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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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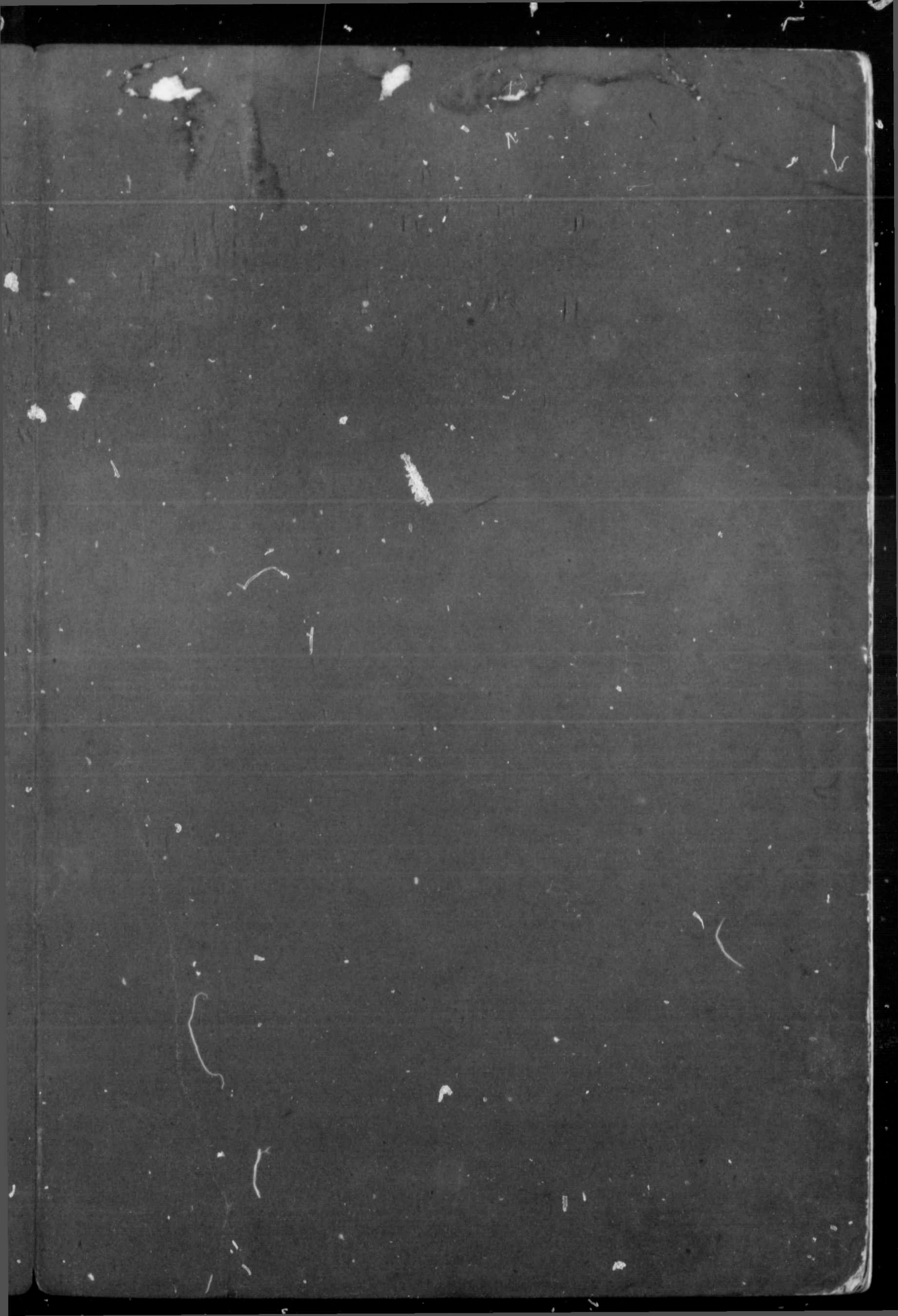

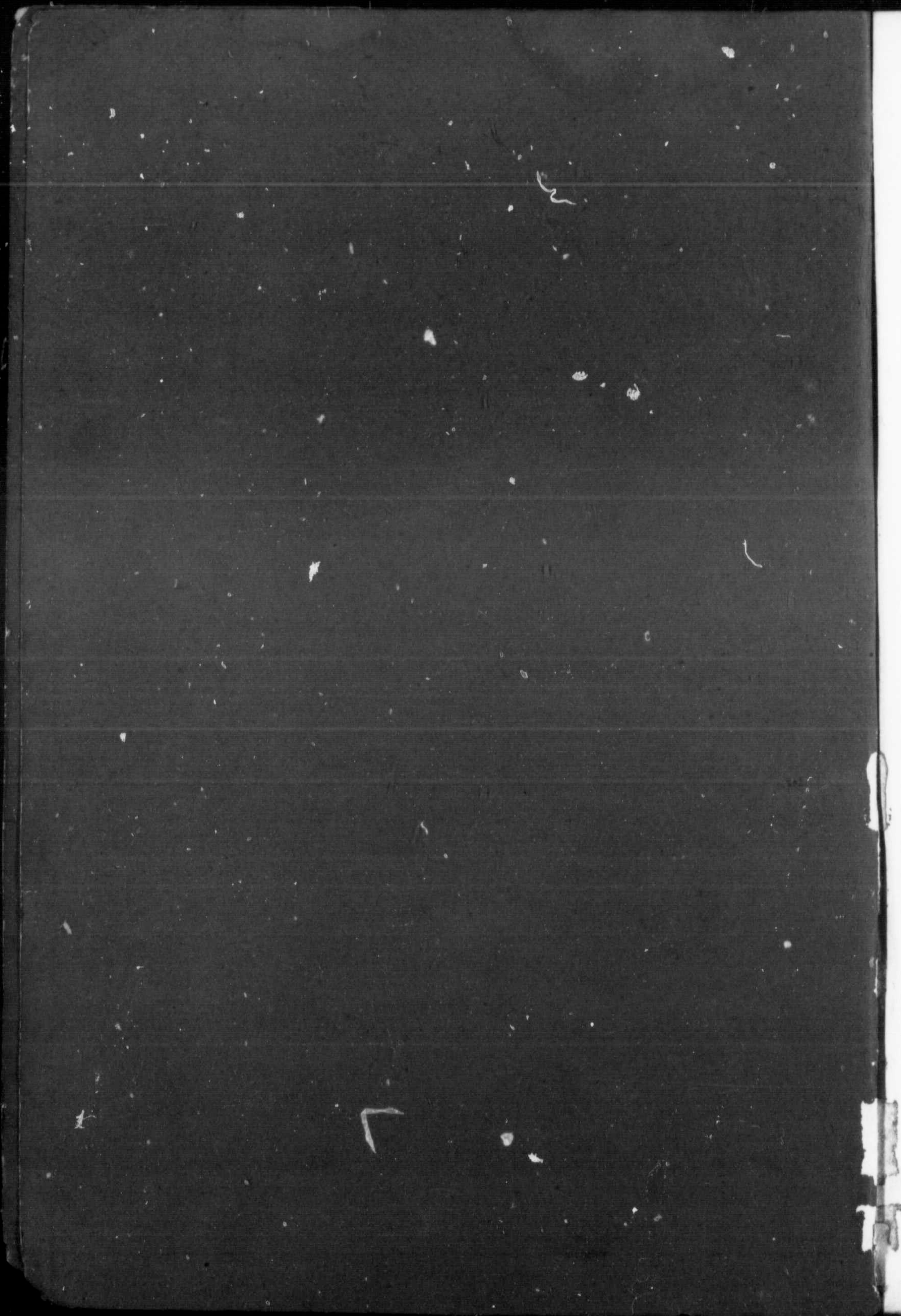

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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THE PARADOX OF IMPERIALISM

IN a recent study of the "Psychology of the French Boerophiles and Anglophiles" M. Yves Guyot observes that even the best Parisian newspapers talk of British Imperialism as intemperately as the *Intransigeant* and the *Libre Parole*.

> The word [he says] stands for everything. They use it without discrimination; they exaggerate it; in the first place because, thinking they have made a discovery, they want to make it out to be an important one. Besides, many people want to create a bogey in order to enjoy the satisfaction of being afraid of it, and getting other people to share their terror. Frenchmen who think themselves clear-headed make their bogey of British Imperialism.

From so indulgent a critic as M. Guyot it is always easier for an Englishman to draw comfort than correction, but in this case his words suggest a lesson he did not intend. By a simple change of nominative we have it. Some Liberals who think themselves clear-headed—nay, some who have proved themselves clear-headed on other themes—make their bogey of "Imperialism." The word stands for everything—everything they honestly abhor. The result is extremely curious. Indeed, to the political philosopher of the next age no phenomenon will seem more irrational than that at the end of the nineteenth century Liberalism, in any of its forms, can have displayed itself in antipathy to the idea of an expanding British Empire. The fact will be undeniable. The student will even find it emphasised by the discovery that it is precisely in those forms

of Liberalism which are now believed to be the most advanced that the antipathy was strongest and most active. He will see, pressing on in the forefront of statecraft, various bands of reformers whose political and social aspirations have carried them so far that they regard property with doubt and suspect patriotism of being a vice. If the earth must still, for a while, be owned by individuals or by nations, there is for them but one way to make the system endurable. They would press to its logical conclusion the time-honoured legal maxim, "So use thine own that thou hurtest not that which is thy neighbour's." They dream of a day of universal brotherhood when no man shall care to say, "This is mine: touch it not" or "I am of this country: thou art not of my blood." The dog in the manger is the Satan of their creed. Yet it is these very men who view with the greatest apprehension the ceaseless spread of the Pax Britannica as it obliterates one by one the barriers of nations and melts into unity the peoples they once divided. It is they who, in spite of their cry for brotherhood, lament most deeply the sight of small communities being forced or persuaded to abandon their narrow aloofness and to enter one or other of the great aggregations which are steadily absorbing the world.

To a man looking back upon our period from a distant standpoint, whence he will be able to see it as a section of the long road of political development, this attitude of Liberalism must seem a puzzling paradox. His studies will show him that the progress of civilised society has always been from the smaller to the larger political unit. He will see the tendency reach a point of culmination in the heyday of the Roman Empire, and when that was shattered in its effort after a premature universality, for which the world was not yet ripe, he will find the process beginning again immediately amongst the broken fragments of the older aggregation. In the confederation of tribes, in leagues of cities, in the commendations of the feudal system, he will see the States of the Middle Ages forming the masses of pregnant material out of which he will trace the modern nations being built; and in every case he will note that the

amalgamation tells sooner or later in favour of increased individual liberty, of truer self-government, and of larger opportunities for moral and intellectual progress. It was under the German emperors that the towns where the seeds of modern Liberalism were germinating received their first political encouragement. It was under the English kings who were striving to form an empire in Western Europe that Englishmen laid the foundations of liberty. It is not too much to say that the very fact of forming a large group connotes increased liberty in the parts. In the small group the tribal idea is hardly extinguished, and men will endure patiently at the hands of their ancestral chief what they would resent from a stranger to whom they have given a mere political adhesion. Beyond this again is the fact that repressive force is more readily applied in the small area than in the large. As a substitute for coercion, which is always increasing in difficulty, the solidification of the larger groups has generally been sought for in the exaltation of the middle and lower classes at the expense of privileged aristocracy and local chiefs. The central authority of the great group has usually attempted by judicious concessions to attach the people directly to itself and to emphasise the amelioration of their new condition from what it was under their narrower existence, when there was no higher authority to restrain or regulate the caprices of local rulers. Thus there is inherent in the existence of a true empire—that is, in the grouping of small units under one central authority—a tendency towards democracy; and further, the more autocratic in form the Imperial authority, the more energy is the tendency likely to develop, for the greater will be the need of the government to purchase the support of the people.

This view of the progressive tendency of nations as they amalgamate into empires is no mere piece of modern speculation. In practice Liberals have recognised it long ago. From its earliest dawn Liberalism has almost invariably been on the side of the large group. The consolidation of the Italian States was the foundation of Dante's political philosophy. Almost the only constructive result of the premature outburst of Liberalism,

which transformed our own State in the seventeenth century, was the union of the three kingdoms. It was in a fanatic attempt to form a European Empire that the force of the French Revolution exhausted itself. During the long-drawn efforts to revive the Empire in Germany *particularismus* was always the badge of the Conservative. Finally, if we seek for the most conspicuous achievement of latter-day Liberalism, it confronts us beyond question in the formation of the Italian kingdom.

Why is it, then, that our own Liberals, who believe themselves to be advanced, are so much inclined to take up an attitude of hostility to the expansion of the British Empire? For this they undoubtedly do. Every step in its growth they approach with a presumption of its unrighteousness, and only when its justice and necessity are proved to the hilt will they relapse into a reluctant acquiescence. They presume the Empire guilty until it is proved innocent, and cling to their attitude with something akin to religious enthusiasm. To ignore or merely to ridicule a feeling so deep and earnest would be folly. It is a fact to be dealt with, and no wise Imperialist will feel sure of his position until he can explain the attitude of his opponents. We may believe it to be mere prejudice. But prejudice is hardly to be distinguished from faith, and to ignore a widely held prejudice is one of the most dangerous stumbling-blocks of statesmen. It does not follow that because a man can give no reason for his faith that no reason exists. The presumption is, from the very persistence of a prejudice, that it sprang from a reason which once was good. Until we can show that the reasons in which our opponents' view had its origin are no longer valid, we cannot claim to have established our own position.

The paradoxical attitude of our anti-Imperialist Liberals is, without doubt, largely a matter of sentiment, and in attempting the analysis of a political creed which is largely inspired by sentiment, we are always confronted by the difficulty of getting a clear and comprehensive confession of faith. In the present case the difficulty is increased by the fact that the adherents of

the creed are mainly of two fundamentally antagonistic types. There is first the old Radical, with his pronounced particularist dogmas; and secondly the newer form, with his undisguised leanings to Socialism. So widely do the two types differ in their expressions of anxiety, that the student is hardly able to lay hold of a formula which has not been crossed or contradicted by the one section or the other. He is forced to seek their meaning with patience and sympathy where and how he can. For instance, there is a society which has been formed to press the anti-Imperialist view upon the Liberal party. It styles itself the League of Liberals against Aggression and Militarism. Clearly this will not help us. For, though we may differ in our interpretation of the two terms, every sane Englishman will profess himself as against aggression and against militarism. In the circular letter introducing the League to Liberals we are told that one of its objects is to enforce the traditional policy which has played so important a part in the building up of the Empire.

> That policy [it proceeds], of which the greatest exponent was Mr. Gladstone, has always been to respect the rights of small nationalities, to allow our Colonies full liberty to manage their own affairs without dictation from the home Parliament, in which they are unrepresented, and to hold peace one of the greatest glories of the nation.

To disentangle what was in the mind of the man who penned this enunciation is not easy. It seems to contain a confusion between foreign and colonial policy, but the general meaning seems to be that, taking Mr. Gladstone as the highest exponent of Liberalism, Liberalism approves the idea of empire, provided the Empire be built up peacefully and without sacrificing small nationalities, and provided the civilised parts of it are given local self-government. As an enunciation of the ethics of empire it is, of course, defective, for it expresses no opinion on the absorption of uncivilised or partially civilised races by force of arms, a process which has formed a large factor in the building up of all empires. Indeed, the moment we begin to examine the enunciation critically it

becomes obvious that here at least is no foundation for a Liberal anti-Imperialist belief.

To begin with, it will be seen to rest on an unhistorical and unphilosophical idea of what Liberalism is. It involves the assumption that it is the universal tradition of the Liberal creed to protect the rights of small nationalities and to prevent their absorption by more powerful neighbours. But this is clearly not the whole truth. There was no Liberal found to raise his voice against the forcible absorption of the States of the Church by the new kingdom of Italy. And during the American Civil War, when the Southern States were fighting for what they believed to be liberty, it was our advanced Liberals who alone saw that in the determination of the North to force the Seceders back into the Union lay the future of true liberty. The truth is that Liberalism was never in favour of the rights of small nationalities, as such. It was only in favour of the rights of small nationalities where those small nationalities were Liberal. It was against a constitutional State being absorbed into a State that was unconstitutional. When true liberty and enlightenment have been with the aggressor, Liberalism has always been on the side of aggression. It has always been ready to sacrifice the rights of nationalities to the higher cause of what it believes to be progress, and, like the adherents of every cause that is worth its salt, Liberals have shed few tears at the sight of their faith being spread by the sword. English Liberals have not, as our typical anti-Imperialist would suggest, the monopoly of peace as an ideal. The ideal of every civilised community is now a state of peace, provided that without war it can do its duty or come by its own. English Liberalism has again and again repudiated the idea of putting peace in the forepart of its aims. Out of its own mouth let it be judged.

> The interest of peace [said Mr. Gladstone on a memorable occasion] is not the first interest of England. The interest of duty and honour is the first interest of England. The redemption of engagements is the first interest of England, and to attend to the full extent of one's means to the calls of humanity is the first interest of England.

It was with no other thought than this inspiring them that the men of the French Revolution plunged the world into war, and it was with no other thought than this inspiring them that the men who are now banding together against aggression and militarism were yesterday crying shame on an administration that refused to risk a European war for the sake of an oppressed oriental people. It is true that Liberalism has always held peace one of the greatest glories of a nation. But it has a greater glory than that. Its highest glory has been its readiness to fight for its faith. For that it has always been quick to sacrifice peace and nationalities. It was so from the day when Elizabethan Protestants forced an unwilling Government to defy all that was reactionary in Europe, and when the soldiers of the Commonwealth put Ireland in bondage; and it was so yesterday. Our latest war has had for its object the suppression of a nationality where liberty had grown corrupt, and nowhere did the crusading spirit burn more fiercely than in those parts of the Empire where Liberalism grows with the freshest green and puts forth the hardiest fruit.

Where, then, in Liberalism lies the root of this antipathy to the growth of empire? In further exposition of their meaning, the League above mentioned issued a reprint of a speech made at the last meeting of the National Liberal Federation by its President. The speech was received with general applause; the occasion gave it a stamp of authority; and here, if anywhere, we should be able to discover what we seek. In speaking of the serious fissure that the question had cut through the party, he said

> There was a wide gap between those who went in for what the Tories meant by Imperialism, with its attendant militarism, and the consequent and inevitable limitations of popular freedom, and the old Liberals of whom he was proud to be one: to whom the very word "Imperial" was hateful because it told of that which throughout all history had been most opposed to Liberalism.

Here, then, we see his mind occupied with this conviction: that Imperialism has always been opposed to Liberalism, in that it has always entailed militarism and the curtailment

of popular freedom. In proof of his historical proposition he proceeds to quote a few cases within his own memory where military monarchies, whose kings chose to call themselves emperors, have sought to crush either the remnants of constitutionalism in their own country or in small nationalities on their borders. He cites the cases of Austria's behaviour to Hungary and Northern Italy, and of the internal policy of Napoleon III. But each of these cases is either wholly beside the point or else tells, like all that history beyond the President's memory, in favour of the Liberal tendencies of empire. The attempt by the two despotic monarchies, Russia and Austria, to crush Hungary ended in the formation of a true empire, in which not only were the liberties of Hungary preserved, but Austria herself and every part of the empire received a larger measure of constitutional freedon. Northern Italy was denied self-government, and the attempt to incorporate it with the empire failed. It has a certain significance, moreover, that Northern Italy recovered her freedom by the help and through the political exigencies of the military monarch of France, seeking to attach the popular sentiment to his rule. But, failing to give his own subjects that liberty which he procured for the Italians, he fell with a heavy fall. Indeed, every case which the President quoted from his scrap of history goes to show that, where men have once tasted the sweets of liberty, no empire can last which does not accord autonomy to its component parts. It must either support itself by ever-increasing concessions to popular sentiment, or else come to the ground.

On the whole, then, we must conclude that the apprehensions in the speaker's mind were not due to any profound historical study of the relations between Imperialism and Liberalism. His own words betray that they were due to something quite different, that they were due to nothing but the confusion of two distinct political ideas which, unhappily, have come to be called by the same name, "that hated word Imperialism." Both, it is true, have their root in an Imperial organisation, but we have only to examine them a little closely to find that

they stand at the opposite poles of political philosophy. The conception of the British Empire is that of a commonwealth of States under the hegemony of the oldest and most powerful of them, each State having a larger or smaller share of autonomy in proportion to its aspirations or its fitness, and those which exhibit no such aspirations or fitness being governed under their own laws by Imperial officers, either directly or through their own chiefs, for the benefit of the particular people and not for the enrichment of the paramount State. It is the highest expression yet reached of the autonomous principle of government. Such military despotisms as the two French Empires are its exact antithesis. They are the last expression of the autocratic centralising ideal. The fact that the heads of such military despotisms call themselves emperors does not make the States they govern empires in any sense of the word, and least of all in the sense in which the British Commonwealth is an empire. They call themselves emperors, not because they govern an empire, but because when the Roman autonomous constitution gave way to the autocratic, the autocrat, being the military head of the State, was styled Imperator. And it is because the empire he governed was a world-wide concentration of peoples, that we call the world-wide British Commonwealth an empire. But the two systems have nothing essential in common. They spring from two entirely different sides of the same thing, the one from the nature of the ruler, the other from the nature of what he ruled. They are as distinct and separable as the horse and his rider, and must be kept as distinct in political thought. To apply without discrimination the phraseology that has been begotten of the idea of an *emperor* to a distinct set of phenomena that have sprung from the idea of an *empire* is to be brought inevitably to a confusion of thought. The Imperialism of the later European monarchies was begotten of the idea of an emperor, and undoubtedly connotes not only autocracy and militarism, but also aggression, since the kingcraft of military despots has too often taught them to discharge in wars of conquest the internal unrest which their system

engenders. The Imperialism of the British Commonwealth springs from the idea of an empire, and does not connote any particular method of government at all. It connotes only the structure of the thing to be governed, a structure larger and more complex than what we understand by the word "nation."

This duality of the idea which underlay the Roman Empire is the whole root of the matter; it is the neglect to bear it in mind that has brought anti-Imperialist Liberals to their present paradoxical attitude. Apart from this duality their position would be perfectly reasonable. Had Imperialism but one side we could not quarrel with them if they made "that hated word" stand for everything they abhor. It is only to be expected that they should. The force of modern Liberalism has hitherto been spent mainly in the development of democratic constitutionalism, and modern military Imperialism is the only form of government that has been able to compete with it. It is but natural then that Liberals, having had their attention so long riveted on the one side of the Imperial idea, should feel instinctively that Imperialism is the one dangerous opponent to their creed. But it is none the less true that this instinct is due to a confusion between two wholly distinct ideas which underlay the original Imperial system. It is due to the failure to distinguish between those two ideas, and to the failure to perceive that they were severally capable of development, and indeed have actually developed, on independent and diverging lines.

To make the matter clear, let us endeavour to get a closer conception of what those ideas were by tracing them to their well spring.

> That wonderful system [says the English historian of the "Holy Roman Empire"] which Julius Cæsar and his subtle nephew erected upon the ruins of the republican constitution of Rome has been made the type of a certain form of government, and of a certain set of social as well as political arrangements to which, or rather to the theory of which they are a part, there has been given the name of Imperialism. The sacrifice of the individual to the mass, the concentration of all legislative and judicial powers in the person of the sovereign, the centralisation of the administrative system, the maintenance of

order by a large military force, the substitution of the influence of public opinion for the control of representative assemblies, are commonly taken, whether rightly or wrongly, to characterise that theory.

Here we have, with the partial exception of the sacrifice of the individual to the mass, all the ideas to which the typical Liberal is most profoundly antagonistic. If Imperialism ended here, if this were all from which political development could flow, the hostile attitude of Liberals to Imperialism would be unimpeachable. But the ideas which the author thus summarises were but half Imperialism. There was beside them, and of even greater weight, what he himself calls "the thoroughly Roman idea of universal denationalisation." It was this side of Roman Imperialism, as he himself points out, that caused it to dominate political thought through the Middle Ages long after the thing itself was dead. It was this notion of the brotherhood of peoples, the breaking down of barriers, this freedom of intercourse, that made the greatness of Rome, that gave her her centuries of internal peace, in which learning and commerce could grow, interrupted only by the struggles of rival emperors and war for the defence of the frontiers. And it was this that gave her citizens the freedom they prized so highly, by restricting the power of the petty tyrant, and giving to each man the right to Imperial justice. Imperialism meant then originally military despotism and denationalisation; it meant something that every Liberal must denounce, and something which all lovers of peaceful progress must sigh for. So firm and lasting was the hold which the Roman Empire took upon political philosophy, that it was only natural that the two ideas upon which it was founded should have come to be regarded as inseparable. But no sooner was it broken up than it began to appear how distinct and even mutually repellent they were.

When the Roman Empire died of the diseases its political system engendered another empire sought to take its place, and became the great political force of the Middle Ages. And this is how the same author describes it:—Its essentials, omitting its duality with the Church, which does not here concern us,

were still monarchy and universality. But the rest were gone. Autocracy, militarism, and centralisation, the old Imperial form of government in fact, was no longer deemed essential:—

Forms of political organisation, the presence or absence of constitutional checks, the degree of liberty enjoyed by the subject, the rights conceded to local authorities, all these were matters of secondary importance. But although there brooded over all the shadow of a despotism, it was a despotism not of the sword but of the law; a despotism not chilling or blighting, but which, in Germany at least, looked with favour on municipal freedom, and everywhere did its best for learning, for religion, for intelligence; a despotism not hereditary, but one which constantly maintained in theory the principle that he should rule who was found the fittest. To praise or to decry the Empire as a despotic power is to misunderstand it altogether.

In the mediæval empire, then, the idea of universal denationalisation had taken the upper hold, and the Germans were developing it into the idea of confederation, shedding almost everything else as they advanced. In France and in Spain, on the other hand, it was the other set of ideas that were forced to the front, and both these Powers sacrificed all hope of founding a lasting empire to their obstinate clinging to autocracy, militarism, and centralisation. Thus at the dawn of modern times the two lines of development had already declared themselves. From what we may call the political side of Imperialism was flowing one stream of tendency, and from what we may call its organic side was flowing another. As a result of this divergence we see to-day two empires existing side by side, yet differing so widely in almost every feature that it seems an abuse of language to call them by the same name. In the Russian Empire the political stream has submerged everything else; autocracy, militarism, and centralisation are its essentials, and denationalisation is their mere corollary. In the British Empire the organic conception has taken as absolute a possession. To maintain the organism in a vigorous and natural growth has been the one idea, and to that idea every other aspect of the old Imperialism has been sacrificed, till to-day we see that over half its extent little but the bare form of monarchy has been preserved, and of militarism there is left no more than serves

for the vitality of Imperial police, while the central authority has sunk almost to a mere symbol of unity. It is needless to inquire which system is the stronger. Both, so far as signs can be read, are in the full force of manhood; neither shows a mark of decay or even of exhaustion; and both, if we set aside the idea of universality, which is no longer a part of politics, are empires as Rome was an empire. Side by side they stand discharging the same old functions, incontestable witnesses that the two factors of Imperialism are not inseparable. Before our own eyes they show us that an empire may exist, and exist vigorously, as a military autocracy of Byzantine rigidity or as a commonwealth that has nothing but the form of monarchy in common with the Roman political system. Between the Russian and British Empires lie others where the organic and the political elements flourish in more equal proportions, adjusted to suit the exigencies and genius of other peoples. Beyond these again is growing up another, where the political element of Imperialism is so far atrophied that even the form of monarchy is lost. This is the outcome of a reactionary attempt by which the British Commonwealth, already far advanced down the organic stream, was to be forced back into the channel of political Imperialism. The effort failed, the current could not be turned back towards its source, the channel was already cut too deep to be diverted; the momentary obstruction only caused the British stream of empire to swirl yet farther from the Byzantine course down which Russia has found its way.

It might have been thought that the result of that one effort to reunite the two diverging elements of Imperialism would have been enough to convince men of English race how entirely distinct they were—how unnecessary the one to the other. Yet the attitude of many Liberals to the Empire is one that is only to be explained by their lingering suspicion that the two elements have still an essential tendency to converge. And this is all the stranger because these very Liberals claim, and probably claim rightly, that it is through their ideas that the present organic conception of the Empire was brought about.

The failure of George III.'s effort to restore political Imperialism was due to the ineradicable Liberalism that inspires the most effective types of the race. "Examine Liberal principles," said Mr. John Morley in a recent speech on Imperialism, "by the light of the history of the country, and you will see that we who are so disparaged are upholding the principles which have done more than all others for the greatness and strength, the power and unity, of this Empire." This is true enough, and here lies the explanation of their attitude. They are upholding principles that have triumphed, they are taking their stand upon those principles against a stricken foe as though he could rise from the dead, they are brandishing their trusty weapon amongst their slain and neglecting to follow their victory.

It is a common experience that those who have fought a long and arduous fight cannot see when they have won. Yet here the triumph is complete: Liberalism has set its seal on the Empire, and the mark is indelible; it has established, and must uphold, a democratic autonomous commonwealth.

AFTER PEKIN

IT is said that in any of the great industries of this country there is never more than one strike in a generation of workmen. The injury to the individual—the loss of earnings and consequent hardships to himself, his wife and children—is so hard to bear, that no advantage he may gain as one of the winning side in even a very successful labour war avails to induce him to enter upon another struggle of the kind. It is to be hoped that in the same way, besides any direct object we may gain from the military operations in South Africa, we may learn to take a juster view of the seriousness of war. We are ourselves troubled by no feeling of the unlawfulness of war in general or of this war in particular; on the contrary, we believe that in a good cause—and even a commercial cause may be a good one—war is often not only natural and justifiable, but imperatively called for by a sense of duty; and we believe further that its incidents, terrible though they are, often develop rather than degrade the moral feeling of individuals, and act upon nations as an antidote against a materialistic view of life. But neither are we in doubt as to the spirit in which war should be thought of and when necessary entered upon, or the patience and consideration with which the adversary's position and feelings should first be considered. Some few months ago it was highly repulsive to the plain man to read in well-known organs of public opinion daily outpourings of blatant jingoism. To such writers the problems of foreign policy were simple

indeed. All that was necessary was for the British Government to state concisely what they wanted, with an intimation that if their demands were not conceded they would be enforced. Any consideration for the susceptibilities of others was a sign of timidity. Any arrangement with another Power in the nature of a compromise was a piece of cowardice, and diplomacy consisted chiefly in the delivery of ultimatums. We have called these effusions repulsive. But it is only just to recognise that they represented a very widespread opinion. The tendency to exaggerate our own power and the importance of our own point of view, and to under-estimate the courage and strength of foreign nations, was met with everywhere. It appeared in the speeches of public men, in the conversation of the clubs, and in the songs of the music hall. An investigation into the origin of this tendency would be interesting. It would probably be found that, like all phenomena of the kind, it was the result of many contributory causes. A long period of peace culminating in a burst of prosperity, the reaction from the extreme teachings of the Manchester school, impatience with the outcome of the Gladstone-Granville foreign policy, the outburst of loyalty and patriotism due to the Jubilee celebrations of 1887 and 1897, and particularly the feelings of national pride aroused by the realisation of our maritime strength as displayed in the naval reviews of those years—all may have had a share in producing the result. Whatever may be the explanation, it is certain that during the last few years the public mind has been in a dangerous condition. It is not too much to say, that if there had been in office a Government less strong because more dependent on the votes of its supporters, the country would have been involved in the gravest international complications, probably ending in a European war. If any of our readers think this an exaggerated statement, let them consider how easily European feeling might have been embittered over the Armenian, the Cretan, the Grecian, the Egyptian, or the Chinese questions. Let them picture to themselves an administration supported by a small majority in the House of Commons,

guided perhaps by a chief whose authority was small and who easily mistook the applause of the loudest papers for the approval of his countrymen, divided it may be into factions and urged by the more violent of its supporters to take a firm line, "worthy of the dignity of the country," and show the world that England was still a Power to be reckoned with. Is it credible that such a Ministry would have resisted the clamour of its partisans; and if it had yielded, can any one doubt that the seething pot of Continental hatred and jealousy of England would have finally boiled over?

Of the questions enumerated, by far the most difficult to deal with was and is that of China. The decay of such an empire, the oldest and one of the greatest in the world, cannot take place without the risk of fearful convulsions. It is not only, or even mainly, that the various Powers of the world will desire to make good their claim to portions of Chinese territory. Besides disturbances so caused, we must expect to see tumults and outrages, rebellions and civil wars, multiplying throughout the land. Such calamities must affect the interests of other nations, who will interfere to protect them; and having done so, will find themselves compelled to exact compensation for the past and guarantees for the future, which will be looked upon by other Powers as unscrupulous aggressions. This, and not national ambition, has been by far the most fruitful cause of war in the past. It produced the Russo-Turkish war—a war undertaken largely because the perpetual misgovernment of the Balkan provinces was intolerable to their more civilised neighbour. It produced the Soudan campaigns of 1896–98; and even the present South African war arose from causes of a like nature. Indeed, the history of the enlargement of our possessions during this century has been for the most part a repetition of that one theme—misgovernment on our borders necessitating armed interference by England, followed by annexation as the only effective way to prevent a renewal of the evil. So it has been with other nations, and especially with Russia. In our own case we recognise that successive British Governments have

only spoken the truth when they have declared that our conquests have been forced upon us, and that our Empire expands against our will. But foreigners do not so judge us. They regard such incidents as evidence of our insatiable greed of empire, and our explanations as shameless hypocrisy. Nor are some of us one whit behind them in international suspicion. To some among us every advance of Russia appears as part of the execution of a deep-laid scheme, carried out with matchless cunning and resolution.

We must expect, therefore, that the decay of China will continue to be the source of international difficulties; and since the interests involved are large, those difficulties are likely to be grave. It is therefore the more to be regretted that the earlier stages of the present phase of the Far Eastern question should have been treated by certain leaders of opinion in England with such a want of moderation. One looks back even from this short distance with amazement at the way in which, for instance, the occupation of Port Arthur by Russia was treated in respectable journals. If any one will take the trouble to look at a map of China, it is apparent, on the face of it, that Russia's claim to predominance in Manchuria is irresistible. She already owns the country on two sides of it, and has spent large sums of money in the development of her possessions, particularly by means of the Siberian railway. It has long been recognised by statesmen in this country and elsewhere that a terminus to that railway in a reasonably ice-free port is a commercial necessity, and that such a port can only be found in Manchuria. When, therefore, Russia proposed, with the assent of China, to occupy Port Arthur and Talienwan for that purpose, she was making no extravagant proposal. On the contrary, she was certainly not doing more than we should have done in her place. And yet we all recollect the howl of indignation with which the occupation was received. Some denounced the Government, some denounced the Russians, and many were found to recommend that we should protest in the strongest way, and if necessary declare war. It is fair to say that there was some

excuse for this ebullition. The Germans had just seized Kiao-chau in a very high-handed manner. This alone caused uneasiness to that school of Englishmen who believe that Great Britain has a kind of reversion in all the uncivilised kingdoms of the world. Then the methods of Russian diplomacy are not conciliatory. It is part of the Orientalism of their character that the Russians are not content with getting what they want unless they compel the world, and particularly their rivals, to acknowledge their success. Their habitual disregard of their own assurances is partly due to the same cause and partly to the essential weakness of a Government so highly centralised in form as is the Russian. In theory the Czar is the source of all power. Such a theory is unworkable unless the Czar happens to be a man of extraordinary abilities, and the result is that in practice the distant representatives of the Russian Government are almost uncontrolled, and do what they think right without much regard to what their Government may have said. These peculiarities have more than once worked evil for Russian interests. They deprived Russia of the whole fruits of the Turkish war, and they made the perfectly legitimate occupation of Port Arthur appear an act of aggression towards Great Britain and, in a lesser degree, towards Germany.

All this, however, is ancient history. No one wants now to go to war with Russia about Port Arthur. We know more than we did what war is like. Nor does any one now want England to imitate her either in methods or results. It is dimly seen, even by Mr. Joseph Walton and his friends, that the coercion of China to secure territorial or commercial concessions has its drawbacks. You cannot perpetually blacken the face of an Oriental Government and expect it to retain either the will or the power to protect the interests of your countrymen. But though this is true, and though the policy of fighting Russia and coercing China may be safely rejected, it is not so easy to say what the policy of this country should be.

Let us consider what are the conditions of the problem. The first thing is to ascertain what is the object we should have

in view. As to this there is little or no dispute. Our object is, so far as we can do so consistently with the interests of the whole Empire, to preserve our existing trade with China and to increase it by every means in our power. We have no desire to occupy territory in China or to interfere in its government, unless such steps become absolutely necessary for the protection of our trade. This is sometimes expressed by saying that our interest in China is commercial and not political. That is to say that, owing to the geographical position of China, we have no political interest in its affairs. China is on the way to nowhere. If the whole country formed part of the British Empire no other part of our dominions would be thereby improved or made more secure, except the north-eastern frontier of India, already protected very efficiently by nature. On the other hand, political action may become necessary for commercial reasons. It has frequently been so in the past. Our Indian Empire and the greater part of our colonies were originally occupied from mercantile motives. Indeed, we have nearly always acted on the principle that nothing but enlightened self-interest justifies war, and have refused to recognise "la gloire" or any of its Continental equivalents as in themselves sufficient ground for military expeditions or for conquest. It is therefore no answer to those who urge an aggressive policy in China to say that our interests there are commercial. The question is, admitting that to be so, would those interests be best served by such a policy; and if so, are there any other sufficient reasons for rejecting it?

It can scarcely be doubted that, if we were free from all foreign complications and interference, and could exclusively regard the wishes of British merchants, we should do right to annex the whole of the Chinese Empire. Not only is it true that trade follows the flag, but, apart from this, the commercial policy of Great Britain is unquestionably that which best suits her commercial interests. Unfortunately, any such action is impossible. Russia in Manchuria, France in Tonkin, and Germany in Shantung are obstacles which even the most

enthusiastic Jingoes regard as insuperable. But it is urged by the forward party that, though we cannot now hope to take the whole of China, we might at least occupy some part of it. Our trade interests, they say, largely exceed those of all the European Powers put together; yet, though Russia controls Chinese territory to the extent of 462,000 square miles, France 157,600 square miles, and Germany 53,000 square miles, we are content with a beggarly 200. True it is that the north and south and part of the east have passed to others; the centre still remains untouched. Let us, then, occupy the Yang-tse Valley, or at the least declare "an informal protectorate" over it. It is rich, fertile, and easily reached from the sea. Great Britain, so those who advocate this course seem to think, has merely to stretch out her hand and take as much of this rich prize as she finds it convenient to possess.

So stated, the policy certainly appears rather crude. It leaves out of account every part of the world except China. The fact that England has European interests which require the friendship or forbearance of European nations is ignored. Or perhaps the hostility of the Continent is thought to be inevitable, and therefore to be disregarded. We have no sympathy with this point of view. We believe that, on this point at any rate, it is possible, and therefore right, for us to live in peace with our neighbours. We are convinced that, however it may be in this country, on the Continent the horrors of war are enough realised to prevent its being lightly undertaken. And lastly, we think that a foreign policy based on the assumption that a European war is either inevitable or unimportant destroys the whole aim and object of diplomacy.

There are, however, more moderate versions of the forward policy in China, to which this criticism is not so plainly applicable. Some think that a division of China into spheres of influence might be made by agreement between the Powers: that Russia, for instance, might be allotted North China down to and including the Ho-hang-ho; that we might take the valley of the Yang-tse; and that the other European Powers and Japan might

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receive compensation in other parts of the Empire. Others think it would be enough if we obtained from China the lease of two or three districts on the Yang-tse and abandoned Manchuria to Russia. Others, again, would be satisfied if we laid down a line south of which we would not allow Russia to advance. All these proposals appear to us to overlook the essential feature of the problem—namely, the geographical position of China. If we are to possess ourselves of any rights in China, or elsewhere, we must be prepared to protect them by force of arms. In all other parts of our dominions, except India, which has other natural barriers to protect it, the access to them is by sea, and so long as our fleet is not destroyed no hostile force can approach them. China is in a different position. It is connected with Europe by Siberia and Central Asia, and though it is quite true that communication by either of these routes is at present very difficult, no one can doubt that that will not always be so. As soon as the necessary roads and railways are constructed Russia will be able to bring her whole military power to bear on the Far East without having to face the British fleet. Even as it is she would have comparatively little difficulty in stationing in North China some tens of thousands of her troops, who could be maintained there at not much greater expense than elsewhere in her dominions. If, then, we were to assume any considerable territorial responsibility in China, it would involve the maintenance in that country of a large military force. We all know that with our present system such a thing is out of the question. In other words, unless Great Britain is prepared to become a great military Power, any of these versions of the forward policy in China is impracticable.

It follows from this reasoning that it is not open to us to take in China the course in itself most beneficial to British commerce. We cannot impose our laws and commercial system upon any large part of the Chinese Empire. What, then, is the next best course? Until the recent events in Pekin there can be little doubt that the general lines of policy of the

present Government were right. The maintenance of the *status quo* was evidently what suited us best. As long as the conditions under which British trade in China had achieved its present commanding position could be preserved, it was reasonable to think that position would be secure; and if not, the failure of trade would be due to some fault of the traders themselves beyond any diplomatic assistance. Disturbances of any sort were, in the language of medicine, contra-indicated. But the position was difficult. The Chinese Government was so feeble and its officials so corrupt that it was felt that there was a risk in unduly pressing even for strictly commercial concessions—concessions, be it remembered, quite as repulsive to Chinese ideas as cessions of territory. The situation was further complicated by the seizure of Kiao-chau and Port Arthur. To preserve the respect of an Oriental Government like that of Pekin, some reply was necessary, and the occupation of Wei-hai-wei seemed the least objectionable thing to do. Meanwhile a storm of jingoism was raging over this country, and the policy of extreme caution rendered necessary by the political conditions of China—apart from international considerations—was denounced as a policy of drift. Threats and insults were hurled not only at the Government, but also at Russia and Germany, whose newspapers and politicians replied with interest. Then followed the competition in commercial and territorial concessions, in which France and even Italy soon joined. The result could easily have been foreseen. The officials in Pekin became alarmed and their countrymen indignant. That universal feeling, which we call narrow obstinacy and conceit in a Chinaman, chauvinism in foreigners, and patriotism in ourselves, was roused. In China it usually, as in this case, takes the form of a massacre of foreigners by one of the many secret societies existing in that country. The Government were loth to interfere until it was too late, and then some among them conceived the insane idea that they were strong enough finally to expel all foreigners from the country. So it comes about that a strong international force is in occupation of Pekin,

and the Chinese Government has vanished into the interior of China.

It is very questionable whether any stable Chinese Government can ever be re-established; whether this Humpty Dumpty can ever be set up again. All are agreed that, failing the present dynasty, there is nothing in China to take its place; and there seems some doubt if the Emperor or any of his relatives has sufficient nerve or power to cope with the situation. If this should turn out to be true, a new situation will have arisen. It will be impossible to continue to carry on the former policy, since there will be nothing left to maintain. Something fresh will have to be set up. The great necessity for British interests in China is a settled Government. Far better that even Russia should annex the country than that chaos should continue. But the commercial policy of Russia is worse for us than that of any other nation, and it would be better that Japan or even Germany should be encouraged to take over the government of the southern and central part of the Empire. In the meantime an attitude of expectancy is all that the Government of this country can at present take up. It may well be that eventually a more active part may be open to it, in the direction of keeping order in the sea-coast towns and waterways of an imperfectly pacified Japanese Empire.

