an exile: Suleiman is a prisoner at the Bar. Russia commands Constantinople, and though Ahmed Vefyk Pasha is Grand Vizier, the Constitution if not destroyed is suspended.

"Further," he said, "Austria will not act; Andrassy, as an Hungarian, seeks only to preserve the present *régime*. If he were upset Hungary might move, anxious as she is to help the Turks; but Andrassy knows that any movement by Hungary of an active character would precipitate the action of the Court party of Vienna, which is opposed to dualism, which would accept the Russian bribe of an increased territory, and perhaps destroy the Hungarian Constitution and the Constitutional principle throughout the Empire."

I asked, "Is there any party in Austria in league with Russia?"

"Doubtless. Do you think so short a time can efface the traditions of a caste and a race? Did not Russia in '48 crush the hopes of Hungary? Are there no men living who took part in those acts? Would not Russia, by every possible measure, remove free institutions from her frontier? She has proposed, both to Prince Charles of Roumania and to Prince Milan of Servia, to assist in giving to them absolute power; and what would be more grateful to Russia than the restoration of despotism on the shores of the Adriatic?"

Another friend of mine, also well versed in Hungarian politics, gave me a somewhat different story.

"Bismarck," he said, "had at first encouraged Russia, thinking to strengthen her as against Austria, and believing

England to be weak and hampered by the Opposition—a weakness which he thought would keep England neutral or force her into an anti-Turkish policy. He now sees that Russia is not so strong as England. She could only beat Turkey with the assistance of the Vassal Principalities. In her sanitary and financial decrepitude she must either give in to England or be beaten by England. Bismarck does not want to be led into war himself; he is anxious to form a friendly coalition against Russia, by which she may appear to be gracefully yielding to an overpowering army and will withdraw from a position gradually becoming destructive. If England only holds out," he added, "all her demands will be conceded. If she goes to war, though she may have no allies, there will be no alliance against her."

The present state of the Balkan Question is very much as it was when the above conversation took place. We see daily growing dissensions in Hungary. What is the origin of those dissensions? In all International matters there is always an instigator. The point to be ascertained is — Who that instigator may be?

On April 18, 1878, I was in Paris, and I had a long conversation with M. Waddington, whom I knew very well, and who was always very kind to me. Strangely enough, Mr. Ottiwell Adams, M. Waddington, and myself had been at Rugby together, and we later dined together to renew our reminiscences. After speaking about Egypt, he referred to the Eastern Question, where, he thought, everything was tending to a Congress. France was bent on peace; she required it and would make many sacrifices to obtain it. She would make no objection either to the whereabouts of the Congress or to the President. It certainly was somewhat humiliating that the Treaty of Paris should be set aside at Berlin, but this could not be helped.

"But what course," I asked, "will France take in the Congress?"

"On Mediterranean questions she will go entirely with England, but not beyond. She strenuously objects to Russia having strong naval stations in the Ægean or the Mediterranean, which would be a standing menace to the Mediterranean Powers, Kavalla being considered to be well adapted for conversion into a strong naval port. On Mediterranean matters France will go with England."

"Do you include," I inquired, "the Straits?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And the Black Sea?"

"No; we will have nothing to say to anything but the Mediterranean and the Straits."

"The Black Sea Question, and that of the Straits, are practically the same," I urged. "Russia might accumulate large naval powers there."

"We are determined," he answered, "to limit ourselves to purely Mediterranean interests. We should object to any port being given to Montenegro, as this would probably fall into Russian hands."

On this point I was not of the same opinion. My view was that, if Spizza were given to Montenegro, we should not hear much more of the Montenegrin problem. The inhabitants of that little State are very industrious; they have resources in timber, dried fish, and wine. With access to the sea, they would soon become immersed and absorbed in the industry of the Levant.

It seemed clear that in the Congress the only points which concerned England would be decided against us, leaving England to her own remedy.

Another acquaintance, of much experience in European affairs, said to me, "We are coming to a Congress. Arrangements will be made for the Russian troops to withdraw behind a certain line and for our ships to retire from the Sea of Marmora. Germany is making enormous efforts in that direction. When we are going into the Congress we shall find everything cut and dried by the Kaiserbund. The retrocession of Bessarabia will be confirmed. We have committed a grievous error in not strengthening our position in Egypt. Italy at first would have joined Austria in a real demonstration. To Italy with her large seaboard the establishment of a large Power like Russia on the rim of the Mediterranean would be a standing danger."

Nubar Pasha, who was then in Paris, told me it was hoped that peace would result from the Conference. I suggested difficulties that we might find in maintaining our views as to Asia when the European Powers were satisfied on the European questions. The Treaties of 1856 and 1871 referred only to the Concert, not to Asia.

"No," he answered, "they declared the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire as a whole to be a matter of the first interest to the Signatory Powers."

Travelling through Switzerland, I found public feeling in favour of England, both on the ground taken up by Lord Salisbury and from the fear that wherever Russia extends trade is fettered.

A former French diplomatist, since dead, the Comte de Breda, who was very much in the confidence of the Comte de Chambord, met me at Lindau. He declared, as others had done, that the key to the Eastern Question is at Vienna and Pesth. Austria had three courses before her — Neutrality, Alliance with Russia, Alliance against Russia. "Germany preaches to her one of the first two courses. Neutrality, however, she would find difficult. The Roumanian army would cross her frontiers, and a neutral course would be constantly in peril. The two latter will probably in time, be the only courses she can take. The proposal of Germany is said to be this: Take Bosnia and Herzegovina, seize Salonika, and make a compact with us, giving to the German Empire free access to Trieste, which will then become a German port. The Danube route is obsolete. With Salonika and Trieste we shall have the nearest approach to the Suez Canal. Germany seeks to isolate England and to localise the war. Her fear is coalitions of Powers against herself and Russia.

"Count Andrassy is the friend of Germany, and maintains his position by playing into the hands of Russia and by his Hungarian support. The latter might leave him at any moment if it were thought that he took a hostile part against Turkey. Hence his wish to have the Congress, that any annexation of provinces might appear to be forced on him; in which case he would endeavour to add them to the Hungarian and not to the Austrian section of the dual monarchy. This, however, would not satisfy the Court party, who, if consenting to the annexation, would do so only to obtain compensation for provinces already lost.

"The Court party is divided between hatred and fear of Germany. It would willingly embrace a coalition if presented on such terms as to secure a successful attack both on Germany and Russia. But, in the absence of such a coalition, it may throw in its fate with Russia, consenting to a partition of Turkey and taking its share."

I was informed by one of the Plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Berlin—Count Corti—that when the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina had been decided upon he said to Count Andrassy: "Mais, mon cher Comte, votre occupation n'est qu'une annexion mal déguisée." To which he replied, "Très mal déguisée."

"But," I inquired, "are there not a great many ultramontanes of the Court party, and are they not, as rigid Roman Catholics, generally opposed to Russia?"

"No; curiously enough, there is a question of race which here changes matters. Most of the ultramontane great houses have large properties in Bohemia, and, if not Czechs by race, have often a local sympathy with this branch of the Slav family. They also entertain a fear of absorption by Germany, and cherish a hope that at some time Russia may interpose to save them from this fate."

"And what is the prevalent feeling of the Austrian Parliament?"

"On the whole anti-Russian, but the kernel of the question is to be found at Pesth. Andrassy is very popular personally with his fellow countrymen, and they accept from him a deference to Bismarck they would not tolerate in an Austrian Chancellor. Hungary must always count for much in the dual monarchy. The Magyars are brave, united and rash, and therefore more formidable than any other of the races composing the Empire."

"But how does Count Andrassy manage to have the support of the Hungarian Ministry so thoroughly if at all suspected of coquetting with Germany?"

"M. Tisza, the head of the Hungarian Ministry, is a Calvinist; the Hungarians of this denomination have always had a strong leaning to Prussia. Through him the best interpretation is placed on Count Andrassy's policy. M. Tisza's Government is not so strong as it was. Any violence offered to Turkey would destroy it, and with it Count Andrassy must go—though another Hungarian might replace him. Depend upon it, however, that so long as Andrassy is in office Austria will not desert the *Drei Kaiserbund.* Austrian public opinion does not know how close is the relation between Berlin and St. Petersburg. The ignorance is the more intense from the passions of the parties. 'We shall have a Russian alliance against Germany,' says the Slav. 'We shall have a German alliance against the Russians,' say the others. Austria can never take a resolution in time. Prince Bismarck is reported to have said lately that he had unlimited confidence in the blundering of Vienna.

"Take care that Russia does not organise a movement in the Congress to deprive Maritime Powers still further of their belligerent rights at sea."

There was but one voice as to the merits of Lord Beaconsfield's policy and Lord Salisbury's despatch. It seemed to have stirred up all Europe, and to have restored the credit of England from freezing- to fever-point. "Would that we had such Ministers here," said a Viennese. One result of Lord

Salisbury's Circular was to make the Press far more English and anti-Russian than before.

An old Austrian diplomatist, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction, said: "Count Andrassy is unpopular because Prince Bismarck complimented him in a speech saying that when he wanted to know the intentions of Austria he could always have them from Count Andrassy. Amongst other difficulties, Count Andrassy had to contend against the personal feelings of his Emperor. In youth the Emperor had a great devotion for the Emperor Nicholas, who certainly saved Hungary for the Austrian Monarchy. He often regrets his separation from Russia in '56 and the imputation of ingratitude then freely made against him. A reconciliation took place. The Emperor sent word that it could be arranged on condition that Austria would do nothing in her Polish provinces to stir up sedition in Poland. 'If,' said the Emperor of Russia, 'you keep to this understanding, you can say all you have to say to me directly, rather than by making use of the Berlin triangle.' The proposal was very welcome to the Emperor of Austria, to whom all proposals from Berlin were irksome. Since then the two Emperors were for a long time on the best terms, corresponding personally in French and tutoying each other. The Emperor of Russia came to the Exhibition at Vienna. Since the war of '77 there has been a coolness. The Emperor of Russia resented the enthusiasm in Hungary for the Turks, the reception of the Softas, and the explanations by the Hungarian Government of the term 'ally' applied by the Emperor of Austria to the Emperor of Russia when proposing his health on his birthday."

I inquired what was the general feeling of German Austria.

"German Austria is against Russia, as, generally speaking, is Roman Catholic feeling everywhere."

A Deputy, to whom I had brought a letter, called on me. He said that he represented a moderate Liberal element, and also the feeling of the Military party. He was against going to war, but in favour of taking Bosnia and Herzegovina. He feared England wished to restore Turkey with its misgovernment.

I replied that the presence of Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office prevented this view. No one had acted more against it than Lord Salisbury.

He said that the misgovernment of Turkey was a constant source of disquietude to Austria; that he looked on the erection of Bulgaria into a powerful State as inevitable, and that the occupation of the two provinces was indispensable—at first as a *promenade militaire* to guarantee the safety of the refugees who could no longer be maintained, and later as a permanency, to prevent their joining Servia and Montenegro, and thus creating a powerful neighbour in the rear of the Austrian possessions on the Adriatic.

I suggested that the creation of two Bulgarian Principalities would obviate this danger.

"No. Roumania managed to form itself into one State, and Bulgaria will do the same. You may say that Southern Bulgaria contains a different element in Greeks and Mussulmans. But the latter will soon become Christian or leave the country, and the Greeks, being in a minority, will have to give way."

I asked, "Do you think Germany would interfere forcibly to prevent your going to war against Russia?"

"No," he answered, "not at first. If we were very successful she might make some demonstration in Silesia."

A foreign diplomatist told me that Count Andrassy would probably go to war, if not overruled by the Court party. The Emperor has a constant fear of isolation, and if Russia were to be weakened, with France in her present state, Austria would be left at the mercy of Germany.

An old acquaintance of mine, a lawyer of importance, called on me more than once. He wished England to show herself strongly, and to place herself at the head of Europe in the cause of European interests. He said, "The French Government would support England in Mediterranean questions. The first article of your programme should be the Mediterranean; that concerns the whole of Europe. Begin by founding a confederation of the Mediterranean. Russia has long wanted the Bosphorus as a key to the Mediterranean. Her proposals relative to Bulgaria, if carried out, would make her a Mediterranean Power, irrespective of the Bosphorus, leaving Turkey in Europe only a *façade*. The proposals then made for Bulgaria would be a standing menace to Austria. It would be the head-quarters of the orthodox Greek Church. It would create a Russian army of the South. It would undergo the protective system of Russia, and become a constant danger to Europe. The object of Russia is preponderance in Europe. If she gets Bulgaria she will gradually destroy Austria. The Treaty of San Stefano has opened the eyes and stirred the minds of English statesmen; it has also shown that there must be some fresh distribution of the Turkish Empire. England is anxious for the welfare of the population of Turkey, but, remembering the words of Napoleon, she is bent on preventing Europe from becoming Cossack. The only means of so doing is to create a confederation in European Turkey on the model of the old German Confederation. This should be under the protection of the European areopagus, including Turkey, to whom Constantinople would still belong. The fortresses should be made federal, as were Mayence and Frankfort. Europe would watch over the safety of the new confederation, but the population should be allowed to settle their own internal organisation. Russia would thus be prevented from introducing the Russian language into Bulgaria, which is her present object; nor could she drill the Bulgarians into a Russian soldiery."

On April 25, 1878, I saw Count Andrassy, and I shall give verbatim from my notes the whole conversation I had with him.

VIENNA, *April* 25.—He told me, as indeed has every one, of the pleasure felt throughout the Continent at the recent change of policy in England. For months England has been nowhere. No answer could be obtained, and the policy seemed one of indecision, vacillation, and tergiversation. Now all was altered, and every one must admire Lord Salisbury's brilliant despatch. He regretted, however, that it was merely in the negative, a criticism and not a counter-proposal. I replied that Lord Salisbury, from the position he took, could scarcely be expected publicly to make counter-proposals. The Treaty of San Stefano had unmasked Russia, and although England and Lord Salisbury objected to the Treaty, what they required was that it should be laid before Europe for Europe to make one in a European sense, not to accept a mere counter-proposal made by England. He admitted this view; but said that communications were going on between the Cabinets as to the views of England before entering a Congress. I asked whether he thought the Congress probable. He said he hoped and believed it. He did not believe in the report of the Russian ultimatum to Roumania, but he confirmed the report of the outbreak in Roumelia. I touched lightly on the possibility of an Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. He answered that he did not see how it could be avoided, nor did he evade the idea of the occupation becoming permanent. He said the two provinces were too small for a separate existence, that they would fall a prey to Montenegro and Servia, who would probably massacre the Mussulman population, and with the force of a large Panslavic State menace the frontiers of Austria.

I asked whether any progress was being made in the terms for the withdrawal of the English fleet and the Russian troops. He thought there were some hitches, but that everything tended that way. He hoped that the way would soon be smoothed to a Congress. In the absence of it the Russians were strengthening themselves in Bulgaria. Then outbreaks would occur, Mussulmans would be destroyed, further bitterness created, and the doctrine of *Beati possidentes* further confirmed. "Was not Germany rather changing her policy?" I asked. It might be so, but he did not perceive anything beyond this, that she saw the theory of *Beati possidentes* was not likely to be carried out without opposition. Germany did not believe herself threatened from the North by Russia, and had no fears about the Sound.

I mentioned what I had heard at Paris respecting the views of France in the Mediterranean, and her objection both to a Russian port in the Ægean and to a port for Montenegro. He replied he was glad to hear it. I mentioned to him my opinion about Spizza, and the possible absorption in trade of the Montenegrins, a laborious people, if they had a small port. He said he had no objection to giving them Spizza, though it would open the way to smuggling under the Montenegrin flag, for the Montenegrins, besides being laborious, were fond of smuggling; but he could not consent to give them Antivari, which was what they wanted, inasmuch as it could be converted into a strong military port; nor could Austria consent to give Montenegro the frontier traced out by Russia, which would confer on the Montenegrins a strategical advantage over a district inhabited by Mirdites, Arnaouts, and Albanians, who were opposed to the Panslavic idea.

He said that General Ignatieff, when here, stated that he could not accept any alteration in the Treaty of San Stefano, as it had received the signature of the Emperor; and he was much astonished when told that, however great the respect for the Emperor Alexander, the fact of his having signed a treaty was not of itself enough to make other countries accept terms detrimental to themselves. It was impossible to leave Russia in Bulgaria, and it was necessary to keep Turkey at Constantinople. From thence she could carry into Asia European civilisation. At present her states were too large. She could not govern them; magnificent lands lay uncultivated; whole territories were ruined by the exactions of the pashas and given up to Kurds and other wandering tribes. She was like a tree whose branches had extended too far. Cut down the branches and the root revives. The Danube should be placed under the responsibility and care of Roumania.

I inquired his views as to Egypt being taken by England and Tunis by France. He said Austria would rejoice to see this, and Italy also should receive some accession of strength in the Mediterranean. Germany would also be in favour of such an arrangement. Protectorates would do for states that could be autonomous; they would not answer for Bosnia and Herzegovina, which did not contain the elements of autonomy. Something of this kind must be done. At present all policy was negative. Turkey was destroyed. We must therefore have against Russia a positive policy. Raise the Greeks, and so place the other nations of Europe as to be a counterpoise to Panslavism.

I inquired whether there might not be a war arising out of the Congress.

"Perhaps," he replied, "but then we should know what it was about. At present there is no case for a war. We do not know what we should be fighting for."

"Do you think," I asked, "that the Russians want peace?"

"They say they do."

"But would not peace, perhaps, be as great a danger to them as war? Are they not catacombed with secret societies, which might rise against them in case of a peace they disapproved?"

"Yes," he answered. "Their secret societies are a great danger, and have enormous ramifications. It might be better for the Government to have to yield to force than to make concessions without first fighting. Their army is, however, suffering fearfully both in Asia and at Adrianople. They are dying of typhus by hundreds. Near Constantinople their health is not so bad."

I asked one more question: "Is there any truth in the assertion that the Slav soldiers could not be relied on in a war with Russia?"

"The assertion is the most absurd ever made. In Hungary there are Slavs known as Russniaks. They are our best hussars, and devoted to the Emperor. They are more proud of being soldiers, and Austrian soldiers, than any others in the army. The only Slav discontent is amongst some of the upper classes in Bohemia, and that could easily be removed."

On going away he asked me what was the feeling in England about the war.

I replied that we had a sincere desire for peace, but were determined to go to war unless we obtained reasonable terms from Russia.

He said: "That is just our feeling in Austria. We have one million three hundred thousand soldiers. We are crippled in our finances, but if a war breaks out we shall find the way to utilise our army."

A Roumanian gentleman said to me: "The formation as now intended would be the destruction of Roumania, which would then be placed between two Russias. New Bulgaria can be nothing else than a Southern Russia. The Bulgarians are Slavs. There are very few Bulgarians above the rank of peasants. Already the Russians have begun to import Russian institutions, Russian priests, Russian schoolmasters and books. The country is governed by Russian officials. In the new Bulgarian Army every officer, from the corporal upwards, will be a Russian. The religion and race are identical. What, then, will Roumania be able to do when hemmed in on every side by Russia? The gift of the Dobrudscha is not a compensation, but a trap. It is a marshy country, a *refugium peccatorum*, inhabited by the criminal refugees of every country. To these have been added Tartars and Circassians, and to keep it in order an army of at least 20,000 men will be required. Besides, it is detached from Roumania. The majority of its inhabitants are Bulgarian, and it belongs geographically to Bulgaria. When this country becomes strong in the course of the next few years it will, of course, demand it. There never was a more flagrant breach of faith than the 'retrocession' of Bessarabia. The Emperor declares that his desire in the matter is out of reverence to the memory of the Emperor Nicholas. General Ignatieff told a lady of Bucharest that his Emperor wished to remove a blot from the memory of his father. 'Yes,' answered the lady, 'he removes the blot from his father to place it on himself.'"

In Vienna I had a short and most interesting conversation with a Galician gentleman of the highest importance. He said at once: "Austria cannot go to war now. She is afraid of Germany, and she cannot make an enemy of Russia, except in a war *à outrance*, and to crush her. She must be sent back beyond the Dnieper. ('On doit la refouler au delà du Dnieper.') You must then create a confederation of small states that should be opposed to Russia, and under the protection of whom you like, so long as it is not Russia. Where Russia has influence everything becomes Russian."

I observed that some method might be found for obtaining the Austrian alliance.

"Not at first. Come to us with an alliance ready made—England, France, and Italy, and money—and then, being able to defy Prussia and crush Russia, we should be with you. We have a magnificent army. It is worth having. It is now at its zenith. But we have no money, and that you must find."

I asked, "Suppose we get Italy, Turkey, and Greece, would that suffice to tempt you? France is very like yourselves; she would not wish to go into an alliance till she saw it with every chance of success."

"Perhaps that would do."

I asked whether Poland could not be raised against Russia.

"In the same way, if you can show a definite object and a chance of success. Poland has been roused and defeated too often. The Poles would be ready to come forward, but they must be shown a result. The solution of the Eastern Question would be the reconstitution of Poland. This, of course, would raise the hostility of Germany. Before Poland is reconstituted it should first be annexed to Austria, whose Polish subjects are quite happy."

"Do you think the secret societies of Russia a great danger to the Russian Government?"

"Enormous. Nihilism is the open foe of Western civilisation. It is against law, marriage, property, even the existence of the State, and it urges on war against civilisation. All the middle classes are Nihilists. General M—— is a Nihilist. So was the late Prince Tcherkassky."

"Then," I said, "Nihilism will walk hand in hand with Panslavism."

"It is the same thing. What is Panslavism outside Russia is Panrussism in Russia, and Nihilism is Panrussism. It is the war of Russian barbarism against European civilisation. It is this feeling which I think will hurry on the Russians to war."

"What do you think," I asked, "of the proposal for the withdrawal of the fleets and armies?"

"Simply puerile. If an arrangement breaks down, how can you rely on Turkey replacing you in the same position?"

I inquired as to the state of the army.

"You may depend on it the army will be perfectly loyal. The only feeling that has to be feared is the Russian tendencies of some of the upper classes; but that is of no great significance. Give us yourselves, France, Italy, and some money, and we will carry on a successful war against Russia, and drive her back into Asia."

Later I was visited by an old Austrian diplomatist. He was of opinion that the proposal by Germany to England of a treaty of alliance shows a certain amount of apprehension. He told me of the arrival of the Hungarian Ministers to settle the terms of the *Ausgleich*, by which he hoped Austria would henceforward have but one voice. He thought that Count Beust not being on the best terms with Count Andrassy, a good deal of mischief had been the result. I then went to see by appointment a Minister of great prominence, M. Hofmann, practically Minister of the Press. He asked me whether Lord Beaconsfield wanted peace, or whether he thought the equilibrium had been so much upset in the Mediterranean that it could only be restored by a war. I replied that, though an independent supporter of the Government, I had no pretence to be in their confidence or to speak for them; but that I knew there was every desire to preserve the peace if Russia would make reasonable concessions, though it was much feared that war was inevitable. He said that the desire of Count Andrassy was that the Congress should meet. Lord Beaconsfield had refused a formula proposed by Berlin and accepted at St. Petersburg, and Berlin was now trying to find a fresh formula. He was assured that the state of Russia was so deplorable as to make peace essential to her. Her army in Turkey could not undertake a fresh war, and her other disposable forces were fully engaged by Poland and in watching the Austrian frontier. If there were only the Congress, Russia would give in on every point. Austria, France, Italy, and even, perhaps, Prussia, would support the views of England. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury had shown themselves very moderate about Asia; but on the Asiatic question Austria would be with us if we helped Austria in giving her Bosnia and Herzegovina, which were an actual necessity to her, being at present a standing menace, and requiring an army of intervention which did not intervene. I asked him what Russia would do about Bulgaria. He replied: "Everything we want. England has acknowledged, and no one more than Lord Salisbury, that old Turkey cannot be restored, and that the Christian populations must be properly governed. Bulgaria will, therefore, be divided into two provinces with independent governors, and the frontiers of Greece will undergo a rectification so as to satisfy the Greeks." I then asked him about the Suez Canal, to which he replied that, whatever was arranged on this head, the interests of England and Austria were identical.

On my way to Pesth, at the end of April, I met in the train a gentleman to whom I had brought a letter. He was travelling with a friend. Both are members of the Hungarian Chamber, the first also of the Delegation, and both are Conservatives, strong opponents of M. Tisza and of Count Andrassy. Their opinion, however, was, that while it would be well to weaken Andrassy by upsetting Tisza, it was dangerous to do more than upset Tisza at present, and this they were trying to effect immediately on some of the details of the *Ausgleich*. Their proposed leader was M. Bitto, but they fear the accession to power of M. Slavy, who is on good terms with Count Andrassy. On the Eastern Question they were very anti-Russian, but moderate. They considered the object of Andrassy to be the legitimisation of his occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by the Congress, and that his policy, whether he went to war or not, was merely one of greater or less annexation. They did not object to the minor annexation; they do not think it a policy in itself. They considered the Eastern Question to be the reorganisation, in an anti-Russian sense, of the whole of South-Eastern Europe. They could not contemplate the reconstruction of the Turkish Empire. That Empire had two functions: one it performed badly, viz., the government of the subject races; the second it performed well, viz., to act as a military barrier against the advance of Russia. In reconstructing the government of the provinces care should be taken to erect some barrier against Russia equally effective. For this purpose, the Danube fortresses should be kept in Turkish hands, and a triple line formed against the advance of Russia towards the Mediterranean by keeping her beyond the Pruth, and by placing between her and the sea an independent Roumania, the Danube and the Balkans.

