A POSSIBLE PARTY

IN a certain sense it may be said with truth that the General Election of 1900 has not been a sensational one. Majorities have risen and fallen, safe seats have become rickety ones and rickety ones safer; a certain number have been lost and won: but the balance between these has been fairly even, there is little apparent change in the situation, and we have to deplore the fall of no champion of the first rank, or even of the second. And yet upon a further consideration this Election, described by one prominent politician as "inconclusive" and by another as "hollow," appears to be as remarkable in its result and likely to prove as momentous in its effects as any that have preceded it.

The result has been already dealt with statistically by innumerable pens; the figures have lost much of their significance by reason of their familiarity: but they are in fact very significant. For our present purpose we need not put them through their drill once more; it will be sufficient to point out that it is not only in their general aspect, nor in one respect alone, that they show a decisive victory and defeat. The latter word is here the better of the two, for beyond question the result has been not so much a triumph for the Government as a crushing reverse to their opponents: a reverse so thorough that we are at a loss to find a parallel to it. A law has been broken; the unnatural seems to have come about for once; we have witnessed what we thought never to

see—two high tides in succession without an ebb between them. The tide of 1895 was high; not only is this one higher still, but the individual ripples which go to make it up, and also the total volume of water, are considerably greater: the Government have gained in members, in majorities, in uncontested seats, and in the total mass of their supporters. The Opposition have no longer the consolation of the law of the pendulum: a loss which must be disheartening for them, but which for the nation at large, to whom party government is more important than any party interest, may well seem almost disastrous, since it gives rise to the apprehension that the clock may be about to stop altogether.

This apprehension will not be allayed by an examination into the possible causes which have brought about the present position of affairs. Such an examination is unmistakably called for, and we can but hope most earnestly that it will be undertaken by all thinking members of the Liberal party—the party upon which the responsibility rests—and undertaken in a scientific and dispassionate spirit. The hope is no certainty; it is a faint, or, at best, a trembling hope. We note with dismay that Lord Kimberley, in his speech at Wymondham, delivered on the day after the completion of the Election returns, had apparently no better tactics to recommend than the traditional, gallant, and entirely ruinous method of the frontal attack. "Perseverance," he said, "is a characteristic of Englishmen, and a time will come when the party will regain its position." To believe this is to have learnt nothing; the Liberal party has not been beaten because it did not try hard enough, nor will perseverance in its recent methods lead it anywhere except to fresh disasters. We cannot here undertake to set out the evidence or the reasoning which have brought us to this opinion; we can only state our own view, and leave it to be confirmed or corrected by the investigation for which we plead. We can also suggest the lines upon which such an investigation must, in our belief, proceed, if it is to come to any good result.

In the first place, the inquirer must free his mind from the influence of two false issues raised by many of the Liberal rank and file during the contest. They were perhaps good enough for electioneering purposes, but they do not give any clue to the meaning of this result. The first is the grievance of the old register. Now, whether or not it was, as has been alleged, a crime against the Constitution to go to the country in the circumstances complained of, it is, at any rate, evident that the probabilities are all against the Government having gained anything by their action in the matter. Not only is it almost a mathematical certainty that a minority only of the disfranchised voters would have been found on the Liberal side, but Liberals have practically given the point away by another complaint—the second of the misleading cries of which we spoke. The word "khaki" has been freely used to convey the innuendo that the Englishman's natural patriotism—always more instinctive than reasoning—was being exploited in the interest of one party. We do not doubt that this is true to some extent, and such tactics cannot be too strongly condemned. But if the country was, in fact, as the accusation ran both at home and abroad, "drunk with new khaki wine," it is hardly reasonable to suppose that the voters added by a new register would have been less subject to this form of intoxication than their more experienced companions. For ourselves, we doubt whether war-fever can be said to have had any great influence on the elector, and we are confirmed in this by the recollection of another Liberal hustings cry—that relating to the "mismanagement of the war." Politically speaking, this South African struggle has not been of an intoxicating kind; our feelings of relief over Ladysmith and Mafeking, and of pride in our returning volunteers, have been totally unconnected with our estimate of the services of the Government, except when, rightly or wrongly, they have been actually heightened by a sense of contrast.

But we cannot dismiss the word "khaki" so soon: there is, we believe, a sense in which it may yet prove to be the

strength of the Liberal party. We must not forget that the party which has gained so complete a victory was not that of a popular Government in an undamaged position. In England every Government is the weaker for five years of office, unless it has during that time conducted the affairs of the nation in such a manner as to retard, if not to repair, the waste of natural decay. We see no reason to believe that the present Government had, up to a year ago, been more successful or more fortunate in this respect than any of their predecessors. Their domestic policy may have been popular from time to time with sections of their own party; it may even have been wise and just in itself; but there can be no question that it was not viewed with enthusiasm by the country at large. In foreign affairs their campaigning had been on steep and thorny ground, and to the eye of the mere onlooker—very probably an uninformed, shortsighted, and hasty observer, but none the less for practical purposes the sole umpire—their manœuvres had appeared ill-conceived and vacillating. To what an extent this was the case is shown by the public feeling on the Fashoda affair; that crisis ended as well as was perhaps possible under the circumstances, but its conclusion was greeted with relief rather than with acclamation. The episode of Port Arthur caused an outburst of positive irritation and left behind much discontent. We are not saying that these feelings were justified: it is more than possible that Lord Salisbury's services to his country may in the broader light of the future present a very different appearance, but we do not think that his foreign policy from 1895 to 1899 can be said to have been a source of strength to his party. But when we come to September 1900 all is changed, and changed unquestionably by the course of events in South Africa. The paradox, to put it briefly, as it has been stated by many Liberals, is this: one of the most direct and most important consequences of an undesirable and ill-conducted war is to give an unpopular Government all the advantages of a fresh and enthusiastic popularity

To put this result down to widespread madness or intoxication may be a natural exhibition of human weakness; it may give for the moment an anodyne to wounded pride: but it is not scientific. Nor is it hopeful, except in a baser sense: it is unworthy of Liberalism to lie in wait for a reaction without first making absolutely certain that the reaction—which we admit is, to some extent, only too inevitable—will be of the nature of a moral or intellectual awakening and not of mere fatigue. The investigation which we are urging must be of the most direct and fearless kind; it must, above all, be conducted with that openness of mind which has for long been a Liberal ideal. The fourth (but by no means the least fruitful) source of Vulgar Errors is, according to Sir Thomas Browne, "a supinity or neglect of inquiry." A Liberal reading the chapter at the present time could hardly fail to be struck by these words, which follow closely after those above quoted:

> But now, our understandings being eclipsed, as well as our tempers infirmed, we must betake ourselves to ways of reparation, and depend upon the illumination of our endeavours. For thus we may in some measure repair our primary ruins, and build ourselves men again.

The first "way of reparation" for the defeated is to consider the sources of the adversary's strength. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri:* which, perhaps, after the lessons of the past twelve months should be translated, "It is disgraceful not to learn from your enemy." If he has shown qualities or used methods which are more effective than yours, and which you may honourably adopt, do not be too proud to imitate him: if he has let fall word or sign by which you may be guided, still less ought you to disregard them. Such words as those which we are about to quote may have been uttered in one form or another by many speakers, but no one has, we think, put the point so directly and clearly as Mr. Wyndham, and from few men could Liberals accept the lesson with so little bitterness or suspicion. In his speech at Dover Mr. Wyndham said:

> It is held sometimes abroad that this awakening on our part to the obligations of Empire denotes a new spirit of antagonism in this country towards the

legitimate aims and aspirations of European Powers. That is not so. It denotes merely that we will fulfil our part of our duty, as it is incumbent on other nations to fulfil their part. The spirit in which we take up our portion of that task is not one of antagonism, but one of generous emulation to see which of the favoured nations of the world can do most in the shortest time to perform the duty owed by them to the countries still oppressed by savagery, barbarism, or imperfect civilisation.

The country has declared that it wishes these two tasks to be performed, and that in the present Government they find the only instrument capable of performing them. The Unionist party is a possible party, a united party, a disciplined party, because they have acted up to the requirements of the time, and have given a healthy and whole-hearted welcome to the policy of fulfilling their imperial obligations. The other party is distracted and impossible because it has fallen into apathy.

We believe that to be an accurate diagnosis, summed up in an illuminating phrase. The Liberal party in the year 1900 was not a possible party. There were, of course, on the register the usual number of people who would always find it better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven, who would, that is to say, under all conceivable circumstances, vote for the side to which they have been openly attached; "my party, right or wrong." But at election time the power of these loyal partisans is limited: the casting vote lies, as every election agent knows, with the "moveable margin," and they, on this occasion, decided that they had no choice offered to them.

Sir Edward Grey cheered the hearts of Liberals during the fight by roundly denying that in England either party can be said to have a monopoly of patriotism. It is significant that such a denial should have seemed necessary at all: there are probably few who are not by this time aware that the type of patriotism represented by Sir Edward Grey is no less high-spirited and high-minded than even that of Mr. Wyndham. Though its author may not have intended it so, the proclamation had almost the appearance of being addressed rather to his own party than to the opponents in the field against him. In any case, true and fitting though the protest was in the mouth of the speaker, it was not accepted by the country at large, and

the reasons alleged for this may be summed up in three words, each conveying a charge which, if proved, would be destructive of a claim to practical, as distinguished from theoretical, patriotism. The Liberal party is accused of factiousness, sentimentalism, irresponsibility. Those who are proof against the sound of words, however explosive, those who know how often half the cartridges are blank, will face these charges coolly. They will remember that in politics bad names frequently stand for good qualities: it is often a mere question of degree whether a man is humane or sentimental, independent or irresponsible: and upon questions of degree opinions will always differ. Moreover, the particular charge of factiousness is one of which we may almost say that it is so necessarily true as to be unfair. The Progressive and the Conservative differ temperamentally as active and passive: strictly speaking, the Conservative can hardly be called factious so long as he is opposing action of any kind; but the Progressive is liable when in opposition to be confronted with the argument, "You would go as far yourselves, and farther, if you were in office"; and yet it is for the purpose of criticism that an Opposition exists, and even a forward step may not unreasonably be the subject of debate if the guides are suspected of secretly favouring a retrograde movement. So much then may be said at once by all good Liberals: but in their own private councils they will do well to look more closely into these charges against them, for there is no denying that, whether it is with justice or injustice that the party has been found guilty of them, these are real crimes. There is a sharp line between wholesome criticism and the fierce desire to give an opponent a fall: between honest and courageous protest against wrongdoing on our own side, and the encouragement, direct or indirect, of our country's enemies while the issues of war and peace are in the balance. As for sentimentalism, in a private individual it may perhaps be regarded as a foible: but it must not be forgotten that in the life of communities its indulgence involves a breach of trust and is to be classed among the luxurious vices.

There is without doubt a large body of Liberals in this country who will be able to acquit themselves of such charges as these: it is to be regretted that they have been included in a condemnation which they at any rate did not deserve. If they had stood alone, they might well have cleared themselves before the country and become, if not a victorious, at any rate a possible party. The national interest would have been better served: for though a strong Opposition is only less necessary to the welfare of the country than a strong Government, a party is not really strengthened by the addition of mere numbers if the addition brings weaker links into the chain. We do not forget that it has been publicly denied—by Lord Crewe, for instance, among others—that there is any essential difference on the point of policy between the different members of the Liberal party. But to say this only adds one more to the subjects in open dispute among Liberals, for we have heard the opposite statement from no less an authority than Mr. Asquith. In addressing the delegates of the East Fife Liberal Association at Ladybank, he said:

> As regards the causes of the war there have, of course, been wide differences of opinion. I am one of those who think that the ultimate responsibility for the war does not rest upon the shoulders of the Government or the people in this country. The war was not of our seeking, but was forced upon us against our will. There are distinguished men, some of them of our own party, who have always taken a different view, and who have held that the war was provoked, or at any rate could have been prevented, by this country. . . .
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> It is quite true, as I believe, that when last year we were seeking to obtain from President Kruger adequate guarantees for the civil and political freedom of our countrymen in the Transvaal, it formed no part of the policy of any responsible statesman to put an end to the existing States of the two Republics.
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> But no lover of freedom need shed any tears for the disappearance of the South African Republic, an unhappy specimen of one of the worst kind of political impostures, a caricature, a mockery of liberty under a democratic form. . . . The Free Staters unhappily became joint aggressors . . . they invaded our colonies, they contemplated to annex our territories, and they showed themselves as great enemies as the Boers themselves. We are therefore as free in their case as in the case of the Transvaal to take such steps as seem best in the general interests of South Africa.

By the side of this speech we may set the following extract from Mr. Morley's address to the electors of Montrose:

> There is not a man versed in our national affairs who does not see and know that we are expanding our responsibilities beyond the limits of our resources . . . profligately squandering the treasure that we should be diligently husbanding. . . . The tax-payer is finding out that you do not expand your frontier in two continents for nothing . . . As for the war, I have not one word to withdraw. . . . I regard it as a hateful incident in the retrograde policy. . . . I regard the incorporation of the two Boer States as the consummation of one of the most evil blunders in our history.

And in the same speaker's Oxford oration we find him answering by anticipation Mr. Asquith's words on freedom:

> Political liberty and real liberty? I distrust that distinction. . . . When we consider the dogged tenacity with which those men have flung themselves into this bloody struggle for the independence of their own community and country—aye, and even in this case twelve months ago we should all have declared it to be the most noble object for which a man could sacrifice himself and die—we can judge how likely men of this kind are to subside into quiescence under the rule which you have started under the most hateful circumstances that can possibly by human imagination be conceived.

In the face of differences such as these it is idle to remind us that upon questions of domestic policy all Liberals are at one. Even that is no longer true: while Manchester has been dreaming, man has grown: his fatherland is now the habitable globe and his domestic policy the welfare of the world. To do our duty under this "expanding responsibility" may be costly, even to the limit of our resources, and painful beyond even the experience of this South African war: it is certainly no work for boasting or for gold and scarlet trappings; it must be done by men of good will in sober khaki. There is no lack of these in England; it is of vital importance that they should dominate her councils, whether as members of a Liberal or a Conservative party.

SCIENCE IN POLITICS

WHATEVER his faults, Prince Bismarck had at least the merit of realising that sentimentalism was out of place in politics. He never forgot, what in our own country is seldom remembered, that definite effects are produced by definite causes, and that his end could only be attained by facing facts, not by ignoring them or waving them aside with indolent complacency. There has seldom been a time when this country had greater need of statesmen possessing the qualities which made Bismarck great, or when the abandonment of the weak opportunism which would set our policy adrift at home and abroad was more urgently demanded, for in truth the future of our Empire must be permanently affected by the degree of sagacity shown in dealing with the problems which a perverse fate has accumulated for immediate solution.

The settlement in South Africa has the prior claim upon our attention. The difficulties attending this question do not appear less formidable as the necessity for dealing with them approaches. With regard to the objects to be attained there seems to be practical unanimity. It is generally agreed that any settlement worthy of the name must be calculated to ensure the maintenance of peace in South Africa for the future. There is at the same time a widespread desire to secure the largest measure of personal freedom consistent with the permanent supremacy of the Imperial power. Humanity demands from us an earnest effort to achieve the first of these objects,

while the permanent curtailment of the liberties and franchises of British subjects is opposed alike to British sentiment and tradition.

Unanimity with regard to the objects to be kept in view does not unfortunately secure any general agreement as to the best means for their accomplishment.

We may be pretty sure that men of moderate views will be against any severity which appears to them unnecessary, while they will naturally expect that the mistakes involved in the unfortunate policy of 1881-84 shall not be repeated. If the repetition of these mistakes is to be avoided, a complete comprehension of the cause which led to them is essential.

Before, however, investigating this cause, a moment's attention to some points affecting the moral aspect of our proceedings in South Africa will not be wasted, because, illogical though it be, the opinion of many men with regard to the character of the settlement to be achieved appears to be affected by the view they hold as to the justice or injustice of the war.

A resort to force under any circumstances, they would say, is to be deplored: when the advance of civilisation enables us, metaphorically, to turn our swords into pruning-hooks and our spears into ploughshares, it will be well for all concerned. For the present, nevertheless, it is sufficient to point out, that both our internal and external relations are based upon force, and that, beyond question, the British people are determined, in the last resort, to rely upon force for the maintenance of what they deem to be their legitimate interests. It is of the first importance in the conduct of affairs to consider things as they are, and not as they might be or as we would have them. For present purposes, therefore, we proceed upon the assumption that such a determination is right; and no argument will be addressed to the conversion of those who conscientiously object to the application of force under any circumstances. Such an assumption is in no way inconsistent with a recognition of the obligation to exhaust all reasonable means of adjusting

our differences before accepting the arbitrament of war. This obligation, some contend, was not in the present case fulfilled, and two points have been relied upon to substantiate the charge. It is claimed, first, that our differences with the Transvaal Republic should have been referred to arbitration; secondly, that our ends could have been obtained by peaceful means, or, as it has been expressed by some exponents of this view, by continued pressure on President Kruger.

The latter contention seems an extraordinary one. The extension of the franchise which Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner elected to put in the forefront of their claims was a demand which this country had no legal right to make: if it was to be enforced at all it could only be enforced by military operations. Mr. Kruger's firmness of mind, to put it politely, was notorious, while the advantage he would get by yielding to demands supported by no adequate sanction must have been difficult for him to appreciate. What conceivable pressure could be applied which was not based on the threat of the employment of force? At the same time, what could be more futile than to threaten without the intention, if need be, of carrying out the threat? The only reasonable complaint which can be made against the Government in this regard is not that they enforced by arms the claim when once made, but that they made it without foreseeing the inevitable result; that they adopted a course the natural consequence of which was to bring them face to face with humiliation or war; while they were totally unprepared for the latter. Whether it was really worth our while to raise the claim at all may legitimately be questioned; once raised, our ultimate resort could only be to the advocacy of Mr. Atkins.

With regard to the first point, reference to arbitration, the first condition implied by a reference to arbitration is that both parties are prepared to abide by the award. In the present case this condition was wholly absent. The only question suitable for decision by arbitration was the construction of the Conventions. Had any tribunal decided that upon the true

construction the Transvaal was not under the suzerainty of the United Kingdom, no considerable section of the public would have accepted the conclusion. That our interference with the internal affairs of the Transvaal was contrary to our written agreement was plain without the assistance of an arbitrator's award. There was then, in truth, no question which could be referred to arbitration. If our action in South Africa is to be justified at all, it must be justified upon grounds quite beyond the competence of any tribunal of arbitration; on grounds of high policy which no such tribunal could for a moment entertain. The real question lying at the root of the matter was whether we could suffer a great military power to be maintained in South Africa, holding a civil population, mainly British, in political subjection; and fomenting disaffection among our colonial fellow-subjects by encouraging, as the South African ideal, the ultimate supremacy of the Dutch race. This question was answered with no uncertain voice not only by Great Britain but by the whole Empire. The answer may have been right or wrong, wise or foolish, but the question was not one which could have been submitted to arbitration.

The above considerations appear to support the conclusion that the proposition so confidently advanced that the war was inevitable is in a certain sense capable of being established. That wisdom was shown in the selection of the time, the adoption of the methods, and the choice of the dispute, whereby the inevitable was converted into the actual, does not necessarily follow.

It is important, however, to remember that, whatever views may be held with regard to the origin of the war, they should not be allowed to affect the consideration of the terms of settlement. Parliamentary government is only possible upon the condition that the majority of to-day should frankly accept the facts accomplished by the will of the majority of yesterday. To hold otherwise would be contrary both to our practice and traditions; and, indeed, it is obvious that if, whenever an Opposition were opposed to a war, they were to

seek the first opportunity of putting things as nearly as possible *in statu quo ante*, national action would be reduced to futility.

Accepting, then, as we are bound to do, the *fait accompli*, it is of the utmost importance to ascertain, if possible, what was the real cause of the disastrous policy of the past.

Was not the mistake clearly attributable to a dangerous fallacy almost universally entertained then, and entertained by many with undiminished conviction to the present day—a fallacy which has marred our policy not only in South Africa but elsewhere for many years past? The fallacy consists in the supposition that generosity exhibited in our dealings with other countries will meet with a substantial return; in other words, in the belief that nations are actuated to an appreciable degree by gratitude. We are not forgetting the recent repudiation of all idea of generosity by some of the participators in the policy of 1881. Their disclaimer must, of course, be frankly accepted; at the same time it may fairly be pointed out, that if the Convention was not, as was at the time generally supposed, based upon generosity, it amounted to no more than a formal declaration of impotence. Had it been presented to the country in what it is now suggested was its true guise, it would most certainly have been rejected; and it seems, to say the least, unfortunate that the public should have been allowed to remain so long under an erroneous impression concerning it.

Whatever may have been in the minds of the authors of the policy of 1881, the opinion that in our foreign relations generosity is calculated to meet with a material return is continually finding expression, and appears to be widespread; yet it is not difficult to show, both by abstract reasoning and from practical experience, that such a belief is quite without foundation. In this connection, generosity practised by individuals at their own cost (which is highly laudable) must be sharply distinguished from generosity on the part of those who act in the capacity of trustees of the national interests. In the case of the latter the indulgence of generosity (beyond

what is demanded from the self-respect of a civilised nation) is not permissible, unless an adequate return for concession may reasonably be expected. This return can only be looked for from the gratitude of the people concerned. If, therefore, it be true that the actions of nations or men in the mass are not appreciably affected by gratitude, it follows that the exercise of generosity in foreign affairs is not justifiable.

To examine the proposition *ab initio*, let us first consider the effect of generosity upon the average individual. Now the relation created between the giver and receiver of a benefit is closely analogous to the relation between creditor and debtor; but the latter relation is notoriously not conducive to good will. If good will, therefore, results from the former relation, the reason must be sought for in the difference between the two; but, where a return is looked for, the main difference lies in the fact that the obligation imposed by gratitude is indefinite and not enforceable by law, a distinction which does not seem calculated to make the obligation less irksome, particularly when we remember the constant tendency on the part of the donor to exaggerate the extent of the benefit and the consequent inability of the recipient to ascertain what return will be considered sufficient or when the obligation will be deemed to be discharged. Now if generosity is not calculated to secure good will, a conclusion in which we are very strongly confirmed by proverbial philosophy, the exhibition of gratitude must be attributed to some other motive, and the motive which most readily suggests itself is the dislike to incur the odium of ingratitude. If this conclusion is correct, the operation of gratitude in the case of an individual would naturally be far greater than in the case of a nation, where the share of the odium attaching to each individual would be infinitesimal. In the extreme rarity of the cases in which, in the case of individuals, gratitude is observed to outlive expectation, we have some measure of the effect it may be expected to have upon nations.

If we turn to our own experience, we shall find these

conclusions as to the impotence of gratitude in foreign affairs amply confirmed. For thirty years and upwards in our relations with foreign countries, we have scrupulously regarded not only their rights but even their aspirations; we have carried the policy of conciliation to the verge of timidity, with the result that, to the genuine astonishment of most people, we find ourselves the best hated nation in Europe, or, indeed, in the world. To take the particular case of France: we have since 1870 continuously courted her friendship; we have given much and received little or nothing in return. In Madagascar we allowed our predominant trade to be practically destroyed almost without protest, yet when our interests were deliberately and ostentatiously disregarded at Fashoda, the tardy assertion of our rights led to an outburst of indignation in France which would have produced the most disastrous consequences had it not been for our enormous superiority in available force at the moment. It is not too much to say that the outcome of all our conciliation and concession in the case of France is the existence of an animosity towards ourselves quite as intense as, and ten times more dangerous than, the animosity felt towards Germany, who has despoiled her of her fairest provinces and subjected her to the deepest humiliation. The attitude of France towards England and Germany respectively ought surely to convince the most stubborn advocate of conciliation that you cannot buy the good will of your neighbours by concession; while, if you secure their respect, you possess a very tolerable substitute for their affection.

But, indeed, the history of South Africa itself furnishes the most striking evidence of the truth of the proposition under review. To take the most recent instance, the "wise clemency" shown by Lord Roberts in releasing burghers on parole was hailed by a section of the daily press as an indication of a sound policy, calculated greatly to shorten the duration of the war. Now, Lord Roberts has certainly done nothing to forfeit the confidence the nation has reposed in him, and there is no desire to criticise his action, which was doubtless determined by

the necessities of the case. Had, however, his policy been that attributed to him, subsequent events would very speedily have exposed its futility, for its effect was directly and materially to prolong the resistance of the Boers. The burghers returning to their farms enjoyed a period of recuperation under a respected neutrality, and were given the opportunity, of which they readily availed themselves, to rejoin their commandos and once more render effective service against us.

The supposition that clemency is calculated to ensure an appropriate return, although erroneous, is natural enough. Nations are observed to be largely actuated by sentimental considerations; gratitude is a sentiment, therefore it is thought reasonable to suppose that nations will be actuated by gratitude. The error arises from the failure to appreciate that in this connection sentiments do not all stand in the same category. There are some sentiments which in the struggle for existence have exercised a favourable influence on the fortunes of the peoples who have entertained them. Race feeling may be cited as an instance. It is self-evident that, other things being equal, the most cohesive race is the likeliest to survive. Sentiment of this character tends to become a social instinct, and may be relied upon to affect powerfully the actions of its possessors. Gratitude, however, lies altogether outside this category, inasmuch as its exercise would not tend to advance the fortunes of a race.

In truth, self-interest is the mainspring of human action, and it is the refusal to recognise this law which has wrought havoc with much well-meant endeavour, both in domestic and foreign politics. The Dutch in South Africa may be relied upon to pursue what they believe to be their interests in the future as they have done in the past. The present situation would, it is reasonable to suppose, never have arisen had they not doubted our capacity, or our determination, or both, to maintain our supremacy. It must be confessed that our conduct in the past has given them ample ground for scepticism. Their race feeling prompted them to secure their own

predominance in South Africa if possible, but they have given no indication of a fanaticism sufficient to induce them to sacrifice their material interests for an idea incapable of realisation. On the contrary, they have taken very practical means to attain an end which, upon the materials before them, they had reason to suppose within their reach. The first necessity of the case has been for us to open their minds completely on this point, and to convince them of the hopelessness of resistance to the Imperial power. That they should have been slow to realise this need not occasion surprise. It was of immense importance to the end in view that our military superiority should have been promptly, continuously and irresistibly established. The course which events actually took robbed us of a great part of the advantage which might have been derived from the war; it has tended to confirm the belief of the Boers that they are more than a match for our soldiers unless in enormous numerical superiority. Our early mischances made it more essential to crush every remnant of resistance. The idea again and again put forward of terminating the war upon terms other than that of unconditional surrender was as cruel as it was foolish. It would have been an invitation to renew the struggle upon any chance appearing to offer a more favourable opportunity.

There is another lesson which it is essential to enforce if peace in South Africa is to be permanent; and that lesson is that it pays better to be on the side of the Empire than against it. Hitherto England has proved herself far too faithless a friend and far too placable a foe. The history of our country affords instances, only too numerous, of unnecessary bloodshed and suffering resulting from an easy-going, short-sighted leniency which has misled those with whom we have dealt into a false estimate, both of our strength and of our resolution. Of this the Transvaal itself offers a most striking example. Looking at our past record in South Africa, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the action, at all events of the Free State and the Colonial Rebels, was largely induced by the

belief that they had everything to gain and little to fear from the contest they engaged in with so light a heart. How, judging from the past, could they fail to draw the inference that success was probable, while at the worst they had only to lay down their arms, when all would be forgiven and forgotten? A character for weak placability once acquired has an unfortunate tendency to stick. In the present case Afrikanders have not hesitated to argue that rebellion against England should go unpunished; while five years' disfranchisement has been resented as an extraordinarily severe sentence. Such a penalty is, in fact, open to every objection except that of undue severity. The scientific method of dealing with rebels is the old-fashioned one—death and confiscation for the more conspicuous, pardon for the rest; and if modern manners are too soft for this, at all events the punishment inflicted should be short, sharp and definite. Punishment in such a case can only be justified when it is preventive or deterrent. We are not gods to adjust with nice discrimination the penalty to the moral guilt involved in the offence. The punishment must be exemplary or it fails in its only legitimate purpose. What effect five years' disfranchisement can have except to give the South African League a fleeting ascendency, and at the same time to irritate the Dutch, it is difficult to comprehend. There seems, indeed, real reason to fear that the majority of the rebels will escape scot free, plus the loot acquired from the farms of their loyal neighbours. That this will happen in many cases can hardly be doubted, but that it should occur so generally as to demonstrate the advantages of rebellion would be deplorable.

Hitherto the people of this country have succeeded to an admirable extent in laying aside party feeling during the progress of the war, and in giving a genuine support to the Government under circumstances which have at times sorely tried the patience of its supporters. It should, however, in fairness, be remembered, that up to the present the sacrifices made have been wholly at the cost of the Opposition. It may

reasonably be asked that in matters of Imperial concern party sacrifice should not be entirely on one side. The readiness recently shown in some quarters to make party capital out of patriotic feeling is not an encouraging sign. It may still be hoped that in the new Parliament there will be found men on both sides determined to resist the encroachments of party spirit in Imperial affairs, and that they may prove sufficient in number and influence to secure a settlement upon its merits, without regard to its effect upon the fortunes of Government or Opposition.

With regard to the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies the difficulty of the task before the country seems at present to be but faintly appreciated. An impression apparently prevails that when peace is restored, and the people return to their usual avocations under a brief military occupation, you have only to give every one a vote, when Boer and Uitlander will lie down together like the lion and the lamb in the Millennium. The idea is not unnatural, for as a nation we are hard to convince that Parliamentary Institutions are not a panacea for all ills. As a matter of fact, representative government is suitable only to a community in the main united in its objects and aspirations. There is no true analogy between the differences separating British and Boer in South Africa, and Tory and Radical in our own country. In the former case, the elements necessary for the creation of a healthy rivalry between two parties, each in its own way seeking to advance the interests of the country, appear to be wanting. No doubt the representation might be so manipulated at the outset as to give the predominance to either Boer or Uitlander as desired, but the tendency of any such predominance would be to become permanent; and there would be an absence of the healthy alternation of responsibility to which we are accustomed. The reason is obvious. Domestic politics will, at all events for a long time to come, be subordinated to race feeling, and while a paramount distinction prevails minor considerations of policy have little or no weight at the polls. Under these

circumstances the franchise of the minority will be little better than a mockery, for there will be no independent opinion to which, as at home, an appeal may be successfully made. On the whole, the special conditions of the case seem to point to the desirability of the maintenance for a somewhat prolonged period of an independent central executive, combined with a large measure of local self-government. If, however, practical advantage must yield to theoretical formulas, it seems at least essential that an effective veto should be retained in the representative of the Crown. However these questions may be determined, the object of this article will be gained if public attention is directed to the fundamental error which, in its ultimate result, led to the war. Although the precise mistake made in 1881 is not likely to be repeated, there is much, both in the conduct of the campaign and the criticisms at home, to arouse the fear that the old delusion as to the effect of generosity retains its influence. In the present case, justice and humanity alike demand the removal of the last shadow of a doubt with regard to the power of the Empire and the determination to use it. Conviction on these points must precede the reconciliation which may be expected to result from the just and equal treatment of all subjects of the Queen.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY

THE General Election has come and gone, with all the usual accompaniments of addresses and meetings and speeches. In the result the Government has been returned with an undiminished majority. But whether or not the electors have been moved by all or any of the arguments addressed to them it is impossible to say. One thing is certain. There are many considerations that may have properly affected the decision given by the electorate on which no politician has ventured to touch. For instance, all who have the slightest knowledge of the history of the war are agreed that at least four-fifths of the British difficulties and reverses were due to the incompetence of our superior officers and the folly of some of our generals. Yet this topic was, by common consent, ruled out, and the electoral discussion proceeded upon the footing that the War Office was responsible for the early reverses in Cape Colony and Natal, and for the confusion that arose from the decisions or indecisions of those who at first commanded the British forces.

In the same way much was said during the Election about the necessity of having a strong Government. Many were the rounded periods which implored the voters to consider not only the South African question, but also the condition of foreign affairs elsewhere, and to return to office a powerful and patriotic Administration. But no one pointed out that one of the chief reasons for doing so was to prevent the

extreme "Imperialists" from having too much influence in the direction of foreign policy. When Ministerial speakers asked for a majority as great as, or greater than, that which existed in the last Parliament, one of the unexpressed reasons for their request must surely have been the importance of a majority strong enough to resist the dictation of the Jingo tail. And it is more than probable that it was with the same object that men like Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Herbert Gladstone, looking at the question from a different point of view, demanded a strengthening of the legitimate Opposition.

Whether or not these considerations were present to the minds of political speakers in the Election, the possible conversion of the democracy to Jingoism seems to us one of the dangers of the future to be most carefully guarded against. By Jingoism is meant, not the steadfast acceptance of the responsibilities of empire and the determination in the last resort, but only in the last resort, to uphold the essential interests of the country by force of arms, but the love of war for its own sake. It is the feeling represented in France by the worship of *la gloire*, which makes Frenchmen, after a century's reflection, revere the memory of the tyrant who slew the manhood of their country and undermined its national existence. It is the feeling which produced in America the yellow press, rendered the war with Spain inevitable, and launched the country, without due reflection, on a course of policy of which, whether it be justifiable or not, no man can see the end. It is the feeling which constitutes the patriotism of certain organs of the London press which shouted for war in South Africa, and screamed over the difficulties and hardships which war entails, which clamoured to fight Russia over the possession of Port Arthur, and looks with suspicion on the peacefulness of the Anglo-German agreement.

It is one of the characteristics of Jingoism to oscillate between the extremes of boastfulness and timidity, and both these qualities have been to the fore in much that has been said upon the Chinese question. At the outset came many

threats of what we would do if Russia did this or that—actions in themselves often defensible and almost always of very little importance to this country. When the Government, having some sense of proportion, declined to give effect to any of these vapourings, there followed tirades, violent or solemn—according to the individual humour of the Jingo—about the weakness and incompetence of the Government. To heighten the effect of these attacks, the skill and wickedness of Russian foreign policy were vividly described. The unflinching vigour with which that policy was carried out was held up to our admiration, and at the same time the duplicity of its methods was unsparingly condemned. We have heard rather less of all this of late. Even the most enthusiastic admirers of Muscovite guile must find it a little difficult to appreciate the merits of the Russian proceedings since the Pekin outbreak. To the ordinary English diplomatist they would seem rather inept. First, there was the march on Pekin, followed by some curious and apparently unsuccessful efforts to appear the dictators of all the most offensive acts in the occupation of the Chinese capital. Then came a sudden change. The Russian troops were to be withdrawn from China, and the Russian legation was to go to Tientsin. Negotiations were begun with aged and acute Chinese statesmen, so that Russia might pose as China's only friend. Meanwhile, Russian generals were slaughtering Chinese in Manchuria and annexing the province. Neither line of action was long pursued. Russian troops remain not only in China, but in Pekin, and thither the Russian legation has apparently returned. On the other hand, the most formal repudiations of the annexation of Manchuria come from St. Petersburg, and the losses of the Chinese in that region are, as far as may be, minimised.

There is nothing surprising in these events if it be once understood that the Russian Government is in some respects a very weak one. In Russia, as elsewhere, there are two schools of thought, the military and the financial. The financial advisers of the Czar have even better reason than most ministers of

finance for disliking the costliness of a vigorous foreign policy. On the other hand, the soldiers are powerful, and have besides the assistance of a large number of publicists and others, who believe in the mission of Russia, or, as we should phrase it, the expansion of the Empire. Though nominally it is the Czar alone who directs the destinies of his country, in practice it is his advisers who really govern. While Count Muravieff lived the military section were predominant, and the central government usually endorsed the action of its representatives in distant parts of the Empire—action not less aggressive and unscrupulous than that usually favoured by men of all nations placed in such positions. Now things are somewhat changed. Whether it is that Count Lamsdorff is more peaceful than his predecessor or that the Czar is taking a more personal share in the government, outsiders cannot tell. Whatever the cause, the outcome is that the Russians in China have been more than once overruled from home, though apparently the central government is not strong enough uniformly to enforce its wishes.

We do not wish to say that Russian policy is being mismanaged in essentials. Of its methods we have never been admirers. They seem to produce the maximum of friction with others and the minimum of advantage to themselves. But the general lines of policy are settled for them by the geographical facts of the situation. Russian influence in Manchuria must be overwhelming, whether the country remain Chinese or not. For the Russians to go far beyond Manchuria, at least for many years to come, would be madness. They have already in Asia an enormous territory to develop of great natural resources with a very small population. To accomplish this, complete external repose is required, so that Russia may devote the whole of her energies to the task before her.

It is to be hoped that in the Far East we shall not hear much more of the Russian bogey. Indeed, there are unmistakable signs that Russia is shortly to be replaced in that office by Germany. The increase of the German fleet has

long been regarded by certain writers as a sort of impertinence. And now some of them have discovered a gigantic policy of world-conquest which is to be carried out, as we understand, in about fifteen or twenty years. One of the first steps in this design is to secure a great Chinese Empire. In this way one writer has explained that Germany will be able to get to the other side of Russia. In other words, she will abandon her present excellent strategical position in Europe for the purpose of enabling Russia to strike from interior lines at German territory either east or west. Meanwhile, it is to be presumed that the English, French, and Russian fleets will have been swept off the seas, so that the maintenance of a line of communications from Hamburg to Shantung will present no difficulties. As soon as Russia is polished off, or perhaps in concert with her, India is to be attacked from Asia, or possibly the Germans may conquer it on their way to China. Some such nonsense as this has been seriously printed, and efforts are being made to instil distrust of Germany as an article of the extreme Imperialist creed. We can only say that, unless these Imperialists show more sanity and self-control, they will make Imperialism stink in the nostrils of every Englishman—a disaster which we should be the first to deplore.

Though the bogification—if we may coin a word—of one Power after another seems to us both undignified and unreasonable, there is no doubt that Germany is in some respects our most formidable rival. In commerce she alone in Europe is dangerous as a competitor. Her people are industrious and determined. Her ruler is able and energetic to the verge of restlessness. Some charge him with vanity; and it is certain that his desire to serve his country is complicated by his wish to glorify its ruler. Among his subjects he has fostered the growing sentiment in favour of a colonial empire—a sentiment founded not less on national feeling than on the supposed advantages that would accrue from it to the industrial interests of the country. But there are many difficulties in the way. Chief among them is the inability of the German colonist,

especially if he belong to the official class, to regard the welfare of the colony as his principal object. He never forgets that it is a dependency and must be treated as such. To prefer the interest of the colony and its inhabitants to those of the mother country would seem to him absurd. Logically, this position is attractive, and is, in fact, accepted and acted upon by the men of every nation in Europe except ourselves. But in practice we believe it to be destructive of colonial expansion. Certainly Englishmen proceed on exactly the opposite principle. As soon as a British official is sent to administer a possession of the Crown he becomes absorbed in his environment. His one desire is to make his province prosperous and its inhabitants content; partly from a kind of local patriotism, partly from the national love of organisation, or rather of making things work successfully, and partly no doubt from higher motives. This desire is often so strong as to bring him into conflict with the authorities at home, and official records are strewn with protests and rebukes arising out of the divergent views of the home government and those in charge of outlying portions of the Empire. The most remarkable part of the whole is that a large section of English public opinion in such disputes will reject the point of view of the home government and, as in the case of the Indian cotton duties, will think that to govern the Empire in the interests of this country is almost immoral.

Without assenting to the extremest form of British doctrine and practice on the subject of the relations between Great Britain and the Empire, we believe that it is this characteristic of the British administrator which is the secret of our Colonial success. Such, however, is not the view held upon the Continent. The belief there is that all that is required to make a great Empire is enterprise and conquest. Our Continental critics regard Greater Britain as the result of national voracity, and attribute the superiority of British over German and other colonies to our extraordinary cunning and greed in always seizing on the tit-bits of the uncivilised world. This, they are beginning to think, has been possible to us because of

our great naval strength, and accordingly the German colonial party, with the Kaiser at their head, make the increase of the navy the first article of their programme.

This it is which constitutes the real menace to the peace of Europe as far as Germany is concerned. As her navy is increased and her mercantile marine grows, it will become more and more inconvenient to her to have no access to the sea except along her northern frontier. If only Germany had a western seaboard, if she were but the owner of Antwerp or even Rotterdam, how greatly would her position be improved! Such thoughts as these must often have occurred to German statesmen. At present, indeed, any attempt to materialise them cannot be made. Unless Great Britain is rendered powerless by treaty or by war she would certainly resist, and her resistance would be fatal to the project. But times may change; some day Belgium and Holland may become States of the German Empire, and then, with the resulting improvement in her position as a sea-going Power, a Colonial Empire will, it is thought, be within the grasp of Germany. One thing is certain: until she is in a position to protect herself in China, her statesmen are far too shrewd to embark on any extensive scheme of conquest in that direction. At present a large German colony there would be merely a hostage given to Russia and England. It would be a perpetual source of anxiety without any corresponding profit.

The interest of Germany would seem, therefore, to be to keep things as they are. The "Open Door" not only suits her commercial interests, but also preserves for her the possibility of extending her political power, if that should become desirable. If once China were split up into protectorates or the like she would be driven either to take a share herself, with all the disadvantages of that course, or else to submit to be altogether ousted. Of Russia she is probably not much afraid. There may be some understanding between the two, though this seems improbable. Such things are more the fashion on the Continent than they are with us. But in this case no

contrivance of the sort is really required. The officials in Berlin know as well as any one in this country the reasons against any serious Russian aggression in the Far East for some time to come, Difficult as it is for us to credit it, England is thought by Germans and others to be a far more unscrupulous and successful land-grabber than Russia. The Muscovite Empire spreads slowly from a single centre. The English are scattered over the whole world. A voyage to China is an object lesson in their ubiquity. Scarcely a port is touched at which is not dominated by their hateful flag. What wonder that the German people, and to a lesser degree the German Government, refuse to believe that our aims in China are exclusively commercial.