PARTIES AND PRINCIPLES

THE approach of a General Election gives a convenient occasion for considering the functions of our existing party organisations. The statement that the party system is now effete, and inappropriate to modern needs, has been reiterated so often without being challenged that there seems to be a danger of its being absorbed into current thought unconsciously without being made to justify itself. In our view it is based upon a false conception of the forces and principles which underlie our public life, and is an unsound criticism of contemporary history.

Among those who are conversant with the practical working of our political system there seems to be a genuine regret at the present weakness of the Opposition—a weakness which is pointed to as evidence of this alleged break-up of the old parties. Formerly, it is said, there were clearly-marked features distinguishing the two parties, but to-day these parties have become disintegrated into a number of small groups, divided by no strong lines of demarcation and capable of an infinite possibility of permutations and combinations. This regret is based upon a feeling that, in a certain rough and unphilosophic way, the party system has hitherto secured a scrutiny and criticism of schemes, measures, and administrative acts which has been sufficiently vigilant for the detection of incompetency and for ensuring a reasonable control over public officials. But this must not be allowed to sway our judgment when we try to

estimate how far there still survive any common principles, sympathies, or habits of thought which would make it natural for one set of men to act together and pursue one course, and for another set to co-operate in seeking for national salvation along a different route.

Now, in the first place, it seems important to distinguish between home and foreign affairs. Each party, when returned to power, of course becomes the nominal master of the whole policy and administration of this country, abroad as well as at home. But, with some unimportant exceptions, the conduct of our foreign affairs in modern times has been, as a rule, taken to be outside the pale of strictly partisan controversy, and the principles which have divided Conservative from Liberal have had relation almost exclusively to home affairs. It is quite true that, in 1877 and 1878, Mr. Gladstone opposed with great vehemence the crude and novel expression of Imperial consciousness, but the reality of Imperial responsibility exercised so coercive a force over him when actually in office, that his Government was obliged to get ready for war against Russia over the Penjdeh incident, just as Lord Beaconsfield had prepared for the same possibility some seven or eight years earlier. Even in Africa, anxious as he was to limit, and even to cut down, Britain's responsibilities, it was by his Government that Bechuanaland, with Kimberley, was annexed to the Empire and the road to the north thus kept open; whilst, in the north itself, it was the initial step taken by this Liberal Government which has led to our virtual annexation of Egypt. In fact, speaking broadly, it may be said that the Imperial momentum is so great that the conscious activity or apathy of our Governments have been of relative insignificance in recent times in either accelerating or retarding the national evolution. The permanent officials in the Foreign Office and diplomatic service still exercise some influence in favour of uniformity of action, and lately it has become almost a trite saying that there ought to be "continuity of foreign policy." Such differences as have been obvious to the eye have arisen rather from the individual

temperaments of our Foreign Ministers, or their industry, knowledge, diplomatic skill, or character, than from real divergences of aim or policy; and in all probability, whether a Conservative or a Liberal majority be returned at the ensuing election, the force of circumstances and of treaty and other obligations will be such that there will be no substantial alteration in the nature of our policy in South Africa or elsewhere.

But, whether this be a true commentary and prophecy or not, there can be little doubt that our party system was not designed for, and does not lend itself to, any adequate consideration of the intricate problems which are bound up in our relations with foreign Powers. If the principles upon which our foreign and colonial policies are to be based were ever to become subject to the fluctuations of party government, then beyond doubt our party system would be found an imperfect, and even dangerous, instrument of government. But, notwithstanding differences of opinion about current events—illustrated by the attitude of Sir Edward Clarke on the one side and that of Sir Robert Reid and a large body of followers on the other—we do not believe that there is any real likelihood of a substantial change in the objects of our national policy abroad. If, however, at any time the Parliament of Great Britain were to develop into a truly Imperial body, then it may well be that new considerations would arise.

But in the meantime the true line of cleavage between our parties relates to home affairs; and in that sphere the division is as genuine and fundamental to-day as it has ever been. So long as human nature remains the same, there will be those who are in the main content with things as they exist, and those who look forward to the possibility of a better or different state of affairs. These instinctive temperaments form the basis of our existing parties. It is quite a mistake to talk as if the Conservative had become a Liberal, and the Liberal had grown into something else. The Conservative has not altered his ultimate principles, nor the Liberal his. The Conservative is still

accurately described by his name, but what has changed is the character of that which he wishes to conserve. Seventy years of modern legislation have liberalised the State, and therefore, when the modern Conservative desires to preserve the existing status, it is a modern and liberalised status which he has in view; and whilst he does not wish to preserve it without any modification at all, yet the principal object of any changes which he may introduce is to secure the maintenance of the existing order by mitigating inconveniences or hardships which are the outcome of that order, or by making such tentative adaptations and adjustments as are imperatively called for by the developments of modern life. To him the present is an inheritance from the past—a possession not to be lightly risked in speculative enterprises. Comparing the condition of his own generation with that of men in other ages and other countries, he finds things in the main satisfactory; he is therefore content, and blesses the British constitution and its works. To the man of Liberal views, on the other hand, the present is a foundation rather than a building, a starting-point rather than a resting-place: he is on pilgrimage, and, in his dreams at any rate, is apt to dwell more on the Land of Promise than even on the past glories and modern conveniences of England as he actually knows it.

This distinction in temperament involves a difference in the spirit in which political problems are faced by the two parties. To a statesman imbued with Conservative instincts, government is chiefly an intellectual problem of deep interest, an adjustment of forces here and there, a studying of the influences which are working beneath the surface, and a planning how to modify and curtail their operation in order that, notwithstanding the change of conditions, the social fabric may remain uninjured—that is, substantially unchanged. On the other hand, the political action of the genuine Liberal arises far more from a moral, almost a religious, impulse. Much ridicule has been thrown upon the extravagances of what is called "the Nonconformist conscience," but it should be remembered that this conscience has a positive as well as a negative side. There is no doubt that at the root of

the Liberal successes under Mr. Gladstone there lay the deep conviction that the policy and measures then advocated by the Liberal party would really help towards "carrying into practical life the principles of the highest morality." The secession of large numbers of Nonconformists from that party on the Home Rule question in 1886, and the consequent loss of the real, if narrow, idealism and semi-religious impulse which they brought into its work, has had no small influence in reducing the Liberal party to its present impotence. At the same time, we believe that in the long run they will be bound to return to their old party allegiance, because in it alone they can permanently find congenial and sympathetic habits of thought.

It is, then, quite consistent with principle that a man, whether Conservative or Liberal, who is touched with the social compunction of our time, should desire to ameliorate or modify extremes of hardship resulting from the existing conditions; and there are many measures which may, without any sacrifice of principle, be introduced for such a purpose by either the one party or the other. Yet, since the propelling force in the case of the Liberal is not mere sympathy, but a desire for progressive improvement towards what he deems a higher ideal of national life, the genuine Liberal is never really content with those "measures of circumspection tentative in their character" to which Lord Salisbury pledged his party, but treats them as mere instalments of a temporary kind, whilst he presses on towards the more thorough fulfilment of a sacred duty and the realisation of a more ideal scheme of life.

So long, then, as there exist these distinctions of temperament and political ideal, there must remain scope for two comprehensive parties broadly conforming to them. The apparent decay of Liberalism is, we think, attributable, not at all to any exhaustion of its vital principles, but partly to the diminution already referred to in its semi-religious impulse, partly to want of discipline in the ranks, partly to the unpruned exuberance with which the progressive idea has branched out simultaneously in every direction, and perhaps most of all to

defective organisation and bad leadership. The Conservative party, who primarily require in their leaders intellectual adroitness, safe judgment, and a due sense of the national dignity, have no difficulty in supplying a succession of well-educated gentlemen to play the part more or less satisfactorily. In the case of a Conservative politician, failure or success are less obviously marked off from one another, because the factors in each political problem are living and growing month by month and year by year, and it is not possible, if the problem is regarded as a purely intellectual one, to ascertain with anything approaching mathematical certainty whether a particular statesman has solved it correctly or not. But the Liberal party, if the forces comprised in it are to be directed to a single and practical end, requires as leader a man who possesses sufficient spiritual and emotional sympathy to awaken a response in all his followers. This quality was, of course, possessed to an exceptional degree by Mr. Gladstone. The current of his enthusiasm was so strong and wide that it could at once accelerate and draw together all the various lesser enthusiasms and streams of endeavour within the area of what we may call the Liberal watershed. The possession of such a power undoubtedly has its dangers, but undoubtedly it is a first qualification for the leadership of the Liberal party. But qualities of this kind cannot be simulated; nor are they the product of intellectual culture. The true can easily be distinguished from the false. Now, as it happens, the Liberal leaders in the House of Commons have not, so far, shown any such power. Not one of them at present seems to rise above the level of the intellectual politician. It is probable that some of them are conscious of the undercurrent of deeper moods and aspirations which lie dormant in the country, but not one of them cares or dares to express this consciousness or seeks to arouse it in the nation as a whole.

Passing from these general considerations, it may be worth while to touch shortly upon the methods of action which are usually described as the party principles. Apart from the

vague allegation, with which we have already dealt, that the Conservative has now become a Liberal in that he sees the necessity for "amelioration," it is not suggested, so far as we can ascertain, that the Conservative party has in any substantial degree changed its creed. The charge of inconsistency, such as it is, is rather brought against their opponents, and it is therefore the position of the latter only which we propose to consider. As already stated, we believe that the impulse and ideals of the Liberals of to-day are akin to those of fifty years ago; and we would even go further, and maintain that there is a real identity. There is a change, but it is to be found in the world in which those methods now come to be applied. The ideal and doctrine of Liberalism has been summed up in the phrase "liberty and equality through progress." Earlier in the century it was electoral disabilities and religious inequalities that afforded the most glaring contrasts to that perfect liberty and equality which were to be the ultimate goal. It also formed part of the prevailing belief of Liberals that it would be sufficient to carry out merely legal and constitutional reforms, and that thereupon the shackles which restrained the energies of the individual would be removed, and society, in a process of natural development, would exhibit a real equality as between man and man. It thus happened, first, that the sphere within which this equality and freedom were sought was constitutional and political; and, secondly, that the measures incidental to its pursuit were almost entirely negative and destructive, and consisted chiefly in the abolition of the ancient or exclusive privileges of corporate bodies, of limited electoral cliques, or of the established religion, or in the removal of fiscal restrictions, and in compelling legally privileged classes to admit other classes to the same or similar legal rights.

But to-day that phase is practically over. It is not that the principle of equality has by any means been worked out to its logical conclusion in either the religious or the constitutional spheres. From the Liberal standpoint it is clear that much remains to be achieved, in order to round off reforms already

accomplished in part and to give complete effect to these Liberal principles. But in a sense the thrilling and personal interest is gone out of such questions; and that for two reasons. First, there is no longer any substantial controversy with regard to the principle itself; our political system is now an admission of the theory, and the struggle is, generally speaking, only one of detail and degree. And secondly, the experience of the last half century has revealed the fact that reforms of constitutional machinery have not had so magical a power as was hoped by some of their advocates, and also that there still remain departments of human activity, other than the merely political, in which inequalities and hardships are quite as unmeaning and more keenly felt day by day.

For these reasons a new era seems to be coming inevitably upon Liberalism—an era in which less emphasis will be laid upon constitutional problems, which are ceasing to touch the hearts and consciences of the electorate, but an era in which the energies of the Liberal party will be directed more and more to the production of social and economic equality and liberty by new methods of administration and by constructive legislation. In other words, there is a twofold development in progress. It seems that the Liberal party, in order to apply its principles to the actual needs of contemporary life, must now pass from the destructive to the constructive stage, and from constitutional to social reform. At present the party suffers from the process of transition, and as yet it scarcely believes in what is logically its future. Thus it loses all the impetus and enthusiasm which arise from certainty of conviction, and is inclined to cast its eyes back on controversies which are really extinct.

The real inequalities of to-day arise from economic and industrial causes; for, although the introduction of Free Trade stimulated the production and acquisition of wealth by the nation as a whole, the problem of distribution is still not only unsolved, but is left to mere chance. The people of this country, whilst politically equal, clearly do not all possess equal oppor-

tunities in the race of life. It is on this sphere that we expect the Liberal party ultimately to concentrate itself. But we do not anticipate that they will find the road to power a short or easy one. Economic and industrial problems are now so complicated, and the interests involved are so many, that organic changes become continually more difficult to imagine and to accomplish, while the risks involved in failure are proportionately increasing. It may be that, in the absence of any great inventive genius, we may see the legislative proposals of the Liberal party reduced for some years to come to the circumspect and tentative scale which we have quoted as Lord Salisbury's practical ideal. In other words, there may be less apparent difference than ever before between the actual measures advocated by the responsible leaders of the two great parties. The difficulties which this state of things involves for the party which is out of power and perhaps out of favour, for the time, have been exemplified during the past few years; and probably the lesson has not been thrown away upon thoughtful Liberals. They have no doubt noted the danger of spending their enthusiasm and moral force in random and independent firing, instead of concentrating the whole battery on one mark; they have seen it proved that no one can follow a leader who is not in front, that opportunism is an open confession of weakness and sterility, and that to attack a policy from merely personal or factious motives is no more likely to be successful than it is creditable. This is surely for a true Liberal the lowest point to which his party could sink: that its energies should be secretly stimulated, not by the ideals and the high moral impulse which it has publicly professed, but by personal hatred and the desire to give an individual opponent a fall. But, setting aside such rare and easily avoided temptations, it would seem that, if the Liberals are to fulfil their proper function in the political life of the country, they will do well to put the attainment of office for the moment into the background of their minds, and to devote themselves to the fostering and popularising of Liberal thought among their countrymen. Liberalism is a creed or

view of life rather than a policy, and is far more difficult to resist in the abstract or moral sphere than in any of its concrete manifestations. Liberals cannot doubt that in a country permeated by a ready and ungrudging sympathy between all classes, and accustomed to think of human life as an evolution of happiness through liberty, the political party most often returned at the polls would be their own—provided only that they are never convicted of forgetfulness of their own principles or lukewarmness in applying them, whether when putting forward a programme or when criticising that of their opponents. In any event, whatever be the ultimate or immediate success of the party, we believe, and we think it not inopportune to assert our belief, that not only is there still remaining a large field of social and economic life in which constructive legislation may work in the direction of greater liberty and equality, but that this work is of a kind which will always be better done, because more sympathetically and naturally done, by the Liberal party. In fact, the principles upon which the Conservative and Liberal organisations are based are to-day, in our opinion, so vital, real, and distinct, that, given capable leaders and reasonable discipline, there is not only no necessity for any break-up of our twofold party system, but it is really essential to our political life that these broad principles should remain clear and unconfused, and that the inevitable controversy between Government and Opposition, between those in office and those out of office, should neither have nor be thought to have any less broad or less honourable foundation.

DETAILS IN MY DAILY LIFE

By Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan

The following article contains a portion of the Autobiography of the Amir of Afghanistan, which has been entrusted to Mr. Murray for publication, and will appear in the course of a few weeks. The autobiography consists partly of a translation of the narrative of Abdur Rahman's early years to the time of his accession to the throne, written by himself and translated from the Persian original by Mir Munshi, Sultan Mahomed Khan, partly of chapters dealing with the events of his reign, his personal life, and foreign and domestic politics, taken down from his own words by Sultan Mahomed Khan, who has kindly permitted this record of "Details in my Daily Life" to appear in the first number of THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

FROM my childhood up to the present day my life is quite a contrast to the habits of living indulged in by nearly all other Asiatic monarchs and chiefs. They live for the most part a life of idleness and luxury, and it is thought by aristocratic people that the prestige of a prince is minimised by his being seen walking on foot or doing anything with his own hands. I myself believe that there is no greater sin than allowing our minds and bodies to be useless and unoccupied in a useful way; it is being ungrateful for the gifts of Providence. My way of living and dressing has always been plain and simple and soldierlike. I have always liked to keep myself occupied day and night in working hard at something or other, devoting only a few hours to sleep. As habit is second nature, it has become

a habit of mine, that even when I am seriously ill, when I cannot move from my bed, I still keep on working as usual at reading and writing documents and various Government papers; at hearing the applications and complaints of my subjects, and giving instructions and judgments. Those who have seen me at such times know how hard I work, and they have often heard me say that, if my hands and feet cannot move from my bed, I can still go on moving my tongue to give orders to those about me, and tell them what I wish to be done. It is no trouble to me to work hard; on the contrary, I love it, and I never feel tired, because I am so fond of work and labour. There is no doubt that every person has some sort of ambition, and this is my ambition; all the hard work I do is to complete the administrative work of my kingdom. In the words of the poem:

> If the beloved should not encourage the lover towards her, the lover will neither have the heart nor the courage to approach her.

This love for work is inspired by God; it is the true ideal and desire of my life to look after the flock of human beings whom God has intrusted to me, His humble slave. Allah says through His Prophet: "When the Almighty desires to do a thing He makes all necessary preparations for it" (Koran). As God wished to relieve Afghanistan from foreign aggression and internal disturbances, He honoured this, His humble servant, by placing him in this responsible position, and He caused him to become absorbed in thoughts of the welfare of the nation, and inspired him to be devoted to the progress of this people, and to be ready to sacrifice life itself for their welfare and for the true faith of the Holy Prophet Mahomed—May God bless him!

The more I see of the people of other nations and religions running fast in the pursuit of progress, the less I can rest and sleep; the whole day long I keep on thinking how I shall be able to run the race with the swiftest, and at night my dreams are just the same. There is a saying that the cat does not

dream about anything but mice: I dream of nothing but the backward condition of my country, and how to defend it, seeing that this poor goat, Afghanistan, is a victim at which a lion from one side and a terrible bear from the other side are staring, and ready to swallow at the first opportunity afforded them. My courtiers know, for example, that years before the question of marking out the boundaries of Afghanistan was mooted, I had dreamed a dream that was published at that time and distributed throughout the whole country. Briefly, the purport of that dream was, that before my death I should finish and complete making a strong wall all round Afghanistan, for its safety and protection. This dream was interpreted by the astronomers to mean that the boundaries of Afghanistan should be so marked out by me that an end would be put to the everlasting forward policy of my neighbours, who used to keep on creeping nearer and nearer every year. Many other dreams of mine, like this, all of which I told to my courtiers, have come true, and they have seen that the boundaries have been marked out, and I am still alive, to the sorrow of those who seem so anxious to put an end to me, as they circulate false reports about my death once a week. I did not think that any man died so many times as they have killed me in their imagination.

It is a curious thing that the harder I work the more anxious I am to continue working, instead of getting tired. The appetite grows by what it feeds upon!

To those who would like to know some particulars of my daily life, I would say that I have no fixed time for sleeping nor any definite time for taking my meals; sometimes my meals are kept at the dinner-table in front of me for many hours, whilst I, being absorbed in my thoughts, forget all about them. So deeply do my thoughts take possession of me when I am planning various improvements and considering State affairs, that I do not see any of the people who are in my presence. Many nights I begin reading, and writing answers to letters, and do not raise my head until I see that the night

is past and the morning has come. My story is just like the story of a lover, well known in the East, named Majnoon, who was so much in love with a lady named Leila, that one day, seeing her dog, he followed the dog, and did not see the mosque nor those who were saying their prayers therein. When he was asked by the chiefs of the mosque to give an explanation, he said that he neither saw the mosque nor those who were saying their prayers therein, because his love to the dog of his lady was so great. They did not love God as much as he loved the dog, because their thoughts were occupied in looking at him and at the dog; so their prayers were of very small value.

My doctors and hakims tell me that this never-ceasing activity is the cause of all my illnesses, that I work too hard, and do not take my meals regularly at fixed times. My answer is: "Love and Logic have never agreed together." And as I am a lover of the welfare of my nation, I do not feel my own pains, but the pains and the sufferings and weakness of my people, which I cannot bear for them, and those who have never been in love do not know how sore are the sufferings of lovers.

One of the poets says rightly: "A lover seems to find pleasure in the pursuit of his ambitions, as the dust that arises from the feet of the flock is a salve to the eyes of the wolf pursuing the flock." In my pursuit after the welfare of Afghanistan, the more that I see signs of change and progress, the faster I follow them, as a lover follows the traces of the footmarks of his ideal, which make him more eager to keep on the road. I pray God to help me in carrying out this duty for which He has selected me from among other men.

On many occasions I get quite discouraged on account of the misbehaviour of my people, who keep on rebelling, quarrelling, and intriguing against each other, and making false reports of each other to me. I have then to make inquiries to find out the truth, and this wastes more than half of my valuable time; so that as I try to walk in the steps of progress they keep on pulling me back. I get very weary, and sometimes

think that their position is unchangeable and their intrigues incurable, and that it is impossible to raise them to that standard which would make them equal to their neighbours in strength and character. I feel that it would be well for me to retire from this life of everlasting anxiety and struggle, and take a quiet, peaceful life somewhere else, leaving my people to fight amongst themselves until they are ruined. But this would be a cowardly action and a refusal to fulfil the duties ordained by the real Almighty Master and Sovereign, for which He has created me. I believe that a true lover must never turn his face from the difficulties that constantly come in his way, and he must look upon all the naughty and mischievous play of his beloved, and the cruelties shown to him, as very pleasant pains and occupations. The pains of the lover are the luxuries of his love; and the difficulties and anxieties of a reformer only add to his enthusiasm and spur him on to fresh exertions.

There is no fixed time and no proper programme for me throughout the twenty-four hours of the day and night in which I work; I go on working from morning until evening, and from evening again until morning, like any labourer. I eat when I am hungry; and some days do not remember that I have not eaten my meals—I forget all about it, and ask my courtiers all at once, raising my head from writing: "Did I eat my dinner to-day or not?" In the same way, when I get tired and sleepy, I go to sleep on the same bed which is my chair for work. I do not require any private room or bedroom, neither any room for secrecy or for grand receptions. There are plenty of such rooms in my palaces, but I have no time to spare, even to move from one room to another. Of course I love to go to my harem and spend an evening with my family, and they are equally delighted when I pay these visits, but my time is so full, that there is none to spare except occasionally, when I make it!

As I have said, there is no fixed time for meals or other personal needs: I may mention that my usual custom is to go

to rest about five or six in the morning, rising again about two in the afternoon. The whole time that I am in bed my sleep is disturbed in such a way that I awake nearly every hour, and keep on thinking about the improvements and anxieties of my country; then I go to sleep again, and so on. I get up between two and three in the afternoon, and the first thing I do is to see the doctors and hakims, who examine me to see if I require any medicine. After this the tailor comes in, bringing with him several plain suits made in the European style. I choose one for that day's use. After I have washed and dressed, my tea-bearer enters, carrying tea and a light breakfast. During the whole of the time, from the entrance of the hakims until I have finished breakfast, the Usher, the Secretaries, the Nazir (or Lord of the Seal), and one or two other officials keep on looking at me, and saying in their own minds, "Oh, be quick, and let us each put our work before you!" I do not blame them for this, because the Secretaries have to take answers to all the letters and documents and despatches of the day; the Lord of the Seal has to seal all the orders for the daily expenses of the Government, and to put all the reports of the Intelligence Department which have been received since I went to sleep before me. The Usher has to introduce hundreds of people who have their cases or appeals to be tried by me, or who have to be appointed on certain duties and services, and so on. But no sooner do I appear at work after finishing my breakfast than various officials, my sons, and household servants step in to take instructions for their various duties. Every page-boy, of whom there are hundreds, and men of the Detective Department, walk in with letters in their hands from one or other suffering person who requires my help and judgment. In this way I am crowded and surrounded by so many who all want to have their business attended to, as well as to show their zeal to me by giving me more work to do. None of my fellow-countrymen have a tenth part so much to do. I keep on working till five or six the next morning, when I resume the same routine, just keeping a few minutes for my

meals. Even then, however, my courtiers and officials keep on asking me questions—and, in fact, there is no rest for the wicked!

Since 1891, when I appointed my son Habibullah Khan to hold the public durbars instead of myself, the work which I keep for myself and attend to every day is as follows: Foreign Office; Intelligence Department, political work, Treasury; criminals accused of high treason and other crimes and offences; hearing and deciding the appeals from the Court of my son and all the other inferior courts of the Governors; the work of buying and making all sorts of war materials and things for the workshops; making new courts and amending the law of the land and introducing reforms, or giving instructions to my son and other officials; household affairs of my own family as well as of all the foreign princes and chiefs who are under my protection, my guests, my officials, and page-boys.

The Courtiers.—The following people are always in attendance upon me from the time that I awake until I go to sleep.

Court Secretaries: Aishak Akasee (Gentleman Usher); Nazir (Lord of the Seal); head of the Intelligence Department; head of the Royal Kitchen—he has the duty of bringing all the petitions before me. There is no more honoured and confidential position than this. The name of the gentleman now holding it is Safar Khan. The British Agent's letters are also forwarded to the Amir through him. One hakim, one doctor, and a surgeon, as well as a dispenser; two or three officers of the body-guard, who, in addition to their being military commanders of the body-guard, are also executioners temporarily during the time they attend the Court. There are a few khanah saman (footmen who look after the flowers in the rooms, papers, ink, and pens, &c.); a few paish khitmats (personal attendants who serve the dinner); maiwahdur (fruit-keeper, who hands fruits to the officials of the palace); chari-bardur (tea-bearer, who hands tea to the Amir and courtiers); ab bardur (he hands drinking-water); sakab (who brings the water from the spring); ghulam bacha ha (page-boys); shatir

(the grooms who keep the horses ready saddled and run on foot by the side of the horses to be in readiness to hold them when the riders dismount); the personal chest-fund treasurer; store-keeper for the personal arms, gun-room, &c.; chilam bardur (hubble-bubble keeper); a few Farashas (those who look after the furniture, carpets, bedding, and other household wants); a few tailors and valets, a librarian, a few doorkeepers, and astrologer; arz begi (a person who shouts out loudly anything that the complainers have to say); alma bashi (a person who gives notice to those who attend the Court); Mir akhor (the master of the horse).

In addition to these people, the following are always near the durbar-room to be ready when required, though not in personal attendance: Professional chess-players and back-gammon-players; a few personal companions; a reader of books to me at night; a story-teller. Some of the officials who bring reports before me during the day are invited to sit in my society in the evening when they have finished their work. At night a few other nobles and chiefs residing at Kabul come to see me. If I am free, those who are invited to come in to entertain me and have interviews with me are allowed to remain; the rest go away.

The musicians are of several nationalities—Indians, Persians, and Afghans. They also attend the Court at night, being paid for their services, and if I am free they are allowed to come in and sing and play music. Though I am never entirely free, yet the courtiers enjoy the music, and I listen in the intervals. This second group of people is usually employed only for night duty.

There is a third class of personal servants who always keep in the rooms near my sitting-room, or, if I am travelling, in tents near mine, so that they are ready for service when they are called. These are: Coachmen for carriages, dhooli-bearers, gardeners, barbers and hairdressers, sweepers, storekeepers, draughtsmen, surveyors, sappers and miners, additional staff of medical men, engineering staff, runners on foot as well as on

horseback for taking messages. There is also a postal department and personal attendants; priests, Imam, or leader of the prayers; schools for page-boys, a band of music, a drum-carrier, umbrella-carrier, and flag-bearer.

When I ride out in any direction every one of these personal attendants and servants starts with me, together with cavalry, infantry, and artillery of the body-guard. The riding-horses of my courtiers, several of the officials, page-boys, and other personal servants have gold and silver harness. When the whole cavalcade starts out, it forms a very pretty and brilliant picture. The retinue is arranged as follows, even though the ride is only from one building to another. I ride in the centre, surrounded by my courtiers and officials and special servants, page-boys, &c. These completely surround me on every side, talking to me in turn. The shatirs, or runners with the horses, chuprasses, walk on foot near my horse or palanquin. This forms the inner circle. The outer circle is made up from the second class of personal servants; the tailors, Farashas, hubble-bubble carriers, dispensers, &c. The third circle is formed of infantry of the body-guard, who also go before and behind. The fourth circle is formed of cavalry of the body-guard, riding in front and behind. The artillery is arranged according to circumstances, and the direction and time, &c.

I am always ready as a soldier on the march to a battle, in such a manner that I could start without any delay in case of emergency. The pockets of my coats and trousers are always filled with loaded revolvers, and one or two loaves of bread for one day's food; this bread is changed every day. Several guns and swords are always lying by the side of my bed or the chair on which I am seated, within reach of my hand, and saddled horses are always kept ready in front of my office, not only for myself, but for all my courtiers and personal attendants, at the door of my durbar-room. I have also ordered that a considerable number of gold coins should be sewn into the saddles of my horses when required for a journey, and on both sides of

the saddles are two revolvers. I think it is necessary in such a warlike country that the Sovereign, and especially a Sovereign who is a soldier himself, should always be as prepared for emergencies as a soldier on the field of battle. Though my country is perhaps more peaceful and safe now than many other countries, still one can never be too cautious and too well prepared.

All my attendants go to sleep when I do, except the following, who keep awake in turn: The guards with their officers; the tea-bearer; the water-bearer; the dispenser; the hubble-bubble bearer; the valet and tailor.[1]

My page-boys consist of the sons of the members of the royal family, sons of the nobility and chiefs, sons of the officials of my Court; in addition to these are my slave-boys, consisting of Kafiri, Shignani, Chitrali, Badakshi, Hazarah, and various other tribes. In fact, these boys are more under my tutorship and training than any other of my servants. They are dressed like princes in velvets and most valuable uniforms; they have magnificent horses to ride; they have servants and personal attendants, pocket-money in addition to the dress, food, horses, houses, and servants from Government, and when they grow up, owing to their having been trained by me, they are appointed to the highest posts in the kingdom. For instance, Faramurz Khan, a Chitrali slave, is my most trusted Commander-in-Chief at Herat. Nazir Mahomed Safar Khan, another Chitrali slave, is the most trusted official of my Court; he keeps my seal in his hands to put to any document, and to my food and diet—in short, he has the full confidence of my life as well as of my kingdom in his hands. Parwanah Khan, the late Deputy Commander-in-Chief, and Jan Mahomed Khan, the late Lord of the Treasury, two of the highest officials in the kingdom, in their lifetime were both of them my slaves.

To tell you the truth, the word "slave" is only a name; the

[1] He is always at hand to do any repairs or take instructions when the Amir thinks of it.

real sense of the word "slave" in Afghanistan during my reign is this: they are more trusted and honoured than any other officials of the kingdom. When they are quite grown up I arrange their marriages with the daughters of the nobility and highly respectable families. I give them houses and furniture and all requirements of life better than those possessed by princes of the royal family. Their wives have separate allowances for their pocket-money as well as Government personal attendants. In this way I have cleared out and abolished the cruel system of slavery. The word "slave" is merely a remnant of the old times, otherwise there is no such thing as a slave in Afghanistan. The buying of slaves is forbidden by law, and male or female slaves in various families, who were always slaves in the old times, are treated as members of the family by their masters. The offspring of slaves are called Khanah Zad (born in the family), and are just as kindly treated, and loved with the same affection, as the other children of the heads of the family. If a person kills a slave, as they used to do in ancient times, the punishment is death. If a slave is badly treated, and the cruelty is proved, the slave has his liberty by my orders, because God has created all human beings children of one parent and entitled to equal rights. There is no reason why one should be a tyrant and the other the victim of his tyranny.

Usually the male and female slaves of Afghanistan are either the children of prisoners of war or of parents who have been killed in war, and they have no one to give them a living. The rich families and nobles give them the same privileges as their own children enjoy, and, like the royal page-boys, when they grow up they are well married, and get better positions than many poor people, through the influence of their patrons. They thus rise to very high positions, according to their education and merits and manners acquired by association with well-brought-up children.

When I conquered the country of Kafiristan in 1896, I ordered that no prisoner of war should be sold as a slave, and

also that no one should be allowed to marry a Kafir woman against her will. I compensated by presents of money those people who had captured prisoners as their booty and thus were entitled to keep their gains of the victory, and I then released the prisoners and set them free.

In my sitting-rooms and bedrooms, as well as in those of my wives, sons, and daughters, all sorts of beautiful flowers, plants, pictures, and pianos and other musical instruments are placed, together with choice pieces of china and other ornaments, Persian and Herat carpets, nightingales and other singing birds. Beautiful and valuable furniture and everything that I can think of, to add to the pleasure of those who associate with me, are to be found in my palaces. If any foreigners or Europeans are present at the time for meals, they are welcomed at our table, and dine with us as our guests, if they are Muslims; but if not, they dine in another room, or at a separate table. I have frequently heard Europeans say to me that they enjoy food cooked in the native method better than the European dishes. I cannot see what is in their heart, but I am very pleased if they really mean it, and do not say it merely out of compliment to me, their host; but as I generally see that they eat far more of our Afghan cookery than of the European dishes, I think it is clear that they speak the truth, because no man would eat very much of anything that he disliked just to pay a compliment.

For my wives, my daughters, my sons and their wives, my grandchildren and their servants, in addition to their food, clothing, horses, and houses, there is a special monthly cash allowance granted by the Government, in accordance with their positions and requirements. Both my eldest sons, Habibullah and Nasrullah, are paid 20,000 rupees a month each, for their pocket expenses and their wives and other personal attendants are likewise paid separately. My wives (two of whom are the daughters respectively of Mir Hakim Khan and Mir Jahan Dar Shah, the latter the mother of Habibullah and Nasrullah): the mother of Mahomed Omar Jan; the mother of Aminullah

Jan; the mother of Ghulam Ali; the mother of the late Hafizullah and Asadullah; the mother of Fatima Jan, my daughter—have all their separate allowances paid monthly, for their pocket-money, from 3000 to 8000 rupees Kabuli: their dresses are not to be paid for out of this money, neither are their houses, food, nor other requirements. Their dresses are many, and of various fashions, some being in the European, others in the Oriental, style.

My youngest sons and granddaughters have also, in addition to their food and clothing, &c., a monthly allowance for pocket-money.

On the great festivals of Ied Barat and New Year's Day, my wives and children get their dresses and cash and jewellery as presents, just as is the European custom to give presents at Christmas. All the children of my courtiers, officials, and servants also receive presents from me on these days.

My sons, who work hard all day long, generally spend the evenings in their harems with their wives and children. In the early days of my reign, I used to pay visits to my harem about twice a week, but as I grew more and more preoccupied with affairs of business and State, these visits were cut down to one or two a month; but now my time is so full, that I only pay two or three visits in the year to my wives and family. The rest of the year I occupy the same rooms in which I work, both day and night. My wives, however, come and pay regular visits to me ten or twelve times in the year for a few hours at a time. God has created me for His service, to care for the nation He has intrusted to my care, and not to spend my time in personal enjoyments and self-indulgence. My greatest happiness is always to continue working in His service.

My two sons, Habibullah Jan and Nasrullah, come to see me twice or at least once every day to take their instructions for arranging and doing their daily work. My youngest sons and grandsons visit me about twice a week for a few minutes, and as I am always busy, they sit down and play for a short

time, or sometimes they wrestle with each other and sometimes with me, and then they are sent back to their own houses.

There is a leader of the prayers (Imam) appointed for the courtiers, who gives the prayers five times a day; and the Muhtasib (directors) are appointed throughout the whole country, who first advise the people to attend the mosque five times a day for their prayers and to keep fasts in the month of Ramadan, and then, if people will not listen to their advice, they administer a certain number of lashes, because a nation which is not religious becomes demoralised, and falls into ruin and decay, and misbehaviour makes people unhappy in this world and the next.

In my country the people who are believers in other religions are tolerated and treated without prejudice—more even than the people of my own religion; they are appointed to the highest posts under the Government, which is quite opposed to the law that people who do not belong to the Established Church of England are deprived of the right to hold certain offices. For instance, I am a Sunni Muslim, yet some of the highest offices are filled by Hindus and Shias.

Any person can put his claims before me in the following way: He comes to the door and reports that he wishes to see me, and is invited to come in and tell me himself, or to put his grievance in writing and give it to the Nazir, his assistant, or to one of my Court Secretaries, or even into the Post-office. He must write on the cover: "Not to be opened by any one except the Amir." I open such letters myself, and, if necessary, I also write the answer with my own hand, and forward it to the petitioner by the same means by which it came to me. If he do not succeed in getting his letter put before me from any of these sources, there are my spies and detectives, both public and private, who are severely punished if the case is not reported to me. In fact, it is the belief in Afghanistan that every individual possesses a signature of mine, and in every house there is a detective. This is an exaggeration, I think!

All my residential palaces are built on sites that command

a beautiful view, and in a bright, breezy place. They are surrounded by gardens and flowers, and they are built in such a style that it is possible in the same building to have warm rooms for winter use and open verandahs with large windows for the summer. The rooms are so arranged that the spring blossoms may be watched as they break from the trees, and the gorgeous yellow hues of the autumn, and the dazzling falls of the winter snow and the moonlight nights are enjoyed by all the inmates of my palaces who take the trouble to sit at these windows. As a rule, I spend my summer, spring, and autumn outside the town, living for weeks in tents pitched in these positions where all the beautiful blossoms can be seen, glowing sunsets, and the yellow autumn tints. I have always loved beautiful scenery, flowers, green grass, music, pictures, and every kind of natural beauties.

My daily uniforms are very simple, made in the European style; on great occasions, however, I wear military or diplomatic uniforms. At night, or in my leisure moments, I wear loose robes of Chinese and Japanese silk, made in the Arab or Turkoman or Mongolian fashion. I also wear a small cap with a very small silk or muslin turban. This last loose dress is very easy to put on and off; it is therefore comfortable, especially when I am ill and suffering pain.

Wherever I happen to be, travelling or at rest, there is always a school arranged for my page-boys. Here they learn their religious duties, history, geography, mathematics, and modern languages, aiming and shooting with rifles. Whilst one portion of them is in attendance upon me, the others are practising their studies, and when at last they finish their education and grow up, they are given their posts.

In the military service there is one battalion called Khana abadi (the foundation of the home) made up of small boys, sons of the various military officers and chiefs of the country: they are drilled and trained in military tactics, and afterwards appointed to various regiments and battalions.

I myself and some of my officials smoke cigarettes, others smoking the hubble-bubble.

My entertainments are very simple: throughout the whole of the time I am working, at intervals of a few minutes after I have finished answering a letter or a piece of work, I stop for a moment and chat and talk with my officials and courtiers. The professional chess-players and backgammon-players play their games before me in the evenings; I watch them sometimes, and sometimes I will play myself, though this is not often. Musicians keep on playing and singing for the pleasure of those who are present, and sometimes I also steal a minute or two to listen to them. I love music, and the best pianos, guitars, violins, bagpipes, and other musical instruments are always to be found in my palaces. I know music myself well, and can play the violin and rubab.[1] It must therefore be a luxury and pleasure for my officials to be in my presence to enjoy all the various pleasures that I provide for them, and those who serve me sincerely and honestly are treated as my personal friends, sometimes being playfully teased by me, and sometimes teasing and joking with me; there is always laughing and joking going on, but with those who are insincere and hypocritical I am very severe and harsh:

> To treat those kindly who disturb the peace,
> Is being an enemy to those who love peace.—SADI.

I do not go to sleep directly I lie down in bed, but the person who is specially appointed as my reader sits down beside my bed and reads to me from some book, as, for instance, histories of different countries and peoples; books on geography, biographies of great kings and reformers, and political works. I listen to this reading until I go to sleep, when a story-teller takes his place, repeating his narratives until I awake in the morning. This is very soothing, as the constant murmur of the story-teller's voice lulls my tired nerves and brain.

I myself have written several books, which have been printed at the Kabul Press. There are certain advantages in the custom of reading books aloud to me—viz., that in my

[1] A musical instrument, something like a banjo.

lifetime thousands of books have been read to me, and this means that I have had a daily lesson in progress and learning. One also remembers better what is told in the form of a story when read aloud. The stories are mostly full of exaggeration and superstitions, yet even in these I learn much of the old habits of thought and ideas of ancient peoples, and I think of the progress that the world has made since those old times. There is another advantage in sleeping through the droning noise of the story-teller's recitations, namely, that one gets accustomed to noise, and I can sleep soundly on the battle-field and under similar circumstances.

SURGICAL EXPERIENCES IN SOUTH AFRICA

IT was at the end of November of last year that I was invited to undertake the duties of Senior Surgeon to the "Portland Hospital," which was designed to work with the army in South Africa, and on December 13 we left Liverpool, after one week spent in purchasing equipments, varying from tents and ambulance waggons to medicines and safety pins, whilst the other week was spent in packing our stores and forwarding them for shipment.

After we had decided to go our chief anxiety in those days was lest the war should be over before we could get to work, and it is difficult now to realise that there were plenty of people who were quite sure that this would be the case, so little were the difficulties of the campaign appreciated even at that period. Whatever doubts we might have had, however, were dispelled before our arrival in South Africa. The day before we sailed came the news of the disaster at Stormberg; on the quayside at Liverpool came the news of Magersfontein; and when we reached St. Vincent we learned that our troops had been repulsed at Colenso. As if this were not enough, we found at Cape Town that there were generally credited rumours of a rising of the Dutch in Cape Colony on January 1; and when the guns of the ships and the ringing of bells announced the advent of the new year there were many who thought that the rising had begun. It was evident that we were in plenty of time.

On January 3 our stores arrived in the *Victorian*, and we were ordered to pitch camp at Rondebosch, five miles away from Cape Town; and I think that there was a good deal of very natural scepticism as to how we should get along, for a civilian hospital attached to an army in war time was a new departure. Fortunately, everything went smoothly, and in three days from the date of our arrival our camp was pitched, and on January 8 we admitted our first patients.

It is no part of my present intention to give a detailed account of the Portland Hospital or of its work, but a few words of explanation are perhaps necessary. The money required to equip and maintain it at the seat of war was provided by a lay committee, and the generosity and influence of the Duke of Portland resulted in the Hospital taking his title for its name. The staff consisted of three others in addition to myself, and of a Surgeon-Major, who was placed in command of the orderlies, and was our recognised medium of communication with the army authorities and arranged for our transport and commissariat. We could not have done without him. We had also four fully-trained nursing sisters taken from various London hospitals and twenty-four orderlies, besides a few servants. The Portland Committee were represented by two of its members, who came out as hon. treasurer and hon. secretary respectively, and were accompanied by their wives: they stayed with us during the first two months of our career, and then took up appointments in the army. The ladies remained with us whilst we were at Rondebosch and visited the wards daily, distributing to the men the gifts sent us from England, and helping them in many ways, but the nursing was done entirely by the sisters and orderlies. Such being our constitution, it remains to be said that we stayed at Rondebosch till the beginning of April, and then moved to Bloemfontein soon after its occupation by Lord Roberts, and at a time when there were many sick and wounded and not too much accommodation for them. Our opportunities for gaining experience in the treatment and

management of the sick and wounded in war was not, however, limited to the size and work of our own Hospital, for when at the Cape we were attached to No 3 General Hospital with 500 beds, and were near enough to spend many mornings at Nos. 1 and 2 Hospitals at Wynberg; whilst, in addition, one of us was temporarily attached to a Field Hospital at Modder River, another visited Kimberley and Modder River, and a third accompanied a Field Hospital to Winburg during the general advance on Pretoria. We also saw many patients in consultation with surgeons attached to the military hospitals, and were afforded every facility for observing all that might interest us.

