INVESTMENT, TRADE AND GAMBLING

THE British public suffers from intermittent paroxysms. Usually the fit is of short duration, and when it terminates the inert mass of public opinion sinks back from its transient mood of activity into the lethargy and indifference which it loves too well. The familiar phenomenon has recently been observed again in reference to the laws and usages of limited companies, and the status and functions of the Stock Exchange; and now having passed through the active and volcanic phase, we find the period of quiescence once more coming upon us.

It seems a pity that such impulses and motive forces die away too often before there has been time to yoke them to a practical use; or, when they are indicative of disease, before the determination to be rid of the disorder has taken definite shape.

Off and on for many years England has heard much angry discussion about companies promoters and the like, touched sometimes by the *furor politicus*. Last year Parliament passed another Companies' Act of slight importance—slight because it deals mainly with the evils of the past; and the public having taken this sedative can now sleep in peace. But whilst the mood lasted, there were mob-like shoutings in the press—marred unfortunately in some cases by political bias. Reputable people spoke as if to be a member of the Stock Exchange was as the sin of witchcraft, an unholy and illicit trafficking with

the Evil One; as if merely to be the director of a public company created a taint in the blood, a modern attainder, which not only incapacitated the unfortunate being from every form of public service, but was, like leprosy, ineradicable when once acquired; or, again, as if to have been concerned with a speculative undertaking, was, in itself, a crime against society, success in which was a proof of blood-guiltiness, and failure evidence of a yet more criminal folly.

Now, that the present system of public companies is exposed to evil influences, enough and to spare, we should be the last to deny. We hope to touch lightly on some, but by no means all, later on. But this wild unreasoning spirit of vituperation, and undiscriminating mob-law, or press-law, are in many cases cruel to the individual, and defeat their own ends in consequence of their very injustice. Let us therefore take advantage of the present lull to consider calmly what are the elements of the situation, and what is the test by which we may ascertain the rights and the wrongs of the case.

Broadly speaking it may be said that the modern system of public companies, with its corollary the Stock Exchange, constitutes a vast "money market," the particular aspect of money with which it is concerned being the medium for the transfer of capital or power. In the older theory of economics, capital with its opportunity of encouraging one industry, or discouraging another, was regarded as altogether fluid. In fact much of it is not so; but the present system of public companies gives to such capital as is not fixed the utmost elasticity and mobility of which it is capable. The Stock Exchange is not essential for that purpose; nor is it the only agency of the kind. In former days the principal agency was the banking fraternity. But under modern conditions of commercial life that is not sufficient; and to-day, throughout the world, the existence of stock exchanges and public companies enables the small capitalist, according to his means, to select the particular industry or undertaking which he prefers to encourage and from which he desires to derive profit. The system meets in

this way a requirement of modern times, and represents in commerce the evolution of democracy. It brings with it the advantage that the small capitalist is enabled to participate directly in the profits derived from the use of his capital, instead of allowing the bulk (or the whole) of that profit to be acquired by his banker, or some trader to whom his capital may have been advanced by the bank. In other words he receives a direct personal share in the benefits which are derived by society as a whole from his having saved, over and above such advantage as he may receive *qua* member of society.

Assuming then that the present system will be maintained in its broad outlines for many years, what is it that may be described as its legitimate function? In our view its proper object is to stimulate and facilitate enterprise by increasing the activity of money, and affording to the greatest number of the public an opportunity of participating in, and influencing, industry. Primarily this opportunity is placed before the public when a limited company is by prospectus offering its shares for subscription; and when once an investor has received his allotment of shares, no doubt it is true that a definite amount of free capital thereby becomes fixed, whether those shares remain in his name or not. But, in a secondary degree and indirectly, the investor who purchases on the market shares of an already-established company also helps to influence the direction in which capital flows, although for present purposes it will be sufficient to deal with the original flotation of the company.

What then is the process of flotation? It is a sale to the general public or such of them as respond to the invitation in the prospectus. The vendors and promoters constitute as it were the manufacturers of an article which the public require; that is, they manufacture easily transferable interests in commercial enterprises. Now manufacturers are subject to the ordinary motives influencing mankind, and manufacturers of shares may, like the rest, produce and sell a worthy or a worth-

less article. It is not the class of article which they manufacture which is the unhallowed thing, nor are they tainted by the fact that they participate in the process of manufacture, either as promoters or vendors. It is the quality of the particular article which is the test. But under present conditions the creators of shares are peculiarly exposed to two temptations: The first that they should foist off upon a more or less gullible public an article which is intrinsically worthless, and known by the promoters so to be; and the second, that when selling something which has value they should demand too high a price, or, in technical language, "over-capitalise." To both these influences promoters succumb; and owing to the peculiar disadvantages under which an investor must labour it is generally felt that buyer and seller are not on equal terms, that there is no real freedom of contract, and that the promoter ought to be treated as being under some fiduciary obligation towards the investing public. At the present moment it is the latter of the two dangers which has been attracting most attention, namely, "over-capitalisation." The notorious collapse of many of the Hooley undertakings was a symptom of this evil; and the same feature is visible in some of the concerns floated by the London and Globe Corporation. In the case of that company there was a further disquieting feature, the intervention by a large company in some of the least satisfactory operations of the stock-jobber.

But before discussing that point we desire to complete an outline of the procedure affecting stocks and shares. No sooner have the processes of manufacture been completed, and the product sold to the original allottees, than the ordinary functions of stock-broker and stock-jobber come into use. Practically, although not in theory or in law, the stock-broker is the tradesman or shopkeeper for shares. He is the person to whom the general public must go, if they wish to buy. True it is that in law he is an agent merely, that he does not specialise, that each broker is a universal provider of shares, and that he will not only provide, but dispose of, shares of any

kind for a member of the public. But for our purpose it is sufficient to say that his primary and appropriate function is to act as the middleman, the intermediary between the public on the one side and the merchant or dealer on the other; and for this service he receives as his legitimate reward a commission or percentage.

The stock-jobber, on the other hand, is the merchant or dealer to whom our tradesman (or broker) goes if he wishes to effect a bargain for his customer. Now the jobber is a specialist. Each one confines, or should confine, himself to specified classes of security which he is always more or less willing to buy or sell, and which ought to receive his careful study. The jobber's remuneration is not, like that of the broker, a fixed commission, but depends upon the difference between the price at which he buys and the price at which he sells. Like any other merchant he endeavours always to sell at a higher price than he has paid, or *vice versâ*. In securing that difference of price he finds his reward and livelihood. The function which he performs in the machinery of exchange is of service to the community. He provides an easily-accessible market-place at which the public, through the brokers, can buy or sell; and by concentrating all transactions in the one market, and thereby eliminating or averaging any abnormal considerations, he helps to keep prices steady and avoid erratic fluctuations of value. He may, of course, endeavour to create "corners" or artificially adjusted values, or otherwise misuse the opportunities of his position; but for the moment we are regarding his essential function. Now, as will readily be seen, the intrinsic value of the commodity which he is engaged in transferring is of no great importance to him personally. All that he knows is that one person wishes to sell and another is willing to buy, and that he receives a reward or profit for mediating or effecting the twofold transaction; or his judgment may be at fault and he may have to sell at a loss. He tends therefore to look *solely* at the market values, and the possibility of his being able to secure his margin of

profit. An astute man of sound judgment may prove remarkably successful in assessing his chances and making his bargains; and if he is also bold, or deals in some security which is subject to large fluctuations, he may by a successful stroke achieve a very dramatic reward. Therein lies his temptation and danger; and so long as he is matching his wits solely against members of the Stock Exchange, and there is no unfair manipulation of the market, the danger is one for himself and his fellows alone, and the issue rather a matter of domestic concern on the Stock Exchange than of general interest.

In recent years, however, a gradual change has come over public opinion in regard to investments, a change which makes the stock-jobbing view with regard to them a matter of wider concern. First of all, the broker, not content with his small and steady commission for the performance of his legitimate duty, is often tempted to emulate the jobber, and, without performing any such useful function as that of the legitimate jobber, to engage in what he calls "a flutter," to speculate for the rise or fall, to be in the language of the market "a bull" or "a bear," on the chance of achieving some successful stroke. Next, the man in the street, unwilling that gentlemen of the Stock Exchange should have a monopoly of these dazzling profits, begins to compete with them and match his information, judgment, or purse against those of the specialists in the game. From this his broker, who receives a commission each time he buys or sells, is not likely to deter him; and it may be assumed that the more active he is in popping in and out of his investments the more he will tacitly or expressly be encouraged by his agent. The total result is this, that step by step a larger and larger number of the investing public absorb the stock-jobbing view with regard to investments, and look more and more to the possibility of snatching a profit, and less and less to the permanence or intrinsic worth of the investment which they are about to make.

Reverting now to the formation of public companies, it will readily be seen how this prevailing tendency amongst

investors affords peculiar opportunities to the company promoter. A large class of migratory investors has grown up, who care very little about real values but very much about the value on the market, who are quite content to apply for shares which they know to be of less value than the promoter demands, and who are not in any way deceived or defrauded, but invest with open eyes on the chance of getting out subsequently at a profit. To these birds of passage the paramount question is not "Am I getting a good security?" but "Can I snatch a premium before I make my flight?" Thus to a large number of the original investors over-capitalisation becomes of comparatively little moment, except in so far as it affects their prospects of profit and loss in a jobbing experiment; and, inasmuch as the unsophisticated public is inclined to view big figures as in themselves an evidence of worth, it is probable that over-capitalisation, even when effected with the candour which was displayed in some of Mr. Hooley's prospectuses, is far from being any disadvantage to the regular premium-hunter. This migrant investor, who is often a broker or jobber, then slips out of the company, preferably at a profit, and some other member of the investing public gets "landed" with the shares.

Now in our view the special evil of the day lies not so much in the cupidity and rascality of promoters, or the gullibility of ignorant investors (neither of which class is of very modern origin), as in the fact that the general public and the brokers, instead of adhering to their appropriate functions, are now eager to grasp at the reward which normally belongs to the jobber, without themselves performing any of the useful functions in return for which he is legitimately entitled to a reward. In one aspect this springs from the prevailing spirit of the times, which hopes to enjoy the fruits, pleasures, and rewards properly resulting from toil, skill, or abstinence, without paying the price or accepting some corresponding duty. It might in that respect be compared to one aspect of gambling or betting. But the inner significance of it is we

think very different; and just because it is a perversion of that which might be an influence of real service to society it inflicts all the greater damage upon our commercial life.

For what are the classes of undertaking in which the investor may place his money? A very rough classification would indicate three groups. There is the investment which is more or less secure, the income derived from which is small but practically assured, the capital value of which is not likely to be seriously affected, and which for sake of brevity we will describe as a "security." Then there is what may properly be called a "speculation," a risk in which the chance of failure is abnormally great, but in which the hope of phenomenal success invariably appears. In between these two classes there lies a group which partakes of the nature of each, and is aptly described as an "adventurous investment," something which possesses both the quasi-permanence of an investment and also some of the risks and possibilities of the speculation. Such a classification is, of course, a very rough one and there are infinite gradations and variations of type within these broad limits.

Now to our mind one of the gravest evils of English commercial life to-day, an evil which seems likely to throttle much of the natural energy and resource of the English trader, is the wrong choice which is now being made by the general investing public as between these three classes of investment. The tendency is more and more to select the two extremes, the "security" and the "speculation," and to avoid that which offers the best hope of national progress and development, the "adventurous investment."

This is not a question of right- or wrong-dealing by members of the Stock Exchange, or of shady practices by promoters, important though such questions may be within their spheres; it is rather a matter which touches the thought and action of a great part of the middle-class, and for which they are chiefly responsible. Parents providing for their families, trustees of settlements, and the somewhat pharisaical

beings who scorn the notion of a Stock Exchange transaction, gradually lock up more and more capital in "securities," and run no risks. Even the permeation of society by the stock-jobbing view helps to accentuate the process: First, by frightening those who are respectable away from anything which savours of speculation by attaching the stigma of gambling to ventures which possess the element of risk at all; and, secondly, by inducing even speculators to place some portion of their money in such "securities" partly as a guarantee against absolute ruin, and partly because they like to have their capital in some form in which it can be realised easily and diverted at need into a more profitable channel; so they too join the throng of people who buy safe "securities."

But the admirably characteristic British notion of a perfectly secure smug middle-class minimum of comfort or luxury does not exhaust the impulses and desires of the British nature. Deep-seated in the fibre of our being there is a love of sport, a pleasure in danger for its own sake; a spirit of adventure and willingness to take risks; a delight derived from mere achievement of a purpose; a fascination in matching one's skill, energy, wit, or judgment against some one else; an exhilaration in the act itself, and a subtle joy in the success. This instinct finds some scope even in investments. So long as the game is not indulged in at the expense of the community, or to the ruin of one's neighbour, and so long as it is not played with loaded dice, or by one whose obligations forbid him to take the risk, there may in one aspect be no great harm in it. But since, as we have said, the stock-jobbing view pervades the investing mind, and it is the mere "speculation" which offers in a special degree the conditions of financial adventure, it happens that to an ever-increasing degree the speculation pure and simple allures a large portion of the free capital of the country. Mingled with this there is often the itching desire to be rich at all hazards, and to enjoy the luxuries of life; but we think that the above is not an unfair statement of the influences at work. Added to this is the fact that every year more and more of

the well-established commercial undertakings in the country are converted into limited companies. Managers and directors of such concerns who might, prior to their taking in the public as partners, have been prepared occasionally to take trade risks above the average, in the hope of personal reward arising therefrom, become less anxious to accept such a responsibility. They know that if a venture turns out badly their reputation will suffer gravely, and that from their point of view it is better to pursue the hum-drum course, and see a gradually declining trade, than run any risk of exposing their co-partners to severe loss and themselves to the vituperation of disappointed shareholders or the sometimes spiteful attacks of an anonymous press. Therefore, even in perfectly sound undertakings, the spirit of commercial enterprise tends to be choked; and the original object of the Companies Act, viz., the encouragement of industrial undertakings such as individuals or small groups could not easily carry on, is now being defeated by the operation of those very Acts themselves.

This we regard as the grave evil. The spirit of adventure has been directed into the barren channel of mere speculation of a stock-jobbing nature, where it can result in little fruit, instead of pursuing the more fertile and nationally beneficial course of the adventurous investment. As a matter of fact, it is in the intelligent foresight of public needs, in the acceptance of fair commercial hazards, in enterprise and activity in spheres which are new, either geographically or in the sense of creating new wants, that the hope of English commerce must lie. But such hazards imply the chance of failure; and to-day public opinion, dealing out as it does a wild undiscriminating justice, and blind to all but the fact of failure or success, deters the honest man of solid judgment and enterprise, who has a reputation which he values, from embarking upon any venturesome hazard with the money of shareholders, or from accepting the responsibility of a director in any company of which the future is problematical. Thus it is that capital abstains from adventurous investments, that the soundest

commercial intellect of the day is directed not so much to the task of guiding new ventures as to bolstering up the old ones on old lines, and commercial enterprise begins to wane.

What then is the remedy for this? The answer is not easy. As may be gathered, the evil, in our opinion, is not one which can be righted by mechanical means, or one in which legislation alone can avail very much. At the root it springs from an intellectual and moral change; and it is to the intellectual and moral perceptions that the appeal must be made. A sounder, more observant, and more discriminating judgment must be cultivated and expressed. Public opinion must not, out of mere laziness or haziness of thought, confound the healthy enterprise with the pure speculation. The doctrine must be preached that the adventurous investment is the truly patriotic form of using capital; that in the creation of new industries and new ventures lies the hope of our nation; that he is not a gambler who accepts his risk in an investment like a man and abides by it, fairly making his choice; but that every member of the investing public who yields to the stock-jobbing ideal of seizing a turn on the market, with the "Devil take the hindmost" notion in his mind, is doing what he can to sap our national pre-eminence, and corrupting the commercial integrity upon which as a nation and empire we depend.

ON THE LINE

The Girl at the Half-Way House. By E. Hough. (Heinemann. 4*s.* net.)—The Day of War, the Day of the Buffalo, the Day of the Cattle, the Day of the Plough, are the last four of the days which went to the creation of America. The author is filled with the consciousness of the great work in hand, and succeeds in giving his men and women not only life but something of the heroic air and movement. From the storming of the trenches before Louisberg in chapter ii. to the surrender of Mary Ellen in the tram-car on the last page, neither the story nor the characters ever fall below themselves. Of course the hero and heroine, though quite satisfactory, are not the pick of the basket: that place is undoubtedly reserved for Battersleigh, formerly "lance-sergeant in the ould Tinth Rigiment," and now pioneer, speculator, and uncrowned king of Ellisville, the town at the end of the trail. "Never yet was Batty without the arms and the appar'l of a gintleman": and if only for the way in which this boast was maintained on the occasion of "The First Ball at Ellisville," he deserves to be remembered no less than Captain Costigan himself.

The very air of the North breathes fresh and strong in the lovely tales **From a Swedish Homestead,** by Selma Lagerlöf. (Heinemann. 6*s.*)—Rare is this fragrance of a foreign land around us whilst we read; few writers—at most but one or two of those acquainted with human nature—

give it us. Who has not opened a book by Tolstoi, or—to come down in the scale—by Maarten Maartens, with a feeling of mingled relief and disappointment that Russians and the Dutch should be (except in the trifling matter of names) just as much like the English as the Romans in "Julius Cæsar" are? There are no Englishmen, no Englishwomen here; all are of the far North, Northerners. We are carried over sea at once by the weird pathetic story of the young mad gentleman, of the girl who was buried alive. There is a singular touch of Ibsen in the description of "Mistress Sorrow"—"an old lady in a long black velvet cloak, with many small capes on the shoulders," concealing bat's wings and the large cracked claw at the end of her long finger. She is truly of the kin of the horrible Rat-Wife; she awakens shuddering. The marvellous beauty of the tale that follows will make older people doubt whether even De la Motte Fouqué, as he appeared to them at fifteen, possessed a greater charm. Italy and the Middle Ages rise at the spell. The strange modern feeling of Christianity towards a ghost shines out in "Old Agnete." Venice lies all about us in "The Fisherman's Ring." "Our Lord and St. Peter" and "The Flight into Egypt" are both exquisite, and the parable of "The Empress's Money-Chest" will come home to hearts other than those of the workmen at Charleroi. There is deep and subtle power in the study of the mother who never loved her child till it was dead. It is a pity that such a book must come to us in a translation.

In spite of the date of the book, 1827–1830, **The Journal of Mrs. Fenton**—(Arnold. 8*s.* 6*d.* net)—is as near, as familiar, as the Swedish Homestead is remote. There are so many Mrs. Fentons; surely there must be one in almost every family in England. She might be anybody's great-aunt, everybody's fourth cousin. She married first a captain called Campbell, next a captain called Fenton, and she had a baby called Flora. She went to India with the first captain in 1826,

and to the Isle de France and Australia with the second very soon afterwards. She preferred the society of gentlemen to that of "females," and she remarks with charming *naïveté* how pretty every one thought her, how much her fine complexion was admired, and her beautiful hair. She is always endeavouring, apparently without the slightest success, to restrain the tears which gush from her eyes; she calls the stars "beautiful orbs," she says "It was ever thus," and she drops into poetry with the ease of one who could, as she informs us, express herself "better in verse than in prose." She was a great admirer of Mrs. Hemans, who "is, to my taste, the Sappho of English poetry, but dignified by a lofty and pure imagination which Sappho never knew"; and she is rather severe on people who are not endowed with so much sensibility as herself: "What strange and varying feelings sweep the hidden chords of the human heart, and here George sits smoking as calmly as a Turk!" "What a pity it is so few people are original!" says she; and without a single original thought she contrives to be entertaining from the first page to the last. She gives no clear idea of the people amongst whom she lived. From the native who "said he had read the Bible, which was a very pretty book written by Lindley Murray, containing true stories, of which he chiefly admired Noah," to the great Havelock, who fell fast asleep behind a row of chairs one evening, an offence she did not forgive, they are introduced merely because for a moment they served or amused this fragile little wandering princess. She paints her landscapes in the delicate, leisurely, old-fashioned style. "Look at that party of women coming over the bank with those classical-shaped water-pots on their heads! See what graceful figures in their own peculiar costume, how elegantly they walk! What Englishwoman could descend through that broken ground with such antelope steps? Then see that immense elephant crossing the river with his rider waving that slender branch which is enough to guide him." After the death of her first husband she becomes a perfect Niobe. Her marriage with Fenton did not avail to stem the

torrent of her tears—Fenton seems to have bullied her into it, though he did everything she wished without the least hesitation, ever after—but the baby brought consolation. "My child! What a flood of new emotions the very name produces! It appears as if I never *felt* or loved till now." But the "infant," after the usual manner of infants, ended the journal.

My Experiences of the Boer War. By Count Sternberg. (Longmans. 5*s.* net.)—This may not be a great book, but to readers of this REVIEW it can hardly fail to be interesting. That part of it which deals with the art of war in general strenuously endeavours to controvert such views as those put forward in our February number by Lieut.-Col. Maude, and held as of faith all over the Continent. According to Count Sternberg,

> the modern rifle, with its immense range and rapidity of fire, and smokeless powder, have completely upset the old principles of tactics. . . . While in the wars of the past an energetic offensive has led to victory, in the wars of the future it will lead to destruction.

As for cavalry, it is "not for charging," but must be converted into mounted infantry, armed not with sword or lance, but with rifle and bayonet. The argument is well worth reading. The other point for us is the author's account of the English soldier—officer or private—who, in Count Sternberg's opinion, is the Happy Warrior we endeavoured to describe in the same number above mentioned.

> I may count myself fortunate . . . to have finished my expedition as a prisoner, and so to have had the opportunity of seeing this splendid army under various conditions. . . . The tone among the officers was . . . *noblesse oblige.*
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> When I think of the English officers my heart grows weary. Men who are decimated, shot down like rabbits at a drive, and still remain so kind-hearted and so chivalrous, show themselves to have the right blood in their veins
>
> I can only repeat that the English officers and the English soldiers have shown in this war that the profession of arms does not debase, but rather ennobles man. . . . The war has had its good side, and I think I may say that never has a war been fought in so civilised a manner.

The Count is further of opinion that conscription is likely to prove fatal from a military as well as a social point of view: that a smaller voluntary army will defeat larger armies of conscripts; and that in Africa "no Continental army would have done better than the English with the same or even somewhat larger numbers."

First on the Antarctic Continent. By C. E. Borchgrevink. (Newnes. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)—This is hardly in the same rank with Dr. Nansen's famous book, but it is a very interesting record and admirably illustrated from photographs. Of the members of the expedition we are not told much that is characteristic; but the dogs, the Finns, and the penguins are delightful throughout. Ninety dogs were taken, some being Siberians and some Greenlanders, and their masters were devoted to them. Many puppies were born and throve in spite of the temperature and exposure. When one of them died,

> real was the grief depicted in Fougner's face. We found out later that . . . he had picked and dug in the frozen rocky ground until he had found a suitable last resting-place for his puppy, . . . and put a pole in it as a mark. . . . He blushingly remarked that he had done it out of consideration for the other dogs. "They might have eaten my puppy," he said, "and become ill themselves."

The idea was not altogether unfounded:

> Often during gales the dogs killed each other and ate their dead comrades. . . . They seemed with one accord to boycott a single dog for days and weeks. . . . Then driven by hunger, or forgetting for the moment . . . he might show himself . . . on the ice. Off went the other dogs like wolves . . . and before any one could help it he was torn into pieces.

The Finns—Savio and Must—were most attractive companions. On one occasion they risked their lives to save a dog. When one of the crew died, before he was buried by his fellows, "the two Finns, according to their wish, held a Lappish service—standing with bent heads in the cold, singing and talking to Mr. Hanson's dead body." On other occasions they played at "Sakko"—a kind of chess—a Finn game, full of remarkable

formalities. "These two shouted and jumped during their game."

The penguins make their nests of stones, but are too clever to bring their materials up from the seashore. They waited till "the pebble supply came down to the peninsula from the top of the cape, driven by the furious gales," and some robbed their unwary neighbours, like common rooks. Many of them sat for their portraits, which are excellent.

In Tuscany. By Montgomery Carmichael. (Murray. 9*s.* net.)—The author of this book unmistakably enjoyed writing it, and whether by way of reminiscence or anticipation he has succeeded in conveying to the reader some of his own delight in a fascinating people and their country. His Italy is not the Italy of the cheap trip—return tickets to any one town, five nights in an hotel, and perambulatory lectures—nor the Italy of exclusive culture and art pilgrimages. It is a living world, modern as well as ancient and mediæval, with trades, baths, politics, games, religion, literature and State lotteries all in going order. A particularly good chapter is that on the national game *Pallone;* another gives the history of Orbetello. "Everything about this singular place is singular and unique."

To its other wonders and memories might be added the cutting-out feats of Sir Peter Parker in 1811, and the saving of Garibaldi's Sicilian expedition by powder supplies obtained from the Spanish magazine, of which Mr. Carmichael gives a picture.

The Relief of Kumasi. By Captain H. C. J. Biss. (Methuen. 6*s.*)—It seems a pity that Lady Hodgson had not read this book before she published her own on the same subject.

To me [she says] it seems strange that, as the situation at Kumasi was known to the officer commanding the relief column, operations were not hurried on, and the difficulties due to weather, the state of the roads, and

fatigue overcome at once. . . . Why was there so long a halt at Prahsu, which is certainly not the most pleasant of places to spend a fortnight at?

Over and above the initial necessity of collecting food, ammunition and carriers (p. 52) the mere difficulties of the road were enormous. Towards the end, when nearing Kumasi,

we struggled along [says Captain Biss], holding on to each other in the inky forest-darkness. Nothing broke the deathlike silence, save the dropping of water from the trees overhead, and the squelch of filthy mud churned by three thousand feet. Soaked with rain, the column was forced at times to wade waist deep in water. The exhausted carriers fell out by dozens, one even died.

As for the fighting, it was magnificent, but at first resulted only in a succession of reverses which "would have daunted any man not possessed of the indomitable pluck of our Commandant. With him it was otherwise; he only laboured on the harder." When the advance guard at Kwisa was joined, "one's first impressions were that one had walked into a field hospital by mistake. Every third man one saw had some part of him tied up." The casualties of the expedition are believed to have made a record; out of 152 Europeans, 9 (all officers) were killed in action, 7 died from disease, 52 were wounded, and 54 invalided from wounds and sickness. The casualties of the native force (Sikhs and Hausas) were nearly 800 out of 2804, besides 102 who died of disease.

The book is simply written, but inspiriting and suggestive. The meaning of Empire is strikingly illustrated by such passages as these:

British soldiers were at this time out of the question on account of the war in South Africa.