Holding this perverted view of our national character—confirmed in their error, it may be, by a perusal of certain English journals and reviews—the authorities at Berlin, after the Pekin outbreak, no doubt desired to be convinced that we did not intend to make that event a pretext for establishing ourselves in the Yang-tse Valley. On the other hand, the British Government could not but recognise that considerable dangers then threatened our interests in China. However sure they may have felt that the enlightened self-interest of all the Powers required them to abstain from territorial acquisitions, there is no doubt that the complications at Pekin had made a great change in the pre-existing situation. Loosely-worded declarations of national disinterestedness made before those occurrences could scarcely be construed to preclude any of the declarants from soothing their wounded honour by taking a slice of the territory owned by the nation that had so grossly wronged them. Moreover, though European Governments are moved by reason and justice, there are Jingoes in every nation. The foreign Jingo is, indeed, quite as powerful and more peremptory in his methods than his English counterpart. Before now it has been thought necessary to plunge a country into war in order to save it from revolution. Besides all this, there was the risk inherent in the existence in Chinese territory

of considerable military forces of various Powers. Once there, they were bound to do something, and the temptation to receive some return for the expenditure of blood and treasure is very strong.

This we take to be the genesis of the Anglo-German agreement. The Germans wished for an assurance that we would leave the Yang-tse open to their trade. In granting that assurance we, in fact, gave them nothing. In return we have obtained not only a pledge that the Germans will not further extend their territorial privileges in China, but also an international pronouncement that the open door in the widest sense is desirable for the littoral and rivers of China, and a promise by the German Government, since assented to by all the Powers, that "as far as they can exercise influence" they will uphold that policy throughout all Chinese territory.

This is no victory for Great Britain. She gains nothing by it which will not be shared by the whole world. Nor is it a victory for Germany. It requires the disordered imagination of the rabidly pugnacious to see in it any concession to that Power, graceful or otherwise. It is, as we believe, an agreement equally advantageous to both parties to it, and by the assent of the other Powers to it the policy consistently advocated by the present Government is stamped with the approval of the civilised world. To secure the final success of this policy one thing more is necessary, and that is the re-establishment of a stable government in China. To this task Lord Lansdowne and his colleagues must address themselves, hampered though they be in their work by the impatience of a section of their countrymen, and the attacks which these mischief-makers seem bent on organising against all the European Powers in succession.

LETTERS RELATING TO THE LOVE EPISODE OF WILLIAM PITT

INTRODUCTION

IT is at last possible, by piecing together the letters in the possession of Captain Ernest Pretyman, M.P., and Mr. Dickinson, Mayor of Bath and M.P. for Wells, to present the correspondence between Mr. Pitt and Lord Auckland with reference to Miss Eden; and this, by their kindness, I am now enabled to do. Mr. Dickinson, it may be mentioned, is the great-nephew of the Miss Eden in question, who afterwards became Lady Buckinghamshire. Parts of these papers have already been published by Lord Ashbourne, who had not, however, access to all the letters. And in any case there would be no need for reticence, for the episode is as historical as any affair of the kind, while it derives a peculiar interest from Pitt's persistent celibacy, as well as from the obscurity that overhangs his motives; for he gives no definite reason for his action.

The account of these letters, therefore, given by Lord Stanhope in his "Life of Pitt," on the authority of "a person entirely to be relied upon, who has more than once perused them," is too circumstantial to be accurate.

"Mr. Pitt began the subject. In his letter to Lord Auckland he avows in the warmest terms his affection for

Miss Eden, but explains that in his circumstances he feels that he cannot presume to make her an offer of marriage. He further states that he finds each of his succeeding visits adds so much to his unhappiness that he thinks it will be best to remit them for the present. The reply of Lord Auckland, as I am informed, acknowledges as adequate the explanation of Mr. Pitt. He was already, he says, aware in general of the circumstances of pecuniary debt and difficulty in which Mr. Pitt had become involved. He does not deny that the attachment of Mr. Pitt may have been fully appreciated, and he wishes that the marriage should still take place. . . . There were yet two further letters as to the manner in which the notes of congratulation which had already begun to arrive at Beckenham might best be answered. Pitt desired that the blame, if any, should be borne wholly by himself."

The account in the "Journal and Correspondence of Lord Auckland," edited by his son, who was Bishop of Bath and Wells, is not substantially different. The Bishop gives an extract from Pitt's first letter, and adds: "he (Pitt) blames himself for not having sooner looked into his difficulties, which he now finds have become insurmountable." This, it will be seen, is a gloss of the Bishop's own, unless, which scarcely seems possible, he had access to other papers on which he based it. He adds that "several letters passed between him and Lord Auckland, suggesting arrangements by which the marriage might in time take place without imprudence; but they were unavailing." This too is scarcely an accurate description of the letters as we have them. There is, it may be noted, a tone of bitterness in the Bishop's subsequent allusions to Pitt.

"The person entirely to be relied upon" misled, as will be seen, Lord Stanhope and the authors who followed him. Pitt was a master of that marvellous circumlocutory diction which was required by eighteenth-century ideas of dignity, as well as by the apprehension that letters might be opened and so should not be too explicit. In this style he explains himself, and leaves the causes of action to inference. But it can scarcely be

doubted that Lord Stanhope was substantially correct. Pitt's shattered and neglected finances made it impossible for him to make any provision for a wife. It would have been a mortification to his proud spirit to admit this. Moreover, he was well aware that his health was broken, and that he held to life by a precarious tenure. Under these circumstances he was forced to realise that, should he marry, his wife might soon be a widow, and a widow dependent on the bounty of the nation. Pitt could never have brooked such a contingency. These are obvious and sufficient grounds—indeed, they scarcely left him an option. But it may also be suspected that when things came to a point, and when Pitt was in a position to survey calmly the prospect before him, he shrank, after a life of retired and easy celibacy, from the unknown liabilities and engagements of marriage. Moreover, he may not have cared to be hampered by a family connection with a politician so eager and so ambitious as Auckland. Every consideration, then, except the personal fascination of a charming girl, prompted him to the course which he adopted.

All this, however, is mere surmise, though, as regards the financial reasons for Pitt's action, it is shared by Auckland himself. Pitt merely says that "the obstacles are decisive and insurmountable." But on the other side of the correspondence there is a strange feature which appears to have escaped Lord Ashbourne. It is clear that Auckland, in a letter written on the morning of January 23, 1797, had suggested that the Privy Seal should be conferred upon him. Pitt, in acknowledging this letter, which does not appear now to exist, says: "Another [gratification] and a most essential one indeed would be if I saw my way to an immediate accomplishment of the arrangement you point at." And then he refers to the difficulty of finding a means of dealing with the prior claims of Lord Mornington. Auckland, in a reply dated the same night, leaves us in no doubt of the "arrangement," which he urges, indeed, with passion. "It is essential," he says, "to me, and still more to mine, to have as soon as possible an ostensible

and honourable pretext for throwing ourselves once more into the full tide of courts and of London society." It is further important that the public should see that the friendship between Pitt and himself is undiminished. He cannot see that Mornington's pretensions offer any obstacle, if Pitt should state at once that he wished to dispose immediately of the Privy Seal. "To me and to mine," he concludes, "it is essential *now*. . . . It would not perhaps be too much to add that, if deferred now, it ought never to be renewed." With regard, however, to this strange and ingenious proposal, by which office was demanded as a sort of compensation for Pitt's withdrawal, Pitt stood firm. He could not lend himself to a combination by which public office and his private affections were brought into direct relation.

He did not then give Auckland office. They however continued on terms of friendly intercourse, and fourteen months afterwards, when there could be no connection between the two events, Pitt bestowed on Auckland the post of Joint Postmaster-General. Finally, in January 1801, there was a breach, which in March became irreparable. Auckland is supposed to have conveyed to the King, through his brother-in-law the Primate, the intelligence of Pitt's projected Catholic policy, and in March he made a speech which in the opinion of Pitt cast doubts on the honour and good faith of the minister in leaving his post. In January, Pitt wrote Auckland a curt note of farewell. After the speech of March he never again spoke to him. The latter continued in office through the Addington Administration, but on Pitt's return to power he dismissed the Postmaster. Auckland himself thought that he had been hardly used, and his son-in-law Buckinghamshire (then Lord Hobart), who was now the husband of Eleanor Eden, wrote that he "could not reflect on his (Pitt's) duplicity and harshness without feelings that it would be impossible to express by any terms which it would be decent to put upon paper." Into that controversy it is needless to enter. Pitt however managed, with the remarkable facility of those days to

settle an additional pension on Lady Auckland, so that her husband should not suffer in fortune by his deprivation of office. For this favour Auckland wrote a letter of warm and not undignified gratitude, signing himself "ever affectionately and sincerely yours." That was the last of their long correspondence.

And so begins and ends this strange, tender episode—this secret mirage in a long aridity of office. Hints of it were abroad, which will be found, here and there, in the "Auckland Correspondence"; but the facts were probably not known. Pitt, we may be sure, mentioned it to no one. He was himself probably surprised when he realised his situation, and found himself face to face with a position where it was honourably imperative to declare himself on so delicate and painful a point.

It has been noticed that one predisposing motive for Pitt's behaviour may have been that he could not but be aware, from the state of his health, that his life was in serious jeopardy. And so it seems logical and convenient to add to these letters Sir Walter Farquhar's account of Mr. Pitt's health, which Captain Pretyman permits me to do. It will be seen that two years before the Eden episode Sir Walter had found Mr. Pitt in a condition of debility which imperatively called for repose. In the very year of the above-mentioned correspondence with Auckland his health declined still further. Bad as it was, it was only maintained at all by unflinching devotion to his public duties. For Sir Walter tells us that on Pitt's resignation in 1801 his condition changed largely for the worse. His nights were restless and troubled; he vomited almost every morning; he shrank from all nourishment; the very sight of dinner brought on a fit of retching. He himself said with good-humoured irony that he had at last baffled the art of medicine. In this melancholy state he returned to office. While engaged in his desperate struggle, at once with Napoleon and with the House of Commons, "he could retain nothing on his stomach, nor could he sit down to dinner without being sick." It might seem difficult to enhance our admiration for

his courage and spirit at that juncture, but Sir Walter's account of his illness sensibly raises the estimate of both. The Minister who was grappling with the mightiest of modern conquerors, and, at the head of a meagre and mediocre following, resisting the unholy alliance of all parliamentary forces, was sustaining this unequal combat without the capacity of even seeing food without nausea. In the meantime Farquhar constantly urged on him the vital and obvious necessity for retirement. "But Mr. Pitt's memorable reply was that his country needed his services, and he would rather prefer to die at his post than desert it."

Under these circumstances it did not need the skilled eye of a physician to see that death, at the post of duty, could not long be deferred. Soon after Pitt's summary answer to Farquhar he became overpowered by increasing symptoms of disease and the pressure of public business. He retired to Bath, where he became worse. After the arrival of dispatches the most alarming symptoms, we are told, invariably increased. There seemed no organic mischief, but he was a wreck. "The mind was constantly acting upon a weak frame of body, and exhaustion was the consequence of this sympathetic action. . . . The proceedings," says Sir Walter, "against his friend Lord Melville, and, more recently, the result of the Battle of Austerlitz, produced effects on the health of Mr. Pitt from which he never recovered." From Bath he returned home to Putney. At first there was a flicker of hope. The patient promised to give up business for a time, and there was a consequent improvement. So Farquhar leaves him one day, but returns the next to find him sensibly worse. Pitt avows the truth. "Sir Walter," he says, "I have been compelled to disobey your injunctions—I have done too much. When in conversation with persons upon important business, I felt suddenly as if I had been cut in two." So less than a fortnight after his arrival at Putney, he was dead.

One more personal point may be noticed. In Pitt's latest portraits he is represented with white or at least grey hair.

This does not seem surprising to us, who are accustomed to see grey hair at an earlier age than Pitt's, under much lighter cares. But it is certain that Pitt's hair was untouched except by the art of the hairdresser. At Orwell there is a lock of it cut off after death. It is soft and brown, but the paper which contains it is full of hair-powder. So that the Minister who taxed that adornment must have continued to wear it to the last.

ROSEBERY.

Most Private.]

"DOWNING STREET: *January* 20, 1797.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"Altho' the anxious expectation of public business would at all events have made it difficult for me to leave town during the last ten days, you may perhaps have begun to think that it cannot have been the only reason which has kept me so long from Beckenham. The truth is that I have really felt it impossible to allow myself to yield to the temptation of returning thither without having (as far as might depend upon me) formed a decision on a point which I am sensible has remained in suspense too long already. Having at length done so, I should feel myself inexcusable if (painful as the task is) any consideration prevented me from opening myself to you without reserve. It can hardly, I think, be necessary to say that the time I have passed among your family has led to my forming sentiments of very real attachment towards them all, and of much more than attachment towards one whom I need not name. Nor should I do justice to my own feelings, or explain myself as frankly as I think I ought to do, if I did not own that every hour of my acquaintance with the person to whom you will easily conceive I refer has served to augment and confirm that impression; in short, has convinced me that whoever may have the good fortune ever to be united with her is destined to more than his share of human happiness.

"Whether, at any rate, I could have had any ground to hope that such might have been my lot, I am in no degree

entitled to guess. I have to reproach myself for having ever indulged the idea on my own part as far as I have done without asking myself carefully and early enough what were the difficulties in the way of its being realised. I have suffered myself to overlook them too long, but, having now at length reflected as fully and as calmly as I am able on every circumstance that ought to come under my consideration (at least as much for her sake as for my own), I am compelled to say that I find the obstacles to it decisive and insurmountable. In thus conveying to you, my dear Lord, what has been passing in my mind, and its painful but unavoidable result, I have felt it impossible to say less. And yet it would be almost a consolation to me to know that even what I have said is superfluous, and that the idea which I have entertained has been confined solely to myself. If this should be the case, I am sure this communication will be buried in silence and oblivion. On any other supposition I know that I but consult the feelings of those who must be most in my thoughts by confiding it to your discretion. And in doing so I have every reason to rely on your prudence and kindness, and on those sentiments of mutual friendship which I hope will not be affected by any change which may at the present moment be unavoidable in what have lately been the habits of our intercourse. For myself, allow me only to add that, separated as I must be for a time from those among whom I have passed many of my happiest moments, the recollection of that period will be long present to my mind. The greatest pleasure and best consolation I can receive will be if I am ever enabled to prove how deep an interest I must always take in whatever may concern them.

"They will not, I am sure, be less dear to me through life than they would have had a right to expect from the nearest and closest connection.

"Believe me, my dear Lord, under all circumstances,

"Ever sincerely and faithfully yours,

"W. Pitt."

Private & in Confidence.]

"EDEN FARM: 21*st Jany.*, ½ *p*^{r}. 4.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"This family would be unworthy of the sentiments expressed in your letter (which in my conscience & honour I think it is not) if a moment's deliberation were necessary to the giving the answer which will present itself to my pen.

"It has been impossible for L$^{y.}$ A$^{d.}$ & for me not to remark that you entertained the partiality which you describe; and it has been for several weeks the happiest subject of conversation that we have had thro' the course of a very happy life, to consider it in every point of view. We had from an early period every reason to believe that the sentiments formed were *most cordially* mutual: and we saw with delight that they were ripening into an attachment which might lay the foundation of a system of most perfect happiness, for the two persons for whom we were so much concerned.

"And here you will allow me to indulge the feelings both of a father & of a friend. The person you allude to is possessed of a mind the most excellent in all its bearings that I have ever known: that mind has formed itself under my observation: it is good, generous, frank, cheerful & gentle; with a sufficient proportion of cultivation & accomplishments; with strong powers of reasoning, & with acuteness, and with firm principles of a serious kind whenever it is necessary to exert them. How far the external form keeps pace with such endowments is of less essential importance. But certainly she is the fair pride of our lives. Having said so much as a father, I am dispensed from saying anything of you as a friend, because I have already told you that we thought you highly worthy of her.

"Under such impressions, I confess that after the happy week which we all pass'd together, the separation of the last fortnight has been matter of evident regret to us all: tho' little has been said; under a tacit persuasion & confidence among us that from day to day we should know the meaning.

"Your letter is now come; & as I have no thought

unknown to L^y A^d, she of course perused it with me. After some deliberation on its contents, we thought it fair to the person whom it most immediately concerned to avail ourselves of your implied permission to confide it to her. What she thinks & says of it (to L^y A^d) is exactly what you may conceive from what I have already said.

"We presume that the obstacles alluded to are those of circumstances. (If there are any others we hope you will confide them to us.) I do not mean circumstances of Office & of the Public; they might create a temporary suspension, but could create no permanent difficulty. As to circumstances of fortune, I may be imprudent in the idea, but I cannot think that they ought in such a case to create an hour's interruption in an intercourse essentially sought & loved by us all; still less that they ought to affect the ultimate result, tho' they may impede it. I am sure that the person alluded to has steadiness of mind to wait any indefinite period of Time for that difficulty if possible to be got over. I am sure also that it would be happiness to her, as it has often been to her mother, to share such difficulties, & to endeavour also to lessen them. I only regret that my own position puts it out of my power to remove those difficulties. I have about 2000£ belonging to her from a legacy, & what I owe to the others will not allow me to add much to it.

"I will not follow these small details (I really think them such) any further at present: my present opinion (which always means L^y A^d also) is that you should come to this place as soon as convenient, & especially in the eyes of observers as if nothing had happened. We can talk about the whole at leisure & again & again. At any rate, after what I have said, we shall be most anxious to hear further. Or (if you prefer it) let the persons most concerned express themselves to each other: I see no objection to their doing so. It is a subject of such inconceivable importance I trust to their respective happiness, that I should much lament to leave the decision alone with me. And so, my dear Sir,

"Believe me, sincerely & affectionately yours,

"A$^{D.}$'

"The messenger supposes that I detained him because I could not find some papers previous to writing."

Most Private.]

"DOWNING STREET, *January 22nd*, 1797.
"2 P.M.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"If I felt much more than I could express in writing to you yesterday you will guess that these feelings are all, if possible, heightened by the nature of your answer. I will not attempt to describe the sense I have of your kindness and Lady Auckland's, much less how much my mind is affected by what you tell me of the sentiments of another person, unhappily too nearly interested in the subject in question. I can only say (but it is saying everything) that that consideration now adds to my unavailing regret as much as under different circumstances it might have contributed to the joy and happiness of my life.

"Indeed, my dear Lord, I did not bring myself to the step I have taken without having, as far as I am able, again and again considered every point which must finally govern my conduct. I should deceive you and every one concerned, as well as myself, if I flattered myself with the hope that such an interval as you suggest would remove the obstacles I have felt, or vary the ground of my opinion.

"It is impossible for me, and would be useless, to state them at large. The circumstances of every man's private and personal situation can often, on various accounts, be fully known and fairly judged of by no one but himself, even where, as in the present case, others may be equally interested in the result. On the present occasion I have had too many temptations in the opposite scale to distrust my own decision. I certainly had to contend with sentiments in my own mind such as must naturally be produced by a near observation of the qualities and endowments you have described, with those of affectionate attachment, of real admiration, and of cordial esteem and confidence.

"If anything collateral could add strength to those sentiments, they would have derived it (as you know from what I have said already) from every circumstance, with respect to all parts of your family, which could tend to render such a connection dear and valuable to my mind. Believe me, I have not lightly or easily sacrificed my best hopes and earnest wishes to my conviction and judgment. Believe me, also, that further explanation or discussion can answer no good purpose. And let me entreat you to spare me and yourself the pain of urging it further. It could only lead to prolonged suspense and increased anxiety, without the possibility of its producing any ultimate advantage.

"Feeling this impression thus strongly and unalterably on my mind, I have felt it a trying but indispensable duty, for the sake of all who are concerned, to state it (whatever it may cost me to do so) as distinctly and explicitly as I have done. Having done so, I have only to hope that reading this letter will nowhere be attended with half the pain I have felt in writing it.

"I remain, my dear Lord,

"Ever sincerely and affectionately yours,

"W. Pitt."

Private & in Confidence.]

"Eden Farm: *Jany. 22d,* 1797.

"My dear Sir,

"Till I received your letter this day I still maintained a persuasion that the obstacle in question might have been removed by a meeting, or at the worst that the separation might have been managed among us in some way less painful to those concerned; & less subject also to the Observations & Conjectures of a large circle of respective Friends, as well as of others of a different description, who had imagined that the union alluded to was within extreme probability. As to this last hope, I do not see the remedy; nor any precise line to adopt except that of gradually contradicting the report which

has too long prevailed, with the delicate attentions due to all concerned. As to other points of nearer anxiety, we must look to the chance that youth, society, & good sense may gradually remove the impressions which we fear may have taken place.

"There is one remaining consideration, which is also a most painful one: the re-establishment of that friendly intercourse which has been in other points of view so pleasant and so valuable to us all. I fear with regard to other parts of the family that time may be necessary for the purpose. As between you & me, I hope you will contrive that we may meet as if this subject of correspondence had never existed & without any reference to it.

"If at any little interval from hence, you should wish to have back your letters & to return mine, you will be the best judge. Yours will be locked up carefully for the present.

"Believe me, My dear Sir,

"Sincerely & most affectionately yours,

"AUCKLAND."

Most Private.]

"HOLLWOOD: *Jany. 23rd,* 1797.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"The Language to be held respecting the Reports in Question seems so material that I cannot help troubling you with a few words upon it. It seems to me clearly right only to contradict them gradually and cautiously, as the occasion may present itself, and without seeking one, which could not be done without exciting more observation than will be produced otherwise. As far as I may find it necessary to say anything on the Subject (which will be to a very few persons if any) I should try to let it be understood that nothing was more natural for a variety of reasons, than that I should have been led to pass so much of my time in your Society: that this was of itself enough to give rise to Conjecture: that it was also likely enough that nobody could have been so much in the Company of the Person alluded to, without being in

some degree struck with her Merits & Accomplishments; but that it was now evident the Report was without any serious Foundation. I wish however to be entirely guided by your Opinion, whether this or any other way of stating it is the best.

"I think I ought not to delay returning you your Letters of yesterday and the day before, which cannot be too soon restored safely to your possession. As to mine, I have no Wish but to leave it entirely to your Option either to keep or return them.

"It will probably be necessary for me to return to Town to-morrow, and I am under an old Engagement to go if possible at the end of the Week, to Lord Cornwallis's in Suffolk, which I am the more bound to do, as he is on the Point of returning to India in consequence of the difficulties which have arisen there. As soon after I come back as possible, I hope you will allow me to propose to you our Meeting either here or in Town.

"Ever sincerely and affectionately yours,

"W. Pitt.

"You will I am sure, forgive me, if I cannot help adding that it would be the greatest possible relief to me, to know that the Anxiety of the last two days has been as little distressful in its Consequences, as you could expect."

"Hollwood: *Jany. 23rd,* 1797,
"3 p.m.

"My dear Lord,

"I had sealed and was going to send away my other Letter, when I received from Town yours of last night, and that of this morning.[1] Affecting as the Contents are of the latter, and deeply indeed as I must share the Impression under which it is written, I will own that your continuing to communicate your inward Thoughts with the Confidence which

[1] This letter, in which it is clear that Auckland asks for the Privy Seal, is missing.

has now so long subsisted between us, is one of the few Gratifications which my mind is capable of receiving. Another and a most essential one indeed would be if I saw my way to an immediate Accomplishment of the Arrangement you point at. As far as I have been able to command my Thoughts, I have been turning it in my mind, at every Leisure Moment during the last Ten Days; but I have not yet been able to find any Expedient by which I can acquit myself towards Mornington, which must be the first Preliminary Step. I will not however abandon the hope that some Mode or other of doing it may e'er long be struck out.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"W. P.

"Your Letter by the Post brought no inclosure. I will not fail to send to D'Ivernois and to expedite poor Dr. Maclean's business. Our Friend the General must certainly come home."

"Eden Farm: *Jany. 23rd.* 1797,
"8 P.M.

"My dear Sir,

"I will reply to your two letters in the order in which they were written. I am sure you will wish me to express my genuine sentiments upon them without managements (?) or reserves. Your ideas of the language to be held is consonant to what Lady Auckland carefully observed *previous* to the Christmas recess, not only to friends, but to the person most interested; till, having misconceived the matter, she no longer thought it right to discourage the other from looking seriously to the result. Neither the impression made nor the sentiments formed by others would have been what they unhappily are if nothing had taken place after the Christmas recess.

"I doubt whether you are in any degree aware how much this business has been observed and discussed in societies, correspondences, and newspapers. If I alone were personally

affected by such observations and discussions, my sex and time of life might authorise me to think them little pertinent, and to leave them to their course. That, however, is far from being the case; nor is it possible for me, consistently with what is too well known, to confine myself (when I must say anything) to the sort of language suggested. You know how much it has been the habit of this family, in the undisguised cheerfulness which did exist in it, to receive all comers of the neighbourhood and others. You know also how regular our system of life is. Yesterday the two of the same name were utterly unable to quit their apartments, or to see friends who, being accustomed to meet them at church, called afterwards to enquire about them. The younger of the two still shows too much by her looks what has passed in her mind to be able to appear to-day; and there are several persons towards whom, notwithstanding the natural strength of her understanding, her feelings will betray themselves at a first meeting.

"Under these circumstances, the language which we purpose to hold to the very few to whom we can bring ourselves to say anything will be to the following effect: 'That we are much obliged to them for the kindness they had expressed on a certain subject, respecting which we had hitherto preserved silence—that we, who know so well the excellent and resembling qualities of both parties concerned, must know that a constant intercourse would not fail to excite sentiments of mutual esteem and admiration, and possibly even of affection; but that these sentiments, whether they have existed or not, *certainly never will* go further: that, being sorry to be convinced of this, we should feel it painful to say more, and we only wish the report to be discouraged, with all the delicate attention due to all concerned. I have actually written nearly in the above words to the Archbishop, to Mr. Halsett, and to one of my brothers; Lady A^{d}. has done the same to Lady Will^{by} and to Lady Catherine Douglas. I must also write to Mr. Beresford, and a little more particularly to Morton Eden, and possibly there are at most two or three others (such as the

Duke of Marl^{h}) to whom it may be necessary for us to write. As to *all* conversations on the subject, I am not likely to be exposed to them, and at any rate shall decline them.

"I return your papers enclosed.

"I now come to your other letter of this afternoon. You express very forcibly what I wished to say respecting the immediate accomplishment of the arrangement pointed at in my letter when you say that 'It is indeed a most essential object.' When I told you how essential it was to me and still more to mine to have as soon as possible an ostensible & honourable pretext for throwing ourselves once more into the full tide of courts and of London society, and of weaning ourselves for a time from a place in which every idea for a time is poisoned respecting all our objects and projects of amusement.[1]

"I certainly did not say all.[1] It is most important for all our sakes to shew to the Public what I am sure will be true in fact, tho' subject to severe difficulties in practice that there remains an undiminished friendship between us two at least: and that a pleasant intercourse may in time be revived between our families, tho' suspended for the moment certainly with great abruptness.

"These last ideas passed through my mind this morning, tho' I did not state them; they escaped me in writing. And I own to you that admitting the full pretensions of Lord Morn^{n} and any possible engagement, I cannot see that he would or could for one moment resist your stating to him that it would be peculiarly convenient to you to dispose immediately of the Privy Seal. The keeping it open is of no more use than a vacant bishopric to him. And even if it could have produced an office for him it would not have given him any rank (he is already of the Privy Council), nor any emolument worth a thought when opposed to the serious request to which he must know circumstances have called you. (?) In short, let the pretension & the purpose be put into opposite scales—there will

[1] This is exactly the way in which these sentences are written.

be opportunities abundant of ample compensation to the other.

"To me and to mine it is essential *now*, and without emolument or advantage or the cabinet, as I said this morning. It would not perhaps be too much to add that if deferred now it ought never to be renewed.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Ever sincerely and affectionately yours,

"A[D]."

Sir W. Farquhar first attended Mr. Pitt in the year 1795.

"I found him," he says, "in a state of general debility—the functions of the stomach greatly impaired & the Bowels very irregular—much of which I attributed to the excess of public business & the unremitting attention upon subjects of anxiety and interest.

"I thought myself called upon to urge the necessity of some relaxation from the arduous Duties of Office, in order to regain strength & afford the natural functions time & opportunity to rally. This Mr. Pitt stated to be impossible. There appeared at this time to be little or no constitutional mischief done, but the symptoms of debility with a gouty tendency, which Dr. Addington (as Mr. Pitt mentioned to me) had always remarked from his infancy, were likely to become formidable if neglected.

"In subsequent stages of my attendance during several years, I invariably & more urgently pressed the necessity of some relaxation from business, as I uniformly found a considerable accession of unpleasant symptoms in the Constitution from mental anxiety upon public affairs. All that I could do under such circumstances was to direct my attention to the stomach and bowels, & to strengthen & aid them by gentle bitters & mild medicines.

"For some years the health of Mr. Pitt was variable, & much affected by the change of seasons & of situation, but by

great management & rigid attention to diet, he was generally relieved.

"Retiring from public business in the year 1801, whether owing to the particular state of the mind on the sudden change of habits & employments cannot be exactly ascertained, his stomach became more seriously affected, & after restless nights he was seized with vomitings almost every morning. The dislike to all kinds of nourishment encreased; a spare breakfast was made; & the sight of dinner always brought on Retching, —consequently the weakened Constitution received no support. Having devoted my attention chiefly to his diet, & employed the most approved remedies without effect, I recommended him to try the effect of sea air at Walmer Castle. The success was not equal to my expectations, even aided by a steady perseverance in the Stomach Medicines. In a Letter from him dated in Septr 1802 at Walmer, he complained of severe morning sickness, & absolute dislike to all food, with all the unpleasant Symptoms of aggravated debility. In consequence of this Letter I went down to Walmer, & remained there for a Week. I found the Stomach rejecting everything, & the bowels obstinately refusing their office—the nerves seriously affected—the habit wasted—& the whole system deranged. These distressing and discouraging Symptoms continuing for some days unabated in spite of the most powerful remedies, Mr Pitt expressed himself with his usual good humour, that he believed he had at last baffled the art of Medicine, and that the Expedients to rescue him were at an end. Every argument was used to convince him of the contrary, & to encourage hope. I observed that such nervous feelings often yielded to very gentle means. A tepid Bath was ordered, & afterwards a volatile feetid Night Draught. I then retired, under his promise to send for me in the event of any change during the night. In less than an hour a Servant came into my room to say that his Master felt himself wonderfully relieved, & wished to see me. I returned to his Chamber, where I found him in high Spirits at the sudden and surprizing effect produced upon him. From

this time, the severe & threatening Symptoms gave way, & the Stomach recovered in some degree its powers. I had previously, from a natural anxiety for my Patient, sent an Express for Dr Reynolds who was at Ramsgate, & who arrived at 5 in the Morning, to witness the extraordinary change. A mild & restorative Plan was ordered in Consultation, which succeeded, & was apparently followed by progressive amendment which continued for some time.

"On the 9th of Feby 1803 I received a Letter from Walmer, informing me that he had suffered severely from a bilious attack, which however had yielded to the Prescriptions of Mr Hulke the Apothecary at Deal, but he added the Gout had made its appearance in one of his Feet. No decided or continued Fit of the Gout followed, & Mr Pitt remained nearly in the same weakened state. Upon his return to Town some months afterwards, political Events again involved him in care, fatigue, & anxiety, which brought on a renewal of the former unpleasant Symptoms. He could retain nothing on his Stomach, nor could he sit down to dinner without being sick. It was evident to me that these debilitating Feelings were considerably encreased by the long & constant attendance in the House of Commons, & still more aggravated by the lateness & irregularity of the hour of dinner. I therefore suggested the indispensable necessity of guarding against such fasting, by having every day at 2 o'clock a hot Luncheon with 1 or 2 glasses of good brisk Ale. Mr Pitt first objected strongly to this, but particularly to the Ale, as his old & valued Friend Dr Addington had constantly forbidden his taking it, —however with his usual good nature he consented to make the trial. This Plan which was adopted and adhered to with great regularity produced the most beneficial effect, & enabled him to go through his Parliamentary Duties with comparative ease & comfort to himself.

"Every public event of importance which crowded on Mr Pitt's mind from that period until the Autumn of 1805 produced a corresponding effect upon the body, & I felt it my

duty frequently to urge the necessity of his retiring from public business altogether, but Mr Pitt's memorable reply was, that his Country needed his Services, & he would rather prefer to die at his Post, than desert it.

"In the months of Oct[r] & Nov[r] 1805 he suffered much from an Increase of his usual pains in the Stomach & in the Head—the loss of Appetite, with the addition of flying pains in his feet & limbs. I recommended a trial of the Bath Waters which had formerly been used (about two years ago) & found to be of service to him; but he would not leave Town where anxious business detained him. At this period indeed, with the encreasing Symptoms of disease, an accumulation of public business appeared to overpower him,—still by following up the Plan generally resorted to, the gentle bitters with Rhubarb & Magnesia, he again rallied, but only for a short time. The Sensations of Gout recurred, & in December at length I prevailed upon him to go to Bath, there being about 6 weeks before the Meeting of Parliament. Upon Mr Pitt's arrival at Bath, he took the usual dose of Magnesia, as a preparation for the Waters, being anxious to lose no time. Finding himself free from all fever & heat he began under the advice of his medical attendant at Bath Mr Crook with one Glass of the Waters—on the succeeding day ventured upon two Glasses, & so on for 3 days, when he was attacked by a Fit of the Gout in the Ball of the Foot—the spot most desirable for it to fix in. It was what medical men call perfectly regular. Heat & Swelling throughout the Foot succeeded and completely confined him. The Bath Waters were given up, and the constitutional Health attended to. He wrote frequently during this time to me, & stated his conviction that this fit of the Gout would be of infinite service to him. About the 20th of December the fit was nearly over, tenderness remaining, and he was very anxious to resume the Waters. He did so in the gentlest doses about the 25th of December, & continued them for 3 or 4 days, when he again began to feel some gouty sensations in the Ball of his left Foot, which made him rather

lame. Upon the 1st of Jany he wrote to me, expressing his fears that this attack might prevent his attendance in Parl^t so much benefitted as he had before hoped. On the 2nd of Jany I returned him an answer, regretting the slow progress he had made, & offering to go down immediately to Bath. On the same day he had again written a Letter which crossed mine on the road, expressing his own wishes to the same effect. This I rec^d on the 3rd, & in the course of the day left Town for Bath. I arrived upon the 4th, & found upon my arrival that Mr Pitt had gone out an airing. I waited his return at ½ past 3, and was very much shocked at his appearance. He was much emaciated, very weak, feeble, & low. The Gout was then in the left Toe. He attempted to join the Dinner Table, which at length he did with great difficulty. He eat very little, but drank some Madeira & Water, as had been his usual custom. I met Mr Crook who had been in attendance upon him, & received from him the account of all his proceedings. The Waters were given up, & 5 grains of Rhubarb were that night added to his absorbent Draught, with 30 drops of Paragoric Elixir. He had a better night, & upon the whole passed a tolerable day on the 5th. Dr Haygarth saw him upon this day, & agreed with me to continue the absorbent Draughts, with infusion of Cascarilla. Upon the succeeding day, the Symptoms of Gout in the left Foot were declining very fast. As the Stomach & Bowels appeared to be much disordered, it was agreed again to add Rhubarb to the absorbent night Draught, & to begin the next day Asses Milk, which had always been of service to him. The object of consideration now was to determine whether it was advisable for Mr Pitt to remain at Bath, to give a fresh trial to the Waters, or to change the air, & return by slow Journies to Town or its neighbourhood. Dr Falconer was therefore called into consultation, & that Gentleman & Dr Haygarth concurred in opinion with me, that even if the Waters had power to throw out more Gout, in the state of debility in which Mr Pitt then was, it ought not to be thought of. The Plan for changing the air & journeying slowly towards London was after due

deliberation deemed the most adviseable. Indeed his own anxiety for the measure would have rendered it absolutely expedient. It is necessary to observe that his appearance at this time was that of a man much worn out. One day his eyes were almost lifeless, & another his voice hollow & weak, while his pulse was remarkably weak, and generally from 100 to 120. After the arrival of Dispatches these Symptoms were always considerably encreased. It was remarkable however that when in bed the Pulse ranged from 70 to 84 with a soft skin & without heat. These circumstances I thought it proper that Drs Haygarth & Folconer should witness, which they did, & took the opportunity also of feeling the Stomach and Bowels very particularly; and they certainly afforded Mr Pitt much comfort by the assurance that they could discover no organic mischief. He indeed appeared better, so that the journey was determined upon for the next day; but as his Stomach would take no sort of food it was agreed to give him an egg beat up with a tea spoonfull of Brandy, two or three times a day, & this was the only nutriment that would settle quietly.

"I left Bath with Mr Pitt on Thursday the 9th Jan[y] about 2 o'clock, & it was arranged to take 5 days to reach Salthill. Upon our arrival at Chippenham however, although every precaution had been taken to secure proper accommodation, & he had fixed the stage, he was so dissatisfied with the House that finding himself better from the journey, he resolved to proceed to Marlborough where he arrived about 8 o'clock, and spoke satisfactorily as to his sensations. That night he took some Veal Jelly with relish & with two small desert Spoonfulls of Brandy with seven times as much water. Sir Sydney Smyth arrived at the Inn that night & requested earnestly to see Mr Pitt. This could not be granted, but he was promised an interview the next morning, if Mr. Pitt should be well enough to admit him. A good night followed the first day's Journey, & on Friday Morning he awoke with a calm good Pulse & a cool soft Skin. He took his Egg, & afterwards some Coffee, & saw Sir Sydney Smyth. The journey was again resumed, Mr Pitt

having walked to the Carriage leaning upon Captain Stanhope's arm (who accompanied him) & saying he felt himself infinitely better. It was agreed that he should stop at Newbury, if he should feel himself at all fatigued. So far from this being the case he appeared to improve as he advanced, & we reached Reading before seven in the Evening, where he passed a good night, & started on Saturday Morning for Salt Hill. He arrived there about 3 o'clock, & after resting 2 hours set off for his House at Putney Heath, which he reached soon after 7. He was in tolerable spirits, & certainly appeared to have benefitted by the Journey. After some serious conversation with him, I most earnestly requested that there should be a consultation upon the subject of his health, as I could not rest satisfied without having the concurring opinion of some of the most eminent Physicians of London. After some hesitation, he, with his usual kindness to me consented & Drs Baillie & Reynolds were in consequence called in & a meeting took place on Sunday Morning the 12th, when, after a most minute examination of the case, the opinion of the Bath consultation was confirmed, as to the non-appearance of any organic mischief, & a Plan was agreed upon for Mr Pitt to pursue.

"It is in Justice to myself that I feel called upon to state that I most earnestly entreated Mr Pitt to remain at Salthill, instead of proceeding to his own House, from the apprehension of the business in which he might be involved by his proximity to London. I again repeated my conviction of the indispensable necessity there was of Mr Pitt's retiring from Public Life, at least for a time. He was determined upon this point, & declared his resolution of proceeding & submitting to the consequences, whatever they might be.

"Upon our arrival at Putney, I at length prevailed so far as to induce Mr Pitt to give me a pledge that he would open no Letters, & attend to no business. I then proposed, knowing the anxious state of his mind, that the Bishop of Lincoln should be requested to undertake the office of opening Letters, and answering generally such as required it. To this also

Mr Pitt assented, & I proceeded immediately to the Bishop of London's at Fulham where the B^p^ of Lincoln was, & communicated the request to his Lordship who most cheerfully complied with it.

"After the consultation on Sunday with Drs Reynolds & Baillie, when a plan of proceeding was arranged by them with me, it was further agreed that I should make a report of the Results on Wednesday to them at my house in Conduit Street.

"On Sunday Mr Pitt continued so well, that he took an airing in his Carriage, & expressed himself much satisfied with his amendment. I remained that night at Putney. On Monday appearances were equally favourable, & I left Putney after repeated assurances from him that he would attend to no business, with a greater degree of satisfaction than I had experienced for some time past. I did not return to Putney till Tuesday afternoon, when all my anxiety & apprehensions were renewed by finding my Patient much worse—he complained of his sensations. I hoped it might be some slight accession from cold, & not immediately connected with his complaints—but his account of himself soon convinced me that it was of a more serious nature. 'Sir Walter,' said he, 'I have been compelled to disobey your injunctions—I have done too much. When in conversation with persons upon important business, I felt suddenly as if I had been cut in two.'

"From this period, the 14th of Jan^y^, the Symptoms became truly & immediately alarming. I took up my residence at Putney Heath, & summoned Drs Reynolds & Baillie to join me on the following morning, & to continue in daily attendance.

"The debilitated state in which Mr Pitt then was, the low Fever which attacked him & encreased rapidly, & the impossibility of sustaining Nature during its progress soon convinced his medical attendants that the case was beyond the reach of medical Skill. He rapidly sunk under the influence of the

Fever, & Thursday the 23rd of Jany 1806 closed the career of one of the best & greatest men that ever lived.

"The very early period in which Mr Pitt engaged in Public Affairs certainly tended to stretch Nature beyond her accustomed limits, & he wanted Constitutional Stamina to support him through the trying scenes of political Life. The mind was constantly acting upon a weak frame of body, & exhaustion was the consequence of this sympathetic action. During the 11 years of my attendance upon this Great Man, I uniformly remarked this evident Fact, & the Proceedings against his Friend Lord Melville, and more recently the result of the Battle of Austerlitz produced effects upon the health of Mr Pitt from which he never recovered.