PESTH, *April* 30.—A remarkable feature is the extent of the admiration of Hungary for the policy of Lord Beaconsfield. In talking of Lord Salisbury's Circular, a Hungarian politician said to me, "Elle a rendu le souffle à l'Europe." In speaking of Lord Beaconsfield he said, "Il est l'idole des Hongrois."

At Buda I had an appointment to see M. Tisza, the Hungarian Minister President. He said, "All the Hungarians of the Ministerial party seemed much oppressed by the Eastern Question. They know the popular feeling to be entirely against Russia. They even sympathise with it, but they do not venture to declare themselves, owing to the difficulties on the German side." M. Tisza asked me what I thought of the intention of the English Government as regards war. I answered, as usual, a strong desire for peace, but to obtain what we wanted from Russia, even at the risk of war. He thought the influence and prevalence of Nihilism much exaggerated, and considered that the fear of war would be greater than that of the Secret Societies. The Russians had suffered much. He pitied them as men, but not as Russians. He assured me, on his honour as a gentleman, and not as a Minister, that never was a man worse informed than Lord Derby when he believed in the possible defection of any portion of the Austrian army. The Parliament was about to discuss the *Ausgleich*—the chief difficulties arising from the want of *Parliamentarism* in the Austrian Parliament. He asked me if I had seen many persons in Pesth, and seemed relieved when I answered that I had seen persons of every colour. I said that I hoped, if England went to war, we should have Austria with us. To this he answered, "I will frankly tell you my views. We cannot accept in any way the Treaty of San Stefano. To do so would be on our part an abdication. But if England hopes to settle the question peacefully, how much more must we wish it, owing to the peculiar and difficult position we are placed in. Before going to war we must mobilise, and mobilisation extends to every family, to every shop, and every bank. We cannot accept the Treaty of San Stefano, but we hope for peace."

The foregoing statement will show the condition of public feeling in Europe after the conclusion of the Treaty of San Stefano.

The war which preceded the treaty arose, as was said before, from what were called the "Bulgarian Atrocities."

Russia endeavoured to settle the point at issue between herself and Turkey alone in the above treaty; but Europe was determined to have the same control in the matter as in the conditions of the Treaty of Paris.

The Austrian Ambassador in London, in a communication to Lord Derby inviting him to a conference, had said:

> Now that the preliminaries of peace have been signed between Russia and Turkey, the moment appears to us to have arrived to establish the accord of Europe on the modifications which it may be necessary to bring to the foregoing treaties.

All Europe decided that any modifications in the geographical or political condition of Turkey should be submitted to the Powers at large. This was the ground on which was summoned the Congress which met at Berlin.

As before stated, the steps adopted by Lord Derby appearing inadequate, Lord Salisbury was substituted for him, and hence Lord Beaconsfield ultimately succeeded in obtaining the state of things which he designated as "peace with honour."

Lord Salisbury's despatch enclosing a copy of the Berlin Treaty began thus:

> I have the honour of enclosing a copy of the Treaty, which was signed to-day at Berlin by the *seven Signatory Powers of the Treaty of Paris.*

In another part of the same despatch he proceeds to show that the Treaty of Berlin had

> radically changed the disposition of the vast region to which, in the Treaty of San Stefano, the name of Bulgaria is given. Nearly two-thirds of it have been replaced under the direct political and military rule of the Sultan; and in this retransfer are included Thrace and *Macedonia*. . . . On the Euxine, the important port of Bourgas has been restored to the Government of Turkey; and Bulgaria retains less than half the seaboard originally assigned to it, and possesses no other port except the roadstead of Varna, which can hardly be used for any but commercial purposes.

But the Congress had not been unmindful of the wants of the subject races in the Christian Provinces of Turkey. By Article 18 of the Treaty of Berlin it was laid down that a European Commission should be formed to elaborate with the Ottoman Porte the organisation of Eastern Roumelia, and by Article 23 it was provided that Special Commissions should be appointed, in which the Christian element should be largely represented, to prepare the details of new regulations for each province, which, before being carried out, should be submitted to the European Commission established for Eastern Roumelia.

The Commission for Eastern Roumelia was appointed immediately afterwards, and I had the honour of being selected as the British representative. It is needless now to enter in detail into all the operations of the Commission. It occupied ten months, and the Organic Statute, as it was called, was very carefully elaborated.

It was determined to secure, as far as could be foreseen, the representation of all the nationalities in the province. Care was taken that in the minutest points the due balance should be observed between the rights of the suzerain and those of the racial subdivisions. These were henceforward to experience, separately and collectively, the benefits of constitutional government, while the prerogatives of the Sultan, reasonably modified, were firmly secured. The Organic Statute was fortunate enough to obtain the approval of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, as well as the public commendation of Mr. Gladstone.

The two Commissioners whose influence is largely to be traced in this document were Baron de Ring, the French Commissioner, well known as a diplomat and international lawyer of the first order; the second was M. de Kallay, a member of the Hungarian Parliament, and very much in the confidence of Count Andrassy.

M. de Kallay was not only well acquainted with the politics of the East, but had a special knowledge of Slav nationalities. He was subsequently appointed as the Imperial Minister to organise and administer the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, but unfortunately his premature death, which occurred only recently, has deprived his country, and it may be said, also Europe, of a commanding and statesmanlike intellect.

The Statute consisted of fifteen chapters, in which every department of the Government was carefully organised.

The object of the treaty of Berlin was to maintain the individuality of Turkey as a great Power while recognising the liberty and well-being of the subject races.

The point at issue in 1878 was very much what it is now, and had the Treaty of Berlin been thoroughly carried out there would now have been no Macedonian question.

On the suggestion of M. de Kallay it was decided at the first sitting of the European Commission that its Reports should be unanimous. Prince Bismarck had observed on one occasion that Turkey was always true to her signature, and after many reserves and protests on behalf both of Turkey and Russia, the Organic Statute, by mutual concessions, received the assent of all parties. The Turks conscientiously carried out their part of the compact and scrupulously respected their signature.

The Organic Statute was established in Eastern Roumelia and worked satisfactorily for about six years, when the action of Russia in Bulgaria produced a revolution, and Eastern Roumelia was united to the Principality of Bulgaria.

On the completion of the Roumelian Statute I returned to England, and, as Lord Beaconsfield's Government came to an end, I retired from the post of Commissioner. Changes also took place in the Commission generally. Lord Edmund FitzMaurice was appointed my successor, and discharged his duties with great ability; but, unfortunately, the principle of unanimity was sacrificed to rapidity and replaced by that of a majority. Hence the Turks, finding the decision forced on them, considered themselves exempted from the adherence they had given to the Eastern Roumelian Statute, thus showing the wise foresight of M. de Kallay. From that day to this no change has been introduced in the administration of Macedonia, which ought to have received an organisation similar to that of Eastern Roumelia, and the labours of Lord Edmund FitzMaurice have remained a dead letter.

As regards Macedonia, its needs are similar to those which existed previous to 1878, and it is clear that the disorders now going on are a reproduction of what went on in Bulgaria, and can only be remedied by the revival of the provisions of the Berlin Treaty.

It is said that we are prepared to follow the lead of Austria and Russia. What does this mean? That Austria will obtain possession of Salonika, which is the European port nearest to the Suez Canal, while Russia, by the extension of Bulgaria, will obtain possession of the port of Kavalla, where she may erect a gigantic arsenal, like Biserta, as a menace to Europe, and an additional menace to the Suez route to India.

Deplorable events in Servia have shown the agitated state of minds in the Balkan regions, and the present disorders in Macedonia are merely due to the indifference shown to the state of this country for five-and-twenty years on the part of the Powers which had undertaken the task of reorganisation. Reforms projected by Turkey are perfectly useless, as the Turks are not sufficiently imbued with the spirit of nations aspiring to constitutional existence. If we are merely to follow Austria and Russia, we shall do so to the detriment of all our interests in the Mediterranean and in the Further East. The only practical remedy is the reassembling of a Conference similar to that held at Berlin. There the political conditions of the European provinces of Turkey must be submitted to the European Concert and settled by the Seven Great Powers. Under this Conference, Commissions must be appointed, similar to that of Eastern Roumelia, with the object of providing similar Organic Statutes.

These Statutes, when prepared, must be brought into operation under the supervision of Europe, and their unimpeded working must be guaranteed by Europe. England need not be dragged in the wake of Austria and Russia. She has a full right to make her voice heard in the discussion on the problems now once more brought up to public notice, and with a little vigour on the part of our Government our claims will not be ignored, and we may manage to assure peace for an indefinite period by satisfying the just claims of the Macedonian people.

The day is past for half-measures, for declarations, or for platitudes. The remedy must be immediate and permanent. The people must be satisfied and their freedom must repose on a substantial foundation. No hope of permanent tranquillity can be entertained for the Christian provinces of Turkey except from institutions securing contentment to the people and the honest adhesion and guarantee of the Great Powers.

The intention formally announced of the assembly of a Conference would probably secure immediate calm. If not, the restriction of order could, by arrangement, be confided to the army of a second-rate Power.

HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF.

FOUND WANTING

NEVER since the staggering Report of the Poor Law Commission has such an exposure of disease been revealed to the community as that which the War Commission has flung upon the board. Indeed, as a source of the gravest anxiety, the two can scarcely be compared. In the first case it was, after all, only a matter of getting resolutely to work to set our house in order. It concerned no one but ourselves. But with the other it is far different. The evil is as great—the natural consequences incalculably graver, for it strikes not only at our prestige before the world, but at the strongest tie that binds our unwieldy Empire together. At any time such a discovery of morbid conditions in the heart of a great Empire would have been alarming, but coming when it does—at a moment when all the dangers of dissolution have been forced into deplorable prominence by a hasty agitation—how can we find hope or even courage to face the revelation?

Consider a moment what it means, After a period during which continued and successful efforts had been made to emphasise the advantage of unity between the Mother Country and her children, to foster a generous sentiment of devotion and family pride, the war had come to clinch the work. The common danger, overcome by a united effort, had brought to view unsuspected elements of cohesion, to the admiration of the world; and the Empire, after the invigorating experience it had gone through, had sunk wearily into a refreshing sleep which bade fair to renew its youth and health. But there were some who were not content to leave well alone. The patient still moved from time to time uneasily in his sleep. A doctor of high reputation came to the bedside full of new learning, which he had had no time to digest into its right proportion. He marked the trivial symptoms of unrest, and recklessly pronounced that something drastic must be done. It was useless to bid him pause. Regardless of the danger—regardless, it may be said, of the first principles of therapeutics—he waked the patient and proceeded to make a loud diagnosis in his unwilling ears, while the temperature ran up again into fever heat.

Regardless of the symptoms of relapse which the shock has developed, the ruthless diagnosis is still proceeding, and every day the danger has been growing graver. So far it has only aggravated the old disease and has led to nothing that indicates a cure. All we have discovered at present is how widely the conditions of health vary in the individual members of the great organism. We can see that what is good for one is almost necessarily bad for another. We have succeeded in emphasising the variance between them, and are further than ever from a plan for reconciling their antagonisms. The one new fact the great inquiry has elicited is that there is amongst the members of the Empire an inherent antipathy of interest deeper and more acute than we or they ever conceived before. An attitude of mind is being engendered which once more regards dissolution as our destiny—a nearing destiny rooted in the political and economic conditions of the Imperial structure. The further we go, the less reason we see why, by any conscious or logical thought or action, the Empire should hold together at all. There is indeed but one tangible and definite bond the inquiry has left for our comfort, and now comes the stunning report of the War Commission to reduce even that to a pack-thread. Had the awakened patient after his tormenting been flung out into a horse-pond his chance of recovery could hardly be worse.

The conditions which hold great empires together are perhaps the obscurest part of political science. We know little or nothing of the pathology of their dissolution. In their life, sentiment, we think and hope, goes for much. Community of interest certainly goes for more. It is a question most difficult to study. Facts are few and most of them ill-observed or inadequately reported. In the history of our own Empire we can dissect out but one relevant fact on which we can implicitly rely. But that one is incontrovertible, and lucid as the daylight in its moral. We know that so long as the members of an empire have a dangerous foreign enemy at their gates, and so long as they feel that the armed forces of the Mother Country are their only safeguard, they will cling to the empire in spite of every political and economic provocation to leave it. But when once the danger is removed the ties of empire will snap at the first strain that opposing commercial or political interest may set up. It is a page of our history that we seldom turn to, but the fact is written plain and large upon it. The corollary, though yet unwritten, is equally clear to see. It is that when once the confidence in the power of the Mother Country to protect her children is lost, the same thing will happen. So much we know of the bonds of empire, and we know nothing else. And therein lies the gravest anxiety of the moment. With the dangers of dissolution being dinned in our ears, with all the minor causes that lead to it being magnified in our eyes out of their true proportions, we suddenly find ourselves confronted with the one fact that we know for certain tends straight to the end we fear.

However hard we of the old country may try to shut our eyes to it, however much with cheery negligence we may blink at the fact, the truth is there. The Report convicts us of inability to construct or wield a force on which the daughter states can rely. Not only, be it marked, is the force itself shown to be untrustworthy. If that were all it would matter but little. With a moderate effort it could easily be reconstructed to fit the expanding needs of the Empire. But there is far worse behind. It is that the best of us, the most trusted of our Ministers, the ablest of our officials have failed to take hold of the fundamental postulates of military organisation, that even when they are plainly told bricks are required they refuse to find the straw, and that their shrewdest strokes of policy have been expended in persuading the uneasy nation that it has been given something they do not mean it to have. It is not that we have been merely incapable or ignorant. The Report convicts us in the eyes of our children of the deepest sin of all. We have known the good and chosen the evil. Not once, but many times. Not for any plausible reason, but from sheer ineptitude and levity of purpose; for trivial parliamentary ends; from crazy inability to get our will performed. It convicts us of inability to fulfil one of the highest duties of empire, it brands us as unfit for the lofty position in which we lazily claim to lie, it robs us of any right to pose as the trusty protectors of our children. If now they turn from us and look within their own borders for what we have failed to provide them, what shall we answer?

That they would do better by themselves is not to be contended. There is nothing in their record to show that their powers of administration are higher or sincerer or more practical than our own. The point is that they believe them to be so, and in the face of the Report how can we deny it? They sincerely believe that the practical directness and roundness of method which they display in turning the wilderness into a garden is easily transferred to the administration of a great state. They have given no demonstration of the truth of their belief, but who are we to persuade them that it is not so easy? The belief is there—that is the point—and we cannot shake it. A humiliating experience, like our own, is the only thing to do it, and when that comes it will be too late. Meanwhile, our most convincing claim to their allegiance has gone, or almost gone. The Navy, it is true, still remains, but we have unhappily been tampering even with that. Instead of maintaining it ourselves in accordance with the good old sentiment as the priceless bond of union, we have been teasing them to help us bear the burden. For a mess of pottage we have been selling our birthright. For a ha'p'orth of tar we have been busy trying to spoil the ship. By letting them finger the ancestral weapon we have but prejudiced our paternal position. The burden was justly ours. For had we not a single self-governing colony we must still, for the sake of our shores and our commerce, maintain a navy as great as we do. Their protection does not add to our burden; the conditions of their contribution diminish our strength to bear it. By calling on them to assist we have gained nothing and lost much—how much, our present plight must bring home to us. For as things are we cannot even cover the failure of our military administration by pointing to a Navy which we maintain alone.

The distressing thought that there is nothing to show that our children could do better than ourselves brings us to what is really the worst feature of the case. It is no mere question of this or that form of organisation, of this or that administration. It does not even end with the sorry figure we cut in the eyes of the Empire. The blackest aspect of the Report is that before it parliamentary government itself stands condemned. We have known the good and chosen the evil; and so far as we can see, so far as the Commissioners dare to pronounce, it is parliamentary government that is to blame. Fear of the House of Commons is the root of all the evil, fear of its resentment, fear to neglect the trivialities that keep it in a good temper, fear of Ministers to throw themselves into the work of their office lest for want of vigilance they may be tripped up in the House. It is this fear that breeds the disloyal loyalty of Ministers one to the other, that forces them to deceive their paymasters, that compels them to bury their dead in the night, trusting not to be seen. To seek a remedy is therefore no longer the special concern of Imperialists, or Militarists, or of any party that may regard the needs of empire or the exigencies of foreign politics as its peculiar province. It is even more the concern of the Democrat, of the Radical. It should be the care of such men, above all others, to preserve democratic government bright and clean, to make it respected, to prove it capable of the highest flights of administration. The Report has revealed it, as we have never seen it before, attempting to carry out one of the most vital parts of government, and failing—failing through an incredible inability to grasp the problem before it. It is useless to say that an army does not concern them. An army is still a vital necessity to every state. Men may differ as to its size and the purposes for which it should be prepared, but only fanatics with no feeling for government can deny that an army is, under existing conditions of society, as needful for a well-ordered state as sanitation or roads or education. A government which fails to provide an adequate army is a bad government; a constitution which makes a good army impossible or even difficult is a bad constitution. It is therefore the concern of the democrats, as much as of the most advanced aristocrat or Imperialist, to show by resolute effort and single-eyed insistence that a popular constitution is able to provide this essential member of a state. It is their duty and their nearest interest to remove this reproach from a form of government which to them embodies a religion. The more they turn their backs to the difficulty, the tighter they shut their eyes to the necessity, the more surely are they forcing us away from the achievement of the democratic ideal. There is no shirking the responsibility. Democracy has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Clearly it is a unique opportunity for some administrator in whom the country believes to arise and say that England can and shall do what other nations of less experience and smaller reputation for good government can do; to declare that unless we can solve the simple and elementary problem of an army we are unfit to tackle questions of greater complexity and wider reach; to pronounce that our first duty is to remove this stain from our reputation and show ourselves fit for the headship of a great empire. There is no form of political opinion which could honestly refuse him support, which would not heartily welcome his success. We all know that the man would deserve the best of his country who would stay the wasting disease and let us each and all turn securely again to the higher work we have at heart. The man is not wanting—one we all recognise as at least a great administrator—a man of Imperial sentiment and democratic instinct, who has not yet failed in any work of organisation to which he has set his hand. Of his statesmanship, his power of seeing the true policy to pursue, opinions may differ, but that is not in question. The policy is axiomatical and indispensable—a pure matter of wise administration. It is this man who, in his enthusiasm for the health of the Empire, is vexing the fevered patient with exploratory operations, and seeking by contradictory reasons and equivocal shifts to persuade us to adopt a remedy of his own—a remedy which we have long cast out from our pharmacopœia, and which half of us at least are resolutely resolved to keep on the dust-heap. It is a remedy that is at least uncertain, nauseous, and long ago condemned. Can he not be induced to leave it alone awhile and let the patient reap the benefit of his own healthy system and the recuperating powers of Nature? Here is another task ready to his hand, another disease, and another remedy, whose application will not disturb the patient's convalescence; a remedy which, even if it be only partial, is certain, and approved by all shades of opinion. Could he be induced to set his hand to this the inquiry as to the other could still go on outside the sick-room, in the calmer atmosphere of a Royal Commission. By the time the matter had been investigated he would be able to take it up again with the invincible reputation of a man who had given us back our right to hegemony and removed a fatal reproach from democratic government. If he is truly sincere in his desire to uplift the Empire, as no one doubts he is, let him leave the office where he has been too long to see the needs of Empire in their right proportion, where at present he is doing incalculable harm. Let him leave it and take up the other, where he can scarcely fail, with the support he will command and the reputation he has won, to achieve success.

Unless he is willing to do this, there seems no hope. In the man he would relieve the country, and even his own friends have lost all confidence, and justly so. We know his devotion, his ungrudging power of work, his high purpose and his stubborn will. But he has committed a mistake that no one can forgive, that the Report brings out in glaring colours and that condemns him as incapable of grasping the breadth of the problem or the limitations of his resources. He found us unable to walk and forthwith set to work to make us run. He found an organisation incapable of giving healthy life to a small army and tried to pile upon its worn and disjointed frame a still greater load of flesh. He devised a specious copy of a foreign giant to frighten our enemies and never gave a thought to the internal ribwork without which it is a mere bogey. In the light of the Report it seems little short of a madman's work. We can see now clearly enough that we must proceed more humbly. We must modestly and patiently learn to walk before we try to run. We must build up a framework such as we can afford and such as we have wit to work, and place upon it no more than it is fit to carry. What we want is a machine, no matter how small, that is perfect in all its parts, evenly adjusted, and capable of effective and ready motion. When we can construct and work such an engine it will be time enough to increase its size and power. That is the burden of the evidence of all our most trusted experts, but it was not the present Minister's way. His method of making the lame horse go was to pile more upon his back, and the country has lost all confidence in his power of dealing with the crying reproach. Unless the task is given to other hands the country will never believe in the sincerity of the Government or be induced to put its back into the work. And more than this, unless it is given to the best man the listless despair and disgust will continue, the purse-strings will be kept drawn and men will concern themselves with other things. Will the best man be induced to see where his true duty and interest lie? Will he be induced to see how readily in the new office he may attain what in his present effort he is failing, and worse than failing, to achieve? How in the new sphere he may, with his great powers of administration, give the Empire he loves the one sure bond of unity, and earn the sure and lasting gratitude of all he most values in his country? That way salvation lies, but all around there is nothing to be seen but fever and despair.

Nor is it only to their most trusted administrator that the country has a right to appeal in this humiliating crisis. There is in the present Government another man, a more shadowy but no less imposing figure—a man who in the ripe days of his service has come to be regarded as the embodiment of all those public virtues that Englishmen regard as their highest claim to distinction among nations, a man who by birth and record typifies the greatest traditions of British parliamentary life, and whose voice still carries with it, as no other can, the weight of our great past that is so intimately associated with his name and title. It is this man, moreover, who, sitting at the head of another Army Commission, first taught us to know the good, and who ever since, though the power was in his hands, has sat aloof and suffered the evil to be chosen. To the great name and lofty traditions that he represents he owes it to remove the reproach under which he sits. He owes it to the party which he alone can hold together, and, above all, he owes it to the country that he has indolently betrayed.

We who have suffered and been made ashamed have the right to call upon him to rise up and put in practice what he so weightily preached. With him and his busy colleague the immediate future lies. He has but to say the word, to call a halt, to point resolutely to the straight and narrow way, and the thing can be done, so obviously is it the duty, so obviously the interest of every one concerned. By this means, and by this means alone, can the errant Ministers turn honourably back from the morass they have begun to tread, and by this means alone can they save the face both of their party and the nation, and wipe out the stain that sullies their name.

JULIAN CORBETT.

THE TWO SHEEPDOGS: A FABLE

ONCE upon a time a flock of sheep pastured in a Northern valley. They were a little flock of sheep, as flocks ran in those days, but famous for their breed; and they had given their valley a reputation through the world, being hardy, profitable, and far removed from the wild or savage state. If they had a fault it was that as time went on they became almost too fat, and liable to silly panics beyond what is pardonable even in sheep.

The flock was in charge of a dog named Goff. He was a well-bred, clever dog, but lazy and a little weak in the legs. He was helped by another dog called Brum. Brum was of more uncertain origin, but stronger on his feet and quicker at turning. He had a glittering eye, his teeth were longer than Goff's, and he showed them more often.

Goff, it must be confessed, was not a very efficient sheepdog. He was often in difficulties, and never more so than when some of the sheep one day began to offer a passive resistance to his orders. He barked for Brum to come to his aid.

"This is a very uncomfortable task for a dog of my breed," Brum replied. He had a dash of the wolf in him, and in his puppyhood had himself offered something more than a passive resistance to orders.

"Then all is up with both of us," said Goff.

"Not at all," said Brum, "let us raise a diversion." And without waiting for assent or reply, he rushed among the sheep nearest to him and began to hustle them.

"Miserable sheep," he cried, "is it possible that you do not see how thin you are becoming? and how your family affection is dwindling down to breaking-point?"

"Why we are fatter every day," replied an old and experienced ram.

"Yes," said Brum earnestly; "but look back: when you were young you showed a much larger percentage of increase."

"The young naturally grow faster," retorted the ram.

"It is not natural in your case," said Brum, "it is the fault of your diet. Look at the flocks in the neighbouring valleys: you are vegetarian, they are all carnivorous."

"Then they are not flocks," said the old ram, "but packs."

"Hunt with me," said Brum to the sheep, "and you shall feed on a complete diet of Preferences."

"What are they?" asked a yearling, drawing nearer.

"The Preference," said Brum, in a tone of moral elevation, "is a bird of Paradise."

"Baa!" said the old ram, "a fabulous bird without feet, 'that floats through heaven and never lights.'"