. . . the Transvaal War was the chief reason why this particular time was selected by them. Their enormous stores of arms and ammunition testify to the rising having been long premeditated.

On the 22nd we were all delighted to hear of the relief of Mafeking (by wire at Ogbomoso!)

We heard (at Prahsu), for the first time, of the war in China and the advance on Peking of the Allied forces.

The "weary Titan" is still afoot, it seems, and reaches her

goal somehow. "I will personally," wrote Sir James Willcocks, "relieve Kumasi by that date, *under any circumstances.*"

My Autobiography: a Fragment. By the Right Hon. Professor F. Max Müller. (Longmans. 12*s.* 6*d.*)—A good autobiography is probably the most difficult of all books to write, but Mr. Max Müller possessed a temperament admirably suited to make such a success possible. He has woven into this fragment many of the threads which went to make up the charm remembered so vividly by generations of Oxford men: the *naïveté*, the sunny thankfulness, the intellectual keenness, the childlike sympathy and absence of self-consciousness. He is himself on every page: nowhere more so than on page 41.

> I suppose we all remember how the sight of a wound of a fellow creature, nay even of a dog, gives us a sharp twitch in the same part of our own body. That bodily sympathy has never left me, I suffer from it even now as I did seventy years ago. And is there anybody who has not felt his eyes moisten at the sudden happiness of his friends? All this seems to me to account, to a certain extent at least, for that feeling of identity with so-called strangers, which came to me from my earliest days, and has returned again with renewed strength in my old age.

It is unnecessary to lay stress upon the romantic aspect of a career which began under many disadvantages in the miniature capital of a small German Duchy and ended in Oxford after the attainment of a world-wide reputation and a seat at the Privy Council. Happily Mr. Max Müller was free from those common British feelings which too often take half the interest out of a great life by concealing the humbleness of its origin: he does not describe his father, the poet Wilhelm Müller, as "Son and heir of W. Müller, Esq.," after the fashion of Burke, but says frankly:

> My father's father, whom I never knew, seems not to have been distinguished in any way. He was, however, a useful tradesman and a respected citizen of Dessau, and, as I see, the founder of the first lending library in that small town.

It is clear, however, from the history of his son and grandson, and from the delicacy and refinement proved by the portraits in this volume, that there was plenty of good blood in the "useful tradesman's" family.

The book is full of learning and of genial humour: it throws interesting sidelights upon the transformation of the University and upon the Oxford Movement; and it contains an unusually frank and complete statement of the writer's own faith. We hope that it may give to many who did not know him personally some insight into the charm of character which endeared him to the multitude of his friends.

Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century. By George Paston. (Grant Richards. 7*s.* 6*d.*)—The author of this charming, scholarly and unpretentious volume invites us to meet "a little company of men and women" consisting of "two *Grandes dames* of the Second George's Court," Lady Hertford and Lady Pomfret, "a poet-playwright who dabbled in diplomacy," namely, Richard Cumberland, "an aristocratic *déclassée*," Lady Craven, "an ex-shoemaker turned bookseller," the fickle James Lackington, "a Highland lady with literary proclivities," no other than Mrs. Grant of Laggan, author of "Letters from the Mountains," and, last of all, the distinguished scholar, poor John Tweddell. In a preface of commendable brevity and point we are introduced to this well-assorted company by the statement that they all belonged to the genus "self-revealer."

Mr. Paston gives us 380 pages of excellent matter, concise and lucid, where he allows himself some modest space for comment or explanation, and, where his originals are speaking for themselves, sufficiently diffuse to remind us agreeably of the century to which all alike belonged. Indeed, the casual reader who opens the book, as casual readers will, towards the end, would perhaps be inclined to shut it for ever after digesting one of John Tweddell's portentous love-letters. But if he will but turn back to the story of James Lackington he will find

himself in a middle-class *milieu* of that century as little known as it is absorbing in its interest. As Mr. Paston says (p. 225): "... we cannot but be struck by the almost total absence of documents dealing, at first hand, with the trading and labouring classes of the period." He might have added that we know too little of those mediocrities who had not the *entrée* to Strawberry Hill. Is there anything in all Horace Walpole's letters more discerning or more humorous than Mrs. Grant's account of her visit to some relations at Perth (p. 253)? She complains that her hostesses were

> too civil to let us alone, too desirous of entertaining to hold their tongues for a moment, too observant to let us look serious without asking why we were so dull, or out of the window without taxing us with being wearied of them. In short, we did not *get our elbows on the tea-table* while we stayed.

The Meaning of Good. By G. Lowes Dickinson. (Maclehose. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)—This little book sets out with a rich old-fashioned programme that reminds us of "Friends in Council" or of William Smith's "Thorndale." A number of old friends, some of whom have not met for years, come together in a Swiss hotel and discuss philosophical problems on its terrace. Their theme is the meaning of good, and they try to discover it by dialectics. Every point of view is represented except the orthodox. The Idealist, the Biologist, the advocate of Hegel and pure Reason, the disciple of Walt Whitman, the practical man, the Utilitarian politician, and the Cynic who believes in nothing but physical sensation—all these are to be found among the company. They centre round the Socrates of the party—the man who marshals and sifts their thoughts and ends by giving them his own creed as the best answer he can find to the problem they are debating.

In turn he carries the thought of each to its logical conclusion. The Hegelian, with his abstract good, gives him the most trouble; but perhaps he is at his best when he disposes of the Cui Bono theory, or of the Utilitarian's conception of good as the greatest happiness of the greatest number. On

the whole, the scientific Biologist comes off the worst in the investigation, and the Walt Whitmanite the best. The only drawback in the Symposium is that the Socrates is only like his prototype in his position, and does not dominate the rest, or leave us secure in his authority. The final solution might as well come from any mouth as from his. That solution, he indicates, lies in the life of the personal affections—affections extended to as many of our fellow creatures as possible. Knowledge and Art, contends this follower of Browning, are only necessary steps in the Evolution of Love: the heart alone makes them fruitful.

The dream with which the discussion ends will be congenial to many, though perhaps not to experts in metaphysics. But the book is a compound of poetry and philosophy, and was written rather for the parlour than the study. It is, at all events, suggestive, and that is saying a great deal.

The Papacy in the XIXth Century. By Friedrich Nippold, translated by Laurence Henry Schwab. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10*s.* 6*d.*)—The most cogent among the many reasons which lead us to welcome the publication of this powerful book is that it may help to mitigate the ignorance of Continental Christianity, which is largely responsible for the two extreme tendencies in our own Church—the hankering after unity which, since 1870, can only be purchased by an impossible sacrifice, and the violent prejudice against things good or indifferent in themselves, which would have been exploited in the political interest at the last General Election had it not been for the war in South Africa.

The central purpose of the book is to emphasise the distinction between Papalism and Catholicism. At the same time the writer has successfully illustrated and maintained the importance of the Catholic ideal as a corrective to the individualism of the Protestant schools of thought. There are grounds for suspecting that this latter positive purpose has been to some extent obscured by the form which the translator has

given to Herr Nippold's original volume. But in any case the appreciation of the courageous work of Döllinger and others of the Old-Catholic school is a valuable feature of the work. As Nippold says (p. 167):

> The sacrifice which these enthusiastic representatives of the Catholic Church ideal made for their faith has never been appreciated at its full value by Protestants.

The form of the book is chronological, but it gains rather than loses by this in coherence and lucidity. The progressive concentration of absolute power in the Holy See is traced in a series of chapters, beginning with the Restoration of Pius VII. and of the Jesuits in 1814, and ending with the first Vatican Council in 1870. There is a note of deep tragedy in the account given of the preparations for this last fatal step. The chapters dealing with the Council and with the consequences of the dogma of Infallibility are the most masterly and, it should be added, the most temperate in the book. There is also a lucid and sympathetic study of the Oxford Movement, to which attention will naturally be directed in this country.

The Body of Christ. By Charles Gore, D.D. (Murray. 6*s.*)—This is a treatise to be read but not to be talked about: "silence is our best wisdom" here, and we shall do no more than recommend the book in the most general, but at the same time in the strongest terms. Canon Gore tells us in his preface that this work "is in part the result of an attempt to clear up my own thoughts on eucharistic subjects in view of the 'Round Table Conference' at Fulham." It is no secret that his wide learning, his sympathetic attitude and clearness of view rendered exceptional service to the members of that conference; and the same qualities appear no less strikingly in these pages. The professed controversialist will, no doubt, continue to care for none of these things, but those of all shades of opinion, who are interested in Christianity as a part of the practical life of the world, will find their best sympathies

met and their best hopes confirmed in this deeply suggestive volume, for it treats not only of the "Devotional Unanimity" of Christendom, but of "the power which belongs to the deepest human ideas, to grow with man's growth, and not to become antiquated."

The Rockies of Canada. By Walter Dwight Wilcox. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—This reincarnation of "Camping in the Canadian Rockies" will be welcome to many. It has long been evident—at least to the Alpine Club—that as a field for exploration and first ascents Switzerland must soon be played out. Of the snowy ranges remaining there can be no doubt that the Rockies are best suited to the needs of the more ordinary climber. They are, to begin with, fairly accessible—there are plenty of virgin peaks within a day's march of the rail; they are extremely beautiful, and lie in a country full of interesting people, with abundant opportunities for sport of the most genuine kind —the sport of primitive man—dinner-hunting; of the size and abundance of the trout we cannot bring ourselves to speak. The beauty of air, water, snow and rock in this wonderful country is here shown in the only possible way, by forty photographic pictures of unusual perfection. Mount Assiniboine, and in a lesser degree Mount Sir Donald, show a very remarkable resemblance to the Matterhorn; but a comparison of all the principal peaks in Switzerland and Canada would apparently go decidedly in favour of the Rockies, though their average height would be less. The real difference, however, is a more vital one: the Swiss ascent is a matter of, at the most, thirty-six hours from hotel to hotel; the Canadian explorer pitches his camp fifty times in two months, and lives on the trail with a miniature army corps of ponies, Indians, and "packers." Of Bill Peyto, the packer, a portrait is given, which is to our mind the finest picture in the book. Best of all, perhaps, is chapter xv., on the Indians. One tribe of these—the Stony Indians—seem to be the ideal braves

of Fenimore Cooper and our childhood. "The Stonies are exceptionally faithful; they cannot be tempted to steal; they are true to their word, and, more incredible still, they have an abhorrence of alcohol." They are also renowned in war, marvellous on the trail, friendly to the white man, fond of learning, religious and contented; and—rare and happy climax—they appear to be actually increasing slightly in numbers.

Deirdre Wed. By Herbert Trench. (Methuen. 5*s.*)—We have, it seems, one more poet than we knew—maker or finder of an Irish legend, which he tells in varied and masculine verse. Deirdre, a captive from the elf-mounds, was to wed the great king Connachar, but fled an hour before with young Naois, one of the sons of Usnach:

> Look now outside thy door, O Connachar!
> The black oak with the vision-dripping boughs
> Whose foot is in thy fathers' blood of pride
> Stagger'd as I came up in the night-blast.
> In vain it stretches anger to the sky:
> It cannot keep the white moon from escape
> To sail the tempest; nor O King canst thou!

The fourth canto is the story of their wedding on the islet:

> The slender hazels ask'd the Yew like night
> Beside the river-green of Lisnacaun,
> "Who is this woman beautiful as light
> Sitting in dolour on thy branchèd lawn;
> With sun-red hair, entangled as with flight,
> Sheening the knees up to her bosom drawn?
> What horses mud-besprent so thirstily
> Bellying the hush pools with their nostrils wide?"
> And the Yew, old as the long mountain side,
> Answer'd, "I saw her hither with Clan Usnach ride."

From here to the end all is beautiful, and we could quote from every page. But those who love romantic and heroic poetry will read for themselves.

FIELD GUNS

II. THE CASE AGAINST THOSE ORDERED IN GERMANY

WE drew attention on a recent occasion (THE MONTHLY REVIEW, December 1901) to the fact that the War Office had placed large orders for field material with a small metallurgic firm in Germany. Orders of this nature (except on an experimental scale) are recognised as unpatriotic, humiliating, and illicit, for any first-class Power, so that it was natural that those responsible for them should have carefully concealed what had been done, and equally natural that comment should follow when the transaction became known.

A question was raised in the German Reichstag as to how far the supply of such material was compatible with neutrality; and in the English House of Commons the Secretary of State for War was asked (December 14, 1900) to explain the circumstances under which the order was given. Mr. Brodrick replied, in substance, that a severe crisis had forced the Government to give large and urgent orders for field material; that the resources of the only two English firms who supply armaments were exhausted, and so the War Office had to give part of the work to Germany; that the Germans had delivered their material while the English were still hopelessly in arrears; and finally that he could give no pledge that further orders would not be placed abroad.

Now, we hold no brief for the English firms in question, and are no more inclined to find excuses for their shortcomings in the matter of delivery than we are to find excuses for the improvidence and supineness of the War Office which has brought the country to so necessitous a condition. But the suggestion by a responsible Minister that the resources of English manufacture had been exhausted by an order for some two hundred field guns seems to us so misleading, and under present circumstances so peculiarly mischievous, as to warrant a serious attempt to rebut it. Could anything be more damaging to our manufacturing reputation in the eyes of Europe than that the Secretary of State for War should admit that after three months of a second-rate war he was at the end of his resources, and had to turn to Germany for help?

And first it may be well to clear the way by stating that the sources upon which the Government can draw for war material are three: the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, the manufactories of Messrs. Vickers at Sheffield, Barrow, and Erith, and of Messrs. Armstrong at Newcastle and Manchester. Though the number of cannon-makers is thus limited because the capital and the technical experience involved in such works are enormous, their capacity of output is much greater than might be supposed, for Armstrong's works are undoubtedly larger and better equipped than the Royal Arsenal, and Vickers have not shrunk in the last few years from a prodigious outlay in putting themselves on an equal footing with their rivals.

We have no hesitation in saying that the capacity of Woolwich, in conjunction with the properly used capacity of these two firms, is more than sufficient to meet any needs of this country, even at a time of the greatest pressure. But there is reason in all things, and extravagant and impossible demands may very easily make the most ample resources appear inadequate. The best of watch-makers cannot make a watch in five minutes, no matter what stock of gold or mainsprings he may have prepared, no matter what amount of fine machinery he may have laid down. Yet this is what the War Office expects.

For a quarter of a century Woolwich has kept the supply of field material entirely in its own hands; we do not believe that half a dozen batteries have been ordered from outside contractors in the last generation. "Why should we go to outsiders when we can do the work ourselves?" is the War Office argument; but even assuming that the Arsenal can furnish the ordinary peace supply (and experience has shown how inadequate a supply will pass muster), it is patent to every one that it will always need the help of outside firms in case of war. But that help, to be effective, is very largely a question of plant and practice; and common prudence would suggest that manufacturers should be induced to hold themselves in readiness for immediate supply by some system of continuity of orders (on however modest a scale) to be given in peace time. It is unreasonable to expect a large plant for making field material to be kept always ready, but always idle, when an outside order for an English field gun is rarer than snow in harvest.

Crises have been the politician's excuse for ill-advised and unconstitutional action ever since the world began; and if we refrain from saying that the present crisis has been intensified, if not brought about, by the improvidence of those who now use it as an excuse, we only do so on the broad principle of not flogging a dead horse. For years past manufacturers ought to have been trained up in the way they should go; for years past reserve stores of material should have been established and kept constantly replenished; and it is unfair to disparage English production and say its resources are exhausted because it cannot make good in a moment the deficiencies of a decade.

We are far from saying that exceptional circumstances do not sometimes justify exceptional measures; and given a sufficiently critical position, it might obviously become the duty of those in authority to buy material from a foreign country. But to justify such a course it should be clear, first, that the material which it is proposed to purchase is good, and secondly, that similar material could not be supplied equally quickly from

home sources. In the present instance there is reason to believe that neither of these conditions has been fulfilled.

In comparing the promptitude of the German delivery with the delay of the English, the Secretary for War let it be supposed (no doubt unintentionally) that the material supplied was of the same quality and model in both instances, and that the conditions of supply were identical. But this was not so, and the comparison lacks all value in consequence. The German carriage was of a much more easily-made type, and the conditions of supply were wholly to the disadvantage of the English maker.

It is as well to premise that the designs of the English carriage are prepared in the Woolwich Arsenal, and issued to the contractor. He must work to them, and cannot work at all till he gets them; while the German maker is entirely free from such trammels, and supplies his own pattern. This difference, which very seriously affects the question, was pointed out in a letter written to the *Times* (in issue of January 5, 1901) by Sir Andrew Noble, chairman of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Company. The order for a certain number of batteries was given to his firm, he says, late in January,

> But it is sufficient, to show the difficulties with which we had to contend, to mention that the model of the breech block from which our tools and gauges had to be made (a work which would occupy five or six weeks) was only received by us on June 2, and that no less than forty-six drawings of details, either original or alterations to previous designs, were received by us between July 1 and the middle of September, the date at which we commenced to deliver.

We do not know whether such delays in the issue of Government drawings are customary. We hope not; for they seem to point to a vacillation and capricious change of detail not usually associated with technical confidence; but in the present instance at least they must be taken as having severely handicapped the English output. Thus, while it might be inferred from the House of Commons statement that both English and German makers received their orders at

the same time, and were free to proceed with them from that instant, it appears that in reality certain important drawings were not forthcoming for the English makers, and that, as regards such a presumably vital point as the breech mechanism, their hands were tied for nearly six months after the order was received.

A second essential difference in the conditions of contract will be found in the system of inspection pursued during manufacture. In England a certain number of artillery officers are specially detailed to superintend the manufacture of War Office material in private works. They reside on the spot, go day by day to the factory, and are allowed access at any time to any building where Government work is being carried on. The whole of the rough material is examined by them, and pieces cut off and subjected to certain mechanical tests defined in the contract. If the material fail at test, even by the smallest amount, it is rejected, and new must be obtained, with a corresponding delay. If the material pass the test, the inspector punches his mark of approval upon it; and until this mark is applied no work can be done on any given piece. Should processes of manufacture, such as turning or planing, threaten afterwards to remove this mark, the inspector must be awaited, so that he may transfer it to another part of the article, where it will not be interfered with. During the actual building up, other tests are required; until at last the gun or carriage is sent to Woolwich to pass its final examination. Here, if any discrepancy with the standard pattern is detected, the article stands rejected until such discrepancy has been adjusted. We have been at some pains to obtain opinions of the delay caused by these most useful precautions, and estimates agree very closely in considering that some 40 per cent. to 50 per cent. is thus added to the time required for completion. Manufacturers have tried, time out of mind, to shake off these fetters, characterising inspection as arbitrary, pedantic or antiquated, with many other adjectives which none know better how to use than the public-spirited gun-maker; but the common sense of the

Government has hitherto prevailed in keeping up an absolutely essential precaution.

In the case of the foreign order, these regulations were dispensed with. There was no waiting for Government drawings, no testing of rough material, no standard pattern as an ultimate criterion. Mr. Brodrick's advisers forgot to tell him that English producers were thus handicapped to the extent of 50 per cent. of the time of manufacture; but experience with the German material has shown that a rigid inspection can by no means be neglected with impunity.

In turning from the differences of the conditions under which the English and German equipments were supplied to the actual differences between the equipments themselves, we shall venture to give some very short descriptions, accompanied by outline sketches.

Of the guns themselves we have little to say, because the question of the moment is the rapidity of manufacture, and it is the carriage and not the gun that is the measure or determining factor in the date of delivery.

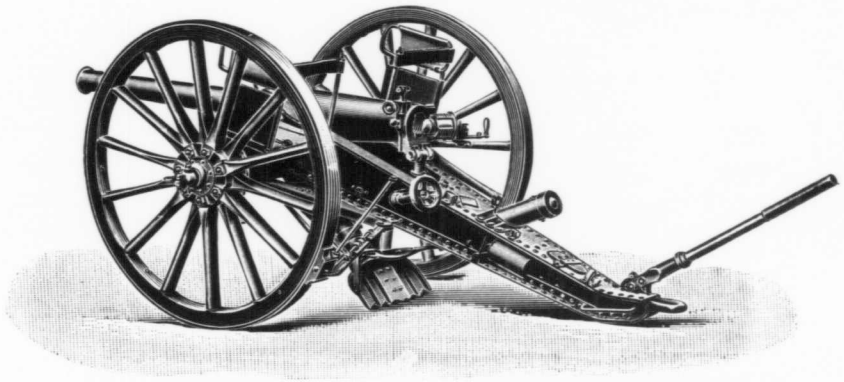
The English carriage is a characteristically "Government" design; sound and serviceable, simple in general arrangement, but complicated and expensive in detail. Ideas of economy are foreign, and often distasteful, to Government factories, and heads of departments are disposed to give contractors a monopoly of the "healthy spirit of competition" of which so much is heard. It is probable that no one who had his living to make would design the English service carriage, for the simple reason that any price he could hope to get for it would be swallowed up in the cost of manufacture. At the same time we are far from wishing to make cheapness the sole, or even the chief, criterion. Economy is apt to become a fetish, and the gentlemanly high-backed extravagance of the Royal Arsenal may, after all, serve as a wholesome corrective to that parsimony which results in ineffectiveness. The present carriage is no doubt needlessly expensive in some points, but in admitting this, and that it is a little heavy, we have

probably said the worst that can be laid to its charge. It is, on the whole, a good carriage, and has survived the very rough usage of South Africa with credit; which is not perhaps so much to be wondered at, because the material and workmanship put into it, whether at Woolwich or Sheffield or Newcastle, have been of the best.

It has a short trail and is fitted with an axial spring spade. In travelling position this spade hinges close up under the trail, and is secured by a spring catch; in action, the catch is withdrawn, and the spade, falling immediately into firing position, digs into the ground when the gun is fired. A pair of wire ropes attach the spade to a strong coiled spring, which is compressed by the recoil of gun and carriage. This spade holds its position, more or less, on firing; the spring in extending returns the gun to approximately its original position: and the arrangement has proved practical and reliable in the time of need.

Each side is composed of a jointless steel angle frame of varying thickness, with a thin steel plate riveted to it. The sides are held apart by a top and bottom plate, also riveted to the steel angle frame, and the carriage thus forms a strong box-girder beam. The axle-tree, a hollow tube of large diameter in the middle, and tapering towards the ends, but having its walls of one thickness throughout, could probably be simplified with advantage, but is at least perfectly trustworthy in its present form.

The wheels are undoubtedly the most difficult part of the whole equipment to make, and by their exigencies do much to limit rapidity of manufacture. They are of large (5 ft.) diameter, and made of wood as regards spokes and felloes. The felloes are of ash, and the spokes of oak, cleft, not sawn from the log; while the specification provides that all is to be of the best seasoned English wood, a material which, quite apart from its cost, is exceedingly difficult to obtain. The nave is built up of two thin stamped steel plates, arranged so that the spokes give the dish to the wheel, and are straight



15-pounder Field gun, Woolwich pattern.

alternately. These wheels have been severely tested in the Boer war, and have proved thoroughly reliable; while practice shows that damaged spokes, if they are of wood, admit of much easier repair than those made of metal.

Axle-tree boxes, each containing two rounds of ammunition, are fitted, and can be used as seats, when manœuvring, by two of the detachment. The lids of these boxes are of specially-toughened steel, and are raised when the gun is in action so as to form bullet-proof shields. Limber and waggons are, like the carriage, strong and good, but something extravagant in design.

The German carriage differs *toto cælo* from the English. The trail, instead of being built up of plates and angles, consists simply of two pieces of steel tube sliding one over the other telescopically. For firing, the tubes are pulled out; while for travelling they are closed up and fixed with a pin.

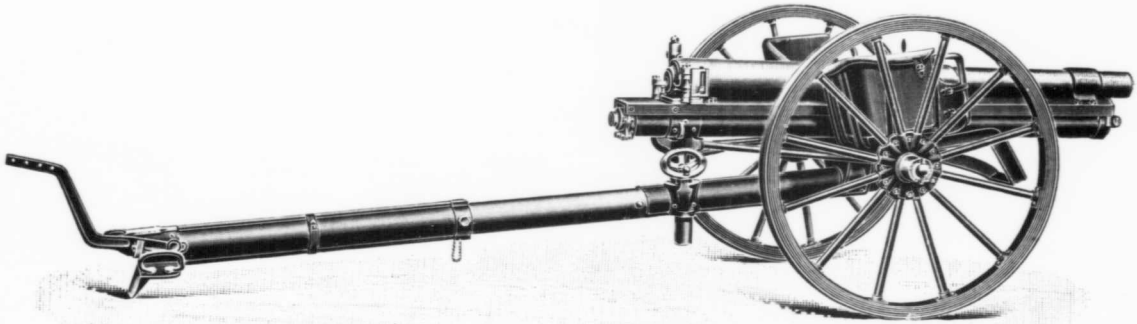
One end of the smaller or inner tube is fitted with a steel bracket to carry the axle-tree, and to the upper part of the same bracket is attached a steel case covering the break arrangement—a combination of recoil-buffer-cylinder and coiled spring. On top of this case the gun recoils 42 inches on being fired; and when the recoil energy is absorbed, the spring acts and returns the gun to the firing position. A transverse screw admits of a traverse of 3 degrees right or left in relation to the carriage, so that the gun may be aligned on any object within this arc without moving the trail. The wheels (4 ft. 6 in. in diameter against the English 5 ft.) are entirely of metal. The advantages claimed for the carriage are lightness and great steadiness during firing. It is said (and we have no reason to doubt it) that "jump" is so completely eliminated that a coin placed on the rim of one of the wheels will not be shaken off by the shock of firing. This result is obtained by the unusual length of the trail when fully extended, in combination with the great recoil allowed to the gun. But in this connection it is worth remarking that neither a long trail nor a long recoil is a

novelty. Such a system has been constantly under consideration by the English service, and as constantly rejected on account of certain disadvantages which have been supposed to attend its use.

There are several points in the design which lend themselves to criticism. As a broad principle, the wholesale use of tubes in the construction is to be condemned. Tubes are from the very method of their manufacture much more liable to flaws, and such flaws of material are far less easy of detection in tubes than is the case with plates.

Again, it is impossible to believe that the telescopic trail could continue to work long under service conditions. A very slight injury would suffice to throw it out of gear; the impact of a shell splinter, or even of a bullet, would probably render it unserviceable. If such injury occurred when the trail was in the extended position, and the tubes could not be closed, the gun might indeed be limbered up and dragged off the field, but any manœuvring would be impossible. To any one, then, considering the matter, these questions naturally present themselves: was this carriage ever submitted to the German War Office; were any experiments with it carried out by the German Government with a view to its adoption in the Imperial service; and was one of the reasons for its rejection the extreme liability to damage of the telescopic trail? It should not be difficult to ascertain whether such trials took place, and what was the result of them; and these are points on which we all have a right to information. In any case it seems difficult to explain why, if the carriage is a good one, its makers have been so altruistic as to hand it over to England instead of reserving it for home consumption.