"The early habit of the too free use of Wine operated unquestionably to weaken the Powers of the Stomach, & thereby to impede its natural & salutary Functions, on which the vigor of the Constitution depends. I therefore recommended dilution with water, which appeared for a time to be attended with good effects; but debility was perpetually calling for new aids & new props, which gave only temporary relief, & at last lost their efficacy.

"In such a state of things, aggravated by a constitutional tendency to Gout, it was impossible to oppose the accession & progress of any new disease; and when after his return from Bath, Mr Pitt was attacked by a low Fever, there was no power or stamina within capable of resisting it, & he naturally sunk under its force in a few days.

"Lord Liverpool, in returning the above statement 21 Jany 1816, says: 'It may be material however to observe that Mr Pitt had a regular Fit of the Gout in the year 1789, when he was about 30. And I have understood from those who saw most of him that the first visible effect of Public Affairs upon his Health was in the Autumn of 1793 after the retreat of the British Army from before Dunkirk. It is a singular circumstance that I never saw any Public Man who appeared so little desponding or who bore up so firmly against misfortunes. He

had particularly the faculty of laying his cares aside, of amusing himself with an idle book, or a comparatively trivial conversation, at the time he was engaged in the most important business, & I have heard him say that no anxiety nor calamity had ever seriously affected his sleep. I am however fully persuaded that the public misfortune which he was doomed to witness had the most sensible effect in undermining his Constitution & in closing his career so prematurely.

"'I doubt very much whether Retirement would have materially prolonged his Life—that is Retirement attended by the contemplation of the misfortunes of his Country, & of the want of the success of those exertions which he was entitled to suppose might have led to a very different result. If he had fortunately lived to this day, the case would have been very different, & he might have quitted office with the natural hope of passing some years in a reasonable state of health & comfort.'"

FIELD GUNS

IN those blank mid-winter days when South African misfortunes had ceased to surprise us, and when the announcement of some fresh catastrophe was morning by morning expected as an unpalatable breakfast-dish, we were accustomed to hear much of the inferiority of our field guns. It was a fashionable topic for the embroidery of newspaper correspondents. British "reverses" (an ingenuous *meiosis*; for our enemies' mishaps were always plain defeats or routs) had to be accounted for on any supposition other than the incapacity of our leaders; and the correspondent found the inferiority of the field guns a convenient means of explaining facts otherwise inexplicable.

Lord Roberts' masterful and consistent success has modified our views, and led us to think that it was not the material perhaps that was so much at fault. The "outranging" of our guns has dropped out of the journalists' jargon, and victory has restored our spirits as quickly as the mystic teaspoonful of vinegar revived the lyddite-stifled Boers. But even the "havoc" wrought by lyddite in head-lines; even the smuggling into Ladysmith of two 4·7-in. guns with a few rounds of ammunition, which gave our seamen an opportunity for that theatrical display on shore, so dear to the heart of navy and nation; even all this should not be allowed to obscure the vital question of the efficiency of our guns.

Correspondents are not artillerists, they are indeed, as a rule, technically ignorant; but in their complaints as to the

superiority of the enemy's guns, we are not inclined to accuse them of wilful exaggeration. Their powers in that direction are generally consecrated to occasions of British prowess, not of British disaster; and there can be little doubt that Boer shells did fall, and occasionally burst, in our camps while our guns were unable to reply. It has not been established, however, that such shells came from field guns, and now that we have learnt with what facility the Boers can bring large artillery into action, it is reasonable to suppose that many of these long-range projectiles were fired from pieces of considerable power.

At the outbreak of the South African war our field material—in common with that of the great Continental Powers—was divided into two classes: field guns and howitzers. The field guns have a calibre of about 3 in., fire principally shrapnel shell with medium velocity, and produce their best effects when attacking troops in the open. The howitzers are very short guns of a much larger calibre, and fire a powerful high explosive shell with low velocity and a curved trajectory, for the purpose of dislodging troops under the cover of an intrenched position. The adoption of these howitzers for field purposes was a direct outcome of the bitter experience of the Russians before Plevna in 1877; an experience by which the rest of Europe was not slow to profit, though the lesson had apparently been previously learnt and forgotten, for each battery of English Horse Artillery in the Peninsula had a howitzer attached to it.

Before the war was very far advanced an entirely new element was introduced into the field in the larger calibre guns of 4·7 in. and even 6 in. The great advantages of such guns had always been sufficiently obvious, but except where railway transport could be arranged the weight of the piece and its ammunition had been considered prohibitive. The 4·7-in. gun, for instance, of which so much has recently been heard, weighs (without its carriage or ammunition) 41 cwt.; or more than the total weight behind traces of an ordinary field gun, carriage, and

equipment. Then there is a gun-metal cradle in which the gun rests, weighing about 15 cwt. more; and this is attached to the field carriage, which in turn weighs some 20 cwt. Thus gun and carriage would entail the transport of at least 4 tons, over all kinds of roads. Then, again, the weight of the ammunition is a very serious item. Each shell for a 4·7-in. gun weighs 45 lbs., and the metal cartridge-case, with its charge, adds 15 lbs.; so that a single complete round amounts to 60 lbs., and a hundred rounds to $2\frac{3}{4}$ tons. A 6-in. gun and carriage weigh 10 tons, and a hundred rounds complete for its service 6 tons more.

These are figures that had staggered artillerists up to the outbreak of hostilities, but the Boers taught us that the difficulties involved in handling such guns could be overcome on bad roads, or no roads at all, even with bullock draught. When this lesson had been properly laid to heart, we sent out to South Africa a number of 5-in. 50-pr. B.L. guns which had been superseded from the Navy and were lying in store. These guns, mounted on obsolete 40-pr. carriages, were so successful in the campaign that there is little doûbt that a gun of approximately this calibre, of medium weight but high velocity, will be added, in the near future, to all field-artillery equipments.

There are, therefore, three distinct types of artillery which have been made use of during the present war—the field gun for medium range and direct fire, the howitzer for short range and dropping fire, and the large calibre gun for long-range work. These types will certainly come again to the fore in any future wars; but as no question has been raised as to the efficiency of our howitzers or large-calibre guns, it may be convenient to postpone any discussion of them. We may also omit from our present consideration the small automatic guns (christened Pom-poms), for although their moral effect when new to our troops was great at first, it soon wore off; and, except once, they seem to have done little real execution on either side. The occasion referred to is, of course, Spion Kop, where these

one-pounders, firing at times twenty to twenty-five rounds in as many seconds, considerably upset the *morale* of some of our best troops. But the conditions were in favour of the shell, the men being entirely without cover, and the bare rock increasing the destructive effect of the burst. Had the ground been soft the case would have been different, as experience has since shown; the loss under such conditions being quite insignificant, even in the open.

Confining, therefore, our attention for the present to the field gun, on which, after all, the brunt of the work in any campaign must fall, we shall find that its efficiency depends upon three main factors—mobility, rapidity of fire, and velocity of projectile. We have arranged these points alphabetically, and not in any fancied order of importance, for different authorities appraise their value quite differently. And here it must be said that in artillery, as in most other things, perfection is unattainable: if special prominence is given to any one of these three qualities, it must be at the expense of the others, and a successful field gun must be built on a system of compromises.

As regards mobility. It has been established by long experience that six horses (three pairs) are the greatest number which can be used conveniently and economically for dragging carriages about. Two horses pulling at a cart do not do twice as much work as one horse alone, and as the number is increased the less work per horse is obtained. The team fixed upon in all European armies is six, and no artillery officer would care to have either more or less. In this point, therefore, we are in full accord with the practice of our neighbours; and in so far as the strength of the animals (a very important point) is concerned, English horses are commonly supposed to have an advantage over others.

It is evident that the less weight behind a team the faster it can gallop when occasion requires, and the better can it negotiate bad country in general. The weight behind the horses of the latest-type quick-firing gun in the French service

is approximately 34 cwt., and in the case of the corresponding German gun 33 cwt. The French artillery carries three gunners on the limber-boxes, adding, say, 4·5 cwt.; and the Germans carry five men, adding, say, 7 cwt.; so that the weight behind the traces cannot in either case be much less than 39 cwt.

Now, our present old-type 15-pr. (which is the service gun in South Africa) weighs, without its gunners, 41 cwt., and with four men, say, 47 cwt. But every effort has recently been made in England to reduce the weight behind the team to 30 cwt. for horse artillery, so that it may co-operate with cavalry, and to 35 cwt. (without the detachment) for field artillery, which is seldom called upon to move at higher speed than a trot. In our new-type 15-pr. the total weight behind the traces will be some 42 cwt., including a detachment of four men mounted on the axletree boxes and limber boxes.

With regard to weight, then, and mobility as far as it is affected by weight, it may be said that while our present gun, with its 47 cwt. against the French and German 39 cwt., is manifestly inferior, our new gun of 42 cwt. will be abreast of the times. This new gun is being manufactured, and will, no doubt, be introduced into the service, with the conventional mixture of ill-considered haste and exasperating delay. Of course, the wholesale sacrifice of material involved in a change of field equipment is a serious matter. The methodic and Straffordian thoroughness of the German mind faced the problem three years ago; every field equipment throughout their service was changed, and the new Krupps with their effective decoration, and the *ultima ratio regis* for a motto, were served out as liberally as bootlaces. But to such a course we could not harden our hearts, though our guns number perhaps only one-fifth of the German; and so, at the beginning of the South African affair, we were treated to the edifying spectacle of the English War Office scavenging Europe for any material it could pick up. Fortunately for our *amour propre*, some of the great Continental makers could not, and

others would not, supply our demands; but an order for 18 batteries, or 108 guns, has actually been placed by our War Office with an unknown German firm, called the Rheinische Metallwaaren Fabrik! "It is not an open enemy" as the Psalmist says, "that has done us this dishonour." It is not Krupp, "for then we might have borne it," and reflected that if we must go to Germany for guns, we were at least going to a world maker, and should get as good material as could be had. It is nothing of the kind. These subterranean orders have been given to a firm that has never made a field gun, or any other gun, for any power on earth; and invitations, we are told, are being issued by the makers to foreign officers to inspect at Düsseldorf the field-guns that Germany is supplying to England; when all other countries are making it a matter of life and death jealously to preserve the secrets of their *matériel.* Criticisms such as these will, no doubt, be met by the specious argument of English manufacturers being unable to respond to a sudden crisis. We do not believe it. Mr. Goschen has recently repeated the same old story, in the House of Commons, apropos of the insufficiency of English shipbuilding resources, and some very pertinent questions have shown how far such statements could be relied upon; but we would go farther and say these "crises" are not heaven-sent things; they should never be allowed to occur.

Returning to our new equipment: there are other conditions beside weight that affect mobility; such, for instance, as the length of the wheel base, the angle at which the limber can be turned in relation to the trail of the carriage (called technically the angle of lock), and the height of the wheel.

The length of the wheel base and angle of lock together control the radius in which the carriage can turn. In the English carriage the trail is shorter than the German, and much shorter than the French. The French carriage has an exceptionally long trail, which gives an advantage in firing by minimising the jump, but a correspondingly impaired mobility. The angle of lock is approximately the same in the French,

German, and English services, so that our shorter trail ought to give us some increase in mobility.

With regard to the wheels, our authorities adhere to the 5-ft. diameter; while Continental practice in general prefers a 4-ft. wheel. The arguments for the high wheel, are that it gives greater ease of movement on medium ground, keeps clear of larger obstacles, such as small boulders or big ant-hills on bad ground, and gives better "command." Against this it may be said that any increased ease of movement on fair ground can be but very slight; and that "command" must depend on the relative positions of gun and objective far more than on the height of the carriage. Of course the greater the height of the gun above the ground the greater theoretically is its "command"; but in practice, gun positions have constantly to be chosen in valleys, while the enemy are on heights, and a few inches difference in the height of the gun axis cannot, under such circumstances, be of much importance. As regards clearing boulders and ant-hills, it is probable that few officers would attempt operations at all on ground where such obstacles were Brobdingnagian enough to foul a 4-ft. wheel. No one would gallop his batteries over the "grave-yard" at Okehampton, where so many a gallant 5-ft. wheel has been reduced to a bundle of sticks.

The 4-ft. wheel is much lighter, is stronger, gives greater steadiness in firing or admits of a narrower wheel-track; and finally is much less conspicuous, especially if the men be made to kneel while laying the gun, as in our mountain artillery and the German field artillery. There is little doubt it is a better size; but prejudice dies hard, and we go on making our 5-ft. wheels.

Turning from mobility to the second point, rapidity of fire; we shall find that the number of rounds that can be got out of a gun in a given time depends principally upon the means adopted for controlling the recoil, the method of closing the breech, and the form of ammunition used. There are six guns in every battery, and under ordinary circumstances each gun

would fire once a minute or once in ninety seconds. Thus, in action, the whole battery would discharge four or six shots per minute. This battery-fire could be increased with our old pattern guns to perhaps twelve rounds in the minute, but only at the cost of severe labour on the part of the detachments, who would have to run the guns up into position after each recoil. But there are occasions, however infrequent, such as the repulse of a cavalry charge, when it might become of vital importance to materially quicken the rate of fire. If any greater rapidity is to be obtained, however, it is necessary to prevent the carriage from recoiling, or at least to return it automatically to position after firing, so as to dispense with "running up," which is the heaviest part of the work. To obtain absence of recoil, different makers have tried different devices; but without entering into unnecessary technical detail, we may divide field carriages (as regards the means adopted for checking recoil) into two groups: those in which the gun in its recoil takes the whole carriage back with it; and those in which the carriage remains stationary, while the gun recoils separately in a special gun-metal or steel slide (technically known as "the cradle"), and expends its energy in displacing liquid, and at the same time compressing either a strong spring or air, in the buffer cylinder, instead of forcing back the carriage.

The weight of the gun and carriage are important factors in the question of recoil; and where gun and carriage form, as it were, a rigid piece, recoiling together in one mass, they admit of being made lighter than in the system which allows the gun to recoil while the carriage remains fixed. The velocity of the recoiling mass is in fact inversely proportional to its weight; and the lighter the "system" the greater will be the velocity with which it recoils. Supposing, for instance, that a gun and carriage weigh together 2000 lbs. and recoil together at a joint velocity of 17 feet per second; if the same gun is allowed to recoil alone, it will move at a velocity of 38 feet per second, taking its weight at 900 lbs.; or at 43 feet per second if it weighs only 780 lbs. To those unacquainted

with such problems this may appear a small matter, but in reality it is the key to the whole question of recoil; for the product of the mass by its velocity gives us the force of the recoiling body; and its energy, which is proportional to the square of the velocity, has to be absorbed before it is brought to rest. The force in each case is, of course, the same, but the energy is very different. Thus with gun and carriage recoiling together the energy is 4 foot tons; with the 900 lbs. gun recoiling alone it is 9 foot tons; and with the 780 lbs. gun it is 10 foot tons; so that we see that for ease of checking recoil the recoiling weight should be made as heavy as possible.

But here compromise steps in, and we find advantage and disadvantage balancing one another. If gun and carriage recoil in one mass the energy is more easily controlled, but, on the other hand, the detachment have to keep clear in order to avoid being injured by the moving carriage. With the gun only recoiling, the difficulty of controlling the energy is greater; but the gunners need not keep clear of the carriage, because it does not recoil; and firing can consequently proceed with greater rapidity. Indeed, with some systems, it is possible for two men to sit on the trail while the gun is fired, and thus help to keep the carriage from moving; but whether any men would consent to sit as mere make-weights in the heat of battle has not yet been proved.

If carriage and gun recoil together, the maximum rapidity of fire which can be obtained from a quick-firing gun is eight rounds per minute, and many competent judges put it as low as five; but the carriage is simple and requires no attention.

If the gun recoils apart from the carriage the mounting is more complicated, and requires a certain amount of skilled attention; but the rapidity of fire is much greater, perhaps from twenty to twenty-five rounds per minute. The real tactical value of this rapidity in action must remain doubtful, until we have a much wider experience to guide us; and unless such fire was carefully controlled the ammunition-boxes might be emptied in a few minutes and the gun stripped of every round. We shall

touch a little later on the question of the supply of ammunition in the field; but, as illustrating the requirements of a modern action, it is stated that one of the Boer Krupp 7·5 cm. guns fired no less than 454 rounds at Spion Kop, while the greatest number fired by a single German gun in any of the battles of 1870 was only 230, and the average number was under 100.

In our service that system has been adopted which allows gun and carriage to recoil together. The simpler a carriage is, say our officers, the less likely it is to be out of order on the day it is wanted. It may be true, yet what straining at a gnat, when the camel of the complicated 5-in. howitzer carriage is readily swallowed, cylinders within cylinders, compared with which the 4·7-in. naval mounting sent to Ladysmith is simplicity itself. But at any rate we are in good company in our decision; for the Germans (in their present type at least, though it is said that they have decided again to change their whole equipment, and to adopt the system which allows the gun to recoil separately) and Austrians both use a carriage which recoils with the gun, and in neither of these services can the rounds fired per minute be more than eight. If all shots are aimed, five rounds per minute will probably be a more practical estimate. Time (as we have said) has yet to show whether this rate is sufficiently rapid; meanwhile, it may be noted that some of those who have seen most artillery work in the African war consider the rate of fire, even of the present old type of gun, amply sufficient.

In the new English equipment, and in many of the field-carriages sent out to Africa, the recoil of the carriage is checked by a "spade" hinged under the axle-tree and attached to the trail by a spring. Under suitable conditions this spade can be dug into the ground and controls the recoil; but it has not proved wholly satisfactory, and in certain positions cannot be used at all. The Danish Government adopted this expedient in 1896, and the Germans have an inelastic plough hinged to the end of the trail. But it is expressly laid down in their drill-books that this plough is not to be used except under

special orders, and its effectiveness may therefore be considered doubtful.

The French, on the other hand, use a carriage which allows the gun to recoil independently, and the Russians are introducing a practically similar type, to replace their present carriage which recoils with the gun. In these methods the carriage remains stationary, and the gun, after firing each round, returns to its original position, or requires very slight adjustment to bring it on the target again. The French claim that, without fatiguing the detachment, they can easily fire sixteen aimed rounds per minute, or twenty to twenty-five unaimed rounds. The future Russian carriage controls the recoil of the gun by hydraulic buffer and spring, while the French are understood to employ the hydro-pneumatic cylinder. With a characteristic love of mystery they have, it is said, shut up the brake apparatus in an inviolable steel case, nor are their own artillery officers to be trusted with the secret. If a carriage gets out of order, *tant pis;* it must be sent back to Belfort for repair; but better so than that the enemy should become possessed of such a masterly invention.

As regards the breech mechanism and the ammunition used, both French and German services rely for obturation (that is, the preventing of the escape of gas at the breech) on metal cartridge-cases, which contain the firing-charge, and into which the projectile is sometimes fixed, exactly as in the cartridge-case of the military rifle. In England the cartridge-case is not used with field guns, obturation being obtained by a system known as the De Bange pad. This very ingenious arrangement was the invention of a French officer, and acts on the same lines as the corks of certain pickle-bottles, in which an india-rubber pad or cushion is compressed until it makes the neck of the bottle air-tight. Thus the De Bange pad, made of a mixture of tallow and asbestos-fibre, is compressed between the breech-block and a heavy steel mushroom-head by the force of the explosion, so that it bulges out and "corks" the breech end of the gun.

Now, so far as absolute rapidity of fire goes, the brass cartridge has the advantage, though the operation of loading, even without a cartridge-case, becomes so mechanical that, with a well-drilled detachment, there is only a question of a second per round between the two methods. On a "polygon," or manufacturer's show firing-ground, that second per round is important enough, and a gun is considered mediocre if it only fires, say, sixteen rounds per minute against twenty of another gun; but in action there is little in it, and the brass cartridge has substantial disadvantages. (1) Each case weighs two pounds, and this curtails the number of rounds carried. (2) The cases are liable to damage, and have to be fitted into special baskets or carriers, which again add to the weight. (3) The gun detachment is worried by the cases as they are flung out by the ejector. (4) There is the rather academic objection that the empty cases lying about may be dangerous to the horses.

The saving of weight by not using cartridge-cases enables us, with our 15-pr. equipment, to carry forty-six rounds of ammunition as against the German thirty-six; and, though it is quite possible to imagine situations where rapidity of fire might be the decisive factor, no artillery commander would hesitate for a moment to set a far higher value on an adequate supply of ammunition than on a possible gain of a second per round in firing. Whether for good or evil, this country stands alone in this opinion, for, so far as we know, no other Power has adopted the De Bange system in their latest model of field artillery. All of them retain the cartridge-case, but we are inclined to think that in this matter England has chosen the better part.

We may now consider the initial velocity given to the projectile by our own and other field guns—a most important and difficult subject. Without going into theoretical considerations, it may be useful to remember that: (1) Other conditions being equal, the gun with the highest velocity has the longest range. (2) Other conditions being equal, the

higher the elevation given to the gun at firing, the longer the range. (We are not taking into account the case when an elevation of over 44° is reached, which can only occur with howitzers.) (3) Immediately a projectile leaves the gun, the resistance of the atmosphere begins to retard it, and the higher the velocity the greater will be the resistance. Thus, a projectile starting at 1800 ft. per second will lose 100 ft. of this rate in a shorter time than a similar projectile having a velocity of only 1500 ft. per second. (4) The larger the diameter of the shell the greater the resistance (due to the larger area, and therefore proportional to the square of the diameter), and consequently the quicker the loss of velocity. (5) The heavier the projectile the longer will its velocity be retained.

Range, therefore (taking elevation and velocity to be the same), varies inversely as the square of the diameter of the projectile, and directly as its weight.

The present German field gun has a velocity of 1526 ft. per second, the English 1570 to 1580, and the French gun (which it was said was intended to have a velocity of 1950 ft.) has now 1640. These velocities must, however, be considered in conjunction with the diameter and weight of the respective projectiles. The German shell has a weight of 15 lbs. and a diameter of 3·03 in.; the English 14 lbs. and 3 in.; the French 13·9 lbs. and 2·95 in.

The maximum elevation allowed by all three carriages may be taken at 16°; and, assuming that this elevation is given to the different guns, the English will range about 5800 yards, the German 6200, and the French 6400. These results are somewhat remarkable, as they show that, although the French gun has so considerable an advantage in velocity over the German, its range at 16° elevation is only 200 yards more. It is fair, however, to add that the French gun has no appreciable jump on discharge, while the German gun has 23′; which means that, instead of 16°, the shot when it leaves the gun has an angle of departure of 16° 23′; and with our own gun the actual angle of departure would be 16° 13′.

The German gun with a lower velocity than the English has a distinct advantage in range ; and this is due partly to its heavier shell, and partly to the better shape of its time and percussion fuse. The German fuse forms a more or less continuous curve with the head of the projectile; but our fuse sticks out in a blunted mass, lengthening the shell, and therefore adding to the difficulties of rotation without increasing its capacity.

If the ground is soft enough to admit of digging, a hole can be made for the end of the trail and the guns elevated to 20°. At this extreme elevation we shall find that the English gun ranges about 6500 yards, the German 7000, and the French 7200. It has been assumed, for purposes of calculation, that the form of the French fuse is as good as the German; but, as a matter of fact, it is only a trifle better than our own, so that the range of 7200 yards assigned to the French gun may be taken as a maximum. It will be observed that for an additional elevation of 4° the English gun increases its range by 700 yards and the German 800 yards, and this shows that the German shell has a greater carrying power.

In estimating the value of initial velocity, it must not be forgotten that field guns rely upon the use of shrapnel for their fullest effect, and that high velocities diminish the value of shrapnel-shell. A shrapnel-shell is a thin steel case full of round bullets fired from a gun, and so arranged that at a point in its flight (which is determined by the fuse) the case opens and the bullets are released. Now a shell when it leaves the gun has two motions imparted to it: its forward velocity, and the spin given it by the rifling, whereby it rotates quickly round its own axis. The forward velocity lessens rapidly in flight, but the rotational velocity is not perceptibly diminished. It is this rotation that spins the shrapnel-bullets outwards when the explosion in the case releases them, and if the rotation (or, what comes to the same thing, the initial velocity) is too high, the bullets spin out too much in a right-angled direction to do their best work. The form which the shower of bullets takes, when

spun from the shell and rapidly moving forward, is called "the cone of dispersion"; and it has always been the object of artillerists to keep this cone as "fine" as possible. In other words, the bullets should be sent skimming near the ground, and utilise the full effect of ricochets instead of being shot too straight down into the ground, or into the air, which is the tendency with a high velocity. The ideal gun would combine a flat trajectory with a small cone of dispersion, but the conditions which produce the two qualities unfortunately are entirely dissimilar. The only solution would seem to be to issue two charges: one for giving great velocity to high-explosive shell for long ranges, the other for medium velocities and shrapnel; but such a plan is open to the objection of complication.

It is pleasant to note that our officers are thoroughly satisfied with the ammunition sent out to South Africa. The fuzes especially were reliable and regular, and the effect of our shrapnel on anything in the open up to 4200 yards was overwhelming. The Boer common shell, on the other hand, were very frequently blind, and their shrapnel-fuzes (of French origin) most uncertain. There was a very marked difference in effect when our own captured guns and ammunition were being fired back against us. As regards the lyddite-shell, the fatuous exaggeration of newspaper correspondents at the beginning of the war made the actual performance seem afterwards a little disappointing. But though there was sometimes a difficulty in getting them to detonate, their destructive effect was unquestionably great. Such shell, with an angle of opening of 110° to 180°, must prove of inestimable value in attacking troops in good entrenchments, where shrapnel is of little effect.

As regards the guns opposed to us in South Africa, it is curious to reflect how few the Boers possessed. At the beginning of the war the newspapers spoke as if the enemy had limitless stores of modern guns upon which he could draw. There were strange tales of batteries shipped in piano-cases, with which Krupp and Schneider had outwitted the intelligence

(Heaven save the mark!) of our Intelligence Department. The fortifications of Pretoria were crowded with the most powerful modern guns. Such stories were set afloat by the same correspondents, who now tell of guns being buried or sunk in rivers to account for the disappearance of material that never existed. No piano-cases ever left Essen or Creusot, and it is strange how very few guns did either. Of modern material (so far as can be ascertained) there were some twenty Krupp field guns and four 4·7-in. Krupp (not Creusot) howitzers. There were sixteen Creusot 14·33 lbs. field guns, and four Creusot 15-cm. guns (Long Toms), and four 7·5-cm. Maxim-Vickers, two of them taken by the Boers at the time of the Jameson Raid. These were all the modern-type guns (except the considerable number taken from us, and about thirty-five 1-pr. pom-poms) of which the two Republics could dispose. There were, indeed, seventy-two field guns under order from Creusot, and long overdue; but characteristic delay in deliveries stood us in good stead, and at the outbreak of the war the guns were not forthcoming. The French field gun which the Boers used had the French service calibre of 2·95 in., with a 14·33 lbs. projectile and a velocity (on paper) of 1837 ft. The maximum elevation allowed by the carriage is stated at 20°, and the range of the projectile at eight kilometers, or 8747 yards. Simple calculations prove that this range is exaggerated, and that the probable maximum would not exceed 7800 yards. But even this is a distinct advance on our own guns.

It was to this gun that the French press attributed all the earlier Boer successes, but the pæans soon died away, for the French material could not stand the fierce strain put on it, and piece after piece was sent back to Pretoria for repair. The German guns came through the ordeal with flying colours, and the German fuzes entirely eclipsed the French.

Summarising matters, we shall probably come to the conclusion that in mobility our field equipment is equal to that of the great Continental Powers.

That, as regards the system of loading, we are right in adhering to the De Bange principle and abandoning the brass cartridge.

That, as regards rapidity of fire, though our gun fires very much more slowly than the French gun, it fires as fast as the present German, and sufficiently fast, perhaps, for practical needs.

That, as regards power, our gun is deficient; and that we need a gun that will fire shrapnel up to 6000 yards and common shell up to 7000 or 8000. There is no doubt this will be one of the central lessons of the campaign; and additional power will have to be provided, even at the cost of some mobility, but not at the sacrifice of a single round of ammunition. On the other hand, it must be remembered that atmospheric conditions would generally preclude firing at abnormally long ranges; and that it is only in exceedingly clear air, such as that of South Africa, that it would be possible to correct such distant fire.

It was no light matter—even on the windy plains of Troy—to finish up the war *τολυπεύειν τὸν πόλεμον*, to wind up into a ball all the tangled threads. There are many loose ends still to be wound up in South Africa, but that is being surely done; and we may take leave of the subject by joining in the general tribute of respect paid to that great man who, at a time of personal mourning and public dismay, took in hand a task of such critical difficulty and brought it to a triumphant issue, not by any isolated success or happy stroke of fortune, but by the irresistible force of genius, guided by sober and immovable discretion.

When all technical discussion as to our artillery is forgotten (and who thinks of ballistics in remembering Trafalgar or Waterloo?), when the patterns of guns have been changed a hundred times, history will recall this heroic figure as a type of the soldierly skill and devotion, without which even the most perfect material is worthless.

GALEATUS.

A COMING NORTH AFRICAN PROBLEM

WHEN Lord Charles Beresford returned from his tour of investigation in China a year or two ago, and declared that there was a cloud on the Oriental horizon no bigger than a man's hand, and solemnly warned his country of the dangers of the approaching storm, good people at home turned down the page and said that the popular admiral had joined the ranks of the alarmists. But now that that cloud has grown until the whole face of the Eastern sky is darkened, and the hail of bullets has begun to patter, who is there to-day that will not pay his tribute to the man who had the foresight and the keen perception to read the signs of the times and the courage to proclaim their portent? At the same risk of being thought to be a false prophet of evil, and without the distinguished admiral's prestige to lend weight and cogency to my remarks, I venture to think that there is another storm brewing much nearer our own shores, in which we may be involved much sooner than we anticipate. I refer to Morocco. Of all the Mohammedan countries along the northern shores of Africa that once were self-governing, Morocco alone has not yet passed under the domination of the foreigner. Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, and Algeria: it is to the Allah of Mohammed that the people still bow down, but it is the hated Christian that wields temporal dominion over them. What other fate can there possibly be in store for that most Western outpost of Islam,

whose gaze is fixed, not upon the wide Atlantic that marks his boundary, but towards the East whence he came, and where also the Frank lies waiting his opportunity?

The same causes which led Spain to lose her vast colonial possessions are at work to-day in Morocco. The power to govern becomes gradually weakened, from causes that we need not here inquire into; tyranny, extortion and cruelty hold sway instead, and sooner or later the possession of the country passes into other hands. In the case of a colony, the inhabitants either rise in revolt and throw off the foreign yoke, as did the South American countries that once owed allegiance to Spain, or another Power steps in, as did the United States in the case of Cuba. In like manner, the country which has lost the art of governing itself becomes the prey, first, of the revolutionist, and afterwards of the invader, if the former fail to set the house in order. Morocco has long ago reached the first stage in the decay of nations, and is fast approaching the second. Never a Sultan comes to the throne but he has to defend his possession by the sword, and his reign, as a rule, is punctuated by rebellions, and not infrequently terminated by assassination. Time was when this state of things did not concern us as a nation. Red revolution might stalk through the land; murder and pillage might be the ordinary incidents of everyday life in this pastoral country; but we were in no wise affected. To-day circumstances are changed. Several of the leading Powers of Europe—Great Britain in particular—have considerable commercial interests in the country, and the possibility of their development and expansion under a more settled form of government is a point not to be lost sight of in these days of anxiety to discover and foster new markets for our manufactures. Those who know the country well—and their name is not legion, for the majority of visitors confine themselves to a more or less casual inspection of the coast towns, varied by an occasional ride of a few miles inland, but seldom far from the shadow of their consulate's flag—declare that Morocco possesses a potentiality of wealth far beyond the

dreams of most of us at home. From the shores of the Mediterranean to the confines of the Sahara, Nature has showered her gifts with a lavish hand. Little is accurately known of its mineral wealth, for the creed of the Moslem forbids its adherents to seek below the ground the riches which Allah has hidden. There is, however, a consensus of opinion among travellers who have visited the interior that copper, iron, lead, and other minerals are there in abundance, and there is evidence to-day that, at any rate, alluvial gold was known to, and worked by, the Romans.

But, as regards its agricultural resources, Morocco is perhaps second to no country in the world. Two crops a year is the tiller's reward, and he generally works with no better implements than a primitive wooden plough, similar to what might have been used three thousand years ago, and a hand sickle, or even a dagger-knife that may be used one day for cutting the grain and the next for carving a neighbour. But there is no incentive to industry. By the Sultan's edict no wheat or argan oil is allowed to be exported, and if a country Moor were to cultivate more ground than is necessary to provide him and his family with his own requirements, he knows that he would merely succeed in arousing the rapacity of the nearest Kaid, or Governor of his province, and the fruits of his labour would be enjoyed by another. Hence huge tracts of fertile land lie waste and uncultivated. The Moor is a long-suffering individual, and his philosophical fatalism enables him to bear tyranny and oppression almost with equanimity, but, in spite of this, armed rebellion is the chronic condition of the people. And this is not confined to tribes like the Riffs or the Susi—who are not, strictly speaking, Moors but Berbers, and who have from time immemorial claimed independence from the Sultan of Morocco—but it applies to every province in the Sultanate. No revolution, however, has yet succeeded in materially and permanently ameliorating the condition of the people, though it may have brought about a change of ruler. And herein lies the opportunity of the foreign invader.

It is a familiar tradition among the Moors that the Frank will one day batter at the gates of Fez, and to-day the fulfilment of that prophecy would seem to be within such measurable distance as to be within the scope of practical politics. That France has designs upon Morocco has for years past been patent to every student of Moroccan affairs. In point of fact, the process of absorption has already begun. Everything, however, has been, and is being, so quietly done that little stir has been made to attract the attention of the outside world. In commercial enterprise she had no hope of out-distancing her English rivals, being herself of late years hard pressed by the pushfulness of the Teuton, and it is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that she turned her attention to political intrigue. The "protection" system prevalent in Morocco afforded her an excellent opening. A word of explanation here may not be out of place.

To escape the extortionate demands of the Moorish authorities, many Moors are only too glad to abandon their own nationality and become the protected subjects of some foreign Government that has Consular representation in the country. All that is requisite is to persuade some foreign subject domiciled in Morocco to nominate him as partner or agent in some trading or agricultural enterprise, obtain a certificate from the foreigner's Consul to that effect, and pay the annual fee. The Moor is then amenable only to the Consulate authorities that extend him such "protection," and is no longer liable to the domination of the Sultan, or any of his Kaids or Bashas. To secure this immunity he will readily pay a very heavy premium to the foreigner, either in cash down or on the basis of a percentage of his profits. The latter sometimes amounts to as much as one-half his income, the foreigner investing no capital and running no risk, financial or otherwise. It is notorious that many foreigners domiciled in Morocco have no other source of income than that derived from the practice of indiscriminate protection. Great Britain alone puts a check upon this abuse by restricting its subjects

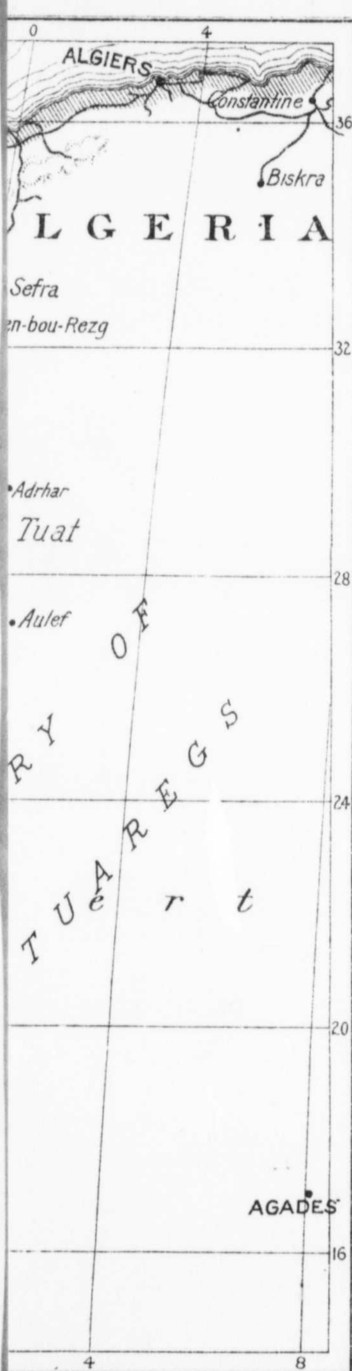
to one "partner" and two "agents" of Moorish origin, but by France the system has been extensively fostered. The result is that the populations of whole districts are now under French jurisdiction. This is, of course, more particularly the case among the tribes bordering on the Algerian frontier, of which the districts of Oudjda, El Mahaia, and El Amur may be cited. In Wazzan, too, on the road to Fez, the French have obtained a very considerable foothold, and in the Riff hundreds of the inhabitants have not only sought refuge under the tricolour, but have actually crossed the frontier and joined some regiment of Spahis in Algeria. There is not the slightest doubt that the same policy is being pursued farther south, in the region of Tafilet, so that the Sultan has lost his hold over a large number of the inhabitants dwelling on the Eastern frontier from the Mediterranean to Sus.

So much for the moral advantages gained. The material are not so easily defined. The frontier-line between Morocco and Algeria has never been very accurately delimited, and every opportunity is seized by France of pushing her Algerian boundary westward. It is done very gradually, and often without protest. And if a protest should be made by the Moorish Government, there is nothing easier than to withdraw, with apologies for the intrusion, and return at a more convenient season—*reculer pour mieux sauter*. The presence of a large body of troops on the Southern Algerian borders is stated by the Quai d'Orsay to have no connection with any scheme of aggression upon Moorish territory, but is required by the expedition which is endeavouring to work its way through to Timbuctoo and Senegambia. That as much territory *en route* will be annexed as can be held there is little reason to doubt, in support of which theory there comes news at the time of writing that the French force operating under General Lernere has occupied Adrhar, the principal town in the Tuat Oasis. The region is rich in resources, and blessed with an excellent climate and an abundance of water. The French, moreover, have old scores to wipe off with the Tuaregs, who

are undoubtedly one of the finest races of natural fighting-men in the world. It was this warlike tribe that was responsible for the massacre of the French mission under Colonel Flatters some few years ago, and our Gallic neighbours are past-masters in the gentle art of nursing a grievance. The Tuaregs once subdued, there is nothing to prevent the acquisition of a belt of territory stretching from Algeria to Senegambia, save the natural difficulties presented by the Sahara Desert. Fashoda is not forgotten, and what is more natural than that France should seek to compensate herself in the north-west portion of Africa? Our neighbours have not followed Kitchener's plan of conquering a country with the railway, but have adopted the principle of letting the railway follow the conquest. The attempt to obtain a concession from the Moorish Government for a railway to connect Fez with Oudjda and the Algerian system has not yet been successful, and southward the railhead is still at Ain Sefra. But with a rich region like Tuat to tap, does any one imagine that Ain Sefra will long remain the terminus?[1]

The dream of a French belt from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic once converted into a reality, Morocco will then be hemmed in on all the land side by a hostile European Power. The first result would be a divergence of trade. At least two of the four most important caravan routes along which communication is maintained between Europe and the Great Sahara and the Western Soudan traverse this belt. With the command of the Agades route—*i.e.* from Algeria through Murzuk and Agades to Kashna and Gogo on the Niger—Commander Monteil maintained years ago that he could secure for France all the trade at the mouth of the Niger, while the Tuat route, which starts from Timbuctoo, and through Tafilet and Aulef finds an outlet at Mogador, would certainly be diverted to the Algerian ports. This may not appear to be a matter of much moment, but the trade of this country with

[1] Since this article was written the railway has been extended to Djinien bou Rezg (see Map).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MAP OF
NORTH-WEST AFRICA
Showing the Algerian railway system
and the present sphere of French operations
on the Moorish borders
English Miles
100 50 0 100 200 300 400
MADEIRA
REFERENCE
French Coast
Spanish Coast
Moorish Coast
CANARY ISLANDS
GIBRALTAR
ALGIERS
ORAN
Constantine
Biskra
Tangier
Ceuta
Arzilla
Tetuan
Larache
Melilla
RIFF
Wazzan
Ujda
Rabat
R. Sebu
FEZ
ALGERIA
Mazagan
R. Om-er-Rebieh
R. Muluya
Ain Sefra
Saffi
R. Tensift
FIGUIG
Djinien-bou-Rezg
Mogador
MAROCCO
(Marakesh)
Atlas Mts.
Gt. Atlas Mts.
Agadir
R. Sus
Anti Atlas
Tafilet
Igli
MAROCCO
SUS
Adrhar
Ifni
R. Asaka
Oasis of Tuat
C. Juby
R. Draa
R. Sakia
Aulef
C. Bojador
Rio de Oro
COUNTRY OF THE TUAREGS
Sahara Desert
C. Blanco
ADRAR
Mabruk
MOORISH TRIBES
TIMBUCTOO
R. Niger
GOGO
AGADES
ST. LOUIS
R. Senegal
SENEGAL
Cape Verd

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Morocco represents something like £1,000,000 sterling, with enormous possibilities under a more settled and enlightened Government. Already, in violation of treaty stipulations, large quantities of cattle are deported from Morocco across the Algerian border for exportation from Oran, instead of being shipped from Tangier, of which town the bulk of the trade is in the hands of the English.