The arrangements for the proper treatment of the sick and wounded are necessarily matters which concern all those who have relatives at the front, and so little is known of all that has to be thought of beforehand as well as of the sudden calls caused by serious emergencies that I think it will be of interest to describe very briefly, and necessarily very imperfectly, some of the work and how it has been carried out.

Apart, then, from the question of *personnel*, which I do not propose to deal with, the first and most important step was the providing of sufficient quantities of drugs, surgical dressings, instruments, and hospital stores and equipment. Thanks to those in charge of these matters at home, not only was there an abundant store from which to draw for shipment, but at Cape Town there was very quickly accumulated a supply which proved equal to all requirements, and which was constantly replenished from England. It may truly be said that the quality and abundance of the medical stores left nothing to be desired at the time we reached the Cape, though it was not always easy to transport them to the various hospitals up country.

In the next place, arrangements were necessary for the transference of the sick and wounded over the many hundred miles which separated the advancing troops from the sea base, for the climatic conditions and the difficulties of food supply negatived the possibility of maintaining the large general

hospitals at the front. Two trains were therefore equipped at Cape Town, and others at East London and in Natal, so that accommodation for about 100 "lying-down" patients was provided in each, whilst two surgeons and two nursing sisters travelled with each train and took charge of the occupants.

Such being the arrangements at the base, attention may now be turned to the front. When a man is wounded, or becomes sick enough to be invalided, he is first sent to a Field Hospital, which is very lightly equipped, so as to keep with the advancing troops, and which is emptied as soon as possible after an action. From here the patient is conveyed by road or rail either to a "Station Hospital" on the lines of communication or else to a "General Hospital," to which in any case he ultimately passes if able to travel and if his condition requires prolonged treatment.

In the case of this war all the general hospitals were at first in the neighbourhood of Cape Town, and to the two hospitals at Wynberg, or else to No. 3 and the Portland Hospital at Rondebosch, all patients in Cape Colony necessarily came. Here they were retained till well enough to return to the front or to pass on to the camp for convalescents at Green Point, or else, on the other hand, they were sent to England as unfit for further active service for at least two months.

The Portland Hospital, then, was one of the General Hospitals at the base, and a few details of our own experience may prove of interest. We were camped on an ideal site; the soil was light, dry, and sandy, the ground lay high and sloped slightly, and the views of Table Mountain and of the more distant hills were perfect. The country was well wooded, and the fresh grass and green trees proved very attractive sights to those who came from the burning sun and treeless plains of Modder River and Colesberg. One camp contained enough trees to provide shelter from the sun both for staff and patients, and they were much appreciated. The climate was nearly perfect, for we had almost constant sunshine and a pleasant breeze, though on some days the latter developed too

much into the regular Cape south-easter to be altogether pleasant; all the same it was certainly healthful. Our food supplies were chiefly rations, and there was a never-ending supply of "extras" which could be ordered for patients without stint by any medical officer, so that most of our inmates had milk, lime-juice, soda-water, and puddings in addition to the regulation meat, bread, and vegetables supplied to all troops. They certainly did justice to the fare, and picked up health and strength with marvellous rapidity. Nearly all our patients at first were wounded men, and there were few sick. Many of them came from Colesberg and Rensberg, and others from the Modder and Magersfontein. Those of them who had been in action where we had been successful, were mostly keen to go back to the front, and we were often told "I should like to have another shot at those Boers, sir," long before the time had arrived when it was safe to permit such amusement. On the other hand, men who had been in such an action as Magersfontein were noticeably less keen to try their luck a second time, though they never shirked or asked to be sent home.

The physique of the men as a whole was very good, and if those people who are so fond of writing about the "feeble, undersized lads who compose our army" could have examined the muscular, well-knit frames of those we had to treat, they would perhaps have hesitated before writing again in the old familiar strain.

The general conduct of the men was excellent. We never had a single case of insubordination. The complete absence of all grumbling was quite remarkable, and we who knew how fond the poorer classes in London hospitals are of asking for different diet to that ordered, and of grumbling at what they get, were much struck by the universal spirit of content which reigned in every tent. It was not that the men were pampered, for they had the usual hospital rations and the extras I have named; we did not give them alcohol in any form, as we believed that, in a hot climate, a strong healthy man in enforced

idleness was very much better without it. Whatever was done to make them comfortable was appreciated in the best possible spirit, and pain and discomfort produced no complaints. There have been many who have borne testimony to the gallantry of our troops in the field. I should like to testify to the fortitude which was almost universal in hospital. It would be impossible to find better patients. They were always cheerful and good-tempered, they gave the least possible trouble, they never complained, and they recovered from the most serious injuries in the most satisfactory manner. What more could be desired?

We were well placed at Rondebosch in other ways than on suitable soil and in a good climate, for the residents of the district vied with each other in acts of kindness. The presents of food of all kinds, and notably of grapes and other fruits, were innumerable: vegetables, milk, and butter arrived daily for the use of "No. 3" and ourselves; cigarettes and tobacco and pipes were supplied in abundance. Concerts were got up for the evenings, and on many moonlight and starlight nights several hundred patients and orderlies collected in an open space amidst the trees near the hospital; and the piano, presided over by the justly popular chaplain, and the banjo of one of the Rondebosch residents, accompanied songs which were all the more appreciated if there was a chorus which was generally known. It was a picturesque sight on such occasions. The stage was lit by a couple of lamps, and the men in their blue hospital uniforms, the army nurses in their scarlet capes, gave the necessary colour to the scene. Some of the patients proved valuable allies, and one of "Rimington's Tigers" with a tenor voice, and an Irishman who sang bass, were in constant request. We had also many lady performers, and especially one of very exceptional talents.

A little farther afield we found another valuable ally, for the owner of the steam yacht *Rheuma*, of 800 tons, offered to take twenty men and six officers as convalescents. I need scarcely say the offer was promptly accepted, and in a very brief space a large deck-house was built as a ward, and was

furnished with bedsteads and bedding, fresh and salt water tanks and baths by the very generous donor. It was curious to notice how shy the first few patients were of accepting the offer to convalesce on the yacht. Reminiscences of a not too pleasant passage out, and a dread of sea-sickness, acted as strong deterrents; but as soon as the reports of the first convalescents reached the camp there was no more hesitation, and to go on board the yacht for a week or two was the ambition of most of our patients. They thoroughly enjoyed themselves there, and the soldiers and yacht's crew spun yarns in the forecastle to their mutual satisfaction, or fished with a line over the ship's side, or played deck-quoits, and never found the day too long. There are many of our soldiers to whom the yacht and the life thereon must long remain as one of their most pleasant recollections. It was of great service to the Portland Hospital, and was very much appreciated by the staff.

It was at the beginning of April that we received orders from Lord Roberts to proceed from Bloemfontein, and on April 14 the special train carrying our staff and equipment arrived early in the morning. One of my colleagues and myself had preceded it, and had marked out a site for our camp a mile to the west of the town. The ground of this place was on the slope of a slight elevation, had not been camped upon before, and was at a considerable distance from all the large divisional camps. The chief attraction for us, however, was the water supply, for the Royal Engineers had recently opened up a well 140ft. deep, from which excellent water could be obtained, whilst the greater part of the people in Bloemfontein and the camps around it were dependent on pumps and wells, whose water was of very doubtful quality and had to be carted to very considerable distances. The capture of the waterworks by the Boers was not only a serious inconvenience, but was almost certainly accountable for some, at least, of the enteric fever, which was increasing at a truly alarming rate when we arrived.

The pitching of our tents was attended with some little

difficulty. Most of our goods arrived in ox-waggons, about 9 P.M., as it is the custom here to let the oxen graze by day and not to put them in harness till about 5 P.M. The night was dark, and about eight o'clock it began to rain, so that when the sixteen waggons with sixteen oxen in each came across the veldt it was impossible to see them till they were within a few yards, for they carried no lights, and it was not at all an easy task to prevent them getting rather mixed up and to get our fifty tons of tents and stores off-loaded on to the wet grass. Next day, in spite of all precautions, tents and bedding was found to be wet, and after a tolerably fine day the camp was nearly drowned out the following night by a tremendous thunderstorm with a deluge of rain and hail and a tearing wind. In the morning we found our ground a mass of mud and water, so that most of our men were employed in digging trenches, and as the weather improved later we got up a few of our tents, and then, in spite of wet weather for the next day or two, we took in our first patients—twenty-nine cases of enteric—four days after our arrival. Very soon after that our hundred beds were all full, for one day brought in some forty wounded, another day a fresh lot of patients with typhoid, and then another lot of wounded arrived. Patients, indeed, were all too numerous and beds were all too few, so we got three large tents from the Ordnance stores, had some stretcher beds made, and soon accommodated another sixty men, whilst two sisters from New Zealand came to assist our own four, and proved themselves a most valuable acquisition to our staff.

The town of Bloemfontein, which was our own headquarters, and where we remained for the next three months, has become the grave of many a brave soldier. Wounds claimed a few victims, sickness claimed many hundreds. The town itself is quite small, with a normal population of only 7000 whites. It is situated in a hollow, at the foot of a couple of hills some two or three hundred feet in height. From almost every side the ground slopes down to the town, and with the exception of the few willows near our camp, the country is

quite bare and forms large undulating plains, with kopjes of various sizes at a distance of some miles to the south, east, and west. Northwards are the hills just mentioned, and beyond these the country is broken and hilly. The town itself consists of one chief street—"Maitland Street"—extending from the railway station westwards to where the Government Offices and a statue of Sir John Brand are placed. At right angles to Maitland Street and crossing it at about its centre is "Monument Street," with its old fort at its southern end on an eminence, where also stands the monument erected to the Boers who fell in the Basuto war, and close to this is the cemetery with the graves of our own men. It was along this street that Lord Roberts's army marched in. The rest of the town consists of roads running at right angles to the main streets, the houses being chiefly detached brick villas, with iron roofs, whilst many of them are surrounded by trees and shrubs, and not a few had roses in full bloom.

The water supply of the town was originally from the "Bloemfontein," a spring after which the town is named, and also from various private wells. The animals were watered at a "vlei," or dam, at the south-west corner of the town, and into this the surrounding hillsides poured their rain water. Before the present water supply from the Modder River, typhoid fever was of yearly occurrence and was sometimes very fatal to large numbers, and, now that this water supply was cut off, troops were dependent on water which was certainly indifferent in quantity and bad in quality, for the rain pouring off the hillsides through innumerable camps tended to contaminate the water supply in many places. The "Bloemfontein" water was certainly not good, and yet it was upon this that our troops mainly depended. Many other sources were very likely worse, however, and of the men who went to Thaba-N'chu a very large proportion came back with enteric, which was almost certainly acquired from the dam water they had to drink.

So much, then, for the all-important question of water

supply; but there were many other factors to consider as causes for the sickness of our men. Lord Roberts's victorious march from Modder River had been commenced with his base at and near that place, and many men who marched out apparently well had the germs of typhoid in them to be developed later on. Then came the loss of the convoy at Riet River, and this resulted not only in loss of important food supplies, but deprived the army of waggons which could, when emptied of their provisions, have been utilised for the sick and wounded. Next came the drinking of the contaminated water at Paardeberg, where the river was full of dead horses, oxen, and men, and, finally, the separation of the army, both from its base at Modder River and Kimberley and also from the stores at Naauwpoort, by the destruction of the Orange River bridges and the consequent cutting of the railway to the sea base. In consequence of this it was weeks before the men were supplied with tents or with sufficient blankets and waterproof sheets. Then food supplies had run very short; many of them had completely worn out their boots and stockings, and their clothes were in rags. To add to their troubles, the weather was often so soaking wet that camps became sloughs, and there was no dry place on which to rest. No wonder the men were sick, no wonder the Field Hospitals were overcrowded, but it could not well have been helped. The destruction of the bridges was a justifiable act of war, and was intended to produce the results which I have mentioned. We were prevented from sending up to our hungry troops the food and clothing waiting for them at Naauwpoort, and the hospitals which were waiting on the line to be sent to Bloemfontein had to wait until food and clothing had been sent up before they could be brought to the front. It is all very well for people to criticise and to say that such things ought not to be; but so long as war is war, so long will such miseries exist. It was indeed a sad sight to see men who had fought their way unscathed from the Modder River crowded in tents without comforts of any kind, and dying of typhoid and dysentery, and

as it is easy to be wise afterwards, it is easy to say now that, could it all have been foreseen, some of this misery might have been prevented. How much, there is not yet sufficient evidence to prove.

It was the beginning of May when the general advance on Pretoria began, and for the next month we were flooded with patients from the front, so that very soon every available bed in the town was crowded, and as fast as fresh ones were brought up, fresh patients arrived to fill them, till there were some 4500 occupants of hospitals in and around the town, and more than 10,000 men passed through the hospitals during May. From the beginning of June things quieted down. The establishment of hospitals at Kroonstad and Springfontein relieved the pressure, and as the army occupied more distant towns, the sick and wounded ceased to arrive in such large numbers. In addition to this the weather became colder, the rains ceased; there was a bright sun and a fresh keen air all day, and frost occasionally at night, and the time came when the ordinary typhoid season was at an end. We had for some time after our arrival a perfect plague of flies, and we thought that they very likely conveyed the contagion, for they were always thick on the lips and faces of the worst cases of typhoid, and, of course, were attracted by food of all kinds. When the cold weather set in they died away, and before we reached July there was keen frost every night and very few flies were left.

The climate during May, June, and July indeed left little to be desired, and, apart from the enteric, it seemed to us that the country around Bloemfontein was ideally healthy and bracing. The health of our own *personnel*, in spite of the hard work of the sisters and orderlies, was excellent, except again for the typhoid, though we did not suffer from this as much as most other camps. At the same time we could not help feeling that we were never certain for how long we should be exempt; our friends and acquaintances from amongst the troops around us constantly arrived as patients, and between the wounded and the typhoid cases our beds for officers rapidly

increased from eight to thirty, and then many of the officers' servants, who were less careful than our own orderlies, became infected and had to be admitted. The reality of the risk run by the orderlies may be gathered from the fact that eight out of our twenty-four men were attacked, and of those one died. One of our sisters was also infected, but made a good recovery. In the face of these risks the behaviour of our orderlies was beyond all praise. They were all St. John's Ambulance men, and had had no previous experience of hospitals or sick people. They proved a most excellent lot, and were most keen to learn to nurse. Whilst at Rondebosch, in the early days when there were more wounds than sickness, they were taken in hand by the sisters and regularly taught, so that by the time we were in the thick of it at Bloemfontein many of them were very efficient. It was quite surprising to me to see how little they seemed to fear being attacked, though they could not help knowing that the risks were very considerable, and this was all the more noticeable of course because they were not used, like ourselves and the sisters, to see sickness and death; but at the same time it was all the more creditable. The conduct of the men was indeed most praiseworthy. They came out to nurse for six months, and when that time was over, with one exception, they all stayed on when it was found that their services were needed for a longer period. They seemed to think that they were bound to see it through, and they proved willing and helpful till the end of our stay.

I have mentioned that when at Rondebosch we were much indebted to our neighbours for many acts of kindness, and at Bloemfontein we were similarly indebted to our neighbours the troops. The general in command arranged for us to have a band on most Saturday afternoons, and on such occasions, as well as on many others, officers (and their wives, if they were able to get to Bloemfontein) visited our camp. We made a football ground, and our orderlies soon developed into a good enough team to make a match with the orderlies of the other hospitals or the troops in neighbouring camps. We had also

one concert towards the end of our stay when the sickness was less severe, and we had a number of convalescents to appreciate it, so that altogether there was a reasonable amount of amusement for men and patients alike.

We drew our patients from many sources, and amongst them were representatives of most of the different branches of our own army and of the numerous Colonial contingents. It was interesting to talk to them all, and to hear their own views and their personal experiences. The opinions expressed as to the effect of a bullet wound were very various. Some men said it felt like a sharp sting, others said it was like a severe blow, and many of them compared the pain to that caused by a stone thrown with force. In some cases the patient declared there was no pain at all, and of these the most remarkable were the following. A man, whilst lying down and firing, felt his pipe broken in his breeches pocket, and, on putting his hand into the latter, he withdrew the broken pipe and a bullet, and found some blood on his hand. It turned out that he had been shot through the left side of his chest and abdomen by a bullet which entered behind his shoulder and emerged through his groin, without his knowing that he was hit. He made an excellent recovery. In another case a man had his front tooth knocked out, but it was not till he arrived in hospital that we found that the bullet had passed out through his palate and his neck, and quite close to the spine. On the other hand, when a bone was broken, or when the bullet penetrated the chest or abdomen, there was generally severe pain, and usually the man fell at once, though this was not always the case. Of the men who were shot dead, or died on the battlefield, I heard from various observers that a very large number of them were shot through the head, a fact which is easy to understand when we consider that in many engagements much of the firing was done when both sides were under cover, and when the head and arms were the most exposed parts. It is probable that the vast majority of men shot through the head died very quickly, and that only a very small proportion recovered. On the other hand,

it is quite certain that some men did recover who were shot through the brain, and several of them came under my own observation. It is worth while to mention one of them who was shot right across the front of the skull at Paardeberg. He was well enough to help himself the day after the injury, when on his way to Jacobsdal, and not only made an excellent recovery, but also rejoined his regiment at Bloemfontein. I saw him twenty-four miles from the latter place, and he told me how he had marched out and had been engaged in the fighting towards Thaba-N'chu for two days. With the exception of some headache, he seemed none the worse for his experience, but I thought he had earned the right to go down to the base and get more care and attention than could be obtained at the front; so he did no more fighting in this campaign.

Of the irregular troops whom we met there is nothing but praise to tell, and I think that we had men from almost all the Colonies under our care at one time or another. They were men in all classes of life, and numerous gentlemen were to be met with in their ranks. As far as Cape Colony was concerned, it is certain that the Eastern Province gave a much larger proportion to the army than did the regions round Cape Town and the far west. Indeed, much of the latter region and of the north of the Colony supplied men for the Boers instead of to us, and we came to the conclusion that in the country round Cape Town itself there were as many rebels as there were loyalists, only they had not all the courage of their opinions. East London, Port Elizabeth, Graham's Town, Uitenhage, and the regions near to them, on the other hand, sent their best; and considering the smallness of the populations, the number of men they supplied was a splendid testimony to their loyalty. In one family all four sons were enlisted to fight for the British, one of them being an officer in Marshall's Horse, whilst another enlisted as a trooper in Roberts's Horse, and a third was with Plumer in Rhodesia; and of these one at least is likely to become ere long an officer in our army. We found in the Free State

that no one had a good word for the Colonial Dutch. The Transvaalers and Free Staters who had opposed us said openly that they had been promised 40,000 men from the Colony and Natal, and that it was the promise of such help that determined them to fight us. Now that they find there was more talk than fight in the ranks of the Colonial rebels, they hate them more than they hate the British, so that there is no one to say a good word for the Dutch who talked but did not fight. It is further very remarkable to find how absolutely sure the Boers had made of victory. President Steyn told an informant of mine, at the time of the Bloemfontein Conference, that the English could not win, for "they could neither ride nor shoot, and did not know the country." I also found that, round here at least, it was generally believed by all the Dutch that the battle of Magersfontein had practically destroyed the British army, and I read myself a letter from the Curators of the Bloemfontein Museum asking the burghers to collect relics of the British army for preservation at Bloemfontein, so that future generations of Boers might have some tangible evidence of the war. They had a rude awakening.

Of the various Colonial contingents I suppose few did better than the Canadians, and certainly very few suffered more heavily. They were a fine lot of men and proved good soldiers, and it is sad to think that death, disease, and wounds played such havoc in their ranks that when they arrived at Pretoria, of the original force of more than 1000 there were barely 300 with the colours. There were men of all classes in their ranks, and not a few of them passed through our wards. It is not generally known that the night before the surrender of Cronje, some of the Canadians, on retiring into a trench, were mistaken for Boers and were bayoneted in the dark. I saw six of them at Kimberley, and it appeared that the strong foreign accent of some of the French Canadians was partly the cause of the mistake. Fortunately, there were no fatalities as a result of the error, and the men themselves made every kind of excuse for those who had unwittingly injured them.

Of the much-vexed question of the arrangements for the care of the sick and wounded it is quite impossible to write at length within the space of this article, and, further, so many facts require to be considered that at the present time no just judgment can be arrived at. The Commission of Inquiry will have the necessary data from which to draw conclusions, and I will only attempt to point out a few considerations which may prevent a too hasty condemnation or acquittal.

In the first place, it must be remembered that the first duty of an army is to defeat its enemies, and that in the attainment of this end an immense amount of suffering is likely to be entailed. To this object all else is subjected, and necessarily the transport and feeding of troops, the supply of ammunition, and the maintenance of horses and of baggage animals have the precedence. To maintain an army with a single railway line is, at best, a difficult task, and to maintain an army as large as ours in South Africa, and to keep open at the same time more than 2000 miles of lines of communications, is a task which has never, I am told, been equalled.

In the second place, it must be remembered that the question of the movements of large hospitals to the front does not rest with the Royal Army Medical Corps alone; and that, on the other hand, nothing can be moved without the approval and orders of the Chief of the Staff or of the General Officer in Command.

It necessarily follows that, before one can decide whether any one is to blame for the undoubted sufferings of our troops, we must know what were the military exigencies, and whether it was possible to move up hospitals and their equipment when there were urgent military needs to consider. It is also evident that, before blame can be attached to those in charge of the medical arrangements, it must be shown that they were not ready or able to deal with these difficulties, and that the failure to supply hospitals and their equipment was not due to military exigencies, but to neglect of the necessary and obvious preparations. Only a full knowledge of the facts can enable unbiassed

observers to form a just judgment, and I will merely content myself with pointing out that Bloemfontein itself was quite unable to supply anything at all to hospitals or troops. It had been practically cleared out, and for weeks after our troops arrived it was impossible to get into store more than a single day's rations for our army with the aid of the railway and the collection of stores and animals for a distance of many miles. The country was so swept of food supplies that the main reason the Boers never appeared in force to the west of Bloemfontein after we occupied the town was that there was no food for them or their horses in all that district. As far as Bloemfontein is concerned, it appears to me that the main question is, "Was the best use made of the railway, and were the hospitals, staffs, and stores ready to be utilised, or were necessary preparations neglected?" It is quite beside the mark to say that because there was undoubted suffering there was certainly some one to blame, though it may be admitted at once that the Boers were more to blame than any one else, because they blew up the bridges and cut off our supplies. Finally, it must be remembered that the number of railway engines was very limited, and the want of a sufficient number kept many trains waiting. Neither engines nor trucks could be bought in England or elsewhere in large numbers, for the gauge of the Cape railways is different from those in England, and different also, I believe, from those of other countries.

There is only one other question on which I will venture to touch very briefly, namely, the work of the Royal Army Medical Corps apart from the supply of hospitals at Bloemfontein; and I can at once express my own opinion that an immense amount of most valuable work has been performed, and that, as far as I can learn, no army has ever before been so well supplied with medical comforts and surgical treatment.

It must further be borne in mind that the work of treating our sick and wounded has been performed by a corps which is composed of only about 800 officers for the whole Empire except India, and that, at a time when we had to place our

largest army in the field, this corps was certainly more than 200 officers short of its proper number—an immense proportion of deficiencies in so small a total. It is further well known that it was only by the engagement of civil surgeons that the work of the department could be carried out, and I would ask that the question of the inability to obtain the necessary officers for the Royal Army Medical Corps should be very seriously considered at the present time.

Speaking from my own knowledge, as a surgeon attached to the largest medical school in London, I can assert without fear of contradiction that the service in the army is so unpopular with recently qualified medical men that hardly any one thinks it worth his while to join it; and, as a matter of fact, competition for vacancies has long since ceased, and it is quite impossible to attract a sufficient number of men of any kind, let alone attracting the best. The reasons for this are not far to seek, and active service with an army for six or seven months has made them more clear to me than they formerly were. The pay is insufficient. The position of the army surgeon is not on a par with the position of an officer in any other department of the army. It is true that it has been recently improved by the formation of a Royal Corps, and that before that was done the position was much worse than it is now. There are still, however, plenty of grievances to rectify before justice will have been done, and as it is evident that the army must be supplied with surgeons, the sooner the matter is dealt with in a most liberal spirit the better.

At the present time, when we are increasing our army, the matter is surely one of urgent necessity, for not only is it impossible to get men to join the Royal Army Medical Corps, but, in addition, men already in the corps are constantly resigning their commissions as soon as ever the chance of a pension enables them to do so. For years past the chief rulers of our army have refused to treat the army surgeons in such a way as to enable the army to obtain a sufficient number of competent men. Surely it is plain that when a corps of 800 is

short of its proper numbers by no less than 200, it is time to look matters plainly in the face, to realise the difficulties, and to see that they are overcome. With sufficient liberality and reasonable concessions the Royal Army Medical Corps would command the services of men who would make it the rival of any other corps, and I trust that the day is not far distant when this ideal may be realised. The corps has already numerous able and valuable officers, and the services of many of them in this war have been of the utmost value to the troops. Let those in power see that the numerous vacancies now existing are filled by men as good as the best of those now serving in our armies.

A. A. Bowlby.

THE WAR TRAINING OF NAVAL OFFICERS

The renown of our Navy is a treasure unspeakably precious. By our whole people, and, above all, by a British admiral, it deserves to be guarded with jealous care; for, if it be certain that the very life of England depends upon the strength of her Navy, it is also true that the strength of her Navy is in some sort dependent upon its sense of power, and again, that that sense of power must always depend in part upon the sacred tradition which hands down a vague estimate of the things our Navy has done and the things it has failed to do.—KINGLAKE, "The Invasion of the Crimea."

WE read in the magazines and newspapers many comparisons of ships and guns, while but little attention is devoted to the problem of training the men who have to handle them. Yet in the result of nearly every war the human element is the determining factor. Writing of the battle of Yalu, a great admiral, Sir Geoffrey Hornby, said: "The old belief seems to be justified; it is the best man who wins. First the man who sees best where the ship is wanted, and can get it there; next the crew who are most apt in the use of their various weapons." So also thought Napoleon when he wrote to Bernadotte: "I have a hundred ships of the line, and yet I have not a navy." A century ago the Spaniards trusted to mere numbers, so that Jervis was able to defeat thirty-seven of their battleships with a fleet of less than half that number. Two centuries earlier the same nations had been contending for supremacy. The British fleet outnumbered the Armada in

seamen in the proportion of fourteen to eleven. It was in the number of their soldiers and the size of their ships that the superiority of the latter appeared overwhelming. The man who seeks for a grotesque simile of an animal out of its element might well picture a seasick soldier in a sailing ship. He can no more be trusted in sea warfare than can a man born and bred in the healthy ozone of the hills be relied upon when a campaign lies in swampy districts on the plains. So far, then, as sea-warfare is concerned, we learn, above all things, to avoid treating men as automata. The lesson is the same in land warfare. The failure of the Army in South Africa to subdue untrained levies of peasants and farmers has awakened the Navy to some of its own tendencies. In recent years we have been approximating to the rigid military systems. Many modern fallacies are widening the gulf between the principles underlying the practice of Nelson and the present times. Traditions coming down from Drake's time teaching us to seek our enemy on his coasts and to educate our seamen at sea are no longer held as sacred since the mission of the schoolmasters and armchair strategists obtained a foothold. The history of the past to the majority of young officers is but a dying echo instead of a living voice. Mathematicians control our chief centre of education. "Never having washed their faces in salt water," they teach theories apart from practice, and revel in what they call an academic groundwork as the foundation of naval training.

> "Would'st thou," so the helmsman answered,
> "Learn the secret of the sea?
> Only those who brave its dangers
> Comprehend its mystery."

The armchair strategists and tacticians have penetrated into the stationary gunnery and torpedo training establishments, and are teaching all the theories and practice of making weapons and ammunition, as if such knowledge could confer unheard-of advantages in their practical use at sea. Half the time of the torpedo school is spent in the demoralising work of teaching the

defensive, such as the preparation of harbours by mines and booms. For the protection of these ports our forefathers never looked to aught else than the fleets at sea. Now these fleets are invited from time to time to get behind booms and mines laid down by their crews! The ships, whose sole object should be to seek every opportunity of fighting the enemy, are lumbered up with heavy mines which can only be used in the defence of harbours.

Nearly a century of peace might have ruined the Navy had it not been for high traditions kept up in spite of the recklessness of the schoolmasters in entirely eliminating naval history from the education of naval officers. Long periods are spent away from sea service for the academic groundwork of mathematics. No sailor was ever made a better navigator or gunner by an advanced course of mathematics, for the simple reason that this does not increase his *coup d'œil*, to use Napoleon's favourite expression. To learn the best practical methods and possess the ability to apply them under all conditions of sea-warfare, is what the naval officer requires. It is best attained by practice, with a clear head, good judgment, and the self-reliance and comradeship that come from facing and surmounting a common danger. The only way in which the Navy can battle with the slothful habits of peace is by keeping officers and men to the practical work of their profession. St. Vincent felt so strongly on this point that he wrote home from Lisbon in 1796: "I will not lie here a moment longer than is necessary to put us to rights; for you well know that inaction in the Tagus must make us all cowards." He knew how severely Rodney had been tried by subordinates, and that the latter had attributed this unfortunate lack of support to the officers being unemployed during a long period of peace. History told him how, after a lengthy peace, we fought the battle of Toulon in 1744, and afterwards eleven out of twenty-nine British captains had charges preferred against them.

Its most important result [says Mahan of this battle] was to bring out the merit of Captain Hawke. The lesson is the danger of disgraceful failure to

men who have neglected to keep themselves prepared, not only in knowledge of their profession, but in the sentiment of what war requires. The average man is not a coward; but neither is he endowed by nature with the rare faculty of seizing intuitively the proper course at a critical moment. He gains it, some more, some less, by experience or by reflection. If both have been lacking to him, indecision will follow.

Do we gain this naval *coup d'œil*, this "seizing intuitively the proper course," by studying mathematics in a class-room? On the contrary, it is a common expression of officers returning to sea to say that they are washing away the Greenwich cobwebs; and Faraday's comment on the poor judgment displayed by mathematicians may be remembered in this connection. Is skill in handling ships won by taking officers away from the sea? As well teach swimming on dry land. Is "the sentiment of what war requires" planted by excluding naval history from the educational course of naval officers? Carlyle declared that the proper Bible for a nation is its own history, and a Colonial Premier has said that it was enough to damn the soul of any colony if it gave up the study of English history. If these opinions, backed by those of every great leader except Marlborough that the world has seen, are now generally held concerning history, it is an inexplicable fact that, while the German Navy is devoting a large portion of its time to the study of *British* naval history, those who act in this matter for the British Navy are content to treat our glorious and instructive records as dust in the balance! Once a fortnight in the *Britannia*, before a boy joins the Navy, he listens to a lecture on history in the full understanding that he will never have to face an examination in it. In the Navy he will never receive even this trifling assistance, as history and strategy are completely excluded from the education of naval officers. Navies perish either from infirmity or indifferentism, and it is probably the latter cause that is responsible for the treatment of naval history by the Council of Naval Education. This latter body is practically an *imperium in imperio* within the Navy. The remedy is for the Admiralty to assume direct control and follow a policy

of concentration. We want a training for war as far as possible in modern ships at sea, thus maintaining the essence of the old training whilst discarding its obsolete forms.

It was the boast of the old seamanship that it avoided the mechanical discipline that makes a man pursue a given course because he has been drilled into it. The sailor had to face danger under varying conditions and "shake down" as best he could. I remember reading how Chateaubriand, writing in 1800 on the French and British navies, said: "Our naval officers were better educated than the English naval officers. The latter only knew their seamanship, but the former were mathematicians and learned men in all branches." Now, seamanship in a navy is the art of handling warships under all conditions to be met with on service. Possessing this, and a thorough understanding of strategy derived from history, we may as confidently as in the past rely on our ability to defeat navies whose officers fritter away their time on shore learning "mathematics and all branches" of an academic education. Those who advocate a training aloft in spite of the fact that this motive power does not exist in the fighting navy, are extending the vicious principle of academic education—viz., seeking for something outside the life of the Navy to form the foundation of its work. No system is in a healthy condition if officers and men are not impressed with its value.

To maintain it is to shake the confidence of subordinates in their leaders. We cannot afford to act in the spirit of the French philosopher, who said that "he would not choose to see an old post pulled up with which he had been long acquainted." The Admiralty are therefore to be congratulated on dispersing the old Training Squadron of masted ships. To deprive the Navy of its antiquated training is the first condition of successful endeavour to obtain a new one suited to modern war conditions.

Let us examine some of these conditions, taking as our example what might happen to a clever boy destined to take "five firsts," and be one of our future admirals, who passes out

of the *Britannia* at sixteen. The following is an epitome of his service:

(1) Service in harbour as cadet on board H.M.S. *Britannia* for sixteen months.

(2) Service as midshipman in a sea-going ship for three years and two months. Of this he may spend about five months at sea, sharing his few hours' watch, to some extent, with two other mids, and leaving the deck for school and other purposes.

(3) Instruction at the Royal Naval Colleges at Greenwich and Portsmouth. This lasts about eighteen months, of which less than one month, during the manœuvres, is spent at sea.

(4) Becomes a lieutenant at twenty, having been under naval discipline for six years, with a sea-going experience of about six months. He joins a battleship costing a million and having a crew of 800 souls. He is called upon to take charge, during his watch, never having kept a watch before in his life or been responsible for the safety of anything bigger than a steam-launch. He is supposed to remain in this ship for twelve months before he is selected to qualify for a gunnery lieutenant. If the ship remains six weeks in the year at sea, he will get about 200 hours' watch-keeping experience. When that experience might be most valuable, as when going in or out of harbour, or exercising at steam tactics, the navigating lieutenant takes charge, so that the above liberal estimate has to be reduced accordingly.

(5) After the above experience he goes for a two years course to qualify as a gunnery lieutenant. About ninety days, or one-seventh of the period of instruction, goes to practical gunnery, of which a great deal consists of infantry drill.

(6) The gunnery lieutenant then spends at least one year on the instructional staff on shore, and may be appointed for a further two years to a shore billet. During all this time he may get in under two months' sea experience during naval manœuvres—that is to say, two months during four or six years. When he goes to sea his special attainments as a

gunnery specialist absolve him from watch-keeping. When he is promoted to commander he is again in the position of having nothing to do with the handling of the ship, unless he happens to be in supreme command of the ship.

The craze for theoretical education is the cause of the exaggerated ideas as to the courses necessary to qualify for gunnery and torpedo work. The practical difficulties of any work are magnified in the same way. The Admiralty wisely abolished the old "masters" and substituted combatants for navigation duties, in spite of the adverse verdict of its own committee. Let the Admiralty now gradually abolish the special gunnery and torpedo lieutenants, and select from the whole list after all have gone through short practical courses at the schools. The staffs at these schools can then eventually be recruited from those who have displayed the greatest ability in the service. The lieutenants generally would in this way be made to cease to look upon navigation, gunnery, and torpedo as outside their sphere. Then, if one lieutenant gets killed, another is ready to take his place, which is emphatically not the case to-day.

The commander now has nothing to do with the fighting and handling of the ship. It is most essential to thrust great responsibilities on the commanders, for it is the highest rank from which promotion is made by selection, and by doing this the Admiralty can find out the best man. He ought to understudy the captain at steam tactics, and take charge of both the fighting and internal economy, with the lieutenants as his right-hand men. The sub-lieutenants and warrant officers ought to understudy the lieutenants, so as to be able to fill vacancies after an action. If the proposal to abolish theoretical instruction at sea is adopted, this practice of understudying the lieutenants should be extended to the mids. There can be no excuse for shirking reforms in a navy on the ground of difficulties in approximating to war conditions. There is nothing here approaching the violent transition from barrack life that occurs when an army takes the field. There are no troublesome civil

rights to be considered on the ocean. It is even recognised that we can disregard the rule of the road, and exercise our ships at night without the elaborate nursing system of lights. There can therefore be no excuse for unpreparedness, and we cannot afford to ignore the warnings of distinguished officers who have practically told us, as General Trochu told France concerning her army well before the Franco-German War, that we are organised for peace and not for war. Our aim should be to bring back such a state of affairs as enabled Nelson, when asked to select his own officers, to say: "Choose yourself, my lord; the same spirit animates them all." As we stand to-day, the cleverest and best officers are sent to imbibe the spirit of professors and drill-sergeants. Of their experience as midshipmen we have the high authority of the Junior Lord of the Admiralty, who says: "In one ship the midshipmen are sent on deck when there are evolutions, but in another ship you find that they are never allowed to be away from school. If these are the conditions—if this scholastic work is to go on—it is impossible for a midshipman to receive training as a seaman and as an officer, which has been the custom in the past." At present it is three years of this training, as I have pointed out, and eighteen months at Greenwich and Portsmouth, that is considered sufficient qualification to handle a battleship as officer of the watch. Even greater responsibilities may be thrust upon them after spending, as I have shown, several years on shore. At the battle of the First of June, two lieutenants were in command of battleships, and the same chance promotions occurred at the Nile, Camperdown, and Copenhagen. At Trafalgar four lieutenants were in command of battleships, two of the captains having been killed and two being away at the court-martial of Sir Robert Calder after his indecisive action with Villeneuve. Is it not conceivable that our highly educated gunnery lieutenants, versed in drill on the parade-ground, are in much the same position as Villeneuve's captains in that action? "Little accustomed to combats," wrote Villeneuve to the Minister of Marine, "and to squadron manœuvres, each captain

in the mist followed no other rule than that of following the ship ahead, and here we are the laughing-stock of Europe." Now, I do not see that the position in which theoretical education has landed us is any better than that described by Mr. Goschen in 1873, when at the Admiralty. Communications from admirals and captains in all parts of the world, he said, had convinced him "that, though our naval officers are as gallant men as are to be found in the world, and as willing to do their duty, yet there is a want of efficiency among them, arising from want of employment. You cannot expect adequate experience from captains and commanders who are two-thirds of their time on shore." When we find that this divorce from the sea is being repeated on a larger scale with the lieutenants who ought to be learning the A B C of their profession, it behoves us to look closely into the credentials of that theoretical education which is responsible for their withdrawal.

"He knows tolerably well his history and geography. He is very backward in the politer studies, and in Latin, in which he has only just passed his *quatrième*. He will make an excellent seaman." Such is the report, by the Inspector of Military Schools, on Napoleon as a boy at the age of a *Britannia* cadet. Later on we find Napoleon being specially commended for his application and knowledge of history. The great English leader, the Duke of Wellington, was also a keen historical student. Of the Duke's knowledge of mathematics Sir John Burgoyne said that "It is very likely that he could not have solved a problem in Euclid, or even worked out a question in simple equations or logarithms." Now a boy, before leaving the *Britannia*, is taken well beyond the mathematical knowledge that is required in the practical work of his profession. Why, then, do we fog his mind and spoil his eyesight with a continuation of this work? Perfection in the Greenwich course could not possibly compensate for impaired vision in these days of rapid manœuvres and long-range weapons. At a medical inspection of schools in Prussia, it was found that of 9244 scholars, no fewer than 37 per cent. suffered from short sight.

In the sixth or lowest class the average was 22 per cent. ; in the fifth, 27 per cent.; in the fourth, 36 per cent.; in the third, 46 per cent. ; in the second, 55 per cent. ; and in the first, 58 per cent. From this it appears that their eyesight got worse as they "developed intellectually." I am informed that, in a class of twenty-two sub-lieutenants that went through the Greenwich course this year, four had to be treated for defective vision, and one of them proceeded on sick leave for that reason. I remember how one of my old shipmates went, outside his regular work, to four crammers in one day at Greenwich. He had subsequently to give up the Service on account of the failure of his sight. Now all these young fellows passed stringent medical tests as cadets. I believe that this excessive education under the professors lessens the mental *coup d'œil* of all officers, while impairing the eyesight of many. It also turns out of the Service some of our best men. There is a former naval officer doing excellent work out in South Africa, who was through the Matabele war and Mafeking siege, who left the Navy after seven years' service because he could not pass his mathematical examination at Greenwich. Of this young officer, a former First Sea Lord of the Admiralty publicly said: "Unfortunately, however, for the Navy—for I think you will all allow, after what I have just read to you, that it lost a very valuable naval officer—simply because he had not a mathematical head, he failed for the Navy. In other respects he was all that could be desired." Any man of sense would take General Baden-Powell's word as to the abilities of this officer before that of the whole staff of Greenwich professors and Civil Service examiners. When we find that standards are framed by men with no inside knowledge of the Navy, to the exclusion of naval subjects, we claim the right to protest publicly, as we know hundreds of officers do in the ward-rooms of our warships. We have no belief in the system of examination in subjects that we discard on the day we quit the class-room to forget what memory never really assimilated or what outside crammers put into us at five shillings an hour. The mathematicians can derive scant com-

fort from Faraday's opinion of their intelligence and methods, which is perhaps about the most uncomplimentary on record. The precise value of their judgment in matters of naval education can best be gauged by noting that they ignore the recommendations of the founders of the College in excluding naval history from the courses. It is a standing joke to naval officers, that the Regulations of the College should gravely assert that "no arrangements exist at all prejudicing the important practical training in the active duties of the profession." From this I can only gather that the *literati* in England do not differ much from the *literati* in China in their ability to present a glaring contrast between practice and precept.

The greatest and cleverest men have generally protested against the modern craze for piling on the agony of education. Huxley and Mr. Herbert Spencer are cases in point. John Stuart Mill held it to be a waste of time to learn any language out of the country in which it is spoken. Those responsible in the Navy know better, for they allow the naval instructors to teach French at sea without ever having passed an examination in that language. Since we have also in our torpedo and gunnery schools men so wedded to theory as to imagine that seamen who have to handle weapons must know how they are made, it may be useful to refer to what that great man Huxley said of an analogous case. In addressing the medical students at University College in 1870, after thirteen years' experience as an examiner, Huxley proposed to get rid of the teaching of botany, zoology, *materia medica*, and comparative anatomy. He characterised it as "downright cruelty" and "really monstrous," to require a knowledge of comparative anatomy from "gentlemen whose whole faculties should be bent upon the acquirement of a real knowledge of human physiology." He declared that he forgot all his knowledge of drugs a week after the examination. "Not one trace of a knowledge of drugs has remained in my mind from that time to this, and really I cannot understand the arguments for obliging a medical man to know all about drugs and where they come from. Why not make

him belong to the Iron and Steel Institute, and learn something about cutlery because he uses knives?" He wound up by saying that he "entertained a very strong conviction that any one who adds to medical education one iota or tittle beyond what is absolutely necessary is guilty of a very grave offence." With how much more reason can one say all this of our Navy when the paramount demands of its sea-training are sacrificed to the acquirement of knowledge on shore which can never be applied at sea?