The wheels are in every respect a contrast to those hitherto approved for our service. The English wheel is of large (5 ft.) diameter, because a large wheel is considered to be springy, and little sensitive to the shock of small obstacles in travelling; and it is built of wood, because wood is less liable than metal to be damaged by shell fire, and if damaged is



15-pounder Field gun, German pattern (with trail extended).

more easily repaired. The German wheel is 4 ft. 6 in. in diameter, is built entirely of metal, and from the nature of its construction is of marked rigidity. Thus any sudden shock it encounters is transmitted direct to the axle-tree without cushioning, and the result (as we shall presently point out) is fracture of the axle. It is built up of a tubular steel rim joined to a central cast steel nave or hub, by steel tubular spokes, and if a spoke breaks the whole wheel must be taken to pieces before it can be mended. Such repairs can only be carried out by skilled mechanics, and experience has shown that the Boer siege guns (of French origin) which were fitted with metal wheels were continually being put out of action by injuries to their wheels. It may be remarked that these steel wheels are almost identical in weight (about 1½ cwt.) with the wooden English pattern, so that in spite of the smaller diameter no saving of weight is effected, but the employment of such material does effect an enormous saving in the time of manufacture, as Mr. Brodrick's advisers should have been candid enough to tell him.

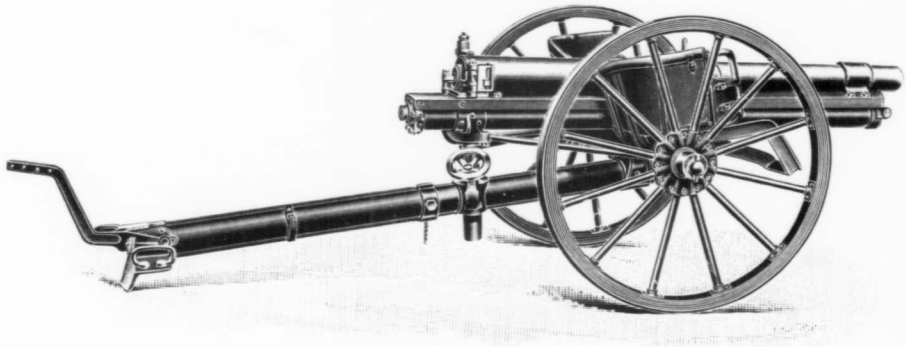
As regards workmanship the foreign carriage admits of no comparison with the English; the difference is amazing, and apparent to the most casual observer. The German equipment entirely lacks the precision and finish which we are accustomed to associate with military work, and in general appearance suggests an agricultural implement rather than a gun carriage.

Turning from questions of design to practical results, we shall find, and shall not be surprised to find, that a veil is discreetly drawn over the performances of the German material in England. But facts are gradually transpiring. Only a small number of the guns and carriages have been issued to the service, and of these a terribly serious percentage (probably more than 50 per cent.) have broken down under peace conditions. No "trials" in the ordinary sense of that word have as yet been carried out, and the accidents (and those of the gravest nature) have happened in the routine of the barrack

square, in railway transport, or in ordinary road marching. The point of failure is, for the most part, the axle. This has broken at the place where a socket hole of 2·75 inches diameter is formed in it to receive the pivot of the traversing gear, and no artillery officer can feel any confidence that a single one of all these 108 carriages would survive ten minutes' travel over any really rough ground.

Mr. Brodrick, replying to a question in the House of Commons on February 28 last, admits that "fourteen axles have cracked in travelling, and the carriages have been returned to Woolwich" to be fitted with new axles. He does not say, as he should have said, that only a small number have been issued to the service at all; but leaves it to be inferred that the fourteen are the only cases of failure out of the whole order. The breaking of an axle, involving as it does the falling of the gun on the ground, is an irreparable disaster. Not only would the gun be flung out of action, but it must of necessity be abandoned then and there; and this is the accident of which the Secretary of State for War speaks so light-heartedly that one would imagine it was the scraping of a little paint that was being discussed. *Ex pede Herculem*, we shall now be able to appraise more accurately the true value of Mr. Brodrick's remarks when he speaks of "the threads of some of the breech screws having become burred, owing to the guns being used for drill purposes, without drill cartridges—a slight damage which can be repaired locally." We hope the damage may be indeed as slight as the Secretary of State would have us believe. The point is of too technical a nature to be here discussed, but in any case the artillerist will recognise in the statement that the German design has failed to foresee a difficulty which has been specifically provided against in the English Government pattern.

We shall not discuss the gun as apart from the carriage, because we hope to revert to it at some later period, when extended experiments have given more proof of its value. We must be content for the present to rely on the assurance



15-pounder Field gun, German pattern (with trail closed).

that it "shoots with remarkable accuracy," and to stop our ears to any discouraging rumours; but there is a wide field for investigation as to the quality of the ammunition, and especially of the fuses, supplied with these foreign guns.

Let us recapitulate. It has been agreed that orders to foreign countries for material of war are, in principle, illicit, and can only be justified by the considerations that the necessities of the country are exceedingly urgent, that the material offered by foreign producers is good, that equally good material cannot be procured equally quickly from home sources.

With regard to the first condition we are prepared to admit that at the time these orders were given the country was passing through a crisis sufficiently grave to necessitate an immediate supply of war material. The second condition, that the material offered by the foreign producer should be good, has not been fulfilled; for no unbiased authority could be found to say that the German field carriages are serviceable. It is absolutely certain that the axle-tree of every single carriage must be replaced, and it must be remembered that the manufacturers have no record of past successes which might inspire confidence. It is said that, in view of the failure of the material supplied to England, they have since changed and improved the design; and the present order may fairly be considered as an enormously costly experiment, carried out by the English War Office for the benefit of the Rheinische Metalwaarenfabrik. The tyro in gun-making is no more likely to escape error than the tyro in any other art; he has his trade to learn, and the reflection that this firm had never hitherto made any field material should have been sufficient at least to inspire the War Office with unusual caution.

We have been at some pains to elaborate the difference of conditions of supply, because they gravely affect the third question, as to whether the material ordered abroad could not have been equally quickly supplied at home. We have shown how this difference of condition has handicapped the English producer; and we maintain that if Woolwich or the English

firms had been commissioned to supply a carriage of a similar type and under similar conditions, any one of the three could have supplied at least an equal number in at least as short a time as was required by the German manufacturer.

Such carriages would, moreover, have been serviceable.

Mr. Brodrick used the speedy delivery of the foreign order to point the moral of German manufacturing superiority, but we should like to draw his attention to the fact that of all these carriages, so quickly delivered, not one is now fit for service, and that all must have their axles replaced, even if they are ever found sufficiently reliable to be issued to the service at all —a sad commentary on the system that would sacrifice quality to quickness of delivery.

We have not to consider the interests of Woolwich or of the two English firms of whom we have been forced to make such frequent mention. They are no doubt able to look after their own interests, and we are not pleading the cause of A, B or C. The question must be put on the much broader basis of the trade of this country in general, and of the ability of English manufacture to supply English needs. It is sad enough to see our engineering superiority shouldered and jostled out of the way at every turn; it is sad for Englishmen who have had the privilege of a residence in Germany to compare the progress of that country with the stagnation of our own; it is sad to see the snobbish "made in Germany," that was meant for a warning and reproach, becoming gradually a trade-mark of excellence; and it is surely enough to give us pause when the Secretary of State for War of the country of Stephenson and Armstrong admits that he has to turn to unknown German makers for his guns.

Mr. Brodrick's brilliant exposition of army reform (*quod Di feliciter vortant*), and his stalwart delivery in the House of Commons, on a more recent occasion, shows that when left to himself his views are wide and statesmanlike, and that he has the courage to hold them firmly. It is the more pity to see him so ill-advised on the question under discussion.

We remember once to have seen a ruined Temple of Isis, where there was a pedestal on which formerly stood an oracular image of the goddess. The figure had long been missing, but in the built-up base was pointed out a little pipe that led away by twists and turns to a secret chamber. Here used to hide a priest whose voice it was that gave fateful utterance through the idol's mouth. Real responsibility is not always easily traced.

GALEATUS

THE OUTLOOK FOR BRITISH TRADE

II

IN one of his classical popular lectures, Helmholtz expresses his opinion on the national aspects of scientific investigation in the following eloquent words:

> In fact, men of science form, as it were, an organised army labouring on behalf of the whole nation, and generally under its direction and at its expense, to promote industrial enterprise, to increase wealth, to adorn life, and to further the moral development of individual citizens. . . . We are convinced that whatever contributes to the knowledge of the forces of Nature, or to the powers of the human mind, is worth cherishing, and may, in its own due time, bear practical fruit, very often where we should least have expected it.

Of the truth of the above, no one who has witnessed the general progress of science during the Victorian Era can fail to be impressed. And yet, so far as our own country is concerned, the statement that the labours of English men of science are carried on either under national direction or at national cost cannot be said to be the true one. In an interesting discussion on this question of the attitude of the State towards scientific investigation, which recently took place at Baltimore, Professor Osborn pointed out that a certain necessary class of State expenditure may be considered as being in the nature of unproductive investments, which look to the future rather than to the present requirements of the nation.

"Conspicuous amongst these are the funds invested in

education and science." He then proceeds to give his opinion as to the attitude of various States with regard to this provision for future needs.

Of European countries [he says], Germany places in its budget the largest unproductive investments of this kind; France is not far behind, England is perhaps fourth, and affords a conspicuous example of blindness and fatuity in the matter of unproductive investment; she has, it is true, established textile schools, but has not sufficiently supported technical schools; the cost of a single battleship would establish four splendidly equipped technical schools; England secures the ship and postpones the construction of the schools. All this is through no fault of her prophets of science, who have been as persistent as Jeremiah in foretelling the consequences which are sure to follow.

One of these "prophets of science"—the distinguished astronomer who now presides over the Royal Society—expressed his views at our last anniversary dinner as follows:

Stein wisely said, "What is put into the schools of a country comes out in the manhood of the nation." A primary and immediate need of this country is the putting of more science into the education of the country—not the teaching of the mere facts of science, which, by itself is of little use, but the training of the intellect by strict scientific methods and principles. In the coming century the race will not be to the country of the athlete, nor to the country of the classicist, but to the country where men, having been trained under the rigorous methods of science, have the knowledge, and especially the alertness of mind, to enrich themselves out of the open and inexhaustible treasury of Nature. To this end not only reformed and more thorough secondary education is necessary, but technical colleges where higher theoretical is combined with practical training, and, if I may be so bold, I would add reformed methods of teaching in our higher public schools. It can only be through a higher scientific education and more scientific methods of scholastic teaching that the whole community can be awakened to the supreme importance of science to every one of its enterprises, personal and national; in a word, to the greatness and prosperity of the Empire.

Listen again to the magic words of another of our "major prophets," alas! no longer amongst us in the body but still ever with us in spirit, our dear and revered friend Huxley, who never wearied of well-doing in the great cause of England's progress.

We are at present [said Huxley, speaking at Manchester some years ago] in the swim of one of those vast movements in which, with a population far in excess of that which we can feed, we are saved from a catastrophe through the impossibility of feeding them, solely by our possession of a fair share of the markets of the world. And in order that that fair share may be retained it is absolutely necessary that we should be able to produce commodities which we can exchange with food-growing people, and which they will take, rather than those of our rivals, on the ground of their greater cheapness or of their greater excellence. That is the whole story. . . . Our sole chance of succeeding in a competition, which must constantly become more and more severe, is that our people shall not only have the knowledge and skill which are required, but that they shall have the will and the energy and the honesty, without which neither knowledge nor skill can be of any permanent avail. This is what I mean by a stable social condition.

The effect of the want of appreciation amongst us of the methods making for progress, in contradiction to the acknowledgment of the force of such methods as exhibited by our competitors, is most strongly put in an article by Professor Fleming—one of our first experts in electrical engineering—lately published in the "Nineteenth Century and After." Fleming points out that owing to the legislative shackles applied in this country to the business of electrical supply, that business, as Edison exclaimed, has been throttled!

So that now we find that we have to go for much of our knowledge, and for many of our materials and machines, to the experienced inventors and manufacturers in the United States. They are past masters in the art; we are just learning the business.

Then the professor in a few powerful words shows—as so many others have done, amongst whom none have more successfully pleaded for the cause than Sir Norman Lockyer—that our educational system is defective.

The full and careful training of the observational and creative faculties is still greatly neglected. In secondary schools too much attention is paid to words and the grammar of dead or living languages. Natural and experimental science takes a second place. It is to be feared that the tendency of much so-called technical education is the manufacture of mediocrities rather than the expert training of experts by experts to the highest possible efficiency. . . . Meanwhile many of our higher colleges of university rank are crippled in their

Applied Science Faculties by want of laboratory accommodation, or of funds to support higher teaching and research. What is required is not more abundant mediocrity but a fully sufficient supply of those who will be captains of industry. The persons who need technical education are the masters much more than the men. In the terrible contest for superiority with the United States and Germany towards which this country is advancing, nothing will avail us unless the young men who are to be masters of works, foremen, heads of departments, and directors of industries based on applications of scientific knowledge, are equipped with the most thorough knowledge of the arts they direct. The law of evolution will mercilessly eliminate the unfit. . . . That the question of a Teaching University for London took so long to settle was a national disgrace. Even now the proper organisation of its technical side will be a work of time. Meanwhile London has nothing to compare with the Berlin Technische Hochschule with its 5000 students, and a teaching staff of professors, assistants and workmen, numbered by hundreds.

Next hear the opinion of another expert, this time Dr. Meldola, the well-known Professor of Chemistry at Finsbury. He writes to me of what he saw and heard at the Paris Exhibition concerning German progress, in reply to a question which I knew he could answer with effect, why has Germany all her own way in the newer chemical industries, worth many millions a year, and why are the English out of it?

The reasons for the great progress in German chemical industry are obvious to all who are acquainted with the facts of the case, and who have kept watch on the various lines of development. It is often stated that the main cause of this lies in the intimate association between science and industry in that country. This, however, scarcely embodies the whole truth, inasmuch as before there can be an association between science and industry, there must be science to begin with, and it is the superiority in the scientific training of the German manufacturers, as compared with that of our own men, which has imbued them with the true spirit of progress, which recognises the essential principle that success depends on alliance with science. Our people in the same position are by no means alive to the true state of things, and only call in scientific assistance when some branch of industry is *in extremis*. The reason why we hear of large staffs of highly trained chemists and of splendidly equipped research laboratories attached to Continental factories, is because the heads of these foreign firms, unlike our own, know the necessity for these things, and owe that knowledge to their own scientific training. The extraordinary development in Germany of the coal-tar industry may be said to have culminated in their exhibit in the Paris Exhibition, and the lesson conveyed by this exhibit

illustrates in a forcible way the methods of advance as practised in Germany. The prime factor is originality—creativeness, leading to the discovery of new products and processes. Then comes the technical skill enabling the new discoveries to be worked out in practice to the best advantage. Both these factors, originality and technical skill, are fostered and developed by the German systems of education and co-operation. This latter is important because many discoveries which are utilised in the German factories are made in the Universities by men of a purely academic stamp ; upon such men the ever-watchful eye of German industry is set, always alert to seize hold of discoveries which offer prospects of technical application. No instance of this co-operation is more striking than the discovery of the synthesis of indigo. This, as all the world knows, was a purely scientific piece of work of the celebrated Munich professor, A. von Baeyer. But this discovery having once been made, the Germans for twenty years never relaxed their efforts in the investigation of the processes by which this colouring-matter could be produced, with the result that at the present moment artificial indigo is now manufactured by the Badische Company at a price which enables them to compete with the natural product. The difficulties which were encountered were great and numerous, and such as could only be overcome by the patient application of the highest theoretical training combined with the most persistent practical skill. This achievement is one of which German industry may well be proud, but added to this are other developments such as the synthetical production of essential oils and essences used in perfumery, of artificial products for pharmaceutical purposes, &c.

When these things become generally known they will help, if indeed anything can, to open the eyes of the people of this country to the methods by which chemical industry is being advanced abroad. Comparing this position with that of British exhibitors in Paris, Professor Meldola concludes that during the last twenty years the only progress—speaking generally—visible in this country is not, as is the case in Germany, the introduction of new products or processes, but the improvement of existing ones, and the increase of production on a scale larger than was formerly the case. The main cause—he thinks—of the stagnation in some branches and the retrogression in others may fairly be ascribed to the absence of chemical originality amongst our chemical manufacturers. The advancement in chemical industry is due to the displacement of the old by new and cheaper products and processes. A stage is at

one time or another reached when no tinkering-up of old processes can save them from extinction. This is unfortunately too often the history of many of our chemical factories. They go on without assistance or prevision until a commercial crisis arises, then begins a tinkering-up process to save that which a competent chemist might have foreseen was in the course of natural and irremediable decay.

To conclude, let me give the evidence of a man of business, Sir Swire Smith, who was my colleague on the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction, and with whom I visited the leading schools and industrial establishments of the Continent several years ago. Referring to the very superior engineering exhibits from Switzerland at Paris last year, and recalling his conversations with employers and workmen, eighteen years ago, as to the value of the high scientific training of engineers, he writes to me as follows:

In the works visited, practically all the head men had gone through the Polytechnic of Zürich, or the Technicum of Winterthur. One important employer expressed the opinion that the higher education of young men dependent on their wages for a living had been quite overdone. At that time he was employing several scientists, who had passed the highest examinations at the Polytechnic of Zürich, and were working as ordinary journeymen. There were no openings for them in the higher departments, and in his opinion their costly education—paid for by the State—was practically wasted. Yet I was subsequently informed that these young men, who had taken high degrees and who were working in the ranks, had been sought out, and engaged for superior positions at high salaries in England. Here the capable Schweitzer was available, although it would surely be more satisfactory that our important situations should be filled by trained Englishmen rather than by foreigners. I need not tell you that the high character of the Swiss exhibits, and the great reputation of the exhibitors, were due to that combination of Science and Practice on the part of masters and men, especially the former, which we call technical education.

But to me the most interesting exhibit was that of Messrs. Schuckert & Co. of Nuremberg. In 1873 the head of this firm was a working man with only a small shop and bench for himself, but he was a man of science. In 1882 he exhibited electrical appliances, which the Technical Commissioners saw at the Nuremberg Exhibition, and employed about forty workmen. In the Nuremberg Exhibition of 1896 the exhibits of this firm were of the highest importance, and we visited the worksand found them magnificently equipped for all kinds of

electrical engineering, for railways, lighting, lighthouses, &c., and giving employment to 3500 men. From a handful of employees within recent memory, these colossal works now give employment to 8500 men, and I was informed that at the present time the orders on their books represent over £4,000,000, a large share being for England. To what is the great progress and success of this firm attributed? Very largely, I was told, to the fact that the constant demand for highly trained experts in electrical science, which such works require for heads of departments, for making and carrying out the mathematical calculations, for taking charge of their undertakings at home and abroad, was being supplied without difficulty from the polytechnic schools of Germany and Switzerland, which through the noble system of promotion by merit, were drafting from the Elementary, Secondary, and Higher Schools the young men of capacity and talent from every town and village in each country.

But on the absolute necessity of the highest scientific training on the part of those who are expected to take the direction of our industries, I have testimony even more convincing than the above.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who was born a poor boy at Dun fermline, has built up with his partners at Pittsburg, the most colossal manufacturing business that the world has known under private ownership. In addition to unequalled knowledge and experience of the iron and steel industry, Mr. Carnegie has a marvellous power of getting at the heart of any difficult question. In a letter to Mr. Chamberlain, notifying a gift of £50,000 to the Birmingham University for a department of engineering, he writes:

> After the members of the Iron and Steel Institute had returned to New York from their tour of observation through the United States the officials dined with me. . . . A partner in one of your foremost steel companies said, "Mr. Carnegie, it is not your wonderful machinery, nor even your unequalled supplies of minerals, which we have most cause to envy. It is something worth both of these combined: the class of scientific experts you have to manage every department of your works. *We have no corresponding class in England.*" Never were truer words spoken. Now this class you must sooner or later secure, if Britain is to remain one of the principal manufacturing nations.

It is however needless at the present day to dwell longer on the necessity of putting our educational house in order. The question of the moment is how that reform can be best

accomplished. This need is acknowledged on all hands. Our statesmen have at last spoken out. The Duke of Devonshire has indeed long ago done so, and on numerous occasions has shown that he fully appreciates the momentous issues which lie before us. More recently Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain have each spoken with words of wisdom and of foresight on this great question of the hour. It is however a far cry from words to deeds; to preach is easier than to practise, and what our statesmen have now to show is that they are determined to make a successful effort to turn into a reality what will, unless they use such efforts, remain a mere pious opinion.

But whilst men of science have long been unanimous in expressing their views on the necessity of reconstructing our educational methods, and, whilst some of our prominent statesmen recognise this necessity, we are still far from having convinced those who hold the higher educational reins, and who direct the pace and route of the journey. Methods which have existed, and have been in sole possession for centuries, are hard to disturb. Men who have been brought up from childhood without any notion of scientific method, who look back to the time of Pericles as the golden age, and to whom the commission of a false quantity is a more heinous offence than ignorance of the simplest and most far-reaching of Nature's laws, such men can hardly be expected to look with a favourable eye upon innovations, or to help to develop science, the teaching of which they do not appreciate, to the detriment, as they think, of that of classics, which they do understand and value. "Don't imagine," they may say, "that we are antagonistic to science teaching, for that is not the case." Yes, that may be, but ask them to give up an hour a day from Latin and Greek to science, and they at once cry "non possumus." In short, whilst they do not decry scientific methods, they still deny to its supporters much chance of proving their success. The result is that, what with the mediævalism of Oxford and the classicism of the Head-masters, science teaching in our highest secondary education is at the present moment in anything but a satisfactory

condition. And no radical change can be made except by the complete reconstruction of one or more of our public schools on the basis of modern requirements in such a way that the balance between scientific and linguistic methods shall be more equitably adjusted than has hitherto been the case. But such a reconstruction is difficult, if not impossible, until public opinion on the subject is crystallised. What does the average man in the street know or care about education beyond what he thinks will buy him bread and butter to-day? And is the parent—not in the street—or the average member of Parliament, whether peer or commoner, any further advanced? Those who know the House of Commons know that the "education fads" empty the House, unless, indeed, the debate assumes the character of a fight between the supporters of clericalism on the one hand, and of free opinion on the other. Under these conditions, then, it behoves all who have the matter at heart to keep "pegging away," to remember that "it is dogged as does it," and to lose no opportunity, through evil report and through good report, of influencing, both by word and deed, the mass of our countrymen.

Let us now contrast what is being done elsewhere with what we do at home. Let us get an idea of the extent to which in Germany the highest technical training is carried on, in State supported institutions called Technical Universities or High Schools of Science. I take from official sources the number of students pursuing during the session 1899–1900 a regular three or four years course of study in engineering, civil, mechanical and electrical, in chemistry and physics pure and applied, and in mathematics, in the following ten great schools:

	Number of Regular Students, 1899–1900
Berlin Technical University or High School	2750
Munich „ „	1844
Darmstadt „ „	1366
Carlsruhe „ „	1152
Zürich „ „	1007

			Number of Regular Students, 1899–1900
Hanover	Technical University or High School	. .	973
Dresden	„	„ . . .	849
Stuttgart	„	„ . . .	787
Aachen	„	„ . . .	418
Brunswick	„	„ . . .	301

Or a total of 11,447, whereas ten years ago the total number of such students was barely one-half of the present number, an evidence of the enormous progress recently made in the appreciation of the value of the instruction given in these schools. Anything, it is often said, may be proved by figures, and nothing is so misleading as statistics. And an answer might be attempted to the above, that the students in our polytechnics and technical schools are quite as numerous. Yes—but there are students and students. The elementary instruction given, chiefly in evening classes, to the boys who flock to our technical schools is all very well, and so far as it goes is good and useful, but it cannot compare with the continued and developed teaching received by the eleven thousand regular students in the German polytechnica. The real comparison is not with our so-called polytechnics and other technical schools, but with the University Colleges, and with such institutions as the Royal College of Science and the Central College of City and the Guilds of London. In these institutions under real masters of the subjects, the higher technical and scientific training given compares favourably with that in any of the foreign schools, for England does not lack, and has never lacked for men of light and leading in any of the highest walks of science, whether as originators or as expositors. But in these institutions, few and far between as they are, the students do not number one-tenth of the Germans. This is partly due to the want of adequate funds, but perhaps even more to a lack of previous systematic training owing to our acknowledged deficiency in secondary education. Is such a state of things creditable? If the Swiss and the Germans are convinced, as they are, that State aid to such institutions is the cheapest and most secure investment of national funds as

insurance against disaster, why should we English stand aloof? Are we not actually courting the very disaster which they make provision to avoid?

But it is often said, surely if these things are so important to the manufacturing and commercial community, they are the proper persons to save themselves from destruction. Why should the rest of the people be taxed to support a class? And there is some force in the argument. If these persons can be induced to come forward—as indeed some have already done (and the names of Whitworth, Baeyer and Carnegie amongst others, will occur to all), and out of their superfluity give to their country in sufficient amount, no Government aid would be required, no Governmental supervision or control would be needed, and a real good time would be coming. But is this generosity, is this public spirit to be looked for in the near future?

If Englishmen of wealth—of whom there is really no end—would take example by their brethren across the pond, the thing would soon be done. Just look at the following list of benefactions and gifts which some of the enlightened millionaires of the States have made over for the higher education of their compatriots. It fairly takes one's breath away!

Summary of the largest endowments contributed by private munificence to the Universities, Institutes and University Colleges of the United States.

Chicago University	...	J. D. Rockefeller	... £1,902,848
Gerard College	...	Stephen Gerard	... 1,458,333
Pratt Institute	...	Charles Pratt	... 750,000
Johns Hopkins University	...	Johns Hopkins	... 625,000
Dexel Institute	...	A. J. Dexel	... 625,000
L. Stanford University	...	Leland Stanford, jr.	... 520,833
Cornell University	...	Ezra Cornell	... 312,500
Vanderbilt University	...	The Vanderbilts	... 229,166
Columbia University	...	Seth Low	... 208,333

It is estimated that a sum of no less than **£22,000,000**

has been given or bequeathed by private citizens of the United States during recent years for the foundation and maintenance of universities and high schools of science in that country.