The next step will be the moving of their neighbour's landmarks. Nothing is easier than to provoke a frontier quarrel; and, on the pretext of restoring order, a punitive expedition is sent, and the French belt is widened. We have seen in Nigeria and elsewhere how France, by a policy of persistent encroachment, has succeeded in adding to her territory at the expense of this country. What chance then will Morocco have when the squeeze is once applied in earnest? Indeed, one or two frontier incidents have already occurred, resulting in a collision with the Moors in the south-east, and there is not wanting a Jingo party in Morocco who are already clamouring for reprisals to be taken, and who even talk of organising a revolution, with the object of placing a more bellicose Sultan on the throne. The death of the late Grand Vizier, Ba Hamed, a few months ago removed the one "strong man" from the arena of Moorish politics, and though a good many ministerial changes have since then taken place, no efficient substitute has yet been found, so the boy-Sultan has taken the reins of government more into his own hands. It is in the highest degree improbable that Abd-el-Aziz will do anything so foolish as to precipitate a struggle with any European Power, as the last war with Spain is still recent enough to act as a very powerful deterrent; so it is to France alone that we must look to find the probable disturber of the *status quo*. In point of fact France has already furnished Morocco with a *casus belli* if the Sultan were seeking an excuse for war. Morocco's claim to Tuat has always been regarded as of a very shadowy character, but there is no doubt whatever about Igli, which is some 200 kilometres within Moorish territory. There the

French have established themselves, and the Sultan has addressed an appeal to the diplomatic body in Tangier on the subject. This, however, has evoked no satisfactory response, and the Sultan has therefore decided to send a mission to Paris to make representations to the French Government direct. The success of that mission is doubtful in the extreme.

The great Paris Exhibition has been a potent factor in preserving the peace for some two or three years past, but even with the opening of the great show close upon her France did not give a very edifying example of international courtesy. Abuse of this country in particular filled the columns of the Paris press day after day, with hardly two honourable exceptions. It may be said that the French press does not represent the French people any more than certain English members represented their constituencies in the matter of the Boer War, but the effect has been the same in any case. English-speaking people have taken French vituperation as a true expression of the feelings of our Gallic friends towards us, and have abstained in thousands from visiting the Exhibition. I do not suggest that this fact alone is responsible for the failure of the show, but it certainly is a contributing factor, as the French themselves have already begun to realise. But whatever the cause, the Exhibition is a financial failure. Hundreds of people will be more or less ruined by it, and, though there is little likelihood of a repetition of the Panama scandals, there is certain to be a pretty considerable agitation. Where this may lead to none can tell, but an antidote to internal trouble is nearly always sought by France in an external question. When the Dreyfus *affaire* was agitating the whole nation, and almost threatening the very existence of the Republican Government, a counter-irritant was found in the Fashoda incident, and all eyes were turned at once towards the Sudan, and the possibilities of a war with this country were eagerly and seriously discussed. And though, undoubtedly, the French Government behaved wisely in backing down at the last moment, it is very doubtful whether M. Hanotaux will ever again occupy the position of

Minister for Foreign Affairs, on account of his responsibility in the matter.

The external excitement, however, is not likely to be found in a conflict with this country, in spite of the virulent Anglophobia at present raging in France, and of all the talk of a possible invasion of England while a large portion of the army is absent in South Africa. But Morocco offers a much more likely field. Her soldiers are near at hand, and the average Frenchman has already been educated up to the point of regarding the north-western portion of Africa as the natural inheritance of his country. It is not to be supposed, however, that the Moors themselves are not alive to the danger of a possible rupture. The question is discussed among all grades, and it is even stated that aggressive action from France after the Exhibition is over is regarded as highly probable at the foreign Legations at Tangier. The French Consul has been withdrawn from Fez, and at the time of writing has not been replaced. This occurred soon after the Igli grab, and the action was as usual attributed by the Moors to fear. Repeating-rifles in large quantities have for some time past been passing through the Moorish ports without let or hindrance from the customs officials, and as the importation of arms of all sorts is strictly forbidden by the Moorish Government, it can only be assumed that this is done with the sanction of the authorities, and full knowledge as to their destination. There has been some talk lately of the rise of a new Mahdi in the person of the Central African Chief Senussi, but I scarcely think that it is in anticipation of a Moslem Jehad against the hated Christian that these modern rifles are being distributed all over Morocco. It is perfectly true that this Senussi has many thousands of adherents, and not only throughout Northern Africa. He has his agents in India, in China, in South Africa (watching the progress of the Boer War), and here in England. If war should unfortunately break out between France and Morocco, there is little doubt that initial successes by the Moors would be the signal for a general uprising of the Mohammedans in

North Africa, and our difficulties in suppressing the Boer revolt would be trifling compared with the task that would lie before France in the endeavour to maintain her hold on the Southern shore of the Mediterranean. If, on the other hand, the tide of war rolled in favour of France, the occupation of Fez would be one of the first steps in the campaign. And after Fez?

There is one point in which France much resembles this country, viz. that she is very loath to leave any country in which she has once established her troops, solemn promises to do so notwithstanding. And therein lies our concern. It is not to be supposed for a moment that our Foreign Office is not fully aware of what is going on, and thoroughly alive to the possible dangers of the situation, but whether we have got a cut-and-dried policy ready for the emergency is quite another matter. France has for many years cast longing eyes at Ceuta, the Spanish Gibraltar on the Moorish coast, and is believed to have even made overtures for its acquisition from Spain at the time of the Hispano-American War. With either Ceuta or Tangier in the hands of a powerful and hostile nation the value of Gibraltar would be enormously discounted. The fortifications of Ceuta, of course, need to be remodelled, but the expenditure of money on the works, and the mounting of a few more modern long-range guns, would render the place a very powerful set-off to "the Rock." Tangier is important to us to-day as the source of supplies to the garrison of Gibraltar. Every day cargoes of live animals are carried across the Straits, and Gibraltar without Tangier would be like a steamer without coal. It is absolutely vital to us, therefore, that Tangier should at least be in the possession of a friendly country. Ever since the memorable siege 120 years ago we have adopted the precaution of maintaining the garrison of Gibraltar permanently provisioned for a lengthy period, but nevertheless it would be nothing less than criminal folly to allow the control of the other side of the Straits to pass into the hands of a hostile naval Power. Moreover, the value of Tangier as a strategic base in

time of war should by no means be lost sight of. Our greatest admiral recognised this 100 years ago, and the strategic value of the Northern Moorish coast has certainly not decreased since the opening of the Suez Canal.

This, then, is the problem we have to face. The majority of the Powers represented in Morocco are interested in maintaining the *status quo*. France, however, would appear to be going more than half way towards seeking an excuse to break it, and the policy of Russia seems directed solely to supporting France—morally at any rate—in her designs. The Czar cannot—or could not two years ago—number more than two subjects in Tangier, one of whom was a renegade, and the total of Russians in the entire Sultanate is quite inconsiderable. It cannot, therefore, be in the interests of these few subjects of the Czar that Russia established a Legation in Tangier some two and a half years ago, but much more probably the Minister was appointed solely with the object of lending countenance and support to the aims of France. Spain, which used formerly to look upon France as her natural ally in this part of the world, has been considerably disillusioned of late by the latter's pursuit of a distinctly selfish policy, and has herself been rather active recently in her demands for the recognition by the Sherifian Government of her rights in Morocco. In fact, it is only the jealousy of European nations that has been the means of bolstering up the tottering realm of Morocco so long. But, as Sir John Drummond Hay—the most successful Minister we ever had at Tangier—pointed out in 1889, "the rivalry and jealousy of foreign Powers about Morocco proceed from a knowledge of the important position it holds at the entrance of the Mediterranean," and he added that "at no very distant period serious questions which will affect the vital interests of Great Britain may arise." An even more distinguished man, the present Prime Minister, two years later ventured on the prophecy that Morocco will one day "be as great a trouble to Europe, and carry with it as great a menace to the peace of Europe, as the other Mohammedan countries further to the

east used to be twenty or thirty years ago." That day would appear to be rapidly approaching. By many, for the reasons given above, trouble is looked for in the coming winter. France has not for many years had so large a number of soldiers on the frontier of Morocco as she has to-day, and their repeated incursions into Moorish territory have provoked an appeal from the Sultan to the diplomatic representatives of the other European Powers in Tangier. This appeal, however, has not been productive of any apparent result, and this month (October) the Sultan will leave Marrakesh for Fez with an army of 30,000 men gathered from all quarters of the Sultanate.[1] Assuming that the Sultan's appeal to the Powers is productive of no result—and the Powers are probably too much occupied at present with the Chinese puzzle to devote much attention to moribund Morocco —France may be emboldened to adopt a still more forward policy. Are we content, then, to see Morocco converted into a second Algeria, or are we prepared to safeguard our interests by the occupation of Tangier in the event of an outbreak of hostilities? When Germany seized Kiao Chau as compensation for the murder of her missionaries in China, Russia promptly replied by the occupation of Port Arthur. We protested, but ultimately came in a bad third with the acquisition of Wei Hai Wei. In Morocco there are only three places of strategic importance to a naval Power, and Ceuta and Melilla are already in the hands of Spain. It behoves us to see that Tangier does not fall into the possession of France, and we should be unwise in our generation if, foreseeing the threatened danger, we were unprepared with a definite policy when the problem presents itself for settlement.

HENRY M. GREY.

[1] The recent decision of the Sultan to remain in Marrakesh until the spring, instead of going to Fez as he had intended, probably resulted from the disturbed condition of the country in the south-east, and the prospect of rebellion among his own tribes.

INTERNATIONAL ETHICS

IT constantly happens that when we are trying to discuss a question of foreign policy with absolute impartiality, we find ourselves gradually drifting into a maze of arguments on morality, political expediency, utility, or abstract justice, from which we cannot extract any logical conclusion. This is not always owing entirely to ignorance or inexperience in political matters, for we often see men of considerable ability, and even great statesmen, having recourse to arguments which seem to us either grossly immoral or absurdly Utopian. We may say that a certain political action is immoral, or that a certain course of politics is wicked, but we are never quite sure what we mean by those terms when applied to the conduct of Governments; and if we resolve to be impartial and hear both sides of the question, we are generally in doubt. The problem seems insoluble. The more we strive to discover a principle of right and wrong, the more we are beset with difficulties, and the more hazy do we feel as to what is right and what is wrong.

In the morals of private life, on the other hand, however great differences of opinion as to the origin and nature of the moral principle there may be, we are not confronted with such overwhelming difficulties. We have some rule of conduct to go upon. We know in the abstract that theft is wrong, so that when we hear of a concrete case—of a man who has stolen his neighbour's money, for instance—we all look upon him as a bad

man. When we discuss a quarrel between two friends of ours or between two strangers, the only obstacles to our forming a just estimate of the case are the difficulty of getting at the true facts and considerations of personal interest. But if we know all the facts and are quite impartial, we can easily decide justly as to which side is in the right. Thus, when a judge has to give a sentence, if he knows the circumstances and the law, and is a man of average intelligence, he has merely to apply the law to the case in question, and will pass a sentence that will be unexceptionable, save to those who are the losers by it. There are, of course, cases of exceptional intricacy in which it is not easy to be really just and equitable, but in the majority of cases his judgment will be in accordance with the principles of justice and positive law.

In a general way the greater part of a man's acts may be classified as right or wrong, for we have in our mind's eye a clear division of human action; certain deeds belong to the category of what public opinion regards as moral; while others are generally disapproved of as immoral. This public opinion is, of course, subject to changes: in different ages and in different countries the common ideas on morality are different. But there is always a distinction between good and evil. In one century and in one country or group of countries that have reached the same degree of civilisation, most of the actions of private individuals will be judged pretty much in the same way. There are, of course, many degrees of opinion, but there is always a main moral principle which is the guide to our conduct. This principle may not always be acted upon, but it is recognised as such nevertheless.

In questions of foreign politics, on the other hand, these distinct classifications are absolutely wanting. When a controversy between two nations arises it is almost impossible to decide which of the two is morally in the right. Morality seems to be so inextricably mixed up with political expediency that it is extremely difficult to grasp the moral issue as distinct from the political one. Before entering into the causes of the

obstacles to finding a moral principle in international politics, we must review the methods by which such questions are generally studied and judged.

There are two main schools of international politics which are based on some sort of logical rule of conduct. The one is the school whose only principle is brute force, its only maxim that might is right. Its teaching was accepted without question by the Romans, and by all the nations of antiquity. Christianity, by discountenancing violence in private life, had at first a certain influence in softening this doctrine, even in foreign politics, and the pretensions of the Church to universal dominion were an indirect negation of it, for they naturally presupposed a superiority of moral influence over brute force. But in the feudal monarchies and in the mediæval Republics the old principle was generally practised, if not openly avowed. Machiavelli recognised it, and in fact regarded it as the basis of all politics. It is only in recent times that its authority has been seriously questioned. But even in the present day many of the greatest statesmen in the most civilised countries have declared that every nation has the right to do all that it is strong enough to do, without any regard for the rights of weaker states. The modern embodiment of this doctrine is Bismarck, its most important practical application the rise of Prussia and the formation of the German Empire.

The influence of this school of political thought is so great and so universal, that even those who reject its teaching as grossly immoral often find themselves basing their judgment on it almost involuntarily. That this frequently happens is shown by the change in public opinion caused by success in war. When two countries are at war, whichever of the two met with most sympathy at the commencement of hostilities, public opinion in the end generally veers round in favour of the victor. An instance of this was the revulsion of feeling in England during the American Civil War in favour of the North after Sherman's successes. Another is the instability of the attitude of the Continental press caused by the changes in

the fortunes of the present South African war. It may be urged that this change is due to the fact that, when we see that we have been mistaken in our estimate of the relative military strength of the belligerents, we are inclined to doubt whether we may not have been mistaken also in our opinion as to the moral side of the controversy. Selfish reasons for wishing to be on good terms with the strongest have their influence also. But whether these be the real motives of the change or not, it is an undoubted fact that success—*i.e.* might, does increase the general opinion as to the victor's virtues and the vices of the vanquished. The Germans and the followers of Bismarck have been harshly criticised for their cynical avowal of a doctrine which, if applied to the private intercourse of men, besides being contrary to every moral law, would lead to an appalling state of anarchy. But it should not be forgotten that in foreign policy it has followers all the world over, and that it indirectly influences the judgment of an enormous number of people of the most varied opinions. Nor should we forget that the consequences of practically applying the principle of brute force in politics are by no means always the same. The unification of Germany, although it was brought about by a series of acts of violence and aggression, and with a total disregard for the rights and feelings of the smaller States and of Austria, has unquestionably been the cause of much happiness and of enormous material and intellectual progress, which is advantageous not to Germany alone, but to all the rest of the civilised world as well. On the other hand, the partition of Poland, which was accomplished with neither more nor less injustice, has produced about as much misery as almost any other event in modern times, without being redeemed by a single advantage to the oppressed or even to the oppressor. Such material progress as Poland has made in recent years would have been far greater had the partition never taken place.

The other system by which men have tried to classify acts of foreign politics, is expressed by the maxim that nations

should conduct themselves towards each other as if they were private individuals, and that what is immoral for one man to do to another is equally immoral when the subjects of the controversy are sovereign States. Although there may be certain limits to this principle, the main rules of conduct in international questions should, according to this school, be essentially the same as those of private life. A considerable number of political thinkers have advocated this system, and certain statesmen of the school of Bright, Cobden, and Gladstone have tried to give it practical application. The recognition of the rights of nationalities, protection of weak States, intervention in favour of the oppressed, and even the abandonment of sovereignty over a certain territory by one nation in favour of another or of the inhabitants of that territory, are its natural consequences. Such practical applications have necessarily been rare. But we have examples in the cession of the Ionian Islands by England to Greece, in the intervention by England, France, and Russia in favour of Greek independence, and in Mr. Gladstone's policy towards the Transvaal in 1881.

Here also we see what widely different effects the application of the same principle may produce. No one will affirm that the cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece has had any evil results for England, or deny that it has proved most acceptable to the islanders themselves and to the people of Greece. But of the Transvaal policy of 1881 it must be confessed that, while it did not soften the feelings of the Boers towards the English, it has proved more disastrous to South Africa than any policy which it is possible to conceive.

Both these systems are open to such serious objections that neither can be accepted as an absolute rule of conduct. The Bismarckian principle of brute force, were it to be universally acted upon, besides producing a constant state of warfare and the suppression of all small nations, would cause a serious deterioration of moral character in the victors, for there can be no reasonable doubt that a constant series of conquests and

wars, by obliging the conquerors to be continually repressing rebellions and keeping subject nations down by force and terrorism, renders them suspicious, tyrannical, cruel, and callous to suffering. Such a policy would be reflected in private life. The consequences of this state of affairs would be to impede all social and economic progress. Moreover, the strongest nations in a military sense are not always by any means the most civilised, nor is their rule always beneficial, even when not imposed by actual violence. A comparison between the moral and material conditions of, say, Russia and Sweden will make this sufficiently clear.

The objections to the opposite system are no less important. Generosity towards our enemies in foreign politics very frequently is equivalent to injustice towards our own people or towards friends to whom we owe duties greater than to our enemies. Thus the policy of abandoning the Transvaal in 1881, while it was intended as an act of generosity towards the Boers, was manifestly unjust to the numerous loyalists who had staked their all in the country, and were afterwards subjected to every indignity and wrong by the victors of Majuba, and to the natives who regarded England as their protector from the rapacity and cruelty of the burghers. Moreover, this kind of generosity is often interpreted as a sign of weakness by other nations, who may be thus stirred to acts of an unfriendly or even hostile nature. The ultimate misfortunes caused by a policy of this description are often out of all proportion to the good which they may effect. Even so consummate a statesman as Bismarck imagined that he saw in the cession of the Ionian Islands a sign of the decline of England, probably because he was so deeply imbued with the gospel of brute force that he could not conceive the possibility of a Government giving up a possession from pure altruism.

Another reason for not accepting this system in its full extent is that, when a civilised country rules over vast uncivilised dependencies and has barbarous and turbulent neighbours, a recourse to violent measures is often necessary.

The ethics of political generosity are even less understood by Indian frontier chiefs than by Prince Bismarck. In the third place, this principle would lead one civilised State to go to war with another, because the latter was misgoverning its own subjects or oppressing a conquered province. The dangers of creating such a precedent are so evident that there is no need to insist upon them. They are so great and real that even when, as in the case of the Armenians, the European Powers had every right as well as duty to intervene in their favour, the fear of international complications and mutual jealousy prevented any step being taken to stop the infamous massacres.

It will be seen that neither of these two systems can provide us with a reliable guide to conduct or judgment in foreign politics. No Government could regulate its actions entirely on brute force or on mere private morality. The motives which influence Governments in their actions cannot be always of one uniform character. It is the same with our private judgments on international questions. Even those who habitually proclaim that might is right often abuse a foreign nation, because it puts that very principle into practice, or because they think it does. Consistency, always a rare virtue, in politics is almost non-existent.

But, putting both these absolute principles on one side, Governments and individuals in political matters will be always in doubt. In action there will be no rule of conduct, in discussion no standard of right and wrong. If, in some particular case, we feel decided as to which side we ought to sympathise with, it is usually because our own country happens to be one of the two litigants, or because we are closely allied by ties of blood and language and tradition to one of them, or because the institutions and civilisation of the one bear a closer resemblance to our own than those of the other. Great bravery in the field, religion, and personal sympathy all exercise considerable influence on our judgment and turn our attention from the purely moral side of the question. But if we are really unconnected with either nation, and can abstract

ourselves from all feelings of instinctive sympathy, we are at a loss for serious argument on which to base our opinions. We begin to ask ourselves if there is such a thing as right and wrong in foreign policy. There are several reasons for this difficulty.

In the first place, almost every international controversy is substantially different in character from every other. In private quarrels the cases group themselves naturally together into various categories, so that, whenever a fresh case arises, we can always remember numerous precedents of a similar nature, which enable us to judge of the moral side of the question as well as of the legal rights; in foreign politics, although there may be several common elements in different cases, in each particular controversy there are special facts which are not to be found in any other, and which give it at once a distinctive character. While we can easily find two cases of private law arising from precisely the same circumstances, in both of which the same rules of law and equity hold good, in foreign politics we cannot even imagine two absolutely parallel cases. This is, of course, partly owing to the fact that in private life and in private law the number of cases to which we can refer is so much larger than those in international politics, that it is far easier to classify individual human actions according to a moral standard. This is one of the principal causes of the uncertainty of the science of international law. The most learned jurists write the most elaborate and scientific treatises on the subject, examining every possible contingency that may arise; but the moment an international question of serious importance does arise, the most extensive knowledge of history will not enable them to discover a parallel case, nor the firmest grasp of international law help them to solve it. There is always some new element or combination of elements in each particular controversy that is wanting in every other, and that gives it a distinctive character of its own.

Let us again take the principle of intervention in international law. Few questions have been studied with keener

zest or have given rise to more discussions, both theoretical and practical, than this. All the greatest international lawyers have written on the subject, and a large body of rules has been formed that was thought to comprise every possible case in which intervention of one State in the internal affairs of another was or was not permissible. And yet, when the Transvaal trouble arose, and the right of the British Government to interfere on behalf of the Outlanders came under discussion, all the rules and principles carefully laid down by classical writers on the subject have proved quite inapplicable to this particular question. It has been constantly repeated that the problem was an exceptionally difficult and complicated one, owing to the very peculiar conditions of the country; to the anomalous position of the Outlanders, who outnumber, or at least are equal to, the Boers; to the differences of character and education between Boers and British; to the unfortunate wording of the London Convention; and so on. But the same may be said, more or less, of every other really serious international controversy. The Cretan question, the Armenian question, the Egyptian question, all have distinctive features of their own, which render each quite unique in its way, so that the methods by which one is solved satisfactorily would be disastrous if applied to any other. Take the position of Egypt. We cannot imagine any other country being in such a position, so we call it anomalous. If by anomalous we mean different from anything else, then every question of foreign politics is anomalous.

In the second place, not only is there no code of international morals comprising every possible controversy between States, but it cannot even be said that there are a few generally accepted principles on which to base our judgment, and to which the foreign policy of the State should conform, or which at least should be an ideal of conduct to which it should aspire. The very fact that two such radically opposed theories as those we have mentioned should exist side by side in the same countries and in the same age—that people, if they do not always accept either of them unreservedly, are more or less

influenced by them—shows what a perfect chaos the morals of foreign politics are. Not only are we uncertain as to the practical application of a particular principle to a particular case, but we do not really possess any generally accepted principles at all. When we abstain from an immoral action in private life, we often do so because we are afraid of public opinion; but in foreign politics public opinion does not exist, save in a most uncertain and rudimentary form. For our private morality we have a rule of conduct to which we aspire, although in practice few live up to it. It is embodied in the Sermon on the Mount. Our conduct may not always be in accordance with its precepts, but we feel instinctively that we ought to try to make it so, and we admire those who succeed in doing so. Our laws, if they are not based upon that ideal, are not in open conflict with it. Even those whose moral ideas are not founded on any religious dogma base their code of morality on principles not substantially different from those of the Gospel. But in Scripture we find no rules of foreign policy that are applicable to our own day. The Old Testament contains only exclusively national rules of conduct, which have been followed in more recent times by peoples who, being excessively religious and fanatical and narrow, have, like the Israelites of old, imagined themselves to be the Chosen of the Lord. Such principles, if accepted by each nation for its own benefit, are equivalent to the doctrine of brute force. In the New Testament, on the other hand, we find no trace at all of a guide to conduct in foreign politics. The idea of the nation in the modern sense is hardly alluded to, and a code of international morality is not even thought of.

This fact explains how it is that we often meet with people of deep religious convictions and genuine moral feeling, who in private life are constantly striving to live up to the Christian ideal, but who in all questions of foreign policy express sentiments of the most savage ferocity and Machiavelian cynicism. There seems to be no contradiction between proclaiming that we should love our enemies and forgive them, and in hating the

enemies of our country and desiring their absolute ruin, and even praying to the God of love and mercy for their confusion. The same is the case with our sentiments regarding a country towards which we have feelings of friendship. We take sides without stopping seriously to consider which of the two belligerents is morally in the right. We may utterly disapprove of a man who breaks into his neighbour's house and steals his plate, whereas if the Government of one country invades and annexes the territory of another, especially if the aggressor is a civilised Power and the annexed territory belongs to a barbarous potentate, we are by no means overcome with virtuous indignation. It would be wrong, as Mr. Lecky observes,[1] to argue from approval of acts of the most flagrant political dishonesty and violence to the general moral sentiments of those who utter them. If Austria were to occupy Salonica, wresting it from the Turks, we should not absolutely disapprove of her action, because it would mean that a valuable and fertile province had passed from a savage and retrograde Government to a civilised Power. But it would be wrong to argue from this sentiment to our approval of a man who steals an old picture from a friend's house, because the thief was a man of culture and æsthetic tastes, while the owner of the picture was a Philistine who did not know a Titian from a Teniers.

A third reason for the difficulty of judging the actions of Governments is the influence of our own national prejudices. We cannot, in discussing an international controversy, entirely divest ourselves of our nationality. We cannot judge a nation as impartially as we can a man. We find it very hard to understand the motives which inspire the actions of foreign States, because we do not understand the national feelings and traditions of foreigners. There can, therefore, rarely be true impartiality in our opinion of a controversy between two different nations. We naturally place our own country before all others, and even in judging of a dispute between two foreign States we are governed by personal sentiments. In a

[1] W. E. H. Lecky, "The History of European Morals," vol. i. ch. i., p. 158.

struggle between a despotic Power and a constitutional State the sympathies of Englishmen are generally on the side of the latter. An admiration for bravery, a certain sentimental sympathy for the weaker of the belligerents, similarity of race or religion, are all elements which greatly influence our opinion and prevent us even from trying to find a moral standard for international politics.

In consequence of this want of a moral standard, some thinkers have fallen back on the utilitarian theory. We must look only to the ultimate effects of political actions in order to judge them, it has been said, and according as they are beneficial to humanity or the reverse, we must call them moral or immoral. If a conqueror establishes a government which is more civilised and more honest than the one which he has superseded, we must praise him and regard him as a great statesman and as a benefactor to humanity. If, on the other hand, a semi-barbarous potentate annexes a small but civilised country, the consequences being disastrous to progress, we must sympathise with the vanquished. By means of this theory we can form a somewhat more practical estimate of the policy of colonial expansion. When that policy brings about a general improvement we must applaud it; when it is merely the result of greed of conquest and does not produce any increase of moral and material well-being, we should regard it as most immoral. If we compare the expansion of the British Empire with that of Russia by this standard, we shall be in no doubt as to which of the two empires we should desire to see triumphant. For whatever may be thought on purely ethical grounds of the means by which Great Britain has extended its colonial possessions, the effects of this empire have been almost wholly beneficial to the subject races, and it has contributed more to the general welfare of humanity than any other on record. Russia by her expansion has, it is true, introduced a rudimentary civilisation into Central Asia, and has put an end to several barbarous and cruel Governments, but it has set up in their place an infamously corrupt and tyrannical administration.

While the constant moral and intellectual progress of England is reflected in all her remotest colonies, Russia has no similar progress to offer to the peoples she has conquered, for the inhabitants and government of European Russia are little less backward than those of the Trans-Baikal or Turkestan.

But can the utilitarian doctrine alone furnish us with a true basis of international morality? It undoubtedly marks a progress over the theory of brute force, and is free from the impossibilities and contradictions of the theory which would have us apply the rules of private morality to foreign politics. It is also free from some of the objections which have been made to it in the sphere of private morals, for if a useful act cannot in private life be regarded as equivalent to a virtuous one, in politics there is no such absolute divergence between the two. A political action which promotes the happiness of a great number of people must be regarded in a manner as righteous and praiseworthy. Even if the prosperity which it brings about is purely material, it always reacts beneficially on the moral condition of those who are affected by it. An increase of wealth does not necessarily make a man better, but if a whole population, which before was poor, ill-governed, and wretched, becomes prosperous, its moral character will certainly be elevated.

But we are now confronted by another obstacle. Let us assume that political acts which cause a notable advance of civilisation and happiness are to be approved of, even if brought about by violence. But how are we to judge such acts if, while they promote the happiness and prosperity of one people, they cause the ruin and desolation of another? It is a question which we cannot elude. Such cases are unfortunately by no means rare in political history, and if the utilitarian theory or any other is to supply us with a standard of political ethics, it must answer it satisfactorily, judging nations as equals, just as in private morals and private law all men are equal. In struggles for empire between two States the victory of the one often means the irreparable ruin of the other, or at least a great

diminution of its power and influence. If we accept the principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, we should declare in favour of the nation that has the greatest population. But the country with the largest population may be by no means the best governed or the most civilised. Take the Spanish Monarchy in the sixteenth century. In its struggles with England and the Low Countries, if we were to judge by the standard of population alone, we should regard the result as an unmixed calamity, whereas it is now universally admitted that the decline of Spanish power has been, on the whole, of great advantage to humanity. If two nations of a different degree of civilisation are fighting for supremacy, the ideal happiness of the one which it will try to impose on the conquered will be essentially different from that of the other. The one will desire to live in peace and prosperity, to educate itself, and improve morally, materially, and intellectually; the other's felicity may consist in warfare, pillage, and deeds of violence. Such was the contrast of ideals in the wars between Turkey and the Christian Powers. In considering this struggle we must remember that each nation has a certain right to live as it pleases, and the victory of the civilised Power over the barbarian will be quite as distasteful to the latter as the victory of the latter would be to the former.

We seem to be in an absolute *impasse* as to the relative morality of each nation in a fight for supremacy. The principle of brute force would lead to continual warfare and anarchy. The equalisation of public with private morals is incompatible with the very nature of States. Utilitarianism brings us to desire the happiness of one country at the expense of another. But there is a higher ideal than the material, or even than the moral and intellectual well-being of one single nation, in the sphere of politics. When we witness a struggle between two countries, or a civil war between two parties in one State, before giving our sympathies and our practical aid to the one or the other, it is not sufficient to reflect upon which result will be most conducive to the greatest happiness of the

greatest number, or upon the general effects of the success of either belligerent on the inhabitants of the two countries. We must consider the influence that the outcome of the struggle will have on humanity in general. A great nation, besides its material power, has an enormous moral influence for good or for evil on the rest of the world. Such an influence is not always in proportion to the size and population of a State. The moral influence of the Greek Republics or of the Italian Communes was far greater than that of many a vast Oriental empire. But a large and powerful empire in modern times can exercise a very considerable influence. The influence of an empire like that of Great Britain constitutes a moral force throughout all the world of the first magnitude. English ideas, English manners and customs, English institutions and forms of government, and even the English language, are spread all over the world, and exercise a moral pressure in the most civilised States of Europe, as in Siam and China. Were the British Empire to fall, its moral force would end by disappearing, and would cease to influence the minds and the lives of men. Other empires, and with them other moral forces, would take its place. Those who desire nothing so much as the downfall of Britain, and who are for ever hurling their abuse on the British nation and everything connected with it, would do well to reflect on what other Power would succeed England and influence the world in the same way. The great moral force of England is now exercised in favour of political freedom and the progress of civilisation. Were Russia, for instance, to take the place of the British Empire, would its moral force be exercised in the same or in as beneficial a direction? We very much doubt it. These considerations should help us to find some solution of the problem we are discussing.

There are certain historical episodes whose real importance can only be understood when we reflect on what the consequences would have been had their event been different from what it was. Such is the case of the struggle between Persia and the Greek States. Had Persia succeeded in overcoming

her heroic foes, it is quite possible that the mass of the inhabitants of Greece would not have been much worse off under Persian rule than under their own far from perfect Governments. They would not have been more vicious nor their cities less splendid. They could not have been more disturbed by wars and civil broils than they were. What advantages their art and their literature produced were limited to a small number of people, and in any case the whole population of Greece was so small that its happiness and prosperity might appear less important than that of a single Persian satrapy. But if we do not merely contemplate the consequences of the actual result of the struggle to the people of Greece, but stop to consider what an appalling calamity the triumph of an Oriental despotism over the Greek city-republics would have been for humanity in general and for European civilisation in particular, then we shall realise the full meaning of the struggle and the enormous advantages that have accrued to the world from its results. Greek poetry, Greek art, Greek thought, and the Greek ideal of freedom, unrealised though it was in Greece itself, are gifts to humanity for all time, and together they have laid the foundations of Western civilisation. We can therefore affirm, without fear of error, that the triumph of the Greek States is an event which we should regard as an inestimable blessing, not because it was the outcome of a struggle between brute force and intellect, nor because it saved Greece from Eastern despotism and resulted in the victory of freedom, but because it gave to the world Greek civilisation, which, imperfect and vicious as it was, has greatly contributed to the general progress and elevation of humanity.

But if we can now understand the full importance that this event has had on the history of mankind, it is, nevertheless, extremely difficult for us to understand contemporary events in the same way, and base our judgment on that knowledge. With regard to private morals, we have a certain intuitive feeling that a particular act is right or wrong without regard to whether it be useful or not. But in politics such an intuition

is as yet not possible, or rather it does exist, but only in a rudimentary degree. When we know that an act will prove morally and materially beneficial to mankind we can say that it is wise and good, but it is almost impossible to predict what will be the ultimate consequences of contemporary events. We can only see what will profit some one particular nation, or be beneficial to mankind for the moment. Not having as yet a clearly defined feeling of right and wrong in foreign politics, it is impossible for us to form for ourselves a code of political ethics. But by a careful study of past history, and by thoroughly realising the consequences of past events, and by improved moral education, we may hope to develop a national conscience that will guide us in our judgment and in our actions as members of the State. Those who to-day proclaim themselves the exponents of the national conscience in England, are apt to base their views too much on pure sentiment, and they do not realise the gulf that separates public from private morality. The policy which they would like to see followed would, in many cases, not only lead to national disaster and humiliation, but would prove eminently detrimental to the progress of civilisation. There are people who, in all colonial questions, and especially in those relating to India, have such an exaggerated veneration for the aborigines of Asia and Africa, even for the most savage and bloodthirsty, that they absolutely condemn all strong measures to which it may be necessary to have recourse. This adoration they extend to more civilised enemies of this country. And even when their country is actually engaged in warfare, they are so tender toward its enemies that they feel obliged to be doubly severe towards their own compatriots. Such an attitude, besides exposing those who take it up to the accusations of making party capital out of their country's difficulties, does nothing but pervert the national conscience from its true line of development. To be constantly told that your country is always in the wrong, whatever she may do, does not help you to understand what is right and what is wrong.

We should not, however, despair of ever establishing a rule of conduct in political matters, because of the serious obstacles which such a task presents. Our standard of political virtue is far less developed than that of private virtue. For our guidance in private life we have a whole body of moral laws upon which we can try to act, and which are being constantly elevated; with regard to our relations with foreign States we have but the gleams of a conscience. It is these gleams of a moral political instinct that we must do our best to improve and develop. If there is this difference between the two branches of our moral education, it is chiefly owing to the fact that political morals, being far more complicated than private morals, take a much longer time to develop, and require a much higher degree of civilisation to be understood. Our continual moral progress in private life is a proof that an improvement, even in foreign politics, is possible.

There are two reasons for believing that such an improvement is not only possible but probable. One is the gradual growth of a moral sense in home politics. In the Roman and Greek idea of government the citizen was nothing beside the State, and could claim no rights from it. His liberty was protected from the tyranny of one man, but he was subjected to the absolute despotism of the Republic. Acts of the most flagrant injustice were the consequences of such a system of government. A very similar view of the relative position of the State and the citizen was held in the Italian city-republics, and was one of the chief causes of their overthrow. But in modern times this conception has been considerably modified. The practical embodiment of the new order of ideas is the British Constitution. It protects the rights of the citizen not only against despotism, but also against violence and abuse of power on the part of the majority. There may be occasional injustice and violation of the law, but public opinion feels so strongly on the subject that, in England at least, they are now almost impossible. In Continental States, where the political conscience is less developed, the rights of the citizen are not so

sacred, but there is a constant improvement, and we have recently seen a clear proof that the violation of the rights of the citizen by order of those in authority can excite an outburst of purely altruistic indignation all over the world. That that outburst failed in its object in this particular instance is of no consequence. The fact that an obscure French officer, whose name five years ago no one had heard of, should suffer an unjust and terrible punishment for political reasons, raised a storm of hatred against his persecutors, and this in itself proves that there is a certain moral sense in political matters when foreign relations are not called into question.

A second reason is to be found in the great extension and improvement of the laws of war, and in the general respect with which they are regarded by civilised nations. If an act of violent aggression by one State against another does not excite a feeling of indignation against the aggressor outside the country which is attacked, unless international jealousies be aroused, a massacre of prisoners or the sack of a town would, we feel sure, be regarded as infamous and abominable all over the civilised world. The moral progress of humanity makes itself felt even in events which seem to be a direct negation of it.

If we bear these two facts in mind we should not despair of a real progress being eventually effected in the sphere of foreign politics.

L. VILLARI.

AN IMPERIAL FLAG

IN "Oceana" the late Mr. J. A. Froude gives a most interesting account of a conversation which he had in 1885 with Mr. Dalley, the then acting Premier of New South Wales, who had recently distinguished himself in the cause of Imperial Federation by sending a military contingent to serve with the British troops in the Soudan. The creed of the great Australian statesman, with respect to the relations which ought to be for ever maintained among the various members of the Empire, may be generally summed up in the words, "One Queen, one Fleet, one Flag"; and it may perhaps seem strange to many that Mr. Dalley laid special stress upon "one Flag." He, like other Britons beyond the seas, had been greatly hurt by some of the provisions of the Colonial Defence Act of 1865. That Act, as well-intentioned a measure as was ever passed, was the unfortunate occasion of the introduction of the following paragraph in the "Queen's Regulations":

> Any vessel provided and used under the third section of the said Act shall wear the Blue Ensign, with the seal or badge of the colony in the fly thereof, and a blue pendant. All vessels belonging to, or permanently in the service of the Colony, but not commissioned as vessels of war under the Act referred to, shall wear a similar Blue Ensign, but not the pendant.

As Mr. Froude said, the Australians, and others, "do not like a bar sinister over their escutcheon, as if they were bastards, and not legitimate; and surely, of all ill-considered measures in our dealing with the colonies, the indignity of

forcing upon them a difference in the flag was the very worst. No affront was, of course, intended." Yet Mr. Dalley "seemed to speak with bitterness" on the subject. And his feelings are to this day very common in the self-governing colonies.

The badges used in accordance with these regulations are very various, ranging as they do from coats of arms, through birds and beasts, to constellations; and there can be no possible objection to their employment as distinctions. For that purpose somewhat similar badges are used by the Board of Trade, and the Victualling, Customs, and Ordnance services; and it is with similar objects that shipping firms fly house flags, and yacht clubs use their own burgees as well as badges.

But there are cases when it is not desirable that distinctions should be made. There are occasions—and they are likely to come with increasing frequency—when the Empire thinks, acts, and moves as a whole; when all Britons, no matter where, bow together in common grief, rise together in common anger, shout together in common joy. Surely there ought to be a common flag for use on such occasions. Yet, strangely enough, there is not. There is, I mean, no one flag which every British subject, sailor, soldier, civil servant, professional man, country gentleman, and blacksmith, can hoist with equal right and equal propriety above any and every building in which he may be. We have nothing equivalent to the Stars and Stripes of the United States or to the Tricolour of France. Each of these is the common inheritance of every child of the nation. We have a dozen or more distinctive flags, yet not one which is, as it were, supreme as the emblem of the British Empire, without reference to locality, office, rank, colour, profession, calling or race.

This is a serious lack. We specially want such a flag now, when the Empire has so gloriously demonstrated its oneness, and when Federation is daily drawing nearer. Indeed, it seems a little ridiculous that we should even talk of Imperial Federation as a possibility, without at the same time con-

templating the necessity for a single flag by means of which that Federation may express itself.

But, some one will say, the Federation will naturally express itself by means of the British flag, the distinctive badges being, of course, dropped for the occasion.

Perhaps that "some one" will be able to explain to me what the British flag, to which he alludes, is. For the British Navy, the flag is the White Ensign; for Colonial marines, it is the Blue Ensign with a badge or seal in the fly; for the Royal Naval Reserve, it is a Blue Ensign without anything in the fly; for the British Army, it is the Union Flag; for some yachts it is the White Ensign, for others the Blue, and for yet others the Red; for the ordinary mercantile marine it is the Red Ensign; and although a private citizen in England, Scotland, Ireland or Wales is entitled to use the Red Ensign, and that only, the rule is so little known, or so generally looked upon as doubtful, that a patriotic gentleman of my acquaintance, a stockbroker, keeps British flags of each of the four chief varieties, and hoists them in regular rotation above his country bungalow, "so that they may all wear out equally." As this gentleman takes the trouble to insist that his flags shall be correctly made, and does not hoist the Union upside down, as so many people do, I regard him as a really good man struggling with adversity, and as one who, if he knew what was right, would hasten to do it, even at the cost of buying a new flag. But, as things stand, the position is more than a little ridiculous. It is quite clear to me, if not so clear to him, that, no matter what occurs, my friend the stockbroker has no right to rejoice with the same flag as that used by his brother, the post-captain now on the China station, or his other brother, the gunner commanding Pothouse Fort, or his third brother, a skipper in the Cunard Company's service, or his sister's husband, who belongs to a distinguished yacht club, and is away on a cruise. And, moreover, I have a strong suspicion that my friend's New Zealand cousin ought on no account to rejoice with the Red Ensign to which the

stockbroker and I are entitled, though he is in every respect equally British, and equally a subject of her Most Gracious Majesty. I think that he ought to rejoice only with a flag that bears on its fly a red cross of four stars on a blue field, especially as he happens to be a member of the Government.