But the yearling evidently liked the sound of the name "bird of Paradise."

The flock, however, went on browsing, bleating, and passively resisting. Brum, after all, was not in charge and had no right to a line of his own. The situation was more awkward than ever for Goff.

"Come with me," he said confidingly to the sheep, "and let us all hold a grand inquiry into these proposals."

Some sheep accordingly began to ask questions, but they were at once silenced: in this inquiry, Goff explained, obviously no one ought to be allowed to speak but Brum.

When the grand inquiry was over the sheep were still unconvinced. The situation was more awkward than ever for Goff.

He began again as if Brum had never spoken at all. "It is true that you are fat," he said to the sheep, "and steadily fattening; but it is always possible that your present vegetarian diet might some day disagree with you. Why not regain your liberty to try living on Tariffs?"

"What are they?" asked the yearling.

"The Tariff," said Goff, "is a small but useful animal of the Retaliation or hedgehog tribe: those who feed on it are pretty sure of being no thinner than their neighbours."

"But quite sure," retorted the old ram, "of being thinner than they would be without it. We know that hedgehog: painful and innutritious others have found it."

But the yearling, who could not be expected to remember the experiences of others, felt anxious at all costs to make sure of being no thinner than his neighbours. The flock, however, went on browsing, bleating, and passively resisting. The situation was more awkward than ever for Goff.

"Look here," he said to Brum, "this will never do; we *must* get them in before February."

"Very well," said Brum. You go on where you are, crying hedgehogs with all your most urbane effrontery; I will go outside and conduct a raging, tearing propaganda for birds of Paradise."

"And if—and when—we succeed," said Goff, "then you will come inside again and help me as before?"

"Help is no word for it," said Brum, and out he went.

Note.—The author specially requests that the Verbatim Extracts from this Fable should not exceed 1000 words in all.

ON THE LINE

The Orrery Papers (Duckworth, 42s. net), edited by the Countess of Cork and Orrery, are a contribution to the social and domestic history of George II.'s reign, if they have no great value as throwing light on the public events of that day. The system of selection seems rather arbitrary. Two documents are introduced which have no connection with the house of Boyle, and are published elsewhere—Cromwell's Proclamation on his assuming the Protectorate, and a witty letter from Pope to Swift on a proposed change of religion. For the rest of the correspondence, John, fifth Earl of Orrery, and his second wife, Margaret Hamilton, of Caledon, are the principal figures. Charles, the fourth Earl, a fine gentleman and scholar, and something of a soldier and politician as well, is best known by his unfortunate encounter with Bentley, of which the noble editor gives a ludicrously inaccurate and inadequate account. "If we may judge by the papers that remain to us" (she writes), "naturally all on one side, Mr. Boyle triumphed completely." Lady Cork seems never to have heard of Bentley's *Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris*. Mr. Boyle, with scholarly friends at his back, made a good fight, and hit some joints in the great man's armour. But it was bows and arrows against artillery, and Boyle's scholarship is only preserved as a fly in amber, smothered in the greater substance of Bentley's.

His son John, the fifth Earl, excluded from public life by the family politics, which were of the "patriotic" complexion, and liking leisure and the elegant arts, lived principally at his seats, Marston in Somersetshire, and Dublin, and after his second marriage at Caledon, in the north of Ireland, where he built and planted, translated Pliny's letters and some odes of Horace, hunted a little, though he was no sportsman, and was as tender to the hare as Prince Chéri, and kept up a courtly correspondence with the wits. When he went to London he attended levées, bought fine clothes, went to the theatre, occasionally spoke in Parliament, and generally acted the dilettante man of fashion and friend of the Muses. He was fortunate in friends, and knew how to "keep his friendships in repair" in both senses of that phrase. He was fortunate in marriage, too; he was an affectionate husband and father, and the letters to his second wife, and hers to him, give a pleasant picture of domestic life. The second Lady Orrery must have been a charming woman--merry, warm-hearted, practical and conscientious. She has the woman's gift of writing letters alive with description and characterisation. Nor is she without literature. For all her bad spelling—(*axcknoleding*, *atoanment*, *excelant* are instances)— her criticisms on her Lord's "Life of Swift" are full of point and good judgment. In short, Lady Orrery's letters are worth all the rest of the two volumes.

Here is a specimen of her Ladyship's style:

> On Saturday morning, as we sat quietly at breakfast, a coach stopped at the door, and up came Dr. Premium Madden, a tall, thin, wide-mouthed wife, and two daughters, each of them fat and brown as Mad. King; I was forced to receive a multitude of kisses and embraces with seeming joy, but ready to cry that I was obliged to desist from writing to you and over seeing my rustic cascade. Well, I walked and I talked them all round the gardens—but judge of the intolerable length of a day from ten to five, seven long hours. However, as all evil and good will have an end, at last the horses were put to, and they trooped away. O the blessing of a little house, O the comfort of not having a spare bed: for they declare they generally stay a week or a fortnight at every visit (ii. 241).

"Our sweet enemy!" said Sir Philip Sidney when he spoke of France; and an Englishman might perhaps use the same word in speaking of Mr. Yeats. Vainly we try to be indignant; no lover of style can do anything but rejoice, so exquisite is the English in which he tells us what prosy folk the English are. Yet herein we are subtly revenged on him, with the fiery-coal vengeance alone permitted between chivalrous foes. *He cannot write like this in Irish.*

The author of **Ideas of Good and Evil** (Bullen, 5*s.* net) is in a strange position—and he makes clear the strangeness of it with the inevitable candour of genius. He is a true patriot. He wanted Irish poetry to be the best poetry in the world. He even persuaded himself—or endeavoured to persuade himself—in early youth, that it was good, though even then, in his heart of hearts, he had "never been quite certain that one should be more than an artist, that even patriotism is more than an impure desire in an artist." The result is, that except for them of old time, whom he can but read in translation, or in a language that he has had to acquire, the English poets are his poets still, and Mangan and O'Shaughnessy but shadows compared with Shelley and Blake.[1]

That the Ireland of to-day is yet a golden clime for a poet to be born in, no one who has read Lady Gregory's **Poets and Dreamers** (Murray, 6*s.*) will deny; but the living folk-songs of the people are like the dreams or the games of brilliantly intellectual children. We listen spell-bound, with a sense of enchantment. For the moment, blind Raftery is our only minstrel, and there are no stories in the world like these of the ancient crones in the workhouse. We gather herbs—we hate tinkers—we sing the beautiful songs of boys and girls. But we cannot listen twice; we dare not follow the same road again; not a second time will the little door stand open; the diamonds of to-day will be dead leaves to-morrow. Nature has done her perfect work, but she cannot repeat it nor can she make it art. We read Mr. Yeats over and over again, with more delight each time, not because he is Irish, but because he is a citizen of that true fairyland which has no place in earth's geography. He is an artist, and as he breathes upon it the running water turns to crystal. His book has many facets. It must be bought, read with the heart and with the brain, not only with the eyes, lived with and recollected. He makes a vehement attack on Henry V. Henry V. is much too English. *That* Shakespeare's ideal man? Not he!

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[1] "Blake," he says with some pathos, "was probably an Irishman." He has stolen the title of this most original book from Blake; but was it worth stealing?

> He is as remorseless and undistinguished as some natural force, and the finest thing in his play is the way his old companions fall out of it broken-hearted or on their way to the gallows. . . . His purposes are so intelligible to everybody that everybody talks of him as if he succeeded, although he fails in the end, as all men, great and little, fail in Shakespeare; and yet his conquests abroad are made nothing by a woman turned warrior. . . . Shakespeare watched Henry V., not, indeed, as he watched the greater souls in the visionary procession, but cheerfully, as one watches some handsome, spirited horse; and he spoke his tale, as he spoke all tales, with tragic irony.

Good cause is shown why we should think that Shakespeare felt more for "that sweet lovely rose," Richard II. Perhaps he did; in any case, any one with a drop of Irish blood in him was bound to prefer Richard—and success is vulgar in the eyes of poets. The sympathy of the singer of "Innisfree" goes out to all that has not on it the hall-mark of the populace; he loves the lost cause, the men whom few can understand. That which seems to most people vague and unreal, or but the ghost of a bewildered moment, appeals to him with the irresistible force of the first instincts of life.

> I cannot get it out of my mind that this age of criticism is about to pass, and an age of imagination, of emotion, of moods, of revelation, about to come in its place; for certainly belief in a supersensual world is at hand again; and when the notion that we are "phantoms of the earth and water" has gone down the wind, we will trust our own being and all it desires to invent; and when the external world is no more the standard of reality, we will learn again that the great Passions are angels of God.

How much "poetry that is not popular poetry presupposes," we shall find out "when we meet the understandings of others."

> Go down into the street and read to your baker or your candlestick-maker any poem which is not popular poetry. I have heard a baker, who was clever enough with his oven, deny that Tennyson could have known what he was writing when he wrote "Warming his five wits, the white owl in the belfry sits;" and once, when I read out Omar Khayyam to one of the best of candlestick-makers, he said, "What is the meaning of 'we come like water, and like wind we go?'"

It remains to be seen whether Mr. Yeats will be able to make himself, and those whom he interprets, any more plain to that all too common condition of baker and candlestick-maker who have never turned out a loaf nor hammered a bit of metal in their lives. The style of the book is at one time clear and nervous, at another almost as tremulously sensitive as that of the exquisite "Poems." It reads loose after the tight, strung-up sentence to which Stevenson accustomed us; as with Stevenson, the man is never lost in the critic, and every reader feels as though he had made a friend of the man. The delightful semi-serious paper on "Magic," and that on "Speaking to the Psaltery," have already appeared in The Monthly Review. Those on Shelley, Morris, and Blake are of the deepest interest—and no one has ever praised with such delicate understanding the most delicate poet now living, Robert Bridges. Such criticism as that is enough to disgust us with all the critics who are but poets that have failed. Poets who have succeeded are the best critics after all.

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

XXI

MR. BROCK seemed a little doubtful as to whether he should sit or stand. He decided in favour of sitting; and so adjusted his chair that he was able to lean his elbow on Mr. Hancock's table—an arrangement which gave him the air of an overwhelming school-master at his desk.

"Of course," he began blandly, "man's system of ethics has so long been associated with supposed supernatural commands, that the difficulty which many persons still experience in discriminating them, and in realising how the former can exist without the latter is intelligible. It needs, however, but very little reflection to see that all sound ethical precepts, and all sound ethical practice, are derived from and are determined by no mysterious voice in the heavens, but the ordinary facts of earth, which are at our feet and around us.

"Let us," Mr. Brock continued, "begin with an ethical precept which occupies a conspicuous place in the Hebrew Table of Commandments—the precept 'Thou shalt not kill.' Consider this precept carefully, and ask yourselves a simple question. Does the desirability that men—we who are here to-night, for instance—should abstain from killing one another depend on a belief that murder has been supernaturally forbidden? Would it not be equally evident, in the absence of any such aërial inhibition, that no social aggregate could prosper, or indeed exist, if the practice of murder were not rigorously condemned and suppressed? Have I made myself plain thus far?"

"Perfectly," replied several voices.

"Well," said Mr. Brock, "proceed we a step farther. We have seen that all social experience must give rise to a social judgment that abstention from murder is needful for the preservation of the social aggregate; and along with this judgment, there necessarily arises also a regulative system, by means of which the commission of murder is penalised. But now mark this. A man cannot be called moral who is withheld from committing murder only by dread of external penalties—who would use his dagger if he did not see the policeman. We call him moral when the regulative system within him is so adapted to the needs of the social environment that it repeats the inhibitions or injunctions of the regulative system without. And here let us take another step. Just as it is a fact that men have two legs, that they acquire gradually the power of walking, of speaking, of reasoning, and so forth, so it is a fact that an adaptation of the kind referred to does take place within them, in the course of generations. So far as murder is concerned it has taken place already. The judgment and the feelings of the ordinary civilised man with regard to this particular act have so far adapted themselves to the needs of the social organism that, though the commission of a murder might afford him some immediate gratification, the murderous impulse is inhibited without conscious effort. And this inner or subjective adaptation of the judgment and feelings to the objective requirements of the life of this social organism, always having for its concomitant a specific change in the cerebral and nervous system of the individual, constitutes the development of what is commonly called conscience. Well," said Mr. Brock, beginning to struggle with a slight cough, "this which holds good so obviously in the simple case of murder, holds good equally through the entire field of conduct. Do you think, Mr. Glanville, I might ask for a glass of water? I am troubled at times by a momentary catarrhal irritation."

"You see," said Mr. Brompton to Lady Snowdon, while the glass of water was being fetched, and Mr. Brock in the interval breathed on and rubbed his spectacles, "you see," said Mr. Brompton, with an air of contemptuous triumph, "he is saying the very same things that I have already been saying myself. All the virtues — the self-denials — the justice—the loftiest upward struggle—all have their firm basis in the plain facts of human nature." The water was duly brought; Mr. Brock solemnly sipped it. "I heard," he said, when he had done so, "I heard it observed by some one that these primary truths as to ethics had been already made more or less clear to you. I rejoice that it is so. My own task is thereby simplified. I did not catch the latter part of the gentleman's—of Mr. Brompton's—observations. I think it probable, however, that he may have overlooked one element in the problem, to which I have not yet referred, and to which I must now proceed. It is certain to be objected that murder —I still take that as an example—is to be condemned not only because it is wrong to society, but because it arises from the desire of a pleasure essentially wrong for the individual— to wit, the pleasure of revenge or gratified hatred. Hence it will be argued farther that the moral quality of conduct is referable, after all, to some mysterious inner standard, which is not dependent on the facts and needs of society. Let me, before I go farther, remove this impression, a most fruitful source of error. The very case we are now considering will at once show us its fallacy. For what is hatred? It is hatred of another person. It is a feeling which arises only when a social relation develops itself; and thus the condemnation which we pass on the pleasures of gratified hatred arises out of the very circumstances that alone make such pleasures possible. Is then all such conduct as is commonly called self-regarding wholly insusceptible of being classified as right or wrong? Has a man, in other words, no moral duties to himself? This is the question which must, for the next moment, engage us."

Lady Snowdon and Mrs. Vernon greeted this announcement with murmurs of complete approval.

"To that question," said Mr. Brock, "we must answer both Yes and No. To speak strictly, the moral duties of man arise solely from the fact that he is a member of the social organism; but he is capable of being a member of it only because he also is an organism himself; and in order to play his social part fittingly his individual organism must be in a sound condition. We may therefore say that the scheme of sociological ethics implies a scheme of biological ethics subsidiary to it, or a scheme of conduct conducive to individual health and efficiency.

"Now such health can be obtained and preserved only by a frequent subordination of immediate and intense pleasure to a pleasure which is more remote and diffused—namely, that of general well-being. Take we, for example, the familiar pleasure of intemperance. Intemperance is biologically immoral, not on account of the immediate pleasure resulting from it, but on account of the remoter evils—the disturbance of the balance of faculties in the individual, and the unexpected reduction in the amount of pleasure which his life yields him on the whole."

"You would say then, I presume," interposed Alistair Seaton, "that 'Blessed are the pure in heart' is a maxim of biological rather than of transcendental morality."

"It is," replied Mr. Brock, solemnly. "The maxim, in so far as it is valuable, means that the balance of functions is exceptionally liable to be disturbed by the absence of those inhibitions which are connoted by the term purity."

"But, Mr. Brock," said Lady Snowdon, "surely pleasure is not the test of morality. Is it, Mr. Glanville?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Brock, with a slightly sarcastic smile, "you think that the test of right conduct is not the pleasure it produces, but the pain. No, no. We can none of us really mean that. Ultimate pleasure, at some time, and of some kind, is an inexpugnable element in the conception of all right actions. What does even Supernaturalism promise us as an inducement to act rightly? A peace that passes understanding. This peace may be a spiritual pleasure; but it is a pleasure none the less. Ethical or moral science, in short, may be described as the science of pleasure. The phrase shocks you," said Mr. Brock, with a tolerant smile. "Let me amend it by the addition of one word. Suppose we describe it as the science of true pleasure. That will, I think, do nicely. I fear, however, that for a moment I must startle you again when I say that if we consider the individual man in isolation, true pleasure can have no other criterion than its intensity at given moments, taken in connection with its general volume and duration. But even so, there must, as we have seen, be a frequent subordination of the immediate pleasure to the remote. There must be an avoidance of excess. There must be self-denial. That last word—unless my eyes deceive me—is giving satisfaction to the ladies. Their satisfaction will, I know, be progressive; for, turn we now from biological ethics—which are merely ethics in their embryonic condition—to sociological ethics, or to ethics proper, and you will see the most distinctive, or at all events the most valuable, features of supernatural, nay, even of Christian ethics, reappear. For if it be true even of the individual in isolation, that ethical conduct implies the foregoing of many pleasures in detail, so that thus the gross amount of the pleasure of a lifetime may be increased, much truer is this of the individual as the member of a social aggregate. Consider the reason of this. The moment a man enters into co-operation with others, it is not only to his advantage to forego many kinds of actions which, though proximately pleasurable, are ultimately injurious to himself; but it also becomes necessary for him to forego many other kinds of actions which, though wholly pleasurable to himself, are painful or injurious to his neighbours. Those who are in search of self-denials and self-restraints, which are justified on scientific grounds, may find here a feast sufficient for any ordinary moral stomach. For the whole body of the sociological virtues are acts of this precise character. They are acts implying some restraint on egoistic pleasure. What is honesty but an abstention from securing some gain for oneself, to secure which would be wrong only because it would injure others ? What is virtue, as regards the relation between the sexes, but a foregoing of relationships reported to be proximately agreeable, but inconsistent with that monogamous system which experience exhibits to us as essential to the highly evolved social organism ? And of truth, justice, mercy, unselfishness, social endeavour, and so on, the same thing may be said. They are all of them modifications—not extinctions, mark you, or ascetic mortifications, but modifications—of the egoistic impulses by the altruistic; and all have for their object the welfare of that larger social organism on which, in the long run, the welfare of the lesser individual organism depends. In fact," said Mr. Brock, "the morality of the Christian Beatitudes, when translated into scientific language, coincides with the morality of science, as I have thus briefly explained it. Blessed are the poor, blessed are the merciful, because the social aggregates in which such persons are most numerous are the aggregates which secure to their members pleasures or pleasurable states, the greatest possible alike in length and breadth.

"But here," continued Mr. Brock, "another question emerges. We have seen how the facts of associated human nature give us the rules of conduct which it is desirable that the individual should follow. But at the same time the voluntary, or the ethical submission to the rules, involves self-restraint which is very frequently difficult. How then, in the absence of a supernatural sanction, is a voluntary or ethical conformity to these rules produceable ? I have hinted at the answer to this question already. I have pointed out that the system of laws and punishments which societies have to frame and enforce as a condition of their continued existence is as a physical and psychological fact re-echoed or reproduced in the mind and brain of the individual, so that more or less completely he becomes a law to himself. The dread of punishment is converted into the sense of obligation, and the broad commands of the law into an inner sense of right and wrong. Thus arises conscience, which, by natural selection and heredity, has reached its present advanced stage of development, and there is produced that conformity to social rule which results from ethical principles, as opposed to mere legal obedience. How, and in accordance with what laws of association, the objective sociological rule is thus repeated subjectively, I need not try to explain to you in an exhaustive way, here. Let me remind you, however, that the tendency to such internal repetition is a trait of human nature, and that those individuals and races have survived and become most flourishing in whom and in which this trait has been strongest. And now I will proceed to a second and more important truth still, to which I have not yet adverted. I spoke just now of the sense of moral obligation as having its origin in the fear of external punishment. But conscience in the ethical sense, as we now have it, is partly due to a faculty other than fear. I refer to the faculty of sympathy, or the natural tendency to derive pleasure and pain, not only from the enjoyment or suffering directly experienced by ourselves, but also from the re-representation of the enjoyments and sufferings of others. Sympathy is therefore the constant ally of fear or the sense of obligation in urging on us the avoidance of anti-social and the performance of social actions. It is, moreover, an ally so powerful that its tendency is always to render the action of fear superfluous. Take we, for example, the effort and self-sacrifice which the parents of most species make for the sake of their young. The constant efforts which they make for them, though to themselves proximately painful, have become so associated in their minds with the welfare of other beings, that the altruistic pleasure which the welfare of these others causes them, completely overrides the desire for the egoistic pleasures opposed to it; and they make the requisite sacrifices without any sense of obligation.

"Well," said Mr. Brock, gravely clearing his throat, "this is enough to show you the power of social sympathy, and the kind of results produced by it, not only in men, but in animals. But I mention it only as an introduction to certain truths, a consideration of which will advance us towards the first stage of our argument.

"The distinctive feature of ethical conduct, or of virtue—and the ladies here present will, I am sure, not quarrel with the definition—is the rejection or subordination of what is proximately pleasurable to self, for the sake of what is proximately or ultimately good for others; and of such conduct the parents' care for their offspring offers us, as I have said, a familiar and very signal example. But this prolonged parental care, though it is most instinctive amongst the higher races of mankind, was by no means natural to their more remote progenitors. The primitive male parent took no care of his offspring. He did not even recognise it as his. The whole care devolved on the female, and ceased as soon as the offspring was able to shift for itself. It was only the gradual evolution of the monogamous family that enabled parental affection, in its highest forms, to develop itself. Here, then, you have an example of the evolution of an important virtue, of the growth in man of a new ethical trait. The growth of this one has been the work of unnumbered ages; but look round you to-day, and then look back over quite a short period of history, and you will see growths of the same kind, very much more rapid, and almost equally memorable. Take, for example, the way in which war is conducted. Instead of killing the wounded, we endeavour to cure them in our hospitals. Four generations ago, to free a slave would have been applauded as an act of generosity; now, to own one is looked upon as a heinous crime. Conditions of squalor among the poor, which our fathers regarded as inevitable, excite in ourselves compassion and a strong desire to remove them.

"Well, all these developments, like that of parental affection, are plainly due to the development of the sympathetic feelings, which are constantly making more and more of the pains of others painful to ourselves as the subjects of mental re-representation, and more and more of the pleasures of others pleasurable to ourselves. And now let us consider this development of the sympathetic feelings itself. It, too, has its cause; and its cause is to be found in these rapid social changes, such as the spread of education, the growth of the newspaper press, the increased production of wealth, the rise in the standard of living, which bring prominently before us evils previously unnoticed, and at the same time provide us with the machinery by which many of these evils may be remedied."

"There are a good many," said Mrs. Vernon, "which call for remedy yet." She did not like the tone of Mr. Brock's discourse, though she could not quite tell why: so, following the example of many more practised critics, she snapped at the first statement which seemed open to easy contradiction.

"You are right," said Mr. Brock, taking the interruption placidly. "The social amelioration to which I refer is at present partial only. This is the very point I was myself about to notice: and the development of the social sympathies is similarly partial also."

"Unfortunately," said Mrs. Vernon, "nobody can deny that."

"Nay," said Mr. Brock, "fortunately. For if, whilst society still remained imperfect, and contained pains and evils not for the time removable, our sympathies were developed in such wise that all the pains of others affected us as though they were actually our own, the acutest misery would in that case be the constant lot of everybody. A single toothache in Pekin would make the whole of London beside itself; and all healthy or helpful life would be possible. But in precise proportion as suffering tends to disappear, there is a widening of the area of social facts and conditions on which sympathy can dwell not with distracting pain, but with bracing pleasure: and the range, the efficacy of our sympathy, will itself be enlarged concurrently with this process, and again in its turn will accelerate it.

"And now," said Mr. Brock, "consider we the direction in which this change tends. Morality, let me repeat, results from the modifications that have to be imposed on desires for individual pleasures by the requirements of the pleasures and the general well-being of society: and morality is so commonly spoken of as the moral struggle, because we do as a fact become conscious of it only as a kind of conflict—a conflict between the egoistic feelings and the sympathetic or altruistic feelings. We have seen, moreover, how in some cases, such as the conduct of parents towards their offspring, the altruistic feelings have become so highly developed that they not only overbear the egoistic feelings, but absorb and completely transfigure them, so that egoism and altruism are reconciled and become one, and the consciousness of a moral struggle has practically disappeared. Well, as sympathy and altruism expand in the manner which I have just now indicated, there will gradually take place in all fields of advancement, which still exhibit a conflict between these two sets of desires, a combination similar to that which has accomplished itself in the field of parentalism. The requisite modification of the egoistic impulses will become not only pleasurable, but instructive. A partial conciliation of this kind has taken place already in the field of honesty. An ordinary man forbears from stealing not, as a rule, because he fears detection or punishment, but because, by defrauding another, he would inflict pain on himself, and would inflict pain on himself because his re-representative faculties have partially identified the other man's welfare with his own. This identification, only partial at present, is constantly tending to become more and more complete; and the same observation is applicable to moral conduct generally—to justice, to mercy, to truth-telling, and to all forms of what is now called "social endeavour." In all these a similar conciliation is in progress between those desires which are concerned with the pleasures of the individual only, and those others which identify such pleasures with the pleasures and the well-being of society.