Admitting that we cannot compete with the Carnegies and the Rockefellers either in wealth or in its generous disposal, the difficulty with us is, after all, not so much the want of money as the want of will. For one case like that of Lord Iveagh, who gave a quarter of a million—not, it is true, for ordinary every-day educational purposes, but for the furtherance of knowledge of how to combat disease—for one instance like this we hear of dozens of men, many of whom have made their fortunes in trade or industry, and who decline to assist in the great work of helping others to do likewise. One notable instance of this has lately occurred, and will be in the memory of many. Then again we hear that there has lately been a great boom in Welsh coal, and the coal-owners have been rolling up their thousands upon thousands. On the other hand, the college at Cardiff is in their midst doing what it can with its slender means to protect the industries of that district by the introduction of something like a scientific spirit, and the question may well be asked, has it occurred to any of these rich coal-owners that it behoves them to dispose of a portion of their easily gotten wealth for the betterment of the population from amongst whom it has been gathered? Is the case different with the coal-owners in the north? or with the ironmasters who have recently had a flourishing trade? The plan of giving, like the Quakers, a tenth of their income for the advancement of their district does not seem to be a part of their creed.

This being unfortunately the general state of English opinion, we must either wait until that opinion ripens (and before that occurs the fruit will be dead), or the Government, as the protector of national honour and well-being, must be made to understand that it is its duty to take the matter up; and I will now venture to make a suggestion of

a somewhat wider scope, and perhaps of a more practical character than that contained at the end of my article in the February number of this REVIEW. It is this. The Government shall appoint at once a small influential commission to be called "The Royal Commission for Technical University Education." The number of members of this commission should not, I think, exceed seven. And I further venture to suggest that three of the members should be Lord Goschen, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain—all men who have shown that they have the subject at heart—these persons to have the absolute disposal of a sum of not less than £100,000 a year to be voted by Parliament. The recipients of grants from this commission shall be the Universities of London, Victoria (Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds), Birmingham, Wales (Cardiff) and Glasgow. The commission shall determine the grants to be made in each instance, alterable, if necessary, after a term of not less than five years, and shall specify, with or without consultation with the several University authorities, the particular objects to which the grants shall be allocated, whether to founding new chairs or aiding the existing ones, to building and equipping new laboratories, or aiding existing ones, it being always understood that the funds are to be apportioned solely to the furtherance of learning and research of the highest University type as applied to industrial pursuits in large centres of population.

It will be readily understood that Oxford and Cambridge can never be expected to become great centres for technical instruction. They have their special work to do, and if that is properly done it is amply sufficient for all their energies. As to the Scottish Universities, they already receive £70,000 a year in the form of Government grants. But if they are to compete successfully with the newer English Universities, they must move from their ancestral ways and change their system of a five months session and a seven months vacation. This, it is satisfactory to learn, is now about to be accomplished.

Glasgow, the second largest city in the Empire and the seat and centre of vast industrial undertakings, is about to put its University on a satisfactory and modern footing as regards its teaching of applied science, and it may therefore fairly claim a share of the Government fund, the allotment of which I have ventured to propose.

H. E. Roscoe.

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN OFFICERS AND MEN ON ACTIVE SERVICE

I have seen a great deal that is very true, doubtless, in the papers, about the union that this war has created between Great Britain and her Colonies. I have not seen so much of what I believe to be equally true, of the way in which the war has pulled together various classes in the United Kingdom. If you lie two or three hours behind a stone being shot at with Tommy Atkins, at the end of that time perhaps you realise that he is as good a man as you are, or better, and if when you come back to England you forget that, because you wear broadcloth and he wears fustian, you have missed, you have not gripped, one of the best lessons of this war.—LIEUT.-GENERAL IAN HAMILTON *at Bath, March* 9, 1901.

THESE manly and generous words directly raise the subject of my paper; a subject of which little is heard in the prevailing controversies on army reform, but which is of high significance in the field. What the general says is true. What I wish to urge is that it ought to prove more universally true, and that the lesson he speaks of would have greater practical efficacy if it were learnt at home, and not merely taught, as he puts it, by war.

It may be said, without unfairness, that generally speaking when the relations between officers and men are bad, it is the fault of the officers. It is not always true, but it is true often enough to make it just that the men's side should be heard, for apart altogether from the obligations of the service, which

apply to both classes equally, the men are from the very nature of the case the voiceless and obscure class. And where the fault may be equally divided, it is for the officers, as the directing and educating force, to bring about an improvement. Nothing probably will be heard of the question unless some of the better educated volunteers, whom the exigencies of this war have drawn into the ranks of the fighting line, give the public, when they are free to speak as civilians again, their experiences of their life as private soldiers and the conclusions they have drawn from it. Not that such conclusions should be rashly accepted. Such men must speak with coolness and sobriety. All sense of personal grievance, if there has been any, must be obliterated. They must have thrown themselves wholly into the life of the regular soldier, adopted his outlook and his standards, and rigidly limited their own ideas of what is right and necessary to the just requirements of the class of which they are temporary members. They will then have the advantage of being able to see both sides of the question, by natural affinity with the class from which officers are drawn, and by sympathy and familiarity with the life and feelings of the private soldier. This double attitude is not so difficult to acquire as it might be thought. In fact, any difficulty in it comes principally from the side you would least expect, that of re-identifying oneself with the habits of mind of the class one left in enlisting. I frankly admit this at the outset, because its result may be a tendency to do an injustice to the officers. To see through the eyes of the private is a habit that is learnt with remarkable ease. There is a magic in military discipline that changes a man's whole nature from the moment of enlistment, and which, while narrowing his horizon to a limited field of submission in immediate detail and duty, at the same time changes all his standards and all his ways of looking at things, so that when he comes to meet and mix with the soldiers of the regular army, he soon finds that, unless cursed with a great lack of adaptability, he can see as they see, feel as they feel, just as he certainly lives as they live. I think myself that this

is one of the greatest privileges gained by volunteer service in the war. To understand other people's lives is always good, but in these days, when the army has assumed such high importance in our national fabric, it is a great thing that so many civilians of all classes and conditions should have had practical insight into the life of the army on active service.

It may be fairly asked whether a volunteer serving in a strictly volunteer unit has lived the life of the regular soldier. It may be suspected that his life is an easier one, that his relations with his officers are different, that discipline is less strict, that the standard of comfort is higher and of work lower. Any idea of this sort is false, as all would agree who have had experience of the war. Whatever be the case at home, incorporation in the army for active service has an instant and magnetic effect in extending the traditions of the army to its new material. The inexorable conditions of warfare in far off wildernesses do the rest. War is a great leveller, and in that hard, hungry life, volunteers and regulars have the same interests, hardships, and needs. I should say, though, that in speaking of volunteers I mean primarily volunteers from the home country, as opposed to colonials. For both, of course, the material conditions are the same, but it is well known, in South Africa at any rate, that in many colonial corps (including those which have done the best work) discipline is laxer (not in a bad sense), independence in the ranks greater, and the spirit governing the relation of officers and men entirely different to that in our army. The contrast is only a reflection of the broader difference of temperament between colonial communities and the mother country. A system which will suit one will not suit the other. I refer to the point because this difference in spirit makes what I am going to write about, to some extent inapplicable to colonial corps, who have solved the question in their own way.

I have said that a volunteer who has seen active service may speak usefully for his comrade the regular. It is nevertheless a serious disadvantage for him never to have had

experience of a soldier's life in times of peace; I mean any experience worth anything for this purpose. The home training of the most zealous volunteer at the best gives him little of such knowledge. It is true that so utterly different are the conditions of peace and war, that it may almost be said that war is as great a change for the regular as for the volunteer. Nevertheless, the evil I am going to speak about undoubtedly has its roots in the system as it has grown up in times of peace, though it may be only visible and actual in war. Here is our disadvantage. But it only affects the ultimate causes. The evil is on the surface, and its immediate remedy. I shall suggest an opinion as to the causes, too, but only working on such general information as a layman has, aided by the experience of one (and the more important) side of a soldier's life, active service.

By officers, I mean regimental officers, with whom the men have more or less direct relations. The character and example of a general may have a very great influence on the officers of his brigade, but how far this is the case a private has little means of knowing. To the latter, the general is a far-off personage, whose personality may indeed have a potent effect in inspiring confidence, endurance, and cheerfulness in his troops. A chance word of praise from him passed from mouth to mouth round the camp-fires when the day is over, and never forgotten, may make a whole regiment eat its biscuits and smoke its pipes with greater relish, and hear the order for *reveillé* at 2 A.M. with greater equanimity. But generally speaking, the content and morale of a corps depends on its own regimental officers, even if from causes beyond their control marches are long and ceaseless, expeditions fruitless, and hardships correspondingly greater.

To avoid all misconception, let me say that I am not concerned with the professional training of officers for their work in war. Indirectly it enters into my subject in a way I shall afterwards point out, but with the general question I have nothing to do. I think it is generally agreed that the training

of officers leaves something to be desired, and its deficiencies have been proved in the present war. The same applies to the men. But from the point of view of the men, skill in leadership is not, paradoxical as it may seem, by any means the most important quality in an officer. Neither is personal gallantry. The latter is universal enough to be taken for granted. And in any case bravery is a subject not much talked about there. It is the common thing in all ranks. For the rest, it would be impertinent at this stage of the war to add a fresh eulogy on the gallantry of British officers. It did not need to be proved; but it has been nobly proved again and again; and it is unquestioned. But, it may be asked, if professional ability and personal gallantry are excluded, what more is there to discuss? There is a great deal more. War is not all fighting, nor even manœuvring for fights. This is a truth often not fully realised at home. Fights are only incidents more or less common in a soldier's life. There are of course large numbers permanently stationed on the lines of communication and in garrison towns, but even in the many militant columns that move about in pursuit of the enemy, or are engaged in clearing the country, burning farms, driving in cattle, or other military operations, a day's hard fighting is a comparatively rare thing. When it comes, it may be very hard, and there may be lighter relief of skirmishes in which a fraction of the force is engaged, but for the average individual man it is true to say that when once the novelty is worn off, fighting is one of the least important elements in his life. It is impossible to understand the conditions which go to make up the efficiency of a field force, unless it is realised that there is always a long monotonous background of commonplace workaday life, where common physical needs and trials are the really absorbing things for the ordinary soldier. The more so because the operations in which he is engaged may be a complete mystery to him; forced marches may seem purposeless and fruitless; the object and method of a fight itself are probably unintelligible to him. Of the general progress of the war he

knows nothing. What he *does* know is that he is tired and hungry. If he is personally engaged on any definite day the difference to him may be very little. Momentous questions of sleep, baccy, scraps of biscuit, the chance of a chicken, the prospect of fatigue or outpost duty when he gets in still occupy his mind, together with a score of little material details of work or physical comfort, which affect him every day alike. I do not mean that such things affect his keenness and ardour in fighting. Fighting and the rest are all in the day's work. He may indeed, if he is lucky, find a day's fighting a positive rest and relief. He will certainly have less distance to march, and mere mechanical marching "bulks big" in a soldier's life. If an infantry soldier he may be in support, and lie on his back snoozing and smoking peaceably half the day, never under fire or firing. If a mounted man, he may be holding horses or watching a flank with plenty of leisure. As an artillery driver I found, rather to my surprise, that I had more leisure during a hard day's fighting than on a day of simple marching, or of rest in a standing camp with its many necessary duties of grooming, harness cleaning, grazing horses, and miscellaneous "fatigues." This is only a digression to bring into relief the disproportion between fighting as it is read of in paragraphs in the newspapers and the long unwritten story behind. The disproportion is reflected, of course, in the lists of casualties from wounds and disease respectively, and still more in the unclassified wastage that is constantly in progress in the shape of men who are not wounded or dangerously ill, but just used up, worn out.

I have said enough to make clear what I meant in saying that skill and gallantry cannot alone make a good and popular officer. "'E don't think no more for us than if we were dogs," or "'E's all right; 'e always thinks of the men" are the common catchwords one hears in discussions of an officer's popularity, a popularity which depends mainly on his consideration and solicitude for his men's welfare in common domestic matters. And this popularity is a very important thing. It means that

by example and active effort officers are keeping their men fit, content, and cheerful, with fortitude to undertake arduous marches, with grit and spirit to withstand attack by superior numbers, and with the *élan* for vigorous offence. The importance of this, it is needless to say, becomes greater the longer the war is prolonged, and the sense of weariness and disappointment is intensified. The British soldier has no personal stake in the contest, as the Boer has, nor any but the vaguest knowledge, carrying no enthusiasm, of the causes and objects of the war. He is merely doing his professional business with the zeal that the honour of the flag and pride in his work inspire in him.

Now, my point is that on active service the relations between officers and men ought to be closer; the officers should take a deeper and more detailed interest in their men's welfare as distinguished from their work; should live more with them and like them; know them better; do more to gain their confidence and affection by personal consideration in times of strain and hardship, and, indeed, by taking their full share of such hardship. Happily, there are many officers who do set the right example. The standard I have in my mind is no visionary ideal, but taken from my own personal experience and, by report, from that of others who have been equally fortunate. I should not be writing at all if I did not know for myself what an influence for good an officer can have on the condition and spirits of his men, and, by observation, how keen is the appreciation of such an officer wherever he is found, I can sympathise all the more closely with those who have been less fortunate. As to the latter, perhaps I ought to say that I rely on intercourse not only with men in the field but with individuals of all corps and regiments during a stay in hospital and its sequel—a depôt of "details" waiting to rejoin.

But there is great need for caution in hearing the soldier's case, and for this reason. He is an inveterate "grouser." To "grouse" is soldiers' slang for to complain. It is one of the press correspondent's familiar fictions that Tommy (among several

other noble things) is "uncomplaining." In one sense nothing could be more ludicrously untrue, as he himself would be the first to admit. There is something in the air out there which made us all grouse. You must talk about something; there is no news, and a mild luxurious grumble passes the time wonderfully. If it is a fatigue, by the time you have done the grumble you find, to your surprise, that you have done the fatigue. Most of this sort of grousing represents the "topmost froth of thought," and is of very little account. But it has to be carefully appraised, for it is sometimes wholly despicable; in every regiment there is a small residuum of invertebrates, mean in spirit and foolish in speech, who really have not the grit and pluck to be soldiers at all.

Now, making the fullest allowance for what is generally a surface idiosyncrasy, there yet remains, in my honest judgment, evidence of the unpopularity of many officers, justly due to their shortcomings, in the ways I have indicated. I am not going to recount the specific stories which one hears out there of selfishness and indifference, because I want to avoid the least suspicion of exaggeration, and stories are easily exaggerated. But the evil exists, and it is thrown into relief by the exceptions to it, which are as warmly and generously appreciated as the other side is bitterly resented. Tommy is very fair-minded at bottom, and has the usual amount of human nature in him. The rigid discipline under which he lives, almost the passive serfdom of the dumb animal, makes him peculiarly susceptible to the "touch of nature," and to any personal sympathy and encouragement which for the moment abolishes distinctions of rank. It is this rigid discipline, too, which tends to keep the evil, where it exists, suppressed and unremedied, often perhaps unknown, when if it were known it would be readily cured by the good hearts and good sense of the officers themselves, whose deficiencies might only be due to ignorance or, at the worse, indifference.

And now, in order to be more particular, I will give some instances in which the evils tell, and indicate the remedy.

To take the material side first. Mere food is a matter of overwhelming importance to a soldier doing hard work, whether fighting or marching. Bullets are insignificant beside it. Now every one knows that there is very great difficulty in feeding a column moving far from a base of supplies. It is often necessary to put the troops on half-rations or less. This is a severe trial in a succession of days beginning at from 2 to 5 A.M. and ending at 8 or 9 P.M., with possibly night marches thrown in. Full rations are often little enough. Now, in such circumstances, officers are too often allowed to carry an excessive quantity of baggage—private stores and kit, a quantity out of all proportion to the transport devoted to the men.

It is a great object to limit the transport, but it is done at the expense of the men, who are just those who need it most. It is not only a matter of food. Rigid orders are generally made against carrying anything on the waggons except the barest necessaries. For instance, in the kit waggons of an infantry battalion, it may be that the men's blankets and nothing else are admitted. If a man wants to take any extra comforts such as spare underclothing he must carry it on his person, already burdened to the extreme point with rifle, two pouches of ammunition, water-bottle, belts, and haversack. This may be all very right and necessary; such things are the common hardships of war, which is not a picnic, but a hard practical business. But space, which is so saved, ought not to be represented by tents, tables, clothes, stores and wine for the use of officers. It must be remembered that the effect is cumulative. Every Cape cart and waggon so used has to be drawn by horses and mules, whose forage must also be carried with the column. The truth is, that one of two courses ought always to be taken where there is any risk of scarce supplies. One is to reduce to a minimum the whole transport, limiting the baggage of all ranks. It may be remarked that had some general order been promulgated to this effect, one might have heard less of the mobility of the Boers and of long stern chases ending in their escape, in cases, be it understood, where their

speed has been limited by a slow-moving convoy exactly similar to our own. Transport must be often the crux of the whole matter, and it would be interesting to know, in some acknowledged cases of failure through slowness, exactly what proportion the officers' waggons and Cape carts bore to the rest of the convoy. It would sometimes amount to a scandal, I believe. Possibly, under the new *régime*, some reform has been made. No doubt regulations vary in different brigades. In some famous marches by mounted troops for a special object there can have been no question of such a scandal; but in the course of the war scores of columns have moved obscurely about on various errands, blending a little fighting with much tedious marching and always encumbered with one of those serpentine convoys, sometimes miles in length, creeping slowly and sinuously over hill and valley, having to be guarded in all its unwieldy and straggling course, getting blocked at difficult drifts, and making one vividly realise the tremendous difficulties of war. One way, as I have said, is to limit this incubus by reducing *all* baggage. But if this is not considered necessary, then baggage of officers and men should at least be equalised down to a fair point. The latter should not be docked of biscuits, beef, and kit-room, until all unnecessary luxuries have been eliminated from the officers' baggage. This may seem excessive rigour, but I hardly think it is so really. Physically, the officers, at any rate the younger ones, are as well able to stand hardship and exposure as the men, and often better. And the physical strain on them is, quite rightly, less; they travel light, and have servants to do their camp-work. A man travels heavily weighted, and when he reaches camp, after a hard march, his work may only be beginning. There are fatigues and camp work to be done, and a chance of outpost duty all night. At such times a man may reason unfairly. Absorbed in the physical fatigues and needs of his own narrow groove, he may forget that his officers may have had a hard day too, and passed through anxieties and tests of skill and watchfulness, of which he knows nothing; but when all is said, any

sharp material inequality is demoralising, especially when a man knows that the biscuits and clothes he misses are represented by an equivalent in weight of not indispensable comforts enjoyed by his officers. It must be remembered that the conditions are far from normal. The smooth run of service in peace time, when distinctions may be kept up without harm, are left far behind. In war the case is often more like that of a shipwrecked crew or a straitened exploring party lost in a desert —circumstances in which a levelling of ranks and conventions and a close sentiment of *camaraderie* may be of the highest value in keeping up the spirits of the whole body.

So much for the question of transport. But besides this, an officer who thinks as much of his men as of himself can do much in many ways to better their lot. Tommy is a remarkably helpless person in the system under which he lives and, as the Hospital Commission reported, with rather naïve perplexity, "is very reluctant to make complaints"—that is effective official complaints. He is largely at the mercy of all sorts of people—incompetent or dishonest quartermaster-sergeants, careless or lazy cooks, Army Service Corps men, sleek and well fed themselves, far-off officials on the line of communications, a whole hierarchy of people, requiring the ceaseless vigilance and energy of his officers to ensure that they do their duty by him. Men very soon know how much is being done for them and by whose initiative, and if they see an officer, as I have had the good fortune to see one, hovering about the cook's fire while his own supper waits, to taste the men's coffee when it is made; if they know that he has at his fingers' ends what rations there are and the fairest way of dividing them, and will see they are so divided and give ear to the smallest complaints and grievances about them; if they see him periodically turning out the quartermaster's stores and using violent language if he finds anything being unduly kept back, if they find that on every possible and impossible occasion he is sending out to commandeer poultry, bread, &c., to supplement the rations, and dividing it fairly among the men and his

own mess alike; if a waggon of new clothing turns up and they dimly guess at the amount of worrying and cajoling and threatening it has taken him to get it there (for it will not come of itself); if they have an officer like this, the gain in spirit and efficiency is incalculable. Be it added that such a man is probably just the one who will know the rest of his work thoroughly. For such qualities as I have indicated do not stand alone; they show an intimate and sympathetic knowledge of the soldier and the best way of using him. The possessor of them will certainly command double confidence, for he is not only a master but a friend. He may be severe as he pleases, for he will be just through knowledge. But he will not have many offenders.

I would go even further and ask if there might not be more personal intimacy between the officers, at any rate the younger ones, and the men. I mean something of the sort referred to in the following extract from a letter which a friend has shown me, written by a private at the front to his relations at home.

> We have a representative of your town here; he is over my company, Mr. ——, he is lieutenant, and all the men are very fond of him. He is very good and we only wish the remainder were like him, but I am sorry to say they are not. He sits among us, and laughs and talks with every one just the same as if he were an ordinary Tommy, and always looking to our comfort.

Such relations between officers and men may seem strange and even dangerous to people at home with their traditional ideas of army discipline, and of the sharp caste-division between the ranks. I admit that here I am treading on more debateable ground, but my point is that the circumstances of active service alter the whole case, making what may be pernicious at home not only harmless but beneficial in war. Of course, tact and *savoir faire* are as necessary here as elsewhere. Given these things would discipline suffer? I think not. It would gain. In fact the doubt seems almost absurd to one who knows the facts, and with what affection and admiration men speak of an officer after their own heart. To play the "little tin god," to court authority by isolation, is always a dangerous

method. Least of all does it answer with soldiers, who are very shrewd judges of character, and very quick to appreciate the true basis of authority. Excess of dignity in an officer is a fatal blunder.

I have now mentioned some special points where a close bond between officers and men works for good. There are many other ways in which a knowledge of, and thought for, men can save much friction and promote much enthusiasm. I will briefly refer to two of these.

If there is one thing Tommy hates it is being worried. The word is a poor one, and has better but less polite substitutes in his own vernacular. I don't deny that he will grouse heartily over the most necessary work, but he will grouse in a very different and more justifiable way over unnecessary work, or work given him at the wrong time, when a little consideration would have shown the order to be unfair. There are times when details must be insisted on; there are others when a sympathetic instinct would say "let them alone." He hates a succession of contradictory orders, one countermanding the other. Often this is inevitable, but he is shrewd enough to make allowances where it is so and to distinguish cases where it is only foresight and consideration that are lacking. An officer's knowledge of his work and knowledge of his men, never far separated, are here closely allied. An order which is wrong through short-sightedness or ignorance, though its results in inconvenience to the giver may be nothing at all, reacts inexorably on the rank and file in the shape of annoyance and worry perhaps far out of proportion to its intrinsic importance.

Another similar topic is that of the ignorance of the private soldier of the operations he is engaged in. I am bound to say he accepts it with philosophy, for it is part of the system in which he is trained. Not that the system avows as much. The text-books abound with exhortations to intelligence in the soldier. Yet no one can say that it is encouraged very practically, or that individual independence and resource are

found in the ranks of the home army as they are found among the Boers and among the best Colonial corps, who are unhampered by our traditions. But I shall transgress my limits if I speak about intelligence in action. What I mean here is general enlightment as to the objects of marches and manœuvres. A man will work better if he knows where he is going and why. A machine to some extent he must always remain, but the less he is treated as one the better. For, however machine-like his actions under the influence of discipline he has a critical eye for results, and is liable to wrongly ascribe failure to bad leadership, and even to call failure what is really success. Enlightenment would naturally spring from familiar intercourse between officers and men.

All I have so far said has been in very general terms; but naturally the moral I have pointed applies with varying force to different branches of the service and with varying degree according to the different shades of rank among officers and men themselves. It is the general spirit that I am concerned with. For instance, I have not mentioned non-commissioned officers, "the back-bone of the army" as they have been called. That in their special functions they exercise a potent influence is very true. In fact in a lesser degree the very same questions arise as to the relations between them and their men as arise between officers and men. A selfish and indifferent sergeant may be as pernicious an influence as an officer of similar character, just as by example and solicitude for his men he may have an equally good effect on his section or sub-division. There are wheels within wheels in every regiment. But needless to say the important thing is that the standard should be set from above, or the right spirit will not permeate downwards, while apart from this fact, the powers of the sergeant are at best limited, and some grievances may be altogether out of his power to remedy.

It should also be said that for the purposes of this question a distinction can be drawn between mounted men and infantry, at any rate in relation to the purely material side. The former

are naturally more independent; their work is less tiring; they have better chances of supplementing their rations on their own account; they can carry more things. On the march it is always the foot soldiers who are at the extreme strain; and it must be remembered that throughout most of the war they have formed the bulk of the field force. Any defect in organisation tells acutely and directly on them. Any one who has seen them tramping their fifteen miles across the veldt, half-clothed, half-fed, half-rested, and overloaded, but steady, resolute, and patient, will feel that no effort should be spared to keep them at their fittest and happiest.

Again, I have referred in this paper chiefly to moving columns; but it should not be thought that the point is inapplicable to standing camps or garrisons. The degree may widely vary. To sit securely at a safe station on the line of communications, with plenty of stores and blankets behind you, full rations, tents, and other joys, is a very different thing to tramping a scarcely accessible guerrilla-haunted wilderness. The worst enemy may be monotony, or even, by paradox, the hope deferred of active work. Yet these are enemies and may be defeated. But there are also, or have been, scores of intermediate cases where small posts are more or less *en l'air* with precarious communications in districts infested by raiding bands, demanding incessant vigilance with little excitement; cases where depression and disappointment will gain ground without the best relations between officers and men. On the whole it may be said that the nearer the conditions are to those of a peace-establishment, the less the question arises, simply because the men are the less dependent on their officers for the conditions of happiness.

That brings me naturally to the root of the whole matter. The word "dependent" is perhaps misleading; what I mean is, that in the normal life of peace the personal element is less prominent. The officers are administering a smoothly-running system, which secures to the soldier the elements of content; but in war systems evaporate and the personal element

assumes the highest importance. Yet an army only exists for the purpose of war. The question is then how to create and foster in peace such relations between officers and men as will stand the test of war. In going back thus far, any mere volunteer must, as I said at the outset, speak with diffidence. But it is not venturing too boldly to say—indeed all I have urged is leading to this conclusion—that the question does not stand by itself, but is bound up with the larger one of the training of our army, officers and men, as a whole. Neither side is professionally trained for war as it ought to be. It follows that the conditions are never approached which test, in the way they are tested in war, the relations between officers and men.