The Council of Naval Education err in two opposite directions, in failing to recognise that naval officers are neither "children nor gods, but men in a world of men." They are not children, and can stand in no further need of a foundational or academic education. They are not gods, and cannot therefore become that marvellous combination of scholar and seaman. Believing as we did that a man belongs to his youth all his days, we entered our "sucking Nelsons" at twelve. Then came this advent of the naval instructor and all his works. To get rid of him we gradually raised the age, so that the midshipmen are now entered at over sixteen. The only result, however, is that the standard has been persistently raised. The time has come for the Admiralty to take naval education under its direct control, and to cease to treat with undue deference the opinions of men who are certainly not the embodiment of the sea-power of the British Empire, whatever their triumphs may have been in chasing *x*. It may be said that the sea-service has its remedy in the presence of the captains of the *Britannia* and the torpedo and gunnery schools on the Council of Naval Education. In practice, however, each member attends to increasing his own sphere, and only the pressure of the Admiralty can cause the paramount demands of the sea-service to receive proper consideration. It is a committee, therefore, which never acts on Dr. Johnson's golden rule, that parts are not to be considered until the whole has been surveyed. "If you want a thing to be a failure," said one of our foremost admirals to the writer, "put it in the hands of a committee." We have, however, the

records of many committees dealing with naval education, and their composition strikes one as chiefly remarkable for the exclusion of naval men. It appears to be the opinion of the politicians who appoint these committees that, in the special business of naval education, to be a member of the church militant is as good a qualification as being a naval officer. The former influence may have been the cause of scripture history having been kept for so long in its incongruous position as a subject of examination for the *Britannia*. Previous to its removal I wrote to Mr. Lecky in the hope that he would use his influence in that direction. In this letter I instanced, among other questions, "What widows are mentioned in the Old and New Testaments on whose behalf miracles were wrought?" as typical of the sort of mental torture which the ingenuity of Civil Service examiners can inflict. One committee, brought together by Mr. Ward Hunt, had a distinctly pagan bias, for it recommended mythology as a subject of study for the *Britannia*. The young officers were, said Mr. Shaw-Lefevre in a sarcastic speech in the House of Commons, to give up the study of English history in order to dwell on the loves of the mythical gods and goddesses. Apparently this recommendation conciliated Minerva, for we read later, in their report, the sensible statement that "we are convinced that a man-of-war, to whatever excellence she may be brought as a place of residence, is not, and cannot be made, a desirable place of education. *The necessary pressure of naval discipline is, in our opinion, antagonistic to the work of the schoolmaster.*" They recommended that the cadets should enter the Navy at seventeen, and this proposal was again adopted by the committees of 1870 and 1885. All these committees proposed that theoretical education should entirely cease on entry, and the training under lieutenants be of a practical and professional character. It is because we still keep up the farce of trying to teach general education during an officer's professional career that our system remains to-day what the American Commission reported it to be in 1880, viz., "a combination of makeshifts resulting from a series

of tentative and spasmodic efforts in almost every form which naval education is capable of taking." One might almost have hoped from this that the naval educational authorities would have reached finality by that "boxing the compass" method of exhausting the wrong courses. Nothing could have been more emphatic than the warning of the committee of 1885 concerning the urgency of getting rid of theoretical instruction after entry into the Navy:

> We have been deeply impressed [they say] throughout our inquiry by the universality of the conviction that the time has come when some such changes as we have recommended can no longer be safely delayed, and we therefore, in our concluding words, venture to press upon their lordships our sense of the urgency of the whole question of naval education, and our hope that the reforms we have recommended may be speedily carried out.

It is very well known afloat that the theoretical work, taught by naval instructors who are not versed in the practical work of the Navy, is of doubtful value. This has been the burden of complaint since it first received public notoriety in the report of the committee of 1859. Professor Main, the ablest naval instructor in the Service at that time, strongly urged that no more of his class should be entered. Three years later a committee had to consider the apparently unrelated subject of replacing the old-established "masters" by combatant officers as navigators. The whole of the evidence went to show that the utility of the old navigating branch lay entirely in the practical experience they acquired. In the subordinate ranks under the naval instructors they were inferior to the midshipmen, and yet the committee considered them superior material as navigators to the more highly-educated officers. They were abolished in order that their duties might be undertaken by combatant officers. Fortunately there were no theorists who could persuade us in this case, as in that of the gunnery and torpedo lieutenants, that an elaborate course at Greenwich is essential. Sea-training, and plenty of it, is the secret for obtaining supremacy over the sea and all who dispute our passage along this imperial highway. It is now considered necessary that naval constructors

should do a few trips on the element for which they build ships. I would suggest that all who have anything to do with building Nelsons should read and endeavour to interpret correctly the history in which Nelson played his part. We do not want our admirals to have to play the part of Cerveras. This unfortunate admiral was at least clear-sighted enough to read the lesson writ large on every page of history. In a pathetic interview prior to the American-Spanish War, he clearly stated the one essential, lacking which the Spaniards lacked the power to win a victory.

> "You appear to be indicated, by professional opinion, for the command of the squadron in case war is declared." "In that case," he replied, "I shall accept; knowing, however, that I am going to a Trafalgar." "And how could that disaster be avoided?" "By allowing me to expend beforehand 50,000 tons of coal in evolutions and 10,000 projectiles in target practice. Otherwise we shall go to a Trafalgar. Remember what I say."

And now that I have finished my student's plea, I cannot help noticing what an old old story is this appeal to an empire to take its stand on the ancient ways; how, in times of peace, the bow of Ulysses is unstrung and the little men of a little day have the power to waste what Drake and Howard, Hawke and Rodney, St. Vincent and Nelson built up. Never has the moral of this story been stated in clearer terms than by Pericles at the beginnings of maritime history:

> They (the enemies of the Athenians) will not be permitted to practise because a larger fleet will be constantly observing them. . . . If they are kept off the sea by our superior strength, their want of practice will make them unskilful, and their want of skill timid. Naval service is like other kinds of service, not a thing to be cultivated by the way or at chance times. It is jealous of any other pursuit which distracts the mind for an instant from itself.

What enabled the Athenians to contemplate so arduous a task as blockade in those days, was that their sailors were a hardy race, disdaining the habits that come from a too close acquaintance with the shore and with the luxury of colleges in particular. It was this spirit that made the Athenians censure the distinguished leader Alcibiades, because he slept in a cot instead of

on the deck. For the same reason St. Vincent, in the present century, censured "frippery and gimcrack" among officers. What would have been the position of that great man had he had experience of all the pursuits that theorists have grafted on to the Navy, of the vain learning with which the minds of officers are distracted from the sea, and of how demoralising tenets, lacking historical justification, find their way into the torpedo and gunnery schools? Would he not feel from the bottom of his heart that with these shore pursuits the frontiers of our maritime empire are being rolled back to that shore? Would not his strong love for the Navy have persuaded him that it is essential for England that he should appeal to all who hold naval renown as our most precious heritage to arrest these baneful tendencies? I am convinced that he would act thus, and if he were at the Admiralty to-day he would solve the question by placing the war training of naval officers, in its entirety, in the hands of the Board of Admiralty.

CARLYON BELLAIRS.

PUZZLES OF THE WAR

FOR some months to come, unless another war or a general election should distract men's minds, there will be a flood of proposals for improving and enlarging the army. Before attention is completely absorbed in the discussion of great schemes and high military policy, a word may be said in favour of one or two simple and modest prescriptions involving no change of persons or of the system, and adapted for use by ordinary men, such as are usually to be found in Cabinets and War Offices. Schemes intended only for men of genius are of little use, because men of genius are scarce, and as a rule are not recognised until their work is done. "A statesman," said an American wit, "is a politician who is dead."

The first prescription consists in the use of pen and paper by persons in authority, not for the purpose of writing letters or despatches, but merely to clear their own minds. Suppose it were the usual practice for every man who in the nation's service has an important decision to make to sit down before deciding and write his analysis of the situation with which he has to deal and of the mode in which he proposes to deal with it. This is not a very revolutionary hypothesis, yet if it were realised the Empire might be a good deal safer than it is at the present moment. The proposal may be illustrated by an examination, on the plan suggested, of one or two of the points in regard to the South African war which present themselves

as puzzles to those who have had to follow and to think over the events as they have been reported.

The whole campaign of Sir George White was governed by the fact that on his arrival in Natal a great depôt of military stores existed at Ladysmith. He did not consider it practicable, in the brief space of time before the Boer forces were upon him, to remove these stores to a point farther south. That being so, his best chance of keeping the Boers engaged until the arrival of the army corps under Sir Redvers Buller was to accept investment at Ladysmith. Presumably the selection of Ladysmith as a site for the stores had the sanction of the Secretary of State for War. In that case the choice must have formed part of some plan of military action having reference to a possible war between Great Britain and the Boer Republics. Suppose, then, that in May 1899, when the Government of Natal made the representations to which the reply was given that, in case of invasion by the Boers, Natal would be defended by the whole strength of the Empire, the Secretary of State had sat down pen in hand to make clear to himself how Natal was to be defended. The Secretary of State has at his command all the military wisdom of the army and all the information collected by the Intelligence Division. He would therefore have at least as much information and military lore at his disposal as any unofficial observer. He would then have noted that the Transvaal and the Free State were bound by a military convention and would fight as one State, and that they would in case of war be able to call to arms about fifty thousand men. He would see that they could invade at their discretion either the Cape Colony or Natal, but that, as each of them had a frontier bordering on Natal, their forces could co-operate more readily for attack on that colony than for attack on the Cape Colony. Against Natal each Republic could deploy its forces on a front of a hundred miles in its own territory without committing an act of war. The deployment completed, the advance of both armies would bring about their junction. The frontiers of the Free State and the Transvaal

formed two sides of an equilateral triangle, of which the third side corresponds to the course of the Upper Tugela. That being the configuration of the frontiers, it must have been clear that a British force on the defensive could not be posted north of the Tugela without being exposed to an enveloping attack, to the loss of its communications, and to investment. But a British force taking the offensive from Natal against either or both of the Republics would find Ladysmith a convenient depôt for its stores, the town being at the junction of the railways to Harrismith and to Standerton, which form the natural lines of advance. Ladysmith, then, was a good base for the offensive but a bad one for defence. The offensive implies a superior force; a weaker force is usually compelled to take the defensive. If sixty thousand men were to invade the Republics from Natal, Ladysmith would be the right place for the stores; but if ten or fifteen thousand men were to defend Natal, the stores ought not to be placed beyond the Tugela.

If the Secretary of State made a memorandum on the subject at all, he must have noted all these considerations. It therefore seems fair to infer from what actually happened, either that no memorandum was made, or that Ladysmith was selected as a suitable base for an offensive campaign.

The Secretary of State for War knew in May or June 1899 what the public did not know until the end of October—that to send an army corps to South Africa would take thirteen weeks from the date of the order for mobilisation. It was all along clear that the order for mobilisation in England would be the signal for a Boer attack, and therefore that the war must begin with a British defensive. How, then, did it come to pass that, with a defensive campaign, at least for the first two months, in prospect, the arrangements ordered on the spot were based on the idea of the offensive, while the forces at first sent out were not strong enough even to secure that the reinforcements on their arrival should be able without difficulty to reach the point chosen as the depôt for the stores? The answer that most people would be tempted to give is, no doubt,

that the determined character of the Boer resistance was not foreseen. That it was not foreseen by those in authority is plain, though it was expected by a number of observers. But ought not the Secretary of State to have been prepared for just such action as the Boers took—for their invasion of Natal and for their obstinate defence of their territories? Again let us consider what would have been the result of the use of the pen for the purpose of clearing up the situation in May or June 1899. If it was not the function of the Secretary of State to work out the possibly coming war for himself, it was his duty at least to see that some one else worked out the problem, and to check the solution to his own satisfaction. He would say to himself, "If this dispute leads to a war, I shall be responsible for its proper conduct. I must therefore keep the end in view from the beginning." There could be only one end to a war fought on the questions at issue in May. If a shot should once be fired, there could be no settlement short of the submission of the Boer States to British authority. The Boers held that Great Britain was an aggressor, unjustly seeking to destroy their independence. If war came, the burghers would believe themselves fighting for freedom. They would therefore fight, as Europeans have usually fought in what they have believed to be freedom's cause, with the greatest energy, courage, and determination. It would be necessary not merely to win one or two battles, but to crush all the Boer forces and completely disarm the two Republics.

The first and most important calculation that any Government has to make before taking up a quarrel that may lead to war consists in estimating the character of the war, in gauging the nature of the efforts the enemy is likely to make, and in preparing forces enough to overpower these efforts. There would be something like fifty thousand Boers, good shots, well armed, all mounted, and fighting with the persistent courage of men who believe that they are the champions of liberty. To have thought out this aspect of the case was the particular duty of the Secretary of State, whose office is the sole con-

necting link between the national policy, entrusted to the Cabinet, and the military details, worked out by the soldiers at the War Office. Equipped with his view of the nature of the conflict, the Secretary of State would consider the plans submitted to him by the soldiers. On hearing that the Boers would put into the field something under fifty thousand men, and could invade as they pleased either the Cape Colony or Natal, Natal being the more suitable for their combined action, the Secretary of State would ask for the plan of defence. Suppose he were told that when the Boers were ready it was proposed to land ten thousand men in Natal, bringing up the British force in that colony to a total of about fifteen thousand. He would have asked to have it made clear to him how the fifteen thousand would defeat the Boer army or the greater part of it. He would have said to his strategist, "If you were the Boer commander-in-chief, and you meant to invade Natal, how would you set about it?" That would have shown him thirty-five thousand Boers on two sides of a triangle, with fifteen thousand British troops within the triangle.

Perhaps the analysis need go no further, for enough has been said to show either that the Secretary of State never had the problem clearly laid before him, or that, if he did, he failed to insist on the solution being fully explained and to satisfy himself that the means he adopted and authorised must produce the result desired.

In all probability the Secretary of State was ready to assume, as the public assumed, that the Boers were not in earnest, and that therefore there was no need to think the problem out thoroughly from beginning to end. But if he had written out his analysis of the war, he must have noted what he expected the Boers to do and his reasons for the expectation. He could hardly have set down in a written note of his plans that the Boers were not to be taken seriously.

A second specific which might have saved much trouble is to be found in adherence to the well-established principles of strategy. All the exponents of strategy are agreed in holding

that, except for an army which very largely outnumbers that of the adversary, it is prudent never to act upon more than one line of operations at a time; and that if special circumstances compel the adoption of two lines of operations, one should be kept as subordinate as possible, the main effort being made on the other: in no case, except where there is a very great preponderance of force, should the offensive be taken upon two lines at once.

When Sir Redvers Buller reached Cape Town in advance of his army corps, he had to face difficulties in two separate theatres of war. Having at his disposal three infantry divisions and a cavalry brigade, as well as corps troops and troops for his communications, the arrangement he made was that he organised an additional brigade, the ninth, out of the troops already in the Cape Colony; and that, having thus increased his field force from six to seven infantry brigades, he devoted four of them to Natal, where the offensive was necessary for the relief of Ladysmith, and three under Lord Methuen to an offensive from the Orange River for the relief of Kimberley. This was a distinct violation of the elementary principle just set forth, and it resulted in failure on both lines. Neither Ladysmith nor Kimberley was relieved by the forces thus distributed. Nor was this the only infraction of the principle. In the Cape Colony, while the bulk of the force was given to Lord Methuen for his offensive, a very small force was placed at the disposal of Sir William Gatacre on a second line of operations. This force ought, according to the principle, to have been strictly confined to the defensive; but so soon as the enemy stirred in this region he was attacked, and a third failure was the result.

According to recognised strategical principles, Sir Redvers Buller should have endeavoured to find a "centre of gravity" of the Boer forces, and to have concentrated all his efforts against the point thus selected, reducing to a minimum the forces devoted to subsidiary operations. Some critics at home thought the line along which he should have operated was that

from the Cape Colony through the Free State, which was afterwards taken by Lord Roberts. Sir Redvers Buller himself, as his distribution of his forces shows, thought the centre of gravity to be Natal. In all probability his judgment on that point was sound. Supposing he had landed six brigades in the Cape Colony and sent the seventh to Natal, what would have happened? The one brigade in Natal might have held Pietermaritzburg; it could hardly have done more. With the rest of his force Sir Redvers Buller might have crossed the Orange River about the middle of December and reached the Riet in a week. The force would have been weaker than that with which in February Lord Roberts opened his campaign, and its transport would have been less efficient. That its movements would have been faster than those of February and the subsequent months cannot be assumed. Accordingly Sir Redvers Buller might have reached Bloemfontein about January 10 and Kroonstad about March 11. It is hardly possible that, in the absence of attack on the Boer investing army, Ladysmith could have held out till the latter date, and in a British advance to Kroonstad there was nothing to compel the Boers to abandon the investment. They could have spared for the Free State the greater part of the troops that were in the actual course of the war employed against Sir Redvers Buller on the Tugela.

Suppose, on the other hand, that Sir Redvers Buller had at once taken his whole army corps to Natal. He would then have had on December 15 a force one-third larger than was present at the battle of Colenso. He would have been better off by at least two brigades and two batteries, in which case it is not unlikely that even the action at Colenso would have had a more fortunate issue, for Hlangwane would almost certainly have been taken and in that way the events of February have been anticipated. The presence of Lord Methuen with the Guards and the Highland Brigade in Natal would not have left the Cape Colony in any worse plight than did the failures of December. The 9th Brigade and the Gordon Highlanders, with

two regiments of cavalry, would have been available south of the Orange River. Suppose the Gordons and one cavalry regiment to have been sent either to Orange River station or to Naauwport, and the 9th Brigade to Sterkstroom, both lines in the Cape would have been temporarily covered, and a victory in Natal, which ought by this distribution to have been made certain, would have had some restraining influence on the Cape Dutch.

Sir Redvers Buller had to meet very trying conditions: those who best know the Cape thought that the British position there was gravely imperilled; and probably the serious nature of the situation appeared to justify a departure from strategical principles. But such appearances are delusive. The more critical the situation, the more dangerous it is to act contrary to the principles which all military experience has confirmed.

When Lord Roberts reached Cape Town in January the situation was quite different from that which at the beginning of November Sir Redvers Buller had had to consider. Three-quarters of the fifth division had reached Natal, so that the force there was sufficient. The sixth and seventh divisions were arriving at the Cape; the eighth division, considerable reinforcements of artillery, and large bodies of militia and yeomanry were to follow. Thus the great numerical superiority, which renders the simultaneous use of two lines of operations desirable, existed. It was therefore in obedience to strategical principles, and not in violation of them, that Lord Roberts chose for his own operations the line of advance from the Cape Colony through the Orange Free State.

One of the knotty points of the war, at least to observers at home, has been the shyness exhibited by the British generals in regard to the mountains of northern Natal. According to the theory of the best writers, a mountainous region is favourable to an offensive aiming at decisive results, and the actions in Natal prove that the British soldier is not afraid of rough ground. The attacks on mountainous positions have not been attended with the heavy losses that have resulted from attacks in the

plain. Talana Hill and Elandslaagte were carried without remarkable or exceptional sacrifices. The very heavy losses in attack were at Magersfontein, in a level plain—though the expectation was that a hill would be assaulted; at Colenso, where the British and the Boer riflemen were for the most part on the level; and at Paardeberg. The explanation of this shrinking from attack in the mountains may perhaps be that mountain warfare, except against savages, has been little studied in the army. Yet Switzerland and the Italian Riviera, where great campaigns have been fought in mountainous country, are near home, and many of our officers must have spent long holidays within a few hours' journey from Montenotte, Rivoli, and Zürich.

There is a third prescription which ought not to be suppressed, though it may be to many less agreeable than those already given. Officers who have any prospect of rising to high commands in the British army, and statesmen who run the slightest risk of being sent to the War Office, would do well to make themselves masters of the German language, in order to study the philosophy of war. In the period between Waterloo and Sedan the British army at home lived on the memory of the Peninsula and of Waterloo. It had forgotten Walcheren and other mishaps, and was conscious of no need for study. To learn from the Prussians was the last thing to be thought of. After Sedan, indeed, the War Office copied the German helmet and shoulder-strap, and the professors at the Staff College lectured on the German battles in France. But the work done in Prussia between 1815 and 1835 was neglected. In those years Prussian soldiers thought out the meaning of the hard struggle in which their country had been engaged from 1792 to 1815, and in so doing reached a theory of war as a branch of the art of government. War being a form of the conflict between States, it was important for the statesman to be able to measure rightly the degree of energy which a particular State would in a given case develop in the assertion of its own policy. How would this amount of energy be determined? Not merely by

the resources of the State, which are only one factor in the result. There were other factors: the importance attached by the Government to the matter in dispute, and the extent to which the dispute itself affected the feelings, touched the imaginations, and roused the passions of the population. A cause which should appeal to a whole people would be supported in the field with a zeal and an energy far greater than would be developed by the same State in a quarrel in which the average citizen took no great interest and which left his feelings cold. The experience of many wars since the middle of the century has confirmed the theory taught in Prussia by the disciples of Scharnhorst; and it is to that teaching, as much as to needle-guns, staff systems, and army corps, that the military successes of Prussia have been due. But in the British army the philosophy of war has been tabooed, chiefly by men who have never examined it because they do not command the language in which it was written. This is in all probability the true explanation of the most remarkable feature of the South African war—the persistence with which the British army has expected the Boers to abandon the struggle before they were compelled. To say nothing of the false expectations of the autumn of 1899, there have been even since February errors due apparently to nothing but this mistaken view of the way in which the Boers regard their own cause. It was expected that the march to Bloemfontein would suffice to induce the Free Staters to lay down their arms, and possibly that expectation accounts for the escape of Olivier's column on its long flank march from the Orange River to Ladybrand. To the same source perhaps may be attributed the tender handling of the burghers in arms, who ought when taken to have been treated one and all as prisoners of war, but who were until lately allowed to go free upon surrendering a rifle and taking an oath not to bear arms again during the war. This treatment would have been suitable for men who were ashamed of their cause and needed only an excuse to accept British authority. But the essence of the present case is that the greater part of the Boers, if not all of

them, believe that their cause is just and that Great Britain is the wanton aggressor. The British Government has first of all to convince them of its power and to establish its mastery as something beyond doubt and beyond the hope of resistance. After that must come the perhaps harder task of convincing the Boers, by practical illustration, that British rule is not only inevitable but efficient, and not only efficient but just.

According to the view of which these observations are the outcome, the failures of the autumn of 1899 and some of the delays of 1900 are to be ascribed by no means exclusively to defective armaments and to imperfect organisation, but rather to the spiritual and intellectual weaknesses of representative men of the governing caste. Our statesmen are too indolent or too little in earnest to think out their problems to the end; our generals, the product of the War Office and Aldershot, are so slightly professional that their strategical principles are only skin deep; the army, broadly speaking, has not disciplined its intelligence by familiarity with the best thought that the world has produced on the subject of war. To generals of the Indian school, so long jealously excluded from the War Office, and to a commander whose greatness is revealed in the simplicity and strength of his character, the army owes the recovery of its good name. But what guarantee has the nation that, should some fresh conflict arise in the near future over rights more sacred and interests more vital than those that were challenged by the Boers, its possibilities of war will have been better thought out than were a year and a half ago those concealed under the guarded language of the Bloemfontein conference?

Spenser Wilkinson.

RECENT ECLIPSES

AN eclipse, to be of any considerable importance to the astronomer, must be a total eclipse of the sun; all others may be neglected in comparison. There is a total eclipse of the sun visible from some locality on the earth about once in every two years on the average; but the succession is irregular, and some of the favoured places are in mid-ocean, where no instruments can be mounted, or so far from civilisation that the occasion cannot be utilised for other reasons. We may, therefore, consider the half-dozen years, 1896–1901, specially rich in their possession of four good eclipses: August 9, 1896; January 22, 1898; May 28, 1900; May 18, 1901. In the six years preceding them we had only one similar event (1893), and after the eclipse of May 1901 we shall have a barren ten years with only one reasonable opportunity (August 30, 1905, Spain and Egypt); for, although there are five other eclipses in this period, three of them are far away in the South Pacific (September 9, 1904; January 3, 1908; April 28, 1911) and two are in uncomfortably cold regions (January 14, 1907, Siberia; June 17, 1909, Greenland and North Siberia). These four eclipses close together stand, therefore, somewhat isolated in the general series, and will, no doubt, ultimately be grouped together for discussion of results. At the present moment, however, one of them is still to come, and we can only speak of the other three.

The first eclipse, that of August 9, 1896, was not a

great success; the crowd of European astronomers who went to the north of Norway, and the English, American, French, and Japanese expeditions in Japan, were all disappointed by bad weather, which was the more exasperating because, in most cases, the weather had been fine up to the day of the eclipse. In Norway there were some who blamed the firing of salutes for a Royal birthday as the cause of the rain—scientific evidence on this point is incomplete; in Japan we had no such excuse, the days before and after being brilliant, and that of the eclipse unaccountably foggy. Rough justice is done to the situation by a sympathetic Japanese:

> The plan and pain with each surveyors during the past a month being brought such sadful result and nobody can tell how much those astoronomers caused the distress for hopeless end like that. Mrs. Tod came from far place to help her husband's work, and during the time of so many days she has tried to do her best through day and night, but the weather prevented her will, and she has forgotten herself to cry out, and we ought to think about such learned lady's heart.[1]

Amid the wholesale slaughter of hopes and preparations in 1896, one conspicuous success is to be recorded. After the official expeditions had been organised for Norway and Japan, the late Sir George Baden-Powell determined on a yachting cruise to Nova Zembla. He had two objects in view: to see the eclipse and to meet Nansen; both seemed very problematical, but he achieved both! Hospitably taking with him the late Radcliffe observer, Mr. E. J. Stone, and Mr. Shackleton from South Kensington, he had the delight of piloting a successful expedition; for, though the yacht was nearly shipwrecked, the time for preparation cut down to a minimum, and the previous weather uniformly bad, the hour of the eclipse was fine, and Mr. Shackleton got at least one photograph of historic importance. On the way back Nansen was picked up and conducted homewards. The family name

[1] Quoted from Mrs. Todd's charming account of the Amherst Expedition. "Corona and Coronet." Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York. 1898.

seems to carry success with it in the Arctic Regions as well as in Mafeking!

In contrast with the general bad weather of 1896, the conditions for the "Indian" eclipse (January 22, 1898) were practically flawless. We had, as those who know India will readily understand, continuously cloudless skies both on the day of the eclipse and during the time of preparation. The numerous parties of English, Americans, and Japanese were all successful, the only drawback being the dust, which penetrated everywhere and made it almost impossible to keep the photographs free from specks. A feature of this eclipse was the valuable aid rendered by the officers of the Indian Survey to several of the parties; next to the fine weather, our success was mainly due to them. Usually on arriving at an eclipse station there is everything to be done from the beginning—choosing the site, finding lodging, building piers and huts, and so on; but when the Astronomer Royal and myself arrived at Sahdol, in the heart of the jungle and in a native state, we found a square mile or so of the jungle cleared, tents (such as only Anglo-Indians know) put up to live in, piers and huts built, and an accurate time service established: we were almost as well off as at a fixed observatory. If we could have stayed a little longer I firmly believe our hosts would have found us a tiger to fire at; as it was, the nearest approach we actually made in three attempts was to be in the firing-line (safely up trees, of course) when shots were heard from two of the party, which they afterwards told us were at a tiger. They apparently both caught sight of him at the same moment, when he was almost directly between them. He went at a great pace, which they did not succeed in arresting; but perhaps, for the reassurance of the public, who are just at present rather anxious about the shooting of our army, it may be well to state that the shots were fired by mere astronomers.

But this is of the nature of a digression; the point is that we were very ably assisted. Other parties who took up stations inland fared equally well at the hands of this admirable Depart-

ment, though one party, that of Sir Norman Lockyer, stuck to the coast and depended on the help of the British Navy as on other occasions. It would be impossible to say too much in recognition of what the Navy has done for eclipse work; there have been few British expeditions in which at least one of H.M. ships has not rendered great, and often vital, assistance. Many of the stations to be occupied could not be reached at all (or without great loss of time) if a man-of-war did not convey the observers and all their instruments to the spot. And then "the Handy Man" can help so effectively in the preparations, and even in the observations themselves. Sir Norman Lockyer concludes his report on the Indian eclipse as follows:

> The extraordinary interest and the skill displayed by the officers and men of H.M.S. *Volage*, under Captain King Hall, in 1896, and of H.M.S. *Melpomene*, under Captain Chisholm Batten, in the present year, prove beyond all question that, in eclipses in which a man-of-war can be employed, the most effective and the most economical means of securing observations is to depend upon the naval *personnel*, one or two skilled observers being sent out to help in the final adjustments of instruments according to the number it is intended to employ.[1]

This is, perhaps, an extreme view; but no eclipse observer who has had experience of help from a man-of-war will grudge extravagant eulogies. Many of the observations made by the crews above mentioned were, of course, simple in character, and were explained in a series of lectures and drills. One very satisfactory result of the work was that for *six weeks* there were absolutely no punishments necessary on board—a striking testimony to the interest taken by the men in the work, and a significant suggestion in many ways.

It seems curious that American eclipse observers are not helped by their Navy. In 1896, when Admiral Sir Alexander Buller did so much for the English observers in Japan (pleasantly explaining that he had always wanted to try Akkeshi Bay as a place for manœuvres, and to take us there and back was accordingly all in the way of business), and when the French Admiral

[1] Mon. Not. R.A S. Vol. lviii. p. [41].

similarly escorted the French party to Esashi, the Americans were not helped by their Navy at all, and gladly accepted some slight assistance from the French and English. Perhaps the reason lies partly in the American view of the whole duty of a man-of-war, "to be full of men, meat, and coals, at the end of a telegraph-line, ready to start when wanted." This, at least, was the view expounded to us on board the flagship which lay quietly all the time in Yokohama harbour. It does not seem to render the vessels less effective when once started, judging from recent events; but it contrasts curiously with our British notion of continual manœuvres, and is naturally less agreeable to astronomers, who lose the help of the Navy on eclipse expeditions.

In May last, however, American astronomers did not require their Navy; an eclipse track crossed the United States, and they could make observations at the expense of a railway journey only. The track extended into Europe, over Portugal and Spain, and down into Algeria; so that European observers also could reach the central line after a journey of two or three days at most; in fact, it was an eclipse for which everybody, as nearly as possible, stayed at home, though Sir Norman Lockyer, true to his principles above enunciated, obtained again the assistance of a man-of-war. Moreover, it was beautifully fine everywhere—at all the American stations, in Portugal, in Spain, in Algeria, in Tripoli—all the parties of observers had fine weather and returned home rejoicing and laden with photographs, some of them still to be developed, all to be studied, and perhaps measured in detail. The work of an eclipse is by no means over when one reaches home again—much of it is only beginning.

The expedition of which I can give the best account was that to Algiers, or rather to the Algiers Observatory, which is some few miles out of the town, high up on the hills. It is very rarely that the narrow belt from which a total eclipse can be seen includes an established observatory—so far as I know, it has never happened before; and our party (Mr. Newall, of

Cambridge, Mr. W. H. Wesley, Assistant Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, and myself) were thus specially fortunate in more ways than one. The able Director of the Observatory, M. Trépied, did all he possibly could for us: we found lodgings arranged, piers erected, and of course a regular time service, just as in India. But beyond all this he actually put at Mr. Wesley's disposal for the eclipse the large Equatorial Coudé, the finest instrument in the Algiers Observatory! There was naturally a good reason for this generosity. Mr. Wesley is a skilled draughtsman of unique experience in drawing the Corona: for when the photographs are brought home he is always charged with the duty of making a drawing from them. Hence he should know every feature of this wonderful structure; but did he? that was just the question. His knowledge was derived entirely from photographs—he had never seen the actual Corona; and it might be that there were features to be seen in a telescope which photographs always failed to reproduce. Indeed, there were positive assurances to this effect from competent observers who *had* seen the Corona and compared their impressions subsequently with the photographs: they said that there was beautiful detail close to the sun which the camera never caught. Hence the Royal Astronomical Society decided to send out Mr. Wesley to test this point: he already knew thoroughly the sort of structure shown by photographs, and when he saw the original would be perhaps able to say at once whether there was anything new to him. When M. Trépied heard of this interesting experiment, he at once offered Mr. Wesley the Equatorial Coudé; but however good the above reason, it has been universally recognised that this was a conspicuous act of courtesy. No telescope of this size had ever before been available for seeing the Corona; it was offering to a foreigner what promised to be, and what Mr. Wesley in the event recognised as, "the finest view of the Corona that ever man had." Fortunately nothing occurred to prevent justice being done to the occasion; Mr. Wesley was able to give a definite answer to the question he was sent out to settle.

The hour of the partial phase must have been a trying one for him: he "felt very solemn," he says, as he heard the signal for totality and put in the eyepiece to make his inspection. Then came a gasp of astonishment at the beauty of the Corona; but, after a second or two, followed the conviction that it was a perfectly familiar sight—just what photographs showed, only far more beautiful; there was nothing new except the glory of actuality. It may seem a negative and therefore a disappointing conclusion, but it can be put in a positive form, which is more satisfactory. "There is more in the photographs than people know of," is the form into which Mr. Wesley puts his verdict; those who consider the photographs deficient have not examined them carefully enough. It is comforting to think that we are really obtaining the whole truth on our plates.

The other members of the Algerian expedition were also successful in their different undertakings, though the time for preparation was rather short, partly in consequence of the late arrival of a steamer with our instruments on board: we thus had very hard work for a few days, and only just managed to complete our arrangements in time. Still we were not unhappy, for we were comfortably lodged amid the most beautiful surroundings—the views from our hill-top at Bouzareah were quite indescribable. Our chief regret was that we could not accept numerous hospitable invitations from delightful people who lived in neighbouring villas with lovely gardens, and who seemed generally anxious to gladden the heart of man. But the work was only just got through by the closest attention to business; half-a-dozen friends who kindly helped us during totality had to be content with the very minimum of instruction and rehearsal; and it is most creditable to them that they carried through a complicated programme without a hitch. We got back to England after a week's further hard work (developing plates and packing up our instruments) thoroughly tired out; as indeed were the other parties from Spain and Portugal. It is not all joy to have an eclipse near home: the long voyage to and fro is almost a necessity for diluting the hard work.

And now, what have we gained by these eclipses, two out of three completely successful and the third not wholly unsuccessful? Perhaps I may first consider a more pertinent question still, which is often put to us: Why do you have to go on observing eclipses? Have you not got all you want to know? The full answer would take too long to give, but an argument from analogy may hint at it. The ordinary surface of the sun is visible to us all day and every day when the weather is fine; we can observe the spots on this surface, and other features, at will, or we can take snapshots of it and study them at leisure. There is no need to make an expedition for the purpose—the finest telescopes in the finest climates can be brought to bear on the sun whenever necessary. And yet, with all this opportunity, we are only very slowly building up our knowledge of the changes on the sun's ordinary surface—the "Photosphere," as it is called. We cannot say yet that we know what sunspots *are;* it is at least doubtful whether they are depressions in the surface according to "Wilson's Theory"; even this simple point cannot be decided for certain. It is tolerably well established that their numbers wax and wane every eleven years, but we do not know whether this period is constant or subject to sensible fluctuations, and so on. Now the Corona and Chromosphere are parts of the sun which we cannot see to full advantage except on the occasion of a total eclipse (the Corona not at all); they are, however, more important and more difficult of study than the Photosphere, for they are the seat of the most interesting changes in solar history. But whereas we have had in the past six years thousands of hours for studying the Photosphere in the poorest climate, we have only had altogether about *six minutes* of total eclipse on these three occasions for studying the Corona and Chromosphere.

It will readily be understood, therefore, that it is easier to state what we do *not* know about the Corona than what we do know, what we hope for rather than what we have attained, and the following are some of the things in which we have not yet succeeded completely.

We do not know whether the Corona rotates with the sun. The fiery ball we ordinarily see rotates on its axis once in twenty-five days, and presumably carries the innermost layer of the solar atmosphere with it; but does the rotation extend to the long streamers (seen only at an eclipse) in any degree? We may get a partial answer in one of two ways: by comparison of photographs taken at distant stations during the same eclipse, or by use of the spectroscope. The eclipse of May last, for instance, was visible in America and in Europe, but not at the same instant of time; we saw it in Algiers an hour and a half after some observers in America. Now, if the Corona is rotating, it should change its aspect in an hour and a half; the change would certainly be small, but might be discernible. As yet, however, no change in so short an interval has been detected. Comparison of the photographs taken in America with those taken in Spain shows vast changes in the *prominences*, those wonderful outbursts close to the sun, but this is nothing new; with the spectroscope we can observe the prominences in full daylight, and a huge prominence is often seen to alter its form completely in a few minutes. The real question is about the Corona, and as yet we can say nothing; we must trust to improvements in our photographs if we are to get information in this way.

The spectroscope can, however, detect motion, when no change is apparent to the eye, in bodies moving towards or from us. The rotation of the sun, or the revolution of one star round another, has been inferred from the shifting of the lines in the spectrum; and it is hoped that the rotation of the Corona, if any, may be found in a similar way. The observation is of extreme difficulty, owing to the faintness of the light of the Corona; and one attempt already made (in 1898) yielded no result. This particular attempt illustrates forcibly how scanty (and, therefore, often positively misleading) is our present knowledge of the Corona. The part of the Corona to which the spectroscope was directed was chosen after a careful examination of previous spectrum-photographs; it must not

be too close to the sun, for various reasons; on the other hand, it must not be too far out, or the light would be too faint to impress the plate. Judging from previous records, a safe compromise was chosen. Alas! the Corona behaved quite differently, and the "safe" limit was passed; there was nothing at all on the plates; and other plates, taken in a different way, showed clearly the reason why—the coronal spectrum was too faint at the point to be photographed in the time available. Next year there will be a much longer eclipse than that in India—nearly four times as long—and Mr. Newall hopes to repeat the attempt in Sumatra next year with better success. No one is better qualified than himself to make the experiment.

This unexpected change in the Corona brings us to another of the points under scrutiny—viz., the slow changes which the Corona undergoes irrespective of the sun's rotation. The aspect is quite different at different eclipses, but there is a rough regularity in the changes sympathetic with that in sunspots—at least, so we believe on rather scanty evidence. For complete information on this point we must have many more records; an average of one every two years accumulates them very slowly.

If nothing else had been achieved, we might regard the advances in photographic method for eclipse work during the last five years as a satisfactory asset. The problem is difficult and complex. For the inner Corona—the part close to the ordinary sun—we want large pictures; accordingly different methods have been tried for using the necessary long cameras, of forty feet, sixty feet, and even a hundred feet! To point such long cameras to the sun is a matter of great difficulty, but has been accomplished (for forty feet) by burying one end in the ground or rearing the other end against a small hill. Professor Schaeberle found a most convenient rock for the latter purpose in Japan, and crowned it with the Stars and Stripes alongside the Japanese flag. In India Mr. Michie Smith had to *build* himself a mountain, by coolie labour at 1½*d.* a day. A better method, however, is to point the camera to a moving mirror which reflects the sun steadily into it, and one of the great advances

recently made in eclipse work is the utilisation of a special arrangement of this kind called a "cœlostat,"[1] which reduces the whole sky virtually to rest in a most convenient manner. It was invented long ago by a Frenchman, but practically forgotten. The British observers were the first to take out cœlostats in 1896, but cloudy weather prevented the use of them: in 1898, however, they proved a great success, and have accordingly this year been adopted in America, with excellent effect there also. In this way better and larger pictures than before have been obtained, and the way has undoubtedly been found to improve our knowledge of the inner Corona.

But, secondly, there is the outer Corona to be photographed—the long faint streamers which can be seen by the eye, but never appear upon the plates. At the Indian eclipse a distinct advance was made by Mr. and Mrs. Maunder, who obtained pictures showing the streamers much farther than ever before, and great credit is due to them for their success. It is, however, not yet possible to say whether the advance is permanent—*i.e.*, whether the success can be often repeated. The results were obtained with a small camera and "triple-coated" plates, and if success is due to these, it can be repeated again and again; but if due to the exceptionally fine sky in India, or to the particular phase of coronal activity in 1898, it can be obtained more rarely. Mr. and Mrs. Maunder made similar experiments this year in Algiers, but did not photograph the streamers nearly so well, which would seem to point to the climate of India as the main factor in the result. But here again we want more evidence, and we may well await further experiments by these enthusiastic observers before regarding the question as settled either way.

It will be seen that the requirements for photographing different parts of the Corona are very different, and a particular plate—perhaps a whole instrument—is devoted to one part or

[1] One of the Indian newspapers, interpreting what was doubtless bad handwriting, spelt this word "coclostat," and "coclostat" the instrument was accordingly called for the rest of that occasion.

another, neglecting the rest. Only one man, so far as I know, has attempted to photograph the whole Corona adequately on the same plate. Mr. Charles Burckhalter, an American amateur, has arranged an ingenious apparatus for giving a short exposure to the bright parts and a long exposure to the faint. He took it out to Japan in 1896, and was disappointed by clouds; he carried it to India in 1898, and obtained a partial success; and this year he has at last produced some excellent pictures showing prominences and outer Corona together on the same plate—a termination to a difficult enterprise on which he is to be warmly congratulated.

Thirdly, we know very imperfectly what the Corona is made of. The spectroscope is the usual instrument for informing us of the constitution of bodies, and however faint their light, if it is available for a sufficiently long time, we can get the information required: thus, we can photograph the spectra of faint stars and nebulæ, though the requisite exposure may last many hours. In the case of the Corona, we are limited to minutes or seconds, and it is accordingly only the brighter portions of which the spectroscope can tell us anything—viz., the inner Corona and the innermost or Chromosphere. The spectrum of the former is photographed by exposing a plate during the whole time of totality, that of the latter by exposing for a second or less just before totality begins and just after it is over, for the Chromosphere fits the sun very closely and is behind the moon during totality. The taking of these photographs just before and after totality is a new feature in eclipse work, added in the last few years. Mr. Shackleton took the first of them in 1896 in Nova Zembla (the historic photograph above mentioned). Other expeditions were prepared to take them in that year, but the clouds determined to let Mr. Shackleton have the sole credit. Since 1896 these photographs have been taken by several others, and the attention called to them has led to an even newer departure, the sending of an expedition to a place where the eclipse is only *just* total, and so sacrificing observations possible during totality in favour of

these on the innermost Corona (the name is hardly settled yet; some call them photographs of "the flash," but there is good reason against this), which are then made under the best conditions.

Of these two sets of spectra, I can only speak most inadequately from hearsay, as I have done no work in this field; but I gather that they differ essentially from that of the Photosphere, from one another, and from themselves at different times; that though little can be done in the way of identifying the lines with those of terrestrial substances, there are certain stars which give similar spectra; and possibilities of classification are accordingly opened up. But clearly we need not hesitate to accumulate more observations for comparison.

Passing to the outer Corona, we have very little help from the spectroscope at all. Its light is probably the sun's light reflected from minute particles in suspension, perhaps repelled from the sun electrically. The evidence for this view is afforded by the polariscope; the light is seen to be polarised just as it would be on this supposition. But hitherto observations have been only *qualitative;* so that, though part of the light is undoubtedly reflected in this way, we have not known how much. A great part may be due to the glow of a gas or other agency. Part of the work recently done by Mr. Newall and myself has been undertaken with a view to measuring *quantitatively* this polarisation, and so determining how much of the light is reflected sunlight. The most definite possible conclusion is, of course, that it is *all* of this nature; and, so far as measures have yet been made, this conclusion seems not improbable; but a great deal still remains to be done before this result can be regarded as at all certain.

Such are a few of the problems we are trying to solve, and the difficulties in the way. The undoubted progress made recently is largely due to the fact that many of the same observers have been out to all these three eclipses, and so have been able to profit by experience. Not only is this the case with the official parties (sent out by the Joint Committee of the Royal and

Royal Astronomical Societies or by American Observatories), but the enthusiasm of many individuals, especially among the members of the British Astronomical Association, has carried them three times to the central line. If only the long eclipse of next year (as long as the other three combined—six minutes) could be a little nearer home, a large army of observers would probably again take the field; but Sumatra, and even Mauritius, are rather too far away for many of those who could do good work, and they must perforce wait till 1905, when we shall again have a European eclipse. May the weather be again as propitious as it was last May!