And is not all this great nonsense? Distinctive flags, as I have said, are useful when we want to point out distinctions; but they are in the way when we want to symbolise unity. For that purpose there should be one supreme flag, which may fly with or without the others, and which shall imply nothing sectional, nothing local, nothing departmental, but simply and solely "This is the label of the British Empire, of its Navy's might, of its Army's glory, of its Trade, of its Past, of its spreading Future, and of its common Loyalty."

A hundred years ago the Empire had no self-governing colonies, and was, in many other respects, a very different thing from the Empire of to-day. Yet it was then faced by just the same sort of difficulty about the flag as that which faces it now. England and Scotland had been united, dynastically at the beginning of the seventeenth, and legislatively at the beginning of the eighteenth century; and a flag denoting this had been heraldically compiled out of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, the patron saints of the two kingdoms. At the opening of the nineteenth century, on the occasion of the union of Ireland with England and Scotland, a new flag had to be devised, in order that Ireland might not deem herself the despised sister of the three. The problem to be solved was a hard one; for Ireland's patron saint, St. Patrick, never having been martyred, had no cross, and not one of the conventional badges of Ireland, three crowns, a harp, and a shamrock, was of such a nature as to lend itself to satisfactory heraldic blending with the old Union Flag. To meet the case, a cross, or saltire, was invented or adopted to represent Ireland. This saltire is probably taken from the arms of the Fitzgeralds, who, though originally of Norman extraction, were for several centuries the most powerful family

in the island. With the aid of this saltire the existing Union Flag was designed in such a manner as to indicate heraldically the union of the three countries and the predominance of England in that Union. The new flag obtained its authority from a Royal Proclamation of January 1, 1801. It was, perhaps, not a perfect combination; but, like its immediate predecessor, the old Union, it served its turn admirably, and will still serve to the end of time to denote what it was intended to signify—the union of the three kingdoms.

But it does not signify the British Empire, inclusive, of course, of the three kingdoms. In 1801, when there were no self-governing colonies, it stood only for the United Kingdom, and for any daughter states; and nothing has since been added to it to make it cover more than it then did. The ideal modification of it to suit the present and future would lie in the addition to it of crosses, or other members or badges, to indicate that the Empire consists not merely of England, Scotland, and Ireland, but also of the Dominion of Canada, the Australian Federation, Cape Colony, Natal, India, and a great many other lands. It is obvious, however, that the existing Union Flag is already sufficiently complicated and crowded, and that to make even half-a-dozen additions to it would not only spoil its undeniable beauty but also turn it into an inextricable and painful patchwork.

Some other flag is needed. It must be a simple flag, or it will lack dignity; it should be a beautiful flag, or it will be unworthy of its mission; it ought not to be a new flag altogether, or it will suggest that the Empire is a mere political association, instead of a gradual, far-branching, and homogeneous growth, sprung from one root.

To find a flag that shall combine in itself all the points that are most desirable, and one which shall at the same time be obviously appropriate, and shall appeal to the traditional memories of the British peoples, is not easy; yet it seems to me that, without taxing any one's inventive faculties, we can find an excellent clue to the problem.

It is, I suppose, well known that all the sovereigns which are current about the world are not struck at the Royal Mint on Tower Hill. Yet a British sovereign is equally a British sovereign, whether it be minted in London, or at Melbourne, Sydney, or Perth, and presently it will be the same even if it be minted at Pretoria; nor am I aware that the modern sovereign from Sydney differs, save possibly to the eye of an expert, from the sovereign in London. Canada's currency is not the same as that of the United Kingdom and of Australasia; but I shall scarcely misrepresent Canada if I say that, supposing that she too minted one-pound pieces, she would contentedly mint them of one or other of the two imperial patterns which, I believe, are issued, and which certainly pass current indifferently. Each pattern bears on one side the Queen's head, but while one bears on the other the escutcheon of the United Kingdom, the second and more favourite type has the familiar device of St. George and the Dragon.

One may take it, therefore, that St. George and the Dragon, though originally an English emblem, is now accepted as an Imperial one.[1] The Irishman does not seriously complain that the emblem usurps a place which ought to be tenanted by the Shamrock, and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, a St. George sovereign is as unobjectionable, nay, as absolutely welcome at the Cape as in Scotland, in Jamaica as in Australia, and in Malta as in London. St. George, in fact, has come in the course of ages to stand for more than mere England. There is no patron saint of the Empire as a whole, but if one had to be chosen by vote, it would be St. George; and the Saint is, indeed, to some extent already associated with the colonies, seeing that the Colonial Order of Knighthood is that of St. Michael and St. George.

No practical person, of course, will contend that the figures of St. George and the Dragon would suitably find a place on the flag of the British Empire. Pictures, indeed, are entirely

[1] Tasmania has adopted the device of St. George and the Dragon as the central ornament of some of her fiscal stamps.

out of place on flags intended for general use and hard wear. Such flags must not be over costly; they must be capable of being easily reproduced in all sizes, yet in unvarying uniformity of design; they must be plain of pattern so as to be easily distinguishable at a distance; and they cannot be too simple either in design or in colouring.

If, therefore, we cannot have St. George and the Dragon on the field of the Imperial Flag, we need seek no farther than the familiar and historically glorious cross of St. George in order to find the best of all possible substitutes. I venture to suggest the simple, beautiful, and eminently practical St. George's Flag as the most fitting ensign for the British Empire.

Although it is, and has been for nearly a thousand years, an English flag, it has long since ceased to be ordinarily used alone as such. It figures in the Union Flag and Jack and in the White Ensign, but it is no longer employed by itself except as what is called a "flag of command." All British flag-officers fly it when they are in commission as an indication of their rank. A full Admiral flies it as it is, without addition; a Vice-Admiral adds one, and a Rear-Admiral two balls in the upper near canton, by way of difference. I know of no other purpose for which the St. George's Flag, pure and simple, is now used, either by us or by others, although the St. George's cross figures in the hoist of every British man-of-war's pennant. So far as I can discover, the flag is not employed for any purpose whatsoever by foreign Powers; and it has, therefore, acquired no meanings or associations save what are entirely British. On the other hand, in the service of our race, no flag has had so long or so glorious a history as the flag of St. George. It is the true "meteor flag of England," the true "flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," for, as Mr. F. E. Hulme correctly says, for centuries, no matter what other flags or banners might be carried into action by Englishmen, "this was ever foremost in the field." It was probably borne by William the Conqueror; it was certainly borne at

Cressy, in 1346; at Poictiers, in 1356; at Agincourt, in 1415; at the capture of Rouen by the English, in 1418; and in all the other expeditions and battles of the great Edward and the great Henry. And, besides being used alone, it was also placed in the chief of every British standard and guidon of those times,[1] to show that the bearer, great though his rank and family might be, prided himself first of all upon his nationality. Imitations of these old guidons were most appropriately used as sledge-flags by some of the officers of the Arctic Expedition of 1875-76. They were in the form of broad pennants, and the hoist in each case was occupied by the cross of St. George upon its white field, while the fly bore the crest or arms of the particular officer.[2]

All the Elizabethan explorations and wars were prosecuted under the St. George's Flag; and, even in the time of the Commonwealth, the red cross of St. George never disappeared from the ensign of the dominions over which Oliver Cromwell ruled. But since then it has gradually ceased to be used by itself as an ensign, though it has always been the leading and most conspicuous feature in both the Union Flags and in all the Ensigns of which the Union forms or has formed part. Because it is the oldest and most glorious feature in these ensigns, and because at the same time it no longer, in the mind of ordinary people, typifies anything sectional, it seems to me that it is pre-eminently the flag for the British Empire.

If it should be adopted—and I devoutly hope it may—its legalisation should, however, be accompanied by certain important provisions.

First, it should be stipulated that the St. George's Flag is to be equally bearable and wearable by every subject of her Majesty, without reference to race, colour, and locality.

Secondly, it should be stipulated that it is to be the common Imperial Ensign for all men-of-war, whether of the United Kingdom or of the Colonies; and that no other

[1] Harleian MS. 2358.

[2] Several of these were shown at Chelsea in 1891.

ensign is to be flown at the peak or ensign staff of such vessels.

Thirdly, it should be stipulated that, as a distinction for men-of-war, whether of the United Kingdom or of the Colonies, the existing British man-of-war's pennant should serve; but that British and Colonial men-of-war may (not must) also wear at the truck, as distinctions, distinctive flags —the White Ensign, the Canadian Ensign, the Australian Ensigns, &c.

Fourthly, it should be made illegal to hoist the White Ensign in Imperial or Colonial ships-of-war except as above permitted.

Fifthly, it should be made illegal to tamper with the Imperial St. George's Flag or Ensign by adding to it, or altering it in any unauthorised manner, or by making it of proportions or colours different from those of the sealed pattern.

Sixthly, it should be ordered that all St. George's Ensigns and Flags, no matter what their superficies, shall have twice the length of their breadth, and shall bear a cross the uniform width of which equals one-fifth of the breadth of the whole flag.

Seventhly, it should be directed that the Imperial Flag shall have precedence over all other British and Colonial flags and ensigns, except only the Royal Standard, which last shall never be hoisted save in the presence of Royalty, or on certain specified anniversaries, and then only by order.

Eighthly, it should be understood that, with the exceptions already set forth, the Imperial Flag will not of necessity displace any existing flags or ensigns, British or Colonial, all of which may continue to be flown as heretofore.

Ninthly, regulations should be made for enabling flag-officers in commission to denote their rank by the use of some flag other than that of St. George, preferably by means of a plain white flag bearing one, two, or three large red balls.

Commodores can be given a white broad pennant, with similar balls to indicate their class.

The effect of such regulations as these would be not only to discourage the use in Colonial men-of-war of sectional ensigns—of ensigns, I mean, with distinctive badges in the fly—but also to legalise and encourage the use in all ships, public and private, belonging to the Empire, of one ensign only; and this would be not the least of the advantages to be gained. In the days of the revolution in Chile, again during the rebellion at Rio de Janeiro, and yet again during the war between Japan and China, I heard many complaints from British and Colonial merchant skippers respecting the existing rules about ensigns. Foreigners, they said, appear to imagine that, while Americans and Frenchmen are all of one class, and enjoy equal privileges, there are three classes of British subjects. The first-class flies the White Ensign when it travels, whether it be in a man-of-war or in a yacht, and expects to be conducted to the best anchorages, and to be treated with exceptional consideration. The second-class travels with a Blue Ensign, and gets second-class treatment, whether it be in a yacht or in a merchantman, or even in a Colonial man-of-war. The third-class gets only third-class treatment, and because it hoists nothing better than the Red Ensign is really regarded as a class which is somewhat despised even by other Britons. And the misunderstanding is kept up by the fact, inexplicable to the foreign mind on any theory save the incorrect one, that though a yacht may be as large, as smart, and as modern as any in the world, it may happen that she is entitled to fly only the Blue, or even only the third-rate Red, while a much smaller, older, and less efficient yacht alongside her displays all the glory of the White Ensign. My suggested reform would at least make it plain that the Empire expects equal consideration from foreigners for all ships flying the flag.

Nor is this all. Owing to the rather complicated design of existing British flags, and to other causes, they are almost

always incorrectly made, except in the Navy. This has often been pointed out. In 1891, Professor Laughton, R.N., having undertaken to lecture before one of the Societies on the subject of the flag, applied to the authorities of the Naval Exhibition at Chelsea to lend him some bunting wherewith to illustrate his subject. I happened to be a working member of the Committee, and well do I remember the astonishment with which we discovered that, although we had on the premises many hundreds, possibly many thousands, of so-called British ensigns, Red, White, and Blue, we had not a single correct one, except a few trophies and some Admiralty bunting which could not be lent!

Again, in Switzerland, in 1898, I was hurt by the fact that a friend of mine, a British pro-consul, flew above his house an incorrectly made Red Ensign. There was nothing very astonishing in this, seeing, as I have said, that British ensigns are commonly made incorrectly, and that this particular one was of Swiss manufacture. The astonishing feature remains to be told. We determined to present our friend with a correct Red Ensign; and, with that object in view, we ordered a flag from one of the big co-operative stores which profess to be associated with the naval and military services. In due course the flag arrived, but, when I unpacked it, I found it to be, if possible, more incorrect than the old one! I returned it with an indignant letter; whereupon the secretary of the stores calmly replied that the pattern which he had sent was the pattern usually preferred, though it was admittedly a wrong pattern; and that, if I desired a correct ensign, he would order one to be made for me, as such things were not kept in stock!

This is a scandalous state of affairs. I am told that a letter which I wrote on the subject to the *Times* has produced some good effect upon the flag-makers; yet we still see many more incorrect flags than correct ones. If the Imperial Ensign were of simpler design than the flags of the United Kingdom, and if it were clearly laid down by authority that the Imperial Flag was to be of such and such colours and proportions, and

of no others, there would be no excuse for variations and no difficulty in attaining uniformity. At present, many a book which pretends to give information about the flag is absolutely misleading. I know Government publications which show the flag in an incorrect form, and improper flags are by no means unknown in the British Army. In no other land in the world do such inconsistencies prevail.

To sum up: we want for the Empire a flag which shall be common to all its members, a simple flag, an easily distinguishable flag, a beautiful flag, a significant flag, and a flag with old and splendid historical associations, yet one not actually used as a national ensign by any State, or, as a signal-flag, by any Code. The St. George's Flag seems to be the only one which fully meets the requirements; and nothing would be more appropriate, and, I believe, welcome to the Empire generally, than its adoption by proclamation on the first day of the new century.

W. Laird Clowes.

AN ACADEMY OF THE DEAD

"UNLESS our breed of great men is exhausted (and I for one do not deny this)"—so said Mr. Frederic Harrison on a recent occasion—"some expansion or annexe to the Abbey is a necessity of the age." Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that Mr. Harrison's parenthetic pessimism is overhasty, and that not even five years of flagitious Tory rule have absolutely severed the tap-root of England's greatness. It is agreed, then, that there is a reasonable probability of our having a certain number of great men (and women) to bury, for some generations to come. It is further agreed that Westminster Abbey, as it stands, cannot comfortably accommodate any more. When our next great poet dies, we shall have to alter two words in Ben Jonson's lines, and say:

> We cannot lodge thee by
> *Chaucer,* or *Spenser,* or bid *Beaumont* lye
> A little further, to make thee a roome.

"House full" might be permanently inscribed over the doors of the Abbey. There is not even the "standing-room only" which (according to tradition) was allotted to Ben Jonson himself. How, then, is England henceforth to dispose of her "dear sons of Memory, great heirs of Fame"?

Various schemes have been put forward, as we all know, for enlarging the precincts of the Abbey, by cloisters or otherwise, or for establishing a new Pantheon elsewhere. Into the details of these proposals we need not at present enter. It is

clear that, whatever scheme is eventually adopted, the result will be, potentially at any rate, to alter the whole conditions of national sepulture. For the past fifty years at least, space in the Poets' Corner, and in the Abbey generally, has been at an enormous premium. It has been evident that we could offer national house-room, so to speak, only to the greatest of the great. But with the enlargement of the hallowed precinct this condition will pass away. We shall find ourselves suddenly possessed of ample space to accommodate, if we so choose, during centuries to come, even the smallest of the great. Shall we so choose? Shall we make any eminence, any popularity, any notoriety not absolutely criminal, a ground for admission to our enlarged Pantheon? Or shall we resolutely strive to maintain the very high standard of eligibility forced upon us, of recent years, by what is, after all, an accidental restriction of space? Or, again, shall we attempt some compromise between the two possible extremes? These are the questions I propose to consider.

Most people will concede, I think, that some sort of Pantheon (I use the pompous term for brevity's sake) is a desirable possession. Westminster Abbey, in its quality as a national burying-place, ranks high, not only among the sentimental treasures, but among the practical, effective assets of the Island Race. It is not only a valuable, it is a unique asset. How far behind it, in the concentration of great memories within its walls, stands even Santa Croce!—and I can think of no other edifice that can for a moment enter into competition with it. At any rate, without impiously weighing dust against dust, one may safely say that other nations have not even an accepted and convenient symbol for the idea embodied in Westminster Abbey. The heroic epigram of "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" was possible to an Englishman only. One fails to imagine any even remotely equivalent expression in French, German, or Italian. The great church is consecrated, not by any formal act of pope, or king, or legislature, but by the spontaneous hero-worship of a whole

people. In the course of a few centuries, the Pantheon of Rome or of Paris may have acquired some approach to a similar consecration; but the Abbey has an easy start of them. Other nations, in short, are trying to imitate the hopelessly inimitable possession which destiny and time have conferred upon us. We may take it, then, that the tradition of offering our great men a resting-place beside their peers, in ground hallowed by the age-old reverence of the race, is a valuable one, and by all means to be cherished.

It may at first sight seem a clear corollary that the completer the collection of great memories in such a burial-place, the more nobly must it fulfil its function. Splendid as is the assemblage within the Abbey walls the list of absentees is, of course, still longer and still prouder. To take literature alone, what must be the wealth of that nation whose Pantheon is illustriously peopled, yet does *not* include Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Pope, Swift, Fielding, Gibbon, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Scott, Lamb, Thackeray, Carlyle, Ruskin—"J'en passe, et des meilleurs!" Ought we not to aim in future at avoiding such flagrant omissions as these, and giving national sepulture to the remains of every man of genius who has not deliberately declined it in advance?

In the abstract this is a plausible principle, but in the concrete it is beset with difficulties. I do not say, and I do not think, that the difficulties are fatal. Still, they demand careful consideration.

Let it be recognised in the first place that a complete Pantheon is impossible, because there will always be people who die before their genius has achieved anything like national recognition. For instance, supposing the all-inclusive principle to have obtained from the first, it is very doubtful whether Shakespeare would have found a place, and quite certain that Keats and Shelley would not. As it is, we do not feel the irony of these gaps in the roll, because it is obvious that completeness has never been aimed at. But once establish the principle of making the assemblage all-embracing, and such

notorious lacunæ would seem to grin at us, as who should say, "Behold the fallibility of contemporary judgment!" It may be suggested that such national oversights are much less likely to occur in the argus-eyed modern world than in the seventeenth, or even the early nineteenth, century. But if there are now more people on the look-out for genius, there is also a far larger number of would-be geniuses clamouring for consideration, and therefore far more chance of real greatness passing unheeded in the welter of mediocrity. To invert the old saying, you cannot see the trees for the wood. There will always be men whose names, when they die, seem writ in water, but afterwards prove to be graven in perennial bronze.

The danger of wrongful omission, however, is one which can easily be faced. It is well, after all, that great memories should not be absolutely centralised, but that there should be places of pious pilgrimage throughout the country and the world. Charlotte Brontë, for example, lies better among her Yorkshire moors than in the roar of London; and no one could wish for Robert Louis Stevenson any fitter resting-place than that which fate has apportioned him. Even the probability of omissions arising from sheer inappreciation need not deter us. It would be foolish to refrain from giving effect to what insight we may possess, because we know that our insight is subject to the imperfection of all things human.

Far more serious than the danger of wrongful omission is that of wrongful inclusion. This it is that makes it really debateable whether we should suffer wider space to bring in its train a principle of wider receptivity. Should we not run the risk of crowding our sanctuary with Macphersons and Montgomeries and Tuppers—men of ephemeral notoriety, whose admission would fatally discount the prestige of the Pantheon, and render each generation a laughing-stock in the eyes of its successors? From this danger we are practically exempt so long as we keep the standard exceedingly high, admitting only the greatest of the great, and not even professing to include all of them. But the risk would undoubtedly arise as soon as we

began to admit any degree of distinction short of the obviously highest.

And here let us note an interesting point. The question we are discussing is closely analogous to another often-disputed question: Ought we to have an English Academy? An enlarged Westminster Abbey would be practically an Academy of the Dead, and the objections to it are very much the same as the objections currently urged against an Academy of the Living. It is very probable that a good deal of mediocrity—perhaps even of charlatanism—would slip into both. Grotesque as the idea may appear, it is not even impossible that people would be found to wire-pull and intrigue in order to assure themselves a place in the Academy of the Dead, just as they certainly would in order to force their way into the Academy of the Living. We should now and then, no doubt, be treated to the distasteful spectacle of a gigantic "boom" being employed as a battering-ram to beat in the doors of Westminster Abbey. It would certainly not be their fault, nor that of their publishers, if sundry authors and authoresses of "biblia a-biblia"—literature which is not literature—did not worm their way in among the veritable immortals.

But need we shrink in horror from such a possibility? I am not at all clear on the point. Why should not a national burial-place record some of the nation's manias, along with its just enthusiasms? Must there be never a monument which we pass with a smile, among those to which we pay grateful reverence? There is no lack of such monuments in the Abbey as it stands. Do they profane it? No—they make it human. It is history, not criticism, that we should read on the walls of a national burial-place; and a nation's errors and crazes—nay, even its jobs and its snobberies—form not the least instructive part of its history. Human nature is fallible; we are ready enough to confess it in the abstract; why should we be so desperately unwilling to record it, by way of concrete example, on the tablets of our Pantheon? Is not this also a Pharisaism, to repress our natural instincts of hero-worship, because expe-

rience tells us that posterity will probably smile at some of our enthusiasms ?

The main practical difference, so far as England is concerned, between an Academy of the Dead and an Academy of the Living, is that the foundation, at any rate, of the former actually exists, a solid and venerable fact, while the latter would have to be created out of nothing. In France the case is just the reverse ; the Academy of the Living is a solid and more or less venerable fact, while in the Panthéon there exists only the meagre nucleus of an Academy of the Dead. It is an interesting question (on which, for the present, I offer no opinion) whether it would be worth our while to try to create an Academy of the Living. There can be no doubt, on the other hand, as to the policy, the duty, of maintaining our Academy of the Dead. The question is only whether we should avail ourselves of the opportunity offered by the inevitable enlargement of space, and try, in future, to make our Academy widely representative instead of narrowly select.

But there is another important difference between the two Academies: the French Academy can co-opt its recruits, the English Academy (in the present stage of psychical research, at any rate) obviously cannot. How, then, are new Academicians to be selected ? It would never do to leave the Dean of Westminster the irresponsible janitor of an enlarged Pantheon, with or without a chapter of clerical advisers. We must run no risk of having a Gibbon or a Byron blackballed. Election by committee would probably be the best method. A Board of Custodians should be appointed, something like the Trustees of the British Museum, but probably more numerous. As vacancies occurred in the Board, they might be filled up alternately by co-optation and Government nomination. In this way there would be no great danger of its degenerating into a mere clique. Nay, the probability is that the Board of Custodians might in time acquire a high prestige of its own, so that in securing guardians for our Academy of the Dead we

might find ourselves possessed of something nearly equivalent to an Academy of the Living.

It may help to clarify our views on the matter if we try, in conclusion, to construct an imaginary Pantheon for the past fifty years. Let us suppose that the necessity for a more spacious national burial-place had made itself felt in 1850 instead of 1900; that the precinct had accordingly been enlarged, and the wider principle of inclusion adopted and acted upon. Of notable men and women who now lie elsewhere, whom should we in that case expect to find gathered into the fold?

Let us begin by putting aside statesmen, soldiers, sailors, men of science and divines, and narrowing our inquiry to the field of literature and art. The great writers who, during this period, have been buried in the Abbey are only five in number: Macaulay, Dickens, Grote, Browning, and Tennyson. Two or three others would probably have been added to the list, but for their own clearly-expressed desire to be laid to rest elsewhere —a desire which would, of course, have been respected under any circumstances. But one cannot help wondering whether it may not have been the very scantiness of accommodation in the Abbey that led Carlyle (for instance) to renounce in advance all claim to admission. He may have wished to bar any possible discussion as to his right of entrance—discussion which could arise only by reason of exiguity of space. In common life, if you happen to know that Smith or Jones feels he ought to invite you to stay with him, but cannot without the greatest difficulty manage to put you up, you hasten to relieve him from embarrassment by finding, or inventing, a previous engagement. In the same way a proud man might not unnaturally assign himself a previous engagement at Ecclefechan, Coniston, Laleham or Kensal Green, in order to prevent any possible discussion over his bier as to the convenience of inviting him to a place in the congested Abbey. One shrinks from seeming to expect an invitation which may not be accorded, though one might have been very willing to accept it had it come as a matter of course. While the limits of our

national burial-place are so narrow, even the greatest genius can scarcely regard his admission to it as a matter of course, and may therefore take steps to bar his candidature, which he would not dream of taking were his calling and election beyond dispute.

We may assume, I think, that in the case of Thackeray, Carlyle, and Ruskin, only the plainest injunction on their part could have kept them out of the enlarged Pantheon. After them, we come upon a group of five poets whom every one, surely, will allow to have been amply entitled to admission: Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Matthew Arnold, Christina Rossetti, William Morris. It is a distinct loss to posterity that these men and women of exquisite genius should not have been brought within the pale of national hero-worship. The same remark applies with even greater force in the case of George Eliot; it may almost be called a scandal that her resting-place should be hidden in the crowded purlieus of Kensal Green, even though she have Thackeray to keep her company. Then, if ever there was a man to whose ashes the nation ought to have done honour, it was surely John Stuart Mill. Landor, too, and Hallam, though of an older generation, died within the period we are considering, and ought clearly to have been gathered into the fold.

Let me now make a list of what I may call doubtful cases. Those that occur to me off-hand are the following: Leigh Hunt, De Quincey, Buckle, G. H. Lewes, George Borrow, Lord Lytton, "Owen Meredith," Charles Kingsley, Charles Reade, Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Oliphant, J. R. Green, Froude, Freeman, Kinglake, Seeley, Maine, Fitzgerald, Jowett, Pater, Symonds. In some of these cases the Board of Custodians might have had a good deal of difficulty in coming to a decision. Eight or ten out of the twenty-three I have enumerated might probably have been rejected, and I, for one, should not have complained. But supposing the whole three-and-twenty had been admitted to the precinct, would any great harm have been done? I cannot

see it. No doubt there are several names in the list which will scarcely be remembered fifty years hence; but there is none which is quite without desert, none which is altogether unworthy of being recalled to the notice of posterity by so much as a memorial tablet. The age of pompous epitaphs is past, and there can be no very withering irony in the mere carving of a name, to which future generations are free to accord whatever tribute they think fit—a tear, a smile, a shrug, or an unrecognising glance.

I have mentioned in all thirty-five writers of the past half-century who might conceivably have been admitted to the national burial-place, but have in fact been excluded. We may probably assume that, even if there had been ample space at command, some fifteen of these writers would, for one reason or another, have been laid to rest elsewhere. Would not England have been sensibly the richer for having garnered up the memories of the remaining twenty in her national treasure-house? I cannot but think that she would.

There is a tendency to make St. Paul's the Westminster of the great painters; and against that tendency I have nothing to say. But I suggest that in a truly national burial-place room should be found for such men as Richard Doyle, George Cruickshank, John Leech, Charles Keene, George Du Maurier, Randolph Caldecott—men who have given incalculable pleasure to their own generation, and whose work is perhaps better assured of immortality than that of even the greatest novelist or poet.

Finally, I am moved, with fear and trembling, to raise a question which will probably be discussed with some acrimony, but which can scarcely be overlooked. Ought actors to be admitted to the national Pantheon? My own views on the matter are very definite, and illustrate my whole position. It may be clearly foreseen that, on the death of more than one actor and actress now living, their devotees will agitate for their burial in the Abbey. Should such an agitation succeed, *before the enlargement of the precinct*, I should regard it as nothing

short of a national scandal. It is true that Garrick and one or two players of inferior fame already rest in the Abbey, while Mrs. Siddons is commemorated by a monument. But, for one thing, these admissions took place before the pressure on the house-room of the Abbey was anything like so severe as it has since become; while, for another thing, it is the emptiest flattery to pretend that any actor or actress of to-day possesses anything like the genius of Garrick or Mrs. Siddons. Whatever sceptical ingenuity may suggest to the contrary, our records are clear and convincing enough to lead us unhesitatingly to that conclusion. But if, or when, the precinct is widened, the case will be entirely altered. There are several actors now living whose right of entrance to a largely representative national burial-place no unprejudiced person would contest. Among those who have died during the past fifty years, Macready, Charles Kean, Samuel Phelps, Helen Faucit (Lady Martin) and Fanny Kemble would clearly have been entitled to admission; while I, for my part, should not have cried out had the honour been extended to the great comedians, Alfred Wigan, Charles Mathews, Buckstone, Compton, Chippendale. Such a case as that of Adelaide Neilson would present a nice question for the Board of Custodians. Would there be any harm, I wonder, in a tablet here and there which should recall little beyond the memory of great beauty and an untimely fate?

On this note of interrogation I lay down my pen. I have tried to suggest several aspects of a many-sided case, about which two things alone are certain: first, that some action must presently be taken; second, that before taking any decisive action we must try to arrive at a reasonable understanding as to the principles which ought to guide it.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

THE RELIGION OF RABELAIS

THE end of an old, or the beginning of a new century (and one of these alternatives cannot be denied us) is equally conducive to retrospect. Time himself seems to take up his account-book and sum up his profits and his losses. Amongst these there is perhaps no gain on which he more prides himself than the advance of science in the last hundred years. Scientific thought—the patient investigation of Natural Laws, and the explanation of the abnormal by the natural—have had a far-reaching influence on men and morals. We have grown more indulgent; much that we have hitherto condemned we now assign to physical causes, and the progress of science, at first considered hostile to religion, has helped us to practise the precepts of Christianity and to dignify our perception of the divine.

But this scientific philosophy—the reconciliation of natural and supernatural, which we have come to consider as the property of the nineteenth century—really began almost four hundred years earlier. Rabelais was its progenitor, Rabelais is its epitome. His intellectual principles go as far as those of any modern; and it is only in knowledge and in methods that he and his time were behindhand. Naturalist and doctor before all, he referred many human ills and most human failings to the "humours" of the body or of climate, and yet he was not a materialist. His Titanic jollity and jesting, his chaotic grossness, his Jan Steen-like powers of painting, these—the qualities

by which he is usually known—have almost overcrusted his more spiritual philosophy. Yet it is there; he asserted his belief in God as strongly as his belief in Nature, though he may be said to have always seen God by the light of Nature rather than Nature by the light of God. It is in Nature that he seeks for evidence of divinity, whether he marvels at the intricate beauty of shells and plants, or bids Prince Gargantua and his tutor look on the stars and "pray to the Creator . . . ratifying their mortal faith and glorifying Him for His immensity of kindness."

Nature in Rabelais' lips must be understood to include humanity. "If," he says, "we would achieve a sure and satisfying knowledge of the divine, two things are necessary—God's guidance and man's company." With us of to-day, any reconciliation of the spiritual and the material has been a conscious struggle, a gradual adjustment of facts; but with Rabelais it was a natural expression of views which he never felt to be conflicting. Our creeds may be the more experienced; but his are the more vivifying—rich as they are in the splendour and robustness of youth.

With the facts of his life we are not here concerned, except in so far as they affected his beliefs. He early became a monk, but after a time he grew disgusted with the ignorance and coarse morals around him. The Abbot of the monastery seized Rabelais' books, and Rabelais took French leave of the Abbot. Still in his monk's dress, he wandered southward through the provinces, stopping at the Universities and enjoying life in every form. Then he turned doctor—medical lecturer—studied at Montpellier and lectured at Lyons. In that town he dissected a corpse before a crowd of students. He was the first Frenchman to venture on an experiment which, without the permission of the Pope, had hitherto been impossible, because theologians thought that it interfered with the resurrection of the body. But science was growing stronger than theology, and Lyons welcomed the new doctor. Here was printed, in 1533, the first part of his "Pantagruel"—the "New Gospel,"

as it was called at Court—and here he was when the great Cardinal du Bellay found him and took him as his secretary to Rome: a bad day for Popes and Cardinals. Later on he was made Curé of Meudon (he had never left the Church), and varied his clerical duties by a good many absences. He was probably a better traveller than he was a parish-priest. In 1552 he resigned his living, and a year later he died.

The combination of bold anatomist and officiating churchman was significant of the man. Rabelais, like Erasmus, had no taste for martyrdom; on the contrary, he thought it an obstacle to the progress of liberty. Compromise was sacred to him, not from any absence of courage, but from the presence of good sense. He had done well to settle in Lyons, which was then the centre of Reform. France, the home of culture, is perhaps the only country in which for some years Renaissance and Reformation went hand-in-hand. The fact was that there it was more an intellectual than a moral movement—a general war against ignorance in which scholars, poets, mystics, wits, Calvinists, liberal Catholics, translators of the Gospels, and lampooners of the monks, made common cause. Margaret of Navarre, the King's sister, was long at the head of the party, and Rabelais' dedication of his third book to her sufficiently shows the popularity of knowledge. It was called heresy directly it endangered authority and the ideal state of things could not last; but Rabelais' stay in Lyons happened to coincide with a fortunate moment for the first Reformers.

The love of knowledge was with him a religious doctrine. "Give yourself up to the study of Nature's truths," he exclaimed, "and let nothing in this world be unknown to you! What an abyss of wisdom do I see before me!" A still more important article of his faith was his aversion to the monks. He hated untruth and hypocrisy, and he hated asceticism worse than either—whether it was that of the monastery, or the intellectual asceticism of the Schoolmen; whether it came from the Protesting Calvin or the Catholic Savonarola. His strongest weapon against it was mirth. "Rire c'est le propre de

l'homme," he said once and for all; and at this mighty trumpet-sound the cloister walls trembled and fell, the fresh air of heaven blew in, and religious terror slunk away.

His sarcasms at the expense of the monks and their "Moque-Dieu" prayers were endless, and he lost no opportunity of proclaiming the duty of health, of enjoyment, of manly exercise and family life.

"Depart, poor folk, in the name of God the Creator," says Grandgousier to the pilgrims . . . "and henceforth do not be so ready for these idle, futile journeys. Keep your families; work, each man of you, at his own calling; educate your children, and live according to the teaching of the good Apostle, St. Paul. If you do this, God and His angels will guard you."

Asceticism seemed to him not only false, but presumptuous. It was always the *via media* that he chose for himself and others, prompted both by wisdom and by humility.

I have good hopes [he writes] that God will hear our prayers . . . and that our desires will be fulfilled so long as they are moderate. The wise men of old called moderation golden: they meant that it was precious. You will find that none of the prayers failed in which you have asked for no more than the moderate. . . . "All very well," you say, "but God might just as well have given me sixty thousand as the thirteenth part of one-half. For He is omnipotent." . . . And who taught you, you poor people, thus to argue and prate about the power and predestination of God? Humble yourselves before His holy face and acknowledge your imperfections.

Or this—the same thought expressed in homelier language:

Oh, how small is the number of those to whom Jupiter hath shown such favour that he hath destined them to plant cabbages. For they always have one foot on the ground and the other is not far off it. Let those who will, dispute about happiness and sovereign good; but, according to my opinion, whosoever planteth cabbages, at the instant findeth happiness.

All this, it may be said, is only the religion of good sense and good humour—the religion of the Frenchman—on an Olympian scale. The cheerful scepticism which sees and accepts things just as they are has been the distinction, perhaps also the limitation, of France. Had Rabelais stopped here, he would have remained a philosopher and made no

more exalted flight than Montaigne. He went farther and believed in the permanence of soul. The interdependence of body and soul was one of his dogmas, and Descartes' theory that soul was an essence apart, complete in itself, would never have appealed to him. Thank the good God, he says, when you eat and drink, "for by this sweet bread and wine, he cures you of all your perturbations, whether of body or of soul." But, for all his naturalism, he declared the supremacy of spirit. When Gargantua writes to his son, he tells him how he should mourn if the boy were only to resemble him in "the lesser part of me, the body, if the better part, the soul, which makes men bless your name, were to prove degenerate and debased."

Tradition has it that Rabelais died saying, "Je vais chercher le grand Peut-être." Another story (which was known soon after his death) tells how the Bishop of Evreux possessed a Galen, annotated by Rabelais. By the side of a passage in which the elder Doctor denied the immortality of the soul, the younger and greater had written, "Hic vero se Galenus plumbeum ostendit." The Bishop, according to report, made use of the note to undeceive Henri IV., who had always looked upon Rabelais as an atheist. But, quite apart from these tales, true or apocryphal, we have, in his great book, his own testimony as to his creed.

> "I believe," says Pantagruel, "that all thinking souls (*toutes âmes intellectives*) are beyond the power of Fate's scissors. All are alike immortal; whether they belong to angels, demons, or human beings."

And elsewhere he bids us await death like the good poet, Rominagrobis, "with joyful bearing, frank countenance, and radiant looks," that we may here have a foretaste of "the sweet felicity that the good God has prepared for His faithful, his chosen servants, in the life beyond—the Life of Immortality."

What the nature of a future life might be Rabelais did not try to define; the hair-splittings of theology were the object of his greatest scorn, and he had no wish to belittle infinity by formulæ. When his company of pilgrims, led by Prince Panta-

gruel, enter the great Temple of Bacbuc, the priestess gives to every man wine from the same cup and the same fountain; but in each one's mouth it tastes differently and becomes another wine. This allegory represents Rabelais' whole attitude towards Truth; to him it was an absolute reality, taking a million forms in a million minds. Yet no one could find such words as he with which to blazon forth the Infinite; they seem the very emblems of Truth.

"Go, my friends," says the priestess, when she has given the wine, "go, in the keeping of that Intellectual Sphere whose centre is everywhere, whose circumference is nowhere, and whom we call God. The Egyptians hail their sovereign Deity as the Abstruse—the Hidden One. And because they invoked Him by this name, entreating Him to reveal Himself to them, He widened their knowledge of Himself and His creatures, guiding them by His bright lantern."

Christianity, expressed in action, seemed to him the clearest ray which the lantern had hitherto vouchsafed. For him, Christ was "the Saviour King, in whom all oracles, all prophecies, found an end: just as the skulking shadows vanish at the light of the clear sun." And later he embroiders his thought with that strange mixture of noble religion and Renaissance adornment, so often seen in the Church sculpture of his day.

"Pan is dead"—cries a voice, only heard by Pantagruel's pilot, as he steers the ship amidst the Grecian isles—"All the same," says Pantagruel, "I interpret this to mean that great Saviour of the faithful, who was slain shamefully in Judea through the envy of the Pontiffs, the Doctors, and the Monks. And the interpretation seemeth to me in no wise repellent, for He can well be called Pan according to the Greek tongue; seeing that He is our all. All that we are, all that we live, all that we have, all that we hope, is Him—in Him—from Him—by Him. He is the good Pan, the great Shepherd, who, as the passionate Corydon attesteth, loveth not only His sheep but His shepherds."

Rabelais' colossal genius sets him apart in his age, but he was not alone in his views. Many of them were shared by other thinkers—a handful of men scattered over Europe, who formed the Broad Church party of those days—the party of Reconciliation. Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, with their school, were the best known amongst them, and much that they

thought or wrote would have pleased Prince Pantagruel. "There is only one God, it is the names we give Him which differ," says Conrad Mutian, a disciple of Erasmus: "But let us not name Him; these are mysteries which should be wrapped in silence, like the mysteries of Eleusis." "Religion," he writes elsewhere, "should be the doctrine of pure Humanity." The works of Erasmus supply a harvest of such sayings. "If," he writes in one place, "you would gain the peace which is the ideal of your religion, you must speak as little as possible of dogmatic definitions, and on a great many points allow everybody a free and personal judgment." Christian myths, he tells us, would hardly be better than Pagan, if they were not taken allegorically. It is the business of the sage to liberate the meaning from the symbol—he must leave the dogma to the mob.

Sir Thomas More was haunted by the same ideas. He pursues them among his Utopians, who

> define virtue to be life ordered according to nature. . . . Their churches be very gorgeous, not only of fine and curious workmanship, but also . . . very wide and large, and able to receive a great company of people. . . . Religion is not there of one sort among all men, and yet all the kinds and fashions of it, though they be sundry and manifold, agree together in the honour of the divine nature, as going divers ways to one end: therefore nothing is seen or heard in the churches, but that seemeth to agree indifferently with them all. If there be a distinct kind of sacrifice peculiar to any several sect, *that* they execute at home in their own houses. . . . They call upon no peculiar name of God, but only Mythra; in which word they all agree together in one nature of the divine Majesty, whatsoever it be.

These men, in spite of their liberalism, were not conscious innovators. They were deeply attached to the old bottles, and did not see that their new wine was likely to burst them. Rabelais, in the prologue to his fourth book, addressed to the Cardinal de Châtillon, says that he would certainly light his own funeral-pyre—"à l'exemple du phœnix"—if one word of heresy were found in his pages. He disliked Luther as much as did Erasmus, and Sir Thomas More went to the scaffold in the cause of Papal supremacy. Rabelais' fidelity to his Mother Church did not hinder him from mocking its Head, not to

speak of its minor dignitaries. In the Isle of the Papomanes, the Sacred Decretals are unmercifully laughed at; and when the soldier, Epistemon, descends into Hades, he finds that Pope Julius II. has turned into a pieman who bargains with a lawyer about his pies and ends by getting thrashed for asking fraudulent prices. Perhaps both Rabelais and Erasmus had too much sense of humour to be leaders of action, but they set the future going in a way they never dreamed of, and remained leaders of thought in generations beyond their ken.