Perhaps it is quixotic to expect that a slice of Donegal or Connemara should be "commandeered" and forces manœuvred on it with an approach to reality, with no pre-arranged camping-grounds, no tents, no civilian caterers; with real serpent-like convoys to be got over mountain-drifts, real hardships to bear if transport breaks down, and real blame allotted for mistakes. Nor is it easy to see how the social gulf that now divides the ranks can be so bridged in times of peace as to lead to that knowledge of men and sharing of their life with its rough and smooth which was so invaluable in the stress of war; but at least the foundations may be laid. It seems to be generally acknowledged that for many officers the army is not a profession in the sense it ought to be; that they do not give enough time and zeal to their work, that the expense is too great and the pay too small, that interest counts for too much, and ability and application for too little; and on the other hand that the training of the men is imperfect, that too much time and trouble are devoted to ceremonial and routine as opposed to practical field-work. It may safely be affirmed that any improvement in any of these things is also a step towards the particular reform I am advocating.

That there is any inherent moral obstacle it is absurd to suppose. In England, of all countries, the very happiest

conditions exist for the development of such relations as I have indicated, without the loss and, indeed, to the gain of discipline. We have sharp class distinctions but no class prejudices. To the gentleman the habit of command comes naturally, and with it the power to use that sort of familiarity which does not breed contempt. Of course, the faculty in its perfection of inspiring both obedience and affection is a rare gift, but as I have tried to point out it depends largely on mere knowledge and sympathy, and may be educated like any other faculty.

We have heard of suggestions for "democratising" the army. If by this is meant any system of wholesale promotion from the ranks, or, indeed, any change which would tend to lower the social standard of officers, it cannot be too strongly condemned. That *ceteris paribus* a soldier will best follow an officer who is his superior in birth may be taken for granted. To neglect this fact would be a wanton waste of that subtle personal magnetism which is exercised by gentle breeding. No one knows better than an English gentleman how to make the most of this quality, and how to double and triple its efficacy by example and insight, and to have it not only unimpaired but quickened by tactful familiarity. This is proved every day in every walk of life. It only remains to ask whether there is anything in the particular class from which soldiers are drawn which renders the task more difficult. Are they of too low a class? This is surely an exploded notion. "We ain't no thin red 'eroes, nor we ain't no blackguards too," about hits the mark. Donning a uniform does not change a man's character. Soldiers are average men of the lower class, with the average amount of intelligence and morals for their rank in life, and with the common failings of humanity. The younger men have the defects and qualities of youth; the reservists are mostly sober family men with average width of view, sense of responsibility, and regard for morality. There are black sheep whom nothing but force will appeal to, as in large societies, but they do not set the tone. If we say that our soldiers have done well in South Africa it is only to say that they have

worthily represented the strength and probity of the nation that sent them. For some of us who served side by side with them there is a deep personal feeling as well, due to what always seemed to me their exceptional warm-heartedness and generosity. It is partly this feeling which actuates me in writing this article. Nearly all of us volunteers owe much to the regulars, and if we see any way of bettering their lot while increasing their efficiency we ought to say so.

For the rest it is now or never, if we are to avoid compulsory service, that voluntary service must be made popular. This war will severely test its popularity. But the reform I have urged will, I am certain, be a step in the right direction.

ERSKINE CHILDERS.

TRADE AND THE ADMINISTRATION IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

ONE of the most important results of the war in South Africa has been that the people of Great Britain have begun to take a real interest in our foreign possessions; an interest which will have the effect of greatly strengthening the hands of the Home Government in improving the administration of the Crown Colonies and in developing their natural resources. Public attention was first directed towards Egypt and the Soudan and then to South Africa, whilst the idea of connecting our interests at the two extremities of the continent, by rail and telegram, has become common even to the man in the street. Between these extremities the British flag flies over two tracts of country separated by German territory, the one known as British Central Africa and the other as the Protectorates of Uganda and British East Africa. The following remarks will be in reference to the protectorates only, and chiefly in regard to the latter, as of it I have actual personal knowledge.

The British "sphere of influence" was defined by agreement made between the British and German Governments in 1886 and 1890, and the development of the country was left to the "British East Africa Association," which commenced operations towards the latter part of 1888, but parted with its rights

to the Government in 1894–95, in which years the Protectorates of Uganda and British East Africa came into existence. In criticising, therefore, the administration of these protectorates, it must be remembered that, whatever has been done, has been accomplished within a decade, and that the present system has been working only for half that period. On this account, when existing methods are found fault with, it will not be in a captious spirit, but rather with the hope that the necessary remedy will shortly be applied. With this object in view, suggestions will be made as to the lines on which improvements might be introduced, such suggestions obtaining any force they may possess from experience gained in India, where similar difficulties have occurred, although under somewhat different circumstances, arising from the fact that the Indians, with the exception of some of the frontier tribes, are in a higher state of civilisation than the natives of Africa.

The country to be administered is roughly a million square miles in extent, and the population is estimated at two and a half millions in the East African Protectorate, and close on four millions in Uganda, but the former estimate is much too high now, for in the famine of 1889–1900 whole villages completely disappeared. The difficulty of control is, therefore, not due to the size of the population, which is no more than that in an average Indian Commissionership, but the immense area over which the population is scattered. In a country which is largely waterless, and where the only means of transport is by porterage, this difficulty cannot be exaggerated, but it has now been largely minimised by the construction of the Uganda Railway, which is at present open for close on 500 miles. The "Nyika," or waterless strip of country behind the coast, can now be crossed in a few hours, and from thence onwards there is, as a rule, no serious difficulty on the score of water. This same short journey of a couple of hundred miles lands the traveller on a higher plateau, where cattle and other beasts of burden will live without being molested by the tsetse-fly, and where, therefore, it would be unnecessary to depend on porters for trans-

port, if only some little provision were made in the way of roads and bridges. The old company did do something in this direction, for it cut the "Mackinnon Road" through the dense jungle for the benefit of the porters going up to Uganda, but the present administration has done nothing, except to a small extent in Uganda, and therefore must be held responsible for the resulting unsettled state of the country and dearth of trade. As every one knows, our control over the natives is absolutely non-existent beyond a radius of some ten miles or so from our forts, the reason being that the natives never see an official or any sign of the existence of a government. By opening out roads and having them patrolled by bodies of police, the country would soon be subjugated and traders would have protection and facilities of travel. The necessity of building roads has been so universally recognised since the time of the Romans that it requires no further proof. It is impossible that the administration has not been struck with this necessity, and therefore the failure of Government to perform its duty in this respect is all the more reprehensible. Want of funds is no sufficient excuse, for, since the only income of the country is from customs and transit dues, it is above all things necessary to increase trade. This will be all the more evident when the trade returns are considered: the imports in 1897-98 were estimated at £279,051 and in the following year at £439,062, whilst the figures for the exports were £67,954 and £66,687 respectively. The imports tell us nothing, for the articles imported were principally for the consumption of the Europeans and Indians temporarily employed in the railway construction. The case of the exports is very different, for in a new country they represent the value of the foreign goods sold in the country and also the profits of the foreign merchants. Less than £67,000 of trade, and the amount decreasing, shows to what extent the country has been exploited during the ten years we have had it.

From the Government point of view, improved communications are very necessary, so as to lessen the cost of transporting

military supplies and in order to render the troops more mobile, and thus obviate the necessity of largely increasing their number, which otherwise will be unavoidable when steps are seriously taken to subdue the country. The only security at present is at the coast and, to a lesser degree, along the railway line, and in the immediate vicinity of the forts. As an example of the present unsettled state of the country, I may mention that in the early part of last year two caravans going to Uganda were raided by the Wa-Kikuyu, several men being killed, in the immediate neighbourhood of Fort Smith, and yet at that time there were troops also at Nyrobi and at "Railhead," all three places being within twenty miles of each other. The Wa-Kikuyu, moreover, used to amuse themselves by firing shots at night time into Nyrobi, the headquarters of the railway, and by massacring any Indian whom they might catch a little way from the railroad. The authorities were supine in the matter, the reason generally accepted being that they had received orders from England not to start any fresh difficulties or incur further military expenditure. Again, a trading caravan led by two Englishmen was cut up in the Mbe country, less than a hundred miles from Fort Smith, and the Englishmen dangerously wounded. Instead of the offending tribe being properly punished, the Sub-Commissioner issued a notice that for the future no trading caravans were to go into those parts. Matters have apparently gone from bad to worse, for the correspondent of the *Times of India* writes on December 24, 1900, that

> The road to Uganda is blocked by tribes on the war-path, driven to this attitude by our policy in forcing on them measures such as Sir Harry Johnston's "hut-tax." They are eager for revenge, which is their wild idea of justice. Whole caravans are looted and slaughtered. The military are hemmed in at their posts and barely holding their own. The telegraph wires are cut, and no communication is possible on either side. And now Kismayu is ablaze, and quite recently was a scene of murder, loot, and rapine, which we are not able to avenge till troops can be despatched from India or Aden, and when we do get there the moral effect of a quick and speedy settlement or punishment will have been lost completely.

It is the want of water that causes the greatest difficulty to the traveller in Africa, and therefore it is necessary that the main roads or tracks should be provided with some sort of water supply. Costly works are not necessary, for it would be easy and inexpensive to construct tanks or shallow wells at spots where water is available. To water a caravan from a trickling spring or from a muddy water-hole is tedious, unpleasant and insanitary; having myself been glad to get even this liquid filth, I can speak with a good deal of feeling. In the East generally it is considered a pious act to construct wells for travellers; might not a little of this piety be expected from a soulless Government? Possibly, if the African native saw something done for his benefit, he might appreciate our advent more; so far he has little but disease to thank the white man for. During the recent famine in British East Africa, the Home Government did not feel itself in a position to undertake any relief measures. Without criticising this action, I think one can have but one opinion of its meanness in charging for the transport, on the Government railway, of foodstuffs bought from funds raised by public subscription.

It may be said that the Home Government has done so much for our East African possessions by building the Uganda railway that it cannot be expected to spend more money on roads; but to urge such a plea would be somewhat disingenuous, for, as every one knows, the Uganda line was primarily built, not to open out the country, but for political purposes; namely, to secure our position in Uganda and the Upper Nile, and so stop any dervish or other irruption into those parts. Moreover, without feeder-roads, a railway is of little use, and therefore, merely with the idea of getting some return on the large capital invested, a little more should be expended in improving trade facilities. All this should have been done *pari passu* with the construction of the line; as it is, the line is open to traffic half-way to Uganda, but simply runs through an undeveloped waste.

Perhaps, as a preliminary to opening out the country, it

would be advisable to know something about it, and have maps showing at least the principal physical features. In these particulars too we are woefully deficient, and if any one full of ideas of British superiority would only compare the maps and economic reports of British East Africa with those compiled by the Germans of their territory, he will understand why the latter have become such successful rivals of ours in foreign trade.

With the exception of the railway survey and a few surveys in Uganda, our knowledge of our territories is due to private individuals and to German sources. The best map we possess is that brought out by the Intelligence Division of the War Office in 1898, which, when not blank, is largely incorrect. Our Government is accused by foreigners, and justly so, with being niggardly in the extreme as regards grants to any form of pure research, but is supposed to aid research when it can be proved to be directly utilitarian. Even this qualified praise is undeserved, for nothing is being done by our Government corresponding to the German expeditions in their territory to map the country topographically and to investigate its value from the agricultural and mineral point of view. We have come to the stage of not expecting our Government to bear the expense of investigations into matters relating to race, language, physiography, meteorology or suchlike important subjects; the most that is ever hoped for is that some petty grant may be made to an expedition fitted out by some learned society. The Sultan of Zanzibar, who now rules over only 1020 square miles, has an experimental plantation presided over by an English Director and Assistant, who are endeavouring to increase the output of the agricultural staples of his territory and to acclimatise others. We, on the other hand, with our million square miles, do nothing, although there is no apparent reason why the cultivation of rubber should not be extended, or why coffee, tobacco, cacao and cotton should not be introduced. Private enterprise has shown that English cereals and vegetables, and Japanese or Australasian varieties

of English fruit, will do well in the country round Machakos and Nyrobi; but no thanks are due to Government, which has not even endeavoured to extend the cultivation of these articles. Ivory forms at present the most important export, but this trade will soon rapidly diminish, for the stores of ivory are being depleted and the elephant is being protected. The Germans have possessed their 380,000 square miles for about the same period that we have had our territory, but yet their exports in 1898 were valued at £300,000. They, however, have several experimental stations for tropical culture and cattle-rearing, and they have plantations run by German settlers for the cultivation of rubber, cacao, coffee, vanilla and coco-palm.

To make a correct map on the scale of eight or four miles to the inch, instead of the existing sketch-map of twenty-five miles to the inch, would not be a very lengthy or expensive operation, carried out by proper hands, such as the Indian Survey Department. If, however, the matter is arranged for by the Foreign Office and protégés of influential people sent out from England, it will be carried out in about as satisfactory a manner as the Uganda Railway has been, and more than that need not be said.

A geological survey on practical lines should certainly be undertaken, for it is known that minerals, including coal, exist in the country towards Lake Rudolf, and, if these are only in workable quantities, wealth would soon accrue to the country.

In the absence of specialists, the economic conditions of the country could be ascertained by the district officers, if only their work were arranged for on a more rational basis. These officials are, or rather should be, the backbone of the whole administration, in the same way as they are in India. In the latter country the district officer has on an average the welfare of at least a million natives entrusted to him; besides exercising a general control over the administration of justice, the police, education, sanitation, public bodies, &c., he travels during at least four months every year over his district, visits

all the larger villages, meets the principal inhabitants, and generally gets to know the wants of his district to almost the same extent that a landed proprietor in England knows the needs of his estate. In East Africa, however, the district officer is little better than a clerk; his powers are less than those of the last joined "civilian" in India, and his work is principally of the kind that in the latter country is entrusted to a native head-clerk. Very seldom is he able to go more than a day's ride from his headquarters, as, if he were absent, there would be none to attend to the petty business that might come up. This business generally consists in assessing the customs duty on ivory that is passing through, or realising the transit dues on a train of donkeys or herd of goats. It may be, too, that a Swahili or Indian trader wishes to take money down to the coast and has to get a draft on the Mombasa treasury for the purpose, as it is illegal to take specie out of the Uganda Protectorate. This curious state of affairs arises from Government having made no provision for a currency. Indian coinage is used, but the provision of this is left to the banks at Zanzibar and Mombasa, which charge for the accommodation; thus, when cashing cheques, I had to pay one per cent. to get silver, but a great deal higher for notes, as there is a great demand for these on the part of the Indians who are remitting to their homes. One Accountant-General did try a little finance which took the form of flooding the country with the Indian copper coin called a "pice"; the treasury benefited by this, but not the country, for when I was at Tsavo Kibwezi 100 pice went to the rupee instead of 64!

When not attending to something like the above, or trying a petty case arising within the fort precincts, the district officer is keeping up account-books or attending to the "despatches" of the Sub-Commissioner. If only the Foreign Office had not infected East Africa with "despatches," things would be more flourishing there. These alarming documents, generally relating to mere nothings, have amused the clerks in the Foreign Office for years, but in Africa they appear to have caused a sort of

blight, as the effort to evolve them on the part of the Sub-Commissioners appears to have occasioned a swelling of the head and a condition of the mind tending to mental atrophy except in the production of despatches. The result of this system is that the so-called district officer has no influence over the surrounding natives, whose villages he does not know of and whose chiefs he has never seen. In one or two instances where men have obtained local influence, they have been transferred to a part of the country with which they were unacquainted. As the natives are practically undiscovered, it is needless to say that they on their part have no knowledge of the Government, which has done nothing on their behalf, exercises no control over them, and does not even exact recognition from them.

It may be urged that the administration cannot afford to increase the number of the officials, and therefore that the existing system cannot be altered. The obvious reply to this is that, if the present system continues, so also will the present state of affairs, and there will be no progress. In any case it would not be necessary to double the staff, as the petty head-quarter work might be done by a junior assistant or by a head-clerk, whilst important matters might be referred to the district officer in camp, as is the practice in India. By keeping a European officer at headquarters and letting the district officer go on tour, it would be possible, if necessary, to increase the size of the present administrative charges.

The touring official should keep careful notes of the villages and people he visits, so that in a few years it would be possible to compile a rough gazetteer, which would supply local information to a new official and would enable the higher authorities to get some idea of the capabilities of the country, the manner in which it should be developed, the existing village or tribal government, the forms taxation might take, prejudices of the people, &c. Unless the native is to be treated as a mere beast of the field, we must introduce some little order into what at present is largely chaos, and the first

step in this direction is to clothe the tribal chiefs or village headmen with some sort of authority, recognising certain rights on their part, but at the same time insisting on certain duties from them in return. Don't let us give the native cause for thinking that we merely wish to grab his land or raise taxes out of him; let us improve his condition a little by teaching him handicrafts, providing cheap dispensaries as in India, securing to him the enjoyment of the fruits of his labour, and so on.

The native, it is true, is so lazy that he will often prefer to starve rather than work; if he has all that he desires no one can blame him for not working to get more. By civilising him a little, however, new wants will be created, and to satisfy these he will learn to work, so as to raise more from the soil than is necessary merely to keep himself alive. By so doing we shall also benefit ourselves, as the demand for piece goods and other manufactured articles will increase. Already the effect of the railway has been that the natives near it have taken to clothe themselves, partly to copy the Indians and partly because the latter laughed at their nakedness, and ridicule no savage can endure. A market will soon arise for European wares if only our traders will ascertain what the native wants, instead of trying to induce him to buy articles that we already possess. At Zanzibar and along the coast the women have of late years all taken to clothing themselves in printed calicoes of the most startling patterns and colours, but I was informed that these articles, which had an instant large demand, were introduced by the Germans and not by the English, although our trade in those parts is no new thing.

At the present time it is impossible to say with what ostensible object Government is running the country, unless it is merely to make our occupation sufficiently "effective" to keep off the hands of other Powers. Certainly nothing has been done for the native, nor does the Englishman see that anything has been done on his behalf. The highlands existing in the districts of Ulu, Kenia and Mau are perhaps not exactly health

resorts, but they are suitable for European settlers, and are more healthy than the portions of British Central Africa that have been colonised. The land is suitable for agriculture or for stock-raising, the soil in the Athi and Kapté Plains being the same as the "black cotton" soil of India and Southern Russia. Up to the present there are no settlers, not because there are no applicants, but because the Government either refuses to grant or sell land or else seeks to impose impossible conditions. This is very different from the policy of the Germans in Usambara, where the settlers not only get free grants of land but also every kind of assistance in advice, money and otherwise. One applicant in our territory was told the country was not pacified, and he was therefore refused, although he was prepared to take the risk. The land applied for was adjoining the railway, so that this reason involved a distinct admission of incapacity on the part of the authorities. Of the twenty thousand and odd Indian coolies engaged on the railway construction, many, whose term of engagement had elapsed, have wished to take up land but have been refused, although these are the very men who should be encouraged to settle in this sparsely populated land, as they could stand the climate, whilst their "petite culture" would prove ultimately more profitable to the administration than large ranches would. It would, moreover, be another outlet for the overcrowded districts of India, although this reason will scarcely commend itself to the authorities in East Africa, where the Indian is not much loved, he being too pushing when compared with the easy-going, lazy native. At present nearly all the petty trade in British and German East Africa, as well as in Zanzibar, is in the hands of the Indians, who have ousted the Arabs and Swahilis, and who will be the means of eventually bringing prosperity to our possessions in those parts. At present their wants are very inadequately provided for, as the Courts do not know Hindustani, even in Mombasa, where the "Banians" form the majority of the litigants. The consequence is that any disreputable, out-at-elbows Goanese loafer is employed as

interpreter, to the great disadvantage of the Indian suitor. Instead of ignoring the Indian, as is the case at present, the Government should only appoint at large trade centres such judges and magistrates as know Hindustani. To demand a knowledge of this language as well as of Swahili is not asking too much; in India it is the rule for the civilians to know at least two of the vernaculars.

In many respects endeavours have been made to copy the procedure observed in India, but very little discrimination has been shown in the manner of doing so. Laws and regulations have been adopted *en bloc* without considering how far they are applicable. I say nominally, because no one pays any attention to these notifications—the Government not even supplying the Courts with copies of the Acts in question! To apply the complicated Indian Procedure Codes to cases in which the up-country savages are concerned is ridiculous enough, but this is nothing to the absurdity of extending the Indian Jail Act and Manual to a country in which no jails exist except in name, where the prisoners are chained together, fed and kept in a shed, and just marched out in the daytime to do a little scavenging.

With the Indians and the Swahilis such portions of the Indian Civil and Criminal Codes as are applicable should be observed, but as regards the natives, rough-and-ready justice is all that is necessary, and merely rules similar to those applied to the half-savage tribes on our Indian frontier. In a new country it is, of course, impossible to introduce new laws to meet all future contingencies, but officials might at least, in the civilised portions, be guided by procedure prevalent in other countries, if no rules are provided for East Africa. Thus, when taking up the property of Europeans near Mombasa for the railway line, instead of calmly appropriating it and becoming subsequently involved in lawsuits, it would have been just as easy for the Government representative to have issued notices, listened to claims and objections in a similar manner to that prescribed in the Indian Land Acquisition Act.

And here we come to the real crux of the whole question of East African administration: Are those entrusted with the administration capable of the work entrusted to them?

When the Home Government took over the administration of East Africa from the Company, it naturally took over the existing staff, which, of course, included men of different degrees of ability, whose previous training fitted them for pioneers and traders, but scarcely for administrators, except of a very rough-and-ready type. Some, of course, were able to rise to the occasion, and much more might have been made of them if there had been a strong directing hand; but this, unfortunately, was lacking, for the head of the administration was the Consul-General at Zanzibar, whose legitimate duties lie in the consular and diplomatic line. With no special judicial and administrative training or experience, and with but an occasional flying visit to the mainland, the Consul-General could not be expected to originate far-reaching schemes or even to exercise a guiding control over his subordinates, who were thus left to their own devices. Some of the officials have risen to their position, whilst others have suffered from a too rapid rise, and have lost themselves among despatches, salutes and the gorgeous uniform they have introduced. The Civil Service of India, living in a land of pomp and show, have not considered it necessary to bedeck themselves with blue cloth, gold lace and swords, but the civil officials in East Africa, living among naked or semi-nude savages, have come to a different conclusion.

For the last two years the Uganda Protectorate has been under a Special Commissioner whose experience has been gained in British Central Africa, but who otherwise has had no special training. It seems a pity that the services could not have been obtained of some official who had administrative knowledge of some part of our dominions, where the state of civilisation was somewhat higher, and who would therefore know on what lines improvements should be made. It is, no doubt, owing to our foreign possessions being distributed between the India, Foreign and Colonial Offices that expe-

rience gained in one portion of the world is not made use of in another, but each possession left instead to work out its own salvation. We may, however, have hopes for the future, as the present head of the Foreign Office, Lord Lansdowne, has had such varied experience in our foreign dependencies, that these are not likely to be run henceforward by a set of permanent clerks who have mostly never left the British Isles.

Progress will be ensured when the conduct of East African affairs is taken from the Foreign Office clerks and the Consul-General at Zanzibar, and is entrusted to an officer who has gained his experience elsewhere and is sufficiently young and robust to survive the climate, which is enervating in those places where it is not absolutely deadly. One man of energy and good constitution could manage the two protectorates, thus obviating the present dual control and artificial restrictions. Attention should, however, be paid to the recruiting and training of the junior officials, as with incompetent subordinates little can be accomplished. At present they are appointed by the Foreign Office without even a qualifying examination, let alone a competitive one, and then shipped out to Africa and sent up the country without the slightest knowledge of Swahili, law, accounts, or anything else. The salary is a bare pittance; merely enough to enable them to get into debt. If reasonable pay is given and men are selected by competition only, or by nomination and competition, as in the Navy, there will be no difficulty in getting efficient officers. A six months course of instruction in languages, elementary law, conditions of the country, and so on, could easily be arranged for, either in London or at Mombasa, and thus replace the present haphazard and unsatisfactory method of picking up knowledge. We should not then have a repetition of an actual case in which a man who can neither read nor write was put in charge of a sub-district! In the case referred to, exceptional service required a special reward, but surely this might have taken a more appropriate form!

With an efficient administration and a judicious outlay of

capital, which might be raised by a guaranteed loan, the country would soon begin to prosper. Hitherto money has been granted with a very niggardly hand, and almost all has been spent in military expeditions, but no doubt funds would be forthcoming if properly matured projects were submitted by a capable head of the administration. The Foreign Office control over the major heads of expenditure might continue, but the present red tape as to details must cease. As an instance of how this works, I may mention that sections for officers' quarters, sent out from England, lay rotting along the roadsides at Mombasa, because no funds had been provided for sending them up country on the Government railway! Again, at one of the forts the armed police were a lot of ragamuffins, because no provision had been made for a tailor to make up the uniforms from the cloth that had been already supplied.

In military matters, too, alterations will have to be made, as the English officers at present only serve in East Africa for two or three years, and come for the purpose of getting a little active service, or sport, or in order to recruit their finances. Is it a wonder, then, that the officers, being ignorant of the language of the men and being but birds of passage, should have but little knowledge of their men or control over them? Numerous murderous outbreaks of the men, to which it is unnecessary to refer in detail, have taken place, showing the necessity for altering the present system. With the high pay given and the prospects of active service and sport, it would not be difficult to get any number of officers to volunteer for continuous service in Africa if those in our auxiliary forces were approached. A man in a British regiment naturally does not like the idea of cutting himself off from his old comrades for ever.

One more important point deserves notice, and that is, that there is no direct steamboat line between England and East Africa or Zanzibar, simply because the Government will not give a sufficient subsidy. To get to those parts direct from Europe, the traveller must go by either the German East Africa Line or else by the French Messageries Maritimes.

To recapitulate. If we wish to do anything with East Africa, we must improve internal and external communications, we must knock every atom of fight out of the natives, we must improve the administration and free it from too much Foreign Office control, we must get English and Indian settlers, and, finally, we must spend a little money in discovering and developing the natural resources of the country.

EVELYN J. MARDON,
Indian Civil Service.

CHARLOTTE YONGE AS A CHRONICLER

IT was only the other day that Charlotte Yonge was laid to rest at Hursley in Hampshire, near the cross of John Keble, her guide and her intimate friend. There are probably few people born between 1845 and 1865 who did not leave a little piece of their hearts in her quiet grave. What eager girl of the 'seventies did not mould herself upon Ethel in "The Daisy Chain," with her untidy skirts and her visions of reforming Cocksmoor? Who has not thrilled over the Doubts of Norman at Oxford? And which of us that happened to have an ailment in that period did not try to give the sweet if impossible smile of Margaret May upon her sofa? Robert Browning says that "if you die, there's the dying Alexander"; but who would not much rather have died like Guy Morville, the heir of Redclyffe? We may have been the greater prigs for doing so, and self-examination can be a morbid habit. And yet is it more unwholesome than the self-analysis and the fear of being absurd that possess the present generation? It is, at all events, the outcome of moral enthusiasm, not of rather aimless criticism; and the annals of commonplace virtue are not more tedious than the annals of commonplace vice. Miss Yonge is as lengthy as you choose, but what can be lengthier than a modern realistic novel?