H. H. Turner.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE STAGE

EVERY now and again questions regarding the moral influence of the stage are raised and discussed; controversy of a discursive kind waxes warm around them; the mental atmosphere is darkened by the jests, rather than arguments, levelled at the would-be reformers. Then gradually the subject recedes into the background, the combatants become quiescent again, and things remain much as they were, until the next time. Unfortunately for those of us who believe that there is something to be said on the side of the protesters, these protests against the influence of the stage seem, in our days at any rate, always to be conducted in such a manner that the protesting, or moralist, party is identified with the stupid party; and the question is then dealt with by its opponents more on the ground of the absurdity of its champions than on its own merits.

Granting—which some people deny—that the influence of the stage is real and widely reaching, it yet seems hardly possible to imagine that it can be deliberately deflected in one direction or another for the purpose of educating, in the widest sense of the word. For while, on the one hand, the organisers of theatrical enterprise are not specially anxious to educate, on the other the champions of moral reform are not specially occupied, save in its moral aspect, with the stage. We are not here concerned with the attribution of praise or blame to either

of these types of character. It is a platitude to say that, as a rule, the general trend of most people's activities is independent of their choice, and tends towards the channel of least resistance. The turn of mind which leads a man to associate with the stage —to become the proprietor, the manager of a theatre, the interpreter of the plays represented—is not at all congruous to the tendency of another man whose natural bent, just as clearly defined, is towards the study of moral and social problems. In attempting the solution of these, the latter becomes busy with the reform, the education, the elevation of his fellow-creatures. It is evident that a person whose primary objects are of this kind may become a moralist, a philanthropist, a teacher, but does not generally become the manager of a theatre. It is in the former capacity, perhaps, that he will have the more obvious opportunities of improving his fellow-creatures, if his excessive zeal does not lead him to set about it in the wrong way. But this, unluckily, it occasionally does. Any zealous propagandist of one particular view, any man with that single-minded devotion to one cause which makes the successful reformer, is probably bound to appear in the light of a bore to the people who do not happen to share his particular enthusiasm; and it is much to be regretted that the more recent advocates of theatrical reform should have been persons whose genuine absorption in one purpose should so have prevented them from seeing in their true proportion other issues of the questions raised that in the eyes of their adversaries they, and unhappily their opinions also, have become justifiable butts for ridicule.

An example of this was seen a short time since, when an ardent opponent of the stage, moved, we must recognise, by a quite genuine and honourable indignation, albeit based on hearsay, at certain passages in certain plays he had read about, made an urgent appeal for the reform of the stage to the House of Commons, a public body not very likely to respond to such an appeal, or even to be interested by it. For in this, as in other educational questions, it is unfortunately those called upon

to decide officially on the matter who are the least likely to be affected by the decision. It is difficult for the class which legislates to see from the point of view of the class legislated for, without taking a great deal of trouble, or being moved by a special enthusiasm for the given subject. In this particular case, especially, is the subject a complicated one; for those for whom it is a question of legislating as being affected by the influence of the stage comprise not one class of persons, but practically all classes. To speak of the audience, without a more precise definition of terms, as though it were a homogeneous mass, with only one point of view, must make the discussion of influencing it fruitless. It is important to realise that to show the same thing to different categories of human beings means, in reality, showing as many different things. What, after all, is meant by being influenced by a play? It is, presumably, that one's standard of life and conduct may be more or less affected by it, may be confirmed, or modified, or readjusted; and since the standard of conduct, in detail at any rate, varies a good deal from one class of society to another, to say nothing of the further difference between one individual and another, it is evident that we cannot accurately speak of the manner in which one particular play influences the audience without defining which portion of the audience we mean. Let us consider the general public, filling the different parts of a house where a successful society play is being performed. The stalls, probably—putting aside the real theatre-lovers, experts of the stage—are occupied by men and women of the world, of more or less education, cultivation, and experience, whose attitude towards the play they have come to see is for the main part that of the undiscriminating reader who accepts anything sent him by the circulating library. They go to the play, as a rule, without inquiring into the merits of the piece they are going to see, often without knowing the names of the actors. For them an evening at a theatre is a welcome form of pictorial fiction, an opportunity of spending an hour or two away from their usual preoccupations, making them laugh (an incalculable

boon—we must take into account that some people never laugh in their homes) or making them cry, without that pleasing wave of emotion reaching lower than the surface. When the stage presentment of life, society, conduct, diverges too widely from what on the whole they accept as customary, they smile indulgently and are the more amused; but they do not necessarily readjust their own code by what they have seen and heard. Yet we must face the fact that these are the persons, together with a yet larger section of the community who never go inside theatres at all, who form the majority of those called upon to decide whether the stage is or is not an educator and an influence.

But what of another portion of the public, those for whom the stage is the chief, if not the only form of fiction accessible, the only outlet for the imagination, the only conception of what happens in certain conditions of life in which they have no part? It is very difficult, if not impossible, for those who are not thrown into frequent and close intercourse with uneducated minds to estimate the enormous, insurmountable difference it makes to the judgment not to have opportunities of assimilating many forms of experience, approached under favourable conditions. I say this diffidently, in the face of our belief in the enormous spread of education and in its invariably leavening effect upon the masses; but the mere knowledge of reading, undirected by judgment or experience, is not necessarily education. We are constantly told that what we need is to raise the intellectual and moral standard of the audience. The education of to-day is endeavouring to do that, no doubt; but let the stage co-operate as well. It is difficult for the educated mind, trained to the keen-witted discrimination of circumstance, to realise the curiously blind way in which the uneducated grope through their lives, unconscious of the true proportion and bearing of the events which they encounter, whether in real life or in fiction. It is, therefore, more than difficult for the spectator of wide and many-sided experience to estimate justly the amount of influence exercised on the simpler

mind by a piece which may not have affected himself at all. But it would seem to some of us to be hardly an open question whether or no the incidents represented should be dealt with in a way tending to give an impulse towards right rather than towards wrong. But how is this to be effected? The methods hitherto employed have not been very satisfactory. As a rule, when the question is discussed, those who attempt to deal with it do not seem to have clearly before them what is being aimed at. Small wonder, then, if their dealings are ineffectual. It has never yet been kept clearly in view which is the class being legislated for, nor has the question been dealt with from the point of view of that class only, uninfluenced by the personal tastes, idiosyncrasies, and preferences of the class called upon to legislate—uninfluenced especially by the antagonism which, by some fatal predestination, the methods of the theatrical reformer invariably appear to arouse in his hearers. There is something in the impact of the moralist's well-meaning attack which seems to shake from those whom he addresses a succession of scornful and abortive platitudes regarding the stage, of impromptu utterances which may delude themselves and others into believing they have emitted an opinion. Of this the debate I have mentioned is an example. True to the tradition of his kind, the latest champion of reform, Mr. Samuel Smith,

> Puisqu'il faut l'appeler par son nom,
> Capable d'enricher en un jour l'Achéron

by the foes whom his zeal is ready to encounter in mortal combat, said everything he could to damage his cause, and but little to recommend it. I believe that many of us who agree with him that the general moral standard of the stage is a question of great importance, and that the present plan of having one person, the Censor, as official arbiter of the plays produced in London, does not lead to very good results, must, after reading the debate (since reprinted, and circulated as a pamphlet), be deplorably conscious of being well-nigh converted

from those views by the utterances of their most zealous supporter. For it is difficult to feel at one with a moralist who, never having been inside a theatre, announces that the drama is at a lower ebb than at any time since the Restoration; who makes the strange topsy-turvy assertion—a very rude one, besides—that "London will be like Paris, since a decadent drama and a decadent literature will produce a decadent nation"; I had always thought it was the decadent nation produced the decadent literature—quotes a motley collection of criticisms from critics of quite opposite opinions, and winds up with a high-flown peroration in which he attributes our early reverses in South Africa to the errors of our stage! It is difficult, no doubt, to recognise behind these utterances the justice of the cause they so grotesquely mask. It is perhaps not to be wondered at that most of Mr. Samuel Smith's hearers, nearly as unbiassed as himself by any practical knowledge of the subject under discussion, disqualified in another direction by being entirely indifferent to it, which he was not, and rendered incapable apparently of cool judgment by the derision aroused by his utterances, should, with some noteworthy exceptions, have failed to raise the debate into more dignified regions. The Home Secretary made a wise and temperate speech, in which he deprecated any measures being taken by the Government. He did not say definitely whether he himself concurred in the view put forth by the Lord Chamberlain in a conversation that had taken place between them, "that an expression in the House that certain things on the stage might be checked with advantage" might strengthen the Lord Chamberlain's hands. He did not think that the House was in a position to state that, in the words of the resolution, "there was a growing tendency to put a lower class of plays on the stage." In this many of us will agree with him; will feel inclined to doubt whether there are more bad plays at this moment than at any time within the last three hundred years, or fewer good ones, comparing necessarily not with the most brilliant periods of theatrical production, but

taking the lean years with the fat years. The same cry has periodically been raised in this country ever since there was a stage at all. Time after time has the lamentation been heard that the plays of the day—whenever that day may have been—were worse than at any other time; that public morals would be affected, and the country would suffer. The words "bad" and "good" in this connection need, of course, to be defined; but if we assume for the moment that by "bad" plays improper plays, so called, are meant, there is no doubt that at many a preceding period there have been plays that shocked the spectators of their own time quite as much as any play produced in our day shocks us. For we must remember that this is a point which can be judged on contemporary evidence only, and of which the standard varies so much from one generation to another, that it is impossible, unless we take that varying point of view into account, to make an adequate comparison. A play which survives may, as a work of art, probably be correctly enough estimated by succeeding generations; but as an influence it can only be judged by its own. If, on the other hand, "bad" plays mean inadequate, dull, unsatisfactory plays, one has only to read any theatrical records to see how many of those there were at every time, which after they were produced were seen and heard of no more. As we look back along the road of time we see in perspective all the plays that have survived; but the same perspective prevents us from seeing that they are not always in reality close to one another, that there are great gaps between them, just as there are great gaps between the fine plays of our own day. We obviously do not see the others, for they have sunk out of sight.

To return to the debate. Mr. Birrell, who spoke towards the end of it, did not apparently share the view that any expression of opinion in that House regarding the stage could strengthen the hands of the authorities. He begged the House not to make itself ridiculous by pretending to be an authority on a subject of which it knew nothing, an appeal which was

greeted by cheers from both sides. These are truly not favourable conditions under which to debate a subject which seems to many of us so important: that the assembly of legislators before whom it is brought should not only be ready to concur with such alacrity in the statement that they knew nothing of the subject they had been called upon to discuss, but should accept that ignorance as an inevitable condition of things which no one need be at the trouble of altering. This it is that really stands in the way of all improvement; the real obstacle opposed to every possible attempt at reform is the indifference of the majority of the educated public in this country towards the stage. In Germany and France, at the present day, when a new play is produced at a theatre of any standing, every one interested in any form of letters is interested also in that one: the people to be met with in general society are often ready to discuss it with more or less discrimination. But in England the critical vocabulary of the ordinary playgoing public—an index, presumably, to their critical faculty—is apt to be limited, not to say abortive. If you listen as you come out of a theatre to the expressions of opinion being exchanged round you on the play just seen, what do you hear?—from the younger generation of both sexes, if they are expressing approval, "ripping"; if condemnation, "rot." This last, it is true, may be subtly differentiated: the piece may be described as "rather rot" or "awful rot." Older people will say that it is "nice," or "amusing," or "sad," or object to it on the grounds that they would not have liked one of the characters as an inmate of their family circle. This is hardly criticism. But, unfortunately, many enlightened persons, even able to formulate their views on other forms of art and letters in apt and ingenious terms refuse to apply their powers of discrimination to the stage, of to-day, or to consider it seriously. It will certainly not help to raise its standard of merit that it should be entirely put aside by those whose minds have been trained to distinguish.

To whom, then, are we to appeal? Are we to come to the

conclusion that any definite matured expression of public opinion in the matter of stage reform, any effective action based on it, is unattainable? It ought not to be, if we could approach the discussion of the subject adequately—that is to say, if it could be conducted by a body of persons with authority and knowledge, of wide experience and intercourse enough with different conditions of men to estimate and place its influence, and philanthropic enough to be willing to sacrifice time and trouble in order to direct that influence to the best advantage. And, if it were possible to have a discussion under conditions so favourable, we should then have deliberately to limit the field of debate, deliberately to close our eyes to the wide issues that would open before us on every side, in order to remain within the region of practical resources. The special points which to the stage-lover would be of absorbing interest would have to be eliminated, the contemplation and comparison of different dramatists, different periods, different methods, dismissed. We should have to consider the subject from one side only, and not blur and falsify our views, as we are apt to do, by trying to estimate a play as a work of art at the same time that we are considering its influence on morals; and all our energies should be bent towards finding out whether there are any practical steps that can be taken to ensure that the stage shall exercise a good influence instead of a bad one, either by preventing it from exercising the latter, or by increasing its opportunities of exercising the former. All the steps taken so far have been in the preventive direction, and in that line the would-be reformers of the stage have never displayed much fertility of invention. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the Privy Council, wishing to "appoint some persons to control the stage," appealed to two officials hardly to be considered as experts in such a connection: one was the Lord Mayor, the other the Archbishop of Canterbury. In our days we are but half as resourceful: we have not asked the Archbishop.

But must we take preventive measures only? Can we not

take some active steps as well? Could it not, without affecting what we will call for purposes of description—I will not wait to define further—the really good plays of the day, be brought about that good sound plays of the kind which appeal specially to the less educated and less experienced portion of the audience should, in these days when theatres are springing up everywhere, be accessible at reasonable prices? The mind destitute of subtle appreciation is not necessarily appealed to by the thing which is great, but by the thing which is obvious. I venture to doubt the truth of the saying, that "a really good play"—any more than a really good book—"appeals to every one." What sort of a play is it, can it be, that will appeal alike to the man of letters, the scholar, the idler, the man who labours with his hands? I should doubt whether it exists, whether as a work of art it can exist. Let us, obviously, take "Hamlet" as an example of a play that is commonly supposed to fulfil these conditions. But, as I say this, I feel that to throw the great name of Shakespeare into the balance of an argument on the stage is apt entirely to destroy the equilibrium of the discussion; indeed, many of us would be more likely to try and think for ourselves if we had not that safe card, not to speak irreverently, with which to trump the opinion of our neighbour. It can hardly be called an argument to reply to such a one whose mind misgives him that we are not a dramatic nation, or who is not satisfied with the plays we produce to-day, "And yet we have one Shakespeare"—or, still more crushing, to say with quiet sarcasm, "It seems to me that I have heard of one Mr. Shakespeare, who is not altogether to be despised." However, since these statements are generally accepted as conclusive arguments, I feel that it is with feet planted on the solid rock that I instance Shakespeare, and say that I have seen over and over again that servants and other spectators of a like standard do not care to see Shakespeare, and choose rather, if given an alternative, something they find more easy to understand; for a play in which subtlety and profundity are united to action does not necessarily appeal to the uneducated mind so much as a play in which

action and motive are simple to baldness. One of the speakers in the debate referred to the villain of Adelphi melodrama, and withered his honourable friend, Mr. Samuel Smith, by presuming that was the style of play he wished to see; whereat the other honourable members were like to split with merriment. But why? It is possible that in his proper place, speaking to that special audience the author intended him to reach, the Adelphi villain may be a more useful member of society than even a Member of Parliament. For an Adelphi drama is one in which the boundary of what we call "vice" and "virtue" is clearly marked: the virtue of the Adelphi hero leads to success and happiness, the vices of the villain to a fate which is a terrible warning. This is not the kind of play that does harm; quite the contrary.

To a small country town in Yorkshire with which I am acquainted, there comes at intervals a stock theatrical company, which performs, literally, in a barn, at infinitesimal prices. The plays produced, if not very nourishing to the more complex mind, are always sound and good, full of movement, full of interest to the audience before whom they are performed. Night after night that barn is full; night after night men and women, boys and girls, who might be loitering in the streets, or in public-houses, are imbibing this rough-and-ready code, are listening to plain and obvious maxims of conduct, are associating mean, cowardly, and criminal acts with pitiable results. No one who had been to that little theatre could doubt the good effect of the influence radiating from it. It would be well if such centres of influence were to be found all over the country, in the more considerable provincial towns as well as in the smaller ones, instead of the plays represented there being generally reproductions of London successes. In the larger country towns, in which most of the population are engaged in business, existence has the qualities of its defects; if in some of them there is no leisured class to be found, there is also no vicious and idle class, and no toleration of its spirit. To take through the provinces a play like the "Belle of New

York," in which such a spirit is not only tolerated, but held up to admiration, in which the sympathies of the audience are enlisted for all that is base and detestable, in which the whole of existence is brought down to a lower level, and the demarcation of good and evil so blurred that nothing distinctive is left, is deliberately to spread a pernicious influence through the whole country. I cannot find words to express my detestation of such a play. I should like to throw away the very expressions I use in discussing it, lest they should bring it into connection with any other. To speak in the same breath of "The Gay Lord Quex"—I pray Mr. Pinero to forgive me for writing the two names on the same page—is but another proof of the entire want of apprehension, the colossal ignorance of the person who instanced them together in the House of Commons. For the grounds of possible objection to the two are absolutely different. It is true that there are some scenes in that brilliant and ingenious comedy which may be undesirable for those of limited years or limited experience to witness; but, at any rate, it is not on the side of vice that those scenes enlist our sympathy. Problem plays are an inevitable outcome of our problem time. By all means let us have social problems raised on the stage, let us see bad actions represented, and let us see good; but let us know which is which. The harm lies, not in seeing the bad action, but in calling it the good one.

It is a platitude to say that the stage reflects the life and conditions which surround it; and it is small wonder if the reflection we see on the stage of to-day is not a beautiful one. We must face the fact that the time we live in is an ugly time, which, like the frock-coats of our citizens, does not lend itself to being treated in marble; we must resign ourselves, however much we may regret it, to the conviction that our conditions of to-day do not resemble those under which the Greek drama flourished. There is nothing more fruitless than to appeal from the stage of one time to the stage of another. The undying Greek plays representing to a small community with a

matchless perception of art the great stories that had formed their creeds and nurtured their race, were accepted by the spectators, taken for granted, understood. Our conditions are complicated by the blurring, killing effect of our overcrowded existence, of a period in which every social ordinance is being questioned and readjusted, in which the rapid change of the outward conditions of life necessitates a constant shifting and changing of moral standards. But whatever the aspect of the life and mind of a given moment, the drama remains the most vivid manifestation of that aspect; and we cannot afford to disregard the stage of our own time. Our leading thinkers, our philosophers of to-day, would do well to take the stage into account, as philosophers of former times have done, and accept it as their powerful ally, instead of turning their backs on it, dismissing its achievements, and dismissing, still more important, its possibilities. This article is not long enough, nor is the writer of it qualified, to enter upon the ever-living question of the ultimate object of art. But, even if that object be to give pleasure, it is difficult to believe that the art of the stage, at any rate, can avoid being didactic as well. Well for us if we receive from it counsels of aspiration rather than of low tolerance; if we are made to look upwards instead of down. I doubt whether we, any of us, trained or untrained, young or old, rich or poor, are so certain of ourselves that we could afford to become accustomed to representations which should insensibly deaden our standards of life, and hope, and possibility. We have a right to demand—we, the audience, with whom rests the ultimate verdict of the stage—that that which is offered to us should appeal to the good instincts in us and not to the bad; to demand that, as we have already said, our sympathies should be claimed by that which is noble and deserving and not by the reverse. It is, after all, not asking anything new or subversive, for this point of view has in reality always been that of the immense majority of mankind. Aristotle said, "the change of fortune presented must not be the spectacle of a perfectly good man brought

from prosperity to adversity . . . for this simply shocks us. Nor again that of a bad man passing from adversity to prosperity . . . it neither satisfies the moral sense nor calls forth pity or fear."

I do not know that since then we have gone much further; in fact, there is no further to go.

FLORENCE BELL.

ART BEFORE GIOTTO

The series of essays on Early Florentine Painting, of which this is the first, aims at being an interpretation of the results of recent researches into the history of art, considered from an æsthetic standpoint. The historian of art himself is bound to be somewhat of an archæologist; he is compelled to investigate the trivial records of the past with the same care as the greatest monuments, for he never knows in what forgotten lumber-room he may stumble on the key to the problems he seeks to solve. He must possess the enthusiasm, the patience, and the *flaire* of a *chiffonier*. Such laborious researches leave him but little leisure, sometimes but little aptitude, to turn round and compute the exact value of his discoveries. And yet these are but the raw material out of which we can build up our æsthetic appreciation of the artists and the art of past times. And here an artist can perhaps assist the amateur to that intimate enjoyment of whatever is eternally beautiful which is the final justification of so much toil. The author therefore considers himself as a middleman between the art-historian and the amateur: he makes no claim to documentary research, and wherever new ideas are put forward, they are only such modifications of theories already promulgated as suggest themselves to an artist who has attempted to become intimate with the æsthetic principles of early Italian painting.

WITH Giotto begins a tradition of painting which, if we survey European art as a whole, we may fairly call the modern tradition. But miraculous as Giotto's art appears, its coming was neither unheralded nor unprepared: it arose out of an art which had lived for centuries as an obscure and parasitic growth upon the decayed remains of Greece and Rome. And, in order to understand the full significance of the change wrought by Giotto, it is necessary to gain some idea of this earlier tradition.

The necessity is the greater in that, for most people, the centuries that intervene between the fall of Rome and the coming of Dante and Giotto are but dimly painted in that mental panorama of past history which makes so large a part of our total consciousness. Nor is this blank in our world-consciousness due so much to ignorance of the events of the period in question as to the want of any effective self-revelation in art or literature of the people of those times. So true is it that men's vague desires and dreams are not only more interesting but more durable than their actions. None the less, the art of the early Middle Ages, though it cannot make the same direct appeal to our emotions as either classical or modern art, is not without a peculiar and unique interest to the student of æsthetics.

In the first place, we see in it what was the effect on the artist of a complete change of religion and consequently of the mythological subject-matter of his art. In the second place, we see in it hints of an artistic development in a direction the reverse of that to which we are accustomed in studying either Græco-Roman or modern art—we see, that is, the process of passing from a naturalistic to an abstract and symbolical art, a gradual retracing of those steps through which Greek art had passed, and which were again to be traversed by modern art.

With regard to the first of these questions—the change from Paganism to Christianity—it is surprising to find how slight was the effect of this momentous alteration of feeling on the forms in which that new feeling was expressed.[1]

We must recognise, in fact, that, although under Christianity new influences found their way into European architecture and decorative design from Sassanian and Syrian sources, still, as regards the higher forms of artistic expression,

[1] The worship of Isis, at one time the rival of Christianity, in supplying the newly-felt demand for mystic teaching, did produce striking though temporary changes in Roman art; but whereas the religion of Isis inherited a well-formulated mode of giving outward expression to religious ideas, Christianity inherited from Judaism the prohibition of all sacred imagery.

the treatment of the human figure and its surroundings, Christianity subsisted on the worn-out remnants of classical art till about twelve hundred years after its foundation as a religion; and we shall find in the work of Giotto's immediate precursors types that would not surprise us in a Pompeian wall decoration. In the same way Christianity constructed its ritual from Roman and Egyptian models, while even in the elaboration of its mythology the same tendency is seen, the legends of the saints being pressed wherever possible into the familiar moulds of Pagan gods and heroes.

But though Christianity supplied no new creative impulse to art, it may well have hastened the process of reversion from naturalism to symbolism. Perhaps this is more accurately described as the reversion from concrete to abstract symbolism, for the material of all art is symbolic. With pure imitation art has no concern; the only question is how far the symbol expresses the *appearances*, or how far it aims at conveying the *mental idea* of objects.

The art of Rome, then, at the beginning of the Christian era was extremely naturalistic: the imagery was no doubt rendered by means of a well-recognised formula, but one that encompassed a wider range of natural effects than even the Italians of the *cinquecento* afterwards attained to. The paintings of Pompeii show a strong though capricious sense of atmospheric perspective, a preoccupation with those subtle and transient colour effects which are the theme of modern impressionism, and a chiaroscuro which at times reminds us of Venetian painting of the early *cinquecento*. The decorative and calligraphic brush-work of these paintings and their composition often recall Japanese painting, but the Roman artists had inherited from Greece a truer sense of relief in modelling and a richer chiaroscuro. One of the most striking characteristics of this art is the way in which by an exaggeration of atmospheric perspective these artists got their figures to stand out in bold silhouette from the faint and sketchy landscape background. The paintings of the Catacombs show how this

accomplished and essentially modern art, in which the complexity and variety of natural effects were evidently rendered, was reduced to the terms of archaic design; how a formula which still expressed, though in a negligent fashion, the knowledge of anatomy, chiaroscuro, and atmospheric perspective acquired by the painters of Greece was reduced to a formula capable of conveying only the most abstract and generalised ideas of natural objects. The Catacombs illustrate, in fact, the transition from an art of grown-up people to the elementary symbolism of a child's drawing. In this change much must be put down to the mere clumsiness and slovenliness of the early Christian artists, faults which were to a less extent shared by their pagan contemporaries. The artist who drew his knowledge of the figure from his predecessor's work found it continually more difficult to give the right shape to those shadows with which the decorative painters of Nero's time had so skilfully modelled their figures and silhouetted them from the background. Troubled in mind as to where the shadows must go to give proper relief, he lessened his embarrassment by suppressing the intermediate tones and reducing his scale to two or three strongly opposed tones of dark and light. But although the artist became more and more ignorant of what shapes he ought to give to the tones within the contour, he still retained (and in this he was helped by the tendency of his pagan predecessors to emphasise the silhouette) a definite, though always a more and more incorrect, notion of where the outline itself must go. Finally, as his troubles about the shapes and positions of his shadow tones increased, he found safety in letting them hug the coast line of his contour, until at last an archaic art of heavy, dark, and schematic outline replaced the system of decorative impressionism which the early Christian artists had inherited from Pagan times.

Nor can one doubt that Christianity, with its indifference to objects of sense, its insistence on the abstract idea, played a part in the hastening of this process, lessening the artist's interest in the mode of representation by demanding of him little more

than hieroglyphics with sufficient likeness to real figures to recall to the worshipper's mind such and such divine and saintly personalities. An indication of this attitude is afforded by the fact that the Christian artists early began to represent consecutive events of a story in a single composition, regardless of the want of verisimilitude entailed by such a method.

The change to elementary symbolism which the paintings of the Catacombs illustrate can also be followed in the early Christian mosaics of Rome. As typical stages in the process one may take first the apse of S. Pudenziana, of about the year 400. Here the principles of classic art still obtain: the heads, though clumsy, are well proportioned, the draperies fall in placid, well-designed folds, the light and shade is consistent, while the figures stand out in a free space of air from the imposing semicircle of classical buildings which enclose the heavenly court. For the second stage we may take the mosaic of SS. Cosma e Damiano (520 A.D.). Here light and shade is reduced to a conventional patch of dark on the ground at one side of the figure: the lines of the drapery scarcely indicate the idea of solid relief. In drawing the faces the artist has found it impossible to represent the relief of the nose by light and shade, and has had recourse to a heavy outline on either side to mark it off from the face. By the ninth century the process is complete, and the mosaic of S. Marco shows a system of purely topographical linear records of the primary facts of the human figure. The process of eliminating the naturalistic content of artistic symbols is, however, more concisely shown by the coins of the Empire before and after Constantine.

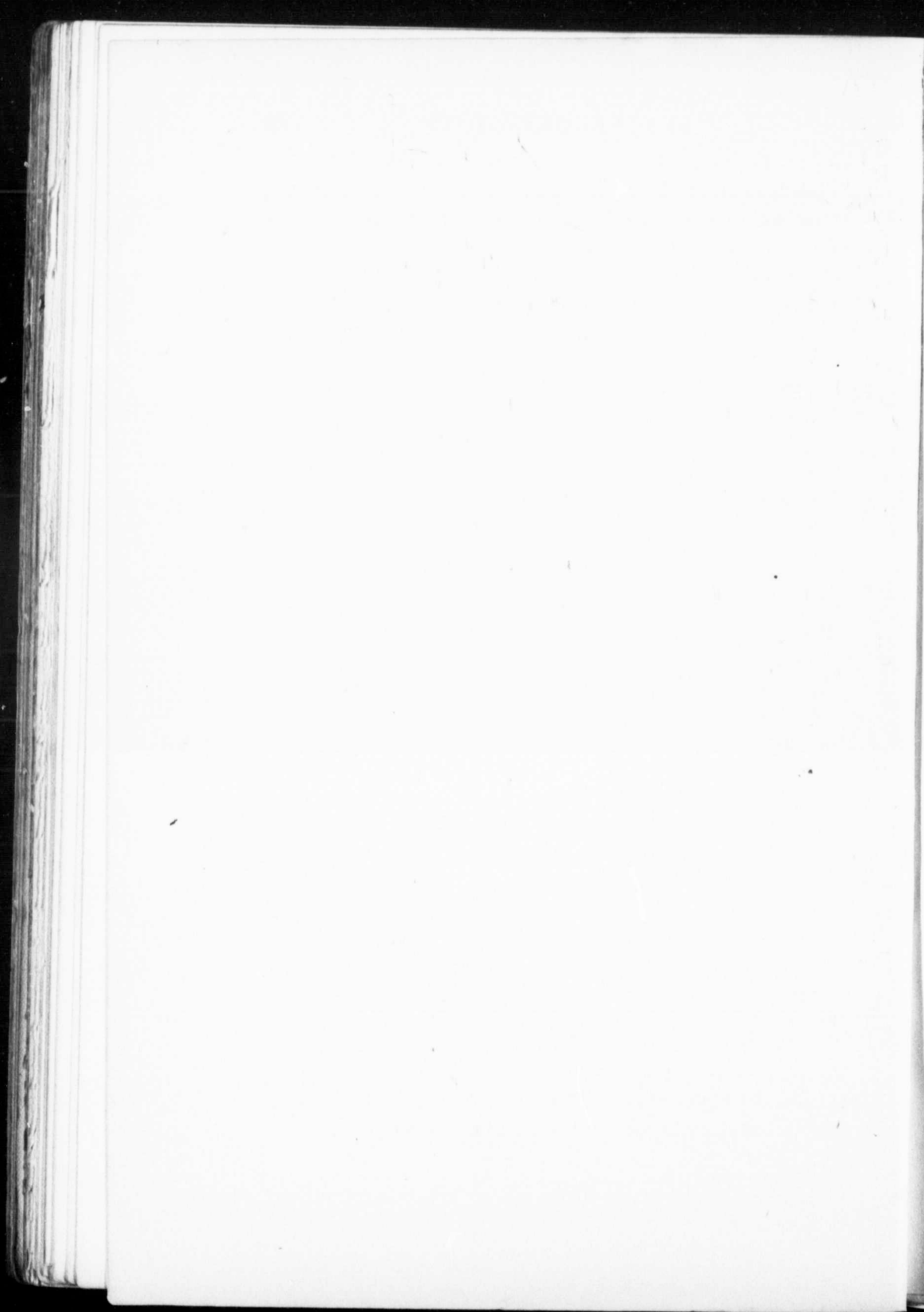
In the coin of Constantine (Fig. 1) the classical tradition is followed. In modelling the eye in the die for the coin the artist found a symbol expressive of the eye in profile: the limitations of his medium prevented any direct imitation, but by an incision he was able to suggest the appearance of the pupil in profile. Already, it is true, he leans towards the circular form, which may be regarded as the normal symbol of a pupil considered separately.

Fig. 1.—Coin of Constantine, Fourth Century

Fig. 2.—Coin of Priscus Attalus, c. 409

Photo Lombardi, Siena

Fig. 3.—Madonna. Italian, Twelfth Century. Museo, Siena



In the coin of Priscus Attalus (Fig. 2), less than a hundred years later, this tendency has become much more marked. The artist no longer attempts to find symbols of the natural appearance; he thinks in abstract terms: to him a face is the sum of various concepts—brow, nose, mouth, chin, eye. When he comes to the eye, for instance, he adopts the symbol which would naturally be taken if an eye were to be represented by itself: the symbol derived from its most obvious aspect—that of the full face. This is exactly the elementary symbolism of a child's drawing. A child draws only in terms of concepts head, hands, feet, and the mutual relations of these are summarised by straight lines. This direct passage from the idea to its recognised normal symbol characterises most primitive art, and we have here a curious case of the abandonment of concrete in favour of abstract symbolism. The reverse of the coins illustrates the same process: in the coin of Constantine the lines and dots, which are all that the artist has at his disposal, still give indication of the appearance of a real draped figure, while in the coin of Attalus, where the sad figure of "invicta Roma æterna" makes its last pathetic appearance, the lines no longer symbolise the planes of real drapery, but are merely linear indications of the direction of the folds.

So far as the Western Empire alone is concerned, this process of reversion went on almost unchecked till the twelfth century, and produced at times works of almost barbaric crudity (Fig. 3). But the Eastern Empire had a very different history. There, without the distracting interruptions of Gothic and Lombard invasions, in the midst of a highly complex and civilised society, an art was cultivated which had precisely the same classical origins as that of Italy, and which followed the same direction of a reversion to elementary symbolism, but which followed it, not from mere indifference of incapacity, but with self-conscious zest and fervour. The artists of Byzantium accepted this denaturalised and schematic art as the formula most capable of conveying that perfervid and speculative dogmatism and that love of elaborate ceremonial which were salient characteristics

of their civilisation. They too, like the Western artists, neglected Nature; but the history of Byzantine art is one of many proofs that the love of Nature and curiosity about natural forms are not the only things, are not even necessary things, to keep an art alive. A sufficient interest in the elaboration and perfection of technical methods, an enthusiasm for the display of manual dexterity, and finally a searching study of how to get the deepest imaginative coefficient out of a strictly limited artistic phraseology—these were the antiseptics that kept Byzantine art from going through the same stages of progressive decay as the art of the West, that kept it alive with a suspended animation through the darkest centuries of the Middle Ages, and enabled it to burst forth into new splendour under the Comnenian Emperors.

The first great works in which the Byzantine begins to differentiate itself from the common stock of debased classical tradition are the buildings and mosaics executed for Justinian at Ravenna. Here already in the architectural structure certain forms of Sassanian and Syrian origin unknown to the Roman builders make their appearance.

When we turn to the mosaics of S. Vitale and S. Apollinare Nuovo, we find the classical tradition still very strong. The well marked eye-sockets, the full, well-shaped eyes, deeply set and wide apart, are distinctively Græco-Roman traits. The drapery for ideal figures is still the toga, while the short, hard, cast shadows at the feet exactly recall the mosaics of Pompeii, and prove that the symbolism is not yet entirely denaturalised. In the drapery, too, a uniform idea of light and shade is apparent, though the oppositions of dark and light have almost lost their original significance of light and shadow masses. None the less, both faces and figures are here beginning to take on the peculiar characteristics of Byzantine art. The exaggerated length of the nose, the tendency to make it curve in at the tip, the length and thinness, the rigid hieratical poses of the figures, are all evidences of this. In later Byzantine works all these characteristics tend to become more pronounced, and, although

no really new motive is imported, the accentuation of these points in time gave to Byzantine designs an appearance and a sentiment very distinct from that of the classical paintings from which they were derived.

After the Ravenna mosaics there comes a gap in the sequence of Byzantine monumental art—a gap due to the proscription of all sacred imagery by Leo the Isaurian in the eighth century. This action was, however, of greater political than artistic importance. It brought about the final separation of the Eastern and Western Churches, and gave rise to the temporal power of the Papacy; but though it drove the artists of Constantinople to take refuge in monasteries and to devote themselves to miniatures instead of mosaics, it did not change in any way the artist's attitude, except to make him a more fervent, and indeed a deeply interested, adherent of orthodoxy.

The controversy was not closed by Leo's death. Whenever, under pretext of a regency, a woman was in power, the images returned to their places; but the male descendants of Leo repeated the accusation that Christianity had made more gods than it had destroyed. The accusation, however damaging from a theological point of view, was at least a tribute to the way in which Christianity had adapted itself to the æsthetic needs of mankind; and, however pure Leo's motives may have been, it is impossible for us not to feel grateful to Gregory II., whose ill-mannered defiance of the Emperor gave the sanction of orthodoxy to a doctrine without which Italian art could never have come into being.

After the Iconoclastic controversy had subsided, there came about a most remarkable revival of painting and mosaic, due in part to a reaction after its long suppression, in part to the increased wealth and good government which the Empire enjoyed under the Macedonian Emperors. It is to this interesting period of renaissance, beginning at the end of the ninth century, that we owe the works by which Byzantine art is best known. Even then, however, the Byzantine artists remained bound by their rigorous adherence to precedent. It was as

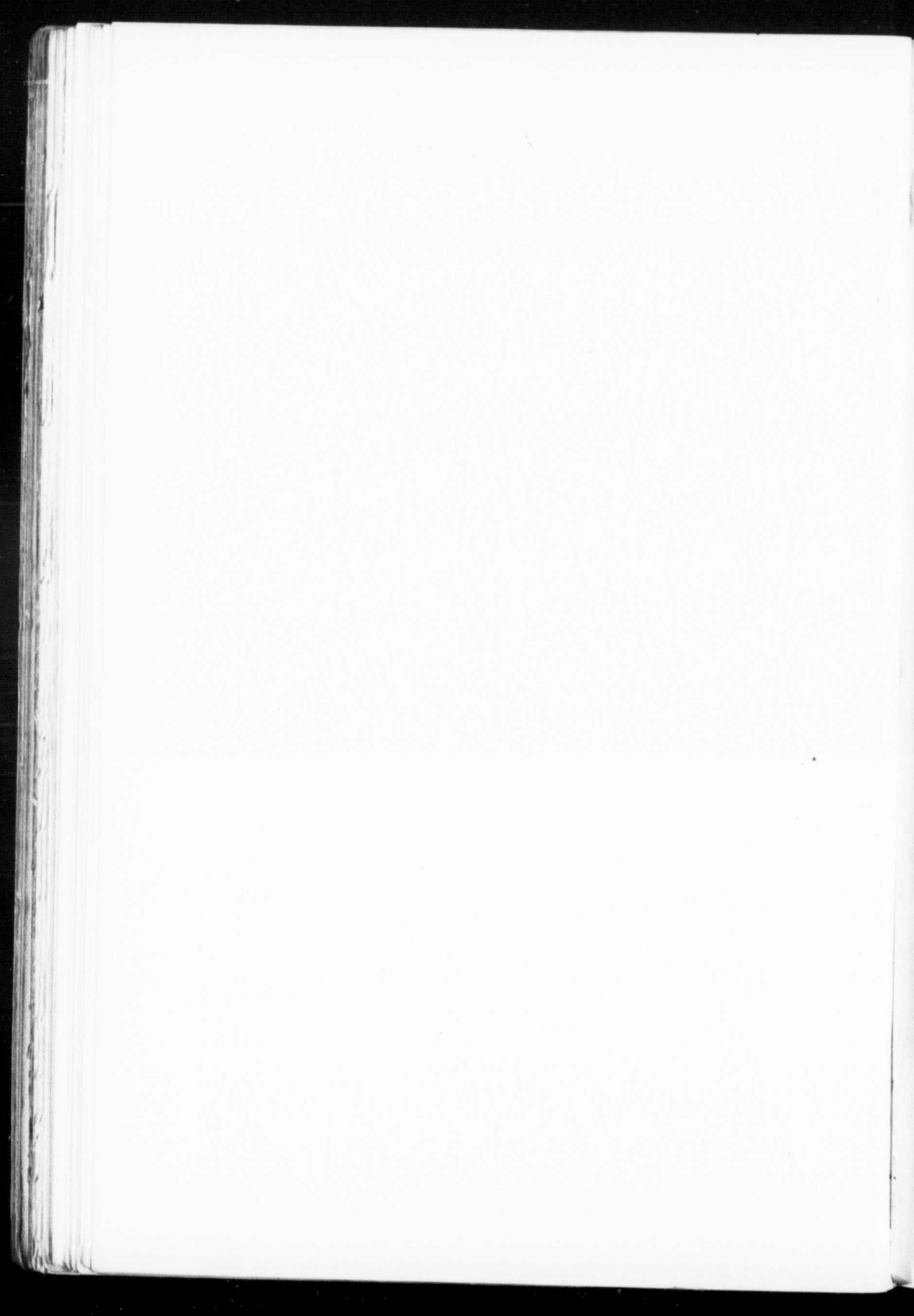
impossible as ever to them to break the sanctified spell of tradition and seek fresh material by the observation of nature. What they could do, however, was to have recourse to earlier and purer examples than those of their immediate predecessors. to return to the distant fountain-head of all early Christian art —to the art of Greece and Rome. And this study of ancient art may well have stirred, now and again, the imagination of some Byzantine artist to vague regrets for the lost pagan delight in life and nature, have made him feel an exile in the convention-ridden civilisation of his own time. Certainly such works as the well-known "David," in a MS. of the Bibliothèque Nationale (Fig. 4), suggest such a view, and one wonders at the ingenuity with which the monkish artist introduced into an illustration to the Book of Psalms so fresh a sense of Arcadian felicity. Here we have the inspiring muse, the genius of the mountain, and Echo herself—all the paraphernalia of Græco-Roman lyrical compositions. It matters little for our purpose that some of the figures may have been directly copied from classical originals, that the artist scarcely comprehended the beauty which fascinated him. The work remains as one of many striking proofs of the retrospective attitude of the artists of the Middle Ages.

Perhaps the best known monuments of this period, though they were executed when the Byzantine Renaissance was already in its decline, are the great mosaics of Palermo, Cefalu, and Monreale. Here no such lyrical feeling as gave rise to the "David" finds expression, but any one who has seen the history of the world as it is unrolled on the walls of Monreale in portentous and significant hieroglyphics, whose symbolism is neither artificial nor recondite, will admit that the later artists of Byzantium were not prevented either by the rigid conventions of their design nor by the limitations of their medium from expressing vividly their strange and lurid conception of the universe.