Rabelais stands apart from his comrades for more reasons than one; and it is not only his mighty genius which carries him past them. The warmth of his beliefs distinguished him from the rest. Erasmus and his intellectual followers were cold towards humanity, except as an idea; they loved learning and refinement, despised fools, and hated ignorance and the mob. Sir Thomas More was, it is true, full of benevolence, but the masses, for him, were still the lower classes, and it was more as a thinker that he benefited them in his distant Utopia, than by any active intercourse. Rabelais alone loved them—not as objects of philanthropy, but because he loved his kind and because good nature and honesty, the virtues he most cared for, were oftenest found among the people. His best fables are about peasants, and cabbage-planters were his heroes. Probably his very faults—his natural coarseness and unbridled jollity—had a good deal to do with his sympathies; but for all that, they were grounded upon a generous love. "Men," he said, "were born for the aid and succour of men." There was no scorn in Rabelais' large and sunny nature. "There is only one thing I dislike, and that is contempt of the commonplace"—so he speaks through the mouth of Pantagruel. He did not even scorn fools; the worst he did was to laugh at them and put them into particular pigeon-holes. There are, he says, several sorts of fools, "the metaphysical fool, the predestined fool, the fool elect, and the fool imperial." Shakespeare himself could not show a greater amenity.

The thought of Rabelais bore blossom in his own times and in those immediately after him, but it did not bear fruit till a much later day. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to gauge his work or determine who are his spiritual descendants, and yet it is hard to refrain from casting a glance in that direction. He belonged, as we have said, to the Reconcilers—to those who wished to combine the old with the new, and knowledge with Religion. But it is not too much to say that the modern school of science—the lovers of Nature and Reason, the students of their laws—are descended in direct line from Rabelais, though king and dynasty are alike unconscious of one another. Newton and Locke, Darwin and Herschel, Huxley and Pasteur, would all have delighted him. When we come to the unscientific, we do not trace his lineage so clearly. In France, as M. Brunetière has pointed out, Gargantua's naturalism too easily turned into other *isms*—materialism, individualism, and what not, leading men far enough from Rabelais' noble beliefs. Even his philosophy of cabbage-planting and the value of the obvious turned to cynicism in the mouth of Voltaire, who was his fellow in irony as well as in his hatred of shams. Perhaps it needed the heart of the giant Gargantua to ennoble the creed of common sense. He and his "esprit Gaulois" became, as it were, part of the French soil and, while they enriched it, became undistinguishable from it.

Far different is it with Rousseau. He and Rabelais—the first apostles of Nature—may be said to represent the two great natural schools of thought; those who with Rabelais look at Nature from the outside; those who with Rousseau look at her through the medium of their own souls. Rousseau formed a larger number of writers by his direct influence: the Romantic School and its followers—Chateaubriand, George Sand, De Musset, Victor Hugo—but Rabelais will probably have more effect on thought in the long run.

So much for France. It is curious that it should be in England that his most recognisable descendants can be found.

Charles Kingsley, his eager admirer, is one of them: Kingsley with his "consecration of things secular" and his reverence for every form of life. Robert Browning is another—he who loved the light and fought asceticism as the Devil; he who reverenced the "poor coarse hand" and said that "All good things are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul." Browning's orthodoxy heightens the resemblance; like Rabelais, he was content to let things alone and accept the old forms, provided he might fill them with a new meaning. Amongst earlier authors there are none so closely related as these two to the Prince Pantagruel. Swift's Rabelaisian humour is a proverb, but it only possesses the superficial resemblance of a conscious imitation of form, and Swift's savage cruelty was as foreign as anything could be to Rabelais' jovial charity. The laugh of the Dean was not the laugh which his predecessor called "le propre de l'homme." Sir Thomas Browne, doctor and philosopher, is much nearer the Renaissance thinker; but the "Religio Medici" is made for the byways of wisdom—for the intimate firelight of the study—and has little to do with the great high-roads of thought.

One cannot but wonder how far Rabelais was aware of his philosophy. He began his great work only to amuse himself, writing it, so he tells us, as he ate his meals. But before he had done it, he had—however lightly—defined what he meant by Pantagruelism:

> "A certain gaiety of spirit conceived in scorn of chance. And if you ask me 'why?' good people, here is the unanswerable answer: 'Such is the will of the All-good and Omnipotent God, in which I acquiesce. . . . Whose Gospel of good tidings I worship.'"

The results of this creed are practically embodied in his ideal Abbey of Thelema, the sumptuous palace to which men and women in splendid robes—that seem fresh from the brush of Titian—alike retired, to study and enjoy each other's company. Over the door stood written "Enter all ye who proclaim the Gospel by your deeds. . . . Enter and lay the foundations of a deep faith here." All went well in the Abbey, because

"people who are free, well-born, and well-taught, discoursing together in goodly companies, have by nature an instinct and a spur which ever incites them to fair actions and guards them from vice." When affairs called a Thelemite out into the world, he chose a lady, led her forth from the cloisters, and wedded her. And when death came, "they loved each other as well as on the first day of their marriage."

Love—extended to our fellows—is to Rabelais, as to Browning and Kingsley, the only solution of human ills. If men would help one another, there would be "peace amongst mortals, love and delight, good faith, repose and feasting. No lawsuit, no war, no disputing." And without this large charity, intellect, which he so much valued, seemed to him worthless. "Wisdom," he says, "cannot enter an unkind spirit, and knowledge without conscience is the ruin of the soul." And again: "We establish sovereign good not by taking and receiving, but by giving with both hands"; and in this, he adds, lies happiness.

EDITH SICHEL.

GIOTTO

I. THE CHURCH OF S. FRANCESCO AT ASSISI

WE have seen abundant evidences in studying early Christian art that Christianity at its origin exercised no new stimulating influence upon its development, but if it were claimed for the Franciscan movement that it brought about the great outburst of Italian art the position would be harder to refute: and indeed what St. Francis accomplished, the literal acceptance by official Christendom of Christ's teaching, was tantamount to the foundation of a new religion, and the heresy of some of his followers, who regarded his as a final dispensation superseding that of the New Testament, can scarcely have seemed unreasonable to those who witnessed the change in the temper of society which his example brought about. St. Francis was the great orthodox heretic. What he effected within the bounds of the Church, for a time at all events, was only accomplished for later times by a rupture with the Papal power. He established the idea of the equality of all men before God and the immediate relationship of the individual soul to the Deity. He enabled every man to be his own priest. To the fervour with which these ideas were grasped by his countrymen we may ascribe to some extent the extreme individualism of the Italian Renaissance, the absence of the barriers of social caste to the aspirations of the individual and the passionate assertion on his part of the right to the free use

of all his activities. No doubt the individualism of, say, a Sigismondo Malatesta in the fifteenth century was very different to anything which St. Francis would have approved; none the less such a view of life was rendered possible by the solvent action of his teaching on the fixed forms of society.

But of more immediate importance to our purpose is the æsthetic element in St. Francis' teaching. To say that in his actions St. Francis aimed at artistic effect would perhaps give a wrong impression of his character, but it is true that his conception of holiness was almost as much an æsthetic as a moral one. To those who know St. Bonaventura's life a number of stories will suggest themselves, which indicate a perfectly harmonious attitude to life rather than a purely moral one: stories such as that of the sheep which was given to him, and which he received joyfully because of its simplicity and innocence, "and holding it in his hands he admonished it to be intent to praise God and to keep itself from offending the brethren; and the sheep observed fully the commandment of the Blessed Francis, and when it heard the brethren singing in the choir ran thither quickly, and without any teaching bent before the altar of the Blessed Virgin and bleated, as though it had human reason."

St. Francis, the "Jongleur de Dieu," was actually a poet before his conversion, and his whole life had the pervading unity and rhythm of a perfect work of art. Not that he was a conscious artist. The whole keynote of the Franciscan teaching was its spontaneity, but his feelings for moral and æsthetic beauty were intimately united. Indeed, his life, like the Italian art which in a sense arose from it, like the Gothic French art which was a simultaneous expression of the same spirit, implies an attitude, as rare in life as in art, in which spiritual and sensuous beauty are so inextricably interwoven that instead of conflicting they mutually intensify their effects.

Not only was the legend of St. Francis' life full of suggestions of poetical and artistic material, but his followers rewrote the New Testament from the Franciscan point of view, empha-

sising the poetical and dramatic elements of the story. In particular they shifted the focus of interest by making the relationship of the Virgin to her son the central motive of the whole. It will be seen that Italian artists down to Raphael turned rather to the Franciscan than the Vulgate version.[1] In fact, St. Bonaventura and the great poet of the movement, the cultivated and ecstatic Jacopone di Todi did for the Christian legend very much what Pindar did for classical mythology; without altering the doctrine they brought into full relief its human and poetical significance.

It is not surprising, then, to find that the great church at Assisi, built with all the magnificence that the whole of Italy could contribute to honour the spouse of Divine Poverty, should be the cradle of the new art of Italy—the neo-Christian or Franciscan art, as we might almost call it.

The lower church of S. Francesco was probably decorated almost immediately after the building was finished, between 1240 and 1250, but these early works are almost obliterated by a second decoration undertaken after 1300. We must therefore turn to the upper church, the paintings of which were probably completed before 1300, as the chief source of our knowledge of the emergence of the new Italian style. It was there that the Italian genius first attained to self-expression in the language of monumental painting—a language which no other nation of modern Europe has ever been able to command except in rare and isolated instances.

And here we plunge at once into a very difficult, perhaps an insoluble problem: who were the painters who carried out this immense scheme of decoration? The archives of the church have been searched in vain, and we are left with a sentence of Ghiberti's commentary, and Vasari, who here proves an uncertain guide, so that we are thrown chiefly on the resources of internal evidence.

The paintings of the upper church may be briefly enumerated thus: In the choir are faint remains of frescoes of the life of

[1] *Cf.* H. Thode: "Franz von Assisi."

the Virgin: in the right transept a Crucifixion and other subjects almost obliterated; in the left transept another Crucifixion, better preserved, and archangels in the triforium. The nave is divided into an upper and lower series; the upper series contains scenes of the Old and New Testaments, the lower is devoted to the legend of St. Francis, and in alternate vaults of the roof are paintings of single figures.

It would be out of place to discuss all these frescoes in detail, but it may be worth while to select certain typical ones, around which the rest may be grouped, and see how far they bear out what little documentary and traditional authority we have.

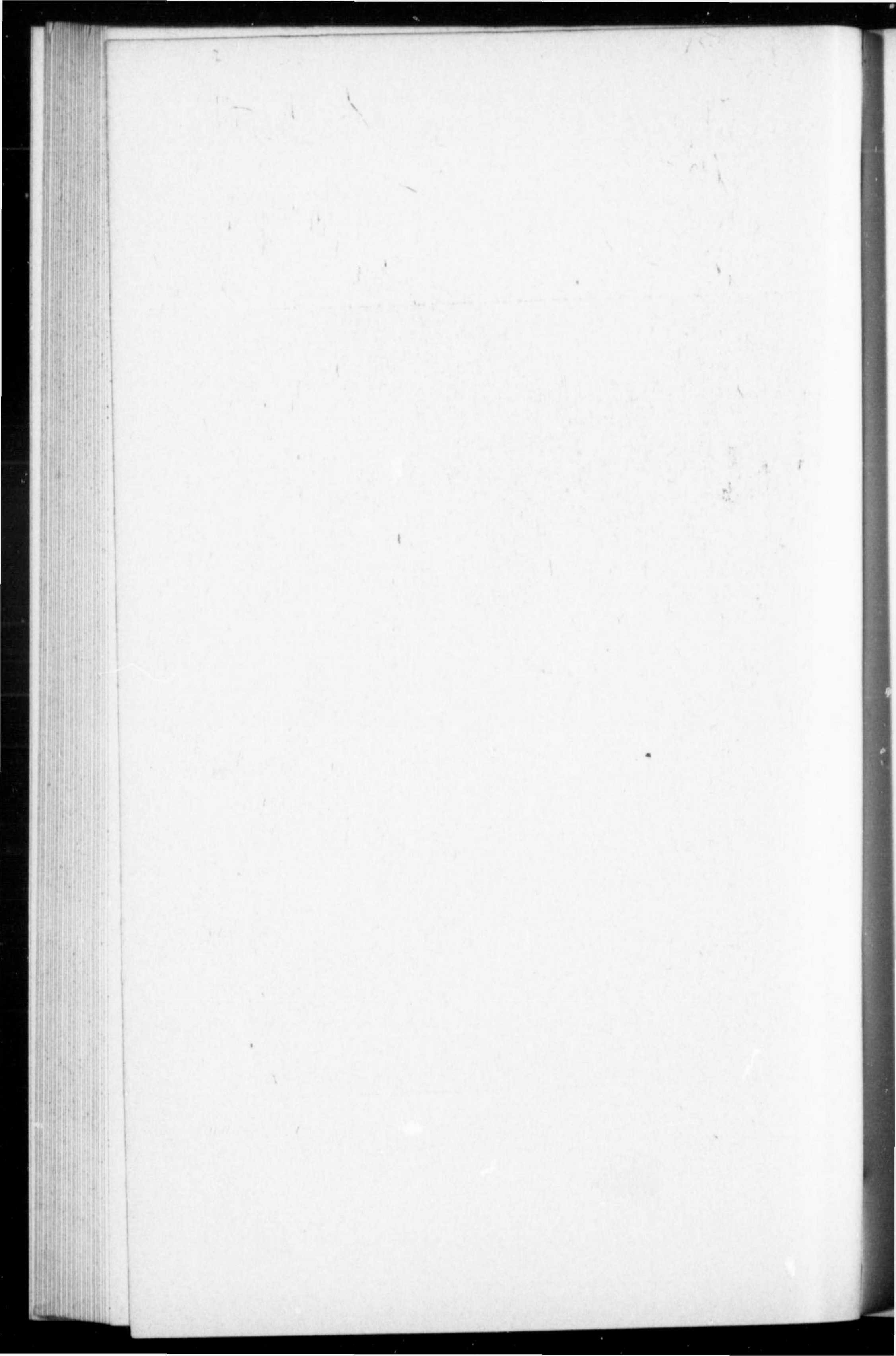
We will begin with the Crucifixion of the left transept (Fig. 1), which is clearly by an artist of decided and marked personality.[1]

It is certainly less pleasing and less accomplished than the works of the later Byzantine school, and in spite of certain motives, such as the floating drapery of the Christ, which show Byzantine reminiscences, it is derived in the main from the barbaric native Italian tradition. This is shown in the stumpy proportions of the figures and the crude, not to say hideous, realism of the faces of the crowd. The classical origin of the tradition is still traceable in the sandalled feet and the reminiscence of the toga in some of the draperies. But the chief interest lies in the serious attempt made by the artist to give dramatic reality to the scene in a way never attempted by the less human Byzantines. The action of the Magdalen throwing up both arms in despair is really impressive, and this is a more vivacious rendering of a gesture traditional in Western early Christian art; an instance occurs in the fifth century MS. of Genesis at Vienna. But the artist shows his originality more in the expressive and sometimes beautiful poses of the

[1] The lights have gone so dark that this negative photograph gives a better idea of the original condition than a positive one would do, but it must be borne in mind that some of the grotesqueness of the faces is due to the accidental distortions of such a process.

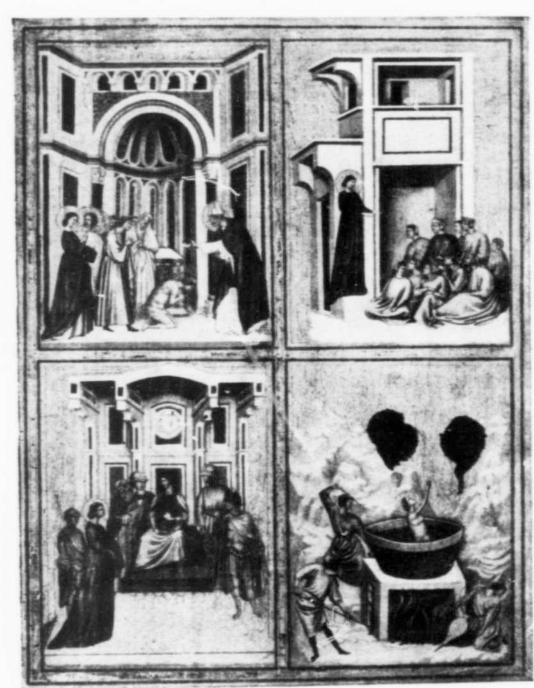
Anderson, Photo

Fig. 1.—The Crucifixion. Cimabue. *Upper Church, Assisi*



Alinari, Photo

Fig. 2.—The Sacrifice of Isaac. *Upper Church, Assisi*



Alinari, Photo

Fig. 11.—Episodes in the Life of S. Cecilia. *Uffizi*

weeping angels and the natural movements of the Virgin and St. John.

Very nearly allied to this are the archangels of the triforium, and some of the frescoes of the upper scenes in the nave, such as the Nativity and the Betrayal. These belong to the same group, though they are not necessarily by the master of the Crucifixion himself.

The frescoes which begin the Old Testament history of the upper series of the nave also have a strongly marked character, which is seen in the Sacrifice of Isaac (Fig. 2). It is clear that we have here a work that is in many ways more accomplished than the last. The unhesitating bravura with which the lines of the drapery are drawn, and the decision with which the face is divided up into a number of conventional segments, indicate an artist who is troubled by no desire to go beyond a perfectly recognised and often repeated scheme. The work has none of that tentative striving after natural pose and dramatic appropriateness which marked the Crucifixion. It is a work of consummate technical dexterity working within a traditional formula. Now all these characteristics point clearly to the later Byzantine tradition, and indeed the treatment of the drapery alone, with its purely calligraphic system of repeated lines, would almost warrant the assumption that this is the work of a Greek artist.[1]

As we proceed along the nave, still keeping to the upper series, we come upon another distinct personality, whose work is typified in the Deception of Isaac (Fig. 3). In certain qualities this master is not altogether unlike the master of the Crucifixion. Like him, he replaces the purely schematic linear rendering of drapery by long streaks of light and dark paint, so arranged as to give the idea of actual modelling in relief. But he does this not only with greater naturalism, but with a greatly

[1] It may be noticed in this connection that, whereas in the Crucifixion the lights and darks were broadened, so as to suggest their real meaning of lighted and shaded masses, here an arbitrary high light follows everywhere the dark lines, exactly in the manner of Byzantine miniaturists.

increased sense of pure beauty. The painting is not hieratic and formal, as the Byzantine would have made it, nor has it that overstrained attempt at dramatic vehemence which we saw in the Crucifixion. The faces have remarkable beauty, and throughout there is a sense of placid and dignified repose which is rare in mediæval work. It is, in fact, decidedly classical, and classical, too, in a sense different from the vague reminiscences of classic origin which permeate early Christian art, and were faintly echoed in the Crucifixion. Rachel especially, with her full, well-rounded eyes, wide apart and set deep in their sockets, her straight nose and small mouth, might almost have come straight from a Pompeian picture.

The hair, too, instead of being in tangled masses, as in the Crucifixion, or rendered by parallel lines, as in the Sacrifice of Isaac, is drawn into elegantly disposed curls, which yet have something of the quality of hair, and which remind us of the treatment in classic bronzes.

The last vault of the nave, with the Doctors of the Church (Fig. 4), is by an artist who is extremely similar to the last, and clearly belongs to the same group. The level brows nearly meeting over the bridge of the nose, the straight profile and the curled hair show the similarity, as does also the drapery. The classic tendencies of this artist may be seen in the amorini caryatides in the extreme corners of the spandril, while the decoration of one of the arches of the church by the same hand has, arising from an urn of pure classic design, a foliated scroll-work, in which centaurs disport themselves.

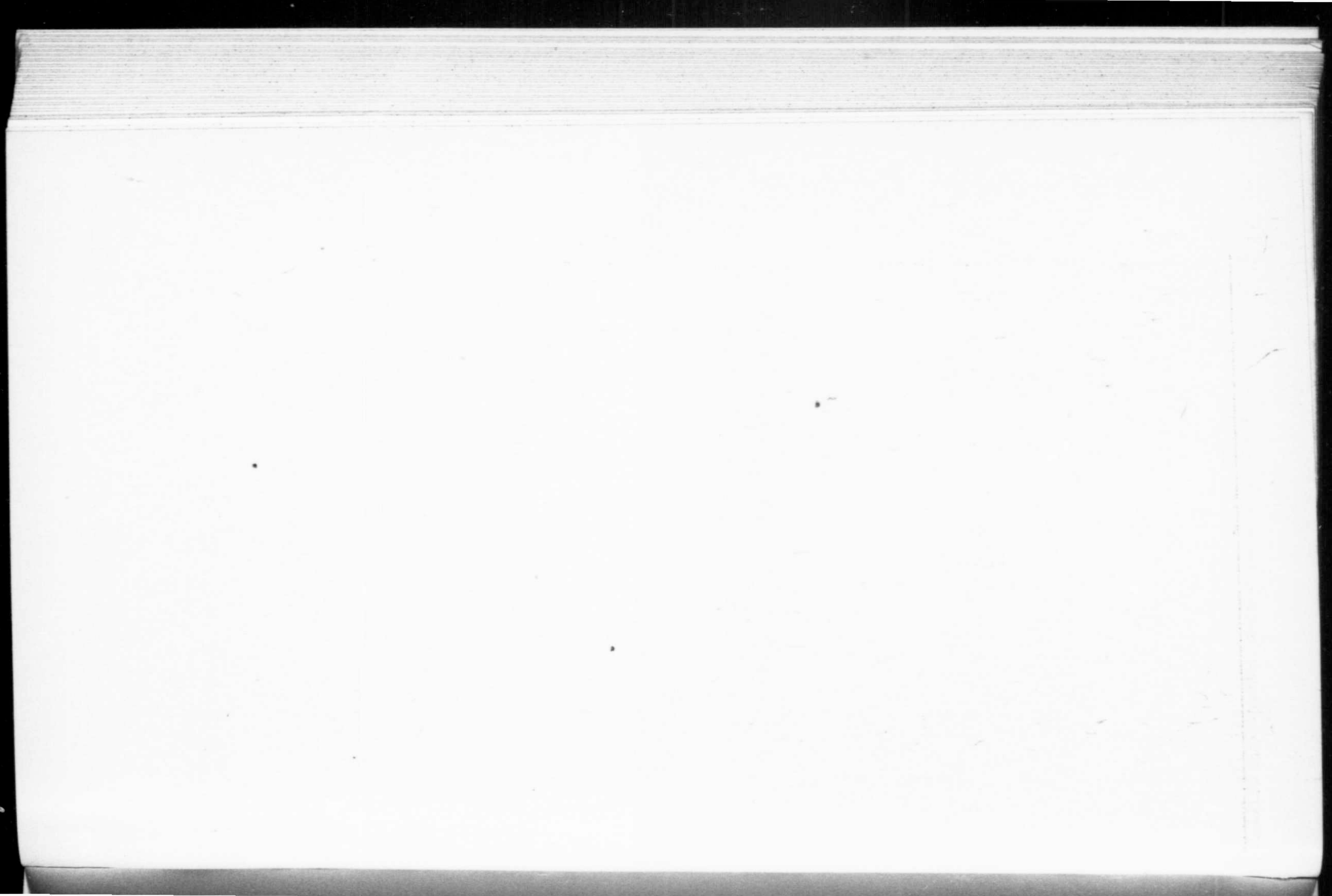
In Fig. 5 we come to the lower series representing the Life of St. Francis; and we are at once struck by the resemblances to the last two paintings. The Pope, who is approving the rule of St. Francis, is almost a repetition of one of the Doctors of the Church. We have the same peculiar drapery with shiny, slippery, high lights, broadly washed on in well-disposed folds. The faces, too, though they are more individual and far more expressive, are, nevertheless, built on the same lines. They have similar straight profiles, the same deeply-cut level brows,

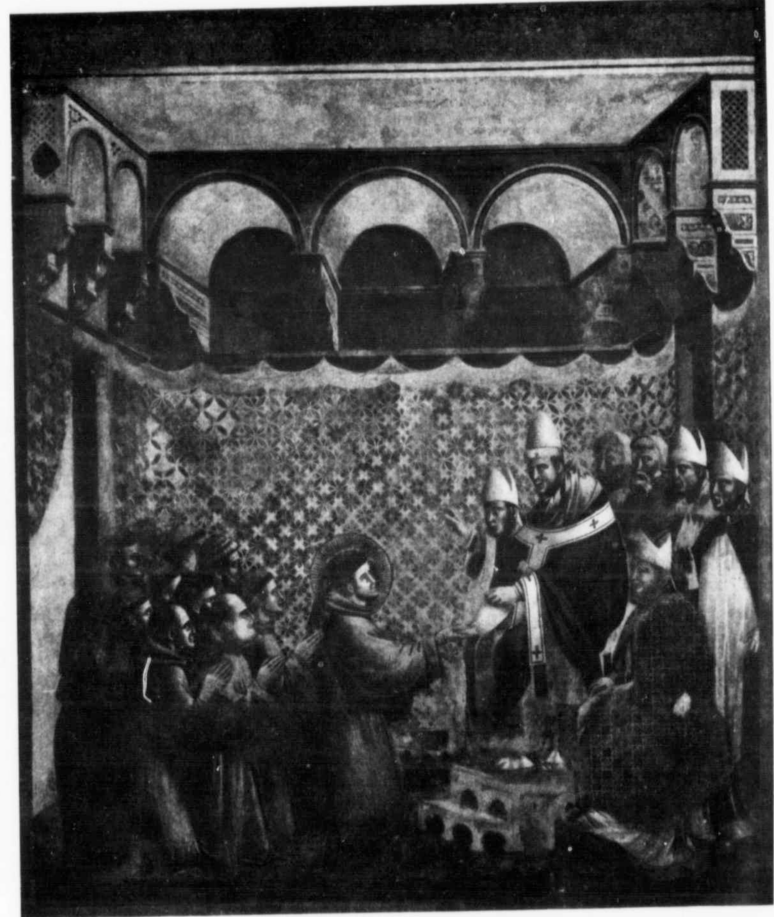
Alinari, Photo

Fig. 3.—Esau's return from hunting. *Upper Church, Assisi*

Alinari, Photo

Fig. 4.—St. Jerome. *Upper Church, Assisi*





Alinari, Photo

Fig. 5. —St. Francis before Pope Innocent III.
Giotto. *Upper Church, Assisi*

which tend to meet in a line across the nose. The general impression it makes is that it is by a younger artist than the master of the Esau fresco, but one who has a keener feeling for reality and a far deeper sense of the dramatic situation.

We will now turn to the historical evidence. The earliest and best is that of Ghiberti (early fifteenth century), who tells us simply that Giotto painted the St. Francis legend. Vasari says that Cimabue worked first in the lower church with Greek artists, and then did the whole of the upper church, except the St. Francis legend, which he ascribes to Giotto. In addition to these we have a sixteenth-century MS. and an account of the church by Petrus Rudolphus of the same period, which agree that both Giotto and Cimabue painted in the upper church.

We may take it, then, that we have fairly good evidence for ascribing the St. Francis series in the main to Giotto, and a consensus of traditional opinion that somewhere in the other frescoes we ought to discover Cimabue.

The name of Cimabue is fraught with tender associations. To the last generation, happy in its innocence, it was familiar as a household word. Browning could sing without a qualm: "My painter—who, but Cimabue?" The cult of Cimabue became fashionable; it offended Philistine nostrils and received its due castigation from Mr. Punch. And now, alas, he would be a bold man who dared to say that he admired Cimabue, who dared to do more than profess a pious belief in his existence. Only recently a distinguished critic[1] has endeavoured to hand over to Duccio di Buoninsegna the very stronghold of the Cimabue faith, the altar-piece of the Rucellai Chapel in Sta. Maria Novella. But the myth dies hard, and Florentine guides will still point out the portraits of all Cimabue's relations in the little figures round the frame. Ever since the time of Rumohr, however, who considered him to be little more than an emanation of Vasari's brain heated by patriotic fervour, it has been established that we have no

[1] Dr. J. P. Richter: "Lectures on the National Gallery."

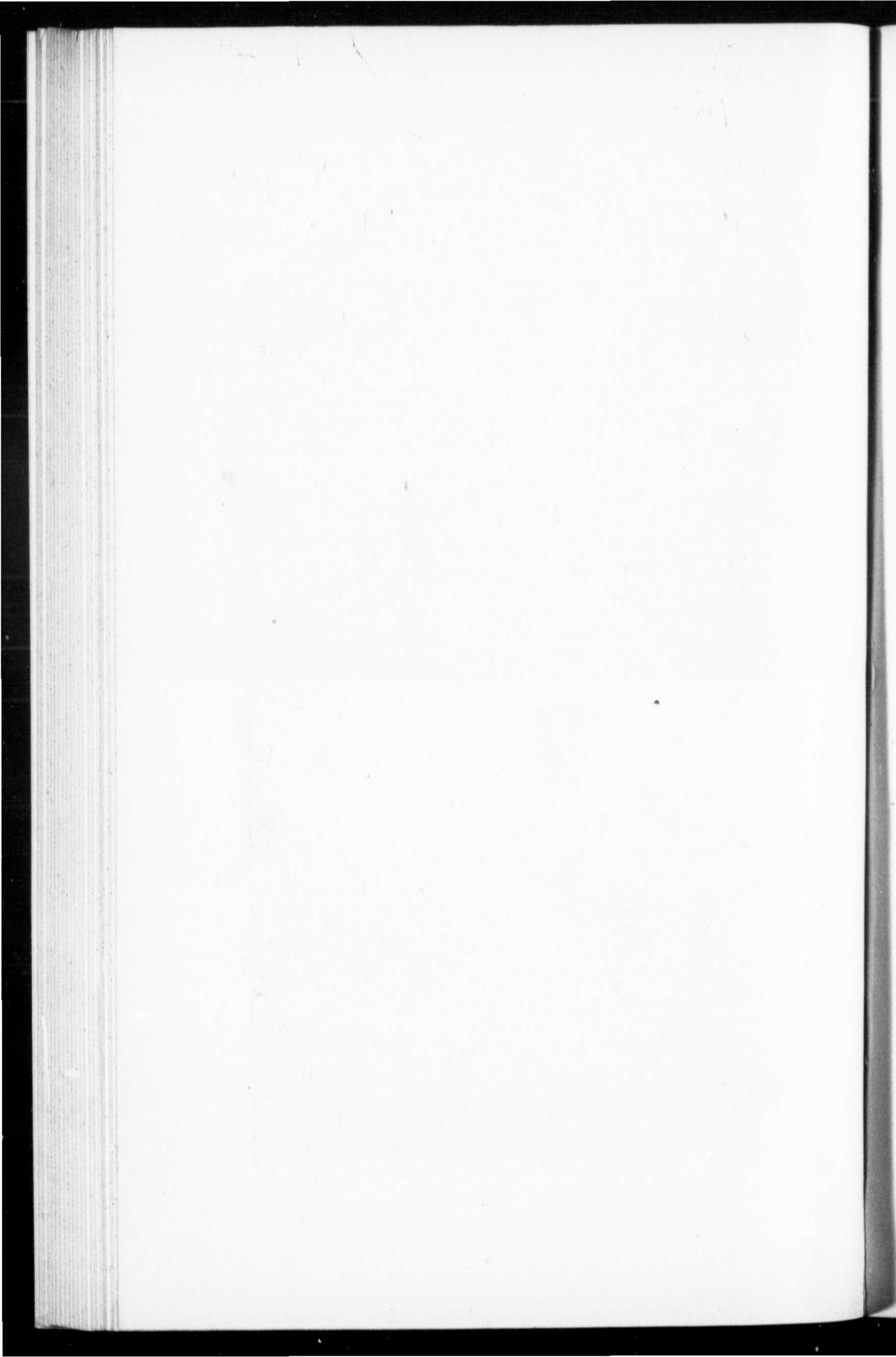
documentary evidence for any single picture by him. We do know, however, that at the very end of his life he executed the mosaic of the apse in the cathedral at Pisa. But this is a much restored work, and originally can have been little but an adaptation of a Byzantine design, and it throws no light on his work as a painter. In any case, all criticisms of his reputation in his own day, whether deserved or not, must fall to the ground before Dante's celebrated lines, "Credette Cimabue nella pittura Tener lo campo, Ed ora ha Giotto il grido," for on this point Dante is first-rate evidence. And that being the case, there is a probability, almost amounting to certainty, that the man who "held the field" in painting would be requisitioned for the greatest national undertaking of his day, the decoration of S. Francesco at Assisi, even though, as we have seen, it would be impossible to accept Vasari's statement that he did the whole.

In looking for Cimabue among the groups of the upper church which we have selected, it will be worth while to take as an experimental guide other works ascribed traditionally to our artist. If these should agree in their artistic qualities with one another and with any one group at Assisi, we shall have some probability in favour of our view. And the result of such a process is to find in the master of the Crucifixion our elusive and celebrated painter.

It would be wearisome to go in detail through all these works, none of them of really fine artistic quality; it will suffice to say that in certain marked peculiarities they all agree with one another and with the Crucifixion. The most striking likeness will be found between the heads which appear under the Virgin's throne in the picture in the Academy at Florence (Fig. 6), which Vasari attributes to Cimabue, and the grotesque heads to the right of the Crucifixion (Fig. 1). There is the same crude attempt at realism, the same peculiar matted hair, the same curious drawing of the eye-socket which gives the appearance of spectacles. The characteristics of this picture will again be found in the Cimabue of the Louvre which comes

Alinari, Photo

Fig. 6.—Madonna and Child Cimabue. *Academy, Florence*



from Pisa, where he is known to have worked. Very similar, too, in innumerable details of architectural setting, of movement of hands and heads, and of drapery is the fresco of the Madonna Enthroned and St. Francis, in the lower church at Assisi. Finally, the Rucellai Madonna, in spite of its very superior qualities, which must be due to its being a later work, answers in every detailed test that can be applied to the characteristics of this group of paintings.[1]

And now, having found our Cimabue in the master of the Crucifixion, what must our verdict be on his character as an artist? Frankly we must admit that he is not to be thought of in the same category with the master of the Esau fresco, much less with Duccio or Giotto. There is, however, in his work that spark of vitality which the Italians rightly prized

[1] One picture, however, ascribed by Vasari to Cimabue, namely, the Madonna of the National Gallery, does not bear the characteristics of this group. Dr. Richter's argument for giving the Rucellai painting to Duccio depends largely on the likeness of this to the Maestà, but there is no reason to cling so closely to Vasari's attributions. If we except the National Gallery Madonna, these pictures, including the Rucellai Madonna, will be found to cohere by many common peculiarities not shared by Duccio. Among these we may notice the following: The eye has the upper eyelid strongly marked; it has a peculiar languishing expression, due in part to the large elliptical iris (Duccio's eyes have a small, bright, round iris with a keen expression); the nose is distinctly articulated into three segments; the mouth is generally slewed round from the perpendicular; the hands are curiously curved, and in all the Madonnas clutch the supports of the throne; the hair bows seen upon the halos have a constant and quite peculiar shape; the drapery is designed in rectilinear triangular folds, very different from Duccio's more sinuous and flowing line. The folds of the drapery where they come to the contour of the figure have no effect upon the form of the outline, an error which Duccio never makes. Finally, the thrones in all these pictures have a constant form; they are made of turned wood with a high footstool, and are seen from the side; Duccio's is of stone and seen from the front. That the Rucellai Madonna has a morbidezza which is wanting in the earlier works can hardly be considered a sufficient distinction to set against the formal characteristics. It is clearly a later work, painted probably about the year 1300, and Cimabue, like all the other artists of the time, was striving constantly in the direction of greater fusion of tones.

above Byzantine accomplishment. He gave to his historical compositions a rude dramatic vigour, and to his Madonnas and Angels a suggestion of sentimental charm which borders on affectation; he was, in fact, a sentimental realist whose relation to the Byzantine masters must have been something like that of Caravaggio to the academic school of the Caracci.

Continuing now our survey of the masters of the upper church we come to the Sacrifice of Isaac. In this and the allied frescoes of the Creation and the Flood there is little difficulty in recognising the hand of some of the Greek painters whom Vasari describes as having taken part in the decoration, and they need not concern us farther.

We come next to the master of the Deception of Isaac, and the closely allied, if not identical, painter who did the Four Doctors of the vault. We have already noticed the likeness of these works to the legend of St. Francis, which we may take provisionally to be Giotto's; but, in spite of the similarity of technique, they are inspired by a very diverse sentiment. They are not dramatic and intense as Giotto's; they show a more conscious aspiration after style; the artist will not allow the requirements of formal beauty to be disturbed by the desire for expressive and life-like gestures. Where, then, could an artist of this period acquire such a sense of pure classic beauty in painting? In sculpture it might be possible to find classic models throughout Italy as Niccolò did at Pisa, but Rome was the only place which could fulfil the requirements for a painter. There must at this time have been many more remains of classical painting among the ruins of the Palatine than are now to be seen, and it is a natural conclusion that the artist who painted the figure of Rachel was directly inspired by them. Nor is there anything difficult in the assumption that this unknown precursor of Giotto was a Roman artist, for the Roman school of painting was by far the most precocious of any in Italy. At Subiaco there are frescoes, some of which must date from the lifetime of St. Francis, which already, as in the portrait of St. Francis himself, show a certain freedom from Byzantine formalism. But it is in the works of the Cosmati,

Jacopo Torriti, Rusutti and Cavallini in the latter half of the thirteenth century that we see how vigorous and progressive an art was springing up in Rome. Had not the removal of the Popes to Avignon in the fourteenth century left the city a prey to internal discord, we can hardly doubt that the Roman would have been one of the greatest and earliest developed schools of Italian painting. As it is, we find in the mosaics under the apse of Sta. Maria in Trastevere, executed about the year 1290, compositions in every way comparable to Giotto's frescoes. These mosaics, too, have architectural accessories which are very similar to the architecture of the "Doctors of the Church" at Assisi. The architecture based on a study of classic forms is of the kind always associated with the Cosmati family. It will be seen that it is quite distinct from the architecture of Cimabue's and Duccio's Madonnas, but that it becomes the normal treatment in Giotto's frescoes.

There is, then, a curiously close analogy between the origins of neo-Christian painting and neo-Christian sculpture in Italy; just as Giovanni Pisano's work was preceded by the purely classic revival which culminated in Niccolò's Baptistery pulpit, so in painting Giotto's work emerges from a similar classic revival based on the study of Roman wall-paintings. The perfect similarity between Niccolò Pisano's sentiment and that of the master of the Esau fresco may be realised by comparing the action of Rachel's hand in the fresco with that of the Virgin in the Annunciation of the Baptistery pulpit. (Fig. 12 of the last article.) In both we have the same autarchic conception of character conveyed by the same measured ease of gesture, which contrasts vividly with the more expansive ideals of neo-Christian art, of which Giotto appears from the first as the most perfect representative.

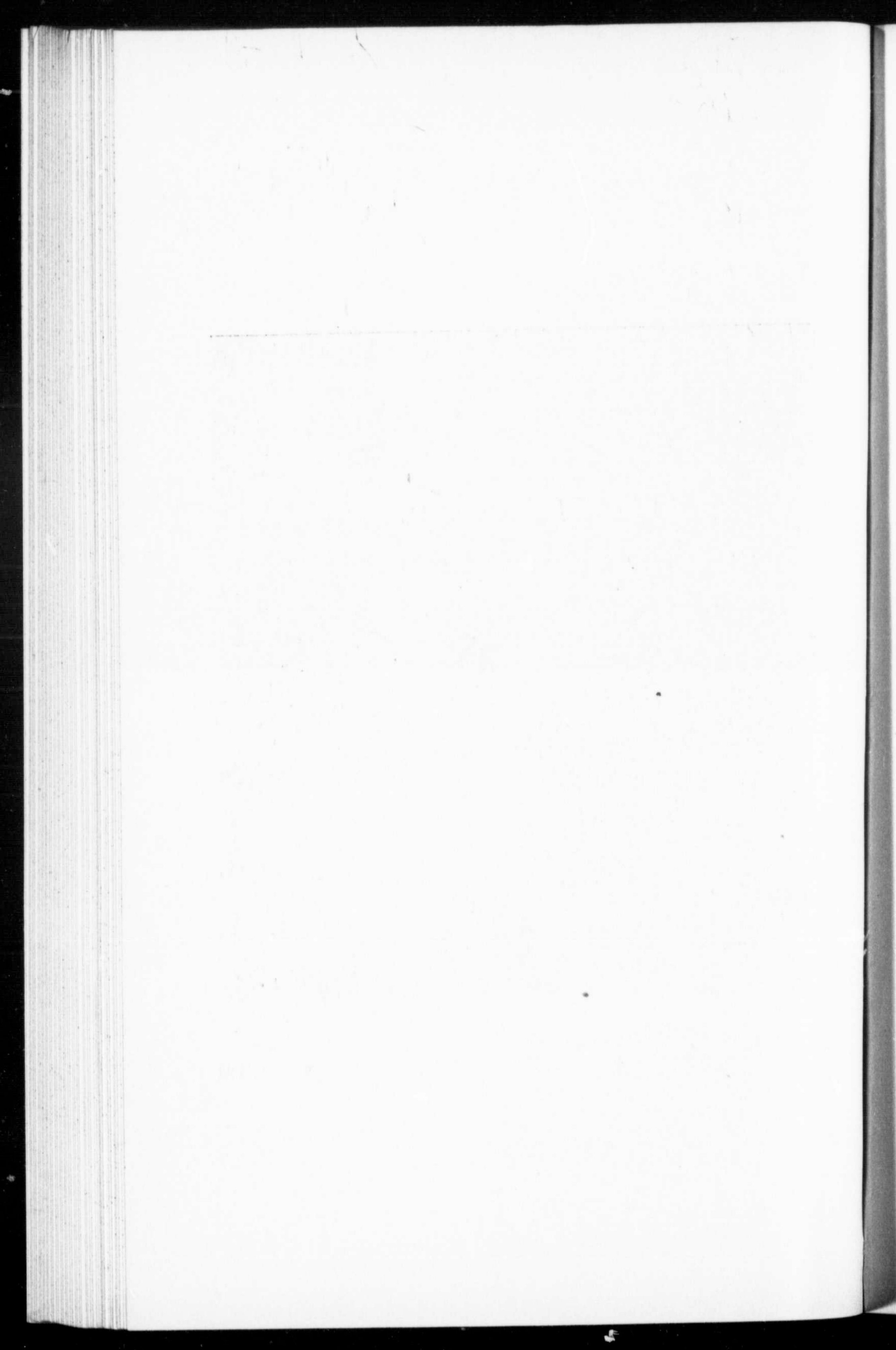
In examining the series of frescoes describing the life of St. Francis we find varieties in the proportions of the figures and in the types of features which suggest the co-operation of more than one artist, but the spirit that inspires the composition throughout is one. And this afflatus which suddenly quickens so much that was either tentative or narrowly

accomplished into a new fulness of life, a new richness of expression, is, we may feel certain, due to the genius of Giotto.