"And now," continued Mr. Brock, "mark the consequences of all this. You will agree with me that when men, in respect of any one class of conduct, come gradually to follow instinctively, gladly, and without effort, what the ethical law enjoins, their conduct in that respect may be said to have been completely moralised. Is not that so?"

Several voices returned the answer, "Certainly."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Brock, "in proportion as conduct becomes moralised, morality, in the old sense of the word, which implied effort or strength, disappears. But," Mr. Brock continued, seeing that some one was about to interrupt him, "that's not all. In proportion as society advances towards that ideal state of organisation, the realisation of which is the object of all social endeavour, morality, in the old sense of the word, disappears for another reason as well. In proportion as the more fortunate succeed in relieving suffering and poverty, and bad-housing and uncertainties of employment disappear; the pity, the self-sacrifices, the lives of devoted work, which we now regard, and justly, with so much ethical admiration, will disappear also, simply because there will be no place for them. How shall pity survive when no one is any longer pitiable? When sanitary and economic conditions shall at length have been properly adjusted, what place will there be for knight-errantry on behalf of the sick and poor?"

"I'm afraid," said Lord Restormel, "we shall have to wait some time before we arrive at a state of things like that."

"Possibly," replied Mr. Brock; "I make no chronological prophecies. But whatever the time at which this ideal state of things shall be realised, or whether it will ever be entirely realised or no, does not affect what is the practical aspect of the question. The state I have described is the state towards which social evolution is tending. Scientifically, nothing can be more clear than this, as you may see if you will turn to a book, 'The Data of Ethics,' by my friend and colleague the illustrious Mr. Herbert Spencer. And such being the case, the main fact emerges, which Mr. Spencer, though he states it clearly, does not state with sufficient emphasis. I mean the fact that morality is not an end in itself, still less a perfection in itself, but is, on the contrary, a sign and incident of imperfection. It is the effort of a mal-adjusted mind in a mal-adjusted society to render the adjustments of both as complete as the circumstances will permit; and all the self-denials, the heroisms, the struggles, the agonisings, and so forth, out of which many foolish thinkers would endeavour to construct a religion, as if pain and struggle in themselves were ever anything else but undesirable—are in reality comparable to the pains of a child cutting its teeth. When the set of teeth is complete the pains of teething are forgotten. So it is with morality. When the moralisation of the individual is complete, or when, in other words, his desires are adapted to the needs of the social organism, morality, in the old sense, becomes a thing of the past. It is lost in something higher than itself; that is to say, in complete adjustment, by means of which the egoistic and the altruistic pleasure equally are sought in simultaneous accordance with the requirements both of self and of society.

"I do not know that on this occasion I am called upon to say more. But I trust that I have made these three points clear—first, that morality is not dependent on any supernatural injunction, but arises, like the laws of health, out of the constitution of human nature; secondly, that, thus arising, a large number of its precepts coincides with the more important of the precepts of the Christian Code; but that, thirdly, a conformity to these precepts has for the scientific thinker a value very different from that attached to it by the Christian. Instead of possessing any mystical value in itself, it is valuable only in virtue of the sociological ends which it subserves; and all those elements of struggle and self-denial involved in it, instead of deserving that superstitious worship which many great religion-mongers of to-day, in imitation of the Christians, would accord to it, are in themselves unmixed, though for the time unavoidable evils."

"In other words," said Lord Restormel, "if we allow ourselves to praise heroism or sanctity or self-mortification now, we praise them only because they tend to bring us nearer to a state in which their continued existence will be unnecessary, unmeaning, or impossible."

"That," said Mr. Brock, "is so. You have summed up my own meaning and that of Mr. Spencer admirably. Let me, accordingly, wind up by pointing out to the ladies that, whilst science affords a firm support to most of our current morality, it frequently alters the attitude of our minds with regard to it; replacing superstition with a rational approval, rational acquiescence, and rational experience."

"But, Mr. Brock," said Lady Snowdon, "may I be permitted to remind you, since you so kindly direct your remarks to us poor women, that you've only kept as yet one part of your promises. You haven't given us a single word about religion."

"Religion—" said Mr. Brock, a little taken aback. "Yes—yes. Well—religion's a large subject. Would you like me to deal with its origin in dreams and the worship of ancestors, or trace the evolution of priestly castes and ceremonial?"

"No," said Lady Snowdon, "no. You promised to tell us something about religion as it affects ourselves, or doesn't affect ourselves—whichever the case may be."

"In that respect," said Mr. Brock graciously, "I have surely dealt with it already, in showing you that morality is independent of all religious belief. For the rest, religion, as it affects ourselves to-day, has doubtless a vast importance. I have stated this in not a few of my works. It consists—I hope I make myself clear—of a consciousness of two things—first, our own ignorance of the substance or the general meaning of the universe; and secondly, the profound significance of the completely evolved social organism, which, as my friend Mr. Spencer justly remarks, religion tells us has not arisen for nothing. The evening is too far advanced, and my throat is too much fatigued, to permit of my entering on a more detailed exposition of the matter. I will content myself with saying that religion, so long as we resolutely refuse to associate it with an assent to any moral or theological proposition, and experience it only in the form of heightened and enlarged seriousness, may to many natures do great good, and can probably do harm to none."

Mr. Brock coughed, and shifted. Mr. Hancock obligingly pushed the tumbler of water towards him, and said to him confidentially as he did so, "Is that all?" Mr. Brock replied that it was, and Mr. Hancock, with considerable alacrity, proceeded to announce that the Conference had come to its conclusion. "Of one thing," he added, "I think we may be quite sure—that whether scientific ethics constitute the last word that is to be said about the guidance of life, Mr. Brock and his friend Mr. Spencer between them have said the last word with regard to scientific ethics."

"If this were a public meeting," said Lord Restormel, leaning back in his chair, "I would get up and move a vote of thanks to the speaker; but I assure you, Mr. Brock, we pass you the vote of our feelings, quite as sincerely as we could by cheering or holding up our hands."

"My dear Mr. Brompton," said Lady Snowdon, in a voice of disapproving solicitude, "what is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

Mr. Brompton's face, though his neighbours had not noticed the fact till now, had been acquiring during the latter part of Mr. Brock's exposition an expression in which mortification, bewildered anger, and excitement were sometimes succeeding and sometimes conflicting with one another.

"Nonsense," he was muttering to himself, "arrant, blasphemous nonsense! He makes the ethical process end in ethical suicide! Ethics—religion—why he's wiping them both out! What, Lady Snowdon? I beg your pardon. Did you ask me if I were ill? I am. I'm sick with disgust at what this sophist—this—this—ignorant wind-bag has been saying. Why, were these conclusions of his true, the ethical religion would be nonsense. Look at him, how self-satisfied he is!—stuffed, literally bloated, with facts which he can't digest. Let me wait till to-morrow, and then let me have it out with him."

"I gather," said Lady Snowdon, "that he'll be gone before you are likely to be up; and as he is at this moment saying good-night to our host, I fear that the dragon, for the moment, will escape the spear of Michael."

"I'll annihilate him publicly," said Mr. Brompton, "at my next service in London."

"I admire your resolution," said Lady Snowdon. "It will be easier, and also kinder, to destroy him when he is not present."

XXII

WHATEVER may have been the general impression produced by Mr. Brock's expositions, those whom he had addressed, when they met next morning at the breakfast-table, experienced a sense of relief on learning that the philosopher had gone; and, like the courtiers of Charles II. taking their revenge upon Puritans, they were even inclined to take refuge in an excess of trivial levity, in token of their release from the bondage of the great man's gravity. Mr. Brompton alone remained moody and brooding, like an anarchist devising a bomb which should blow up or intimidate somebody.

"I think," said Mrs. Vernon, looking up from a letter which contained a list of the co-respondents in the case of which Mrs. Majendie was the heroine, "I think that Molly's condition would satisfy Mr. Cosmo Brock. Her moralisation has become so complete that her morality has ceased to exist."

"Quite so," said Lord Restormel. "She identifies her own happiness with the happiness of the greatest number, and feels no effort in doing so—no conflict of principles."

"If you like, you can see the list," said Mrs. Vernon, giving him the letter. Then, turning to Miss Leighton, who had just entered the room, "My dear Stephanie," she exclaimed, "what a lovely blouse! Where did you get it? What is it?—silk? And lined with what?"

Seaton himself partook of the unphilosophic spirit, and preferred to try his fortune with a rod in a pool which was not far distant. He was prepared even to be eloquent on the question of what flies would best suit his purpose; but he failed to find any one who was capable of discussing it with him, and as the conversation proceeded he was not ill content to be a listener. Mrs. Vernon, Lord Restormel and Glanville, with Mr. Hancock as chorus, insensibly strayed away from such subjects as blouses and co-respondents, and discussed the peculiarities and talents of some of the best known personages of the time.

"Yes," said Mrs. Vernon, "no doubt she was naturally witty; but she's been spoilt by living amongst a little set of admirers who, whenever she opened her mouth, said, 'Listen to Mary's last'—till the poor girl, if she could, would have tried to blow her nose with an epigram."

"It's such a pity," said Miss Leighton. "As a child she was always surprising me, without the least intending it, because she said what bubbled up in her mind. But the people who try to be original are worse than the people who can't be."

"Now there," said Lord Restormel, "was the charm of our late Ambassador at Berlin. His thoughts formed themselves into wit as salt forms itself into crystals, by a process of which he knew nothing; and his phrases crystallised in exactly the same way, except when, as they very often did, they seemed rather to sparkle as champagne does in the act of being poured out of the bottle."

"Exactly," said Mr. Hancock, anxious not to be left out in the cold. "He was spontaneous—that's what he was—like all great orators—all great debaters——"

"Yes," said Glanville, "and like all great poets and novelists."

"I'm thinking," said Mr. Hancock dubiously, "I'm thinking how that is. Doesn't the best literature require effort and correction? At all events, philosophy does."

"It tests or distils the water thrown up by the fountain," said Glanville. "But the fountain of the philosopher's thought—so at least I would venture to say—is no less spontaneous than the imagination of the novelist."

"I don't know, my dear Rupert," said Lord Restormel, "whether this ever occurred to you—that one of the reasons why the heroes in even the greatest of novels, like the Wilhelm of Goethe, or the Waverley of Sir Walter Scott, are so apt to be wanting in any definite character, is that they are not, for the author, real people at all, but merely the points of view from which all the characters are drawn. Or we may call them, in each case, a pair of typical eyes, which every reader of the novel is invited to adopt as his own."

"I should say," replied Glanville, "that the reader is not only invited to do this, but must do this; just as a man who looks at a picture is alleged to look at it from the painter's point of perspective. Of course, some novels are not written from the hero's point of view at all. 'Don Quixote' is not; but it's written from a point of view which is so far definite that, at all events, it is not Don Quixote's."

"And women's novels," said Miss Leighton, "or, at all events, most of them, are written from the woman's point of view, as opposed deliberately to the man's. That's what makes most of them so stupid. But surely, Mr. Glanville, the best novels are not personal views of life, but impersonal reproductions of it, which each reader can look at from the point of view that suits him."

Lord Restormel, who was sitting by Miss Leighton, put his arm on her shoulder. "I'm inclined," he said, "to address you as Holofernes addressed Judith: 'Thou art both beautiful in thy countenance and witty in thy words.' Let you and me and Mr. Glanville continue our discussion in the garden—shall we say at twelve o'clock?—as soon as I've got through some letters that must be written. Come, Rupert, where shall we three meet again? By the fountain where the Naiad, as she bends over the brimming basin, seems to be so abashed by the beauty of her own reflection that she's always trying to obliterate it with a shower from her marble watering-pot?"

"Certainly," said Glanville, looking up as though his thoughts had been wandering. "Certainly. There's a great deal more in all this than either of you, perhaps, realise. If Miss Leighton will be ready at twelve, I'll guide her and introduce her to the Naiad; and if you're not ready to come with us, we'll wait patiently for you there, and Miss Leighton shall say to me all those charming things about your poetry which even the sincerity of her admiration won't let her say to you."

Lord Restormel, whose arrears of correspondence were really large and pressing, though not exceedingly pleased with this arrangement, was, nevertheless, obliged to submit to it; and Miss Leighton, who preferred the society of the opposite sex to her own, had, in order to avoid the possibility of any female companionship, judiciously asked Glanville's permission to come to him in his own study as soon as the time for the proposed reunion should arrive. When twelve o'clock struck the door of his study opened and there she appeared before him—a remarkably punctual vision—in a hat whose pink lining threw a flush over her pale cheeks, whilst a sparkle of expectation gave light to the soft sullenness of her eyes, and a smile hovered on her lips like a primrose presaging spring.

"Come," said Glanville, whose hat and stick were beside him. "Seaton is fishing. Your aunt and Lady Snowdon are letter-writing; but Mr. Hancock and Mr. Brompton are both at a loose end—poor Mr. Brompton, he hasn't recovered yet from the shock Mr. Brock gave him by knocking over his nine-pins—and I don't want either of these good people to come with us. If we go out of the window I think we are sure to escape them. How well you are looking! When I saw you last week at the station, I little thought that to-day I should be going to discuss life and death with you."

"My impression," said Miss Leighton, when they found themselves in a walk hidden by laurels, "my impression was that we were going to discuss the morals of men and women —or was it the merits and the demerits of forced wit and spontaneous wit?"

"Perhaps it was all these," said Glanville, "and life and death as well. And now, do me a favour. I'll tell you why I ask it presently. Don't say a word till we get to the Naiad and the fountain."

Miss Leighton, who always rose to any occasion, however unexpected, smiled, nodded, and walked on in silent and self-possessed abstraction. At length they arrived at a rock-walled hollow in a dell, where the marble figure of a female, whose clothes were a little moss and some weather-stains, bent over an artificial pool with her hand on an iron tap, which allowed a small volume of water either to spill itself from the lips of an urn, or rise from the bottom of the pool in a tumult of splashing bubbles.

"I suppose," said Miss Leighton, as they seated themselves on the marble basin, "I'm at liberty to speak now; and I'm going to use my liberty to tell you that I think you're a very odd man."

"And I'm going to use mine," said Glanville; "to ask you what you've been thinking about. Don't answer me in a hurry. Think before you speak."

"Well," said Miss Leighton, slowly drawing off a white glove, so that she might dip a hand equally white into the water, and looking as she did so at the uprush of bubbles beneath the surface, "I thought of all sorts of things—near things—things far away. A rose-bush which we passed set me thinking of the garden of a villa near Nice; and the smell of your cigar—well, I can't tell you what that did. And then I thought of our own chapel at home, about which I told you, and the services and all that; and then—to tell you the truth—just now, when you spoke to me, I believe I was half thinking about a boot-shop in Bond Street. Thoughts seem to bubble up in one's mind like the bubbles in this fountain, without our knowing whence or why. Look how the bubbles rise—dancing, bursting, jostling one another! But who knows where they come from! Not this little pool of water, which they seem to fill with life."

"That," said Glanville, "is a very good illustration. I suppose you'd apply it also to the brilliancy of spontaneous wit—the charm of originality—and so on."

"Yes," said Miss Leighton, "I suppose so—yes—certainly—certainly."

"Well," said Glanville, "I have surprised you with a perception of something which any of us can see when once our attention is called to it, but which most people never notice. You have realised with regard to the ideas of the brilliant talker, and those also which occupy our minds when we are doing, as we say, nothing in particular, that they don't come to us by means of any process over which we have any control. They circulate into our consciousness like the corpuscles of a mental blood; or they gush up into it—to use your own more agreeable image—like the bubbles in this basin, from an outside source. This upshoot of sparkling water into which you are now dipping your hand had its birth far off amongst the mists and the gorse of the moorland. Many of our thoughts, too, have origins no less distant. But what I want to say is, that this, which you see to be true with regard to your own reveries, and the wit of a brilliant talker, is equally true of every process that goes on in our minds. The utmost we can imagine ourselves doing—even if we suppose ourselves to have free-will—is just what a fireman does by means of his hose and nozzle; namely, to squirt or turn in this or in that direction, the living waters whose force proceeds from our own wills no more than the force of this mill-stream proceeds from the miller who uses it. The next time you listen to any one who is talking brilliantly, notice the rapidity with which his various ideas connect themselves—the similes, the analogies, which have formed themselves like dew-drops which have run together, and which surprise the speaker himself almost as much as his listeners."

"You're bent," said Miss Leighton, "on leaving us very little control over ourselves. I begin to feel that my life is a mere kaleidoscope, which is only mine because I can see into it whilst something that's not me shakes it."

"Yes," said Glanville, "you grasp my meaning accurately. This is the conclusion to which all science leads us. It's the conclusion we arrived at the other night on the terrace, when the moonlight was weaving for us its garment of dreams and visions, which we, with the apparatus of reason, were all the time unweaving."

"Your science, then," said Miss Leighton, "seems a doubtful blessing after all. It finds us like Job, coming into the world naked; it watches us clothe ourselves; it then strips the clothing off us; and it leaves us at last more forlorn than we were originally, because the clothes we have worn for so long have unfitted us for life without them. It seems almost unbelievable that things really can be what you say they are."

"I agree with you," said Glanville. "But I don't myself say that things are really as science represents them. When I take into account my nature and my feelings as a whole, the scientific conception of existence seems as unbelievable as the religious conception; and I feel myself beaten to and fro by the battledore of two opposite falsehoods. But there's one thing I won't do, and there's one thing which it's idle to try to do; and this is to elude the destructive operations of science by pretending for a moment that they are less destructive than they are. Let them do their utmost; let them do their worst; and then, when we have realised how they reduce all life to an absurdity, we may be able to convince ourselves, not that they are not true, but that they're only one half of truth, of which the other half must be sought elsewhere."

"Like Dante and Virgil," said Miss Leighton, "having once got into Hell, we must go to the bottom of it before we can see the stars again. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes," said Glanville. "Do you mind making the descent with me—with us? I don't know that I can promise to show you the stars myself, but, at all events, I can take you to the very bottom of the hopeless pit."

"You don't think, then," said Miss Leighton, laughing, "that Mr. Brompton and Mr. Brock can show us a byway out of it?"

"Wait," replied Glanville, "till I've an opportunity of saying my say about both of them. Ah! here comes our Viceroy. His letters must have been really important, since they kept him so long both from literary discussion and from you. In India, once, instead of an important despatch he very nearly sent home an essay on the Oriental drama. Now, my dear Restormel, here is a lady who is waiting to hear you resume your discourse about novels and points of view; and I'm waiting also, for a reason I'll tell you presently."

Lord Restormel turned to Miss Leighton with dreaming and inquiring eyes, and seated himself as near as he could to her without wetting his coat. "What was I saying about novels?" he asked, in a tone which seemed to unite the interesting devotion of a lover with the interesting abstraction of a genius. "Ah," he continued, "to be sure—we were talking about points of view."

"Yes," said Miss Leighton; "and I wanted to know why a novel need be written from any point of view at all. Why can't it be a reproduction of life, which any one may look at from any point of view he chooses?"

"Yes," said Glanville. "That was the question you left off with. I am anxious, Restormel, to see how you answer that."

"Every art," said Lord Restormel, "has its own special limitations. A sculptor, no doubt, can reproduce a human figure, so that any one can choose, as you say, the point from which he will look at it; but the sculptor can reproduce one attitude, one expression, one manner only; and his figures are torn from the surroundings which in life would naturally be theirs. The painter gives them their surroundings, but he cannot give them their solidity. He can represent them, that is to say, from one point of view only—namely, that which he occupies when he is painting them: and the same thing is true of the novelist. A woman, in writing, may—though she doesn't very often do it—make her point of view sexless, by an act of mental detachment; but she writes from a special point of view none the less; and, by all the laws of literary or mental perspective, this point of view is bound for the time to be her reader's. Let us take the simplest example—a novelist's description of a landscape: 'Far away in the distance was a line of purple hills, which sank on the left into a tract of desolate moorland, and rose on the right into mountains capped with cloud. Most of the intervening country was, however, hidden from sight by the wall which bordered the road, or some shoulders of rock beyond it.' Or take again the well-known kind of beginning common to a class of novels which were in their own day popular: 'On a dark autumn evening in the year 1730, three horsemen might have been seen emerging from a wood which seemed, in the uncertain light, to be of no inconsiderable extent.' Well, all this might have been written by a woman just as well as by a man; but in each case you have the ideal spectator, looking at what is described from some particular position. The horsemen might have been seen. Yes—by somebody who was there to see them. The wood seemed large in the twilight. Yes—to the eyes of this same somebody. The blue hills are distant. Distant from what? From somebody who stands on some given imaginary spot; and it is to the left of this somebody that they do one thing and to his right that they do another."

"I see," said Miss Leighton. "But this supposed somebody, in these cases you mention, is at all events not the hero or the heroine, for neither of them has been yet introduced."

"No," said Lord Restormel; "only in an autobiography is the point of perspective that of one person throughout. In a novel which has the form of letters there are as many points of perspective as there are correspondents; and in a novel whose form is that of an ordinary narrative, though the point of perspective for the most part is that of the principal character, other points also are being constantly adopted and abandoned, as occasion requires. The same thing, I believe, happens in the painting of very large pictures."

"I'm not sure," said Miss Leighton, "that I quite understand your meaning."

"I mean," said Lord Restormel, "that the novelist, in telling his story, always has to be seeing out of the eyes of some one, out of whose eyes the reader is invited to see likewise. Sometimes this some one is, as we said just now, the ideal spectator looking on in detachment; sometimes it is one of the characters of the story, sometimes another. At one moment it is Mr. Carker running away from Mr. Dombey, in another Mr. Dombey running after Mr. Carker. All the incidents and things which the novelist puts before us are past and future, pleasing or terrible, near or far, doubtful or certain, only in so far as they are related to some specified or implied person."

"Yes—yes," said Miss Leighton, "I grasp the whole thing now. Some novelists—I think Thackeray is one of them—often amuse me by speaking in one place as if they could see into the innermost minds of their characters, and then taking refuge in some vague guess at their motives, as though they had nothing to go on but an ordinary man's observation. I see now that, when they behave thus, they are jumping backwards and forwards from one point of view to another; and this seems to me an illustration of what I suppose you to mean when you say that whatever they describe—whether it be a scene, a person, or an adventure—their description implies the perception of a mind or a pair of eyes which views from some given position the various things described. Now, my dear Lord Restormel, this is all exceedingly interesting; but while you've been explaining it, I've been unintentionally committing an infidelity. My thoughts have been wandering from you to another man, and to something which that man told me."

"Who," said Lord Restormel, "is my rival? Let me know at once, that I may kill him."

"There he is," said Miss Leighton, pointing to Glanville. "But spare him for my sake—at least till he's satisfied my curiosity; for he told me that this charming discussion about the art of the novelist would somehow help us to unriddle the mystery of life and death. He will have to save his head by a new Arabian Night."

"Well," said Glanville, "the moral of what you two have been saying is this: It is impossible for a novelist to describe anything, unless he describes it in terms of the impression which it makes on some particular person, occupying a particular position in point of time and place. Distant hills, an advancing figure, hidden or visible features, an unknown road, a person with an unknown past, apart from an ideal spectator's view, none of this means anything. And now, my dear Restormel, what I want to point out to Miss Leighton is that this which is true of novel-writing is equally true of life. Apart from ourselves as spectators of the universe round us, the universe would be nothing but an indescribable and unthinkable mystery."

"It's a mystery as it is," said Lord Restormel, "and our own minds are part of it. Yes, Rupert, you're right, though I'd not thought of this before; and this, with its necessary limitations, gives us a working model of our own relation to this cosmos which we know only through its effects on our consciences——"

"And out of which," said Glanville, "as I was telling Miss Leighton just now, all our thoughts, and hopes, and fears, and energies bubble up into our consciousness like the water of the bubbling spring—our consciousness which, so far as science can tell us anything, is nothing but a bubble itself. I thought it might not be amiss to go over once more the lesson which we learnt together the other night—a lesson," muttered Glanville, rising and beginning to walk about, " which, if we really accept it, and can find no means of getting round it, makes a clean sweep of everything which men have ever found valuable. We've heard two sages—Mr. Brompton and Mr. Brock—who think they can get round science by the aid of science itself. Mr. Brock with sublime equanimity has rubbed out the speculations of Mr. Brompton. Mr. Brompton is burning for revenge on this quite unexpected enemy; and Hancock has arranged that by-and-by I shall have my say about both."

(*To be continued.*)

A CRITICAL STUDY OF THE SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF CHRIST, IN THE NORTH TRANSEPT OF THE LOWER CHURCH AT ASSISI

THE Italian painting of the early Renaissance excites increasing interest every year, and in proportion to this interest increases and will increase the value for serious students of the monumental works preserved in the church of St. Francis at Assisi. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle recognised long ago that its frescoes "concealed the early history of Florentine painting." Unfortunately they conceal it still, and must continue to conceal it, until the critics come to closer quarters with their work. Suggestions are offered, sometimes of more, sometimes of less ingenuity; impressions are recorded, imposing treatises appear; but in no instance within my knowledge has the attempt been made to collect and weigh in its totality the evidences which a given picture or series of pictures can afford, and there is thus no possibility of inevitable conclusions, because no theory is ever supported by an exhaustive exposition of the observations on which it is based. But, without such exhaustive treatment, critics can never hope to understand one another; they will merely continue to drift farther and farther from their subject.