Of delight in the beauties of nature there is hardly a trace, there is no effort to observe or imitate, but these vast and

FIG. 4.—David inspired. Byzantine Miniature. Tenth Century. Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris

FIG. 7.—Illustration of the Utrecht Psalter



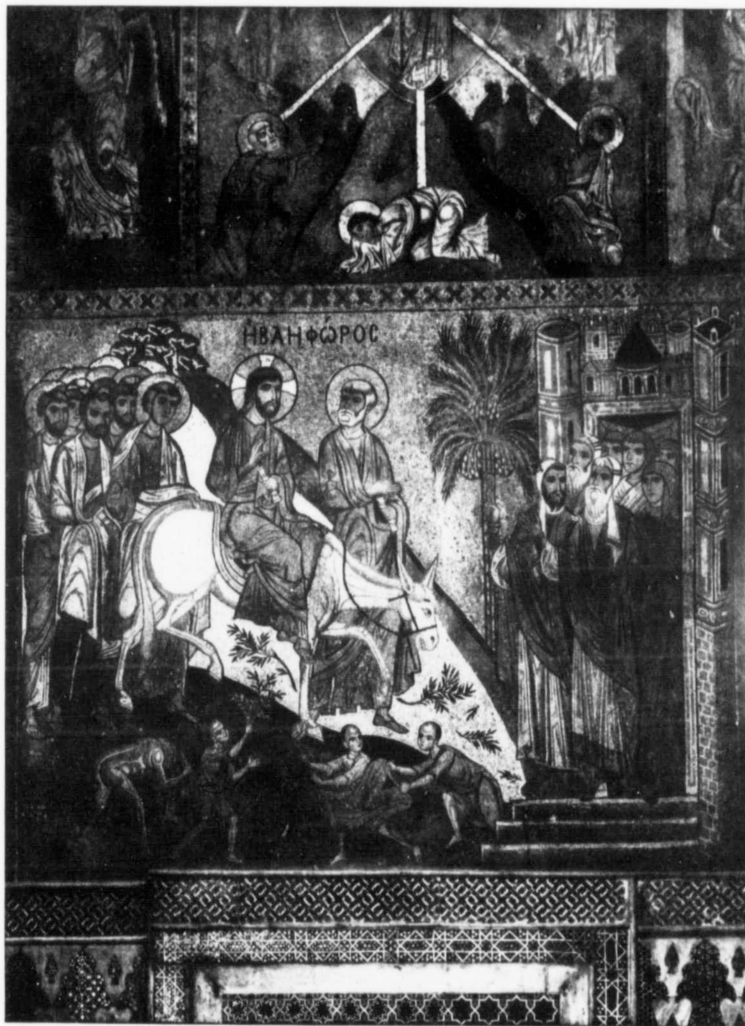


Fig. 5.—Byzantine Mosaic. Capella Palatina, Palermo

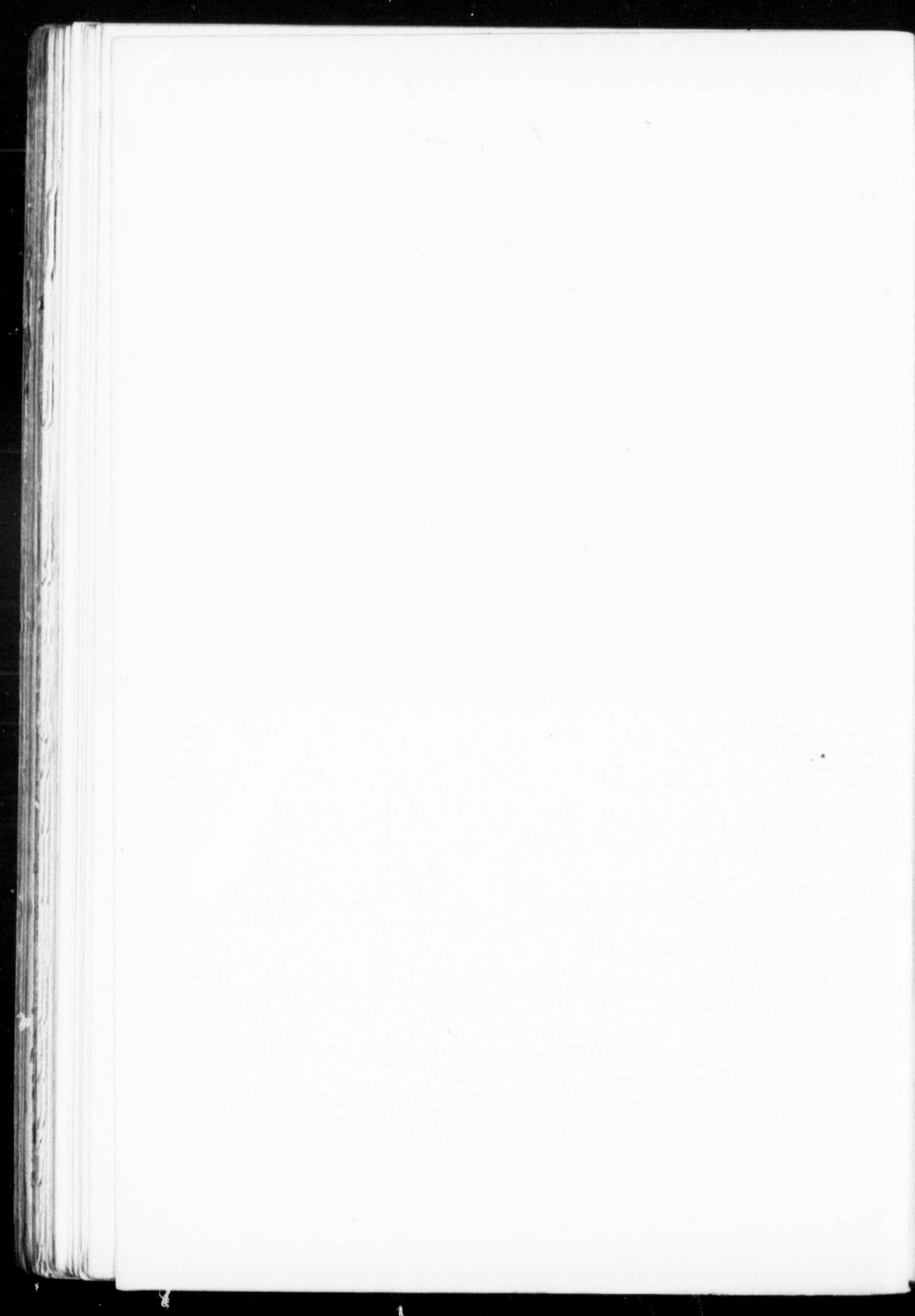
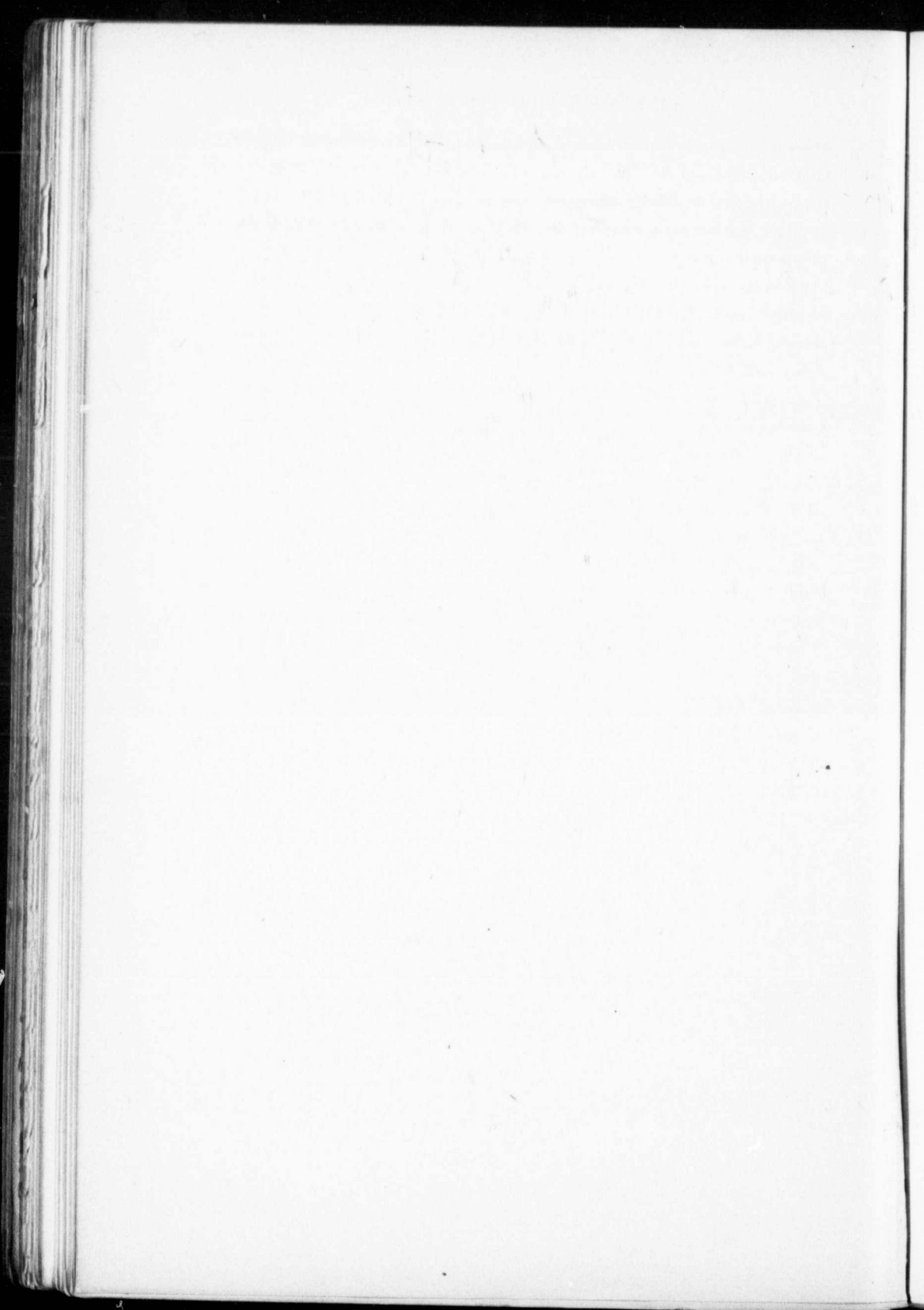


Photo Alinari, Florence

Fig. 6.—Calendario. Opera del Duomo, Florence



abstract symbols are nearer in spirit, than the humaner conception of later art, to the poetry of the Old Testament which they illustrate: they have the same power to trouble and oppress the imagination by the bare recital of monstrous and primeval events.

The mosaic reproduced here (Fig. 5) is from the earlier work in the Capella Palatina at Palermo, in which, though it lacks something of the peculiar impressiveness of the Monreale compositions, the chief characteristics of Byzantine art are well seen. The costume here is still classical, and the figure walking beside Christ holds his arm slung in his toga in precisely the fashion of the statue of Sophocles. It is true that all idea of the real structure of the body has disappeared, and with it almost all idea of the way drapery could really hang from the limbs: it is replaced by a system of decorative lines, which assert impossible and unreal forms with convincing dogmatism and unerring, though erroneous, precision. In some cases it would even appear as though folds which as they stand have no meaning whatever may be the result of copying fragments of classical drapery upside down (man to left). The same desire for complete definition has led to the division of the figure into imaginary segments, represented by a system of dots and dashes which have no appreciable relation to the musculature of the human figure. According to this system an articulation is regularly indicated by a couple of dots. Very characteristic too is the tendency to define form by concentric lines, leaving the most salient part as a ring or oval, like the heights of a mountain in a contour map. This was entirely absent from the Ravenna mosaics, and is the result of a growing interest in a decorative and *a priori* definition of form as opposed to naturalistic representation. Light and shade, which still remained in the Ravenna work, have by now entirely disappeared.

An instance of the marvellous technical skill of Byzantine artists of this period is afforded by the Calendario of the Opera del Duomo at Florence (Fig. 6). In these small tablets a series

of biblical scenes are presented. The scale of the mosaics is so small that the individual tesseræ are almost microscopic, and yet every face has expression, every finger is articulated. But this work, which came to Florence at the end of the fourteenth century, and was highly prized by its Florentine possessors, has higher qualities than mere technique. It has in a high degree that sense of the impressiveness of sumptuous hieratic ritual which formed so conspicuous a part of public life at Constantinople, and which the Byzantine artists rendered with unique intensity.[1] But though he could impose by his innate feeling for ritual, the Byzantine artist had too faint a perception of humanity ever to be dramatic: his poses are the studied posturing of the hierophant, not the spontaneous gestures of vivid emotion. The sense of vivacity and spontaneity of movement was an essentially Western quality: the Italians had to go to the East for refinement and technical accomplishment, but they had in themselves an essential principle for lack of which the Byzantines could never get beyond a narrow and limited perfection.

These miniature mosaics afford an instance, too, of the rigidly fixed rules which governed the composition of biblical scenes, rules which profoundly affected early Italian art. From the beginning the Eastern Church had exercised a strict control over the artist's imagination. At the Council of Nicæa it had been definitely decided that "the composition of the figures is not the invention of the painters, but the law and tradition

[1] As an example of this important characteristic Gibbon's version of Liutprand's account of his reception by the Emperor Phocas is noteworthy: "When he approached the throne the birds of the golden tree began to warble their notes, which were accompanied by the roaring of the two lions of gold. With his companions Liutprand was compelled to bow and to fall prostrate, and thrice to touch the ground with his forehead. He arose, but in the short interval the throne had been hoisted from the floor to the ceiling, the Imperial figure appeared in new and more gorgeous apparel, and the interview was concluded in haughty and majestic silence." What wonder that the Byzantine artists succeeded, in spite of their limitations, in interpreting scenes of transcendental ceremonial.

of the Catholic Church, and this purpose and tradition is not the part of the painter (for his is only the art), but is due to the ordination and disposition of our fathers."

And the compositions once settled on theological grounds by the fathers of the Church were never materially changed; generation after generation of artists continued to repeat them, making only slight alterations. Under such circumstances, no variation would survive unless it satisfied successive generations of artists; and by this process of æsthetic selection, continuing for centuries, the arrangement of the figures became continually more and more expressive of the idea. It was by a similar concentration of all the artists' powers on minute changes that the perfection of Greek temple architecture came about. Limitation is a necessary condition of artistic achievement; and who, in face of the inchoate and tentative compositions of modern art, does not long for another Nicene Council?

In any case it was of supreme importance to the Italians to inherit, as they did, this series of ready-made compositions. Duccio and Giotto constantly adhered to them, and right on into the sixteenth century the main lines then laid down directed and controlled the imagination of the great Italian masters.[1]

We must now return to the art of the Western Empire. Here, as in the East, we find that, whenever favourable social conditions allowed of an improvement in technique and attention to design, the artists went back to classical forms. Such a classic revival, abortive and imperfect, it is true, is seen in the works of the Carolingian and Ottonian period. A striking example of this is seen in the fact that even in eleventh-century paintings

[1] It is difficult to say precisely when and where the main outlines of these compositions, which are found with but slight variations throughout Europe, took on their traditional form, but the fact that in the Evangelary of Rossano, of Byzantine origin, some of them, notably the raising of Lazarus, are nearly complete, whereas in the later Cambridge Evangelary, of Western origin, the compositions resemble those of the first centuries of Christian art, points to the Eastern Empire and the sixth and seventh centuries as the time and place of their first elaboration.

Christ and the Apostles are still represented at the Last Supper as reclining on couches in the Roman manner. But besides classic models, the artist of the West must have constantly had before him examples of the superior workmanship and refined design of Byzantine craftsmen. All through the Middle Ages Europe must have looked to Byzantium as the centre of a civilisation more effete, no doubt, but infinitely more perfect than any to be found elsewhere; and the Western craftsman looked upon Constantinople as the great storehouse of classic traditions in design and technical science, very much as Japan for centuries looked upon China.

Of this we have proof in the Byzantine origin of all mediæval treatises[1] on the technique of painting, and in the definite allusions to Constantinople in the treatise of the German monk Theophilus. In Italy especially we have documentary evidence of the importation of Byzantine works of art and of Byzantine artists whenever it was desired to decorate a building with unusual magnificence.

None the less the question of Byzantine influence on Western art is still the object of controversy, and no doubt the tendency to call all works of the Middle Ages in which a rigorously schematic design is apparent Byzantine has been carried too far. In many cases it is difficult to determine whether this system of schematic linear definition of form was developed by an independent evolution from the common stock of debased classic art working along parallel lines to the evolution of art in the Eastern Empire, or was due to external influence. But, even where Byzantine influence is most evident, there is always in Western art a tendency to vigorous action and expressive gesture in the figures, a vehemence and energy of movement which is the outcome of the cruder and robuster character of the Western nations. As an example of this, and also of the dependence of the West on Eastern traditions, we may take the celebrated Utrecht Psalter (Fig. 7). Here the

[1] See "Cennino Cennini," by Mrs. Herringham.

Psalms are taken as the basis for the most extraordinary display of symbolical imagery it is possible to conceive. It is a revelation of what one imagines to have been the habitual sentiment of every contemplative soul in the midst of the social disorganisation of the dark ages. In most of these pen and ink drawings, executed with astonishing bravura, we find a similar composition: a rocky line of mountains stretches across the page, and groups of tiny figures in poses expressive of violent agitation suggest the turbulence and oppression of the wicked, while lonely figures on the mountain tops appeal with outstretched arms and bowed head to an imminent and menacing deity, who either listens to the cry of the oppressed or leaps from his seat of glory to deliver the sword of destruction to the ministers of his vengeance. Here again we have evidence of how the Middle Ages lived on the distorted remembrance of classical art. In composition, especially in the relation of figures to the landscape, this is based on that fascinating manner which came into fashion among the decorative painters of Nero's time. We have the same capricious treatment of tumbled rocks and hills, the same little temples and bridges half hidden by trees, the same fantastic fountains, and everywhere the same minute figures with the movement suggested by a few rapid indications. So strange and surprising is the likeness of this mediæval Psalter to Pompeiian boudoir decoration, that when one first opens it one imagines that the artist's intention is lyrical, that his illustrations are euphuistic conceits: gradually, however, one discovers that he is putting into these dainty *chinoiseries* a terrible significance of which his Roman originals had no conception. And what gives this fact a peculiar piquancy is that, wherever the original Psalter was produced (it is probably of Carolingian workmanship), it came to England in the tenth century, and there was used as a model by Anglo-Saxon artists. Two such copies, very inferior to this, exist, one in the British Museum and one at Cambridge, so that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers had the Book of Psalms expounded to them by an imagery derived

from the landscape art of the early Roman Empire, transmitted, one can hardly doubt in this case, through Byzantine sources. It is strange how long it took the new wine to burst the old bottles.

We have now arrived at some idea of the artistic forms which characterise the art of Europe and of the Eastern Empire up to the twelfth century: we have seen how the naturalistic art of pagan times was first changed into an art of elementary symbolism through incapacity and indifference, and how that elementary symbolism continued to be practised everywhere, in some parts with consummate technical ability and an intense though limited imaginative perception, in others with almost barbaric rudeness. Some twelfth-century Madonnas of Italian workmanship and the works of Margharitone of Arezzo, some of which are in the National Gallery, are good examples of how low European artists sank when they happened to escape Byzantine influence. Everywhere, then, at the beginning of the twelfth century we find the same schematic designs, the same rigid poses defined by harsh outlines and modelled by repeated contours; but in that century there was effected an extraordinary artistic revolution, the suddenness and universality of which suggests constant intercommunication between the artists of various countries. In the course of fifty years, as far as Northern Europe was concerned, the whole of that corrupt classic tradition was swept away and replaced by an entirely new art, in a sense the only really new and autochthonous art which Europe had seen since Greek art sprang in a similar way out of the decayed and crystallised traditions of older civilisations. And so like were the conditions, so like was the spirit with which the new nations of Europe looked upon life, that there are statues at Chartres and Rheims which might almost be mistaken for pre-Pheidian Attic sculpture.

And this new Gothic art was the first really Christian art. At last, nearly twelve hundred years after its foundation as a religion, the Christian ideal of character, the Christian view of

life, was provided with an adequate artistic expression.[1] For, different as is the total effect of a Byzantine mosaic or an Anglo-Saxon miniature from a classical painting, we can trace either back step by step to its pagan original. At no point can we stop and say, Here the artist has seen some hint of beauty in nature which had never been seized before; at no point is there a new creative illuminating vision. But in Gothic or neo-Christian art a new ideal of character, a new sense of proportion, a new treatment of drapery, emerge.

It is in the Royal Domain of France that we find at once the earliest evidences and the highest achievements of this great revolution in the language of artistic expression. That France should thus give to Europe the great revelation of neo-Christian art was only natural, for it was in France that the ideals of mediæval life found their completest expression. France was not only the chief mover in the Crusades; it was the only nation that found in them the motive for an epic literature. The refinements of chivalry were essentially a French creation, and Paris was the centre of the scholastic learning of the time. Dante, Brunetto Latini, and Petrarch all came there to study. The whole of Italian poetry began by the imitation of French originals; and indeed it seemed at one time as though French might become the universal language of literary expression. We are, however, only concerned with the origins of Italian literature as a proof by analogy of the origins of Italian art; and indeed Dante's debt to Sordello will be found to be typical of the relation of Italy to France in art as well as in literature.

And the art which came into being in the Ile de France was

[1] If the word renaissance were used in its strict sense, it would be better to apply it to such a movement as this of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the result of mysterious forces immanent in the spirit of man, which at a given moment impel him to a new energy for life and a new beauty of expression, rather than to that passion for classical literature and thought which was in a sense only a by-product of the new activity, and which, if one dared to go against established custom, might be more aptly named the Reminiscence.

perfectly expressive of the ideals of the time of Philippe Auguste and St. Louis. It was penetrated with the most passionate and tender religious feeling, infused with a peculiar sense of spiritual graciousness. But this, which by itself might have tended to sentimentality, was balanced by the influence of chivalry, which laid stress upon physical perfection, upon distinguished manners, and self-reliant athletic gestures.

If one compares a French illuminated manuscript of the early thirteenth century, such as the Psalter of Louis IX., with one of fifty years earlier, or one of the same date in England, where the old schematic linear design still lingered, the differences between the two manners become very evident.

The new manner is, in a sense, as stylistic as the older; there is scarcely any approach to imitative realism, but the decorative formula is not only far more beautiful in itself—it is more elastic. The system of gentle undulating curves which flow in unbroken sinuous lines from the head to the feet allows of a far greater truth to nature in the poses of the figures. But, most important of all, the repetitions of lines which the Byzantines loved have here given place to a feeling for planes, easily related to one another, so that the indications of real relief by light and shade have again become possible. Moreover, in the folds of the drapery there is a perception, instinctive as yet rather than scientific, of the possible effect of gravity on the stuffs of the garments. The folds, although conforming always to a preconceived rhythm, yet have the appearance of hanging from the points of support. But most important of all is the discovery of a new human type. For the first time since Greek times—at least, since the Antinous type was moulded on the portrait of a Bythinian—artists had created a consistent and harmonious type of face by an appeal to nature, by observing the men of their own time and country. For this type is clearly derived from a people of Germanic origin. It has their wavy blonde hair, their full prominent forehead; and, most distinctive characteristic of all, the eye-orbits, instead of being sharply cut in below the upper ridge, are filled by the superpalpebral fold.

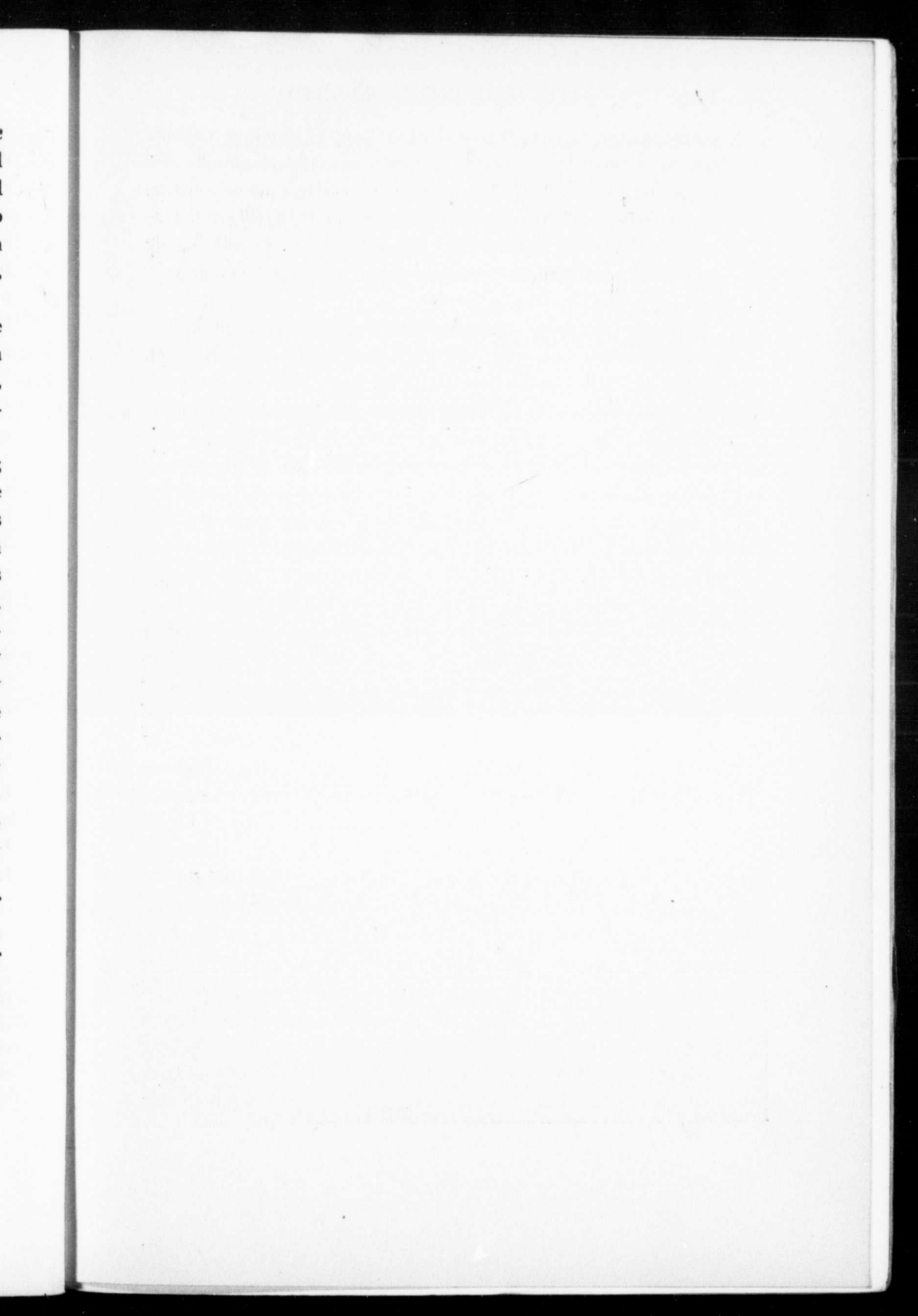


Fig. 8.—The Visitation.
Twelfth Century. Chartres

Fig. 9.—The Visitation.
c. 1200. Chartres

Photos Giraudon, Paris

Fig. 10.—Thirteenth Century Sculpture.
Rheims

But all these changes of form are, in fact, the outcome of a new ideal of character: at last the artist has found a type which will convey distinctly that gracious and self-respecting humility of bearing which was so essentially a Christian conception of character, and which classic art had never attempted, having never conceived of humility as other than a weakness. We have, then, in this new art evidences of a sudden increase in the feeling for pure sensuous charm and at the same time for spiritual grace. And it is this which gives to the finest work of the thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries such a unique power that there is no conflict between sense and spirit, but out of a perfect union of the two each gains a rare intensity.

This change is illustrated here by sculptures from Chartres and Rheims in three stages. In the first "Visitation" (Fig. 8) the artist is still under the influence of that schematic design which has so long obtained; the type of the face, with its sharply-cut level eye-orbits, is still traceable to debased classic sources. In drapery and hair an abstract symbolism of lines instead of planes is still predominant, but in the expressions and the dramatic appropriateness of the poses there are already the signs of that new humanity of feeling which no Byzantine, however accomplished, ever attained to. It is a sure sign of the germination of a great art when, as here, the idea is conceived by the artist with such intensity of imaginative conviction that it can burst through the shell of ignorance and incapacity.

In the second "Visitation" (Fig. 9) the advance is already great: the modelling by successive contours is still evident, but it now only overlays a genuine modelling by means of planes whose relation is as yet but imperfectly grasped. The type still retains a suggestion of classical originals.

In the third example (Fig. 10), from Rheims, the change is complete. The type is purely neo-Christian; the drapery is made to explain the movement of the figure, which is rendered in broad planes, which are as instantly intelligible as they are melodious in rhythm.

We have seen that throughout the Middle Ages every increase of social prosperity which brought with it keener intellectual and æsthetic perceptions was accompanied by a fresh return to classical models, and this great movement of Gothic art which determined the close of the debased classic traditions was no exception to the rule. For the sculptures of Chartres Cathedral were executed with the assistance of craftsmen from Provence, where a yet more precocious literary and artistic movement had already begun. And this movement, as far as art was concerned, was confined to a classical revival of the most striking nature. How perfectly the Provençal artists reproduced the architectural forms, the mouldings, and the sculptures of Roman art may be judged by the portal of St. Gilles reproduced here (Fig. 11).

In Italy, too, there were signs of an awakening, though a slower and a dreamier one than in France. And the dream that haunted her morning sleep was, as always for Italy, that of the greatness and splendour of ancient Rome. As early as the beginning of the eleventh century there had begun in Tuscany, in Florence especially, a tendency to revert to purer classical forms in architecture. Two great buildings remain in Florence to remind us that so long before it rose to municipal independence it was a centre of artistic enterprise and innovation. One is S. Miniato, begun in 1008. Any one who examines the large and simple disposition of masses of the façade and the exquisite precision of design of the mouldings will see that this is due to no mere vague remembrance of the classical tradition weakened by centuries of copying, such as one may find in a contemporary church like that at Bradford-on-Avon, but a conscious and purposeful return to the best examples of Roman art—a genuine proto-Renaissance. The other great monument of this movement is the Baptistery, the outside of which was one of the last works executed under the influence of this classic revival, so late indeed as the beginning of the thirteenth century. This work, done at a time when the French had thrown off all traces of classicism in their newly found art, is

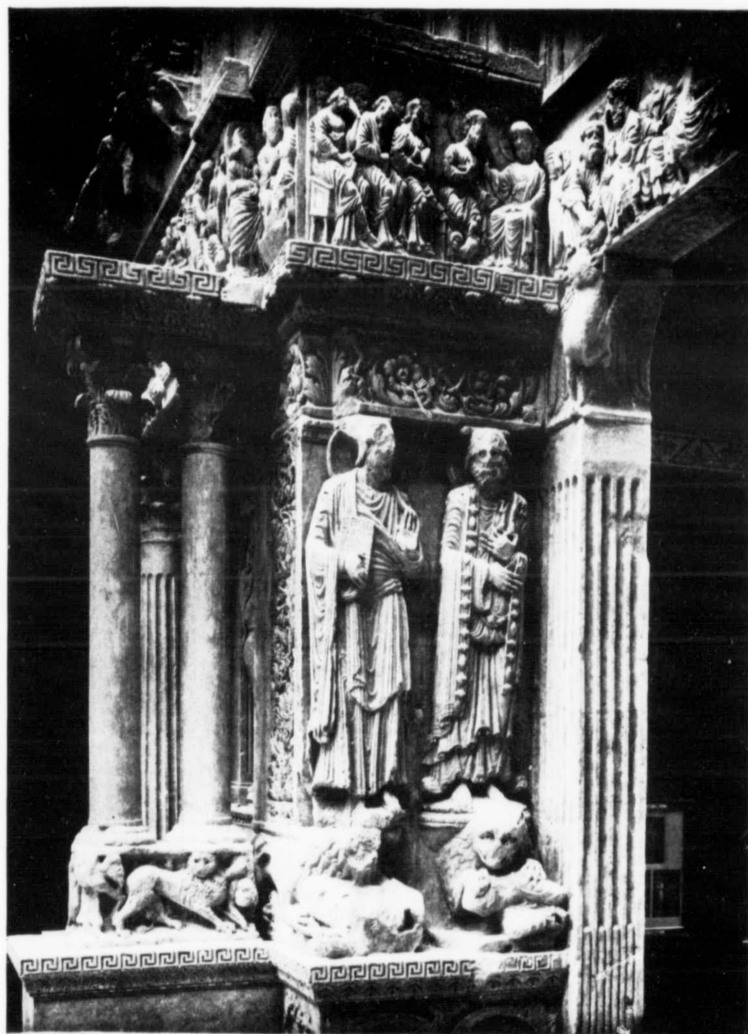
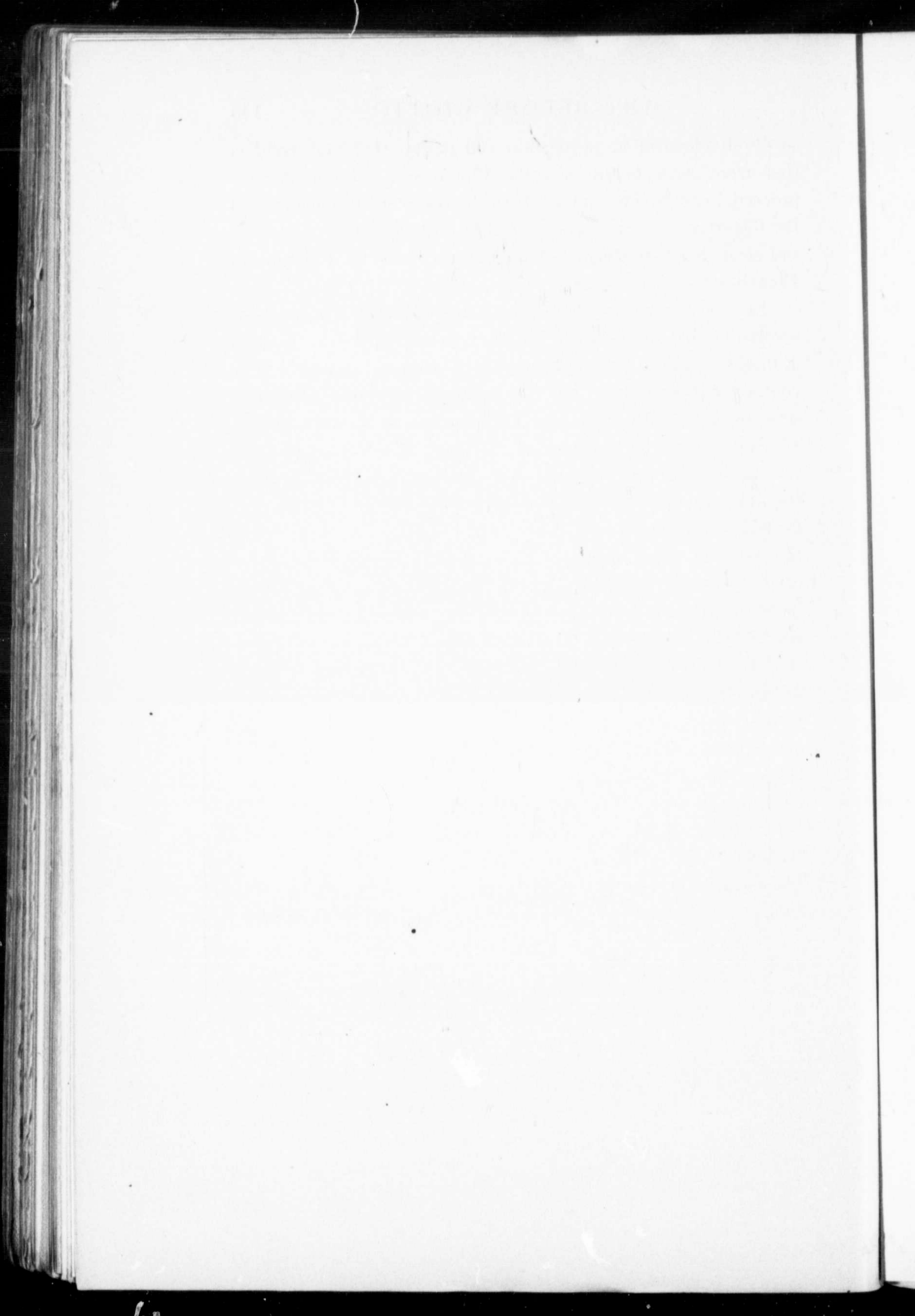


Photo Giraudon, Paris

Fig. 11.—Doorway, S. Gilles



so purely classical in proportion and design that one wonders that from such beginnings the Florentines did not at once proceed, in architecture at least, to the complete Renaissance of the fifteenth century. The cathedral just opposite is, however, sufficient proof of the subsequent victory even in Florence of French ideas.[1]

In other parts of Italy there are signs of a movement similar to that of Tuscany. The coins of Frederick II. show a distinct and successful return to Roman models. The contrast between these and the coins of the House of Anjou, who brought with them the French ideas of Gothic design, affords a striking instance of the way in which a classical revival everywhere preceded neo-Christian art. But perhaps the most important of all these indications of a new movement in Italy was the Roman school of mosaicists connected with the name of the Cosmati. Deriving their tradition from one of the periodical invasions of Byzantine craftsmen, they began in the thirteenth century to modify Byzantine forms by reference to the many classical mosaics which Rome still retained. A remarkable instance of this is seen in the apsidal mosaic of Sta. Maria Maggiore at Rome, executed by Jacopo Torriti, where, under the coronation of the Virgin, is represented a piece of water, with river deities, fishermen in boats, water-birds, fishes, and reeds—in short, the usual *staffage* of the romantic landscape decorators of the early Empire.

After what has been said, the significance of the work of Niccolo Pisano, who is usually considered as the first great Italian artist, will not be so difficult of apprehension, his emergence so mysterious, nor his art so self-contradictory as it

[1] What effect, if any, this Tuscan classic revival had on contemporary painting could be determined by reference to the one Florentine painting of the eleventh century which still remains. This is the painted crucifix, the head of which bent to S. Giovanni Gualberti in recognition of his piety in sparing the life of his enemy. On the evidence of Gualberti's friend and follower, we know that the crucifix to which the legend relates was deposited in S. Miniato; it is now in Sta. Trinita. Unfortunately it is almost impossible to obtain sight of it

usually appears. For Niccolo Pisano is credited in guide-books with being the herald of the Renaissance itself, while Ruskin with equal plausibility pointed to him as the first Gothic artist of Italy. In reality he was the culminating figure of that proto-Renaissance the traces of which we have found to be so widespread, and at the same time the first to import into Italy the new French idea.

That his imitation of classical sculpture was no mere personal whim or accidental discovery we might guess from the similar imitations on the part of the Provençal sculptors, but in Italy itself enough remains to indicate his indebtedness to his predecessors in the new taste for classic originals. In the cathedral at Siena is a sculpture by a Tuscan predecessor of Niccolo's, in which, in spite of clumsy proportions and feeble execution, the imitation of the antique is apparent in every detail. Niccolo Pisano was, however, the first Italian artist whose sense of the structure of the figure was keen enough to enable him to use his classical models, in the choice of which he was exceptionally fortunate, with real appreciation of their beauty. Indeed, he shows in the reliefs of the pulpit of the Pisan baptistery a sense of the pure plastic beauty of the figure, apart from its psychological expressiveness, such as very few artists even of the full Renaissance attained to, and which shows how profoundly he was imbued with the sentiment as well as the forms of classical sculpture. Certainly the Annunciation and Nativity (Fig. 12) were never rendered with so essentially Pagan an interpretation. The Virgin never received the divine message with such dignified self-possession as here, with a pose so little expressive of self-abasement or humility. Note especially the serene and easy movement of the right hand, a movement one might expect rather in Michaelangelo than in the first founder of a new art. The building in the background, in spite of its quatrefoil, is classical in its proportions and mouldings.

But when we turn from this to the pulpit at Pisa (Fig. 13), done only six years later (1266), we see that a most remarkable

Photo Alinari, Florence

Fig. 12.—Panel of Pulpit, Baptistery, Pisa. Niccolo Pisano, 1260

Photo Alinari, Florence

Fig. 13.—Panel of Pulpit in the Cathedral, Siena. Niccolo Pisano, 1266

change has come over Niccolo's work. The Virgin no longer reclines with the Olympian self-possession of a Juno on her couch: vague mysterious yearnings trouble the repose of the features, and give to the figures an almost restless vitality; the Virgin and St. Elizabeth (the Visitation here replaces the Annunciation) gaze at each other with a new intensity; a whole new world of spiritual experiences has found expression. A measure of the change is given by a comparison of the right hand of the figure which encloses the panel to the left with the very similar pose of the Virgin's hand in the Annunciation of the Pisan pulpit. The mood conveyed by the gesture is totally distinct: instead of the serene and indifferent self-possession of the earlier work, this expresses a sentiment of tender and introspective humility.

How, then, are we to explain this remarkable change in Niccolo's work brought about in so short a period as six years? In 1260, when he executed the Pisan pulpit, Niccolo was no longer a young man: he was by then an accomplished and perfectly formed master; there was nothing inherent in his training or his temperament that would impel him to such a sudden and complete change of aim. The little chapel in the background of the Siena panel gives, I think, a clue to the explanation, for this building, with its sharply-pointed gables, its tiled roof, and pointed turrets, is an Italianised version of a French Gothic structure. In what way Niccolo thus came under French influences it is not possible to say. He may have actually travelled in France, he may have come across a French sculptor in Italy (at this time many French sculptors and architects were employed in the kingdom of Naples by the Angevin rulers), or he may have obtained his conception of the new art from the ivory reliefs for which the French artists were universally celebrated.

That this change was inaugurated by Niccolo himself and not by his son Giovanni, as is sometimes asserted, is evident from the fact that the Siennese pulpit was executed when Giovanni was only sixteen years old. None the less it is in the

work of Giovanni that the neo-Christian ideals find their completest expression.