In limited space it is impossible to do justice to all her efforts. Perhaps her historical stories and studies are the most

irreproachable of these. When she gets to other centuries than her own she is freer from the trammels of duty and moralising, and is able to put her particular tenets into fancy dress. But her domestic chronicles best embody herself. All that was original in her is there, and it is to them that this review will confine itself.

Charlotte Yonge's chief gift is not a literary one: it is rather a moral gift—the faculty of intimacy. This it was, perhaps, which endeared her to more than one distinguished mind. In "The Life of Tennyson," Mr. Palgrave records how one night, in a Devonshire inn, he shared a room with him, and how the poet lay in his bed with a candle persistently reading a book of Miss Yonge's, which he had already taken out by day "at every disengaged moment, while rambling over the moor." "I see land!" cried Tennyson at last. "Mr. —— is going to be confirmed." It is well known, too, how Morris and the Pre-Raphaelites read and re-read "The Heir of Redclyffe," the novel to which we find it most difficult to return. There are, of course, obvious reasons outside her characters to account for their taste. Charlotte Yonge was the child of the Tractarian School, without any of its extravagances, and her tone of symbolism was congenial to the Brotherhood; so were the books that were influencing her—"Sintram" and the "Morte d'Arthur." And however different was her treatment of material, her range of subjects was analogous to theirs, and varied between historical romance and the homeliest themes. But she could hardly have affected them as she did had it not been for her deep, if narrow, moral insight and her faithful minuteness of description. Her work, as a recent critic[1] has cleverly pointed out, was in her own little province, the result of Wordsworth.

The secret of Charlotte Yonge's strength lies in this: she plucks the heart out of the obvious—she evokes the familiar. No one can more potently stir the associations that recall our childhood's excitements: the emotions of lessons; the dual

[1] "Charlotte Yonge," by Ethel Earl, *The Pilot*, March 30, 1901.

life of inner visions and walks with the governess; the very smell of a school-treat at Christmas; the hissing of the tea-urn which brought us our evening liberty. "The Daisy Chain" is an epic—the "Iliad" of the schoolroom—and should hold its place as a moral classic.

But if we are to make a preposterous analogy, Miss Yonge is, on the whole, more like Zola than Homer in her methods. Both she and the French novelist take an enormous canvas and, with prodigious industry, work out the experience of each of their characters. The Rougon-Macquarts are almost as numerous as the Mays, or the Pillars of the House, and, like them, recur through an endless series of volumes. Both writers have the same courage in the face of tediousness, and the same faults—overgrown conscience and prolixity. Their themes, it must be owned, are very different. Miss Yonge is at her best when she describes youth. The life of girlhood between twelve and twenty-five lies open to her with its joys and struggles, and so does every unimportant, all-important detail of daily existence in a country neighbourhood. What, for instance, can be more arresting—what can carry us more directly into the centre of things—than the opening of "The Daisy Chain"?

"Miss Winter, are you busy? Do you want this afternoon? Can you take a good long walk?"

"Ethel, my dear, how often have I told you of your impetuosity—you have forgotten."

"Very well"—with an impatient twist—"I beg your pardon. Good morning, Miss Winter," said a thin, lank, angular, sallow girl just fifteen.

Here is the gift of intimacy: a something that puts us in touch with her people at once. And she knows in their essence all the little things that affect family life, even to the frictions that exist, without fault on any side, between differing temperaments in the same circle. That is why we do not so much read her stories as live next door to her characters, embracing all the worry and tedium as well as the pleasure which identification with a family must mean. When the

Underwoods and Merryfields have the measles we know exactly which one is the worst and want to go and inquire after them. When the Pillars of the House give a party on about eighteenpence and entertain the County on that modest sum (Miss Yonge has a discreet partiality for orthodox lords), we find ourselves growing needlessly harassed lest the home-made cakes should be too heavy; and when (in "The Clever Woman of the Family") Ermine Williams, the Absolute Idea of the Invalid puts on her "Nürnberg horn brooch" to welcome the lover she had counted as dead, we are consumed with desire to see what she looked like. Or take "Countess Kate," perhaps the most flawless of her domestic stories. How well we know the ardent, aggravating, lovable, grandiloquent little girl, with her private heroics, her awkwardness in public, her unsatisfied heart. And Rachel, too, the infallible, "the Clever Woman" of a small set, who made a "mission" of her ladylike cousin's family, to the destruction of their comfort, and in due time landed herself in a happy marriage with a soldier of iron will. These and a dozen more come back to our mind like well-remembered visitors. Indeed, if we search Miss Yonge's many volumes, we shall find there the germs of most of the women's characters that we come across in the world; it is the circumscribed development she gives them, apart from the accidents of time and fashion, that make them often seem remote from our knowledge. There is at least no lack of depth in Charlotte Yonge. If we want the deeper aspects of family experience—the things all feel and seldom formulate—no one is better at suggesting them. When scarlet fever seized the delicate boy of the May family, Ethel and her father felt grave forebodings.

> Ethel silently and rapidly moved about, dreading to give an interval for tremblings of heart. Five years of family prosperity had passed, and there had been that insensible feeling of peace and immunity from care which is strange to look back upon when one hour has drifted from smooth water to turbid currents. There was a sort of awe in seeing the mysterious gates of sorrow again unclosed.

In work, in character-drawing, such as all this, there is the saving grace, the steady force of reality. From the heart it comes; to the heart it goes. And, in so far, it will retain its vital quality.

It is when Miss Yonge leaves her set limits that truth forsakes her. She is not an artist; the æsthetic sense is outside her and generally counts as a danger in her scheme of existence. Mr. Rivers, in "The Daisy Chain"—who possesses a Claude and a portfolio of engravings from Raphael, who likes "a show set of peasants in rustic cottages," and puts "all that offends the eye out of the way"—has, according to Dr. May, "cultivated his taste till it is getting to be a disease." And Cherry Underwood's picture painted to the glory of heaven, without much knowledge of drawing, was at once accepted by the Academy, and must have been a pretty bad specimen. None, indeed, of her artists are happy in their mind when once outside the lych-gate of their church. But, after all, bad art for the glory of heaven is no worse than bad art for art's sake—the ideal of modern stories—and has the advantage of possessing a practical motive which is applicable to other forms of activity. It must be owned, though, that Miss Yonge carries that motive pretty far. Sports, games even, do not escape. Croquet is frequently a matter for prayer: for or against, according as the croquet-player is indolent by temperament or too much absorbed in the game. Her favourite lady in "The Clever Woman of the Family" only yields to it gradually because she long believed it to be the monopoly of fast officers and their set. And bicycles (touchingly introduced into her last volume, "Modern Broods") are only allowed because they can be ridden in the service of the Church. "Magdalen (runs the story) had, however, decided on granting the bicycles. She had found plenty of use for her own, for it was possible, with prudent use of it, avoiding the worst parts of the road, to be at early celebration at St. Andrews, and get to the Sunday School at Arnscombe afterwards."

It is impossible to imagine many men reading Miss Yonge.

There is an intemperate tameness about her—at once her charm and her defect—which forbids our associating mankind with her. It would be as if we dreamed of them taking high tea *in perpetuo*. Her masculine portraits are generally impossible. She can manage a father or a colonial bishop, or even a widower clergyman. Dr. May is the real hero of "The Daisy Chain" and "The Trial"; and the Diocesan in the last story, or blind Mr. Clare in "The Clever Woman of the Family" can mildly hold their own. But her lovers, clerical and military, and, worse still, her man of the world! Her conception of the latter is embodied in Philip Morville, who frequently stays with a lord in a gay country-house, and says "Encore?" when the visitors' bell rings a second time in the villa of his untitled uncle; or again, in Dr. May's utterance when he found the sitting-room "pervaded with an odour of nutmeg and port-wine," while "a kettle, a decanter and empty tumblers told tales"—of nothing worse than Tom's attempt to cure his younger brother's cold. "Cold," says the Doctor, "is always the excuse. But, another time, don't teach your brother to make this place like a fast man's rooms."

Miss Yonge prefers the Church or the Army as a calling for her favourites, but she allows other avocations. That Pillar of the House who became the editor of a high-toned newspaper, besides squires, doctors, sailors, the weary politician and an emigrant farmer or two, come across our memory as we write. But as all of them are bent on devoting their professions to the cause of the Anglican Church, their talk is, so to speak, reduced to a common denominator. Extreme heartiness is her favourite method of producing a manly note in conversation; and rather outlandish ejaculations, such as "Aye!" "Ha!" "Nay!" "What say you?" are frequent in the mouths of the men in her books. They are not much more successful in feeling than in speech. When Leonard Ward is condemned to death for a murder of which he is innocent, he is resigned, even pleased to be hanged, because he had once, unpunished,

thrown a stone (which did not hit) at his elder brother for telling him the drawing-room was untidy. Guy Morville, the heir of Redclyffe, cures himself of the Redclyffe temper by playing the "Harmonious Blacksmith" whenever he is impatient—though the amount of time he must have wasted in running to and from the piano is incalculable. Or, if we want a Bacchanalia of mildness, let us look in upon the proceedings on Philip Morville's wedding-day—the crown of a long and faithful though clandestine love.

> It was late before he appeared at all, and when he came down there was nothing so plainly written on his face as headache. It was so severe that the most merciful thing was to send him to lie on the sofa in the drawing-room. Amabel said she would fetch him some camphor, and disappeared, while Laura (the bride) sat still with her forced composure. Her father fidgeted, only restrained by her presence from expressing his fears that Philip was too unwell for the marriage to take place to-day, and Charles talked cheerfully of the great improvement in his general health. . . . At the last moment she (Amabel) went to warn Philip it was time to go, if he meant to walk to church alone, the best thing for his head.

It should perhaps be mentioned that the headache came from remorse, and had already lasted eighteen months. There should be a separate treatise on Miss Yonge's treatment of illness, as the maladies in her novels, whether proceeding from fire or fever, whether from shrunken tendons or overwork, are alike only cured by joy, repentance, or some other well-regulated feeling. But these, like Philip's remorse, belong to the machinery of her tales. She is happily too sensible a woman to make for a plot as a rule. When she does so it is an anomaly, whether in "The Trial," where for three years the escaped villain keeps in his pocket the only document that can inculpate him; or in "The Clever Woman of the Family," where the deceptions practised by the robber and forger are such as a baby-thief would not attempt. In that book, too, so that no fault may be left unwarned in her works, she conscientiously allows Bessie Keith the mildest of married flirtations with Mr. Carleton, formerly rejected by her. But where it reaches

its apex (we cannot call it a crisis) she has the misfortune to be upon a croquet-lawn. In her guilty excitement and desire to reach her relations she trips over a hoop, falls, and dies a few hours afterwards from an internal injury, the effect of the accident. The culprit gives up fishing in the agony of his regret and takes to a serious profession, much to the pleasure of his Mama. Her uncle reads the burial-service, and all the other clergymen and officers, with their wives and nieces, live rather happily ever afterwards.

When we consider episodes such as these, we cannot be surprised that the rising generation for the most part refuse to read Charlotte Yonge—except for her historical stories. The smallness of her experience, or rather (for that might apply to Miss Austen) of the results of her experience put them off her track. She is never perfect outside the hearth, and the hearth is not very popular just now. No more is the British Gentlewoman, but if ever a temple were built for her Miss Yonge should figure as its goddess. The young people brought up on Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling demand more colour and movement than she can give them. And yet in her last book she has tried hard to put herself in touch with them and has made pathetic concessions. Pneumatic tyres are adapted to self-sacrifice. The girl who longs for Girton is allowed to go to Oxford, and finds the womanly daughter and modest niece of an Anglican lord as her fellow students; Dolores, the author's favourite maiden, gives lectures on electricity and founds a reading-settlement. But it is no good. The girls of to-day cannot *see themselves* in Miss Yonge, and that is their chief demand from literature: for young people are not imaginative. Besides, this is a critical age. "I can't read Miss Yonge!" said a little girl the other day: "she makes such long conversations, and thinks everything she talks of is the same; it doesn't seem to matter to her if it's a little dog, or self-denial, or a young girl, or a leaf." It is always easier for youth to detect faults than virtues.

And what have people in their teens in the place of

Charlotte Yonge? The natural answer seems to be: "Mrs. Humphry Ward." She, too, writes the serious family story, unexceptionable in tone and dealing with religious problems. She, too, depicts the spiritual trials of clergymen and young women. She paints the earnest priest who goes out of the church, Miss Yonge the earnest priest who stays in it—each according to their generation; and Norman May is at least as living as Robert Elsmere. But when we come to women, it is the elder author who bears off the palm. Will Marcella with her humanitarian visions, her beauty, her diamonds, and her influence in society, live as long as dowdy, noble Ethel with her merely Christian scheme? or has the fast, brilliant, free-thinking heroine of "Helbeck of Bannisdale," the vitality of Angela Underwood, half-flirt, half-saint, with her hoyden tricks, her taste for Ritualism, and her hidden capacities for devotion? In the sum of her work, too, Miss Yonge gains the prize; her books live for us and remain in our hearts as Mrs. Ward's hardly will, in spite of the fact that the author of "Marcella" treats of people and subjects much more congenial to us than those of "The Heir of Redclyffe." For when we come to compare the ground that both ladies cover—when we are confronted by Mrs. Ward's vast range of themes temporal and spiritual, the pen halts and the analogy stops.

The reason why Miss Yonge wears is not far to seek. Her experience is limited, but it is deep, it is first-hand. She has chosen a narrow path, but all that she describes on that path is described from her own observation. She is herself: unconscious, spontaneous and human. The people she evokes are no sudden creations: they have always been in her affections. Nevertheless it is natural that, in spite of her virtues, she should be neglected, while the novels of Mrs. Ward are devoured by an audience whose needs she represents, whose dialect she talks.

And yet it is a misfortune. Miss Yonge could supply this generation with many of the qualities it lacks. Unselfishness

and reverence are virtues none too common, and the wider the channel they flow in the better are they worth having. Charlotte Yonge appeals to enduring feelings, not to fleeting emotions; and, when all is said, a belief in the possibility of doing good is better than the belief that no good can be done.

EDITH SICHEL.

THE PROTESTANTISM OF CHRIST

A MOVEMENT which at any time in the history of the race attains such significance as to evoke a new name must be, as all observers will confess, not new in itself but merely a greater agitation of one of those forces which are a perpetual part of humanity. We believe that all earthly types have eternal prototypes: if Protestantism be a force with positive existence, there must be for it an ideal laid up, eternal in the heavens.

It is to be expected, then, that this ever-present revolt, more or less obvious, of the dissenter against existing religious standards—this revolt which is a part of man, who is made in the image of God—will be found to have a counterpart in the divine character. But though the religious mind always conceives of God as protesting against evil, such protest cannot be conceived as merely negative or destructive, either in character or aim. While in character, as just observed, it is a positive and permanent force, in aim it would remedy deficiencies, perfect the imperfect, overcome evil with good. Thus God's protest may fitly be regarded as the action of the positive illimitable good pushing against finite limitations of good, and, when it meets positive evil, vanquishing it by opposing to it some positive conception of good.

This quality of protesting, found both in God and man, must, if Jesus Christ be the divine man, be seen in him in its

earthly perfection; and one striking feature of his protest against evil is that it is not directed first and chiefly against irreligion but, like that of later Protestants, against the Church of his day.

The argument of this article is, that in this protest of Jesus we shall find the perfect manifestation of that part of the divine which corresponds to all true religious reform which has ever, may ever, vibrate in the heart of man; that he expressed an ideal Protestantism which must be essential to the perfection of the Church in every time and place, and to the completeness of every religious character; that the nature of right Protestantism, as distinguished from wrong, can be discovered only by an analysis of his attitude toward the sins and errors of the noblest religious system of his time.

Although Judaism was the purest ancient creed, it is but necessary to glance at the Mishna, or any sketch of its contents, to see how soul-deadening was the legalism which at the Christian era entered into every detail of the action of the devout Jew. The very fibre of his religious performance was of such stuff that a revived spiritual impulse could not long make his rule of life its expression. The observance of the Halakah, the traditional law, was the religion of all pious Jews. It has been a popular idea that a section only, and they false religionists, devoted themselves to legalism, while another section, the faithful who were waiting for the consolation of Israel, nourished their souls only upon psalm and prophecy; but this is not true. All religious Jews considered tithings and purifications and sabbatical exactions necessary to salvation. Deep down where the eye of God alone sees the inner man, there was, no doubt, a clear distinction then, as in the Church of all time, between what may be called "the faithful remnant"—the pure in heart, who always see God even through the utmost formalism—and those who may always be termed religious actors (ὑποκριταί), because they are absorbed in accomplishments. But as far as Judaism might be seen outwardly, it was technical and gross; and if some humble souls

laid the greater stress upon the inspired utterances of their religious poets, the flower of the nation—its strength, its youth, its learning—sat in the higher Rabbinical schools, where the precepts of a literal law were painfully analysed and split into more and more shocking puerilities.

Perhaps the most accessible information concerning this religion is in Edersheim's "Life and Times of Jesus." In vol. i. chap. viii., we read: "The Halakah indicated, with the most minute and painful punctiliousness, every legal ordinance as to outward observances, and it explained every bearing of the law of Moses, but beyond this it left the inner man, the spring of actions, untouched. What he was to believe, and what to feel, was chiefly matter of the Haggadah." Edersheim explains that the first, the Halakah, was considered of supreme importance. Then he adds: "He (Jesus) left the Halakah untouched, putting it, as it were, on one side"; and again: "Except when forced to comment upon some outstanding detail, he left the traditional law untouched."

Let us be quite clear about this. In his early ministry Jesus protested against certain external actions of religious Jews. These were not enjoined by the tradition, and were condemned by the more thoughtful leaders of the legalising party themselves. The Pharisaic conscience was already vaguely feeling for definition of precisely those vices which he, graciously blowing upon its smoking flax, made vividly clear. They had already feebly protested against the taking of oaths; they had said something in favour of secret alms; they had spoken of those among them who made a public nuisance of their piety as the plague of their sect, and it goes without saying that both priests and Rabbis knew the illegality of the traffic in the temple from which the former reaped so rich an income. Now, as to the extremists, "the plague of their sect," it may be remarked that there are in every section of the Church at all times men who, under the influence of the religious idea, perform deeds which to better balanced minds appear obviously wrong. Such men usually make stock-in-trade of some sort out

of their sensationalism, and yet would shrink in penitence from their selfish motives if they were capable of self-analysis. In truest kindness to the fanatics themselves, our Lord held such motives up to the light; such actions in tenderness for their groping conscience he denounced. It is also very noteworthy that the most objectionable usages were condemned, not for what they were outwardly, nor for the doctrines they involved but because of their motive. Thus the only criticism which, until the close of his ministry, our Lord made of religious customs fell under the second division of Jewish doctrine; it was Haggadic; in which province even the most rigid sect of the Jews allowed large option of theory. This criticism is prefaced with most earnest exhortations not to break with the existing law but to add to its holiest motive, and it is ended with commands not to judge others, to beware whom we accept as religious reformers, making a good life the test, to be more careful to clear our own vision than that of our neighbour, to treat others as we would wish to be treated, and not to be blatant concerning our sacred things.

Thus this early polemic of Jesus displays three characteristics. First, he upbraids only in harmony with the conscience of the party he criticises; secondly, his criticism refers to motive, so that it contradicts as little as may be the sacredness of their code; and thirdly, he upholds the authority both of code and codifier, conserving the very law that he knows his teaching must eventually supplant. We shall see that these same features characterise his Protestantism to the end.

Jesus makes little further criticism of the existing state of religious usage until the last week of his public ministry. What comes between is extorted from him by the efforts of the Rabbinical party to involve him in discussion. At the end, knowing that his word cannot then save Judaism from dying in its sin, he again lifts up his voice against their customs. But again he begins by the command to practise and lay to heart all that the existing authorities teach, and again shows that their teaching is not to be scorned but to be improved upon

in motive and in heartfelt performance; and when he laments the woes that will certainly befall the devotees of a mistaken religious zeal, and points out the faults which will be the causes of these calamities, it is evident that the accusations brought against the leaders of the stricter party in the Jewish Church are such as would have tended, if heeded, to purify that party rather than to break it up. He again accuses them of being artificial; and to this is added the charge of spiritual pride and the zeal that springs from it, the exaltation of small distinctions and duties to the loss of the great principles of goodness, care for the external life where the springs of motives are false, and, last and worst, the devotion to dead teachers while those who are inspired with the living truth which makes for growth are stoned. These warnings can be launched effectively against many workers in any section of the Church; they are, in fact, taken severally and each set forth in its different aspects, the burden of warning breathed by every faithful Christian shepherd to his flock. The first grouping of them all together with consummate skill displays, perhaps more clearly than any other of his sermons, what we call the religious genius of Jesus; and the fact that he was manifested at the moment when the faults of the Church had donned their most concrete dress proves, if we believe in a divine plan for the religious development of the race, that it was of first importance that true religion should be exhibited as at enmity with the most natural faults of the religious. But it is impossible for any one conversant with the state of Jewish thought at the time to suppose that our Lord intended to dispute the authority of the Scribes and Pharisees for that generation. Against the supposed righteousness of the Rabbinic Halakoth—the worst and most degrading mistake as to what constituted obedience to the God of life and love which has ever been found in the history of the earthly Church since the individual conscience developed—concerning that Jesus says very little. Edersheim says, "The worst blow he dealt it was that of neglect."

When all polemic was over, when Jesus admitted that

his message to Judaism as a Church had been rejected, what did he do? Did he oppose himself openly to it, and in his last hours with his followers commission them to break with it? We have no indication of such a spirit on his part, and clear evidence to the contrary. There is no record that the infant Church, even when under the fullest inspiration of the descending Spirit, conceived of itself as standing upon the ruins of Judaism. We may perhaps learn from this short but specially inspired period of Church history the doctrines of Christian Socialism, of mystic guidance, and the need of common and continued prayer, but of iconoclasm, of the spirit that strikes at traditional authority, there is not the slightest trace. Even the leader of the apostles, the orator of Pentecost, had no conception that he was at liberty to neglect Judaic restrictions, or welcome to Christian fellowship those who remained in the environment of other customs. It needed vision and voice from heaven repeated three times to introduce these ideas; and when introduced, long and painful controversies only developed them slowly.

Such, then, was the character of the Protestant teaching of Jesus; and this protest was the pushing of the large divine goodness against the narrowness of man's religion. The existing Church said, "Obey the letter." He replied, by precept and life, "The letter killeth"; and this phrase really sums up the whole of his opposition. But the Protestantism of Jesus was only a small, though essential, part of his message. The larger share of his time was given to preaching that "the Spirit giveth life," and the effect of his Protestantism can only be fully understood when considered as a part of the total effect of his whole teaching, as in the case of any other reformer. Two things only as regards this completer view can here be noted—that the extreme temperance of his Protestantism left the more room for his constructive work, and that the substance of that constructive work consisted in truths which, although they must eventually break up a dead letter, were on such a different level that they did not obviously clash with

it. He hid in the heart of Judaism a life principle which must ultimately break the shell not only of its formulæ but of all successive formulæ as they are outgrown.

The result of the temperate Protestantism of Jesus as applied to the very unfavourable condition of the existing Church was that the schism, when it came, did actually divide between the wheat and the chaff, the fruit-bearing and the dead trees, the sheep and the goats. This cannot be said of any reformation since.

The form of Christianity resembled the form of Judaism very closely at first, and changed from it very gradually. The new was added to the old; that was all, to begin with. The very apostle who was fighting to gain for the Gentiles this same freedom (to exercise their Christian faith with as little change of external custom as might be) took upon himself a Pharisaic vow in the precincts of the daily sacrifice. And may we not say that when God saw that the temple-worship had ceased to nourish faith—and mark how quickly under the immediate influence of Christ's method faith was weaned from its accustomed form—the external conditions that made the sacrifices possible were removed? Had the spirit of the Church remained true in all its progress to the example of the divine reformer, we believe that all such forms of Judaism and heathenism as were not desirable would have slowly and gently folded themselves back from the opening bud and fallen as the sere calix falls when the flower expands. Instead of this, how has the spirit of Judaism, as in this matter it contrasts with the spirit of Christianity, triumphed! It is of the very essence of human religion to believe that it is possible to translate God's truth so literally into human forms or formulæ that their converse must be false, and therefore that God is to be served by the sword of controversy.

Let us consider, by way of example and contrast, the Reformation of Luther. If he upon his awakening had said, "Calamity will certainly come upon you, ye saints of the Church, who knock down the forgiveness of sins under the

hammer of the auctioneer," we believe that he would have carried with him the great body of the sober religious of that time. They did not, of course, approve of Tetzel's brutal auctioneering any more than did Luther, and the closest analogy may be observed between them and the pious adherents of Judaism in the time of Christ. It was that which mediæval saints did soberly believe concerning the rights vested in a visible authority which made Tetzel possible; and without their genuine goodness, their tears of true contrition, their true self-denials and holy motives, the abuse of Tetzel, and indeed every other abuse that the great Church harboured, would have been harmless, for men are too literally made in the image of truth to lie long in the toils of an unmixed wrong. Had Luther gone on to take every abuse toward which the conscience of the saints of the Church was pointing, were it ever so feebly, and to charge it upon the whole Church with bitter cries of woe, his protest would gradually have carried all true souls with him. They would have been the last to disclaim their responsibility. Rising in the might of true goodness that depends upon God, they would have responded to his call, and so he would have purged the temple. Intestine war there would probably have been; the chaff separated from the grain by the winnowing fan would have eddied and darkened the air; the dross would not have been consumed until the crucible had been made very hot; between the carnally minded and spiritually minded there would undoubtedly have been, not peace but a sword; but our point is that the fan in that case would actually have divided between those who chose the grace of God and those who preferred the disgrace of the carnal mind. Anything that might have been left when a true reformation had been accomplished, would have been as dead spiritually as was Judaism when Christianity had finally emerged and separated from it—an ashen crust to show where fire had been, a shell from which wings had taken flight, a sloughed-off skin. This remaining thing might or might not have called itself "the Church," but the true Church would have gone on in its

continuous life to fresh conquests of new truths. That victory, once won, would have been won for ever.

Is it not clear that Luther's attempt to define what he supposed to be the converse of the spiritual truth which God had given him, and his determination to impose this definition upon the Church, resulted in this, that when Christendom was split by the wedge against which he was heaving such heroic blows, the line of cleavage ran not between good and evil, saint and sinner, but divided the army of the saints pretty equally into two halves? And thus the truth, which is always first concrete, a life—a word only in so far as word can be lived—was divided also; and God could not be God and give the moral victory to either party; the wound could not "heal with the first intention," nay, could be nothing but a running sore of battle.