This principle is clear to me, although I possess no experience whatever as a critic; so clear that, in spite of this inexperience, I have endeavoured to apply it in the following article. I have tried to set out the evidences, external and internal, which bear upon the authorship of a single series of frescoes, the famous scenes from the early life of Christ in the North Transept; limiting the inquiry, however, to the negative aspect of the subject. These frescoes are now generally accepted as Giotto's, and as Giotto's inordinately admired; but critics and public have certainly accepted them too easily. The evidences, so far as I understand them, point in a different direction; at the least, they deserve more careful consideration than hitherto they have received.

Neither Vasari, nor any ancient authority that has come under my notice, ascribes them to Giotto (Rumohr, indeed, claims Vasari's authority for their attribution to Giovanni da Milano), and they were not even recognised as Giotto's by the common tradition of the convent,—so much, in spite of Papini, seems deducible from their attribution, in Bovet's [1] absolutely uncritical little work, to Taddeo Gaddi—until Crowe and Cavalcaselle, judging by purely internal evidence, decided that they were not only authentic works of Giotto, but represented the culmination of his power and genius as exhibited at Assisi. It would be an impertinence to dwell here on the care and deliberation underlying all the opinions which these learned critics express; and the special attention which they devoted to Giotto, as well as their enthusiastic admiration of his work, entitles their decision here to more than ordinary respect. Their error, if error it be, can only be explained in view of the immense range and complexity of the subject with which they undertook, almost for the first time, to deal. Dr. Thode corroborates their view, only so far differing as to consider the Life of Christ an earlier work than the Allegories. Ruskin, indeed, speaks of it without hesitation as Taddeo Gaddi's, only hinting that it may be found to belong to the later Giottesque succession, the work, possibly, of his son, Agnolo. Unfortunately this opinion is expressed in a book where critic and tourist are treated with a levity somewhat lacking in discrimination, and offensive to the dignity of both, and thus, though it belongs to Ruskin's maturest period, it is passed over by all subsequent writers, not excluding those who profess the profoundest admiration for his essay on the Arena Chapel, a crude work undertaken before his study of Giotto had begun. Even Mr. Fry accepts the series as Giotto's, and finally, Mr. Berenson, finding voice in Miss Duff Gordon's guide-book to Assisi, proclaims them to be the first independent work which was entrusted to him in the church; places them, that is, before the celebrated Francis series, in the upper church, which has always hitherto been regarded as his earliest serious effort. So startling a reversal of previous decisions merits attention. Mr. Berenson has an established reputation as a critic, and if he seems sometimes a mere impressionist, too prone to trust the dictates of instinct to the exclusion of less obvious and yet more serviceable methods, his unexampled contact with all the works of the Italian masters, from the earliest to the latest times, gives him a peculiar right thus to dogmatise. We may assume, therefore, that Mr. Berenson's opinion has a definite basis of fact; that these pictures possess qualities by which they can be distinguished from Giotto's mature work; but the question naturally arises—and this Mr. Berenson seems not to have anticipated—do they not also possess qualities by which they can be distinguished from his early work? Such qualities undoubtedly they do possess, and the result is a dilemma, in which the mind recurs inevitably to the authority of tradition. Considered as Giotto's work, this series presents, I believe, an insoluble problem; but, if the work is attributed to a pupil, the problems disappear; and as the most important traditional authority lends support to such an attribution, its acceptance seems inevitable.

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[1] Published in 1882. A devotional guide.

I refer, of course, to Vasari. Ghiberti's so-called Lives are valuable only because of their early date: they are mere jottings the accuracy of which is presumable because correct information must have been common property in Ghiberti's time. But Ghiberti had never visited Assisi, and his notes on Giotto make but one reference to the works there. "Dipinse nella chiesa d'Asciesi nell' ordine dei frati minori quasi tutta la parte di sotto" ("He painted in the church of Assisi in the order of the brothers minor pretty well all the part below"). These words are clearly too vague to be of value. Mr. Fry assumes that they refer to the legend of St. Francis, which occupies the lower part of the walls of the nave of the upper church. But this is obviously a bold interpretation. They might as reasonably be understood of the decoration of the lower church entire. In neither case are they helpful to us in our present investigation. Passing to Vasari, we find him inaccurate in his references to Giotto's work in the lower church. Giotto, he says, "painted the upper parts of the walls beside the high altar, and all four angels of the vaulting over the spot where the body of St. Francis lies. . . . and over the door of the sacristy is a fresco by his hand of St. Francis receiving the stigmata, so full of tenderness and devotion that it seems to me to be the most excellent painting which Giotto has produced here." These statements are not wholly without value, though Vasari has trusted to memory and has not retained a clear impression of what he saw. There is no painting of the stigmatisation over the sacristy door: the painting to which he refers is on the "upper side of the *left* wall beside the high altar"; close beside, reached by a flight of steps, is a door, leading into the quadrangle of the convent, and this Vasari may have confused with the door of the sacristy. The picture is now admitted to be a copy of Giotto's famous composition of the subject by a Sienese admirer; he would naturally give just that touch of exaggeration to the pose and sentimentality to the feeling which would appeal irresistibly to the commonplace mind when backed by Giotto's reputation. There can be little doubt, then, that this is the work to which Vasari is referring. On the upper part of the right wall, in a position corresponding exactly to that occupied by this stigmatisation on the left, is an authentic work of Giotto's, a work, that is, whose authenticity has never yet been questioned—the resuscitation of the Spini child, who was killed by falling from a tower. Vasari's idea has thus an intelligible relation to reality; he attributes the paintings in the angles of the vaulting (the Allegories) to Giotto, and a fresco on the upper part of the wall on either side, adding to these a stigmatisation, because he has forgotten that this stigmatisation is the painting on the upper part of the wall on the left. Except for these frescoes, then, of which all but one are accepted as Giotto's to-day, the authority of Vasari cannot be claimed for any painting in the lower church.

The chief object to be gained by thus examining Vasari's statement appears, when we relate it to a principle so obvious as to need no comment, that the tendency of tradition universally is, not to assign to the pupil works executed by the master, but, contrariwise, to cover the pupil's deficiencies under the master's reputation. This holds to a superlative degree in the case of a man of reputation so overwhelming as Giotto's, and the tendency amply shows itself in Vasari's life of him considered as a whole. Of course, Vasari's value as a critic is less than zero; he probably made the round of the church with a guide, much like a modern tourist, and was more interested in his note-book than in the works he believed himself to be studying; but this is in some degree a redeeming feature in his work; we can be fairly certain that on the whole his records represent the floating tradition of his day, absolutely certain that in this case his Franciscan guide would seek reflected glory for the patron saint in an exaggerated estimate of the service of Giotto, the only early painter whose reputation was still intact. Yet the general impression to be derived from Vasari is unmistakable; clearly, he believed the lower church to have been decorated by a large number of different painters; he exercises, it is true, little discrimination in the use of their names, though surprising his reader now and then with a touch of accuracy on a delicate point; his jottings, in short, are muddled, and his attempt to sort them vain; but there can be no doubt as to the idea which remains uppermost in his mind—diversity of authorship. He mentions ten names at the least, and yet does not give an exhaustive enumeration of the frescoes in the lower church; and this evidence is the more surprising when contrasted with his wholesale attribution of everything in the upper church to Giotto and Cimabue.

But the question naturally arises, Does he, or does he not, make any direct reference to our series? It is my conviction that he does, though again in loose and inaccurate terms. Rumohr, as I have mentioned, assumes Vasari's authority for their attribution to Giovanni da Milano, but as he makes no effort to justify his assumption he partly merits the sharp reprimand which he receives from Crowe and Cavalcaselle; but the question is not susceptible of a summary dismissal. Of course, it is obvious enough that Vasari's words misplace the series: "He made for the tribune of the high altar a Crucifixion, Our Lady and St. Clare, and on the faces and at the sides stories of Our Lady." The pictures are in the transept, not the tribune. But if Crowe and Cavalcaselle are right in thus translating "Crocifisso," the subjects named become, except in a single point, identical with those which the transept now contains. Excluding the four scenes relative to the life of St. Francis, probably to be conceived as continuing the legend of the upper church, ascribed by Vasari to Giotto, but in any case no part of the series under discussion, and apparently by a different hand, we find the remaining frescoes to represent a Crucifixion, a Madonna with St. Francis, and ten "scenes."

These scenes belong, and were recognised as belonging, to the Virgin's life at least as closely as to Christ's, and the subordinate part given in them to St. Joseph may have been intended to emphasise their dedication to her honour. The Madonna is Cimabue's, it is true; but Vasari nowhere mentions it in Cimabue's life: perhaps he noticed that its frame matched theirs, and assumed it to be the work of the same artist, and when his guide made reference to the figure of St. Clare, which had stood once on the Virgin's right, he misunderstood and noted down her name instead of the name of St. Francis. It is clear he never looked at these pictures, for they are such as he would most have admired: the vagueness of the words by which he describes their position suggests in itself the error of an inattentive listener, but his words can refer to nothing, if not to our series; it seems, therefore, only reasonable to suppose that it is to our series that they refer.

Vasari thus contributes direct and indirect evidences, which, taken together, are by no means without weight. Passing now to a closer consideration of our subject, let us determine what are the qualities in them which have attracted the attention of modern critical observers. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, on whom the burden of their attribution to Giotto chiefly lies, believe these works to have been executed after the Allegories and to exhibit the development and perfection of his manner. They find in them presumably the same treatment of form and colour, the same technical qualities, of which they believe the Allegories to represent the first attainment; they notice, however, a certain tendency to elongate the figures, which they connect with the style of Taddeo Gaddi; and though, in spite of a certain indecision, they clearly conceive the series to belong to Giotto's early period, they suggest that it was probably Gaddi[1] who helped Giotto to paint it. I emphasise this inconsistency only because I feel it to be significant. Taddeo was a painter of the younger generation, and the idea that his influence, or an influence like his is discernible in the series, is to me explicable enough. Finally, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle dwell with an emphasis unusual with them on the emotional quality of these works: "The 'Adoration of the Magi' was never painted with more feeling, more naturally, or more beautifully composed than here." "The salutation is marked with a religious sentiment akin to the 'Angelico.'" Dr. Thode's criticism is a development of this idea; after referring to the contrast between our series and the identical subjects, as treated by Giotto at Padua, he writes:

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[1] Born, according to Vasari, in 1300, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle show reason for believing that he was still working in 1366.

> Giotto approaches his theme with a tender reserve; he strives to withdraw the holy figures from our touch, to show them as it were glorified, to endow them with a certain remoteness, whereas at Padua he demands of us the keenest, closest sympathy.

Continuing, Dr. Thode suggests a comparison between the atmosphere which pervades these works and that found in the religious poetry of the ecstatic Umbrian school, and shows how even in their colouring, which he compares to that of a flowering meadow in spring, the same impression is subtly reinforced.

A trace of suspicion must surely begin already to tinge the mind of every reader who knows Giotto's work at Padua, or has in any other way come into close touch with his mind. Certain qualities are incompatible with greatness, and of these "zarte Scheu" is probably one; moreover, different men are great in different ways; and Giotto's was not the greatness of the religious visionary; it was a superb development of practical common sense. Surely the critics are working on too easy an hypothesis; without making due effort to conceive distinctly wherein Giotto's pre-eminence consists, what qualities it excludes, they simply assume that, because a work is of the highest technical merit, and has the characteristics of his style and manner, it is necessarily his.

This suspicion inevitably gains ground as we discover that the rapture and enthusiasm which these works excite tend to vary inversely with the critical capacity of their admirer. In a handbook which lately appeared upon the subject, we find them introduced as "if not the most perfect, certainly to be classed among the most poetic and charming of all Giotto's creations"; superlative praise is showered upon their excellence in all its aspects, and the reader is finally instructed that, "to all who are in the least acquainted with Giotto's style, or in any measure gifted with critical sense, it must remain a matter of no small surprise that the authenticity of these works, deeply stamped as they are with the most characteristic qualities of the master's manner, should ever have been questioned."

The words "poetic and charming" corroborate Dr. Thode's impressions, and are an important contribution[1] to the subject. Miss Duff Gordon, in her description of the frescoes, reiterates the same idea: "They stand at the entrance of a dainty house." "He painted the Annunciation with such charm." "The Nativity composition . . . full of charm and beauty." It leaves behind it an irremediable sting, because there can be no doubt about its applicability here. But Giotto never charms. The majority of his authentic works strike the casual observer with surprise and disappointment: he finds them awkward and unreal, where he expected a faithful reproduction of Nature; cold and passionless, where he hoped to be moved spontaneously to laughter and to tears. The glowing words of the critics appear in his eyes to have little bearing on their subject, and he finally accords them his admiration because duty, or fashion, seems to require it of him. The truth, indeed, is that the power of Giotto's handling eludes superficial observation; he dispenses with the artificial setting which a lesser mind requires: his work touches reality so closely as to challenge immediate comparison with it, and thus the careless observer, misled by its obvious imperfections, often in the heart of him suspects that it is commonplace. But in these frescoes of the Life of Christ he finds, at last, something of which he can definitely take hold. That "remoteness," to which the critics draw attention, is precisely the quality which enables him to approach them: here at last is poetry and imagination, common life transformed by a celestial touch, surrounded by the glamour and entrancement of a tale of faery.

But I am treading, perhaps with ill-considered assurance, on dangerous ground. Fortunately, the problem, which till now I have only approached, as it were, by inference, that is, by considering, the effect which these pictures produce on the minds of various observers, presents itself, when approached directly, in a far more tangible form. All subjects except one in the series under examination occur also at Padua, and if both sets are the work of the same artist, it is of interest to decide which he painted first, and on this point critics are all agreed. The Assisi series antedates the Paduan; considered by some as the maturest of Giotto's work at Assisi, by others as his earliest effort there, it is felt universally to show a certain inferiority to the Paduan work, an inferiority not well defined by those who recognise it, but connected somewhat vaguely with their idea of Giotto's developing power. This view becomes untenable when the series is attentively examined, and it is my conviction that a comparison of it with Giotto's Paduan work makes it as impossible that he should have painted it after the Paduan series as before it. If the reader[1] turns to the reproductions of the two frescoes here given, he can have little difficulty in determining which is the more accomplished of the two. (And here let me beg my reader to bear in mind that the more accomplished is not necessarily the greater work.) He will recognise at once that in one of the pictures the various shapes of earth maintain in some degree their due place and proportion: figures, houses, hill, sky are satisfactorily related; in the other he finds these obvious relations wholly disregarded. Passing to more detailed observation, he sees in this an awkward baby slipping off his mother's lap, and kneeling before him a man dressed to all appearance in a sack and looking as if he had never been on his knees before; in that a graceful child, securely and yet delicately poised, bending forward to stroke the head of a worshipper, whose very cloak seems in sympathy with his devotions, as it sweeps before him to the ground, or folds itself like a breaking wave about his feet. He finds the same contrast pervading every detail of the two pictures. In the one an ill-drawn shed, and the figures under it sitting askew; in the other "a dainty house inlaid with mosaic," completely satisfying in its perspective to

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[1] But not original, as Crowe and Cavalcaselle already give them their place.

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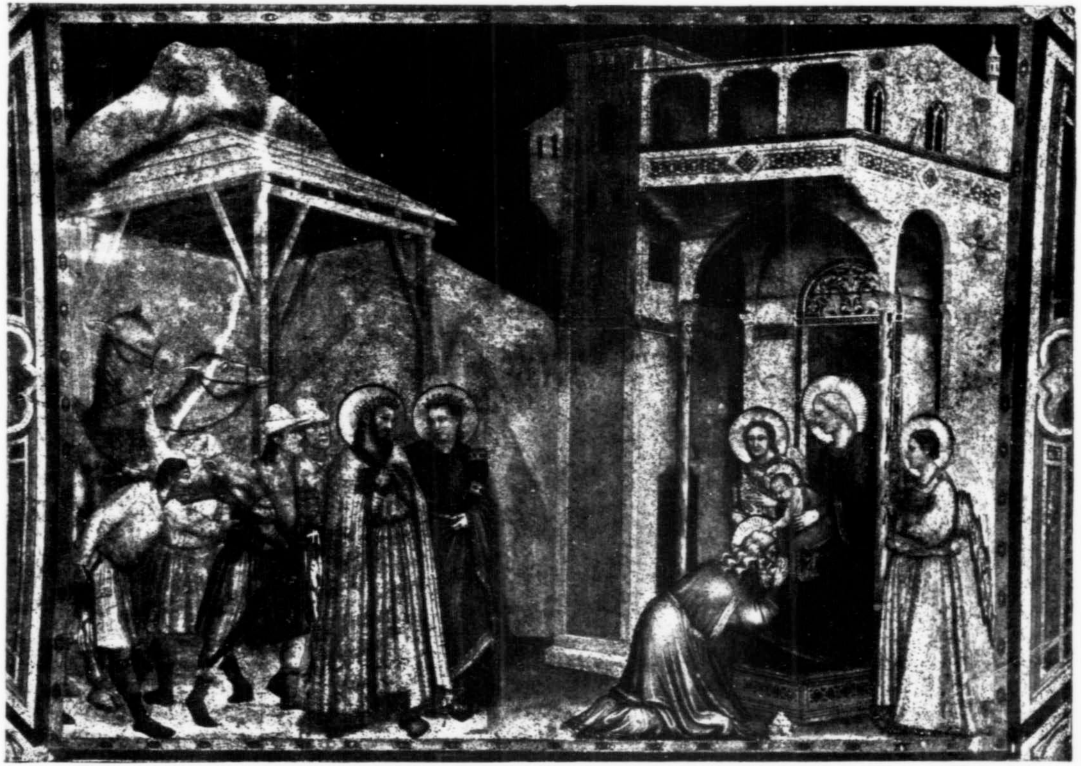
[1] Remembering that the Assisan photograph, one of Messrs. Anderson's excellent reproductions, does far more justice to its original.



Photo, Anderson

The Adoration of the Magi—*Lower Church, Assisi*

all but the most critical observer; in the one a pair of camels that might have come out of a Noah's ark; in the other, three creatures which, if not like camels, are a good representation enough of what a camel might be supposed to look like. I am attempting to express the difference between the two representations in the way in which it presents itself inevitably to the practical observer of unbiased mind: how can he avoid the conclusion that the clumsier picture was the first produced, imagining, as he must, that drawing is an accomplishment which, like swimming or walking, is not easily forgotten, especially by a professional artist, when once securely learned?

The conclusion to which these observations point, so far as it is met at all, is met by supposing that Giotto's work at Padua was largely entrusted to pupils, and that its clumsiness can be further accounted for by the restorations to which the frescoes have been subjected. Whatever value this judgment may possess so far as the drawing is concerned, it is absolutely without bearing on the difference of pictorial treatment to which I have already alluded; and if we turn to the "composition," which would in any case be the master's work, and could not be changed by a restorer, the evidence points the same way still. There is little doubt that the better drawn picture is also the better "composed"; its figures are divided into opposing groups, the house balances the hill, the heads of the camels are scientifically interrelated; in a word, the ordinary æsthetic demands are fully met and satisfied. Clearly, if both are works of the same artist, there can be no doubt which is the more mature: it is impossible that a painter, who had once represented the scene as we see it at Assisi, should afterwards treat it as Giotto treats it at Padua.

But the converse of this proposition is equally inevitable; nor is it without reason that the critics, conceiving both to be Giotto's, fix upon the Assisan as the earlier version of the two. Forget drawing and "composition," the mere technicalities of art, and you see at once that the Paduan representation is immensely the more forcible and significant. Compared with the intensity and concentration with which the event is realised at Padua, the Assisi fresco has an appearance of affectation, almost of trifling: it is the work of a man of inferior intellect, who has seen Giotto's composition without comprehending it, and who, by introducing variations and embellishments, has spoiled its force, who is even not afraid to toy with his subject. Begin with the camels, and note at Assisi the elegant swing of their heads and various attitudes of their drivers, the whole a playful elaboration of Giotto's theme, who makes his gaunt beast gape under the heavy hand which his driver lifts to keep him in his place. Consider next the standing kings: the elder, at Assisi, looks like a recollection from Padua; but the artist has reproduced nothing more than the pose of the heads; for whereas the reverence and adoration in Giotto's only heighten the sense of kingly power, his counterpart at Assisi has nothing of the king except his crown; he is, in fact, a model of incapacity and empty-headedness, qualities in both of which he is rivalled by his companion.

The same truth may be discerned, though less obviously, in the two renderings of the kneeling king. Had Giotto been more intent upon the appearance of his draperies, no doubt he could have disposed them less awkwardly; but other considerations are with him of greater weight; he is occupied with the act and with its meaning, and perhaps intends directly to suggest that the worshipper, engrossed in his worship, did not mind either his clothes or his attitude, but let himself and them fall as they would; and though it is in this figure and the child's that his more primitive manner shows him to least advantage, even here the effect he produces is by far the more serious, the more permanently satisfying of the two.[1] I shrink from

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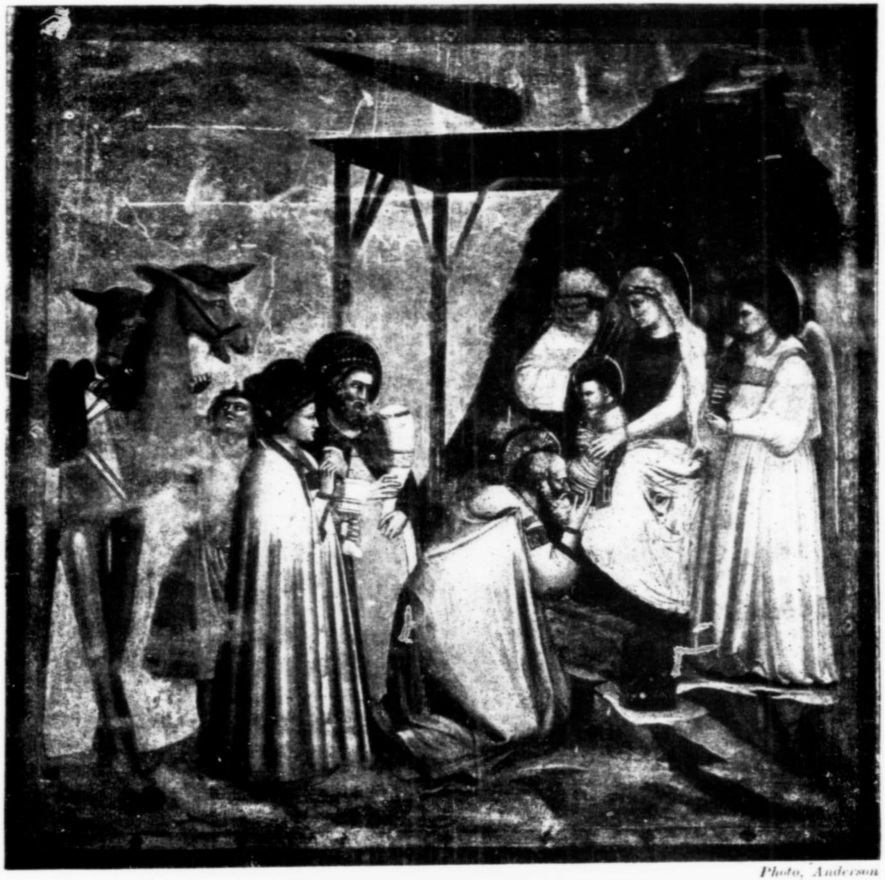
[1] I am conscious that Giotto produces these effects by means of drawing and composition, and that in a final sense his successor is not even here a match for him. In my previous references to composition I have set the word in inverted commas to suggest that I was using it in a sense I should not myself recognise.



Photo, Anderson

The Adoration of the Magi—*Arena Chapel, Padua*

applying the comparison to the three remaining figures, because, speaking accurately, there is no comparison between them. I feel that already I have done an injury to the Assisi master by placing him in company to which he would never himself have aspired: his work is full of tenderness and beauty, and its faults need never have been noticed, had not the critics, by placing it upon a pinnacle, challenged the world to lay them bare.