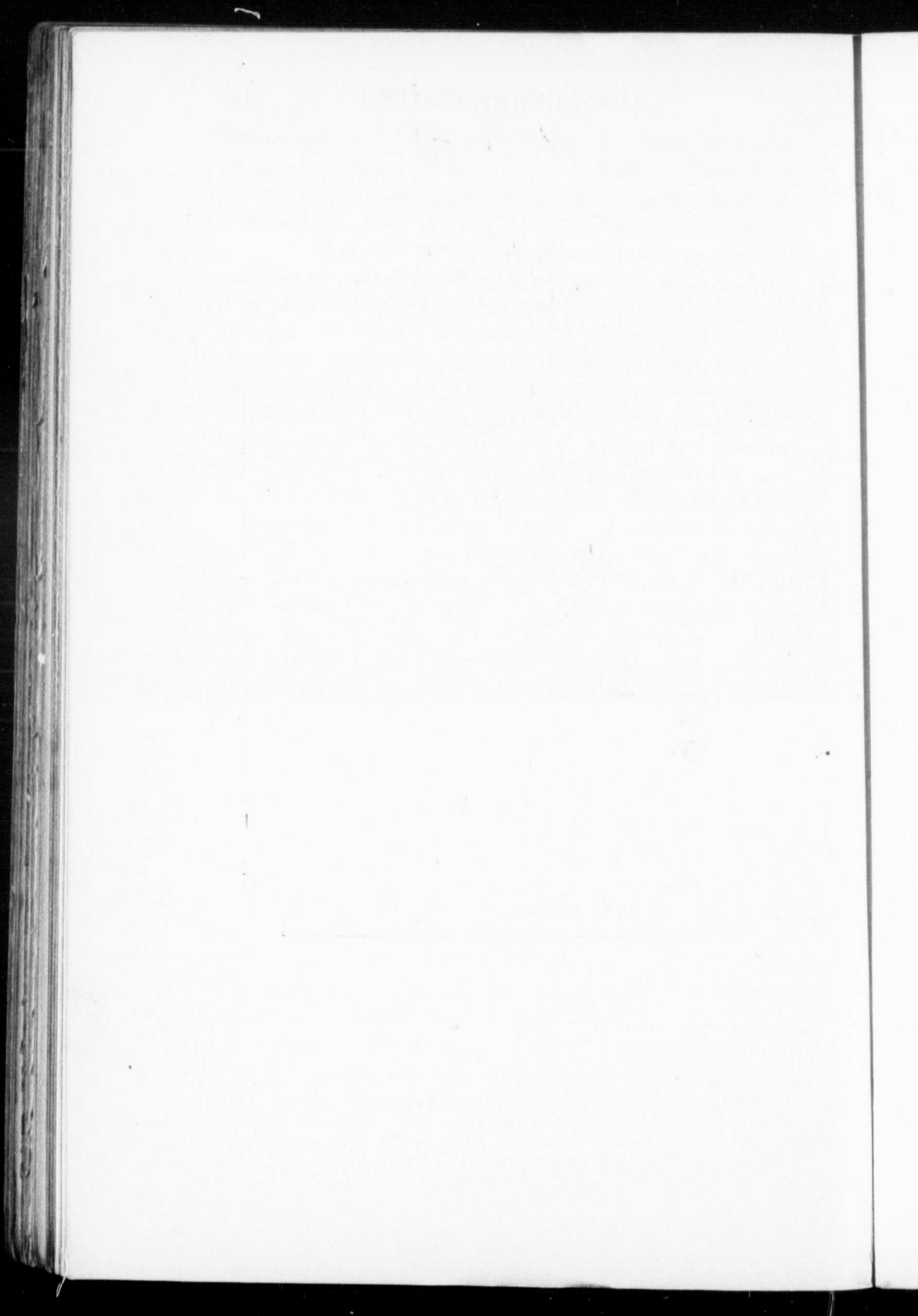
Even in his masterpiece, the pulpit of the Duomo at Pisa, one panel of which is reproduced here (Fig. 14), there are faint traces of that classical design and treatment which his father must have taught him. This is seen in the proportions and modelling of the dog in the left-hand bottom corner; but the sentiment of the whole composition is far more closely allied to contemporary French sculpture. Giovanni did not inherit his father's extreme sensitiveness to the pure beauty of the human figure—he was too entirely neo-Christian in his aims ever to cultivate that—he attained, to a degree unsurpassed even by Donatello and Michaelangelo, the power of making the body transparent to the spirit. No other sculptor knew how to select with such certainty or to render with such uncompromising directness those ridges and hollows of features or drapery by which the emotion which animates the figure is conveyed. Not even Giotto himself could surpass the passionate intensity with which Giovanni Pisano has here conceived the Adoration.

So far we have considered the various artistic antecedents of the great development of Italian painting in the thirteenth century. We shall find that all these influences are brought to a focus in the decoration of the Church of S. Francesco at Assisi, which may be considered as the cradle of Italian, above all of Florentine, painting.

But before proceeding to that subject it will be convenient to consider here very briefly the works of the early Siennese school. The presence in Siena of a number of Byzantine paintings, which have been there ever since the thirteenth century, suggests the probability that Siena, which arrived at municipal self-consciousness even before Florence, had called in the aid of Byzantine masters for the decoration of her churches. Before this importation of Byzantine masters Siennese art was of that crude, almost barbaric, type to which the early Christian classic style had by that time degenerated. One such work, a Madonna and Child, is in the Gallery at Siena,

Photo Alinari, Florence

Fig. 14.—Panel of Pulpit of Duomo, Pisa. Giovanni Pisano 1311



where it affords a striking contrast to the accomplished productions of Eastern artists. In the works of Guido da Siena Byzantine influence already completely overshadows the original native tradition, but it is in the works of Duccio di Buoninsegno that it finds its most perfect expression.

In looking at Duccio's works for the first time we are startled by an extraordinary paradox. For in Duccio we have the first Italian painter of surpassing merit, and we expect to find in the work of a man who was older than Giotto the rude and vigorous vitality of a germinating art. We expect to see the struggle of genius with the untamed facts of nature, the keenness and freshness of youth overcoming, by sheer force of will and intensity of desire, the difficulties due to ignorance and inexperience. But when we look at Duccio's great altar-piece at Siena we find an artist who is fluent and accomplished, one who executes with certainty and ease everything he attempts. There is nothing here that is tentative or experimental. The fact is that Duccio's art is hundreds of years maturer, more staid and less naïve, than Giotto's. Certain types, it is true, that belong rather to the new French conceptions, find their way into the kneeling figures of his Maesta, but in the cycle of New Testament subjects on the back of the altar-piece he shows himself entirely subject to the Byzantine tradition; and the tradition thus adopted by him had been so thoroughly organised and exploited, the types had been so constantly refined on, so often distilled, as it were, by successive generations of artists, that there are some who feel in looking at his work that it is academic and over-ripe. He arouses in them the same feeling of staleness and cold accomplishment which they get from the works of the later Rafaelesque and Michaelangelesque designers. Certainly Duccio's work is a striking proof that artistic accomplishment and facility of execution have nothing to do with the extent of the artist's knowledge of natural forms. It depends rather on the artist's attitude—whether he is trying to compress fresh observations of nature into his formula, or whether he is concentrating his

powers, as Duccio did, upon the perfect rendering of already well-ascertained facts.

In the Entry into Jerusalem (Fig. 15), one of the scenes on the back of Duccio's great altarpiece at Siena, this is borne out. For this was not finished till 1310. Duccio must by then have been an elderly man: he must already have seen examples of the new Italian ideals which first found expression at S. Francesco at Assisi; and yet how purely Byzantine he remains! He has modified the traditional Byzantine composition of the scene (*cf.* the Palermo mosaic) with great increase in verisimilitude; he has curved the road round so that a view of the town forms a background to the figures. Then again, by placing the spectator so that he looks on at the scene from a roadside garden, he adds a convincing detail, while the general movement of the crowd is extraordinarily vivid and in a sense true. In the town itself the buildings are modified into something resembling Italian Romanesque architecture; but in the types of the faces and movements of the figures Duccio is entirely conservative of the old tradition. The action of the Christ is almost identical with that in the Palermo mosaic, with the conventional gesture of command, the hand turned downwards and the fingers slightly crooked. Everywhere the gestures of the arms, with the elbow held close to the body and hands sticking out from the unstructural involutions of the draperies, show the perfunctory and rhetorical manner of the old tradition rather than any fresh observation of gesture as expressive of states of feeling.

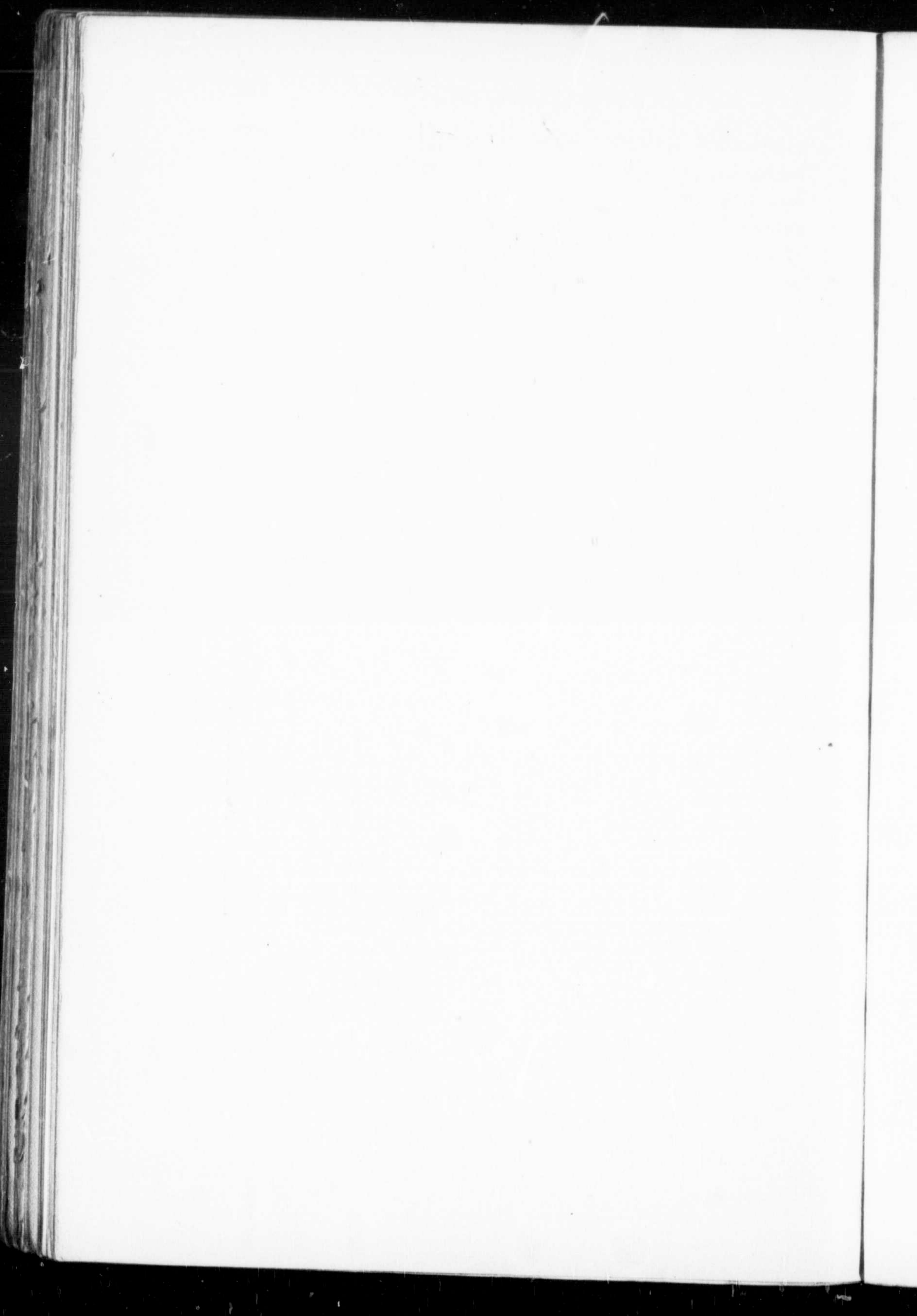
In all the scenes of the altarpiece the same holds true. It is not in the dramatic vividness of the gesture and expression of individual figures, but in the silhouetting of the groups and their distribution in the panel, that Duccio's great imaginative power is felt. The swaying crowds beneath the vast outlines of the crosses in the crucifixion, the pathetic yearning implied in the mere outline of the group which stretches up to receive the dead body in the deposition, the retreating curves of the three Maries (Fig. 16), expressive of their amazement at the

Photo Lombardi, Siena

Fig. 15.—Entry into Jerusalem. From the back of Altar-piece, Opera del Duomo, Siena. Duccio di Buoninsegna, 1310

Photo Lombardi, Siena

Fig. 16.—The Maries at the Sepulchre. Duccio's Altar-piece, Siena



supernatural apparition which they find so majestically and negligently poised on the edge of the sepulchre—these are the means by which Duccio makes his appeal to our imaginations, and not by any intimate understanding of the individual actors of his scenes. In his insistence on the awfulness of the supernatural vision at the sepulchre rather than on the human elements of the event he proclaims his sympathy with the Byzantine ideals, his distinctness from the new dramatic conceptions which the purer Italians had already begun to realise. Duccio was, in fact, a master of verisimilitude rather than of dramatic verity, a master of elegance rather than vitality. He was far more the finished product of the old Christian debased classic tradition as practised at Constantinople than the herald of that neo-Christian art, the emergence of which in painting will form the subject of the next essay.

Roger E. Fry.

"T. E. B."[1]

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN was born on May 5, 1830, at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, where his father held the living of St. Matthew's. Sixty-five years later he wrote his last verses to aid a fund raised for a new St. Matthew's Church, and characteristically had to excuse himself in a letter penetrated with affection for the old plain edifice and its memories.

> I was baptized there; almost all whom I loved and revered were associated with its history. . . . "The only church in Douglas where the poor go"—I dare say that is literally true. But I believe it will continue to be so. . . . I postulate the continuity. . . .

I quote these words (and so leave them for a while) with a purpose, aware how trivial they may seem to the reader. But to those who had the privilege of knowing "Brown" that cannot be trivial which they feel to be characteristic and in some degree explicative of the man: and with this "I postulate the continuity" we touch accurately and simply for once a note which sang in many chords of the most vocal, not to say orchestral, nature it has ever been my lot to meet.

Let us record, and have done with, the few necessary incidents of what was by choice a *vita fallens* and "curiously devoid of incident." The boy was but two years old when the

[1] "Letters of Thomas Edward Brown," author of "Fo'c'sle Yarns." Edited with an Introductory Memoir by Sidney T. Irwin. Archibald Constable & Co. 1900.

family removed to Kirk Braddan Vicarage, near Douglas; the sixth of ten children of a witty and sensible Scots mother and a father whose nobly humble idiosyncrasies continued in his son and are worthy to live longer in his description of them:

> To think of a *Pazon* respecting men's vices even; not as vices, God forbid! but as parts of *them*, very likely all but inseparable from them; at any rate, *theirs*. Pitying with an eternal pity, but not exposing, not rebuking. My father would have considered he was "taking a liberty" if he had confronted the sinner with his sin. Doubtless he carried this too far. But don't suppose for a moment that the "weak brethren" thought he was conniving at their weakness. Not they—they saw the delicacy of his conduct. You don't think, do you? that these poor souls are incapable of appreciating delicacy. God only knows how far down into their depths of misery the sweetness of that delicacy descends. . . . He loved sincerity, truth, and modesty. It seemed as if he felt that, with these virtues, the others could not fail to be present.

Add to this that the Vicar of Kirk Braddan, though of no University, was a scholar in grain: was, for example, so fastidious about composition that he would make his son read some fragment of an English classic to him before answering an invitation! "To my father style was like the instinct ot personal cleanliness." Again we touch notes which echoed through the life of his son—who worshipped continuity.

From a course of tuition divided between his father and the parish schoolmaster, Brown went, at fifteen and over, to King William's College, and became its show scholar; thence, by the efforts of well-meaning friends (but at the cost of much subsequent pain), to Christ Church, Oxford, as a servitor. He won his double first; but he has left on record an account of a servitor's position at Christ Church in the early fifties, and to Brown the spiritual humiliation can have been little less than one long dragging anguish. He had, of course, his intervals of high spirits; but (says Mr. Irwin), "there is no doubt he did not exaggerate what the position was to him. I have heard him refer to it over and over again with a dispassionate bitterness there was no mistaking." Dean Gaisford absolutely refused to nominate him, after his two first classes, to a fellowship, though all the resident Dons wished it. "A servitor never has

been elected student—*ergo*, he never shall be." Brown admired Gaisford and always spoke kindly of him "in all his dealings with me." Yet the night after he won his double first was "one of the most intensely miserable I was ever called to endure." Relief, and of the right kind, came with his election as Fellow of Oriel in April 1854. In those days an Oriel Fellowship still kept and conveyed its peculiar distinction; and the brilliant young scholar had at length the ball at his feet.

> "This is none of your empty honours," he wrote to his mother; "it gives me an income of about £300 per annum, as long as I choose to reside at Oxford, and about £220 in cash if I reside elsewhere. In addition to this it puts me in a highly commanding position for pupils, so that on the whole I have every reason to expect that (except perhaps the first year) I shall make between £500 and £600 altogether per annum. So you see, my dear mother, that your prayers have not been unanswered, and that God will bless the generation of those who humbly strive to serve Him. . . . I have not omitted to remark that the election took place on April 21, the anniversary of your birth and marriage."

How did he use his opportunity? "He never took kindly to the life of an Oxford fellow," thinks Dr. Fowler (an old schoolfellow of Brown's, now President of Corpus and Vice-Chancellor of the University). Mr. Irwin quotes another old friend, Archdeacon Moore, to much the same effect. Their explanations lack something of definiteness. After a few terms of private pupils Brown returned to the Island and there accepted the office of Vice-Principal of his old school. We can only be sure that his reasons were honourable and sufficed for him; we may include among them, if we choose, that *nostalgia* which haunted him all his days, until fate finally granted his wish and sent him back to his beloved Argos "for good."

In the following year (1857) he married his cousin, Miss Stowell, daughter of Dr. Stowell, of Ramsay; and soon after left King William's College to become "by some strange mischance" Head Master of the Crypt School, Gloucester. Of this "Gloucester episode"—as he called it—nothing needs to be recorded except that he hated the whole business and,

incidentally, that one of his pupils was Mr. W. E. Henley—destined to gather into his *National Observer*, many years later, many blooms of Brown's last and not least memorable efflorescence in poesy.

From Gloucester he was summoned, in what I shall dare to call a fortunate day, by Mr. Percival (now Bishop of Hereford), who had recently been appointed to Clifton College, then a struggling new foundation, soon to be lifted by him into the ranks of the great Public Schools. Mr. Percival wanted a man to take the Modern Side; and, as fate orders these things, consulted the friend reserved by fate to be his own successor at Clifton—Mr. Wilson (now Archdeacon of Manchester). Mr. Wilson was an old King William's boy; knew Brown, and named him.

"Mr. Wilson having told me about him," writes the Bishop, "I made an appointment to see him in Oxford, and there, as chance would have it, I met him standing at the corner of St. Mary's Entry, in a somewhat Johnsonian attitude, four-square, his hands deep in his pockets to keep himself still, and looking decidedly *volcanic*. We very soon came to terms, and I left him there under promise to come to Clifton as my colleague at the beginning of the following Term; and needless to say, St. Mary's Entry has had an additional interest to me ever since. Sometimes I have wondered, and it would be worth a good deal to know, what thoughts were crossing through that richly-furnished teeming brain as he stood there by St. Mary's Church, with Oriel College in front of him, thoughts of his own struggles and triumphs, and of all the great souls that had passed to and fro over the pavement around him; and all set in the lurid background of the undergraduate life to which he had been condemned as a servitor at Christ Church."

Was he happy in his many years' work at Clifton? On the whole, and with some reservation, we may say "Yes"—"yes," although in the end he escaped from it gladly and enjoyed his escape. One side of him, no doubt, loathed formality and routine; he was, as he often proclaims himself, a nature-loving, somewhat intractable Celt; and if one may hint at a fault in him, it was that now and then he soon *tired*. A man so spendthrift of emotion is bound at times to knock on the bottom of his emotional coffers; and no doubt he was true *to a mood* when he wrote:

I'm here at Clifton, grinding at the mill
  My feet for thrice nine barren years have trod,
But there are rocks and waves at Scarlett still,
  And gorse runs riot in Glen Chass—thank God!

Alert, I seek exactitude of rule,
  I step and square my shoulders with the squad,
But there are blaeberries on old Barrule,
  And Langness has its heather still—thank God!

—with the rest of the rebellious stanzas. We may go farther and allow that he played with the mood until he sometimes forgot on which side lay seriousness and on which side humour. Still it *was* a mood; and it was Brown, after all, who wrote "Planting":

Who would be planted chooseth not the soil
  Or here or there,
  Or loam or peat
  Wherein he best may grow,
And bring forth guerdon of the planter's toil—
  The lily is most fair,
  But says not "I will only blow
Upon a southern land"; the cedar makes no coil
  What rock shall owe
  The springs that wash his feet;
The crocus cannot arbitrate the foil
  That for his purple radiance is most meet—
  Lord, even so
  I ask one prayer,
    The which if it be granted,
  It skills not where
    Thou plantest me, only I would be planted.

"You don't care for school-work [he writes to an Old Cliftonian] . . . I demur to your statement that when you take up schoolmastering your leisure for this kind of thing will be practically gone. Not at all. If you have the root of the matter in you the school-work will insist upon this kind of thing as a relief. My plan always was to recognise two lives as necessary—the one the outer Kapelistic life of drudgery, the other the inner and cherished life of the spirit. It is true that the one has a tendency to kill the other, but it must not, and you must see that it does not. . . . The pedagogic is needful for bread and butter, also for a certain form of joy; of the inner life you know what I think."

These are wise words, and I believe they represent Brown more truly than utterances which only seem more genuine because less deliberate. He was as a housemaster excellent, with an excellence not achievable by men whose hearts are removed from their work; he awoke and enjoyed fervent friendships and the enthusiastic admiration of many youngsters; he must have known of these enthusiasms, and was not the man to condemn them; he had the abiding assurance of assisting in a kind of success which he certainly respected. He longed for the day of emancipation, to return to his Island; he was impatient; but I must decline to believe he was unhappy.

Indeed, his presence sufficiently denied it. How shall I describe him? A sturdy, thick-set figure, inclining to rotundity, yet athletic; a face extraordinarily mobile, bushy grey eyebrows, eyes at once deeply and radiantly human, yet holding the primitive faun in their coverts; a broad mouth made for broad natural laughter, hearty without loudness. "There are nice Rabelaisians, and there are nasty; but the latter are not Rabelaisians." "I have an idea," he claimed, "that my judgment within this area is infallible." And it was. All honest laughter he welcomed as a Godlike function.

> God sits upon His hill,
> And sees the shadows fly;
> And if he laughs at fools, why should He not?

And for that matter, why should not we? Though at this point his fine manners intervened, correcting, counselling moderation. "I am certain God made fools for us to enjoy, but there must be *an economy of joy* in the presence of a fool; you must not betray your enjoyment." Imagine all this overlaid with a certain portliness of bearing, suggestive of the high and dry Oxford scholar. Add something of the parsonic (he was ordained Deacon before leaving Oxford, but did not proceed to Priest's orders till near the end of his time at Clifton); add a simple natural piety which purged the parsonic of all "churchiness."

> This silence and solitude are to me absolute food [he writes from the Clifton College Library on the morning of Christmas Day 1875], especially after all the row and worry at the end of Term. . . . Where are the men and women? Well, now look here, you'll not mention it again. They're all in church. See how good God is! See how He has placed these leitourgic traps in which people, especially disagreeable people, get caught—and lo! the universe for me!!! me—me. . . .

I have mentioned his fine manners, and with a certain right, since it once fell to me—a blundering innocent in the hands of fate—to put them to severest proof. A candidate for a scholarship at Clifton—awkward, and abominably conscious of it, and sensitive—I had been billeted on Brown's hospitality without his knowledge. The mistake (I cannot tell who was responsible) could not be covered out of sight; it was past all aid of kindly dissimulation by the time Brown returned to the house to find the unwelcome guest bathing in shame upon his doorstep. Can I say more than that he took me into the family circle —by no means an expansive one, or accustomed, as some are, to open gleefully to intruders—and for the inside of a week treated me with a consideration so quiet and pleasant, so easy yet attentive, that his dearest friend or most distinguished visitor could not have demanded more? A boy notes these things, and remembers. . . . "If I lose my manners," Mr. Irwin quotes him as saying once over some trivial forgetfulness, "what is to become of me!" He was shy, too, like the most of his countrymen—"jus' the shy"—but with a proud reserve as far removed as possible from sham humility—being all too sensible and far too little of a fool to blink his own eminence of mind, though willing on all right occasions to forget it. "Once," records Mr. Irwin, "when I remarked on the omission of his name in an article on 'Minor Poets,' in one of the magazines, he said, with a smile, 'Perhaps I am among the major!'" That smile had just sufficient irony —no more.

To this we may add a passion for music and a passion for external nature—external to the most of us, but so closely knit with his own that to be present at his ecstasies was like assisting

a high priest of elemental mysteries reserved for him and beyond his power to impart. And yet we are beating about the bush and missing the essential man; for he was imprehensible. "Volcanic," the Bishop of Hereford calls him, and must go to the Bay of Naples to fetch home a simile.

> We can find plenty of beauty in the familiar northern scenes; but we miss the pent-up forces, the volcanic outbursts, the tropic glow, and all the surprising manifold and tender and sweet-scented outpourings of soil and sunshine, so spontaneous, so inexhaustibly rich, and with the heat of a great fire burning and palpitating underneath all the time.

Natures more masterfully commanding I have known: never one more remarkable. In the mere possession of him, rather than in his direct influence, all Cliftonians felt themselves rich. We were at least as proud of him as Etonians of the author of "Ionica." But no comparisons will serve. Falstaffian—with a bent of homely piety; Johnsonian—with a fiery Celtic heat and a passionate adoration of nature: all such epithets fail as soon as they are uttered. The man was at once absolute and Protean: entirely sincere, and yet a different being to each separate friend. "There was no getting to the end of Brown."

I have said that we—those of us, at any rate, who were not of Brown's House—were conscious of a rich and honourable possession in him, rather than of an active influence. Yet that influence must not be underrated. Clifton, as I first knew it, was already a great school, although less than twenty years old. But to a new-comer, even more impressive than its success among schools, or its aspirations, was a firmness of tradition which (I dare to say) would have been remarkable in a foundation of five times its age. It had already its type of boy; and having discovered it and how to produce it, fell something short of tolerance towards other types. For the very reason which allows me with decency to call the type an admirable one, I may be excused for adding that the tradition demanded some patience of those who could not easily manage to conform with it. But there the tradition stood, permanently rooted in a school not twenty years old. Is it fanciful to hold that Brown's

passion for "continuity" had much to do with planting and confirming it? Mr. Irwin quotes for us a passage from one of his sermons to the school: "Suffer no chasm to interrupt this glorious tradition. . . . Continuous life . . . that is what we want—to feel the pulses of hearts that are now dust." Did this passage occur, I wonder, in the sermon of which I rather remember a fierce, hopeless, human protest against "change and decay?"—the voice ringing down on each plea, "What do the change-and-decay people say to *that?*"

"I postulate the continuity." Vain postulate it often seems, yet of all life Brown demanded it. Hear him as he speaks of his wife's death in a letter to a friend:

> "My dear fellow-sufferer, what is it after all? Why this sinking of the heart, this fainting, sorrowing of the spirit? There is no separation: life is continuous. All that was stable and good, good and therefore stable, in our union with the loved one, is unquestionably permanent, will endure for ever. It cannot be otherwise. . . . When love has done its full work, has wrought soul into soul so that every fibre has become part of the common life—*quis separabit?* Can you conceive yourself as existing at all without *her?* No, you can't; well, then, it follows that you don't, and never will."

I believe it to have been this passion for continuity that bound and kept him so absolute a Manxman, drawing his heart so persistently back to the island that there were times (one may almost fancy) when the prospect of living his life out to the end elsewhere seemed to him a treachery to his parents' dust. I believe this same passion drew him—master as he was of varied and vocal English—to clothe the bulk of his poetry in the Manx dialect, and thereby to miss his mark with the public, which inevitably mistook him for a rustic singer, a man of the people, imperfectly educated.

> I would not be forgotten in this land—

This line of another true poet of curiously similar temperament[1] has haunted me through the reading of Brown's letters. But Brown's was no merely selfish craving for continuity—to be remembered. By a fallacy of thought, perhaps, but by a very

[1] R. S. Hawker. "The Quest of the Sangraal."

noble one, he transferred the ambition to those for whom he laboured. His own terror that Time might obliterate the moment,

> And all this personal dream be fled—

became for his countrymen a very spring of helpfulness. *Antiquam exquirite matrem:* he would do that which they, in poverty and the stress of earning daily bread, were careless to do: would explore for them the ancient springs of faith and custom.

> Dear countrymen, whate'er is left to us
> Of ancient heritage—
> Of manners, speech, of humours, polity,
> The limited horizon of our stage—
> Old love, hope, fear,
> All this I fain would fix upon the page;
> That so the coming age,
> Lost in the empire's mass,
> Yet haply longing for their fathers, here
> May see, as in a glass,
> What they held dear—
> May say, "'Twas thus and thus
> They lived"; and as the time-flood onward rolls
> Secure an anchor for their Keltic souls.

This was his task, and the public of course set him down for a rustic. "What ought I to do?" he demands. "Shall I put on my next title-page, 'Late Fellow of Oriel, etc.?' or am I always to abide under this ironic cloak of rusticity?" To be sure, on consideration (if the public ever found time to consider), the language and feeling of the poems were penetrated with scholarship. He entered his countrymen's hearts; but he also could, and did, stand outside and observe them with affectionate comprehending humour. Scholarship saved him, too—not always, but as a rule—from that emotional excess to which he knew himself most dangerously prone. He assigns it confidently to his Manx blood; but his mother was Scottish by descent, and from my experience of what the Lowland Scot can do in the way of pathos when he lets himself go, I take leave to doubt that the Manxman was wholly to blame. There

can, however, be no doubt that the author of "The Doctor," of "Catherine Kinrade," of "Mater Dolorosa," described himself accurately as a "born sobber"; or that an acquired self-restraint saved him from a form of intemperance by which of late our literature has been somewhat too copiously afflicted.

To scholarship, too, imposed upon and penetrating a taste naturally catholic, we owe the rare flavour of the many literary judgments scattered about his letters. They have a taste of native earth, beautifully rarefied; to change the metaphor, they illuminate the page with a kind of lambent common-sense. For a few examples:

> I have also read a causerie on Virgil and one on Theocritus. So many French *littérateurs* give me the idea that they don't go nearer the Greek authors than the Latin translations. . . . Sainte Beuve ["Nouveaux Lundis," vii. 1–52, on "The Greek Anthology"] is an enthusiastic champion for our side, but, oddly enough, he never strikes me as knowing much about the matter!

> Your Latin verses [translating Cowley] I greatly enjoy. The dear old Abraham goes straight off into your beautiful lines. Of course he has not a scrap of modern *impedimenta.* You go through the Customs at the frontier with a whistle and a smile. You have *nothing to declare.* The blessed old man by your side is himself a Roman to begin with, and you pass together as cheerfully as possible. . . .

> I have also been reading Karl Elze's "Essays on Shakespeare." He is not bad, but don't you resent the imperturbable confidence of men who, after attributing a play of Shakespeare's to two authors, proceed to suggest a third, urged thereto by some fatuous and self-sought exigency?

> Did you ever try to write a Burns song? I mean, the equivalent in ordinary English of his Scotch. Can it be done? A Yorkshireman—could he do it? A Lancashire man (Waugh)? I hardly think so. The Ayrshire dialect has a *Schwung* and a confidence that no English county can pretend to. Our dialects are apologetic things, half-ashamed, half-insolent. Burns has no doubts, and for his audience unhesitatingly demands the universe. . . .

> There is an ἦθος in Fitzgerald's letters which is so exquisitely idyllic as to be almost heavenly. He takes you with him, exactly accommodating his pace to yours, walks through meadows so tranquil, and yet abounding in the most delicate surprises. And these surprises seem so familiar, just as if they had originated with yourself. What delicious blending! What a perfect interweft of thought and diction! What a *sweet* companion!

Lastly, let me quote a passage in which his thoughts return to Clifton, where it had been suggested that Greek should be omitted from the ordinary form-routine and taught in "sets," or separate classes.

> This is disturbing about Greek, "set" Greek. Yes, you would fill your school to overflowing, of course you would, so long as other places did not abandon the old lines. But it would be detestable treachery to the cause of education, of humanity. To me the *learning* of any blessed thing is a matter of little moment. Greek is not learned by nineteen-twentieths of our Public School boys. But it is a baptism into a cult, a faith, not more irrational than other faiths or cults; the baptism of a regeneration which releases us from I know not what original sin. And if a man does not see that, he is a fool, such a fool that I shouldn't wonder if he gravely asked me to explain what I meant by original sin in such a connection. . . .

So his thoughts reverted to the school he had left in 1892. In October, 1897, he returned to it on a visit. He was the guest of one of the house-masters, Mr. Tait, and on Friday evening, October 29, gave an address to the boys of the House. He had spoken for some minutes with brightness and vigour, when his voice grew thick and he was seen to stagger. He died in less than two hours.

Of the letters collected and now piously given to the world by Mr. Irwin, one of his closest friends, by far the greatest number belong to those last five years in the Island—the happiest, perhaps, of his life, certainly the happiest temperamentally. "Never the time and the place . . ." but at least Brown was more fortunate than most men. He realised his dream, and it did not disappoint him. He could not carry oft his friends to share it (and it belongs to criticism of these volumes to say that he was exceptionally happy in his friends), but he could return and visit them or stay at home and write to them concerning the realisation, and be sure they understood. Therefore, although we desire more letters of the Clifton period—although twenty years are omitted, left blank to us—we can believe what we have to surpass what we miss. These volumes are not only fascinating: they confirm a fame which, although never wide, was always unquestioned within

its range. There could be no possibility of doubt concerning Brown. He was absolute. He lived a fierce, shy, spiritual life; a wise man, keeping the child in his heart: he loved much and desired permanence in the love of his kind. "Diuturnity," says his great seventeenth-century namesake, "is a dream and folly of expectation. There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality." And yet, *prosit amâsse!*

A. T. Quiller-Couch.

ON LOSS OF TIME

WHOEVER first used the expression, *Oceans of Time*, it was a good one; for there is nothing comparable to Time's vastness except the vasty deep of Space. Yet the converse, *Eternities of Space*, has never found its way into language. Which proves that words may be interchangeable one way and not the other—an inconvenient fact for makers of maxims.

How much time there was about the world in the days of the Patriarchs! They took as long over life as if they were trees. Ben Jonson says "a lily of a day" is a prettier thing than an oak. Perhaps our lives are "prettier" than Abraham's. But how their ages became them! The Fates were young then—they could well afford something over the pitiful threescore years and ten. A man was in his first youth at forty—in the prime of life at seventy or eighty. Presumably it is the invention of clocks that shortened time. As soon as men began to measure the immeasurable, it shrank like Balzac's *peau de chagrin*. It shrank, that is to say, in their estimation; for a minute now is as long as it was under the oaks of Mamre. "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," and nothing long or short neither. Because they thought there was less time, there was less time for them. The first clock was a great murderer and the father of a long line of murderers more destructive than Cain. The first steam-engine ran that clock hard.

HE DIED OF CATCHING THE TRAIN.

If tombstones ever told the truth, would not these words be inscribed on thousands of them? The suicidal atmosphere of a station poisons the very springs of existence. Who can resist the fancy of a race with time? To lose fifty years and win five minutes, must appeal to the gambling instincts of man.

But one will say, there is a pleasant annihilation of the sense of time, as in dreams, during a long railway journey. I am not concerned to deny it. Such an experience may prove agreeable—it may even (if not indulged in too often) conduce to longevity, if the journey be a journey through flat, plain land and the scenery minds its own business, running opposite the train close by and the same way in the distance. To pass through scenery which makes any other claim on the traveller's observation, at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour, is acute pain. "Stop! Stop!" cries the Will. And Reason answers, "Your life is not in danger, you will have to pay a fine not exceeding £40 if you ring the alarm bell."

Still, on a long railway journey, man is delivered from visitors, letters, telegrams. He is as free as if he were dead. Friends and foes are alike powerless to injure him. If he have but secured the proper book, he may taste the joys of literature as he never could in a house whereof a butler or a parlourmaid is an inhabitant. But then it must be a book that goes fast. Locke on "The Human Understanding" should not be taken, nor "The Bride of Lammermoor."

Books take their time, and readers know it. One of my acquaintance could not away with "Roderick Hudson" because it "went too slow," with "Phroso" because it "went too fast." He was a man who liked the "great *still* books" of a roomier age. How leisurely is the most bustling of Shakespeare's comedies beside the breathless modern farce! And it is the stage-manager—not Shakespeare—who lets the curtain fall

when Hamlet dies. Shakespeare had plenty of time to tell us what happened afterwards.[1]

There is food for wonder in the reflection that the days which fly so fast for us in the rattle of grown-up life are but creeping for children. A child's day is forty-eight hours long at least. Who does not remember those long, slow days of the nursery—those torturing eternities of black night that divided them? Was it half-an-hour that I spent sailing to a desert island—weaving a rope-ladder up to my airy tent in a tree there—establishing a whole family? Was it half-an-hour that I spent with my head under the bed-clothes because of the lion couchant beneath the wash-hand stand? Reason says it was; but if Time be, as Kant declares, only a mode of Thought, who will not give Reason the lie?

The chief among the eight original Forest Lovers, when she spoke of Time, figured it to herself as a horse. If the rider were a girl about to be married, the horse would not go faster than a jog-trot. When a priest who did not know Latin, or a rich man who had never felt the pangs of gout bestrode him, he ambled. If a thief *en route* for the gallows were the equestrian, he galloped. If it were a lawyer in the Vacation, he stood still. Is it true that nothing except Fear will urge Time to his wildest pace? Then, in the last day of the man condemned, there is yet something enviable. But has not the metaphorical horse run away with the truth? "Oh, how delightful is Fear *in the open air!*" If the thief were literally riding for his life, time would fly (not a doubt of it), but between the four walls of a cell——? Mortal sickness is like imprisonment, and invalids find time hang heavy on their hands even when sentence has been pronounced.

The hour-glass makes us think of Time as if it were sand—the favourite hymn,

> Time, like an ever-rolling stream,

persuades us that it is water. Yet, by a river side, all con-

[1] There are signs of reaction from the stage-manager. Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mr. Benson have revived Fortinbras.

sciousness of Time departs. To watch flowing water is to be asleep with the eyes open, and to sleep, whether with open eyes or closed, is, in the only true meaning of the word, to *lose* time. Precious disadvantage! This is to be immortal. What have the gods to do with time? Yet men lament the loss—think they cannot afford it. And perhaps they are right.

There is a story told of Roger Bacon, the man who is responsible for all the damage wrought by gunpowder, to the effect that he learnt, after long study, that he would be able to surround England with a wall of brass if he could only make a brazen head first that would speak. Accordingly he invited a devil to help him and a friar named Bungey—ominous name for one engaged in such a delicate task!—and set to work. They made a splendid headpiece of sounding brass. They ascertained that within a month it would certainly speak, and night and day they watched beside it. But, after an uninterrupted vigil of three weeks, worn out with weariness, they fell asleep, having first ordered a servant, Miles, to watch, and to awake them if he heard anything.

Half-an-hour afterwards the head said: "Time is!"

But Miles thought it was not worth while to disturb his master for such a remark as that.

Half-an-hour later the head said: "Time was!"

But Miles thought it no stranger than before.

Yet half-an-hour and the head said: "Time's past!"

After which it fell, with a fearful crash. And to this day England has no wall of brass about her.

MARY E. COLERIDGE.

THE NILE

An Ode for the Inauguration of the Gordon College
at Khartoum

OUT of the unknown South,
Through the dark lands of drouth,
Far wanders ancient Nile in slumber gliding:
Clear-mirrored in his dream
The deeds that haunt his stream
Flash out and fade like stars in midnight sliding.
Long since, before the life of man
Rose from among the lives that creep,
With Time's own tide began
That still mysterious sleep,
Only to cease when Time shall reach the eternal deep.

From out his vision vast
The early gods have passed,
They waned and perished with the faith that made them;
The long phantasmal line
Of Pharaohs crowned divine
Are dust among the dust that once obeyed them.
Their land is one mute burial mound
Save when across the drifted years
Some chant of hollow sound,
Some triumph blent with tears,
From Memnon's lips at dawn wakens the desert meres.

O Nile, and can it be
No memory dwells with thee
  Of Grecian lore and the sweet Grecian singer?
The legions' iron tramp,
The Goths' wide-wandering camp,
  Had these no fame that by thy shore might linger?
Nay, then must all be lost indeed,
  Lost too the swift pursuing might
That cleft with passionate speed
  Aboukir's tranquil night,
  And shattered in mid-swoop the great world-eagle's flight.

Yet have there been on earth
Spirits of starry birth,
  Whose splendour rushed to no eternal setting:
They over all endure,
Their course through all is sure,
  The dark world's light is still of their begetting.
Though the long past forgotten lies,
  Nile! in thy dream remember him
Whose like no more shall rise
  Above our twilight's rim
  Until the immortal dawn shall make all glories dim.

For this man was not great
By gold or kingly state,
  Or the bright sword, or knowledge of earth's wonder;
But more than all his race
He saw life face to face
  And heard the still small voice above the thunder.
O river, while thy waters roll
  By yonder white deserted tomb,
There, where so clear a soul
  So shone through gathering doom,
  Thou and thy land shall keep the tale of lost Khartoum.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER I

A SUPPRESSED PASSAGE.

MR. JENKINSON NEELD was an elderly man of comfortable private means; he had chambers in Pall Mall, close to the Imperium Club, and his short stoutish figure, topped by a chubby spectacled face, might be seen entering that dignified establishment every day at lunch time, and also at the hour of dinner on the evenings when he had no invitation elsewhere. He had once practised at the Bar, and liked to explain that he had deserted his profession for the pursuit of literature. He did not, however, write on his own account; he edited. He would edit anything provided there was no great public demand for an edition of it. Regardless of present favour, he appealed to posterity—as gentlemen with private means are quite entitled to do. Perhaps he made rather high demands on posterity; but that was his business—and its. At any rate his taste was curious and his conscience acute. He was very minute and very scrupulous, very painstaking and very discreet, in the exercise of his duties. Posterity may perhaps like these qualities in an editor of memoirs and diaries; for such were Mr. Neeld's favourite subjects. Sometimes he fell into a sore struggle between curiosity and discretion,

having impulses in himself which he forbore to attribute to posterity.

He was in just such a fix now—so he thought to himself—as he perused the manuscript before him. It was the Journal of his deceased friend Josiah Cholderton, sometime Member of Parliament (in the Liberal interest) for the borough of Baxton in Yorkshire, Commercial Delegate to the Congress of Munich in '64, and Inventor of the Hygroxeric Method of Dressing Wool. No wonder posterity was to be interested in Cholderton! Yet at times—and especially during his visits to the Continent—the diarist indulged himself in digressions about people he encountered, and these assumed now and then a character so personal, or divulged episodes so private, that the editor had recourse to his blue pencil and drew it with a sigh through pages which he had himself found no small relief from the severer record of Cholderton's services to the commerce of his country. Mr. Neeld sat now with blue pencil judicially poised, considering the following passage in his friend's recollections. The entry bore date Heidelberg 1875.

"At the widow's" (Mr. Cholderton is speaking of a certain Madame de Kries) "pleasant villa I became acquainted with a lady who made something of a sensation in her day, and whom I remember both for her own sake and because of a curious occurrence connected with her. A year and a half before (or thereabouts) Society had been startled by the elopement of Miss T. with Sir R. E. They were married, went to France, and lived together a month or two. Suddenly Sir R. went off alone; whose the fault was nobody knew, or at least it never came to my ears. The lady was not long left in solitude, and, when I met her, she passed as Mrs. F., wife of Captain F. The Captain seemed to me an ordinary good-looking reckless young fellow; but Mrs. F. was a more striking person. She was tall, graceful, and very fair, a beautiful woman (I might rather say girl) beyond question. Talk revealed her as an absolute child in a moral sense, with a child's infinite candour, a child's infinite deceit, a child's love of praise, a child's defiance

of censure where approval would be too dearly earned. She was hardly a reasonable being, as we men of the world understand the term; she was however an exceedingly attractive creature. The natural feelings of a woman, at least, were strong in her, and she was fretting over the prospects of the baby who was soon to be born to her. Captain F. shared her anxiety. I understood their feelings even more fully (in any case the situation was distressing) when I learnt from Madame de Kries that in certain events (which happened later) the lady and her child after her would become persons of rank and importance.