If we look at one of these frescoes, such, for example, as the Presepio at Greccio (Fig. 7), and at the same time endeavour to transport ourselves into the position of a contemporary spectator, what will strike us most immediately and make the most startling general impression is its actuality. Here at last, after so many centuries of copying the traditional forms handed down from a moribund Pagan art—centuries during which these abstractions had become entirely divorced from the life of the time—here at last was an artist who gave a scene as it must have happened, with every circumstance evidently and literally rendered. The scene of the institution of the Presepio takes place in a little chapel divided from the body of the church by a marble wall. The pulpit and crucifix are therefore seen from behind, the latter leaning forward into the church and showing from the chapel only the wooden battens and fastenings of the back. The singing-desk in the centre is drawn with every detail of screws and adjustments, while the costume of the bystanders is merely the ordinary fashionable dress of the day. The research for actuality could not be carried farther than this. When some years ago M. Bésnard painted the scene of Christ at the house of the Pharisee with the figures in evening dress it aroused the most vehement protests, and produced for a time a shock of bewilderment and surprise. This is not to suggest any real analogy between the works of the two artists, bnt merely that the innovation made by Giotto must have been in every way as surprising to his contemporaries. Nor was Giotto's, like M. Bésnard's, a *succès de scandale;* on the contrary, it was immediately recognised as satisfying a want which had been felt ever since the legend of St. Francis, the setting of which belonged to their own time and country, had been incorporated by the Italians in their mythology. The earliest artists had tried to treat the subject according to the formulæ of Byzantine biblical scenes, but with such unsatisfactory results as may be seen in the altar-piece of the Bardi Chapel of Sta. Croce at Florence. In Giotto's frescoes at Assisi it acquired for

Anderson, Photo

Fig. 7.—St. Francis instituting the Representation of the Presepio at Greccio. Giotto. *Upper Church, Assisi*



the first time a treatment in which the desire for actuality was fully recognised. But actuality alone would not have satisfied Giotto's patrons; it was necessary that the events should be presented as scenes of everyday life, but it was also necessary that they should possess that quality of universal and eternal significance which distinguishes a myth from a mere historical event. It was even more necessary that they should be heroic than that they should be actual. And it was in his power to satisfy such apparently self-contradictory conditions that Giotto's unique genius manifested itself. It was this that made him the greatest story-teller in line, the supreme epic-painter of the world. The reconciliation of these two aims, actuality and universality, is indeed the severest strain of the power of expression. To what a temperature must the imagination be raised before it can fuse in its crucible those refractory squalid trivialities unconsecrated by time and untinged by romance with which the artist must deal if he is to be at once "topical" and heroic, to be at one and the same time in "Ercles' vein" and Mrs. Gamp's. Even in literature it is a rare feat. Homer could accomplish it, and Dante, but most poets must find a way round. In Dante the power is constantly felt. He could not only introduce the politics and personalities of his own time, but he could use such similes as that of old tailors peering for their needles' eyes, a half-burnt piece of paper, dogs nozzling for fleas, and still more unsavoury trivialities, without for a moment lowering the high key in which his comedy was pitched. The poet deals, however, with the vague and blurred mental images which words call up, but the painter must actually present the semblance of the thing in all its drab familiarity. And yet Giotto succeeded. He could make the local and particular stand for a universal idea.

But, without detracting in any way from what was due to Giotto's superlative genius, it may be admitted that something was given by the propitious moment of his advent. For the optics of the imagination are variable: in an age like the present, men and events grow larger as they recede into the mist of the past; it is rarely that we think of a man as truly great till he

has for long received the consecration of death. But there must be periods when men have a surer confidence in their own judgments—periods of such creative activity that men can dare to measure the reputations of their contemporaries, which are of their own creation, against the reputations of antiquity —and in such periods the magnifying, mythopoetical effect, which for us comes only with time, takes place at once, and swells their contemporaries to heroic proportions. It was thus that Dante saw those of his own time—could even see himself —in the proportions they must always bear. The fact that St. Francis was canonised two years after death, and within twenty years was commemorated by the grandest monument in Italy, is a striking proof of that superb self-confidence.

We will return to the frescoes: the evidence for their being in the main by Giotto himself rests not only on the general consensus of tradition, but upon the technical characteristics and, most of all, upon the imaginative conception of the subjects. None the less, in so big a work it is probable that assistants were employed to carry out Giotto's designs, and this will account for many slight discrepancies of style. Certain frescoes, however—notably the last three of the series—show such marked differences that we must suppose that one of these assistants rose to the level of an original creative artist.

In the fresco of St. Francis kneeling before the Pope (Fig. 5), we have already noticed Giotto's close connection with the artists of the Roman school. Their influence is not confined to the figures and drapery; the architecture—in which it may be noted, by the way, that Giotto has already arrived instinctively at the main ideas of linear perspective—with its minute geometrical inlays, its brackets and mouldings, derived from classic forms, is entirely in the manner of the Cosmati. But the composition illustrates, none the less, the differences which separate him from the master of the Esau fresco. Giotto is at this stage of his career not only less accomplished, but he has nothing of that painter's elegant classical grace. He has, instead, the greatest and rarest gift of dramatic expressiveness. For though the poses, especially of the bishop seated on the

Pope's left, lack grace, and the faces show but little research for positive beauty or regularity of feature, the actual scene, the dramatic situation, is given in an entirely new and surprising way. Of what overwhelming importance for the history of the world this situation was, perhaps Giotto himself could scarcely realise. For this probably represents, not the approbation of the order of minor brethren by Honorius III., which was a foregone conclusion, but the permission to preach given by Innocent III., a far more critical moment in the history of the movement. For Innocent III., in whom the Papacy reached the zenith of its power, had already begun the iniquitous Albigensian crusade, and was likely to be suspicious of any unofficial religious teaching. It cannot have been with unmixed pleasure that he saw before him this poverty-stricken group of Francis and his eleven followers, whose appearance declared in the plainest terms their belief in that primitive communistic Christianity which, in the case of Petrus Waldus, had been branded by excommunication. In fact, the man who now asked for the Papal blessing on his mission was in most respects a Waldensian. Francis (the name Francesco is itself significant) was probably by birth, certainly by predilection[1] and temperament, half a Frenchman; his mother came from Provence, and his father had business connections at Lyons; so that it is not impossible that Francis was influenced by what he knew, through them, of the Waldensian movement. In any case, his teaching was nearly identical with that of Petrus Waldus; both taught religious individualism and, by precept at all events, communism. It was, therefore, not unnatural that Innocent should not respond at once to St. Francis' application. According to one legend, the Pope's first advice to him

[1] "Drunken with the love of compassion of Christ, the blessed Francis would at times do such-like things as this; for the passing sweet melody of the spirit within him, seething over outwardly, did often find utterance in the French tongue, and the strain of the divine whisper that his ear had caught would break forth into a French song of joyous exulting." Then pretending with two sticks to play a viol, "and making befitting gestures, (he) would sing in French of our Lord Jesus Christ."—"The Mirror of Perfection," edited by P. Sabatier, transl. by S. Evans.

was to consort with swine, as befitted one of his miserable appearance. But, whatever his spontaneous impulses may have been, he had the good sense to accept the one man through whom the Church could again become popular and democratic.

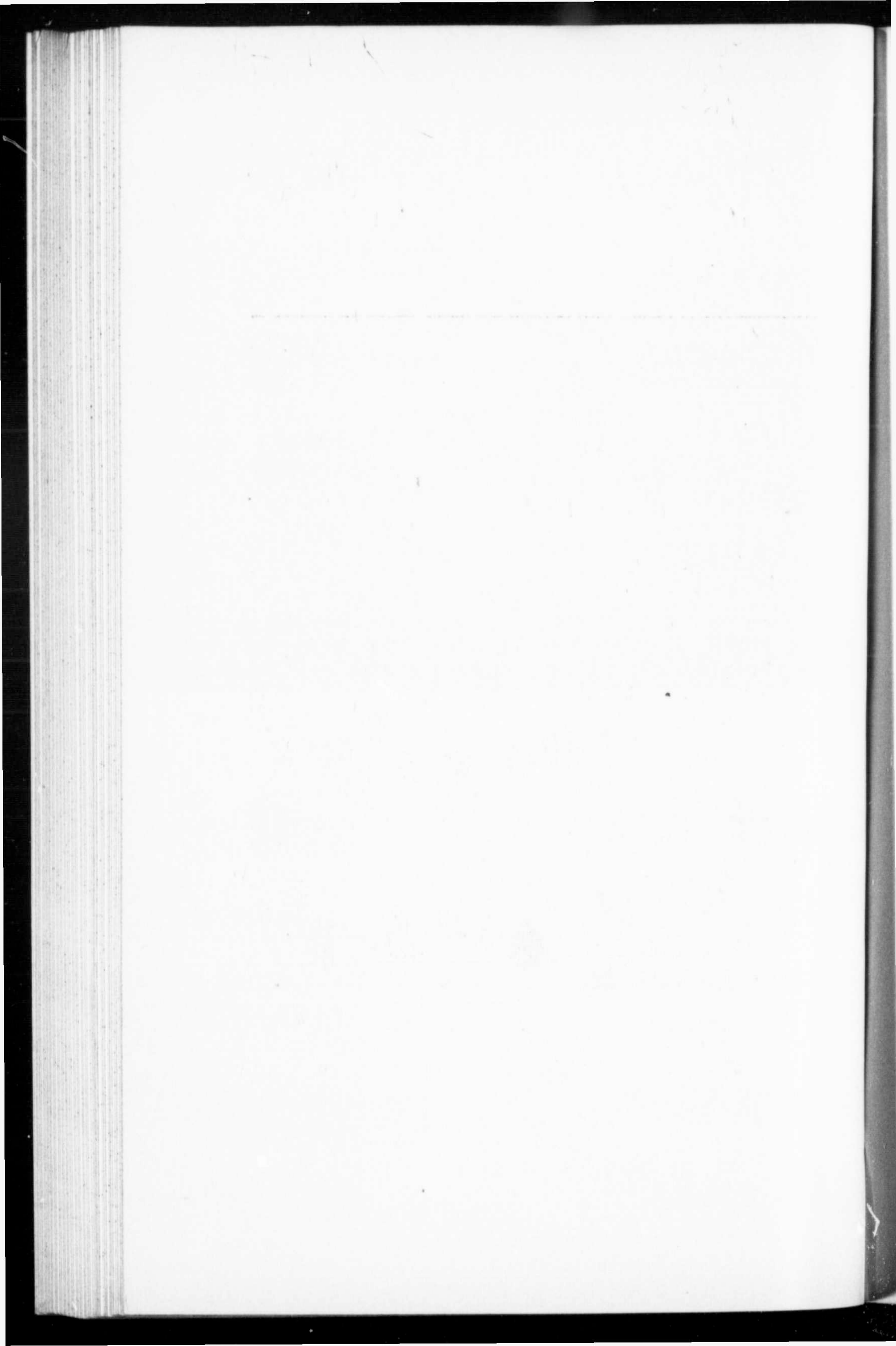
Of all that this acceptance involved, no one who lived before the Reformation could understand the full significance, but Giotto has here expressed something of the dramatic contrasts involved in this meeting of the greatest of saints and the most dominating of popes—something of the importance of the moment when the great heretic was recognised by the Church.

In the fresco of St. Francis before the Sultan (Fig. 8) we have a means of comparing Giotto at this period with the later Giotto of the Bardi Chapel, where the same scene is treated with more intimate psychological imagination; but here already the story is told with a vividness and simplicity which none but Giotto could command. The weak and sinuous curves of the discomfited sages, the ponderous and massive contour of the indignant sultan, show that Giotto's command of the direct symbolism of line is at least as great as Duccio's in the Three Maries, while his sense of the roundness and solid relief of the form is, as Mr. Berenson[1] has ably pointed out, far greater. We find in the Sultan, indeed, the type for which Giotto showed a constant predilection—a well-formed, massive body, with high rounded shoulders and short neck, but with small and shapely hands. As is natural in the work of an artist who set himself so definitely to externalise the tension of a critical moment, his hands are always eloquent; it is impossible to find in his work a case where the gestures of the hands are not explicit indications of a particular emotion. The architecture in this fresco is a remarkable evidence of the classical tendencies which he inherited from the Cosmati school. The Sultan's throne has, it is true, a quasi-Gothic gable, but the coffered soffit, and the whole of the canopy opposite to it, with its winged genii, pilasters, and garlands are derived from classic sources.

[1] "Florentine Painters of the Renaissance and Central Italian Painters of the Renaissance," by B. Berenson.

Anderson, Photo

FIG. 8.—St. Francis before the Sultan. Giotto. *Upper Church, Assisi*



We have already considered the Presepio (Fig. 7) as an example of Giotto's power of giving the actual setting of a scene without losing its heroic quality. It is also an example of his power of visualising the psychological situation; here, the sudden thrill which permeates an assembly at a moment of unwonted exaltation. It depicts the first representation of the Nativity instituted at Greccio by St. Francis; it is the moment at which he takes the image of the Infant Christ in his arms, when, to the ecstatic imaginations of the bystanders, it appeared for an instant transformed into a living child of transcendent beauty. The monks at the back are still singing the Lauds (one can almost tell what note each is singing, so perfect is Giotto's command of facial expression), but the immediate bystanders and the priest are lost in wrapt contemplation of St. Francis and the Child.[1]

One of the most beautiful of the whole series is the fresco which represents the nuns of St. Clare meeting the Saint's body as it is borne to burial (Fig. 9). Throughout the series Giotto took Bonaventura's life as his text, and it is interesting to see how near akin the two renderings are, both alike inspired by that new humanity of feeling which St. Francis' life had aroused. Having described the beauty of the saint's dead body, "of which the limbs were so soft and delicate to the touch that they seemed to have returned to the tenderness of a child's, and appeared by many manifest signs to be innocent as never having done wrong, so like a child were they," he adds,

> Therefore it is not to be marvelled at if seeing a body so white and seeing therein those black nails and that wound in the side which seemed to be a fresh red rose of spring, if those that saw it felt therefor great wonder and joy. And in the morning when it was day the companies and people of the city and all the country round came together, and being instructed to translate that most holy body from that place to the city of Assisi, moved with great

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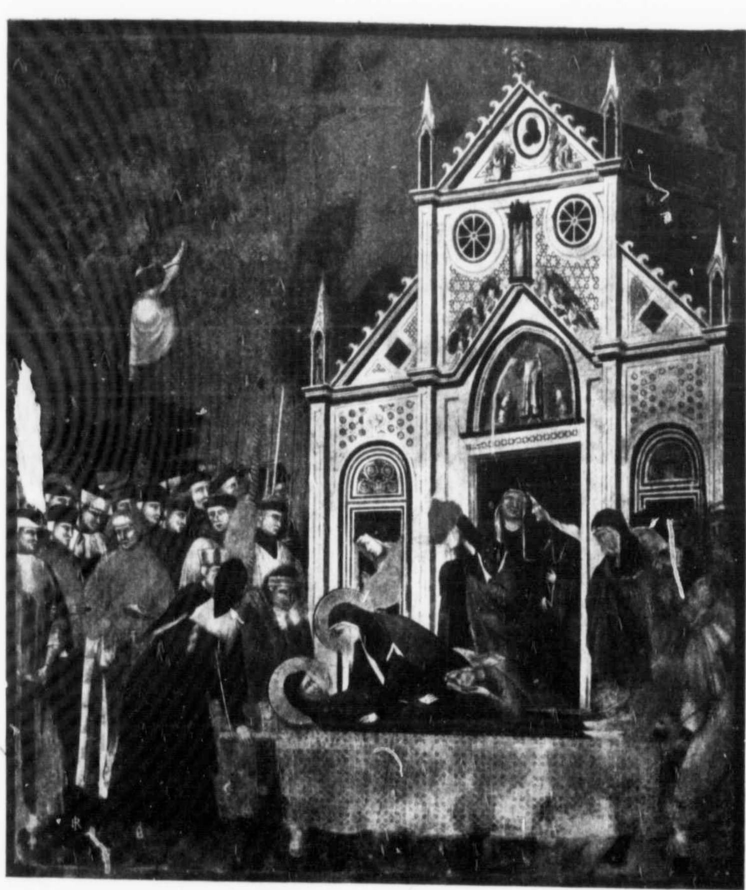
[1] This was the first "representation" of the kind in Italy, and is of interest as being the beginning of the Italian Drama, and also of that infinite series of allegorical pageants, sometimes sacred, sometimes secular, which for three centuries played such a prominent part in city life and affected Italian art very intimately.

solemnity of hymns and songs and divine offices, and with a multitude of torches and of candles lighted and with branches of trees in their hands; and with such solemnity going towards the city of Assisi and passing by the church of S. Damiano, in which stayed Clara the noble virgin who is to-day a saint on earth and in heaven, they rested there a little. She and her holy virgins were comforted to see and kiss that most holy body of their father the blessed Francis adorned with those holy stigmata and white and shining as has been said.

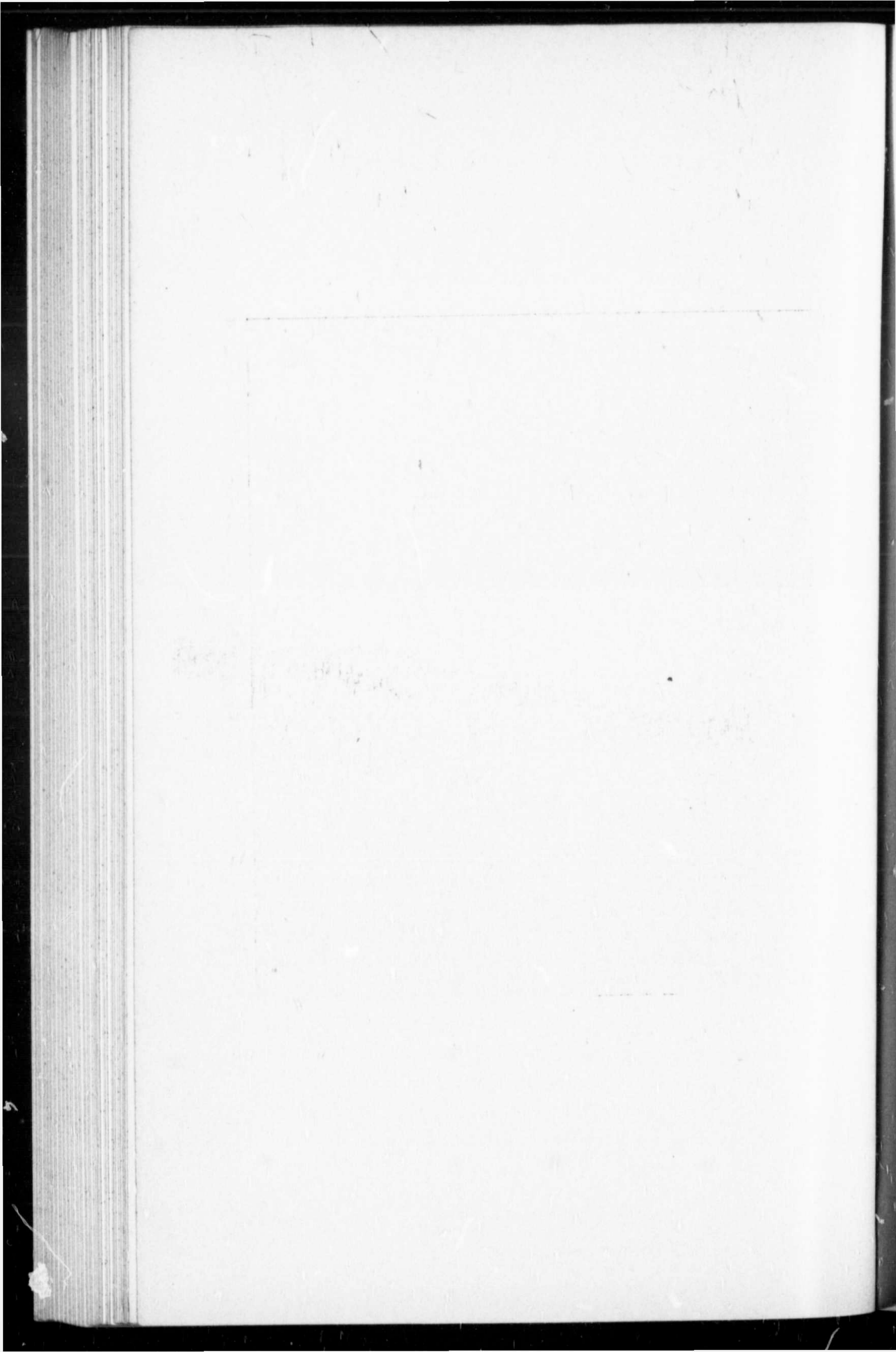
Bonaventura, we see, had already conceived the scene with such consummate artistic skill that it was, as it were, ready made for Giotto. He had only to translate that description into line and colour; and in doing so he has lost nothing of its beauty. Giotto, like Bonaventura, is apparently perfectly simple, perfectly direct and literal, and yet the result is in both cases a work of the rarest imaginative power. Nor is it easy to analyse its mysterious charm. Giotto was a great painter in the strictest and most technical sense of the word, but his technical perfection is not easily appreciated in these damaged works, and one cannot explain the effect this produces by any actual beauty of the surface quality of the painting; it depends rather on our perception, through the general disposition and action of the figures, of Giotto's attitude to life, of the instinctive rightness of feeling through which he was enabled to visualise the scene in its simplest and most inevitable form.

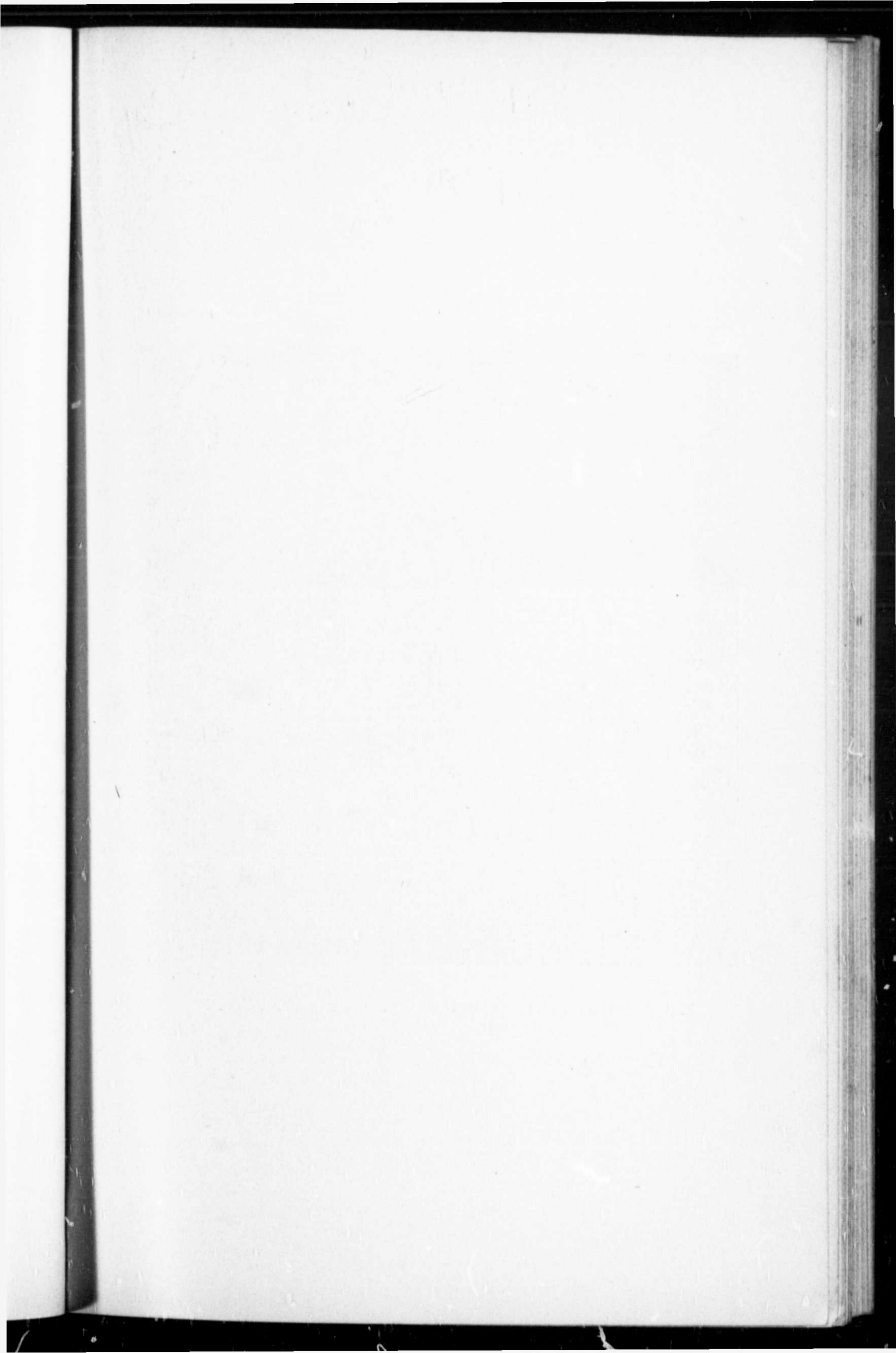
We come now to the three last frescoes of the series which show such marked differences from the rest, though some of the peculiarities, the minute hands and elegant features, appear in parts of some of the preceding frescoes, notably in our last: we may imagine that an assistant working under Giotto was, as the work progressed, given a larger and larger share in the execution, and finally carried out the three last frescoes alone. But this is pure hypothesis; all we can do at present is to note the difference not only of types, but even to some extent in the manner of conception, that they evince. One of them (Fig. 10) recounts the story of a woman of Benevento devoted to St. Francis, who died after forgetting one of her sins in her last confession. At the intercession of the dead Saint she was

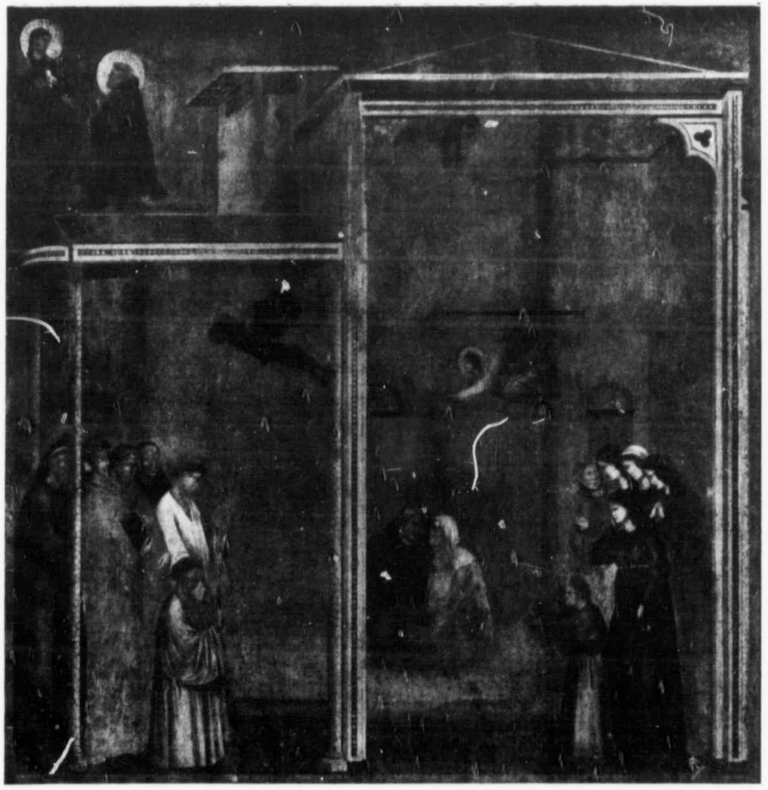


Anderson, Photo

Fig. 9.—St. Francis' body at S. Damiano. *Upper Church, Assisi*







Anderson, Photo

Fig. 10.—Dead Woman resuscitated by intercession of St. Francis
Upper Church, Assisi

allowed to come to life again, finish her confession, and so defeat of his prey the black devil who had already come for her soul. Here the whole spacing out of the composition indicates a peculiar feeling, very different from Giotto's. The artist crowds his figures into narrow, closely-packed groups, and leaves vast spaces of bare wall between. In this particular instance the result is very impressive ; it intensifies the supreme importance of the confession and emphasises the loneliness and isolation of the soul that has already once passed away. When we look at the individual figures the differences are even more striking; the long thin figures, the repetition of perpendicular lines, the want of variety in the poses of the heads, a certain timidity in the movements, the long masks, too big in proportion for the heads, the tiny elegant features, elongated necks, and minute hands—all these characteristics contrast with Giotto's tendency to massive proportions and easy expansive movements. Not that these figures have not great beauty; only it is of a recondite and exquisite kind. The artist that created these types must have loved what was sought out and precious; though living so long before Raphael, he must have been something of a pre-Raphaelite.

We have no clue to the identity of this pseudo-Giotto; he is quite distinct from Giotto's known pupils, and indeed may rather have been a contemporary artist who came under Giotto's influence than one trained by him. Besides the frescoes at Assisi, we are fortunate enough to possess one other picture by this interesting artist. It is a small altar-piece dedicated to St. Cecilia (Fig. 11), which hangs in the corridor of the Uffizi, and has been attributed both to Cimabue and to Giotto. The long Rossetti-like necks and heads, the poses, in which elegance is preferred to expressiveness, and the concentration of the figures so as to leave large empty spaces even in these small compositions, are sufficient grounds for attributing it to Giotto's fellow-worker at Assisi.

Roger E. Fry.

THE MODERN MOTHER

OH what a kiss
With filial passion overcharged is this!
To the misgiving breast
The child runs, as a child ne'er ran to rest
Upon the light heart and the unoppressed.

Unhoped, unsought!
A little tenderness, this mother thought
The utmost of her meed;
She looked for gratitude, content indeed
With thus much that her nine-years' love had bought.

Nay, even with less.
This mother, giver of life, death, peace, distress,
Desired ah! not so much
Thanks as forgiveness; and the passing touch
Expected, and the slight, the brief caress.

Oh, filial light,
Strong in these childish eyes, these new, these bright
Intelligible stars! Their rays
Are near the constant earth, guides in the maze,
Natural, wild, keen in the dusk of days.

ALICE MEYNELL.

TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER VII

THE MOMENT DRAWS NEAR.

NOT knowing your own mind, though generally referred to as an intellectual weakness and sometimes as a moral fault, is none the less now and then a pleasant state to live in for a while. There is a richness of possibility about it, a variety of prospects open, a choice of roads each in its own fashion attractive. Besides, you can always tell yourself that it is prudent to look all round the question and consider all alternatives. The pleasure, like most pleasures, is greater when it comes once in a way to a person unaccustomed to it. Janie Iver had been brought up to know her own mind; it was the eleventh commandment in the Iver household. Iver entertained the intellectual, his wife the moral objection to shilly-shallying; their daughter's training, while conducted with all kindness, had been eminently sensible, and early days had offered few temptations to stray from the path of the obviously desirable. The case was different now; riches brought a change, the world revealed its resources, life was spreading out its diverse wares. Janie was much puzzled as

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to what she ought to do, more as to what she wanted to do, most of all as to what she would in the end do—unless indeed the fact that she was puzzled continued to rank as the greatest puzzle of all.

Naturally the puzzles were personified—or the persons made into puzzles. Men became lives to her, as well as individuals—the Tristram, the Duplay, the Broadley life; her opinion of the life complicated her feeling towards the person. The Tristram life attracted her strongly, the life of the great lady; Harry had his fascination too; but she did not think that she and Harry would be very happy together, woman and man. She was loath to let him go, with all that he meant; perhaps she would have been secretly relieved if fate had taken him away from her. The Duplay life promised another sort of joy; the Major's experience was world-wide, his knowledge various, his conversation full of hints of the unexplored; she would be broadening her life if she identified it with his. Yet the Major was an approximate forty (on one side or the other), in a few years would seem rather old, and was not even now capable of raising a very strong sentiment; there, too, she would be taking rather the life than the man. Lastly, there was that quiet Broadley life, to be transformed in some degree, doubtless, by her wealth, but likely to remain in essentials the peaceful homely existence which she knew very well. It had little to set against the rival prospects; yet there was a feeling that in either of the other two existences she would miss something; and that something seemed to be Bob Broadley himself.

She found herself thinking, in terms superficially repugnant to convention, that she would like to pay long visits to the other men, but have Bob to come home to when she was inclined for rest and tranquillity. Her perplexity was not strange in itself, but it was strange and new to her; imbued with the parental views about shilly-shallying, she was angry with herself and inclined to be ashamed. The excuse she had made to Mina Zabriska did not acquit her in her own eyes.

Yet she was also interested, excited, and pleasantly awake to the importance which her indecision gave her.

Judged from the outside, she was not open to blame in her attitude towards Harry; he was not in love with her, and hardly pretended to be. She met him fairly on a friendly footing of business; he was the sinner in that, while what she offered was undoubtedly hers, what he proposed to give in return was only precariously his.

Nor had Duplay any cause of complaint in being kept waiting; he would be held exceedingly lucky not to be sent to the right-about instantly. But with Bob Broadley the matter was different. On the subtle question of what exactly constitutes "encouragement" (it is the technical term) in these cases it is not perhaps necessary to enter; but false hopes might, no doubt, arise from her visits to Mingham, from her habit of riding up the road by the river about the time when Bob would be likely to be riding down it, or of sauntering by the Pool on the days when he drove his gig into Blentmouth on business—all this being beyond and outside legitimate meetings at Fairholme itself. Unless she meant to marry him she might indeed raise hopes that were false.

Yes, but it did not seem as though she did. Bob was humble. She had tyrannised over him even before the Ivers grew so very rich. (They had begun in a small villa at Blentmouth—Miss Swinkerton lived there now.) It was natural that she should tyrannise still. He saw that she liked to meet him; grateful for friendship, he was incredulous of more. His disposition may plead in excuse for her; whatever she did, she would not disappoint a confident hope.

But she was always so glad to see him, and when she was with him, he was no perplexity, he was only her dear old friend. Well, and one thing besides—a man whom it was rather amusing to try to get a compliment out of, to try to torment into a manifestation of devotion; it was all there: Janie liked to lure it to the surface sometimes. But Bob was not even visibly miserable; he was always equable, even jolly,

with so much to say about his horses and his farm that sentiment did not always secure its fair share of the interview. Janie, not being sentimental either, liked all this even while it affronted her vanity.

"Send the gig home and stay and talk," she commanded, as he stopped by her on the road; he was returning from Blentmouth to Mingham and found her strolling by the Pool. "I want to speak to you."

He had his bailiff with him—they had been selling a cow—and left him to take the gig home. He shook hands with frank cordiality.

"That's awfully nice of you," he said. "What about?"

"Nothing in particular," said she. "Mayn't I want it just generally?"

"Oh, well, I thought you meant there was something special. I've sold the cow well, Miss Janie."

"Bother the cow! Why haven't you been to Fairholme?"

"Well, in fact, I'm not sure that Mr. Iver is death on seeing me there too often. But I shall turn up all right soon."

"Have you been going about anywhere?"

"No. Been up at Mingham most of the time."

"Isn't that rather lonely?"

"Lonely? Good Heavens, no! I've got too much to do."

Janie glanced at him; what was to be done with a man who treated provocative suggestions as though they were sincere questions? If he had not cared for her now! But she knew he did.

"Well, I've been very dull, anyhow. One never sees anybody fresh at Fairholme now. It's always either Mr. Tristram or Major Duplay."

"Well, I shouldn't be very fresh either, should I?" The names she mentioned drew no sign from him.

"I don't count you as a visitor at all—and they are visitors, I suppose." She seemed a little in doubt; yet both the gentle-

men, at any rate, were not presumably received as members of the family.

"I'll tell you what I've been thinking about," said Bob, speaking slowly, and apparently approaching a momentous announcement.

"Yes," she said, turning to him with interest, and watching his handsome open face; it was not a very clever face, but it was a very pleasant one; she enjoyed looking at it.

"I've been thinking that I'll sell the black horse, but I can't make up my mind whether to do it now or keep him through the summer and sell him when hunting begins. I don't know which would pay me best."

"That certainly is a very important question," remarked Janie with a wealth of sarcasm.

"Well, it gives me a lot of trouble, Miss Janie."

"Does it? And it doesn't interest me in the very—Yes, it does, Bob, very much. I'm sorry. Of course it does. Only——"

"Anything the matter with you?" Bob inquired with friendly solicitude.

"No—not just now. There never is, somehow, when I'm with you. And let's talk about the black horse—it'll be soothing. Is the price of oats a factor?"

Bob laughed a little, but did not proceed with the discussion. They sauntered on in silence for a few minutes, Bob taking out his tobacco.

"Worried, aren't you?" he asked, lighting his pipe.

"Yes," she answered shortly.

"Was that what you wanted to say to me?"

"No, of course not; as if I should talk to you about it!"

"Don't suppose you would, no. Still, we're friends, aren't we?"

"Do you feel friendly to me?"

"Friendly! Well—!" He laughed. "What do you think about it yourself?" he asked. "Look here, I don't bother you, but I'm here when you want me."

"When I want you?"

"I mean if I can do anything for you, or—or advise you. I don't think I'm a fool, you know."

"I'm really glad to hear you've got as far as that," she remarked rather tartly. "Your fault, Bob, is not thinking nearly enough of yourself."

"You'll soon change that, if you say much more." His pleasure in her implied praise was obvious, but he did not read a single word more into her speech than the words she uttered.

"And you are friendly to me—still?"

"It doesn't make any difference to me whether I see you or not——"

"What?" she cried. The next moment she was laughing. "Thanks, Bob, but—but you've a funny way of putting things sometimes." She laid her hand on his arm for a moment, sighing, "Dear old Bob!"

"Oh, you know what I mean," he said, puffing away. His healthy skin had flushed a trifle, but that was his only reply to her little caress.

"If—if I came to you some day and said I'd been a fool, or been made a fool of, and was very unhappy, and—and wanted comforting, would you still be nice to me?"

His answer came after a puff and a pause.

"Well, if you ever get like that, I should recommend you just to try me for what I'm worth," he said. Her eyes were fixed on his face, but he did not look at her. Some men would have seen in her appeal an opportunity of trying to win from her more than she was giving. The case did not present itself in that light to Bob Broadley. He did not press his own advantage, he hardly believed in it; and he had, besides, a vague idea that he would spoil for her the feeling she had if he greeted it with too much enthusiasm. What she wanted was a friend—a solid, possibly rather stolid, friend; with that commodity he was prepared to provide her. Any sign of agitation in her he answered and hoped to quiet by an increased calm in his own manner. The humblest of men have moments of

pride; it must be confessed that Bob thought he was behaving not only with proper feeling but also with considerable tact—a tact that was based on knowledge of women.

Interviews such as these—and they were not infrequent—formed a rather incongruous background, but also an undeniable relief, to the life Janie was leading at Fairholme. That seemed to have little concern with Bob Broadley and to be engrossed in the struggle between Harry and Duplay. Both men pressed on. Harry had not been scared away. Duplay would win without using his secret weapon, if he could. Each had his manner; Harry's constrained yet direct; the Major's more florid, more expressed in glances, compliments, and attentions. Neither had yet risked the decisive word. Janie was playing for delay. The Major seemed inclined to grant it her; he would make every step firm under him before he took another forward. But Harry grew impatient, was imperious in his calls on her time, and might face her with the demand for an answer any day. She could not explain how it was, but somehow his conduct seemed to be influenced by the progress of Lady Tristram's illness. She gathered this idea from words he let fall; perhaps his mother wanted to see the affair settled before she died. Duplay often spoke of the illness too; it could have no importance for him at least, she thought.

About Harry Tristram anyhow she was right. He was using to its full value his rival's chivalrous desire to make no movement during Lady Tristram's lifetime; he reckoned on it and meant to profit by it. The Major had indeed conveyed to him that the chivalry had its limits; even if that were so, Harry would be no worse off; and there was the chance that Duplay would not speak. A look of brutality would be given to any action of his while Lady Tristram lay dying; Harry hoped this aspect of his conduct would frighten him. At least it was worth risking. The doctors talked of two months more; Harry Tristram meant to be engaged before one of them was out. Could he be married before the second ran its course? Mrs. Iver would have scoffed at the idea, and Janie

shrunk from it. But a dying mother's appeal would count with almost irresistible strength in such a case; and Harry was sure of being furnished with this aid.