The contrast to which I have called attention holds with equal force, whatever pair of pictures may be taken. Nor is there one of the Assisi series which, considered as Giotto's, would not be found to contain some characteristic startling if not unique. Moreover, the series as a whole is peculiar, as I have said, in the slight attention paid to St. Joseph, a character whom Giotto treats with splendid impressiveness. In the "Nativity" he is subordinate to the washing of the Child—an episode with which Giotto dispenses altogether; in the "Adoration" he completely disappears; in the "Presentation" his face is divided by one of the pillars of the architecture. Passing to the last-named composition, we find in it a Gothic interior of a complexity to which Giotto neither approached nor aspired, and the real proportion of figures and architecture is suggested here, as throughout the series, with an appearance of truth, not realised more than once by Giotto in the whole of his extant work. The prominence of architecture in the series is one of its most striking features. "The Return of the Holy Family to their Home" is hardly more than a study in architecture; but the pretty little town it shows us is unlike anything of Giotto's that remains. "The Flight into Egypt," besides containing a more elaborate landscape than any he has left us, is distinguished by the introduction of two rose-coloured castles "to balance the composition"; a trait which, characteristic enough of the younger generation, would be in him a piece of gratuitous falsehood unparalleled in his work. It is popular, indeed, to suppose that Giotto made use of fresco-painting as a means of experiment in architectural design, and that the accessories in his pictures vary according to the influence, Roman, Gothic, or Byzantine, which at the moment happens to be uppermost in his mind; but I have not found these notions corroborated in my study of his works. The fact is, that he varies his architecture and other accessories according to the demands of his subject. Examples of this principle can be adduced until his extant works are exhausted: thus he regards the temple as a Byzantine structure, the Christian church as Gothic, the palace of pope or sultan classical; throughout it is his object to make his setting, however slight, suggestive of real conditions, or at least harmonious with ideal associations.

Four compositions remain: the "Crucifixion," the "Nativity," the "Child Christ in the Temple," and the "Massacre of the Innocents." In the last we find precisely that effort to emphasise the agonies of the scene, to realise its "magnificent artistic possibilities," which Giotto at Padua deliberately refuses to undertake. "The Nativity," dissociated from Giotto's name, assumes an unmistakable childishness; its figures and animals are seen to be the inmates of a doll's house; the "Child Christ in the Temple" (note again the Gothic architecture), judged by his standard, appears no less distinctly weak and sentimental, and even a little lacking in charm. Finally, the "Crucifixion" bears internal evidences which make its attribution to Giotto particularly daring.

In the first place, the introduction of the four followers of St. Francis, and their definite participation in the scene, would involve, at the early date to which the fresco is commonly referred, a very bold innovation. It is true that already, by Cimabue, St. Francis had been set at the foot of the Crucified, but prostrate and alone; so treated he offers by his presence no violence to dramatic truth; but when, as here, he heads a small procession, he cannot be so easily overlooked; the dramatic unity of the scene is destroyed by an episode which is obviously opposed to the spirit of Giotto's realism. Two treatments of the crucifixion were recognised in his day—dramatic and contemplative; and the latter was, I believe, confined to the crucifix. In any case, this fresco represents an unsuccessful effort to fuse them.

But the treatment of the figure of Christ offers evidence which, if delicate, is not the less convincing. In every recognised crucifix or crucifixion of Giotto's (of which no less than five exist) he adheres to a design in which the same idea infallibly repeats itself. He always represents Christ leaning slightly towards the right, the side, that is, on which the Virgin stands. This treatment was abandoned by Taddeo Gaddi and his school, and the custom introduced of setting the body upright on the cross. Now it is the upright design which is followed here, and, so far as my experience goes, Gaddi adheres to it as invariably as Giotto to his. To assume that here it is Giotto's is, therefore, obviously difficult. Evidence is further afforded by the design for the legs, sufficient in itself to place this series after the Paduan period. It is clear that in the "Crucifixion" at Padua Giotto has not wholly succeeded in realising his idea. Lord Lindsay even supposes that the feet are separately nailed; but I think it was not Giotto's intention so to arrange them. He wishes to set the right foot over the left, having in mind already those subtle curves of the leg without which he could not have realised in the body as a whole the harmonious expression to which he finally attains. A glance at any of his crucifixes will suffice to reveal the development I refer to, and to show that the painter of the Assisi "Crucifixion" has been able to profit by it. Far from being Giotto's first crucifixion, this is a variation of his mature design, and a variation which, if we may judge by the constant adherence in his crucifixes to a single type, he would not have been likely himself to make.

I have as yet made little reference to the colouring of the series, and in approaching this aspect of the problem must speak with the greatest diffidence, being wholly ignorant of its technicalities. Yet I must confess that the resemblance found between the colouring of this series and of the Allegories seems to me superficial, explicable enough when it is remembered that, with the exception of the Allegories, it is the only important work of Giotto or his school which still retains a reasonable proportion of its original surface. Not only so, but, placed as they are side by side in the same building, the two works have been subjected through centuries to the same atmospheric conditions, and time, with its mellowing influence, may have contributed to give them an appearance of harmony which at first they did not possess. This juxtaposition, while thus it may explain their similarity, assists the observer to a recognition of their difference. Considered as decoration, the Life of Christ is unquestionably a failure. The paintings in their general effect are cloying, they lack fresh air; delightful at first, they soon become oppressive, and end by arousing an almost active distaste. Now in the Allegories, Giotto, always sublime as a decorative artist, even where decoration is a subsidiary issue, is working under conditions where it necessarily becomes of first importance. With this end in view, he not only adopts a studied balance in his composition which, as Mr. Fry has well observed, is foreign to his early manner in dramatic work, but extends this balance with great care into his colour-scheme. The Allegories are, indeed, a symphony in colour, and thus, though no less rich and tender than the inferior work beside them, they have a permanent power to entrance and to delight. In short, Giotto anticipates the danger, before which the painter of our series has succumbed, and subtly counteracts the richness of his colouring by the adoption of a strictly symmetrical arrangement of it. But there seems further to be a certain difference of quality in the actual tints employed. Unfortunately I cannot express this in technical terms of colour: I can only suggest the different effect produced by the two works on me. I find the radiance and freshness of Giotto's work passing in the Life of Christ into a cloying and almost sickly sweetness; the wholly different quality in the blues may perhaps be taken as an example—in the one like the sultry sky of summer, in the other cool and exhilarating as on the first fine day of spring. Painting the Allegories upon a gold ground, Giotto loses the opportunity of insisting, as notably he insists at Padua, on the decorative value of broad spaces of blue, but finds a substitute for sky in the draperies of a pair of angels, who in three of the compositions float (or kneel) above the rest. In the Life of Christ series, the decorative value of sky background is not keenly felt, a trait which separates it sharply from Giotto's work, who, to the end of his life, brings down the sky to the very foreground of his pictures, and even never paints an interior without artificially lowering its roof, so as to show the sky above it, if only in a strip.

A final argument remains, of value wholly sentimental, and yet to my mind as forcible as any of the rest. The orderly disposition of the series is interrupted, as we have seen, by the presence of Cimabue's famous "Madonna with Angels and St. Francis." A careful examination of that picture shows that it has been subjected to barbarous treatment by the Giottesque painter. In the first place, its symmetry has been destroyed: there can be little doubt that St. Clare stood originally on the Virgin's right, so balancing the figure of St. Francis, who is still to be seen on her left. But the picture has suffered further. Its frame is one in pattern and design with that of the Life of Christ: that is, it no longer possesses the frame Cimabue gave it; and there can be no doubt that the later painter, desiring to arrange the series to his own advantage, has encroached on Cimabue's background from every side. The wings of the angels on the left are obviously mutilated: we must be thankful that he has subordinated his framework to the shape of the Madonna's head. But there is reason for believing that he took still greater liberties. In an old print, kindly lent me by M. Paul Sabatier, in which the general effect of the interior and its decoration was given as it appeared in the early years of the nineteenth century, I found St. Francis encased in a little framework of his own; when I returned to the fresco the blurred semi-erased appearance of the angels' wings, over which this framework must have passed, left me convinced that it was not a creation of the engraver's fancy; and the natural inference is that the original painter, after destroying Cimabue's St. Clare, thought to restore symmetry to his Madonna by setting St. Francis in a separate panel.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to produce arguments for believing Giotto innocent of thus defacing his master's work: the evidence will vary in its appeal, as sentimental evidence always must, depending in this case on the reader's estimate of Giotto's character and of his artistic sense.

Let me offer, in conclusion, a short summary of my leading arguments. I have endeavoured to show that tradition offers no authority for the attribution of these works to Giotto, that the impression they create in the mind of modern observers suggests the presence in them of qualities uncharacteristic of his genius, and that, compared with the Paduan series, they show a technical advance only matched by their intellectual inferiority. I have also called attention to a number of traits that distinguish them from the whole of Giotto's extant work: disappearance, in particular, of the sense of the requirements of historical truth, loss of decorative effect, and a new pictorial treatment.

They seem, finally, to contain traits by which they can be connected with the main line of the Giottesque succession. I have called attention to one of these, and hope to be able to produce corroborative evidence at a later date.

BASIL DE SÉLINCOURT.

BANKERS AND BROKERS IN ANCIENT ROME[1]

THE recent discovery of the place which was once the Bourse and the Exchange of ancient Rome, and the laying bare of the pavement of the adjoining "Street of Janus," which may be called the Wall Street of the old city, have brought once more into prominence the question as to whether in those days the fluctuations of the money-market, the ways of borrowing and lending, the spirit of thrift, of saving, and of investing in securities, were subject to, or actuated by, the same principles of economy which we consider to be the foundation of our modern public and private prosperity.

First as to the discovery of this business-centre of classic Rome.

A row of banking premises on the north or sunny side of the Forum, where brokers, money-lenders, and usurers received their clients, is known to have existed since the fourth century B.C. The offices were called *Tabernae Argentariae.* On the day of the triumph of Lucius Papirius, dictator, gilt shields of the conquered Samnites were lent to the bankers for the decoration of their shop-fronts.

The shops were destroyed in the great fire of 210 B.C., and when they were reconstructed five years later they changed their old name of *Argentariae* into that of *Novae*—the New Shops. When Lucius Æmilius Paulus built on the same side of the Forum his famous court-house (the Basilica Æmilia), the bankers' shops were amalgamated in the new structure, on the side facing the public square, from the area of which they were separated by the "Street of Janus."

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[1] Copyright 1903 in the United States of America by the Perry, Mason Company.

Money-dealers congregated in this street to transact their affairs, just as the *mercanti-di-campagna*, or cattle- and grain-dealers of modern Rome, meet for the same purpose in the Piazza Colonna. And as these last seek shelter from the inclemency of weather under the portico built by Pope Gregory XVI. on the west side of the Piazza, so the *argentarii* of classic times used to repair to the colonnade of the Æmilian court-house, whenever rain, wind, frost, or heat made the meeting in the open disagreeable or unendurable.

For these reasons Janus, in the sense of a street (and especially its middle section, called the Janus Medius), appears in the writings of Cicero and Horace as the Wall Street of the Metropolis, where fortunes were made and lost with equal facility.

Cicero refers his clients who seek for an increase of fortune to the worthies sitting at the Middle Janus; Horace also speaks of the lessons to be learned in this place concerning the value of money; and Damasippus, in one of Horace's satires, mourns over his fortune lost in the same neighbourhood.

We may picture these shrewd old Harpagons sitting at their desks, upon which piles of foreign and colonial coins were set up under the protection of a wire netting, in roomy but ill-lighted and chilly offices. These offices opened on a portico supporting a piazza, which was used as a stand, whence the processions, or games, or shows, celebrated in the area below, could be viewed.

The shops were distinguished by a number, marked on the corresponding pillar of the portico. Catullus mentions the ninth, counting from the corner by Castor's temple.

The front wall was used occasionally for the exhibition of pictures, representing the latest events of war. One of these battle-pieces was painted on the occasion of the triumph of Caius Marius over the Cimbrians. Among the Barbarians, making their last stand on the battlefield, there was one whose ugly and repulsive face was always taken as a term of comparison by the lawyers arguing their cases in the Forum whenever they wanted to ridicule their opponents.

We cannot enter these newly rediscovered offices, we cannot tread their marble floors, worn by the feet of the bulls and bears of classic times, without feeling a strong sense of actuality, especially as that pavement, as well as that of the Basilica of which the offices formed part, has been found covered with loose coins.

This abnormal dispersion of money all over the place was either contemporary with, or soon followed by, a raging fire; many coins, therefore, have been melted and welded together into a shapeless mass of metal. These masses, as well as single coins, have also been cemented against the marble slabs of the pavement, which appears all marked with spots of verdigris.

Many thousand specimens of this currency (of the end of the fourth century) have been put aside in these last excavations, and many hundred are still to be seen cemented to the flooring; but great as their number may be they represent only a small fraction of what the *cinquecento* excavators were able to carry off when they first looted the Basilica Æmilia in 1531.

An eye-witness of this event, Bartolomeo Marliano, mentions "magnam aereorum nummorum copiam"—a great mass of copper coins—among the spoils gathered on that occasion.

The existence of bankers (*argentarii*) at Rome can be proved as early as 309 B.C., although silver (*argentum*) was not coined in Roman mints before 268; but their name can easily be explained if we consider them as simple changers of foreign silver into Roman bronze currency, or *vice versâ*.

Later on the money-changing business was handed over to an inferior class of agents, called *nummularii*, while pure banking operations, such as the opening of current accounts, the receiving of deposits and the making of loans, was reserved to the *argentarii.* They also drew bills of exchange payable by their correspondents abroad, and delivered letters of credit, an operation which made it imperative for the banker to be acquainted with the current value of the same coin in different countries and at different times.

Judging by the great and various facilities offered to Roman citizens for the safe keeping and the safe investment of the sums of money which constituted the surplus of their yearly balance and the savings of their life, we must come to the conclusion that the spirit of thrift and the economisation of money must have been prevalent in those days.

Although we have no evidence as to the existence of regular savings-banks, we know that money could be put at interest or laid by for future emergencies in three ways: by trusting it to bankers; by trusting it to priests; and by depositing it in safes guaranteed by the State.

As regards the first case: if the money was deposited by the owner as a *depositum*, that is, to save himself the trouble or danger of keeping it and making payments at home, then the banker paid no interest, but simply honoured the cheques of the client as long as there was a balance in his favour; but when the money was deposited as a *creditum*, that is, at interest for a specified period of time, the banker was allowed to use and invest it to the best of his judgment.

There were less risks, perhaps, to be incurred in ancient times in these dealings than there are now; because the bankers were considered public functionaries, and placed under the supervision of the Prefect of the city; for which purpose they were obliged to keep their accounts in books called *codices*, or *tabulae*, or *rationes*, open to official inspection. The only danger incurred in dealing with them was that, in case of failure, the law enacted that the claims of the *depositarii* should be satisfied before those of creditors who had money at interest in the bank.

The interest on money (*fenus*, τόκος) was, as a rule, much higher in the early days of Rome than under the late Republic or the Empire. A high rate of interest is characteristic of the infancy of industry and trade, especially in agricultural countries; the natural tendency of small cultivators being to sink into debt, and to mortgage future crops for the sake of immediate subsistence.

Hence in early Latium the rate of interest was originally unlimited, and the grievances of debtors—liable to personal slavery by the law of *addictio*—fill a large space in the struggles between the patricians and the plebeians.

The first restriction upon usury was imposed by the law of the Twelve Tables, which established one ounce in the pound as the nominal rate of interest, viz., the twelfth part of the principal, or eight and one-third per cent. annually. Neibuhr, Huschke and Mommsen, however, believe that the legal year for money-lending transactions was not of twelve but of ten months; in which case the interest, sanctioned by the law of the Twelve Tables, would really amount to ten per cent. instead of eight and one-third.

In the time of Sulla the Dictator the interest on loans became due on the kalends, viz., on the first of every month, and this is the reason why the name of calendar (*kalendarium*) was attributed to memoranda of debts or to account-books.

It is evident that towards the end of the Republic creditors had become more cautious in lending money, and more exacting as to the payment of interest due upon it, which amounted then to twelve per cent. This very high rate of one *as* in the hundred per month, was known among the clients of the "Janus" as the *centesimae usurae;* because a sum equal to the whole principal would thus be paid back in a hundred months.

Under the early Empire we find used the now familiar expression "a modest five per cent.," while higher rates of interest were considered to savour of "sweating." In the time of Trajan we find money invested on mortgage at the wonderfully small rate of two and one-half per cent.

Savings, as I remarked above, could be deposited not only with bankers but also with priests, who used the innermost sanctuary of their temples for a safe. Herodianus, describing the appalling fire of A.D. 191, by which the Forum and the Temple of Peace were reduced to a heap of smouldering ruins, mentions the loss of an untold amount of private property, in money, in jewels, and in securities, which had been confided to the care of the local clergy.

In the temple of Vulcan at Ostia there were two safes, one for small valuables right under the altar; the other, formed of three ample strong-rooms, under the pavement of the *cella*. These strong-rooms were entered through a back door, the folds of which were made of heavy sheets of bronze.

A very fine collection of silver plate, including richly decorated cups, saucers, vases, statuettes, &c., was discovered in 1830 under the remains of the temple of Mercury at Bernay, in the Department of the Eure, France. The collection is now preserved in the National Library at Paris.

My opinion is that the priests not only did not allow any interest on the money confided to their care, but that they must have exacted a percentage from the depositors in return for their guarantee.

The Roman institution, however, which comes nearest to our modern repositories, or safe deposit vaults, is that of the *horrea*, or storage-houses, of which there were two kinds: the *horrea frumentaria*, in which a plentiful supply of corn was kept at the expense of the State to be distributed among the lower classes, or sold at a moderate price in seasons of scarcity or of famine; and the *horrea* repositories in which the citizens were allowed to deposit such goods or such valuables as they could find no safe place for in their own houses.

These establishments covered an immense area in the plains of Monte Testuccio, between the Aventine and the Tiber, and it was precisely in this district that the official advertisement for leasing a repository belonging to the Emperor Hadrian was discovered in the spring of 1885. I have given the text of this remarkable and unique document in "Pagan and Christian Rome," pp. 45-46. It begins with the words:

"To be let from to-day, and hereafter annually, beginning on December 13th, these warehouses, together with their granaries, wine-cellars, strong-boxes, and repositories. The watching of the place by a body of special officers is included in the lease." Then follow several stipulations as to the length of lease, payment of rent, prohibition of sub-letting, obligations of giving to the keeper-in-chief an assignment of the goods stored, etc., worded in straightforward, honest, businesslike language, that would do credit to many modern parallel institutions.

Putting together all these facts and considerations we gain the certainty that the spirit of economy, frugality and thriftiness was widespread among the Romans, wealthy as well as of moderate means, patricians as well as toilers in the field of labour.

However, the only section of this last class which has left for us a certain amount of information about the laying-by of earnings is that of the jockeys, or racers, of the circus (*agitatores circenses*), of whom there were four squadrons in Rome, the Whites, the Greens, the Reds, and the Blues. Juvenal, the satirist, assures us that one of these low, vulgar fellows could make in a short season one hundred-fold the income of a celebrated lawyer.

I discovered on May 20, 1878, near the barracks of the Greens, by S. Lorenzo in Damaso, the eulogy of a young rider of African extraction, named Crescens, engraved on a fine marble pedestal. This fellow of barely twenty-two had already gained—if not put aside—one million and a half of *sestertii*, a sum corresponding to thirteen thousand pounds.

The great Diocles, the prince of Roman jockeys, the Archer of classic times, left to his son a fortune of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. This is, manifestly, a remarkable case of thrift in a man belonging to a circle which had greediness, prodigality and debauchery for its characteristics.

A third rider, Ælius Gutta Calpurnianus, must also have laid by a colossal fortune, judging from the magnificence of his mausoleum, the remains of which, discovered in 1878 on the Via Flaminia, form one of the best ornaments of the Municipal Museum on the Cœlian Hill.

One of the greatest impediments to the spreading of the spirit of thrift must be found in the disgraceful institution of ancient times, by which the lower half of the population of Rome was fed at the expense of the State for purely political reasons. The celebrated Grain Laws, originated at the time of Caius Gracchus, were amplified and perfected in subsequent times by Clodius, Pompey, Sulpicius, Galba, Sejanus, and various emperors to such an extent that sixty-nine millions of hectolitres had to be imported every year from Egypt, and double that figure from Sicily, Numidia, Sardinia, Grenada, and the lower valley of the Danube.

In 312 A.D. there were in Rome alone two hundred and ninety public granaries! Now, when a population feels that—no matter how much money is thrown away and sunk in debauchery—the daily allowance of bread is, at all events, insured, and not only the bread, but also a good share in public entertainments (*panem et circenses!*) why should they trouble themselves about the future and make provision against contingencies from which, really, they had nothing to fear? The fable of the ant and the cricket had no meaning whatever in the mind of a Roman plebeian!

Let us now turn our attention from single individuals to companies, from single labourers to trade unions, from private to collegiate interests. The spirit of association, which generally carries with it a spirit of thrift and of mutual assistance and co-operation, and also the institution of a social fund, was greatly developed in ancient times.

Twenty-six such guilds are registered in connection with the harbour of Rome alone, viz., those of masters of river-barges; of masters of sea-going vessels; of masters and seamen from Numidia, Sardinia, the Adriatic, Carthage and

Terrasina; of bargemen and longshoremen, of ship-builders, caulkers, and naval architects; of timber and iron merchants; of metal-founders; of ferrymen; of measurers of grain; of fishermen, divers, underwriters, bakers, carpenters; of importers of wheat, firewood, wine and leather; of the salt-carriers, &c.

The organisation of these trade unions has been closely investigated by Mommsen, De Rossi, Rodocanachi, Waltzing, &c., but, alas! no trace has been found of a fund set apart to help the members in case of need, of sickness, and of bodily disablement, and to insure them a pension when they could work or co-operate no more.

The purpose of these associations was essentially *funeraticium;* they had a social *arca*, or chest, made up of entrance fees and yearly contributions, or from the revenues of collegiate property; but the money could only be spent in providing the deceased members with a decent funeral, a decent resting-place, and a decent periodical commemoration.

Considering all these things, we must come to the conclusion that the spirit of thrift and saving was fairly well developed *individually* in ancient times among the upper and the middle classes; in a much lesser degree among the plebeians, fed and amused as they were at the expense of the State.

Their only anxiety in life was to secure a proper entombment, and to avoid the much-dreaded *puticula* or common pits of the Esquiline; and for this purpose alone they joined together in guilds and companies, and contributed to the social chest. No institutions which can bear resemblance to our savings-banks or prudential institutions can be found in ancient times; there was no public spirit of economy, just as there was no public spirit of charity.

The hospital, even in its rudimentary shape, was not known to the Romans before the third century of the Christian Era. Noblemen were not in need of public medical help, as they counted a family doctor among their own freedmen (*liberti*), while slaves, of whom the manufacturing and trading classes were composed, had to be nursed at the expense of their masters in case of illness.

Whatever feelings of charity may have developed in private individuals, they were counteracted to a certain extent by the maintenance of slavery, and by the passion for bloody gladiatorial fights, which rendered Roman hearts and souls insensible to the sufferings of their neighbours.

The only institution which savours of a true benevolent and charitable feeling is that of the *pueri et puellae alimentarii* dating from the time of Trajan. It consisted of distributions of corn, oil, and money to be made every month to orphans and to the children of destitute parents, to whom also an elementary education was imparted gratuitously.

Two records of this institution, engraved on bronze tablets, have already been found, one at Veleia near Piacenza in 1747, one at Campolattaro near Benevento in 1832. According to these documents the emperor had lent large sums at low interest to both municipalities, on the security of landed estates, the interest of which was paid to the municipal chest for the support of needy children of both sexes.

In conjunction with the official charities many private charities sprang up at the same time, such as that founded by Pliny the younger at Como, and by Helvius Basila at Atina.

Other records of kindred foundations have been discovered at Terrasina, at Sicca and at Hierapolis. We learn from a decree of Hadrian that boys enjoyed the benefits of this charity up to their eighteenth, and girls up to the fourteenth year; we learn also, from an inscription published by Fabretti, that a boy four years and seven months old had already received nine times the monthly distribution of corn.

At Sicca Veneria, a modest township of Numidia (the site of which is marked by the present hamlet of Kaff), three hundred boys, between three and fifteen, and two hundred girls between three and thirteen, received the benefits of the foundation.

Trajan's benevolent plans were carried on on a larger scale by Hadrian, and brought to perfection by the Antonines, who established additional foundations in memory of the two Faustinas. In fact, the merit of having organised a service of public medical assistance—gratuitous in case of the poor—belongs to Antoninus Pius, who acted, I am sure, under the indirect influence of Christian charity, for the new Faith had made great progress in Rome under his wise and temperate rule.

RODOLFO LANCIANI.

THE OLD CONTROVERSY

ABOUT the body and practice of any art is for ever waged an intermittent war of the practitioners. These, with their divergent theories which they must ardently defend, see causes of affront on all hands, set up their banners, and by alarms and excursions protract campaigns and shed much innocent blood on stricken fields. In the sphere of paint, impressionism takes the scalp of the "anecdotic" school; or in music, Wagnerites make raids upon the orthodox; or again in literature, romance and naturalism are still at odds. This last antagonism, indeed, seems permanent. It has existed from time immemorial, and shows no signs of dying with the progress of history and the race. Now the one and now the other cause has emerged triumphant from the dust and (one must admit) also the mud of the conflict; but the effect is in the end null, as the see-saw of successes and failures cannot very well result in a definite conclusion, and the most that can happen is that each party may complacently claim a victory when its interests are uppermost and most popular. At the moment it seems pretty clear that we are emerging rapidly from a romantic movement into a critical atmosphere which is making for realism. Romance may very well be said to have had "its innings," and some people will account that an unreasonably lengthy innings, if not one which was only contrived by the heretical deeds and false doctrines of Robert Louis Stevenson and his friends.