Error! God save the right! What could be the error of calling the motherly element in the divine nature by the name of Mary as compared with conceiving the Almighty as wholly material, as himself performing ablutions and wearing phylacteries, as causing the counsels of Heaven to wait on the decisions of an earthly Sanhedrim? Or again, if it be error to conceive of God's wrath as being appeased by horrid austerities or pious deeds, we can at least conceive such penance as being an expression, if a mistaken one, of true contrition; whereas we should be indeed lost to Christian sentiment if we could find the expression of any God-given emotion in the rule for the highest degree of Pharisaic punctiliousness. If it was a crime of the Church to essay the persuasion of heretics by fire and sword, how much worse and more material was the—to us—fiendish desire of the pious Jew to sweep the nations before him from the face of earth and hope of heaven, and feast for ever in celebration of their doom! If monastic vows made division between nature and holiness, the ideal of life and worship which underlay them was at once more pure and charitable than any conception of holiness in the Jewish Halakah. Among those born of human parentage there is perhaps none

much greater than Luther, yet we cannot suppose that Jesus, who left the whole false fabric of Judaic thought and practice to perish by its own natural decay, would under any provocation have struck, as at last did Luther, at the authority to which all Christendom then bowed, subjecting to a to-morrow of anarchy millions of sheep who could not as yet comprehend the call of a new shepherd. Jesus would surely have denounced, as did Luther, the corruptions of the Papal Court, which every honest Papist bitterly deplored; would have spoken out more strongly than did Luther or Erasmus, of enforced vows and the utter shame of selling, not only spiritual gifts, but mere legal justice, to the highest bidder; but he could not have been less tolerant of the ecclesiastical authority of that day than he was of the Scribes and Pharisees of his own time.

Passing from this suggestion of the contrast between the Protestantism of Christ and that of Luther, let us again illustrate our point by comparing the divine example with the latest developments of the religious life of our own nation. That reformatory impulse commonly called "The Oxford Movement" evinced both true and false Protestantism. It was, of course, Protestant in so far as it upheld the Anglican difference with Rome, but its freshest and most active protest was directed against the party historically known as "Evangelical," a name at that time covering three schools—that of dead formalism, a legacy from the eighteenth century that still remained in both the English and Scottish Established Churches; that of an Evangelical revival within the Anglican Church associated with the name of Simeon of Cambridge; and, thirdly, that type of eager religion of the same sort among the Nonconformists which had its rise with Methodism.

The High Churchman cried: "Woe unto you who glory in the overturning of those things still sacred to the conscience of Christian multitudes, who reverence the inspiration of a few and fail to perceive the larger inspiration of the continuous and corporate Church; who prate of a spiritual religion and damn the souls of those who come to know the spiritual as it clothes

itself in some material beauty; who regard words as the only medium of spiritual influence, and fail to grasp the sacredness of other material symbols through which we feel toward the divine affinity of all things."

In thus charging the religious of the nation with their faults, the Protestantism of this modern party resembles the Protestantism of Jesus; but here, we are obliged to observe, the resemblance ends. The distinguishing feature of our Lord's ministry, as we have seen, was not only that its Protestantism was almost wholly aimed against the separatist, *i.e.*, Pharisaic, position, but that his positive teaching is absolutely without that separatist principle to which humanity is so prone. Let us see, by its practical result, how the Oxford movement deviated from this spirit.

Analyse the training of any child brought up in the principles bequeathed by this movement. Such a child is taught a ceremonial separatism in kind and intensity very like that which Pharisaism inculcated; and this separatism, like that of Pharisaism, is not on the ground of any moral or spiritual worth on the one side and lack of worth on the other, for it is from many who are living most holy lives of devotion to Christ that he is to keep himself apart. This aloofness necessarily engenders in him more or less of the judgment of distrust and contempt. This attitude towards his brother will be enough to prevent him from having any true estimate of the motive for which Jesus, according to his own teaching, lived and died; while, further, the conception which he must infer of God's fatherhood is niggardly and inadequate, because a system so ineffectual in promoting good feeling not only tells against the fatherhood of God, but against his mere justice and faithfulness as a creator. Having thus produced in the child warped conceptions of those weightiest matters of justice and mercy by throwing the whole burden of salvation upon an inadequate system, these "Churchmen" next teach him in the reading of history and surrounding fact to pervert what should be the highest effort of mind after clear insight and true proportion,

for all things must be made to fit the doctrine of one visible and indivisible Church. Just so was the young Jew trained by the Scribes of the Christian era.

But if this unlikeness to the methods of Jesus be found in the protest of "Anglican Catholics," against what is specifically termed the "Protestantism" of Christendom, what must be said of the wide divergence of the most modern "Protestant" agitators from their divine prototype? It is difficult to see the resemblance between things so different, to conceive of the Great First Protestant as "Anti-Papist" or "Anti-Ritualist," for there often appears to be little positive illumination in the ministry of such as these. They are not even successors of Luther. The positive illumination which Luther and his followers brought to the Church was very great. However mistaken they may have been in their negations and destructive policy, their word concerning God's immediate fatherhood for the individual soul, his personal inspiration in it, his fostering care of its truth, was a most true echo of our Lord's essential doctrine, an application of it so necessary to the spiritual growth of the race that, resounding through the history of that time, we hear the music of the promise, "Greater things than these shall ye do."

The true heirs of Luther's gospel are those who look to the future rather than to the past for the perfect creed; who are able to work intensely, by prayer and by such form of expression as is given to them, to show forth the inexorable quality of love which will have nothing less, as the final word from any man, than holiness. Such men are, indeed, the true successors of the Jewish prophets, of every true reformer within the Church of Rome or in the ranks of historic Protestantism. They approach the example of Jesus. That example would seem to have little place in the hearts of men who make contradiction an abiding element in their religious zeal, and direct their chief efforts against things external which cannot defile.

THE AUTHOR OF "PRO CHRISTO ET ECCLESIA."

RECENTLY DISCOVERED GREEK MASTERPIECES

THE remarkable discovery of ancient Greek statues in the sea off the Island of Cerigo, the ancient Cythera, has added several more masterpieces to the rich store of ancient art treasures with which the last few years has furnished us. In these latter days, the excavator and the diver have presented us with a greater number of specimens of ancient statuary, especially bronzes, that are fully representative of the spirit of Greek art, than all the centuries since, in the Italian renaissance, works of art were sought for and treasured. It is to four of these recently discovered statues, each of them unique and typical of the several periods of Greek sculpture to which they belong, that I wish in this short article to draw especial attention. I have thus singled out the finest of the works discovered in the sea, the "Bronze Hermes," which is worthy of our closest attention, and to which the bulk of my remarks will be devoted; to this I have added one specimen of marble sculpture out of the same find, the "Crouching Warrior." I then wish to consider the "Bronze Athlete," discovered a few months ago at Pompeii; and, finally, I wish to complete the series with the "Bronze Charioteer," so happily discovered by the French in their excavations at Delphi. I venture to maintain that the first and the last of these four statues are as perfect representatives of Greek sculpture as any that have come down to us—perhaps they are the most perfect.

For in support of what I have just said with regard to the discoveries of recent years compared with those of former centuries, it is important for us to remember that the works we are here discussing are originals and not ancient copies. The specimens of ancient art upon which previous generations formed their estimate of Hellenic art—an estimate as sincere and lofty as it bore fruits in a refined enthusiasm for things beautiful—were, with but few exceptions, ancient marble copies of a late Greco-Roman period. More than nine-tenths of the much admired statues that fill the museums of Italy and the rest of the continent are not works of original Greek sculpture, but are such Greco-Roman copies.

The Elgin marbles, coming to us at the beginning of this century, were a revelation, and marked the turning-point in archæological study and in artistic taste. Indeed, so much were they a revelation that the connoisseurs and dilettanti, the canons of whose taste were based upon the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus dei Medici, entirely failed to recognise their supreme beauty, and that it required the militant support of a few isolated sculptors of the day to win a reluctant recognition of their supreme value.

But the Elgin marbles as well as the Æginetan statues now at Munich, the Phigalean frieze in the British Museum, the sculptures from the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, from the Temple of Nike Apteros at Athens, &c. &c., are works of decorative or architectural sculpture, not of pure statuary—they were not the masterpieces from the hands of the great sculptors upon which these based their fame. High as we may place these architectural sculptures among all the extant works of art—and nothing can surpass the Parthenon marbles as specimens of sculpture—it is important for us to remember that they were works of decorative art, and that in so far they do not fully represent the supreme qualities of a Pheidias, a Scopas, a Praxiteles or a Lysippus, which these artists put into their famous works of pure sculpture.

The question naturally suggests itself why these hundreds,

nay thousands, of marble copies from ancient times which fill our museums should have remained extant and not the originals? The answer to this is a simple one. In the highest period of Greek art, during the fifth century B.C., marble and stone were not the materials in which the great sculptors put their highest artistic ideas. The material used for the great works of sculpture (having in the earliest times been chiefly wood) was gold and ivory or bronze—gold and ivory for the chief temple statues, and bronze for out-of-door monuments, especially the statues representing athletes. Marble, which was used for architectural and decorative sculpture, was in the fourth century more and more introduced as material for works of pure sculpture, until with Scopas and Praxiteles it became a favourite material; while, towards the close of the century with Lysippus, bronze, at all times holding its own, again predominates. But even with Scopas and Praxiteles the marble statue was not the same as it is in our days. For, exquisite as the modelling undoubtedly was (this the Hermes alone shows us), the colouring and tinting formed an integral part of the artistic elaboration: it was a technique so highly developed and so refined in its application that even the trained archæologist can hardly form an adequate conception of its effect. Still, these great marble statues of Scopas and Praxiteles were not numerous. Exposed as they were in their central position of the shrine, they readily fell into the hands of the iconoclast. When we remember that the architectural sculpture which has come down to us owed its preservation to the fact that the buildings to which it belonged became converted into churches and mosques, and that even so the proportion of extant works is infinitesimally small, we cannot expect many of the great marble statues to be preserved to us. The Heræum of Argos, for instance, in the metopes and pediments, must have contained over one hundred figures. We considered ourselves fortunate in discovering seven complete heads and two torsi, besides numerous smaller fragments.

We must thus never forget that the chief works were

of gold and ivory and bronze; and it can readily be realised that the barbarous hordes sweeping over classic lands melted down and utilised all the metal wherever they could find it. While we must therefore be grateful to the Greco-Roman copyist for having with his inferior handicraft preserved for us some record of the masterpieces of ancient art, we must be all the more elated when kind fortune brings us face to face with a Greek original. These at once manifest their superiority so strikingly that every original work, even though it be by a less famous artist and of a more degenerate period of ancient art, is naturally supposed to be by one of the great artists and of the highest period. So, for instance, the glorious Venus of Melos in the Louvre Museum, though I believe it to be a work of the Hellenistic period (drawing, it is true, its inspiration from the great art of the fifth century B.C.), has been attributed to every great sculptor from Pheidias to Praxiteles; and it is hard for us to realise that the equally glorious Victory of Samothrace, in the same museum, was probably by an artist of the second flight, and is not earlier than the close of the fourth century B.C.

When we realise these facts regarding Greek sculpture we are better prepared to appreciate the important discovery of an undoubted Greek original. Since the Germans excavated the Hermes with the Infant Dionysus at Olympia in 1877, which presented us with an undoubted original work (though not one of his famous ones) by the master Praxiteles, nearly every year has yielded up some new treasure from Greek soil; and now we have presented to us a number of original statues, among them life-size bronzes, one of which is undoubtedly of the same school, if not by the same hand, as the Olympian Hermes, and can claim to equal if not to surpass it in the peculiar noble grace and charm of the art of the Praxitelean period.

The discoveries off Cerigo have not been completed; they have only been begun. Who knows what the depths of the sea may yet have in store for us? The lucky accident which led the sponge-diver to discover this treasure is now replaced

by the designed skill of capable archæologists. The work is in the hands of the Director-General of Antiquities, Mr. Cavvadias, whose researches hitherto have been as thorough as they have been successful. With him and M. Stäis as the Minister of Public Instruction, we can feel sure that the work is in good hands.

Besides the two statues here figured from this find, there are two other interesting bronze statuettes, six marble statuettes, and the torso of a large marble centaur, much corroded by the salt water. It appears that the statues here figured have been comparatively free from the corrosive effects of the salt water, in spite of their immersion for about 2000 years, because they had sunk into the sandy bottom, where they lay embedded. We may hope that at a greater depth other works will be found in equally good preservation.

Some difference of opinion exists as to how these works came to be there, and as to what the ship was that contained them. As we take the one or the other view we come to a difference of nearly 2000 years. For it has been maintained by some that it must be the English yacht *Mentor* which in 1802 conveyed a part of the marbles carried off by Lord Elgin and which foundered off Cerigo. But apart from the fact that the chief works hitherto found off Cerigo are bronzes and not marbles, and that we have no record of Lord Elgin's procuring such, we have the well-authenticated assurance of Lord Elgin himself that the cargo had subsequently been recovered from the sea and had been brought to England. On the other hand, Lucian, commenting on the great paintings by the famous painter Zeuxis, had to content himself with a copy when describing the famous picture of a centaur family by that artist, for he tells us that the original picture which Sulla carried off from Greece (no doubt with many other works of art) was lost in a shipwreck off Cape Malea. Furthermore, we have recently heard that the anchor and some of the timbers of an ancient vessel have been brought to light with the statues. It is thus highly probable that the statues now recovered from

the sea were those which Sulla once attempted to carry off to Rome. But for this shipwreck it is not likely that the bronzes would ever have been preserved to us.

I. We begin with the most beautiful of these finds. It is a life-size bronze figure of a youth of whom we can here only give the upper half. But what is here presented, including the head, arms and hands, is in excellent preservation. We are glad to hear that both legs have been found, and enough of the remainder of the body to make a complete restoration possible. The correspondent of the *Times* tells us that "the figure is poised on the left foot, the right being thrown backward; the right arm is extended, the hand apparently grasping a wreath or sacrificial phial."

With this description we are enabled to reconstruct the composition, at least in imagination. But even with what we have now before us we are justified in considering this the finest ancient bronze in existence, perhaps even the finest Greek statue. It at once challenges comparison with the famous marble Hermes of Praxiteles from Olympia. Yet I venture to consider this in some respects a nobler work: for not only the type of the youth himself, but also the conception and execution of the artist, are more virile, less sentimental; and I feel sure that the effect of this statue will grow upon the spectator, whereas that of the beautiful Hermes, striking and bewitching though it may be, is apt to wane, if not to pall. I may at once say that the similarity in the head to the rough, blocked-out character in the modelling of the hair are strikingly similar in this bronze and in the marble Hermes by Praxiteles. And this is so in spite of the difference between the material, which leads to a difference in the style of modelling. The similarity in general character and in all details is such that I venture to ascribe them both, at least to the same school, if not to the same master. But I should not be inclined to ascribe it to the generation of Praxitelean artists immediately succeeding the great Praxiteles. For the son of Praxiteles, Cephisodotus the Younger, is noted for the extreme softness

and sensuousness (morbidezza) of his modelling of the nude; while in this bronze I recognise, in spite of the delicacy of modelling, a certain moderateness and firmness of texture in the nude which is even more marked than in the marble Hermes, and may be due to the more athletic conception which the artist has here held of such a youthful figure. We have also heard that some archæologists (among them my eminent colleague of the French School at Athens, M. Perdrizet) have seen in this work characteristics of the sculptor Lysippus. I am bound to say that I can see no trace of this in the work. The mere outline of the head, comparatively large, broader at the top, and tapering towards the chin, is so different from the small, almost circular, heads of Lysippean statues that one might almost contrast this bronze head, corresponding exactly to that of the Hermes, with the Lysippean type. There is thus every reason in favour of, and no valid reason against, the attribution of this work to Praxiteles or the Praxitelean School. This will become more evident as we note the characteristics of the work in detail.

The same may be said with regard to the subject represented in the statue; for though I may at once say that the name Hermes is provisionally as good as any, yet the true meaning of the statue can only become clear when we analyse carefully the composition and execution of the work before us.

To begin with the beautiful pose and composition of the figure, we are of course hampered inasmuch as we must not only supply in imagination the lower part of the figure, but we are confined to one aspect and cannot study the statue from all sides. It must never be forgotten that, as a true work of sculpture in the round ought to be perfect and convincingly expressive of action and character from every side from which the spectator views it, so a complete recognition of its meaning ought to be preceded by such an "all-round" examination. In so far what I shall have to say must be received with limitations.

We are told that the figure is resting on the left leg, the

right leg being drawn back. On the other hand the right shoulder is pushed forward, the arm and hand upraised and extended, while the left arm and shoulder are drawn back. This at once gives that cross rhythm (*chiasmos*) to the figure which adds an inner life to the whole composition, and, with this life, repose. The two sides of the figure, as it were, move transversely—right foot back, right arm forward; left foot forward, left arm back. Try by experiment this delicate difference in attitude and composition and you will see how different the feeling of movement and the character of the composition are. If the same arm and leg were extended and drawn back on the same plane, there would not be that play and delicate tension of all the intervening muscles, and the general appearance of vitality would not be as great. At the same time a figure stepping forward with the left leg, the left arm upraised and extended, and the right leg and arm correspondingly drawn back, would give the general impression of an advance which would be strikingly momentary and passing, and would counteract the sense of repose which the "cross rhythm" here gives.

And added to this movement of the body we have the slight bend forward and downward of the head, the eyes looking intently forward, and the head so beautifully posed on the exquisitely modelled neck. If we add this pose of the head to the general movement and rhythm of the body and the action of the hand, the whole harmonises with the expression of the face, to which it gives clear yet moderate emphasis. This expression of the face is thoughtful, eager, and yet not sensationally emotional; the half parted lips as if about to speak, the sensitive nostrils that may at any moment quiver with emotion, the eyes directed clearly and attentively towards the people or the things to which the body is turned and the hand is upraised—all bear this out fully. And with all this vividness there is a certain dignity, almost sadness of rhythm and expression, which tones the momentary strain and keenness down to a noble repose.

Nothing expresses this complex and still clear mood and situation more than the outline of the arm and hand. An arm upraised is of itself a marked and momentary movement; it demands strain of muscles especially at the shoulder, and it might easily become too momentary for sculpture, merging into the sensational and theatrical with the total absence of simplicity and sculpturesque repose. This would be the case if an arm were *stretched* out firmly in one straight line, either horizontally or upwards or downwards, instead of having the varied softer curves in outline from the wrists to the shoulder given with such exquisite modulation and delicacy in the outline of this arm of Hermes. I must ask the reader to try these simple attitudes himself in order to appreciate their import, such "experiments" being the safest guides to the understanding of composition in sculpture.

In this upraised arm we have a bend at the elbow which counteracts the strained, cramped, more violently energetic extension as suggested in the action of muscles at the shoulder. But most of all is this complex, delicate impression conveyed by the wrist. If the wrist were a direct continuation and muscular extension of the movement of the arm, the momentary energy in the action of such a figure would be thoroughly conveyed. But in this statue there is just here a stop of the current, a wave and curve downwards, which to a marked degree adds to the reposeful movement of the gesture; and the character of this gesture is finally expressed by the hand.

In an energetic, sensational movement (such as I remember M. Mounet-Sully, of the Comédie Française, habitually to favour), we should have the hand either uplifted from the wrist on, or extended horizontally, or pointed downwards. We might say that the hand extended straight with a continuation of the horizontal stretch of the arm would signify positive command; the hand as a whole pointed upwards would signify a forbidding command and interdict; the hand pointed downwards would mark the announcement of a decision and an appeal to submission. The hand of the Hermes is gently

PLATE I.—Bronze Hermes recovered off Cerigo.

persuasive—half a command, half an appeal for silence ; we can almost imagine Marc Antony beginning his speech with this gesture. This hand has neither of the three attitudes enumerated above. The first effect it conveys in outline is that of a gentle curve with no straight angular line, and such a curve of itself tends to soften down the movement, as was the case in the outline of the arm. We cannot perceive much of the inside of the hand, which I feel sure is modelled with the greatest care. Even in this view we can note the delicate indication of the skin between the thumb and the first finger as affected by this position of the hand.

Let us pursue this wonderful work of a great sculptor literally "to the finger-tips." The fingers are spread out in a curved manner. They are exquisitely modelled, long, thin fingers. The thumb is seen in the front view ; the two middle fingers are delicately bent together, while the third finger is drooping outwards, and the little finger downwards. It is not "precious" exaggeration to say that the two middle fingers express more energy, while the drooping of the others counteracts this. If they were all bent equally close together or at equal intervals, they would express a clutch or a grasp.

It has been maintained that the hand has either held some spherical object, such as a ball, or has just thrown it. The Hermes would thus be in the attitude of an athlete about to throw, or who has just thrown, a ball. This is impossible as regards the attitude of the whole figure, as well as the action of the hand. He is not clutching or holding anything, nor is there any indication that he had just held a round object. Try to hold a cricket ball or a larger ball, and you will see how all fingers are equally curved, the thumb included. Throw a ball and watch your hand after the ball has left, and you will again see an equal extension and curve of all the fingers. The gesture conveyed by this hand is a delicate and reposeful movement, calming and persuasive, blessing or praising, or appealing for attention, as clearly as this situation is expressed in the whole composition.

But an ancient statue with an extended hand which does not contain some attribute may be considered so exceptional as not readily to be admitted in this case. Still, if we look about us among works of ancient sculpture, we shall find so many instances presenting similar gestures, that our conjecture may be said to attain the points of certainty. Whoever has studied Greek sepulchral slabs and Greek vase-paintings must realise how highly developed was the gesture-language in real life, and how freely it was adopted in the works of sculptors and painters. The numerous statues of Roman emperors, beginning with the splendid bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius on the Capitol, the Augustus at Turin, the Marc Antony at Wilton House, the Trajan in Lansdowne House, and many others, though some may have had the hands restored, still point to this gesture. But, leaving later Roman works, we find similar gestures without the holding of attributes in Greek reliefs of the same, and even of earlier, periods to which the bronze Hermes belongs. The youth from an Attic sepulchral slab of the fourth century B.C., here given, though the sculptor could not carry out the difficult task of so complex and graceful a pose in relief, is extending his hand in simple gesture to bid farewell or to greet or to bless, while a boy is crouching below. The thumb of the hand has been broken away and reveals the imperfectly modelled inside of the hand, which was never meant to be seen with that clearness.

The arm of the goddess Athene on a relief heading an inscription of the fourth century B.C. is extended in a similar manner; while a small hand of Athene upon which an owl is fluttering shows how a hand holding nothing was dealt with, and is all that remains of a similar heading to an Attic inscription.

Another interesting inscription contained names of youths who had distinguished themselves in the gymnasium of the Palæstra. The heading to this inscription is ornamented with a sculptured relief upon which a male figure, probably a divinity, is crowning the athlete. Beside the male divinity a female figure extends her arm and hand in gesture similar to, though not identical with, that of the Hermes. Above her is the inscription "Eutaxia," which shows her to be the personification of good behaviour and distinction in the Palæstra. As she thus personifies the praise recorded on the inscription, the gesture of her arm and hand as well are meant to express and to convey these.

Finally, I would point to one of the beautiful reliefs that was discovered on the Acropolis of Athens in 1877, at the Temple of Æsculapius. Æsculapius is here seated, and before him stands Hygieia. An altar is placed between her and a small adorant who is advancing towards the god and goddess. The goddess, by the gesture of her right hand, is either addressing the worshippers as they advance or is blessing them, and

the action of this arm and hand are to my mind as close an analogy to that of the bronze Hermes as we require, at least to realise that it was customary for ancient sculptors to introduce such gestures into their work, and that the attitude of such an arm and hand does not presuppose the "holding of a spherical object."

The left arm of the statue is extended downwards. Where the bronze has not been too much corroded, especially from the biceps down to the elbow, one can mark on the right arm the beautiful modelling of the surface, on which the veins are delicately suggested but not coarsely indicated. The hand holds nothing. It is the natural position when a hand is closed and not crampedly balled into a fist. The arm is slightly bent at the elbow and is drawn back at the shoulder, an action which tends to balance the figure stepping forward with the left foot and uplifting the right arm. This increases the effect of equipoise in the "cross rhythm" to which I referred above.

It would be futile at this juncture to attempt to identify this statue with any works by Praxiteles or a member of his school mentioned in ancient authors. We must not forget that but an exceedingly small proportion of the works of ancient Greek artists have been mentioned by the authors that have come down to us. We know that Praxiteles was the sculptor of one Hermes, and it is likely that he made several other statues of that god. The *class* of works to which I should incline to ascribe this bronze is indicated to us by a group of statues which Pausanias[1] saw in the Temple of Aphrodite at

[1] I. Chap. 43–6.

Megara. He there saw the images of Persuasion and another goddess whom they named Comforter, which are works of Praxiteles. But Scopas made the images of Love and Longing and Yearning (if indeed their functions are, like their names, distinct). Near the Temple of Aphrodite is the Sanctuary of Fortune. The image of Fortune is also a work of Praxiteles. The works of Scopas and Praxiteles here mentioned are what might be called allegorical: they are personifications of ideas or emotions. Now, if we could imagine the Persuasion and the Comforter in a male form, it would just be the type which the artist has given to this bronze statue. Moreover, it has been noted before, as regards such more human ideas when personified in a male figure, that the personification of good luck (kairos) by the sculptor Lysippus was probably put in the form of a Hermes, as this, the most human of divinities, was readily the bearer for the different shadings of human life. It is thus that one might, quite conjecturally, define this bronze Hermes by some such attribute as that of Orator or Comforter, *Logios* or *Paregoros*.