He came to Fairholme a day or two after Janie had talked with Bob Broadley. She was on the lawn; with her Mina Zabriska and a small, neat, elderly man, who was introduced to him as Mr. Jenkinson Neeld. Harry paid little attention to this insignificant person, and gave Mina no more than a careless shake of the hand and a good-humoured amused nod; he was not afraid of her any longer; she had done what harm she could. If she did anything more now it would be on his side. Else why had he shown her Lady Tristram? He claimed Janie and contrived to lead her to some chairs on the other side of the lawn.

"And that's Mr. Harry Tristram?" said Neeld, looking at him intently through his spectacles.

"Yes," said the Imp briefly; she was at the moment rather bored by Mr. Neeld.

"An interesting-looking young man."

"Yes, he's interesting." And she added a moment later. "You're having a good look at him, Mr. Neeld."

"Dear me, was I staring? I hope not. But—well, we've all heard of his mother, you know."

"I'm afraid the next thing we hear about her will be the last." What she had seen at Blent Hall was in her mind and she spoke sadly. "Mr. Tristram will succeed to his throne soon now."

Neeld looked at her as if he were about to speak, but he said nothing, and his eyes wandered back to Harry again.

"They're friends—Miss Iver and he?" he asked at last.

"Oh, it's no secret that he wants to marry her."

"And does she——?"

Mina laughed, not very naturally. "It's something to be Lady Tristram of Blent." She smiled to think how much more her words meant to herself than they could mean to her companion. She would have been amazed to find that Neeld

was thinking that she would not speak so lightly if she knew what he did.

Harry wanted to marry Janie Iver! With a sudden revulsion of feeling, Neeld wished himself far from Blentmouth. However, it was his duty to talk to this sharp little foreign woman, and he meant to try. A few polite questions brought him to the point of inquiring her nationality.

"Oh, we're Swiss—French Swiss. But I was born at Heidelberg. My mother lived there after my father died. My uncle—who lives with me—Major Duplay, is her brother; he was in the Swiss Service."

"A pleasant society at Heidelberg, I daresay?"

"Rather dull," said Mina. It seemed much the same at Blentmouth at the moment.

Iver strolled out from his study on to the lawn. He cast a glance towards his daughter and Harry, frowned slightly, and sat down on Mina's other side. He had a newspaper in his hand, and he held it up as he spoke to Neeld across Mina.

"Your book's promised for the 15th, I see, Neeld."

"Yes, it's to be out then."

Mina was delighted at being presented with a topic. Sometimes it is the most precious of gifts.

"Oh, Mr. Neeld, have you written a book? How interesting! What is it? A novel?"

"My dear Madame Zabriska!" murmured Neeld, feeling as if he were being made fun of. "And it's not really my book. I've only edited it."

"But that's just as good," Mina insisted amiably. "Do tell me what it is."

"Here you are, Mina. There's the full title and description for you. There's nothing else in the paper." Iver handed it to her with a stifled yawn. She read and turned to Neeld with a quick jerk of her head.

"'Journal and Correspondence of Josiah Cholderton'!" she repeated. "Oh, but—oh, but—well, that is curious! Why, we used to know Mr. Cholderton!"

"You knew Mr. Cholderton?" said Mr. Neeld in mild surprise. Then, with a recollection, he added, "Oh, at Heidelberg, I daresay? But you must have been a child?"

"Yes, I was. Does he talk about Heidelberg?"

"He mentions it once or twice." In spite of himself, Neeld began to feel that he was within measurable distance of getting on to difficult ground.

"What fun if he mentioned me! Oh, but of course he wouldn't say anything about a child of five!"

The slightest start ran through Neeld's figure; it passed unnoticed. He looked sharply at Mina Zabriska. She went on, in all innocence this time; she had no reason to think that Cholderton had been in possession of any secrets, and, if he had, it would not have occurred to her that he would record them.

"He knew my mother quite well; he used to come and see us. Does he mention her—Madame de Kries?"

There was a perceptible pause; then Neeld answered primly:

"I'm afraid you won't find your mother's name mentioned in Mr. Cholderton's Journal, Madame Zabriska."

"How horrid!" remarked Mina, greatly disappointed; she regarded Mr. Neeld with a new interest all the same.

They were both struck with this strange coincidence—as it seemed to them—though, in fact, that they should meet at Blentmouth was not properly a coincidence at all. There was nothing surprising about it; the same cause and similar impulses had brought them both there. The woman who lay dying at Blent and the young man who sat making love under the tree yonder—these, and no more far-fetched causes, had brought them both where they were. Mina knew the truth about herself, Neeld about himself; neither knew or guessed it about the other. Hence their wonder and their unreasonable feeling that there was something of a fate bringing them together in that place.

"You're sure he says nothing about us?" she urged.

"You'll not find a word," he replied, sticking to the form of

assertion that salved his conscience. He looked across the lawn again, but Janie and Harry had disappeared amongst the bushes.

"You're sort of old acquaintances at second-hand, then," said Iver, smiling. "Cholderton's the connecting link."

"He didn't like me," remarked Mina. "He used to call me the Imp."

"Yes, yes," said Neeld, in absent-minded acquiescence. "Yes, the Imp."

"You don't seem much surprised!" cried Mina in mock indignation.

"Surprised?" He started more violently. "Oh yes—I—I—Of course! I'm——" A laugh from his host spared him the effort of further apologies. But he was a good deal shaken; he had nearly betrayed his knowledge of the Imp. Indeed, he could not rid himself of the idea that there was a very inquisitive look in Madame Zabriska's large eyes.

Mina risked one more question, put very carelessly.

"I think he must have met Lady Tristram there once or twice. Does he say anything about her?"

"Not a word," said Neeld, grasping the nettle firmly this time.

Mina took another look at him, but he blinked resolutely behind his glasses.

"Well, it's just like Mr. Cholderton to leave out all the interesting things," she observed resignedly. "Only I wonder why you edit his book if it's like that, you know."

"Hullo, what's that?" exclaimed Iver, suddenly sitting up in his chair.

They heard the sound of a horse's galloping on the road outside. The noise of the hoofs stopped suddenly. They sat listening. In a minute or two the butler led a groom in the Tristram livery on to the lawn. He came quickly across to Iver, touching his hat.

"Beg pardon, sir, but could I see Mr. Tristram? I've an important message for him."

At the same moment Janie and Harry Tristram came out on to the grass. Harry saw the groom and was with them in a moment, Janie following.

"Well, Sam, what is it? You were riding hard."

"Her ladyship has had a relapse, sir, and Dr. Fryer ordered me to ride over and tell you at once. No time to lose, he said, sir."

"Did you bring a horse for me?"

"No, sir. But I'm riding Quilldriver."

"I'll go back on him. You can walk." He turned to the rest. "I must go at once," he said. "I don't know what this may mean."

"Not so bad as it sounds, I hope," said Iver. "But you'd best be off at once."

Harry included Mina and Mr. Neeld in one light nod, and walked briskly towards the gate, Iver and Janie accompanying him. Mina and Neeld were left together, and sat in silence some moments.

"It sounds as if she was dying," said Mina at last in a low voice.

"Yes, poor woman!"

"I saw her once lately. She was very beautiful, Mr. Neeld."

"Yes, yes, to her own great trouble, poor thing!"

"You knew about——?"

"Oh, everybody knew, Madame Zabriska."

"Yes, and now she's dying!" She turned to him, looking him fairly in the face. "And Harry'll be Tristram of Blent," she said.

"Yes," said Neeld. "He'll be Tristram of Blent."

Both fell into silence again, looking absently at the sunshine playing among the trees. They were not to share their secret just yet. A link was missing between them still.

Harry came to where the horse was, and stood there for a moment, while the groom altered the stirrups to suit him.

"It's the beginning of the end, if not the end itself," he said.

"Our earnest good wishes to her."

"My love," said Janie. Her father glanced quickly at her.

Harry jumped into the saddle, waved his hand to them, and started at a gallop for Blent. The groom, with another touch of his hat, trudged off in his master's track. Janie Iver stood looking as long as Harry was in sight.

"He won't spare the horse," said Iver.

"Well, he can't this time; and anyhow he wouldn't, if he wanted to get there." She took her father's arm and pressed it. "Father, Harry Tristram has just asked me to marry him. He said Lady Tristram wanted it settled before—before she died, or he wouldn't have spoken so soon."

"Well, Janie dear?"

"When the groom came, I had just told him that I would give him an answer in a week. But now!" She made a gesture with her free hand; it seemed to mean bewilderment. She could not tell what would happen now.

CHAPTER VIII

DUTY AND MR. NEELD.

WHEN Mina Zabriska brought back the news from Fairholme, and announced it with an intensity of significance which the sudden aggravation of an illness long known to be mortal hardly accounted for, Major Duplay grew very solemn. The moment for action approached, and the nearer it came, the less was the Major satisfied with his position and resources. The scene by the Pool had taught him that he would have a stiff fight. He had been hard hit by Harry's shrewd suggestion that he must ask Iver himself for the means of proving what he meant to tell Iver. The only alternative, however, was to procure money for the necessary investigations from his niece; and his niece, though comfortably off, was not rich. Nor was she any longer zealous in the cause. The Imp was sulky and

sullen with him, sorry she had ever touched the affair at all, ready, he suspected, to grasp at any excuse for letting it drop. This temper of her foreboded a refusal to open her purse. It was serious in another way. Of himself Duplay knew nothing; Mina was his only witness; her evidence, though really second-hand, was undoubtedly weighty; it would at least make inquiries necessary. But would she give it? Duplay was conscious that she was capable of turning round on him and declaring that she had made a blunder. If she did that, what would happen? Duplay was sure that Harry had formal proofs, good and valid *prima facie;* he would need Mina, money, and time to upset them. There were moments when the Major himself wished that he had relied on his own attractions, and not challenged Harry to battle on any issue save their respective power to win Janie Iver's affections. But it seemed too late to go back. Besides, he was in a rage with Harry; his defeat by the Pool rankled. Harry, as usual, had spared his enemy none of the bitterness of defeat; Duplay would now take pleasure in humbling him for the sake of the triumph itself, apart from its effects on the Ivers, father and daughter. But could he do it? He abode by the conclusion that he was bound to try, but he was not happy in it.

Harry's attitude would be simple. He would at the proper time produce his certificates, testifying to the death of Sir Randolph, the marriage of his parents, his own birth. The copies were in perfect order and duly authenticated; they were evidence in themselves; the originals could be had and would bear out the copies. All this had been well looked after, and Duplay did not doubt it. What had he to set against it? Only that the third certificate was false, and that somewhere—neither he nor even Mina knew where—bearing some dates—neither he nor Mina knew what—there must be two other certificates—one fatal to Harry's case as fixing his birth at an earlier date, the other throwing at least grave suspicion on it by recording a second ceremony of marriage. But where were these certificates? Conceivably they had been destroyed; that was not likely, but it was possible. At any rate, to find them

would need much time and some money. On reflection, the Major could not blame Harry for defying him by the Pool.

It will be seen that the information which Mina had gleaned from her mother, and filled in from her own childish recollection, was not so minute in the matter of dates as that which Madame de Kries had given at the time of the events to Mr. Cholderton, and which was now locked away in the drawer at Mr. Jenkinson Neeld's chambers. The Major would have been materially assisted by a sight of that document; it would have narrowed the necessary area of inquiry and given a definiteness to his assertions which must have carried added weight with Mr. Iver. As it was, he began to be convinced that Mina would decline to remember any dates even approximately, and this was all she had professed to do in her first disclosure. Duplay acknowledged that, as matters stood, the betting was in favour of his adversary.

Mina, being sulky, would not talk to her uncle; she could not talk to Janie Iver; she did not see Harry, and would not have dared to talk to him if she had. But it need hardly be said that she was dying to talk to somebody. With such matters on hand, she struggled against silence like soda-water against the cork. Merely to stare down at Blent and wonder what was happening there whetted a curiosity it could not satisfy. She felt out of the game, and the feeling was intolerable. As a last resort, in a last effort to keep in touch with it, although she had been warned that she would find nothing of interest to her in the volume, she telegraphed to a bookseller in London to send her Mr. Cholderton's Journal. It came the day after it was published, four days after she had made Mr. Neeld's acquaintance, and while Lady Tristram, contrary to expectation, still held death at arm's length and lay looking at her own picture. The next morning Neeld received a pressing invitation to go to tea at Merrion Lodge. Without a moment's hesitation he went; with him too all resolutions to know and to care nothing further about the matter vanished before the first chance of seeing more of it. And Mina had been Mina de Kries.

She received him in the library; the Journal lay on the table. Something had restored animation to her manner and malice to her eyes: those who knew her well would have conjectured that she saw her way to making somebody uncomfortable. But there was also an underlying nervousness which seemed to hint at something beyond. She began by flattering her visitor outrageously and indulging in a number of false statements regarding her delight with the Journal and the amusement and instruction she had gained from it; she even professed to have mastered the Hygroxeric Method, observing that a note by the Editor put the whole thing in a nutshell. Much pleased, yet vaguely disappointed, Mr. Neeld concluded that she had no more to say about the visit to Heidelberg.

The Imp turned over the pages leisurely while Neeld sipped his tea.

"I see you put little asterisk things where you leave out anything," she observed. "That's convenient, isn't it?"

"I think it's usual," said he.

"And another thing you do—Oh, you really are a splendid editor!—you put the date at the top of every page—even where Mr. Cholderton's entry runs over ever so many pages. He is rather long sometimes, isn't he?"

"I've always found the date at the top of the page a convenience in reading myself," said Mr. Neeld.

"Yes, it tells you just where you are—and where Mr. Cholderton was." She laughed a little. "Yes, look here, page 365, May 1875, he's at Berlin! Then there are some asterisks" —Mr. Neeld looked up from his tea—"and you turn over the page" (the Imp turned over with the air of a discoverer), "and you find him at Interlaken in—why, in August, Mr. Neeld!" An amiable surprise appeared on her face. "Where was he in between?" she asked.

"I—I suppose he stayed at Berlin."

"Oh, perhaps. No—look here. He says, 'I had not previously met Sir Silas Minting, as I left Berlin before he arrived in the beginning of June.'"

The Imp laid down the Journal, leant back in her chair, and regarded Neeld steadily.

"You told me right," she added; "I don't find any mention of my mother—nor of Heidelberg. It's rather funny that he doesn't mention Heidelberg."

She poured out a second cup of tea and—waited. The first part of her work was done. She had made Neeld very uncomfortable. "Because," she added, after she had given her previous remarks time to soak in, "between May and August 1875 is just about the time I remember him at Heidelberg—the time when he met Mrs. Fitzhubert, you know."

She nodded her head slightly towards the window, the window that looked down to the valley and gave a view of the house where Lady Tristram lay. Mina was keenly excited now. Had the Journal told Neeld anything? Was that the meaning of his asterisks?

"There was something about his visit to Heidelberg, but it contained nothing of public interest, Madame Zabriska, and in my discretion I omitted it."

"Why didn't you tell me that the other day? You gave me to understand that he only mentioned Heidelberg casually."

"I may have expressed myself——"

"And did he mention us?"

Neeld rose to his feet and took a turn up and down the room.

"In my discretion I left the passage out. I can answer no questions about it. Please don't press me, Madame Zabriska."

"I will know," she said excitedly, almost angrily.

Neeld came to a stand opposite her, deep perplexity expressing itself in his look and manner.

"Did he talk about us? Did he talk about Lady Tristram?"

"I am speaking to you, and to you only, Madame Zabriska?"

"Yes, yes—to me only."

"He did mention you, and he did speak of Lady Tristram."

"That's why you weren't surprised when I told you he called me the Imp!" She smiled a moment, and Neeld smiled too. But in an instant she was eager again. "And about Lady Tristram?"

"It was no use reprinting poor Lady Tristram's story." He sat down again, trying to look as though the subject were done with; but he rubbed his hands together nervously and would not meet Mina's eyes. There was a long pause; Mina rose, took the Journal, put it in the cupboard and turned the key on it. She came back and stood over him.

"You know?" she said. "It was in the Journal? I'm sure you know."

"Know what?" Mr. Neeld was fighting in the last ditch.

"But I don't want to tell you unless you know! No, I'm sure you know!"

"And do you know?"

"Yes, I know. My mother told me."

They understood one another now. Neeld made no further pretence.

"You mean about Harry Tristram?" he asked simply, but in a low voice.

"Yes. At first I didn't know what it meant to him. But I know now."

Neeld made no reply, and there was another moment of silence. Neeld wore a restless, timid, uneasy air, in strong contrast to the resolute intensity of Mina's manner; she seemed to have taken and to keep the upper hand of him.

"And you know what it would mean to him?" she asked.

Neeld nodded; of course he knew that.

"What are you going to do?"

He raised his hands and let them drop again in a confession that he did not know.

"I knew, and I told," she said. He started a little. "Yes, I told, because I was spiteful. I was the Imp! I've never

been happy since I told. Mr. Tristram knows I've told, though he denies there's anything in it. But he knows I've told. And still he's been kind to me." Her voice shook.

"You told? Whom did you tell?"

"Never mind—or guess, if you can. I shan't tell him any more. I shan't help him any more. I won't speak. I will not speak. I'm for Mr. Tristram. Thick and thin, I'm for Mr. Tristram now." She came a step nearer to him. "The man I told may try; but I don't think he can do much without us—without me and without you. If we keep quiet, no, he can't do much. Why should we tell? Is it our business? You suppressed it in the Journal. Can't you suppress it now?"

"The Ivers?" he stammered.

"The Ivers! What's it to the Ivers compared to what it is to him? It'll never come out. If it did—Oh, but it won't! It's life and death to him. And isn't it right? Isn't it justice? He's her son. This thing's just a horrible accident. Oh, if you'd heard him speak of Blent!" She paused a moment, rubbing her hand across her eyes. Then she threw herself back into her chair, asking again, "What are you going to do?"

He sat silent, thinking hard. It was not his business. Right and justice seemed, in some sense at least, on Harry's side. But the law is the law. And there were his friends the Ivers. In him there was no motive of self-interest such as had swayed Major Duplay and made his action seem rather ugly even to himself. Neeld owed loyalty and friendship; that was all. Was it loyal, was it friendly, to utter no word while friends were deceived? With what face would he greet Iver if the thing did come out afterwards? He debated with entire sincerity the point that Major Duplay had invoked in defence of himself against his conscience. On the other side was the strong sympathy which that story in the Journal had created in him since first he read it and realised its perverse little tragedy; and there was the thought of Lady Tristram dying down at Blent.

The long silence was broken by neither of them. Neeld was weighing his question; Mina had made her appeal and waited for an answer. The quiet of the book-lined room (there were the yellow-brown volumes from which Mina had acquired her lore!) was broken by a new voice. They both started to hear it, and turned alert faces to the window whence it came. Harry Tristram, in flannels and a straw hat, stood looking in.

"I've got an hour off," he explained, "so I walked up to thank you for the flowers. My mother liked them, and liked to have them from you." He saw Neeld, and greeted him courteously. "I asked her if I should give you her love, and she said yes—with her eyes, you know. She speaks mostly that way now. Well, she always did a good deal, I expect." His smile came on the last words.

"She sent her love to me?"

"Yes. I told her what you did one evening, and she liked that too."

"I hope Lady Tristram is—er—going on well?" asked Neeld.

"She doesn't suffer, thank you."

Mina invited him in; there was an appositeness in his coming which appealed to her, and she watched Neeld with covert eagerness.

Harry looked round the room, then vaulted over the sill.

"My uncle's playing golf with Mr. Iver," remarked Mina. "Tea?"

"No; too sick-roomy. I'm for nothing but strong drink now—and I've had some." He came to the middle of the room and stood between them, flinging his hat on the table where Mr. Cholderton's Journal had so lately lain. "My mother's an extraordinary woman," he went on, evidently so full of his thought that he must speak it out; "she's dying joyfully."

After an instant Mina asked, "Why?" Neeld was surprised at the baldness of the question, but Harry took it as natural.

"It's like going off guard—I mean, rather, off duty—to her, I think." He made the correction thoughtfully and with no

haste. "Life has always seemed rather like an obligation to do things you don't want to—not that she did them all—and now she's tired, she's glad to leave it to me. Only she wishes I was a bit better-looking, though she won't admit it. She couldn't stand a downright ugly man at Blent, you know. I've a sort of notion"—he seemed to forget Neeld, and looked at Mina for sympathy—"that she thinks she'll be able to come and have a look at Blent and me in it, all the same." His smile took a whimsical turn as he spoke of his mother's dying fancies.

Mina glanced at Mr. Neeld; was the picture visible to him that rose before her eyes—of the poor sprite coming eagerly, but turning sadly away when she saw a stranger enthroned at Blent, and knew not where to look for her homeless, landless son? Mina was not certain that she could safely credit Neeld with such a flight of imagination; still he was listening, and his eyes were very gentle behind his spectacles.

"The parson came to see her yesterday. He's not what you'd call an unusual man, Madame Zabriska; and she is an unusual woman, you know. It was—yes, it was amusing, and there's an end of it." He paused, and added, by way of excuse, "Oh, I know her so well, you see. She wouldn't be left alone with him; she wanted another sinner there."

Mina marked the change in him—the new expansiveness, the new appeal for sympathy. He had forgotten his suspicion and his watchfulness; she was inclined to say that he had forgotten himself. On her death-bed Addie Tristram had exerted her charm once more—and over her own son. Once more a man, whatever his own position, thought mainly of her—and that man was her son. Did Neeld see this? To Neeld it came as the strongest reinforcement to the feelings which bade him hold his peace. It seemed an appeal to him, straight from the death-bed in the valley below. Harry found the old gentleman's gaze fixed intently on him.

"I beg your pardon for troubling you with all this, Mr. Neeld," he said, relapsing rather into his defensive attitude. "Madame Zabriska knows my ways."

"No, I don't think I know this new way of yours at all," she objected. "But I like it, Mr. Tristram. I feel all you do. I have seen her." She turned to Neeld. "Oh, how I wish you had!" she cried.

Her earnestness stirred a little curiosity in Harry. He glanced with his old wariness at Neeld. But what could he see, save a kindly precise old gentleman, who was unimportant to him, but seemed interested in what he said. He turned back to Mina, asking—

"A new way of mine?"

"Well, not quite. You were rather like it once. But generally you've got a veil before your face. Or perhaps you're really changed!"

He thought for a moment. "Things change a man." And he added, "I'm only twenty-two."

"Yes, I know," she smiled, "though I constantly forget it all the same."

"Well, twenty-three come the twentieth of July," said he. His eyes were on hers, his characteristic smile on his lips. It was a challenge to her.

"I shan't forget the date," she answered, answering his look too. He sighed lightly; he was assured that she was with him.

The twentieth of July! The Editor of Mr. Cholderton's Journal sat by listening; he raised no voice in protest.

"I must get back," said Harry. "Walk with me to the dip of the hill."

With a glance of apology to Neeld, she followed him, and stepped out of the window; there were two steps at the side leading up to it. "I'll be back directly," she cried over her shoulder as she joined Harry Tristram. They walked to the gate which marked the end of the terrace on which Merrion stood.

"I'm so glad you came! You do believe in me now?" she asked.

"Yes, and I'm not afraid. But do you know—it seems incredible to me—I'm not thinking of that now. I shall again

directly, when it's over. But now—well, Blent won't seem much without my mother."

"She couldn't rest if you weren't there," cried Mina, throwing back the impression she had received, as her disposition made her.

"I haven't changed about that, but it will wait. Three days they say now—three days, or may be four, and then—she goes."

Together they stood, looking down. Mina's heart was very full. She was with the Tristrams indeed now, thick and thin; their cause seemed hers, their house must stand.

Harry turned to her suddenly.

"Say nothing of this to the Major. Let him alone; that's best. We'll see about all that afterwards. Good-bye."

"And—and the Ivers?" She could not restrain the question.

A slight frown came on his brow; he seemed to have no relish for the subject.

"Oh, that'll wait too," he said impatiently. He caught her by the arm as he had done once before. "If all they said was true, if what you think was true" (he smiled at her as he spoke), "I'd change with no man in England; remember that. If it comes to a fight and I'm beaten, remember that." And he ran down the hill.

Mina returned slowly to the library and found Neeld walking restlessly to and fro. For the moment they did not speak. Mina sat down and followed the old gentleman's figure in its restless pacing.

"You heard him about his mother?" she asked at last.

He nodded, but did not reply.

"You make all the difference," she blurted out after another pause.

Again he nodded, not ceasing his walk. For a minute or two longer Mina endured the suspense, though it seemed more than she could bear. Then she sprang up, ran to him, intercepted him, and caught hold of both his hands, arresting his progress with an eager imperious grip.

"Well?" she cried. "Well? What are you going to do?"

For a moment still he waited. Then he spoke deliberately.

"I can't consider it my duty to do anything, Madame Zabriska."

"Ah!" cried the Imp in shrill triumph, and she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him. She did not mind his putting it on the score of duty.

CHAPTER IX

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

In these days Janie Iver would have been lonely but for the Major's attentions. Her father had gone to London on business—showing, to Mr. Neeld's relief, no disposition to take the Journal with him to read on the way—Neeld was absurdly nervous about the Journal now. Her mother was engrossed in a notable scheme which Miss Swinkerton had started for the benefit of the poor of Blentmouth. Bible-readings, a savings-bank, and cottage-gardens were so inextricably mingled in it that the beneficiary, if she liked one, had to go in for them all. "Just my object," Miss Swinkerton would remark triumphantly as she set the flower-pots down on the Bibles, only to find that the bank-books had got stored away with the seed. Clearly Mrs. Iver, chief aide-de-camp, had no leisure. Harry was at Blent; no word and no sign came from him. Bob Broadley never made advances. The field was clear for the Major. Janie, grateful for his attentions, yet felt vaguely that he was more amusing as one of two attentive cavaliers than when he was her only resource. A sense of flatness came over her sometimes. In fact the centre of interest had shifted from her; she no longer held the stage; it was occupied now, for the few days she had still to live, by Lady Tristram. Moreover, Duplay was puzzling. Although not a girl who erected every attention or

every indication of liking into an obligation to propose matrimony, Janie knew that after a certain point things of this kind were supposed to go either forwards or backwards, not to remain *in statu quo.* If her own bearing towards Bob contradicted this general rule—well, that was an exceptional case. In Duplay's instance she could see nothing exceptional. She herself was not eager for a final issue; indeed that would probably be brought about in another way; but, knowing nothing of his diplomatic reasons for delay, she thought he ought to be. It is not very flattering when a gentleman takes too long over considering such a matter; a touch of impetuosity is more becoming. She would have preferred that he should need to be put off, and failed to understand why (if it may be so expressed) he put himself off from day to day.

But Duplay's reasons were, in fact, overwhelming. Lady Tristram lived still, and he had the grace to count that as the strongest motive for holding his hand. Harry's campaign was for the moment at a standstill; Duplay had no doubt he would resume it as soon as his mother was buried; on its apparent progress the Major's action would depend. It was just possible that he could defeat his enemy without his secret weapon; in that event he pictured himself writing a letter to Harry, half sorrowful, half magnanimous, in which he would leave that young man to settle matters with his conscience, and, for his own part, wash his hands of the whole affair. But his conviction was that there would come a critical moment at which he could go to Iver, not (as he must now) without any compelling reason, but in the guise of a friend who acts reluctantly yet under an imperious call. What would happen if he did? Victory, he used to repeat to himself. But often his heart sank. Mina was with him no more; he never thought of Neeld as a possible ally; Harry's position was strong. Among the reasons for inactivity which Duplay did not acknowledge to himself was the simple and common one that he was in his heart afraid to act. He meant to act, but he shrank from it and postponed the hour as long as he

could. Defeat would be very ignominious; and he could not deny that defeat was possible merely from want of means to carry on the war. When the Major recognised this fact he was filled with a sombre indignation at the inequalities of wealth, and at the ways of a world wherein not even Truth shall triumph unless she commands a big credit at the bank.

And Mina annoyed him intensely, assuming an aggrieved air, and hinting severe moral condemnation in every glance of her eye. She behaved for all the world as though the Major had begun the whole thing, and entirely ignored her own responsibility. She conveyed the view that he was the unscrupulous assailant, she the devoted defender, of the Tristrams. Such a *volte-face* as this was not only palpably unjust, it was altogether too nimble a bit of gymnastics for Duplay to appreciate. The general unreasonableness of woman was his only refuge; but the dogma could not bring understanding, much less consolation, with it.

"What did you tell me for, then?" he cried at last. "You were hot on it then. Now you say you won't help me, you'll have nothing more to do with it!"

"I only told it you as—as a remarkable circumstance," the Imp alleged, with a wanton disregard for truth.

"Nonsense, Mina. You were delighted to have a weapon against young Tristram then."

"I can't help it if you insist on misunderstanding me, uncle; and, anyhow, I suppose I can change my mind if I like, can't I?"

"No," he declared, "it's not fair to me. I can't make you out at all. You're not in love with Harry Tristram, are you?"

"With that boy?" asked Mina, attempting to be superb.

"That's women's old nonsense," observed Duplay, twirling his moustache knowingly. "They often fall in love with young men and always try to pass it off by calling them boys."

"Of course I haven't your experience, uncle," she rejoined, passing into the sarcastic vein.

"And if you are," he went on, reverting to the special case, "I don't see why you make his path smooth to Janie Iver."

"Some people are capable of self-sacrifice in their love."

"Yes, but I shouldn't think you'd be one of them," said the Major rather rudely. He looked at her curiously. Her interest in Harry was unmistakable, her championship of him had become thoroughgoing, fierce, and (to the Major's mind) utterly unscrupulous. Was he faced with a situation so startlingly changed? Did his niece object to turning Harry off his throne because she harboured a hope of sharing it with him? If that were so, and if the hope had any chance of becoming a reality, Duplay would have to reconsider his game. But what chance of success could there be? She would (he put it bluntly in his thoughts) only be making a fool of herself.

The Imp screwed up her little lean face into a grimace which served effectually to cover any sign of her real feelings. She neither admitted nor denied the charge levied against her. She was bewildering her uncle, and she found, as usual, a genuine pleasure in the pursuit. If she were also bewildering herself a little with her constant thoughts of Harry Tristram and her ardent championship of his cause, well, in the country, there is such a thing as being too peaceful, and up to the present time the confusion of feeling had been rather pleasant than painful.

"I don't really know what I feel," she remarked the next moment. "But you can read women, uncle, you've often said so, and I daresay you really know more about what I feel than I do myself." A grossness of innocence was her new assumption. "Now judging from what I do and look—that's the way to judge, isn't it, not from what I say?—what do you think my real inmost feelings are about Mr. Tristram?"

If the Major had been asked what his real inmost feelings about his niece were at the moment, he would have been at some difficulty to express them decorously. She was back at fifteen—a particularly exasperating child of fifteen. Her great eyes, with their mock gravity, were fixed on his irritated face. He would have agreed absolutely with Mr. Cholderton's estimate of the evil in her and of its proper remedy.

Wherein Duplay was derided his niece made very plain to

him; wherein his words had any effect was studiously concealed. Yet she repeated the words when he had, with a marked failure of temper, gone his way and slammed the door behind him. "In love with Harry Tristram!" Mina found the idea at once explanatory and picturesque. Why otherwise was she his champion? She paused (as they say) for a reply. How better could she draw to herself a part and a share in the undoubtedly romantic situation in which she grouped the facts of the case? By being in love with Harry she became part of the drama; and she complicated the drama most delightfully. Janie knew nothing—she knew everything. Janie hesitated—what if she did not hesitate? A big *rôle* opened before her eyes. What if it were very unlikely that Harry would reciprocate her proposed feelings? The Imp hesitated between a natural vexation and an artistic pleasure. Such a failure on his part would wound the woman, but it would add pathos to the play. She became almost sure that she could love Harry; she remained uncertain whether he should return the compliment. And, after all, to be Lady Tristram of Blent! That was attractive. Or (in case Harry suffered defeat) to be Lady Tristram of Blent in the sight of heaven (a polite and time-honoured way of describing an arrangement not recognised on earth, and quite adaptable to the present circumstances); that had a hardly less alluring, and at least a rarer, flavour. The Imp looked down on Blent with an access of interest. Monsieur Zabriska had left her with unexhausted reserves of feeling. Moreover, she could not be expected to help her uncle if she were seriously attached to Harry. The moral of all this for the Major was that it is unwise to suggest courses of action unless you are willing to see them carried out, or channels of emotion unless you are prepared to find them filled.

"Some people are capable of self-sacrifice in their love." That would mean being his champion still, and letting him marry Janie Iver. She did not object much to her own part, but she cavilled suddenly at Janie—or at Harry's relation to Janie. Would it be better to share adversity with him? Perhaps. But, after all, she did not fancy him in adversity.

The third course recommended itself—victory for him, but not Janie. Who then?

At this point Mina became sensible of no more than the vaguest visions, not at all convincing even to herself. By a sad deficiency of imagination, she could give no definiteness to a picture of Harry Tristram making love. He had never, to her mind, looked like it with Janie Iver, even while he had purported to be doing it. He never looked like it at all, not even as though he could do it. Stay, though! That new way of his, which she had marked when he came up the hill to thank her for the flowers, was an exception. But the new way had been for his mother's sake. Now, a man cannot be in love with his mother. The question grew more puzzling, more annoying, more engrossing still.

While full of these problems—refusing, indeed, to be anything else—Mina was surprised by a visit from Miss Swinkerton, who sought a subscription for the scheme of which an inadequate account has already been given. Miss Swinkerton (for some reason she was generally known as Miss S., a vulgar style of description possessing sometimes an inexplicable appropriateness) was fifty-five, tall and bony, the daughter of a rear-admiral, the sister of an archdeacon. She lived for good works and by gossip. Mina's sovereign (foreigners will not grasp the cheap additoinal handsomeness of a guinea) duly disbursed, conversation became general—that is to say, they talked about their neighbours.

"A hard young man," said Miss S. (Why be more genteel than her friends?) "And if Janie Iver thinks he's in love with her——"

"What do you mean by being in love, Miss Swinkerton?"

Miss Swinkerton had always been rather surprised, not to say hurt, when the Catechism asked for an explanation of what she meant by the Lord's Prayer. This question of Mina's was still more uncalled for.

"You know enough English, my dear——"

"It's not a question of English," interrupted Mina, "but of human nature, Miss Swinkerton."

"When I was a girl there were no such questions."

"What about Lady Tristram, then?"

There was flattery in this, ten or fifteen years of flattery. Miss S. was unmoved.

"I am happy to say that Lady Tristram never called at Seaview." Miss S.'s house was called Seaview—Sea-Backview would have been a more precise description.

"I call him in love with Janie Iver. He must want to marry her or——"

"They do say that money isn't very plentiful at Blent. And there'll be the Death Duties, you know."

"What are they?" asked Mina.

"Like stamps," explained Miss S. vaguely. "For my part, I think it's lucky he is what he is. There's been enough of falling in love in the Tristram family. If you ask me who is in love with her, of course it's poor young Broadley. Well, you know that, as you're always driving up to Mingham with her."

"We've only been three or four times, Miss Swinkerton."

"Six, I was told," observed Miss S. with an air of preferring accuracy. "Oh, I should be very pleased to see him married to Janie—Mr. Tristram, I mean, of course—but she mustn't expect too much, my dear. Where's your uncle?"

"At Fairholme, I expect," answered the Imp demurely. As a matter of fact the Major had gone to Exeter on a business errand.

"Fairholme?" Miss S.'s air was significant, Mina's falsehood rewarded. Mina threw out a smile; her visitor's pursed lips responded to it.

"He goes there a lot," pursued Mina, "to play golf with Mr. Iver."

"So I've heard." Her tone put the report in its proper place. To play golf indeed!

"I think Janie's rather fond of Mr. Tristram, anyhow." This was simply a feeler on Mina's part.

"Well, my dear, the position! Blent's been under a cloud —though people don't seem to mind that much nowadays, to be sure. But the new Lady Tristram! They've always been

the heads of the neighbourhood. She'll have him, no doubt, but as for being in love with him—well, could you, Madame Zabriska?"

"Yes," said the Imp without the least hesitation. "I think he's most attractive—mysterious, you know. I'm quite taken with him."

"He always looks at me as if I wanted to pick his pocket."

"Well, you generally do—for your charities." The laugh was confined to Mina herself. "But I know the manner you mean."

"Poor young man! I'm told he's very sensitive about his mother. That's it, perhaps." The guess was, at all events, as near as gossip generally gets to truth. "It would make him a very uncomfortable sort of husband though, even if one didn't mind having that kind of story in the family."

With a flash of surprise—really she had not been thinking about herself, in spite of her little attempts to mystify Miss S.—Mina caught that lady indulging in a very intent scrutiny of her, which gave an obvious point to her last words and paved the way (as it appeared in a moment) for a direct approach to the principal object of Miss S.'s visit. That this object did not come to the front till Miss S. was on her feet to go was quite characteristic.

"I'm really glad, my dear," she observed, hanging her silk bag on her arm, "to have had this talk with you. They do say such things, and now I shall be able to contradict them on the best authority."

"What do they say?"

"Well, I never repeat things; still I think perhaps you've a right to know. They do say that you're more interested in Harry Tristram than a mere neighbour would be, and—well, really I don't quite know how to put it."

"Oh, I do!" cried Mina, delightedly hitting the mark. "That uncle and I are working together, I suppose?"

"I don't listen to such gossip, but it comes to my ears," Miss S. admitted.

"What diplomatists we are!" said the Imp. "I didn't know we were so clever. But why do I take Janie to Mingham?"

"They'd say that Bob Broadley's no real danger, and if it *should* disgust Harry Tristram——"

"I am clever! Dear Miss Swinkerton, I never thought of anything half so good myself. I'll tell uncle about it directly."

Miss S. looked at her suspiciously. The innocence seemed very much overdone.

"I knew you'd laugh at it," she observed.

"I should do that even if it was true," said Mina, thoroughly enjoying herself.

Miss S. took her leave, quite undecided whether to announce on the best authority that the idea was true, or that it was quite unfounded. One thing only was certain: whatever she decided to say, she would say on the best authority. If it turned out incorrect in the end, Miss S. would take credit for an impenetrable discretion and an unswerving loyalty to the friends who had given her their confidence.

Mina was left very unquiet. Miss S. chimed in with the Major; the neighbourhood too seemed in the same tune. She could laugh at the ingenuities attributed to her, yet the notions which had given them birth found, as she perceived more and more clearly, a warrant in her feelings, if not in her conduct. Look at it how she would, she was wrapped up in Harry Tristram; she spent her days watching his fortunes, any wakeful hour of the night found her occupied in thinking of him. Was she a traitor to her friend Janie Iver? Was that treachery bringing her back, by a roundabout way, to a new alliance with her uncle? Did it involve treason to Harry himself? For certainly it was hard to go on helping him towards a marriage with Janie Iver.

"But I will all the same if he wants it," she exclaimed, as she paced about on the terrace, glancing now and then down at Blent. And again she stood aghast at the thorough-going devotion which such an attitude as that implied. "If only I could keep out of things!" she murmured. "But I never can."

Major Duplay drove up the hill in a Blentmouth station

fly; he had met the doctor on the road, and the news was that, in all probability Lady Tristram would not live out the night. The tidings gained added solemnity from Duplay's delivery of them, even though a larger share of his impressiveness was directed to the influence the event might have on his fortunes than to the event itself.

"Then we shall see. He'll assume the title, I suppose. That's no affair of mine. And then he'll go to Fairholme. That is." He turned suddenly, almost threateningly, upon her. "I hope you've come to your senses, Mina," said he. "You'll have to speak, you know. If I can't make you, Iver will." He paused and laughed. "But you'll speak fast enough when you find yourself in the lawyer's office."

Mina refused to be frightened by the threatened terrors of the law.

"Who's going to take me to a lawyer's office?" she demanded.

"Why, Iver will, of course." He showed contemptuous surprise. "Oh, you've gone too far to think you can get out of it now."

She studied him attentively for a moment or two. The result was reassuring; his blustering manner hid, she believed, a sinking heart.

"You can't frighten me, uncle. I've made up my mind what to do, and I shall do it."

She was not afraid of him now. She was wondering how she had come to be bullied into telling her secret at all, looking back with surprise to that scene in the library when, with sullen obedience and childish fear, she had obeyed his command to speak. Why was it all different now? Why was his attempt to take the same line with her not only a failure, but a ridiculous effort? She knew the angry answer he would give. Could she give any other answer herself? A new influence had come into her life. She had not ceased to be afraid, but she was afraid of somebody else. A domination was over her still, but it was no longer his. Like some turbulent little city of old Greece, she had made her revolution: the end had been to

saddle her with a new tyrant. There seemed no more use in denying it; the Major said it, Miss S. said it, the neighbourhood was all agreed. What she herself was most conscious of, and most oppressed by, was a sense of audacity. How dared she devote herself to Harry Tristram? He had asked nothing of her. No, but he had imposed something on her. She had volunteered for his service. It was indeed "woman's nonsense" when she spoke of him as "That Boy."

Duplay turned away from her, disheartened and disgusted. Things looked well for the enemy. He was alone with his unsupported story of a conversation which Mina would not repeat, with his empty purse which could supply no means of proving what he said. He ran the risk of losing what chance he had of Janie Iver's favour, and he was in sore peril of coming off second-best again in his wrestling-bout with Harry Tristram. The Man in Possession was strong. The perils that had seemed so threatening were passing away. Mina was devoted; Neeld would be silent. Who would there be who could effectively contest his claim, or oust him from his place? Thus secure, he would hardly need the cheque always by him. Yet he was a cautious wary young man. There was little doubt that he would still like to have the cheque by him, and that he would take the only means of getting it.

Now that the moment had come for which all his life had been a preparation, Harry Tristram had little reason to be afraid.

(*To be continued.*)