Yet it is difficult to see why Mr. Stevenson's version of the art of fiction, or Sir Walter Scott's, should be more heretical than Mr. Anthony Trollope's or Balzac's. The scope and range of fiction is broad, as broad as human nature, and as hospitable as human interest. One should not seek to pen fiction within limits—that would be retrograde—but rather to develop its branches into as highly specialised arts as may be possible. In this house are many mansions, and it would ill become the inhabitant of any particular flat to cry out that he was the only legitimate tenant. The history of the novel gives no authority to those who would so narrow its definition. Its origin is not lost in the mists of remote antiquity, but is yet of respectable age. Undoubtedly the first form of the novel was merely the art of story-telling: an admirable art at its best. But this is precisely what a certain class of critic would nowadays rule out of the game. The story, to the "naturalist," is anathema, as such; and I am inclined to believe that a devoted disciple of the realistic school would consider a novel, which otherwise fell in exactly with his views, at fault if it boasted the meretricious attractions of a good plot. In the same way the fanatic painter has been known to condemn in a picture, otherwise admirable in his eyes, a regrettable leaning to anecdote. It is unreasonable that we should be asked to look coldly on all sections of the art save one, seeing that there is no special excuse for establishing any one as the proper standard. I am bound to say that this is not so much a fault of the romanticists as of the realists. It is the latter who display the stronger feeling, perhaps because they have been so long in the cold, but, I think (and I hope not unkindly), more from a virtuous feeling of self-righteousness. But self-righteousness oversteps the boundaries of arrogance and injustice not seldom, and the "naturalists" do not spare their enemy. They can see nothing in Bret Harte, and approve of Mark Twain because he wrote "Huckleberry Finn." They have a feeling of superior contempt for Stevenson, except perhaps for his "Will o' the Mill" or "Markheim," they will tell you. They rush for their spear and armour at once, on the merest sight of an historical novel. "Esmond" and "The Virginians" are to them pitiable failures. Their gods are Balzac, George Eliot, Trollope, Zola, and Mr. George Moore. Considering these tastes and distastes, which are taken at random, it is not difficult to come at the state of mind which dictates them; and the "naturalist" would probably prefer to dignify his criterion of criticism in the word Sincerity. I have no objection to his claim, for it is, I admit, sincerity, or truth to human life, at which he aims. As a consequence Bret Harte, who built a delectable fairy world of romance for himself and his readers, comes under the ban of the critic; and Stevenson, who wrote of things which, the "naturalist" bitterly complains, "do not happen nowadays," is also condemned, except for his essays or such pieces of fiction as are obviously allegories. The historical novel, again, including "Esmond," is rejected, on the frank ground that no one can write sincerely of a past age, since that age must necessarily be foreign to him.

The narrowness of this point of view is obvious, but is it right and proper? The broad way leads, we know, sometimes to destruction, and the narrow way may be the only path to salvation. Historically, it is clear that the view is *not* right. Perhaps, then, we have so improved on the original, or let us say aboriginal, view, that we are justified in discarding it, as grown people have discarded the pinafores and bibs of childhood. Undoubtedly our elementary need is a definition, although possibly we should all be quarrelling over that also. But there is a point in the discrimination made by the realists between Stevenson's stories and Stevenson's allegories which is interesting, if only because it discovers to us that even in their stern eyes all fiction is not homogeneous. To condemn "Olalla" on the ground of unreality and "shamness," and to excuse "Markheim" because it is an allegory seems to me to give the case bodily away; inasmuch as it goes to show that there are legitimate categories in fiction. "Markheim" and "Will o' the Mill" are allegories. The realist will allow you allegories. But will he not, therefore, also allow you parables and fairy-tales? And if not, why not? Why is the line drawn and where? If he reply that fiction (or the novel) is a term which must mean specifically one thing, we, who are not devotees, but fair and open-minded readers, we hope, would like to ask, why? Historically there is no warrant for the limitation, nor is there etymologically. At what precise time, then, and by what authority did the words take on that restricted meaning? As a matter of fact, it is not very easy to see how the most obstinate and obdurate of men could deny the existence of the fairy-tale. It has laws of its own and a character. So, too, has the naturalistic novel which is "sincere" and deals frankly with naked life. So, too, has the novel of adventure, and so, too, with all respect, has the historical novel. Fiction, starting out from story-telling pure and simple, has, in accordance with the law of evolution, split into several branches and specialised each. Of its very last specialisation I shall have something to say presently.

When you plead for some favourite romance the realist will meet you in argument with the statement, bald and abrupt, that there are no "physical adventures now—only emotional." You may not write historical romances because you are out of the contemporary atmosphere; and you are debarred from modern romances of plot or incident because there are no longer any "physical adventures." The novel of to-day, he declares stoutly, must be written in emotions and frames of mind. You are allowed a fair field, and can choose between emotions of sex, of religion, of business, philoprogenitive or pious emotions, or any other you may find relating to human life and conduct. It is an excellent, liberal scope, I will admit at once, but—you may not coquette with that false goddess, Romance, by the way. Otherwise you are "insincere," you are heretical. "People don't do these things," as Judge Brack says in "Hedda Gabler." Unhappily for the argument it is demonstrable that people *do*. The growth of law and order, the increase of industrialism, the abolition, at least in part, of the duello, and the merging of the unknown wildernesses in modern civilisation—all these things, characteristic as they are of life to-day, avail in no wise to eliminate "physical adventure" from the facts of that life. The attitude of these protestants against romance reminds one not a little of the admirable Peace Society, which would have us disarm all over the globe, from Pole to Pole, because in England or in America a certain pitch of civilisation which abhors war has been reached. Outside that advance guard of Occidental progress there is no distaste or disapprobation of war. There swords clank and rifles reverberate continually, and over a large part of the world sacrifices for ever go up to the God of War and human life is accounted nothing. Until the nations are in line and accord there is no possibility of general disarmament. And because in America or in England we have got rid of many sources of "physical adventure," therefore it does not follow that the same is true of the world in general. Indeed, we know it to be wholly untrue. And, after all, how much have we eliminated? No highwaymen ply longer on Hounslow or on Finchley, it is true; Sir George and Sir James do not pink each other any longer at Chalk Farm; but these are forms of adventure merely characteristic of another century, which in its turn differed from preceding centuries. As well might the people of the seventeenth century have boasted that there were no "physical adventures" in their time, inasmuch as no longer did pious warriors march to storm Acre or wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the Saladin. The accidents and incidents of life are innumerable, and it is mere blindness which cannot see them everywhere. There is war, there is death, there is suicide, there are a hundred violences which are evident every day. If we have no longer the duello, we have replaced it by the wounds and fatalities of the factory, the engine-house or the railway train. Life is proportionately as insecure now as it was then, allowing for the advance of medical and surgical skill. But then disease was never the subject-matter of romance.

These remarks apply more especially to Great Britain. In the whirl of the world across the channel the reign of incident, and the factors that make for incident, is quite as powerful as in the middle ages. You may still practise the duello there to your heart's content, and kings, kingdoms, princes, potentates, and petty powers are as innumerable as ever. Save for drains and sewers, and macadamised roads and the police, I can picture another adventurous progress across Middle Europe, as full and as exciting as that related in "The Cloister and the Hearth." Princes might be offended, Court regulations violated, prisons endured, and encounters with high-mettled German officers arranged to suit any taste. One might even add to these passports and railway officials. I am not an Alpine expert, but, so far as I know, there was no mountaineering in the golden times of "physical adventure." Our century, therefore, is at an advantage here, for we have an extra form of violent end to the good. No mediæval chronicler of imagination would have been fool enough to make one of his characters tumble into a crevasse or fall from a lofty peak. Current public opinion would not have stood the insanity. The novelist to-day is under no such restrictions. No physical adventures! Why, they are immensely increased by the complexities of modern life. One may die in battle, one may starve on wastes as in old time, and to these picturesque fates may be added the uncertainties of the railway train and the vicissitudes of the motor-car. It seems to me that we are for ever adding to the possibilities of this frail and casual life.

Oddly enough, it is from America that the most sounding protest against romance has reached us. America seems to thrust upon us most of her fashions and practices, even down to Christian Science and quack medicines. A certain reaction has broken out of late years, and the public will no longer sway to the piping of Mr. Howells and those who battle with him for the genuine thing. This dates, as a distinguished American critic has pointed out to me, from the invention of the second-rate American novel. But the first-rate American novel still remains faithful to its naturalistic ideal, and Mr. Howells is its prophet and priest. Yet one would suppose that in the United States, above all countries, the claims of "incident" would have been acknowledged. It is the land of physical wonders, in which such things may happen as to amaze the comparatively staid and conservative peoples of the Old World. If I am to judge by what I have read, it should be impossible to live in any part of America a week without some adventure. I don't know what Mr. Howells does or where he can hide himself to avoid them. As for me, I am persuaded that the west is like the east, and that between the Atlantic and the Pacific lies a paradise of adventure even wilder and more unexpected than any Orient gardens. That strenuous civilisation is always bewildering us with its strange accidents, its colossal strikes, and its revolutionary changes of fortune. We do not now poison our political enemies in Europe, so far as I know, as once was common enough. Yet I would hesitate to say that we had not some compensation for that extinct custom. I am sure there is as much romance in Tammany as there was in any secret society of Venice and the Medicis. Of course on this side of the ocean we are dependent upon New York newspapers for our information as to American affairs. But if these are credible a study of Tammany would well repay a Wilkie Collins or the author of "The Leavenworth Case." I can imagine no more congenial task for either of these ingenious writers than the adaptation of elements such as emerged into the smothered light of day in connection with the recent police scandal in New York City. In France, where I believe this controversy, proper to more serious natures, is not of quite so large a shape as with us, there is plenty of evidence to refute naturalistic pretensions. One need go no further than the Panama case in politics, or the Humbert scandal in Society. And still Boulangers in every country shoot themselves on their ladies' graves. The futility of the argument which I have been dealing with is, indeed, clear to any one who stops to consider the constitution of the human creature. It is possible that some day we may eliminate "incident" and confine ourselves to "emotional adventures," but I confess I see no sign of it. Everything makes for an enlarged area of chances, and, though the kind of "physical adventure" alters, the vicissitudes themselves increase rather than fall off. It is among the Ainus, if I remember rightly, that Mr. Herbert Spencer finds the most perfect ethical system, because the Ainus have not known martial conditions for many hundred years. Well, possibly when we are like the hairy Ainus, we, too, may eliminate the accidents which make up our present unhappy and unjust life—but it will not be till then.

The truth is that the realist doctrinaire is fighting for a dogma, not a creed, and fighting, too, against a broader view. It is more generous as well as more just to acknowledge the wide embrace of fiction, to keep one's own preferences may-be, but to contemn and to deny no one's authority. The world is big enough for us all, whatever be our tastes and habits; and no one compels us to read any particular kind of book or to admire it. I may have no feeling for the particular "ism" dear to Mr. George Moore or to Mr. Andrew Lang, but I must not dispute their right to exist and enjoy their own opinions. Yet it was Mr. Moore who, shortly after Stevenson's death, delivered a savage attack upon the modern master of romance. It was unmannerly, and it also had the additional demerit of being untrue. For the qualities that go to make fiction are the mental properties of the writer, and, provided a certain form is adhered to, as to which, indeed, there is plenty of liberty, nothing is demanded except the manifestation of those qualities in print. Form, plot, character, style, philosophy, wit, humour, pathos—all these are properties which should combine in the perfect novel. There is no reason in the world why they should not be seen in combination in an historical novel or in a novel of adventure. One may agree that they are not often seen in such works, but then they are not always seen in the psychological novel either. Second-rate and third-rate work is always in excess in any class of art. And if the historical novel tends to lack one or more of these properties—character, say, or humour—the psychological novel is usually weak in form and plot, if in nothing else. Because I admire Mr. George Moore's novel, "Sister Theresa," as a remarkable study of a certain class of muliebrity, and admire it despite its formlessness and its lack of humour, may I not also admire Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Forest Lovers" as a radiant piece of fancy, which has invested itself with a fairy atmosphere of its own? To speak vulgarly, I do not care two buttons whether Mr. Hewlett's tale is true to whatever century it is pitched in. What appeal to me are the properties resident in the author by which this work is accomplished, and which are reflected in it. The "Forest Lovers" is a fairy-tale, excellent in its class, but no one would deny that, *ceteris paribus*, a tale of character might be better work. In "Esmond" are to be found all the qualities that compose good fiction, but "Esmond" is regarded by our friends, the psychologists, as a comparative failure. Thackeray, they say, should have written about his own time. He did write about his own time, and wonderfully; but what hinders it that he should write also about another time, in which he has depicted characters true to their atmosphere and condition? Is Thackeray to be condemned solely because "Esmond" is not concerned with modern times? It seems so. On the *ipse dixit* of our critic, the realist, we are to be torn from our idols. The work is not "sincere"; but nude studies from Whitechapel or the Bowery in the year of grace 1903, or photographs from Piccadilly or Fifth Avenue, or phonograms from rustic hillsides and valleys—these, being faithful and true—are to be preferred to works which employ the eye of the imagination. There is an amazing amount of characterisation in "Treasure Island," but it is a bloody piece of adventure, and it has form and plot and style, and moreover it is "historical." Away with it to the school library! But to do them justice, mere blood and riot are not objected to by the realists, when they are considered necessary. I have read recently quite a remarkable book, written unfortunately too much under the influence of Zola, by Mr. Frank Norris. "The Octopus" is a patient, "sincere," and at times tedious study of wheat-growing in Western America. Blood and violence find place in it, and it achieves an effect by the imaginative power of realisation possessed by its author. The thought, however, on laying the book down takes the form of regret that Mr. Norris was so negligent of form. The possession of that would have reduced the material to a shapely size, and have eliminated and emphasised and minimised to the advantage of the work as a piece of art.

It is art, indeed, which the critics I am discussing will hardly admit into their consideration. The plain and self-evident fact that all art must be regarded in the light of the rules of art does not seem to be borne in on them. That which makes the widest appeal by reason of its general recognition by the public must in their view be more important than that which is appreciable only by the few. The great truth that art makes certain demands of those who would appreciate it, and therefore must always be aristocratic rather than democratic, is not accepted by such critics. The motto of art for art's sake has, therefore, been considered a reproach, just as if you should preferably have art for commerce's sake, or even art for morality's sake. I cannot imagine even the staunchest psychologist going forth to do battle under such banners. It is not objected against mediæval painters that they did not get the proper atmosphere of their religious pictures. The great masters depicted Christ, Virgin, and Apostles in Florentine or Paduan guise and costume; but the pictures remain for all that among the priceless possessions of to-day. The people of "Ivanhoe" or "Salambô" are the people of nineteenth-century England or France, but that does not prevent both romances from being valuable works of art. But art is no longer an acceptable term in certain quarters; Truth, with a capital, has taken its place, and *en revanche*, the motto is truth for truth's sake. Art has nothing whatever to do with truth *per se*, but merely with the exhibition or materialisation of certain human mental gifts. The school which inscribes truth on its flag is under the obsession, in short, of *choses vues*, the blessed phrase derived from a writer who was of quite another complexion. According to this theory it becomes the aim of every good writer of fiction to transcribe faithfully from life and life alone. Who gave leave, one would ask, to limit the novel to this meticulous transcript? A novel may very well be that, and be a very excellent novel, but it is not necessary. The point of view, as I have said, appears to me intolerant, shallow, exiguous and ungenerous. The broad brush must, then, give way to the photograph, and the dramatic to the commonplace! A criticism which I have heard offered upon the striking finish of a novel is, that life does not necessarily bring such effects, indeed that life is sparing of them. It is true, but no writer is bound to reckon up chances by the laws of probability and select his episodes with mathematical fidelity. Art is not composed of *choses vues*, but of *choses choisies*, and there, in a phrase, is the flaw that vitiates the whole position of this school. For the acceptance of the *choses vues* tradition involves the sacrifice of form, the neglect of style, and the complete disregard of plot. It is, indeed, an abnegation of the principles of art, or, at least, what has been art for these two or three thousand years.

At its best the naturalistic conception of the novel—perhaps I should write limitation of the novel—involves a faithful realisation of the emotions, but asks nothing much else. At its worst (and it usually is at its worst, for masters are rare) it becomes merely photography, the accumulation of detail, the tedious iteration of life in a hundred phases of no consequence. It is not facts which matter, but the human emotions derivative from facts; and all things that happen are by no means of equal importance. Some, indeed, are of no importance in the world. Of course the "naturalist" who is also an artist will recognise this fact, and shape and hew at his pleasure; but for the most part it is understood by that school that any observations are as useful or as vital as any others. There is no value from the point of view of art in the photography which shows the legs of a galloping horse in ridiculous attitudes. It serves, no doubt, an excellent purpose in science, but science is not art. The sooner, indeed, that it is recognised that truth has nothing to do with art (and that a beautiful work of art may be one colossal lie), the sooner will the errors and heresies of criticism pass.

The qualities which go to make a good plot or story are not inconsiderable, provided the story is well told. It is true that invention is a lower faculty than imagination, being dependent as it is on factual memory, and not on emotional memory. Yet who can separate invention from imagination in any specific work of the human mind? The properties are inseparably united in almost every performance. But this same invention, so greatly despised, seems to be held in contempt because of its limitations. The hands go up, with shoulders and eyebrows, in expressive scorn of the poor spirit which is content to reproduce for the thousandth time some feature of nature or some common human act. What hurts the realist is to come upon a man hanging from a cliff or a handsome young gentleman stopping a runaway carriage. I have no objection in the least, myself, to these incidents, provided they are handled properly; for, although I have come across them before, the emotional value to me is represented by the treatment, and, besides, such things do happen, not once but frequently. People *do* hang from cliffs—I have a distinct recollection of doing so myself once—and people do save others from accidents of various kinds. The only objection I would take to the current tales of adventure is that they do not introduce half the amazing things that might and do happen. Is it, then, because these incidents are outworn that our realistic friends object to them? If that be so we shall have a right to complain that the emotions also are outworn, and we may be excused for turning the pages impatiently when we come upon instances of love, jealousy, fear or filial affection. These things have been used ten thousand times. We are sick of them. Really if the "naturalists" cannot do anything fresher they had better put up the shutters. And one may note, too, that it is surprisingly odd that the same people who object to "incident" on the score of its hackneyed character, should be content to pass their time in transcribing *clichés* from life. There are, in short, if we confess and be candid, more *facts* in the world than there are *emotions*, and yet the value to a human reader is the influence of facts upon the emotions, by which means, according to the laws of permutation, we get an almost infinite variety of interest rendered possible to the novelist. And I, for one, would not confine him within the stone walls of any special theory.

I have referred above to a new form of specialisation which is the last to be assumed by the novel. This, to me, is a most interesting development, interesting none the less because of the arrogance of its claims to wipe out all previous elderly respectable specialisations. Age should have rendered these immune from attack, but the "naturalist" will not consent to spare them. In developing its theories logically, naturalism has developed along with them its style, or lack of style, if you will. The old idea of literature was that it was a refined and more comprehensive form of language daily heard in the markets and on 'Change. By degrees this stock of words, phrases and ideas enlarged its borders, specialised its functions, and grew aristocratic. From it was derived the *litera scripta*, as distinct from the *litera dicta*. Therefore when a writer sat down to pen his thoughts he did not put them down in the few hundred words which he used in the course of his communications with his fellow men, but employed a far greater variety, choice and taste in writing *literature*. All writing, in the same way as all talk, is an attempt to adjust ideas current in the mind to the counters which we call words. These counters represent values, but the written language has a greater variety of values than the spoken. Hence it is a finer instrument. Also, it is clear from this that a certain disparity between written and spoken tongues must disclose itself and enlarge with the growth of the language. The gap must of necessity widen. There must be an increasing divorce between *litera scripta* and *litera dicta.* As a consequence it has always been the tendency of literature to idealise in phrasing spoken language. Conversations tend not to be written precisely as they occur, but to be interpreted into a slightly different medium. It is the essence that is requisite, not the detail, and as long as the departure from reality is not so gross or shocking as to be ridiculous, the idealisation is justifiable and, sometimes, even desirable. It is so, of course, with the whole body of poetry. No one speaks, or spoke, as Homer represents Achilles to have spoken, or Scott, Marmion, or even Mrs. Barrett Browning, Aurora Leigh. It is not necessary to be utterly faithful—to be literal, in fact, is not to be literary. Otherwise we should reproduce the stammers, stutters, coughs and interjections with which ordinary speech is interlarded. Art may not only select, but may idealise so long as the offspring of her ideals fulfils her purpose. And the bearing of these remarks on the subject is just this: that the naturalistic school in following up fanatically its narrow cult, tends to decline upon the *litera dicta.* If you have once made up your mind that sincerity to life is the only thing to live for, why then to be consistent you must away with all these trappings and graces called literary style. Documents, facts, details from life are what are not wanted in that case, and there is no use for *milieu*, or manner, or exactness of interpretation into words. That way, of course, lies, as is evident, the decay of literature. Yet to those who have no particular " isms " in fiction, and who are content to enjoy good work of any sort, the phenomenon is only interesting as being another development in the history of fiction. As history was evolved from the epic, and prose from verse, so in these latter days we are evolving out of literature a new form which shall deal with the *litera dicta*, and have nothing to do with what we have always known before as literature. It will be able to possess all the qualities of literature save one, that it has no relation to *writing*. This seems to me both important and interesting. There is no special reason why many novels written nowadays should not be cast into the shape of dialogue, possibly with written italic instructions in brackets to aid the reader. Such books may combine all excellent qualities, but we must recognise that they are distinct from what we know as novels. It might be possible to find another name for them, and I have no doubt that when the movement is fully developed and fully recognised some suitable nomenclature will be invented, or perhaps grow up naturally. Anyhow, they are certainly not novels as we know them, and perhaps if we give them another name the realists will not quarrel with us so much, but will let the poor romancer alone to practise his miserable art in peace.

The school of criticism which I have been endeavouring to deal with as fairly as possible in this article starts with imposing definite limitations on fiction. The process of definition can become amazingly arrogant, for it is always a temptation to exclude from your definition your opponent's views—from which, as a premiss, you get naturally a triumphant conclusion. To damn by definitions is a sort of divine privilege, which perhaps ordinary mortals should in their humility avoid. Yet if one party assumes the privilege, there is really no good reason for refusing it to the other. Therefore, I can conceive some embittered romancer refusing admission within the usually hospitable bounds of "literature" to this new-fangled use of language. If in this new development language is to be divorced from what we have immemorially known as literature, it must look out for a new name and a new classification. Sculpture is not painting, but both are forms of art; so (will claim my incensed romancer) literature is not this *dictature*, though both these also are forms of art. It is not possible to deny that such a medium as the latter, even although it despise and reject the "art of words" is within the province of art. Every *mental* quality which goes to make a good novel may be exhibited in the work of a man who is contemptuous of the old rules of form and style. A man may have imagination, fancy, wit and everything else, and yet ignore the ancient claims of language. It is becoming increasingly easier to do so with the growing separation between literary language and oral language. We use far fewer words in common talk than our fathers (if we put aside mere technical terms), and there are many books of fiction published yearly which make no pretence to do more than use the vulgar oral tongue. This, I maintain, is to invent a new medium of art, and I cannot see what is to prevent it from further developments on its own lines. It will not threaten literature when it is consciously marked off from it, but in the meantime we should frankly recognise that a new off-shoot has arisen. It will simplify matters for all concerned, and (I am even in hopes) may make peace between the two antagonistic schools. It is not, of course, necessary for the "naturalist" to write *dictature*, if I may be pardoned the unholy phrase; but he will tend to do so more than the pure romancer to whom words are the counters by which he must skilfully mark emotions. The two branches of art will be mixed oftentimes, and will cross probably more often than not; there is even such a thing as coloured sculpture, and even the Greeks invented the chryselephantine art.

If these modest efforts to throw light on a vexed subject and to mediate between two admirable and opposing wings of a great art have any success, I shall be rewarded by the peace which will ensue. But if, on the other hand, I have merely thrust myself between two angry disputants, and must get the blows of both, speaking personally but humbly, I beg to say that I have, after my own fashion, made trial not of one form of fiction only, but of both, and shall continue to do so; and that, having no prejudices, or prepossessions, I hope I may claim the indulgence of either side.

H. B. Marriott Watson.

FORT AMITY

CHAPTER VI

BATEESE

NEXT morning Barboux and Menehwehna held a long colloquy aft, but in tones so low that John could not catch a word. By and by Muskingon was called into council, and lastly le Chameau.

The two Indians were arguing against some proposal of the Sergeant's, while by the way they pointed and traced imaginary maps with their fingers, spreading their palms apart to indicate distances, plainly turned on a point of geography. Le Chameau's opinion seemed to settle the dispute in the Sergeant's favour. Coming that afternoon to the mouth of a tributary stream on the left bank he headed the canoe for it without a word, and at once the paddles were busy, forcing her against the rapid current.