Now comes the scene which has stamped itself on my memory. I was sitting in Madame de Kries' parlour with her and her daughter—an odd dark little thing, five or six years old. Suddenly Mrs. F. came in. She was in a state of agitation and excitement by no means healthy (I should suppose) for one in her condition. She held a letter in her hand and waved it in the air, crying, 'Sir R.'s dead, Sir R.'s dead! We can be married! Oh, we're in time, in time, in time!' Extraordinary as such exclamations may appear when the circumstances and my own presence are considered, I have repeated them *verbatim*. Then she sank down on the sofa, Madame de Kries kneeling by her, while the Imp (as I called the child, whom I disliked) stared at her open-eyed, wondering no doubt what the fuss was about. Directly after F. came in, almost as upset as Mrs. F., and the pair between them managed to explain to us that she had received a letter from Sir R.'s servant (with whom she had apparently maintained some communication), announcing that his master had, after two days' illness, died of heart complaint on June 6. 'Think of the difference it makes, the enormous difference!' she gasped, jumping up again and standing in the middle of the room. She was so full of this idea that she did not spare a thought to the dead man or to anything which might strike us as peculiar or distasteful in her own attitude and the way in which she received the news. 'We shall be married directly,' she continued with that strange absence of

shame or pretence which always marked her, 'and then it'll be all right, and nobody 'll be able to say a word in the future.' She went on in this strain for a long while, until Madame de Kries at last insisted on her calming herself and proposed to accompany her to her own house. At this point I made my excuses and retired, the Imp following me to the door and asking me, as I went out, why people had to be married again when other people died; she was a child who needed wiser and firmer bringing-up than her mother gave her.

I did not myself see Captain and Mrs. F. again, as I left Heidelberg the next day, June 22. I learnt however from Madame de Kries that the wedding was hurried on and took place on the day following my departure; after this the pair went to Baden, and there, a fortnight later, the child—a boy—was born. I must confess that I was glad the young couple avoided the calamity they were in dread of, although I am not sure that I had a right to wish that they should escape the full consequences of their fault.

My feelings were abruptly changed when, on paying a flying visit to Madame de Kries a few months later, I heard the sequel of the story, told to me in the strictest confidence, and in violation, I fear, of the old lady's pledge of secrecy. (She was a sad gossip, a failing with which I have no sympathy.) Sir R. E. did not, in fact, die on the date reported. He fell into a collapse, mistaken for death by those about him and even by his medical attendant; after lying in this state for twenty-four hours he revived and lived nearly a week longer. A second letter, apprising Mrs. F. of this fact and announcing the correct date of his death as June 12, reached her at Baden on the 28th. By this time she was married, but the validity of her new union (solemnised on the 23rd) did not appear to be affected. Nothing more was done, and the boy was born, as I have stated, early in July. Only after this event, which naturally engrossed the parents' attention, did the mistake into which they had fallen come to be discovered. As a matter of form, and to avoid doubts in the future, Captain F. wrote for the official certificate

of Sir R.'s death. When it came, it came as a thunderbolt. Sir R. had been residing in a small Russian town near the frontier; he was interested, I understood, in some business there. The servant to whom I have referred was an uneducated man and could not write; he had picked up a little French but spoke no Russian. Wishing to inform Mrs. F. of what had occurred, he had recourse to a professional letter-writer, who perhaps knew as little French, or almost as little, as himself, and was entirely ignorant of English. The servant gave the dates I have set down—June 6 in the first letter, the 12th in the second. The letter-writer put them down; and Mrs. F. read and immediately accepted them. It did not cross her mind or Captain F.'s that the dates used were the ordinary Russian dates—were in fact 'Old Style,' and consequently twelve days behind the reckoning of Germany or of England. They might have been put on inquiry by the long interval between the date of the death as it was given and the receipt of the news; in their excitement they paid no heed to it, and it did not occur either to Madame de Kries or to myself to raise the question. Indeed who thinks of the 'Old Style' at this period of the world's history? Besides I did not know at that time, and I do not think that Madame de Kries did, where the first letter came from; Mrs. F. said nothing about it. But when the certificate arrived—about the middle of July, as I understood—the mistake was clear; for a note in the official's hand translated the dates into New Style for the benefit of the foreigners to whom he was supplying the document. Sir R. E., first reported dead on June 6 Old Style, otherwise June 18 New Style, had actually died on the 12th Old Style, or 24th New Style.

I have always thought this one of the most perverse little incidents which I have met with in the course of my life, and I think it such still, when I consider how easily it might have done no harm, and how serious, and indeed irreparable, its actual consequences were. The mistake as to the date of death was the first source of confusion, since it caused Mrs. F.'s

wedding to take place while her husband, Sir R., had still a day to live. But this error would not in itself have proved fatal, since there would still have been time to repeat the ceremony and make a valid marriage of it before the birth of the child. Here the misapprehension about the Old Style came in. Led to believe that, although Sir R. lived six days longer than was originally reported, yet none the less he died on June 12, the F.'s did not have the ceremony repeated. But he died, in fact, on the 24th as his wife reckoned time, and her wedding to Captain F. on the 23rd was an idle and useless form. When the discovery was made, the boy was born—and born out of lawful wedlock.

What did they do then? I was pardonably interested in the matter, and inquired of Madame de Kries. She was reticent, but I extracted from her the information that they were hurriedly married again. One could laugh if the matter had not been so terribly serious to them and to their boy. For by now those events had actually happened, and Mrs. F. was not indeed in possession of, but next in succession to a considerable estate and an ancient title. Marrying again could not mend the matter. What else they did to mend or try to mend it, Madame de Kries professed not to know. I myself do not know either. There is only one thing to say. They could not alter the date of the death; they could not alter the date of the wedding; perhaps it would seem rather more possible to alter the date of the birth. At any rate that is no business of mine. I have set the story down because it seemed a curious and interesting episode, but it is nothing to me who succeeds or ought to succeed to this or that title or estate. For my own part I am inclined to hope that the baby's prospects in life will not be wrecked by the absurd Russian habit of using the Old Style.

To return to serious questions, the customs-barrier between——"

Mr. Jenkinson Neeld laid down his friend's Journal and leant back in his chair.

"Really!" he murmured to himself. "Really, really!"

Frowning in a perplexed fashion, he pushed the manuscript aside and twiddled the blue pencil between his fingers. The customs-barrier of which Josiah Cholderton was about to speak had no power to interest him. The story which he had read interested him a good deal; it was an odd little bit of human history, a disastrous turn of human fortunes. Besides Mr. Neeld knew his London. He shook his head at the Journal reprovingly, rose from his chair, went to his book-case, and took down a Peerage. A reminiscence was running in his head. He turned to the letter T (Ah, those hollowly discreet, painfully indiscreet initials of Josiah Cholderton's! Mysteries perhaps in Baxton, Yorks, but none in Pall Mall!) and searched the pages. This was the entry at which his finger stopped—or rather part of the entry, for the volume had more to say on the family than it is needful either to believe or to repeat:—

"Tristram of Blent—Adelaide Louisa Aimée, in her own right Baroness—23rd in descent, the barony descending to heirs general. Born 17 December 1853. Married first Sir Randolph Edge, Bart.—no issue. Secondly Captain Henry Vincent Fitzhubert (late Scots Guards), died 1877. Issue—one son (and heir) Hon. Henry Austen Fitzhubert Tristram, born 20th July 1875. The name of Tristram was assumed in lieu of Fitzhubert by Royal Licence 1884. Seat—Blent Hall, Devon——"

Here Mr. Neeld laid down the book. He had seen what he wanted, and had no further concern with the ancestry, the ramifications, the abodes or possessions of the Tristrams of Blent. To him who knew, the entry itself was expressive in what it said and in what it omitted; read in conjunction with Josiah Cholderton's Journal it was yet more eloquent. By itself it hinted a scandal—else why no dates for the marriages? With the Journal it said something more. For the 20th is not "early in July." Yet Mr. Neeld had never heard—! He shut the book hastily and put it back on the shelf. Returning to his desk, he took up the blue pencil. But on second thoughts this

instrument did not content him. Scissors were to his hand; with them he carefully cut out from the manuscript the whole account of Mr. Cholderton's visit to Heidelberg (he would run no risks, and there was nothing important in it), dated it, marked it with the page to which it belonged in the Journal, and locked it away in a drawer.

He felt resentful towards his dead friend Josiah Cholderton. If there be a safe pastime, one warranted to lead a man into no trouble and to entangle him in no scandals, it would seem to lie in editing the Journal of a Member of Parliament, a Commercial Delegate, an Inventor of the Hygroxeric Method of Dressing Wool. Josiah Cholderton had—not quite for the first time—played him false. But never so badly as this before!

"Good gracious me!" he muttered. "The thing is nothing more nor less than an imputation on the legitimacy of the son and heir!"

That same afternoon he went over to the Imperium to vote at the election of members. It struck him as one of the small coincidences of life that among the candidates who faced the ballot was a Colonel Wilmot Edge, R.E.

"Any relation, I wonder?" mused Mr. Neeld, as he dropped in an affirmative ball. But it may be added, since not even the secrets of club ballots are to be held sacred, that he bestowed one of a different sort on a certain Mr. William Iver, who was described as a "Contractor," and whose name was familiar and conspicuous on the hoardings that screened new buildings in London, and was consequently objectionable to Mr. Neeld's fastidious mind.

"I don't often blackball," he remarked to Lord Southend as they were sitting down to whist, "but really don't you think the Imperium should maintain—er—a certain level?"

"Iver's a devilish rich fellow and not a bad fellow either," grunted my lord.

CHAPTER II

MR. CHOLDERTON'S IMP.

"Yes, madame, an elegant and spacious residence, Filton Park. The photo? Here it is, madame. And Notts is a very eligible county—socially speaking, remarkably eligible—I've sent several families to Notts. That photo, madame? Hatchley Manor, in Sussex. Yes, good position—a trifle low perhaps—I have heard complaints of—er—effluvium from the river—I'm anxious to give you perfect satisfaction, madame. It wouldn't pay me not to, I want you to come back, madame, another summer. I play for the break, if I may so put it—I beg your pardon! Yes, Birdcup is really a palatial residence—Hants, yes—a beautiful county. But between ourselves, madame, his lordship is a little hard to deal with. Dilapidations I refer to, yes—his lordship is exacting as to dilapidations. On the whole I should prefer to recommend Winterhurst—near Maidstone—a pleasant town Maidstone, and the clergy, I'm informed, extremely active and sympathetic."

"It's a very ugly house," remarked Madame Zabriska, throwing away the photograph of Winterhurst with a gesture of decided refusal.

Mr. Sloyd stroked his sleek hair and smiled deprecatingly.

"With residences as with—er—ladies beauty is only skin deep," said he. "A thoroughly modern residence, madame—hot and cold—south aspect." He stopped suddenly, perceiving that the queer dark little woman in the big chair was laughing at him. "I don't intend to convey," he resumed with dignity, "that the mansion is hot and cold, but the bath-rooms——"

"Oh, I know," she interrupted, her great black eyes still deriding him, while her thin face was screwed up into seriousness as she regarded Mr. Sloyd's blameless garments of springtime grey, his black and white tie, his hair so very sleek, his drooping moustache, and his pink cheeks. She had taken his measure as perfectly as the tailor himself, and was enjoying the counter-

feit presentment of a real London dandy who came to her in the shape of a house-agent. "I don't want a big place," she explained in English with a foreign touch about it. "There's only myself and my uncle, Major Duplay—he'll be in directly, I expect—and we've no more money than we want, Mr. Sloyd."

Sloyd's eyes wandered round the large and handsome sitting-room in Berridge's Hotel where he found his client established.

"Oh, it doesn't matter for a few days," she added, detecting his idea and smiling again.

This explanation of her position had the effect of making Sloyd's manner rather less florid and his language less flowery.

"Among second-class but eminently genteel residences," he began, "I could confidently recommend——"

"Where's this?" she interrupted, picking up another photograph and regarding it with apparent liking. Looking at the foot, she read aloud, "Merrion Lodge, property of the Right Honourable Baroness Tristram of Blent." She looked up sharply at Sloyd.

Ye-es, ye-es," said Sloyd, without much enthusiasm. "A very pretty neighbourhood—a few miles from Blentmouth—rising place, Blentmouth. And it's a cheap house—small, you see, and old-fashioned."

"Not hot and cold?" she asked with apparent innocence.

Sloyd smiled uncomfortably. "I could ascertain all that for you, madame."

He waited for her to speak again, but she had turned thoughtful as she sat fingering the photograph. Presently she smiled again and said, "Yes, find out about Merrion Lodge for me, Mr. Sloyd."

He began to gather up his pictures and papers.

"Is Baron Tristram alive?" she asked suddenly.

Sloyd recovered his air of superiority.

"Her ladyship is a peeress in her own right," he explained.

"She's not married then?"

"A widow, madame."

"And wasn't her husband Baron Tristram?"

"Her husband would not have been Lord—excuse me, madame, we say Lord—Tristram of Blent. Her son will succeed to the title, of course. The family reside at Blent Hall, only a few hundred yards from Merrion Lodge, a picturesque mansion in the valley. The Lodge, you perceive, stands high."

"I don't understand the family arrangements," remarked Madame Zabriska, "but I daresay I shall learn it all if I go."

"If you had a peerage, madame——" he suggested, being himself rather vague about the mysteries of a barony by writ.

"I'll get one from the waiter presently. Good morning, Mr. Sloyd."

Sloyd was making his bow when the door opened and a man came in. He was tall, erect, and good-looking. Both air and manner were youthful, although perhaps with a trace of artifice; he would pass for thirty-five on a casual glance, but not after a longer one.

"My uncle, Major Duplay," said the little woman. "This is Mr. Sloyd, who's come about the house, uncle."

Duplay greeted the house-agent with grave courtesy and entered into conversation with him, while Madame Zabriska, relapsed again into an alert silence, watched the pair.

The last thing that Madame Zabriska—the style sat oddly on her child-like face and figure, but Mina Zabriska at the age of twenty-eight had been a widow three years—desired to do was harm; the thing she best loved to make was mischief. The essence of mischief lay for her—perhaps for everybody—in curiosity; it was to put people in the situations in which they least expected to find themselves and to observe how they comported themselves therein. As for hurting their interests or even their feelings—no; she was certain that she did not want that; was she not always terribly sorry when that happened, as it sometimes, and quite unaccountably, did? She would weep then—but for their misfortune, be it understood, not for any fault of hers. People did not always understand her; her mother had understood her perfectly and consequently had never interfered with her ways. Mina loved a mystification

too, and especially to mystify uncle Duplay, who thought himself so clever—was clever indeed, as men went, she acknowledged generously; but men did not go far. It would be fun to choose Merrion Lodge for her summer home, first because her uncle would wonder why in the world she took it, and secondly because she had guessed that somebody might be surprised to see her there. So she laid her plan, even as she had played her tricks in the days when she was an odd little girl, and Mr. Cholderton, not liking her, had with some justice christened her the Imp.

Major Duplay bowed Mr. Sloyd to the door with the understanding that full details of Merrion Lodge were to be furnished in a day or two. Coming back to the hearth-rug he spoke to his niece in French, as was the custom with the pair when they were alone.

"And now, dear Mina," said he, "what has made you set your mind on what seems distinctly the least desirable of these houses?"

"It s the cheapest, I expect, and I want to economise."

"People always do as soon as they've got any money," reflected Duplay in a puzzled tone. "If you were on half-pay as I am, you'd never want to do it."

"Well, I've another reason." This was already saying more than she had meant to say.

"Which you don't mean to tell me?"

"Certainly not."

With a shrug he took out his cigarette-case and handed it to her.

"You and your secrets!" he exclaimed good-humouredly. "Really, Mina, I more than earn my keep by the pleasure I give you in not telling me things. And then you go and do it!"

"Shan't this time," said Mr. Cholderton's Imp, seeming not a day more than ten, in spite of her smoking cigarette and her smart costume.

"Luckily I'm not curious—and I can trust you to do nothing wrong."

"Well, I suppose so," she agreed with scornful composure. "Did you ever hear mother speak of a Mrs. Fitzhubert?"

The Major smiled under his heavy moustache as he answered, "Never."

"Well, I have," said Mina with a world of significance. "I heard her first through the door," she added with a candid smile. "I was listening."

"You often were in those days."

"Oh, I am still—but on the inside of the door now. And she told me about it afterwards of her own accord. But it wouldn't interest you, uncle."

"Not in its present stage of revelation," he agreed with a little yawn.

"The funny old Englishman—you never saw him, did you? —Mr. Cholderton—he knew her. He rather admired her too. He was there when she rushed in and—— Never mind! I was there too—such a guy! I had corkscrew curls, you know, and a very short frock, and very long—other things. Oh, those frills!—And I suppose I really was the ugliest child ever born. Old Cholderton hated me—he'd have liked to box my ears, I know. But I think he was a little in love with Mrs. Fitzhubert. Oh, I've never asked for that Peerage!"

Major Duplay had resigned himself to a patient endurance of inadequate hints. His wits were not equal to putting together the pieces or conducting a sort of "missing word," or missing link, exercise to a triumphant issue. In time he would know all—supposing, that is, that there were really anything to know. Meanwhile he was not curious about other people's affairs; he minded his own business. Keeping young occupied much of his time; and then there was always the question of how it might prove possible to supplement the half-pay to which his years of service in the Swiss Army entitled him; it was scanty and but for his niece's hospitality really insufficient. He thought that he was a clever man, he had remained an honest man, and he saw no reason why Fortune should not some day make him a comfortable man; she had

never done so yet, having sent him into the world as the fifth child of a Protestant pastor in a French-speaking canton and never having given him so much as a well-to-do relative (even Madame de Kries' villa was on a modest scale) until Mina married Adolf Zabriska and kept that gentleman's money although she had the misfortune to lose his company. His death seemed to Duplay at least no great calamity; that he had died childless did not appear to have disappointed Mina and was certainly no ground of complaint on her uncle's part.

Presumably Mr. Sloyd's inquiries elicited satisfactory information; perhaps Mina was not hard to please. At all events a week later she and the Major got out at Blentmouth station and found Sloyd himself waiting to drive with them to Merrion Lodge; he had insisted on seeing them installed; doubtless he was, as he put it, playing for the break again. He sat in the landau with his back to the horses and pointed out the features of interest on the road; his couple of days' stay in the neighbourhood seemed to have made him an old inhabitant.

"Five hundred population five years ago," he observed, waving his hand over Blentmouth in patronising encouragement. "Two thousand winter, three five summer months now—largely due to William Iver, Esquire, of Fairholme—we shall pass Fairholme directly—a wealthy gentleman who takes great interest in the development of the town."

It was all Greek to the Major, but he nodded politely. Mina was looking about her with keen eyes.

"That's Fairholme," Sloyd went on, as they came to a large and rather new house situated on the skirts of Blentmouth. "Observe the glass—those houses cost thousands of pounds—grows peaches all the year, they tell me. At this point, Madame Zabriska, we turn and pursue the road by the river." And so he ceased not to play guide-book till he landed them at the door of Merrion Lodge itself, after a slow crawl of a quarter of a mile uphill. Below them in the valley lay the little Blent, sparkling in the sunshine of a summer afternoon, and beyond the river, facing them on the opposite bank, no more perhaps

than five hundred yards away, was Blent Hall. Mina ran to the parapet of the levelled terrace on which the lodge stood, and looked down. Blent Hall made three sides of a square of old red-brick masonry, with a tower in the centre; it faced the river, and broad gravel-walks and broader lawns of level close-shaven turf ran down to the water's edge.

"Among the minor seats of the nobility Blent is considered a very perfect example," she heard Sloyd say to the Major, who was unobtrusively but steadily urging him in the direction of the landau. She turned to bid him good-bye, and he came up to her, hat in hand.

"Thank you. I like the place," she said. "Do you—do you think we shall make acquaintance with the people at Blent Hall?"

"Her ladyship's in poor health, I hear, but I should imagine she would make an effort to call or at least send cards. Good-bye, madame."

Duplay succeeded in starting the zealous man on his homeward journey and then went into the house, Mina remaining still outside, engaged in the contemplation of her new surroundings, above all of Blent Hall, which was invested with a special interest for her eyes. It was the abode of Mrs. Fitzhubert.

With a little start she turned to find a young man standing just on the other side of the parapet; she had not noticed his approach till he had given a low cough to attract her attention. As he raised his hat her quick vision took him in as it were in a complete picture—the thin yet well-made body, the slight stoop in the shoulders, the high forehead bordered with thick dark hair growing in such a shape that the brow seemed to rise almost to a peak, a long nose, a sensitive mouth, a pointed chin, dark eyes with downward lids. The young man—she would have guessed him at twenty-two or three—had a complete composure of manner; somehow she felt herself in the presence of the lord of the soil—an absurd thing to feel, she told herself.

"Madame Zabriska? My mother, Lady Tristram, has sent

me to bid you welcome in her name, but not to disturb you by coming in so soon after your journey. It is our tradition to welcome guests at the moment of their arrival."

He spoke rather slowly, in a pleasant voice, but with something in his air that puzzled Mina. It seemed like a sort of watchfulness—not a slyness (that would have fitted so badly with the rest of him), but perhaps one might say a wariness—whether directed against her or himself it was too soon for her even to conjecture.

Still rather startled, she forgot to express her thanks, and said simply:

"You're Mr. Fitzhubert Tristram?"

"Mr. Tristram," he corrected her; and she noticed now for the first time the slow-moving smile which soon became his leading characteristic in her thoughts. It took such a time to spread, it seemed to feel its way; but it was a success when it came. "I use my father's name only as a Christian name now. Tristram is my surname; that also, if I may repeat myself, is one of our traditions."

"What, to change your names? The men, I mean?" she asked, laughing a little.

"For anybody in the direct line to take the name of Tristram—so that in spite of the failure of male heirs from time to time the Tristrams of Blent should always be Tristrams, you know, and not Fitzhuberts, or Leighs, or Merrions——"

"Merrion?'

"My great-great—I forget how many greats—grandfather was a Merrion and——"

"Built this house?"

"Oh, no—a house where this stands. The old house was burnt down in '95."

"As recently as that?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"1795," he explained, "and this house was run up then."

Mina felt that there was here a touch of pride; with a more complete mastery of idiomatic English she might have called it "swagger." Nothing counted that was less than a century old,

it seemed, and he spoke of a house of a hundred years' standing as she might of a wooden shanty. Decidedly he was conscious of his position—over-conscious.

"I'm glad it was run up in time for us to take it," she said, thinking she would try the effect of a little chaff.

The effect was nothing; Harry Tristram took no notice of the remark.

"I see," he observed, "from your calling me Fitzhubert that you've been looking up our recent history."

"Oh, just what there is in the Peerage." Her look was mischievous now, but she restrained herself from any hint of special knowledge. "I'll tell you as much of ours some day."

She broke into a laugh, and then, carried away by the beauty of the scene, the river and the stately peaceful old house by it, she stretched out her hands towards Blent Hall, exclaiming:

"But we haven't anything like that in our history!"

He turned to look with her, and stood in silence for a minute or two. Then he spoke softly:

"Yes, I love it," he said.

She glanced at him; his eyes were tender. Turning, he saw her glance. In a moment he seemed to veil his eyes and to try to excuse the sentimental tone of his remark by a matter-of-fact comment:

"But of course a man comes to like a place when he's been accustomed to think of it as his home for all his life past and to come."

"What would you do if you lost it?" she asked.

"I've no intention of losing it," he answered, laughing, but looking again from her and towards his home. "We've had it six hundred years; we shan't lose it now, I think."

"No, I suppose not." He was holding out his hand. "Good-bye, Mr. Tristram. May I come and thank your mother?"

"Oh, but she'll come here, if she's well enough."

"I'll save her the journey up the hill."

He bowed in courteous acceptance of her offer as he shook hands.

"You see the foot-bridge over the river there? There's a gate at each end, but the gates are never locked, so you can reach us from the road that way if you're walking. If you want to drive, you must go a quarter of a mile higher up, just below the pool. Good-bye, Madame Zabriska."

Mina watched him all the way down the hill. He had made an impression on her—an intellectual impression, not a sentimental one. There was nothing of the boy about him, unless it were in that little flourish over the antiquity of his house and its surroundings; even that might be the usual thing—she had not seen enough of his class to judge. There was too that love of the place which he had shown. Lastly there was the odd air of wariness and watching; such it seemed to her, and it consented to seem nothing else.

"I wonder," she thought, "if he knows anything about Mrs. Fitzhubert—and I wonder if it would make any difference to him!" Memory carried her back in an instant to the moment when she, Mr. Cholderton's Imp, heard that beautiful woman cry, "Think of the difference it makes, the enormous difference!" She drew in her breath in a sudden gasp. An idea had flashed into her mind, showing her for the first time the chance of a situation which had never yet crossed her thoughts.

"Good gracious, is it possible that he couldn't keep it, or that his mother couldn't give it to him, all the same?"

CHAPTER III

ON GUARD.

Harry Tristram was just on twenty-three; to others, and to himself too perhaps (if a man himself can attain any clear view), he seemed older. Even the externals of his youth had differed

from the common run. Sent to school like other boys, he had come home from Harrow one Easter for the usual short holiday. He had never returned; he had not gone to the University; he had been abroad a good deal, travelling and studying, but always in his mother's company. It was known that she was in bad health; it was assumed that either she was very exacting or he very devoted, since to separate him from her appeared impossible. Yet those who observed them together saw no imperiousness on her part and no excess of sentiment on his. Friendliness based on a thorough sympathy of mind was his attitude if his demeanour revealed it truly; while Lady Tristram was to her son as she was to all the world at this time, a creature of feelings now half cold and of moods that reflected palely the intense impulses of her youth. But a few years over forty, she grew faded and faint in mind, it seemed, as well as in body, and was no longer a merry comrade to the boy who never left her. Yet he did not wish to leave her. To her, indeed, he was not a boy, and nobody about the place regarded him as other than a man. He had been actually and effectively master of the house for years, just as he was master of his own doings, of his friendships, recreations, and pursuits. And he had managed all well, except that he was not thought to be very happy or to get much enjoyment from his life. That was just an idea he gave of himself, and gave involuntarily—in spite of taking his fair share in the amusements of the neighbourhood, and holding his own well in its sports and athletics. But he was considered cold and very reserved. Had Mina Zabriska remembered this use of "reserve," perhaps she would have employed the word instead of "wariness." Or perhaps, if his acquaintances had looked more keenly, they would have come over to Mina's side and found her term the more accurate. She spoke from a fresher and sharper impression of him.

His childhood at least had been happy, while Lady Tristram was still the bewilderingly delightful companion who had got into so much hot water and made so many people eager to get in after her. Joy lasted with her as long as health did, and her

health began to fail only when her son approached fifteen. Another thing happened about then, which formed the prelude to the most vivid scene in the boy's life. Lady Tristram was not habitually a religious woman; that temper of mind was too abstract for her; she moved among emotions and images, and had small dealings with meditation or spiritual conceptions. But happening to be in a mood that laid her open to the influence, she heard in London one day a sermon preached by a young man famous at the time, a great searcher of fashionable hearts. She drove straight from the church (it was a Friday morning) to Paddington and took the first train home. Harry was there—back from school for his holiday—and she found him in the smoking-room, weighing a fish which he had caught in the pool that the Blent forms above the weir. There and then she fell on her knees on the floor and poured forth to him the story of that Odyssey of hers which had shocked London society and is touched upon in Mr. Cholderton's Journal. He listened; amazed, embarrassed, puzzled up to a point; a boy's normal awkwardness was raised to its highest pitch; he did not want to hear his mother call herself a wicked woman; and anyhow it was a long while ago, and he did not understand it all very well. The woman lifted her eyes and looked at him; she was caught by the luxury of confession, of humiliation; of offering her back to the whip. She told him he was not her heir—that he would not be Tristram of Blent. For a moment she laid her head on the floor at his feet. She heard no sound from him, and presently looked up at him again. His embarrassment had gone; he was standing rigidly still, his eyes gazing out towards the river, his forehead wrinkled in a frown. He was thinking. She went on kneeling there, saying no more, staring at her son. It was characteristic of her that she did not risk diminishing the effectiveness of the scene, or the tragedy of her avowal, by explaining the perverse accident owing to which her fault had entailed such an aggravation of evil. Harry learnt that later.

Later—and in a most different sort of interview. From the

first Harry had no thought of surrender; his mother had none either as soon as she had forgotten her preacher. The discussion was resumed after a week (Lady Tristram had spent the interval in bed) on a business footing. She found in him the same carelessness of the world and its obligations that there was in herself, but found it carried to the point of scorn and allied to a tenacity of purpose and a keenness of vision which she had never owned. Not a reproach escaped him—less, she thought, from generosity than because he chose to concentrate his mind on something useful. It was no use lamenting the past; it might be possible to undo it for all practical purposes. The affair was never again referred to between them except as a factor recommending or dictating some course of action; its private side—its revelation of her and its effect (or what might have been its effect) on his feelings towards her—was never spoken of. Lady Tristram thought that the effect was nothing and the revelation not very surprising to her son. He accepted without argument her own view—that she had done nothing very strange but had fallen on very bad luck. But he told her at once that he was not going back to Harrow. She understood; she agreed to be watched, she abdicated her rule, she put everything in his hands and obeyed him.

Thus, at fifteen, Harry Tristram took up his burden and seemed to take up his manhood too. He never wavered; he always assumed that right and justice were on his side, that he was not merely justified in holding his place but bound in duty to keep it. Such practical steps as could be taken were taken. The confederates set no limit to their preparations against danger and their devices to avoid detection. If lies were necessary, they would lie; where falsification was wanted they falsified. There was no suspicion; not a hint of it had reached their ears. Things were so quiet that Lady Tristram often forgot the whole affair; her son watched always, his eyes keen for a sight, his ear down to the earth for a sound, of danger. No security relaxed his vigilance, but his vigilance became so habitual, so entered into him, that his mother ceased to notice

it and it became a second nature to himself. That it might miss nothing, it was universal; the merest stranger came within its ken. He watched all mankind lest some one among men should be seeking to take his treasure from him. Mr. Cholderton's Imp had not used her eyes in vain; but Harry's neighbours, content to call him reserved, had no idea that there was anything in particular that he had to hide.

There was one little point which, except for his persuasion of his own rectitude, might have seemed to indicate an uneasy conscience, but was in fact only evidence of a natural dislike to having an unwelcome subject thrust under his notice. About a year after the disclosure Lady Tristram had a letter from Mr. Gainsborough. This gentleman had married her cousin, and the cousin, a woman of severe principles, had put an end to all acquaintance in consequence of the Odyssey. She was dead, and her husband proposed to renew friendly relations, saying that his daughter knew nothing of past differences and was anxious to see her kinsfolk. The letter was almost gushing, and Lady Tristram, left to herself, would have answered it in the same kind; for while she had pleased herself she bore no resentment against folk who had blamed her. Moreover Gainsborough was poor and somebody had told her that the girl was pleasant; she pitied poverty and liked being kind to pleasant people.

"Shall we invite them to stay for a week or two?" she had asked.

"Never," he said. "They shall never come here. I don't want to know them, I won't see them." His face was hard, angry, and even outraged at the notion.

His mother said no more. If the barony and Blent departed from Harry, on Lady Tristram's death they would go to Cecily Gainsborough. If Harry had his way, that girl should not even see his darling Blent. If distrust of his mother entered at all into his decision, if he feared any indiscreet talk from her, he gave no hint of it. It was enough that the girl had some odious pretensions which he could and would defeat but could

not ignore—pretensions for his mind, in her own she had none.

The sun had sunk behind the tower, and Lady Tristram sat in a low chair by the river, enjoying the cool of the evening. The Blent murmured as it ran; the fishes were feeding; the midges were out to feed, but they did not bite Lady Tristram; they never did; the fact had always been a comfort to her, and may perhaps be allowed here to assume a mildly allegorical meaning; if the cool of the evening may do the same, it will serve very well to express the stage of life and of feeling to which no more than the beginning of middle age had brought her. It was rather absurd, but she did not want to do or feel very much more; and it seemed as though her wishes were to be respected. A certain distance from things marked her now; only Harry was near to her, only Harry's triumph was very important. She had outrun her vital income and mortgaged future years; if foreclosure threatened, she maintained her old power of taking no heed of disagreeable things, however imminent. She was still very handsome and wished to go on being that to the end; fortunately fragility had always been her style and always suited her.

Harry leant his elbow on a great stone vase which stood on a pedestal and held a miniature wilderness of flowers.

"I lunched at Fairholme," he was saying. "The paint's all wet still, of course, and the doors stick a bit, but I liked the family. He's genuine, she's homely, and Janie's a good girl. They were very civil."

"I suppose so."

"Not overwhelmed," he added, as though wishing to correct a wrong impression which yet might reasonably have arisen.

"I didn't mean that. I've met Mr. Iver, and he wasn't at all overwhelmed. Mrs. Iver was—out—when I called, and I was—out—when she called." Lady Tristram was visibly, although not ostentatiously, allowing for the prejudices of a moral middle-class.

"Young Bob Broadley was there—you know who I mean? At Mingham Farm, up above the Pool."

"I know—a handsome young man."

"I forgot he was handsome. Of course you know him then! What a pity I'm not handsome, mother!"

"Oh, you've the air though," she observed contentedly. "Is he after Janie Iver?"

"So I imagine. I'm not sure that I'm not too. Have I any chance against Bob Broadley?"

She did not seem to take him seriously.

"They wouldn't look at Mr. Broadley." (She was pleasantly punctilious about all titles and courteous methods of reference or address.) "Janie Iver's a great heiress."

"And what about me?" he insisted, as he lit his pipe and sat down opposite her.

"You mean it, Harry?"

"There's no reason why I shouldn't marry, is there?"

"Why, you must marry, of course. But——"

"We can do the blue blood business enough for both."

"Yes, I didn't mean that."

"You mean—am I at all in love with her?"

"No, not quite. Oh, my dear Harry, I mean wouldn't you like to be in love a little with somebody? You could do it after you marry, of course, and you certainly will if you marry now, but it's not so—so comfortable." She looked at him with a sort of pity: her feeling was that he gave himself no holidays.

He sat silent a moment, seeming to consider some picture which her suggestion conjured up.

"No good waiting for that," was his conclusion. "Somehow if I married and had children, it would seem to make everything more settled." His great preoccupation was on him again. "We could do with some more money too," he added, "and, as I say, I'm inclined to like the girl."

"What's she like?"

"What you call a fine girl—tall—well made——"

"She'll be fat some day, I expect."

"Straight features, broadish face, dark, rather heavy brows —you know the sort of thing."

"Oh, Harry, I hate all that."

"I don't; I rather like it." He was smoking meditatively, and jerked out what he had to say between the puffs. "I shouldn't like to mortgage Blent," he went on a moment later.

"Mortgage Blent? What for?"

He raised a hand to ask to be heard out. "But I should like to feel that I could at any moment lay my hand on a big lump of ready money—say fifty, or even a hundred, thousand pounds. I should like to be able to pull it out of my breeches' pocket and say, 'Take that and hold your tongue!'" He looked at her to see if she followed what was in his mind. "I think they'd take it," he ended. "I mean if things got as far as that, you know."

"You mean the Gainsboroughs?"

"Yes. Oh, anybody else would be cheaper than that. Fifty thousand would be better than a very doubtful case. But it would have to be done directly—before a word was heard about it. I should like to live with the cheque by me."

He spoke very simply, as another man might speak of being ready to meet an improvement-rate or an application from an impecunious brother.

"Don't you think it would be a good precaution?" he asked. Whether he meant the marriage, the cheque, or the lady, was immaterial; it came to the same thing.

"It's all very troublesome," Lady Tristram complained. "It really half spoils our lives, doesn't it, Harry? One always has to be worrying."

The smile whose movements had excited Mina Zabriska's interest made its appearance on Harry's face. He had never been annoyed at his mother's external attitude towards the result of her own doings, but he was often amused at it.

"Why do you smile?" she asked innocently.

"Well, worrying's a mild term," he explained evasively.

"It's my work in the world, you know—or it seems as if it was going to be."

"You'd better think about it," Lady Tristram concluded, not wishing to think about it any more herself. "You wouldn't tell Mr. Iver anything about the difficulty, would you?" "The difficulty" had become her usual way of referring to their secret.

"Not a word. I'm not called upon to justify my position to Iver." No shadow of doubt softened the clearness of Harry's conviction on this point.

He rose, filled his pipe again, and began to walk up and down. He was at his old game, counting chances, one by one, every chance, trying to eliminate risks, one by one, every risk, so that at last he might take his ease and say without fear of contradiction, "Here sits Tristram of Blent." To be thus was—something; but to be safely thus was so much more that it did not seem to him a great thing to carry out the plan which he had suggested to Lady Tristram. To be sure he was not in love with anybody else, which makes a difference, though it is doubtful whether it would have made any to him. Had the question arisen at that moment he would have said that nothing could make any difference.

"Did you go up to the Lodge, Harry?" his mother called to him as one of his turns brought him near her.

"Oh, yes; I forgot to tell you. I did, and I found Madame Zabriska having a look at us from the terrace, so I had a little talk with her. I didn't see the uncle."

"What's she like?" This was a favourite question of Lady Tristram's.

Harry paused a moment, looking for a description.

"Well, if you can imagine one needle with two very large eyes, you'd get some idea of her. She's sharp, mother—mind and body. Pleasant enough though. She's coming to see you, so you needn't bother to go up." He added with an air of impatience, "She's been hunting in the Peerage."

"Of course she would; there's nothing in that."

"No, I suppose not," he admitted almost reluctantly.

"I can't help thinking I've heard the name before—not Zabriska, but the uncle's."

"Duplay, isn't it? I never heard it."

"Well, I can't remember anything about it, but it sounds familiar. I'm confusing it with something else, I suppose. They look like being endurable, do they?"

"Oh, yes, as people go," he answered, resuming his walk.

If a determination to keep for yourself what according to your own conviction belongs by law to another makes a criminal intent—and that irrespective of the merits of the law—it would be hard to avoid classing Lady Tristram and her son as criminals in contemplation, if not yet in action. And so considered they afforded excellent specimens of two kinds of criminals which a study of assize courts reveals—the criminal who drifts and the criminal who plans; the former usually termed by counsel and judge "unhappy," the latter more sternly dubbed "dangerous." Lady Tristram had always drifted and was drifting still; Harry had begun to plan at fifteen and still was busy planning. One result of this difference was that whereas she was hardly touched or affected in character he had been immensely influenced. In her and to her the whole thing seemed almost accidental, a worry, as she put it, and not much more; with him it was the governing fact in life and had been the force most potent in moulding him. The trouble came into her head when something from outside put it there; it never left his brain. And she had no adequate conception of what it was to him. Even his scheme of marrying Janie Iver and his vivid little phrase about living with the cheque by him failed to bring it home to her. This very evening, as soon as he was out of sight, both he and his great question were out of the mind of the woman who had brought both him and it into existence. There are people who carry the doctrine of free-will so far in their own persons as to take the liberty of declining to allow causes to work on and in them what are logically, morally, and on every other ground

conceivable, their necessary effects; reasoning from what they have done to what they must be, from what they have been responsible for to what they must feel, breaks down: they are arbitrary, unconditioned, themselves as it were accidental. With this comes a sort of innocence, sometimes attractive, sometimes uncommonly exasperating to the normal man.

So Lady Tristram went back to her novel, and Harry walked by the river, moodily meditating and busily scheming. Meanwhile Mina Zabriska had flown to the library at Merrion Lodge and, finding books that had belonged to a legal member of the family in days gone by, was engaged in studying the law relating to the succession to lands and titles in England. She did not make quick progress. Nevertheless in a day or two she had reached a point when she was bubbling over with curiosity and excitement; she felt that she could not go on sitting opposite Major Duplay at meals without giving him at least a hint or two of the wonderful state of things on which she had hit, and without asking him to consider the facts and to have a look at the books which were so puzzling and exercising her brain. Yet Harry Tristram, wary sentinel as he was, did not dream of any attack or scent any danger from the needle with two very large eyes, as he had called the lady at Merrion Lodge.

(*To be continued.*)

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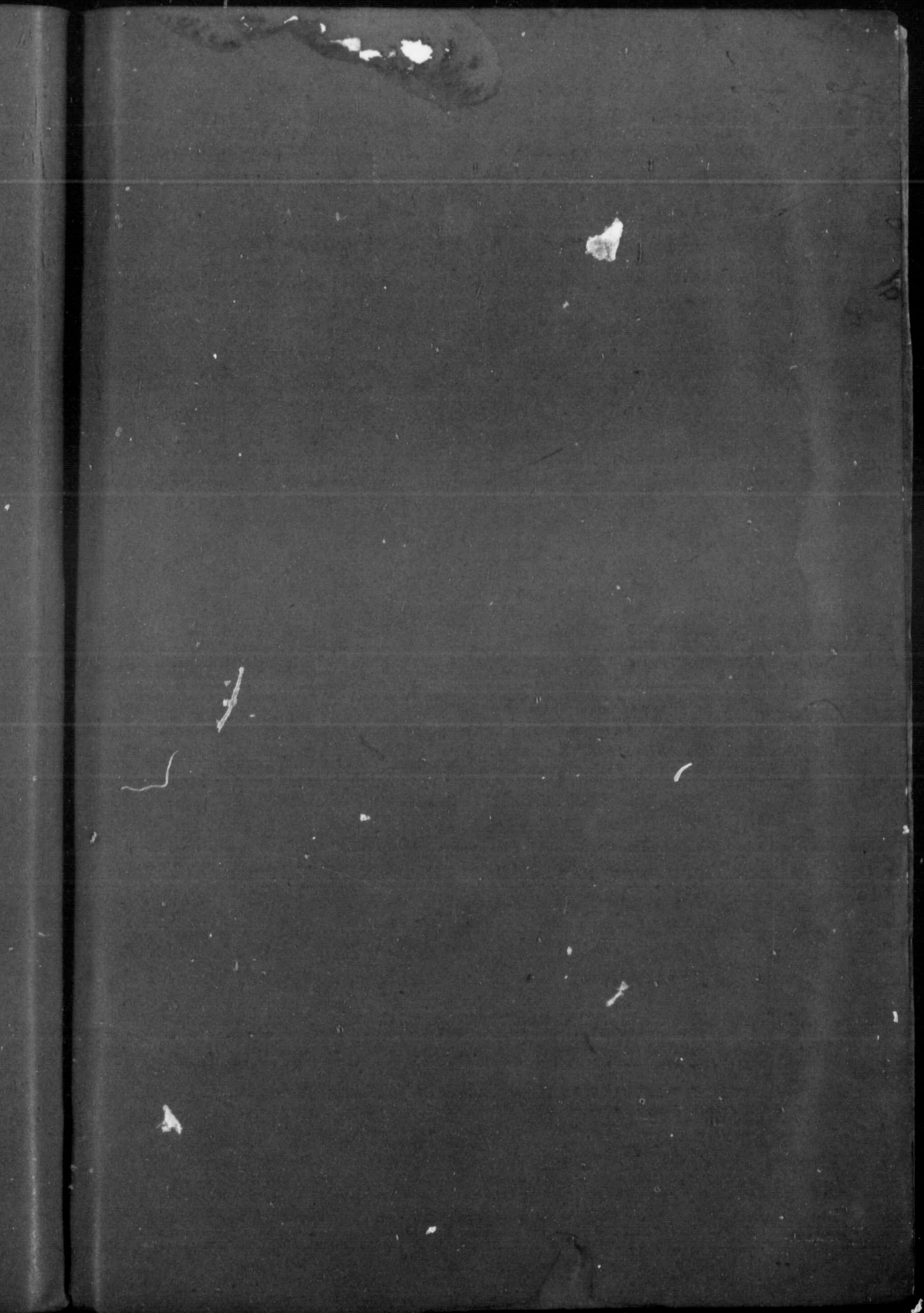

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