Then followed days during which, though reason might prove that in the river he held an infallible clue, John's senses lost themselves in the forest maze. It overlapped and closed upon him, folding him deeper and illimitably deeper. On the *Richelieu* he had played with thoughts of escape, noting how the canoe lagged behind its convoy, and speculating on the Indian's goodwill—faint speculations, since (without reckoning his own raw wound) McQuarters was almost too weak to stir as yet, and to abandon him would be a scurvy trick. So he had put aside his unformed plans, which at the best had been little better than hopes; and now the wilderness oppressed and smothered and buried them out of recollection.

The *voyageurs* made tedious progress; for almost at once they came to a chain of rapids around which the canoe had to be ported. The Indians toiled steadily, and le Chameau too, stripped to the waist and sweating; and by the second afternoon each man carried a dark red weal on one shoulder sunk in the flesh by the canoe's weight. John could walk, but was powerless to help, and McQuarters had to be lifted and carried with the baggage. Barboux confined himself to swearing and jeering at le Chameau's naked back—*diable de torse*, as he proclaimed it. The man was getting past endurance.

On the third day he called a halt, left le Chameau in charge of the camp and the prisoners, and went off with the Indians in search of a moose, whose lowing call had twice echoed through the woods during the night, and been answered by Menehwehna on his birch-horn. The forest swallowed them, and a blessed relief fell on the camp—no more oaths and gibes for a while, but rest and green shade and the murmur of the rapids below.

After the noon-day meal le Chameau stretched himself luxuriously and began to converse. He was explaining the situation with the help of three twigs, which he laid in the form of a triangle—two long sides and a short base.

" *Voyons*, this long one will be the *Richelieu* and that other the St. Lawrence; and here "—he put his finger near the base—"here is Montreal. The Sergeant knows what he is about. Those other boats, look you, will go around so——." He traced their course around the apex very slowly. "Whereas *we*——!" A quick stroke of the finger across the base filled up the sentence, and the little man smiled triumphantly.

"I see," said John, picking up the short twig and bending it into an arch, "we are now climbing up this side of the slope, eh? And on the other there will likewise be a river?"

The boatman nodded. "A hard way to find, monsieur, but have no fear. I have travelled it."

"Assuredly I should have no fear with you, M. ——."

"Guyon, m'sieur—Jean Bateese Guyon. This M. Barboux is a merry fellow—'il ne peut pas se passer de ses enjouments.' But I was not born like this." And here he touched his shoulder very simply and gravely.

"It was an accident then, M. Guyon?"

"An accident—oh, yes, be assured it was an accident." A flush showed on the little man's cheek, and his speech, on a sudden, became very rapid. "But as we were saying, I know the tracks across yonder; and my brother Dominique he knows them even better. I wish we may see Dominique, monsieur; there is no such *voyageur* from Quebec up to Michilimackinac, aye or beyond! He has been down the Cascades by night, himself only; it was when I had my—my accident, and he must go to fetch a surgeon. All along the river it is talked of yet. But it is nothing to boast of, for the hand of God must have been upon him. And as good as he is brave!"

"And where is your brother Dominique just now?"

"He will be at home, monsieur; for soon they will be carrying the harvest at Boisveyrac, and he is now the seigneur's farmer. He will be worrying himself over the harvest, for Dominique takes things to heart, both of this world and the next; whereas—I am a good Catholic, I hope—but these things do not trouble me. It seems there is no time to be troubled." Bateese looked up shyly, with a blush like a girl's. "Monsieur may be able to tell me—or, may be, he will think it foolish. This love of women, now?"

"Proceed, M. Guyon."

"Ah, you believe in it! When the Sergeant begins his talk—*c'est bien sale*, is it not? But that is not the sort I mean. Well, Dominique is in love, and it brings him no happiness. He can never have what he wants, nor would it be right, and he knows it; but nevertheless he goes on craving for it and takes no pleasure in life for the want of it. I look at him, wondering. Then I say to myself, 'Bateese, when *le bon Dieu* broke you in pieces He was not unkind. Your heart is cracked and cannot hold love, like your brother's; but what of that, while God is pouring love into it all day long and never ceases? You are ugly, and no maid will ever want you for a husband; therefore, you are lucky who cannot store away desire for this or that one, like poor Dominique, who goes about aching and fit to burst. You go singing *À la claire fontaine*, which is full of unhappiness and longing, but all the while you are happy enough.' Indeed, that is the truth, monsieur. I study this love of Dominique's, which makes him miserable; but I cannot judge it. I see that it brings pain to men."

"But delight also, my friend."

"And delight also—that is understood. Monsieur is, perhaps, in love? Or has been?"

"No, Bateese; not yet."

"But you will; with that face it is certain. Now shall I tell you?—to my guessing this love of women is like an untried rapid. Something smiles ahead for you, and you push for it and *voyez!* In a moment down you go, fifteen miles an hour and the world spinning; and at the bottom of the fall, if the woman be good, sweet is the journey and you wonder, looking back from smooth water, down what shelves you were swept to her. That, I say, is what I suppose this love to be; but for myself I shall never try it. Since *le bon Dieu* broke the pitcher its pieces are scattered all over me, within; they hold nothing, but there they lie shining in their useless fashion."

"Not useless, perhaps, Bateese."

"In their useless fashion," he persisted. "They will smile and be gay at the sight of a pretty girl, or at the wild creatures in the woods yonder, or at the thoughts in a song, or for no better reason than that the day is bright and the air warm. But they can store nothing. It is the same with religion, monsieur, and with affairs of State; neither troubles my head. Dominique is devout, for example; and Father Launoy comes to talk with him, which makes him gloomy. The reverend father just hears my sins and lets me go; he knows well enough that Jean Bateese does not count. And then he and

Dominique sit and talk politics by the hour. The father declares that all the English are devils, and that any one who fights for the Holy Church and is killed by them will rise again the third day."

John laughed aloud this time.

"I too think the reverend Father must be making some mistake," said Bateese gravely. "No doubt he has been misinformed."

"No doubt. For suppose now that I were a devil——"

"Oh, m'sieur," Bateese expostulated. "*Ça serait bien dommage!* But I hope, in any case, God would pardon me for talking with you, seeing that to hold anything, even hatred, is beyond me."

"Shall I tell you what I think, Bateese? I think we are all pitchers and perhaps made to be broken. Ten days ago I was brimful of ambitions; some one—le bon Dieu, or General Abercromby—has toppled me over and spilt them all; and here I lie on my side, not broken, but full of emptiness."

"Heh, heh—'full of emptiness!'" chuckled Bateese, to whom the phrase was new.

"It may be that in time some one will set me up again and pour into me wine of another sort. I hope for this, because it is painful to lie upset and empty; and I do not wish to be broken, for that must be even more painful—at the time, eh?"

Bateese glanced up, with a twitch of remembered pain.

"Indeed, m'sieur, it hurt—at the time."

"But afterwards—when the pieces have no more trouble, being released from pride—the pride of being a pitcher? Is it useless they are as they lie upturned, reflecting—what? My friend, if we only knew this we might discover that now, when it can no longer store up wine for itself, the pitcher is at last serving the end it was made for."

The little hunchback glanced up again quickly. "You are talking for my sake, monsieur, not for yourself. At your age I, too, could be melancholy for amusement. Ah, pardon," for John had blushed hotly. "Do I not know why you said it? Am I not grateful?"

He held out a hand. His eyes were shining.

CHAPTER VII

THE WATCHER IN THE PASS

THENCEFORWARD as the forest folded them deeper John found a wonderful solace in Bateese's company, although the two seldom exchanged a word unless alone together, and, after a day or two Barboux took a whim to carry off the little boatman on his expeditions and leave Muskingon in charge of the camp. He pretended that he, as John mended of his wound, needed a stalwart fellow for sentry; but the real reason was malice. For some reason he hated Muskingon, and knowing Muskingon's delight in every form of the chase carefully thwarted it. On the other hand, it was fun to drag off le Chameau, who loved to sit by his boat and hated the killing of animals.

"If I give him my parole," suggested John, "he will have no excuse, and Muskingon can go in your place."

But to this Bateese would not listen. So the wounded were left, on hunting days, in Muskingon's charge; and with him, too, John contrived to make friends. The young Indian had a marvellous gift of silence, and would sit brooding for hours. Perhaps he nursed his hatred of Barboux; perhaps he distrusted the journey—for he and Menehwehna, Ojibways both, were hundreds of miles from their own country, which lay at the back of Lake Huron. Now and again, however, he would unbend and teach John a few words of the Ojibway language; or would allow John, as a fellow sportsman, to sit on a rock beside him and watch his tricks of fishing.

There was one in particular which fairly amazed John. He had crawled after Muskingon on his belly—though not understanding the need of this caution—to the edge of a rock overhanging a deep pool. The Indian peered over, unloosed his waist-belt, and drew off his scarlet breeches as if for a bathe. But no, he did not intend this—at least, not just yet. He wound the breeches about his right arm and dipped it cautiously, bending over the ledge until his whole body from the waist overhung the water, and it was a wonder how his thighs kept their grip. Then, in a moment, up flew his heels and over he soused. John, peering down as the swirl cleared, saw only a red-brown back heaving below; and as the seconds dragged by, and the back appeared to heave more and more faintly, was plucking off his own clothes to dive and rescue Muskingon from the rocks, when a pair of hands shot up, holding aloft an enormous, bleeding cat-fish, and hitched him deftly on the gaff which John hurried to lower. But the fish had scarcely a kick left in him, Muskingon having smashed his head against the crevices of the rock.

Indeed Barboux had this excuse for leaving Muskingon in camp by the river—that there was always a string of fish ready before nightfall when he and Menehwehna returned. John, stupefied through the daylight hours, always seemed to awake with the lighting of the camp-fire; or this, at any rate, was the one scene he afterwards saw most clearly, in health and in the delirium of fever—the fire; the ring of faces; beyond the faces a sapling, strung with fish like short broad swords, reflecting the flames' glint: a stouter sapling laid across two forked boughs, and from it a dead deer suspended, with white filmed eyes, and the firelight warm on its dun flank; behind, the black forest, its depth fathomed, if at all, by the cry of a lonely wolf. These sights he recalled, with the scent of green fir burning and the smart of it on his lashes.

But by day he went with senses lulled, having forgotten all desire of escape or return. These five companions were all his world. Was he a prisoner? Was Barboux his enemy? The words had no meaning. They were all in the same boat, and "France" and "England" had become idle names. If he considered Barboux's gun it was as a provider of game, or a protector against any possible foe from the woods. But the woods kept their sinister silence.

Once, indeed, at the head of a portage they came upon a still reach of water with a strip of clearing on its farther bank—*bois brulé* Bateese called it; but the fire, due to lightning no doubt, must have happened many years before, for spruces of fair growth rose behind the alders on the swampy shore, and tall wickup plants and tussocks of the blueberry choked the interspaces. A cool breeze blew down the waterway, as through a funnel, from the mountains ahead, and the falls below sang deafeningly in the *voyageurs*' ears as they launched their boat.

Suddenly Menehwehna touched Barboux by the elbow. His ear had caught the crackling of a twig amid the uproar. John, glancing up as the Sergeant lifted his piece, spied the antlers of a bull-moose spreading above an alder-clump across the stream. The tall brute had come down through the *bois brulé* to drink or to browse on the young spruce-buds which there grew tenderer than in the thick forest, and for a moment moose and men gazed full at each other in equal astonishment.

Barboux would have fired at once had not Menehwehna checked him with a few rapid words. With a snort of disgust the moose turned slowly, presenting its flank, and crashed away through the undergrowth as the shot rang after it. Bateese and Muskingon had the canoe launched in a second, and the whole party clambered in and paddled across, but before they reached the bank the moose's hoofs could be heard drumming away on the ridge beyond the swamp and the branches snapping as he parted them.

Barboux cursed his luck; but both Indians maintained that the beast had been hit. At length Muskingon, who had crossed the swamp, found a splash of blood among the mosses and again another on the leaves of a wickup plant a rod or two farther on the trail. The Sergeant, hurrying to inspect these traces, plunged into liquid mud up to his knees, and was dragged out in the worst of tempers by John, who had chosen to follow without leave. Bateese and McQuarters remained with the canoe.

Each in his own fashion, then, the trackers crossed the swamp, and soon were hunting among a network of moose-trails, which criss-crossed one another through the burnt wood. John, aware of his incompetence, contented himself with watching the Indians as they picked up a new trail, followed it for a while, then patiently harked back to the last spot of blood and worked off on a new line. Barboux had theories of his own, which they received with a galling silence. It galled him at length to fury, and he was lashing them with curses which made John wonder at their forbearance, when a call from the river silenced him.

It came from Bateese. Bateese, who cared nothing for sport, had paddled up stream to inspect the next reach of the river, and there, at the first ford, had found the moose lying dead and warm, with the ripple running over his body and his gigantic horns high out of the water like a snag.

From oaths Barboux now turned incontinently to boasting. This was his first moose, but he—he, Joachim Barboux, was a sportsman from his birth. He still contended, but complacently and without rancour, that had the Indians taken up the trail he had advised from the first it would have led them straight to the ford. They heard him and went on skinning the moose, standing knee deep in the bloody water, for the body was too heavy to be dragged ashore without infinite labour. Menehwehna found and handed him the bullet, which had glanced across and under the shoulder-blade, and flattened itself against one of the ribs on the other side. Barboux pocketed it in high good humour, and when their work was done—an ugly work, from which Bateese kept his eyes turned—a steak or two cut out, with the tongue, and the carcase left behind to rot in the stream, he praised them for brave fellows. They listened as indifferently as they had listened to his revilings.

Now this shot which slew the moose was the last fired on the upward journey. They had followed the stream up to the hill ridges, where rapid succeeded rapid; and two days of all but incessant portage brought them out above the forest, close beneath the naked ridges where but a few pines struggled.

Bateese pointed out a path beyond which, as he promised, they would find a river to carry them down into the St. Lawrence. He unfolded a scheme also. There were trees beside that farther stream—elm trees, for example—blown down and needing only to be stripped; his own eyes had seen them. Portage up and over the ridge would be back-breaking work. Let the canoe, therefore, be abandoned—hidden somewhere by the head waters—and let the Indians hurry ahead and rig up a light craft to carry the party down stream. They had axes to strip the bark and thongs to close it at bow and stern. What more was needed? As for the loss of his canoe, he understood the Sergeant's to be State business, requiring dispatch; and if so, M. the Intendant at Montreal would recompense him. Nay, he might be travelling back this way before long, and then how handy to pick up a canoe on this side of the mountains!

The Sergeant *bravo*-ed and clapped the little man on his back, drawing tears of pain. The canoe was hauled up and stowed in a damp corner of the undergrowth under a mat of pine-branches, well screened from the sun's rays, and the travellers began to trudge on foot, in two divisions. The Indians led with John and Barboux, the latter being minded to survey the country with them from the top of the ridge and afterwards allow them to push on alone. He took John to keep him company after their departure, and because the two prisoners could not well be left in charge of Bateese, who besides had his hands full with the baggage. So Bateese and McQuarters toiled behind, the little man grunting and shifting his load from time to time with a glance to assure himself that McQuarters was holding out; now and then slackening the pace, but still, as he plodded, measuring the slopes ahead with his eye, comparing progress with the sun's march, and timing himself to reach the ridge at nightfall. Barboux had proposed to camp there, on the summit. The Indians were to push forward through the darkness.

Meanwhile John stepped ahead with Barboux and the Indians. His spirits rose as he climbed above the forest; the shadows which had lain on them slipped away and melted in the clear air. Here and there he stumbled, his knees reminding him suddenly of his weakness; but health was coming back to him, and he drank in long pure draughts of it. It was good, after all, to be alive and young. A sudden throbbing in the air brought him to a halt; it came from a tiny humming-bird poising itself over a bush-tufted rock on his right. As it sang on, careless of his presence, John watched the music bubbling and trembling within its flame-coloured throat. He, too, felt ready to sing for no other reason than pure delight. He understood the ancient gods and their laughter; he smiled down with them upon the fret of the world and mortal fate. Father Jove, *optimus maximus*, was a grand fellow, a good Catholic in spite of misconception, and certainly immortal; god and gentleman both, large, lusty, superlative, tolerant, debonair. As for misconception, from this height Father Jove could overlook centuries of it at ease—the Middle Ages, for instance. Every one had been more or less cracked in the Middle Ages—cracked as fiddles. Likely enough Jove had made the Middle Ages to amuse himself. . . . .

As the climb lulled his brain John played with these idle fancies. Barboux, being out of condition and scant of breath, conversed very little. The Indians kept silence as usual.

The sun was dropping behind the cleft of the pass as they reached it, and the rocky walls opened in the haze of its yellow beams. So once more John came to the gate of a new world.

Menehwehna led, Barboux followed, with John close behind, and Muskingon bringing up the rear. They were treading the actual pass, and Menehwehna, rounding an angle of the cliff had been lost to sight for a moment, when John heard a low guttural cry—whether of surprise or warning he could not tell.

He ran forward at Barboux's heels. A dozen paces ahead of the Indian, reclining against the rock-face on a heap of *scree*, in the very issue of the pass, with leagues of sunlight behind him and the basin of the plain at his feet, sat a man.

He did not move; and at first this puzzled them, for he lay dark against the sun, and its rays shone in their eyes.

But Menehwehna stepped close up to him and pointed. Then they saw, and understood.

The man was dead; dead and scalped—a horrible sight.

CHAPTER VII

THE FARTHER SLOPE

BARBOUX's complexion had turned to a sick yellow beneath its mottles. He had been walking hard and was out of condition; no doubt, too, the sunset light painted his colour deeper. But the man fairly twittered.

Menehwehna muttered an Indian name.

"Eh? Speak low, for the love of God!" The Sergeant swept the cliffs above and around with a shuddering glance.

"Les Agniers, as you call them—but Iroquois for certain. The man, you see, is Canayen——" Menehwehna began coolly to handle the corpse. "He has been dead for hours, but not many hours." He lifted an arm and let it fall, after trying the rigidity of the muscles. "Not many hours," he repeated, and signed to Muskingon, who began to crawl forward and, from the gap of the pass, to reconnoitre the slope below.

"And in the interval they have been tracking *us*, belike?"

"They may, indeed, have spied us coming from the cliffs above," answered Menehwehna imperturbed. "If so they are watching us at this moment, and there is no escaping; but this we shall learn within twenty paces, since between the rocks here they have us at their will. You, O illustrious, they might suffer to promenade yourself for a while in the open, for the sake of better sport; with us, who are Ojibways, they would deal while yet they could be sure."

He said it without any show of vanity, nor did he trouble himself to glance around or above for signs of the foe. "We had best make trial of this without delay," he added; "for if they fire the noise may yet reach the other two and warn Bateese, who is clever and may yet save himself."

"What the devil care I for Bateese?" snarled Barboux. "If they have tracked us they have tracked all. I run no risks for a *bossu* and a useless prisoner."

"I did not say that they have tracked us. *Him* they tracked beyond a doubt; and at the end he knew they were after him. See——" Again he lifted the arm of the corpse, and invited the Sergeant to feel its shirt along the ribs and under the armpits. "See you how stiff it is; that is where the sweat has dried, and men sweat so when they are in a great hurry. Perhaps he was the last of his company, and they overtook him here. Now, see again—I tell you they have not been tracking us, and I will prove it. In the first place I am no fool, and if one—two—three men have tracked me close (it cannot be far) a day long without my knowing, it will be the first time in Menehwehna's life. But let that pass. See these marks; they overtook him here, and they did with him—so. But where is any mark on the path behind us? Look well; there is only one path and no trail in it at all, else I had not cried out as I did. No man has passed within less time than it takes the moss to grow. Very good; then whoever killed him followed him up from yonder, and here stopped and turned back—I think, in a hurry. To place the body so—that is an Iroquois trick when few and in a hurry; otherwise they take him away and do worse."

"Iroquois? But *que diable!* The Six Nations are at peace with us! Why on earth should the Iroquois meddle with this man, by the dress of him a *coureur de bois?*"

"And unarmed, too!" pursued Menehwehna with fine irony, "since they have taken away his gun. Ask me riddles that I can read. The Six Nations are never at peace; there were five hundred of them back at Ticonderoga seated on a hill opposite and only waiting. Yes, and in peace they have never less reasons than fingers and toes for killing a man. Your questions are for a child; but *I* say that the Iroquois have been here and killed this man, and in a hurry. Now answer me; if, after killing him, they wished to spy down upon our coming, and were in a hurry, why did they not take the short way through the pass?"

"That is simple. Any fresh track of men at the entrance, or close within it, would warn us back; therefore they would say, 'Let us climb to the ridge and watch, though it take longer.'"

"Good; now you talk with a clear head, and I have less fear for you. They may be aloft there, as you say, having drawn us into their trap. Yet I do not think it, for why should they be expecting us? It is now three days since you killed the moose. They could not have been near in a body to hear that shot fired, for it is hours since they overtook this man, following him up from the other slope. But a scout might have heard it and climbed across to warn them; yes, that is possible."

But here Muskingon came crawling back. He had inspected the ground by the lip of the descent, and in his belief the dead man's pursuers were three or four at the most, and had hurried down the hill again when their work was done.

Menehwehna nodded gravely. "It is as I thought, and for the moment we need not fear; but we cannot spend the night in this trap—for trap it is, whether watched or not. Do we go forward then, or back?"

Barboux cursed. "How in the name of twenty devils can I go back! Back to the *Richelieu?*—it would be wasting weeks!" His hand went up to his breast, then he seemed to recollect himself and turned upon John roughly. "Step back, you, and find if the others are in sight. We, here, have private matters to discuss."

John obeyed. The first turn of the cliff shut off the warm westerly glow, and he went back through twilight. He knew now why Barboux had lagged behind on the *Richelieu*, in scorn of discipline. The man must be entrusted with some secret missive of Montcalm's, and, being puffed up with it, had in a luckless hour struck out a line of his own. To turn back now would mean his ruin; might end in his standing up to be shot with his back to a wall. . . .

Between the narrow walls of the pass night was closing down rapidly. John lifted his face towards the strip of sky aloft, greenish-blue and tranquil. . . .

He fell back—his heart, after one leap, freezing—slowly freezing to a standstill, his hands spreading themselves against the face of the rock.

What voice was that, screaming? . . . one—two—three—horrible human screams, rending the twilight, beating down on his ears, echoing from wall to wall. . . .

The third and last scream died out in a low, bubbling wail. Close upon it rose a sound which John could not mistake—the whoop of Indians. He plucked his hands from the rock, and ran; but, as he turned to run, in the sudden silence a body thudded down upon the path behind him.

In twenty strides he was back again at the issue of the pass. The two Indians had vanished. Barboux's gross body alone blocked the pale daylight there. Barboux lingered a moment, stooping over the murdered man; but he too ran at the sound of John's footsteps, and the corpse, as John came abreast of it, slid over in a silly heap, almost rolling against his legs.

He leaped aside and cleared it, and in a moment was pelting down the slope after the Sergeant, who flung back an agonised doubtful glance, and recognising his pursuer grunted with relief. At their feet, and far below, spread a wide plain—

a sea of forest rolling, wave upon wave, with a gleam of water between. The river, then—Bateese's river—was near at hand.

Fifty yards down the slope, which was bare of cover, he saw the two Indians. Muskingon led by a few strides, and the pair seemed to be moving noiselessly; yet, by the play of their shoulders, both were running for their lives. John raced past the lumbering Sergeant and put forth all his strength to catch up with Menehwehna. The descent jarred his knees horribly, and still, as he plunged deeper into the shadow of the plain, the stones and bushes beneath his feet grew dimmer and the pitfalls harder to avoid. His ears were straining for the Indian war-whoop behind him; he wondered more and more as the seconds grew into minutes and yet brought no sounds but the trickle and slide of stones dislodged by Barboux thundering in the rear.

They were close upon the outskirts of the forest. He had caught up with Menewehna and was running at his heels, stride for stride.

In the first dark shadow of the trees Menehwehna checked himself, came to a sudden halt, and swung round, panting. Somehow, although unable to see his face, John knew him to be furiously angry—with the cold fury of an Indian.

"Englishman, you are a fool!"

"But why?" panted John innocently. "Is it the noise I made? I cannot run as you Indians can."

Menehwehna grunted. "What matters noise, more or less, when *he* is anywhere near?"

"They have not seen us!" gasped Barboux, blundering up at this moment and almost into John's arms.

"To be sure," answered Menehwehna sardonically, "they have not seen us. It may even be that the great Manitou has smitten them with deafness and they have not heard you, O illustrious!—and with blindness, that they cannot trace your foot-marks; yes, and perchance with folly, too, so that returning to a dead man whom they left they may wonder not at all that he has tumbled himself about!"

"*Peste!* It was this Englishman's fault. He came running behind and hurried me. But you Indians do not know everything. I found——" but here Barboux checked himself on the edge of a boast.

The Indian had sunk on one knee and laid his ear to the ground. "It will be of great price," said he, "if what you found will take us out of this. They are not following as yet, and the river is near."

(*To be continued.*)