II. The fragment of a marble group representing a half-crouching figure, of which the interpretation seems doubtful, was also found off Cerigo. M. Perdrizet considers the statue to be a part of a wrestling group similar to the well-known statues in the Uffizi at Florence. Another view is that the crouching youth is a bowman who has just sent off the arrow. I think we can safely say that the figure in question represents neither of these actions. The youth is crouching down, the body bent forward, the head eagerly upturned; while the left arm is raised upwards, and the right arm, the hand holding some rounded object, is stretched downwards. The action is so clearly that of combined defence and attack from below upwards towards an adversary who fights from above, that it would not require the corroboration of the ancient monuments which I can adduce to show this. The crouching youth held an upraised shield on his left arm, while the sword or spear, more probably the former, was evidently held in his down-

stretched right arm; his action being that, at the next moment, he will plunge his sword into the belly of the horse or centaur advancing towards him. It is an attitude which we have in several representations of ancient warriors, of which the beautiful small bronze from the Blacas collection in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, formerly called the Deïphobos, is a representative type. But the nearest illustration is afforded us in one of the metopes from the Parthenon, no longer extant, but preserved for us in the drawing which Jacques Carrey, who accompanied the Marquis De Nointel, the ambassador of Louis XIV. to the Porte, made in 1674. This drawing I reproduce here. It will be seen that, though the lapith who is struggling with the rearing centaur is turned the other way round, his action with the upraised shield in the left arm and the sword-thrust of his right hand from below are the same; and I venture to think that this illustration will make the evidence complete. But I would not have it believed that the marble from Cerigo is in its origin *directly* related to the Parthenon sculptures. The modelling of the body and the head, as well as the attitude, are full of life and vigour, and point to a tendency of art not earlier than the sculptor Lysippus in the second half of the fourth century B.C. The numerous battle-scenes presented by Lysippus and Leochares established a tradition which, with the pupils of Lysippus, was engrafted upon the schools of Asia Minor, notably those of Pergamon and Rhodes. As far as I can judge from the photograph, I should be inclined to ascribe the workmanship of this statue and group to one of these Hellenistic schools, though I must confess that in the bronzelike treatment of the

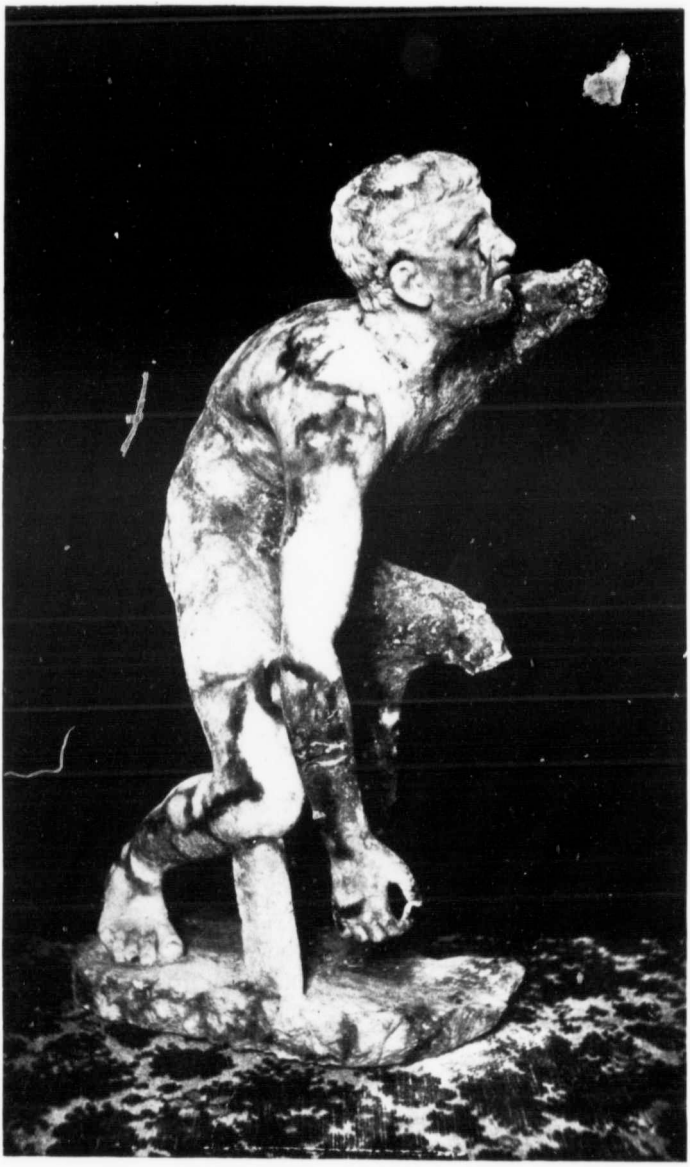


PLATE II.—Marble Figure recovered off Cerigo.

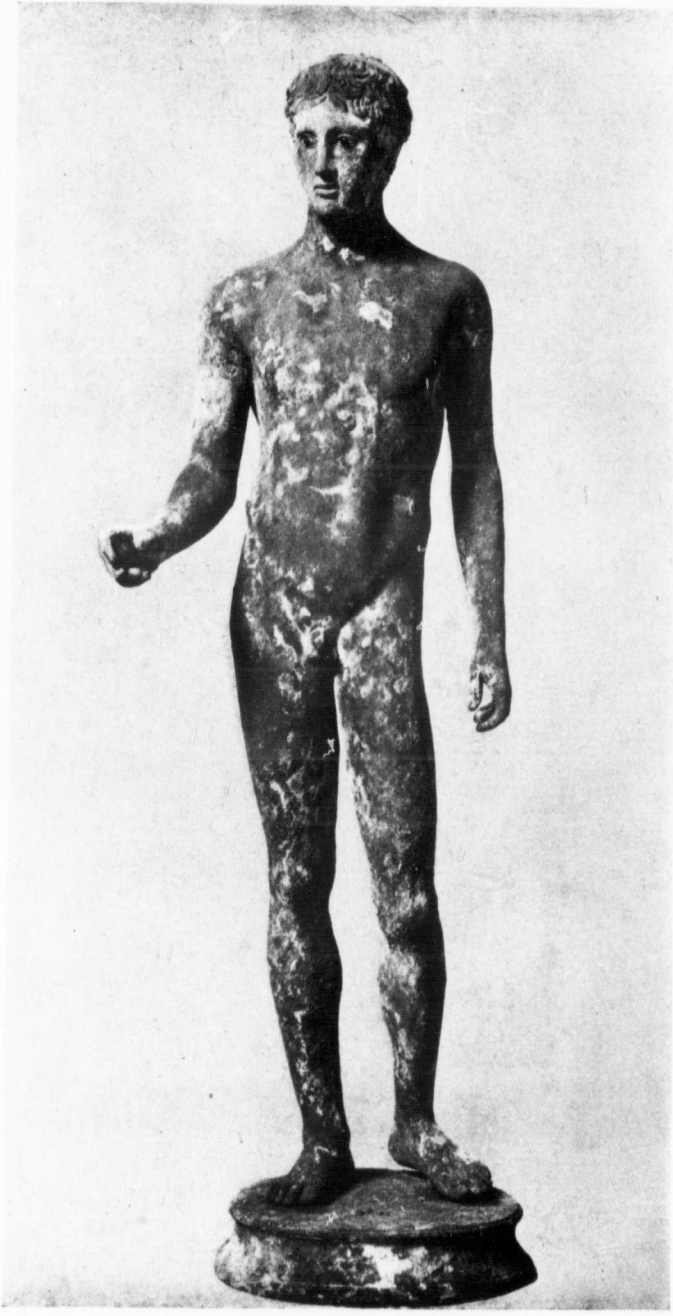


PLATE III.—Bronze Statue recently excavated at Pompeii.

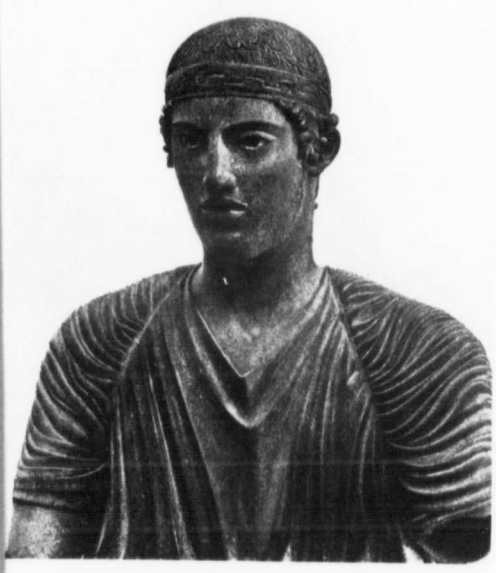
hair as well as in the type of the face I seem to recognise Lysippean elements.

III. When last November the daily papers announced the discovery at Pompeii of the "Bronze Statue of an Idol by Polycrates," I ventured to conjecture that in the telegram the name Polycrates had been substituted for that of the sculptor Polycleitos of Argos, the younger contemporary and rival of Pheidias; and I further conjectured that, as a famous bronze statue in the Uffizi at Florence goes under the name of Idolino, and is undoubtedly of Polycleitan type, the correspondent or telegraph clerk had confused matters and so produced the garbled message we received. My conjecture was a happy one, for the well-preserved bronze statue of a youth recently excavated at Pompeii is supposed by its discoverers to be closely related to the Idolino; and though in Roman times it may have been used as a lamp-holder, they consider it an original Greek work dating back to a period even some years before Pheidias. Now, interesting and valuable as this discovery is, I do not believe that the statue dates from the fifth century B.C., but that in reality it belongs to that revival of earlier Greek art in the imperial age of Rome which is associated chiefly with the artist Pasiteles. Pasiteles flourished about the first half of the first century B.C., and originally came from the south of Italy. He was the founder of a school which we can pursue for three generations in extant works, a school, moreover, which marked a reaction against the sensational anatomical vigour of the schools of Pergamon and Rhodes, and which allowed itself to be inspired by the more reposeful and simple types of the great art of Greece in the fifth century B.C. There are several extant statues which can be identified with this school of Graeco-Roman "pre-Raphaelites." The most important of these is the statue of a youth in the Villa Albani, upon which the artist, Stephanos, has inscribed his name, calling himself a pupil of Pasiteles. The chief characteristics of these statues are the straight, broad shoulders, coupled with extreme thinness of the flanks and

hips, and a general slimness of the rest of the figure. It almost looks as if these artists attempted to combine the heavier proportions in the canon of Polycleitos with the greatest slimness of the canon of Lysippus. In the statue by Stephanos the Lysippean influence has even affected the head, which is comparatively very small. In this recently-found bronze, on the other hand, the head as well as the shoulders still retain the Polycleitan characteristics, while the rest of the body is affected by this exaggerated slimness. We might thus conjecture that this Pompeian bronze is a precursor of the statue by Stephanos, and may give us some idea of what the figures of Pasiteles were like. At all events it is to this period and school that I should ascribe this interesting bronze.

IV. Of far greater artistic value—in fact, of such excellence that, in its way, it can completely hold its own in comparison with the beautiful bronze Hermes from Cerigo—is the life-size, well-preserved bronze Charioteer, the most important find made by the French in their recent excavation of Delphi. With this statue were found, besides an inscription giving us the name of the dedicator (though, unfortunately, not of the artist), fragments of the chariot, of the horses, of one figure which stood beside the charioteer in the chariot, as well as of a youthful figure standing before the horses. We thus have here a splendid dedication commemorating a victory in the chariot-race made by Polyzelos, the younger brother of Gelon and of Hieron of Syracuse. M. Homolle conjectures that the group was dedicated between 482 and 472 B.C. by Polyzelos, in memory of a victory by Gelon, the tyrant of Syracuse, erected after his death.

The peculiar dress of this figure, with the belt placed high up and the upper part of the tunic fastened by bands over the shoulder, which are crossed on the back to prevent the undue flapping of drapery in the wind, is that customary with charioteers. Its long, straight folds add to the appearance of a certain archaism and severity, which is accentuated by the simplicity of the pose in this erect figure. So, too, the firm,



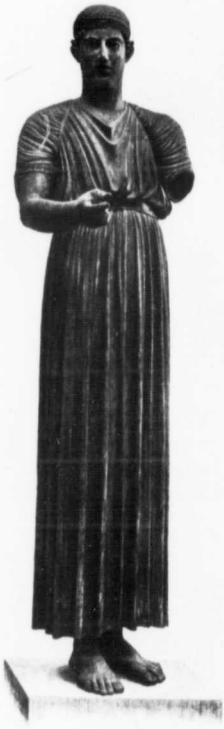


PLATE IV.—Bronze Charioteer recently excavated at Delphi.

simple lines in the modelling of the brow and the nose, the crisp engraving to indicate the hair on the top of the head, point to the earlier, severer period before Greek sculpture had attained its full freedom. On the other hand, the masterly naturalistic modelling of the feet, one of which has the toes firmly pressed downwards to keep a firm position in the chariot; the exquisite modelling of the extended right arm and hand, in which the reins were held; the perfect freedom of the modelling of the hair beneath the band on the sides and of the incipient beard—all these show that the artist has passed the stage of archaism and conventionalism, that the restraint is that of dignity, and not of incompetence. This statue has all the charm of those interesting works which stand on the very border-line of complete freedom and naturalism in all periods of art. In this it is like the work of a Mantegna or a Bellini, a Van Eyck, or a Donatello. It is undoubtedly a work by the very hand of a great master belonging to the period immediately preceding the art of Pheidias. Three schools of artists have been mentioned in connection with this statue: the school of Aegina, of which Onatas was the head; the school of Rhegium, with Pythagoras as its head; and the Attic school, as represented by Calamis. These were all famous artists of that period, who had created votive offerings to commemorate chariot races for Sicilian tyrants. It is not possible at this moment to claim certainty for its attribution to one of these three artists and schools; but I am myself inclined towards its attribution to the Attic artist, Calamis.

Though I have only been able to touch upon a few points in connection with the rich discoveries of recent years, I believe enough has been said to show their great importance. At all events, I am confident that I am not exaggerating when I say that the Delphic Charioteer and the Hermes from Cerigo are the finest ancient Greek bronzes in existence.

CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

P.S.—My friend M. Cavvadias, to whom I had expressed a strong desire to learn as much as possible about the lower portion of the Hermes from Cerigo, has, with great kindness, sent me a photograph of all these fragments, which I have just received. It will be seen that both the legs, exquisitely modelled, are well preserved, and numerous fragments of the remainder of the figure. I am assured that, though the cleaning and piecing together will occupy months, the statue will ultimately be complete.

C. W.

PLATE V.—Fragments of Bronze Hermes (Plate I.) recovered off Cerigo.

THE WRONG TOLSTOI

THE authorities of the Russian Church have at last put on record a fact which had been patent to the civilised world for half a generation—the discrepancy between their theological tenets and Tolstoi's. The Holy Synod has excommunicated the Count, who has been busy these many years in excommunicating the Holy Synod. The Synod's long delay in issuing this *accusé de réception* of Tolstoi's thunderbolts can only be explained by supposing that the watchfulness of the Censor has hitherto prevented their librarian from securing a copy of Tolstoi's religious works, or that Mr. Pobedonostsev has not been at leisure to read them.

Seeing that Tolstoi and his disciples reject the "senseless and immoral dogma of the redemption,"[1] together with the doctrines of a personal deity, the divinity of Christ, a future conscious life, and other things by which the Church stands—together with all its ritual and ceremonies—it might be supposed that they would bear the blow with equanimity: that the disciples would not be indignant with the Church for denying to their leader the consolations which he had spent so many years in denouncing as frauds and impositions. But, on the contrary, they are inviting the civilised world to join them in bitter outcry against this latest instance of priestly tyranny.

In face of such strange inconsistency, it is worth while to

[1] Tolstoi, "Harmony of the Gospels."

devote a little time to studying the psychology of this strange band of enthusiasts by the light of the social and religious creed which they profess.

The spread of earnestness among the half-educated classes has given rise, in these last generations, to a new public, full of noble but untutored aspirations, which wants the Millennium in cash down or it will know the reason why. These people ask for drastic measures; and as they cannot get them from the professors they go to the prophets. When a prophet comes preaching that doctors know nothing of medicine, nor philosophers of metaphysics, that priests and politicians practise their crafts only for their own personal advantage, they receive him with enthusiasm—it is what they more than half suspected themselves—and they become Christian Scientists, Theosophists, Tolstoyites, and the like. In their jubilee of elation at making sure that doctors cannot avert death, that priests cannot ensure immortality, that statesmen have not solved "the social problem," and that philosophers are not definitively agreed upon the relations of mind and matter, they assume that because the men who have the gifts and the knowledge necessary for dealing with those difficult subjects have failed, therefore success must surely fall to those who are hampered with none of their gifts and none of their knowledge; at once they yield their allegiance to the destructive critics whose revelations seem to have invested them with authority in all these matters by right of conquest.

It seems a hard saying that this is the public in which Tolstoi has found his following, for Tolstoi is endowed with genius and piety—two attributes which are not necessary in appealing to that multitude. But so it is. There was no other public open to his teaching. He taught that doctors, lawyers, clergymen, statesmen, scientists, and philosophers were all blockheads or humbugs; that the world must give up its civilisation, knowledge, arts, crafts, creeds, food-stuffs, liquors, laws, armies, navies, and social order. This was too much for the educated men of the world: if for no other reason than that

they were all doctors, lawyers, clergymen, soldiers, sailors, statesmen, scientists, landowners, licensed victuallers, or the like.

There was a graver reason why Tolstoi's gospel should not thrive among the well-informed: and that was, that in almost every particular it was at variance, not only with reason and experience, but also with itself; and inconsistency, though the mark of an honest man, is out of place in philosophy. For honesty has its moods, but truth is always constant to itself.

Inconsistency weighs for nothing with the enthusiasts. The faculty of believing contrary things at the same time, of believing that which they cannot understand, or that which they know to be false, is the most characteristic feature of that large and growing class. Yet their opinion is by no means to be neglected; for they are the makers of reputations; they are the light-kindling stuff which sets the solider world on fire.

In the matter of Tolstoi they have done a great wrong, putting the wrong Tolstoi into the museum of fame, and leaving the right Tolstoi out in the cold. I am not speaking of Tolstoi the novelist, who has a separate reputation of his own, founded on the opinion of judicious men; I am speaking of the two Tolstois of later years: the right Tolstoi, who leads his kindly, weak, lovable life at Yasnaya Polyana, and the wrong Tolstoi, who writes the books and pamphlets decrying all the best that mankind has achieved.

This duality has been a sore trial both to Tolstoi himself and to his disciples. The wrong Tolstoi has written a big book to show that he is really the same as the right Tolstoi: he has raised the contradiction of his Hyde and Jekyll existence into a religious dogma, which we may conveniently call the Parallelogram of Moral Forces. His disciples lay it down as a canon of taste for his critics, that they must not make the inconsistency of his words and his acts a reproach to either.

The wrong Tolstoi writes pamphlets to show that a man should have no truck with property, wives or children, while

the right Tolstoi lives with his family on a comfortable property in the Province of Tula.

> He wished to act in complete consistency with the view he had expressed [says Mr. Aylmer Maude, one of his apologists], but he could not do this—could not, for instance, give away all his property—without making his wife and some of his children angry, and without the risk of their even appealing to the authorities to restrain him. This perplexed him very much; but he felt that he could not do good by doing harm. No external rule, such as that people should give all they had to the poor, would justify him in creating anger and bitterness in the hearts of those nearest to him. So eventually he handed over the remains of his property to his wife and his family, and continued to live in a good house with servants as before, meekly bearing the reproach that he was "inconsistent," and contented himself with doing, in addition to his literary work, what manual labour he could, and living as simply and frugally as possible.

That little difficulty of not being able to "do good" without doing harm, of creating anger and bitterness in the hearts of those nearest to him, is one that is very likely to crop up when a man—especially a married man—tries to practise a scheme of life which involves poverty and celibacy. In fact, that difficulty always does crop up; and there is a touch of personal feeling in the indignation of the Tolstoyites when the reproach of inconsistency is brought against their master: for though Tolstoi has thousands of disciples in every part of the world, I think I may safely say that not one of them has ever practised the Tolstoi scheme of life for twenty-four hours together, any more than their teacher. And this feature is all the more curious and interesting in a religion of the militant sort, which declares all other religions mere "frauds," invented to justify the criminal lives of their adherents.

There are, of course, difficulties in the way. It is a hard thing for a man, who scorns the protection of the law, to live on his own freehold estate—Tolstoyism presupposes a comfortable freehold for each disciple—and feed himself, without exchange or barter, by the labour of his hands, while there are hungry Christians prowling about on every side. I have heard of only one community of true Tolstoyites, the inhabitants of

the Nicobar Islands, and they have never heard of Tolstoi. There is an account of them in the Proceedings of the Anglo Russian Literary Society for the last quarter of 1900, borrowed from a Calcutta magazine, called *Stray Feathers*. The account is headed "Tolstoi's Ideals realised in India."

> There are no persons whatsoever [says the account] possessing any authority among the Nicobarese. Entire absence of subordination is the one salient feature of their social polity. There are no headmen of villages . . . Husbands have no authority over their wives, parents over their children; everybody . . . stands on an altogether independent footing. . . . No man has any need to work. They have everything they want at their doors. Cocoa-nut trees bearing ten times as much fruit as they can consume, the surplus of which when bartered yields them rum and tobacco, silver spoons, and black top-hats (luxuries they greatly affect), and any other clothes they may fancy. . . . There is absolutely no struggle for existence; a child five or six years of age can provide for its own sustenance. . . . The idea of paying any tribute, or in fact of doing anything except follow his own devices without let or hindrance, so far as this in no way interferes with each or all of his neighbours doing the same, never enters the mind of a Nicobarese. They are not at all bad people on the whole; very honest among themselves, good-natured, lazy creatures. . . . They don't care a straw about money, will always take a two- or four-anna piece in preference to a rupee, the former being used for earring beads, the latter being useless.

That about the two- or four-anna pieces recalls Tolstoi singularly. "As soon as the Fools," that is to say, the Tolstoyites, "had got their gold," says Tolstoi, "they gave it away to the women for necklaces; all the girls put it in their hair, and the children played with it in the streets."[1] But the reader will see that the Nicobar islanders are not perfect Tolstoyites: the rum and tobacco and the black top-hats have no place in Tolstoyism. Even the Nicobarese are not angels; we must not look for perfection. In all the rest, how true to Tolstoi's teaching! They are not at all bad people on the whole; very honest among themselves; entire absence of subordination is the salient feature of their social polity. It is not only that they have a courage in their convictions which

[1] "Ivan the Fool."

Tolstoi and his disciples lack; they also enjoy the only conditions in which Tolstoi's political economy can be realised. "There is absolutely no struggle for existence." "They have everything they want at their doors. Cocoanut-trees bearing ten times as much fruit as they can consume." Tolstoi himself demands no more. He is convinced that the poverty of the "working-classes" arises only from the fact that the rich draw away the poor from the land, which cries out to them to harvest the corn that burdens its bosom—a political economy which will not work anywhere in Europe except on that strip of South Russia which goes by the name of the Black Soil, and there only in favourable years. If the world were to go mad one day and accept Tolstoyism as a working theory of government, the population would have to be withdrawn from the greater part of England, France, Germany, Scandinavia and Russia, and settled on the Black Soil, the Nicobar Islands, and one or two other favoured spots, on freehold estates of about nine square yards each. When the crops failed in the Black Soil, as they do from time to time, we should have to fly to the Nicobar Islands for help. This would be hard on the Nicobarese, for Tolstoi forbids payment for goods received. However, the Nicobarese would not have so many mouths to feed as it might be supposed; for Tolstoi having abolished railways and steamships, only a few of the very longest stayers would survive the journey.

"Slavery began with the land," says Tolstoi in one of his latest pamphlets,[1] "because the land was taken from the workers." It is a gross perversion of history, for the workers never had the shadow of a claim to the land. Since the days of Eden tribe has fought with tribe for the corn-land and the hunting-grounds. While the braves were tomahawking trespassers, their squaws were scratching the cornfields with mattocks; when the braves made prisoners, they set them hoeing with the squaws. But did that give the captives and the squaws an exclusive right to the soil and its produce?

[1] "The Way Out." 1900.

If any of the squaws were so misguided as to regard the braves in the light of a "parasite class," they were soon disabused of their mistake when the trespassers got the best of the tomahawking. Civilisation has not changed the case essentially. The European peasant holds the same position as the slave-captive of the savage warriors, and that too in most cases by right of descent. The peasants would not be left to the peaceful pursuit of their toil for a moment if the lines of soldiery and warships that hedge them round to keep out the alien trespasser were withdrawn. It is a fair division of labour that some should work and others watch.

However, all this is of small moment. The wisest of philosophers may be mistaken. But the wrong Tolstoi has claimed the authority of Jesus Christ for the philosophy which he teaches, an authority which convinces where mere reason fails. He could not have gained all these disciples without the name of the Gospel; he could not have escaped criticism as he has if he had not taken refuge in these biblical entrenchments. It is only fair to see whether his biblical basis is sound, and to see whether, in patching up his edifice of philosophy into the semblance of consistency, he has been able to leave the evangelical substructure intact.

The right Tolstoi believes in a God as Christians do.

> I was thinking [he says in a letter of September 1900] that it is impossible to say God is Love, or God is Logos, Understanding. By Love and Understanding we know God; but the ideas of God not only are not covered by those ideas, they are as different from God as the ideas of eye or sight are different from light.

But the wrong Tolstoi, in the great scheme of philosophy which has so captivated the enthusiasts, makes God no more than this same bare Logos or Understanding; while God, as mere God, is one of the "frauds" of the parasite classes.

"The beginning of all things was Understanding (Logos), and Understanding was equivalent to God and replaced God, and Understanding (Logos) was God." That is the wrong

Tolstoi's translation of John i. 1.[1] "It appeared," says Tolstoi's translation, "in separate people (ἦλθε εἰς τὰ ἴδια: John i. 2), and the separate people (οἱ ἴδιοι) would not receive it into them." "He came unto his own [property], and his own [people] received him not" is the literal translation of the Greek. But Tolstoi, who taught himself Greek at the age of forty-one, is quite reckless of genders. "Τὰ ἴδια," he says, "means that which is separate, individual, evidently used in opposition to the world in general. The light was in the whole world, and in separate people; and therefore to the word ἴδιος, 'separate' . . . I add the word 'people'"; though the addition of masculine substantives to neuter adjectives is a process wholly unknown to the humdrum grammarians of our schools and universities.

Now this discrepancy between the views of the right Tolstoi and the wrong Tolstoi is something more than matter for a Trissotin and Vadius dispute: it is a matter which goes to the very root of Tolstoyism.

The real Tolstoi, the kindly old man of Yasnaya Polyana, knows that we are imperfect creatures, kindly for the most part like himself, working out the problems of social life as best we may, guided by an overshadowing Providence from which we hope for some ultimate reward in a simpler and easier world.

> I am more and more convinced [he says in a letter of October 1900[2]] of the unreality of this world in which we live. Not that it is a dream, but that it is only one of the countless manifestations of life. . . . One must feel, like Emerson, "I can get along without it."

But the philosophy of the wrong Tolstoi rejects the consolations of another life. For the wrong Tolstoi the world is not overshadowed by a kindly Providence, but by a malevolent Destiny, in alliance with the parasite classes. Life is a struggle between Evil and Reason. God is not the ruler of the universe,

[1] Tolstoi, "Harmony of the Gospels," vol. i. pp. 19 and 23 in the Russian edition.

[2] Many of his letters are published by Chertkov in his *Listki Svobodnago Slova*.

but mere Common Sense, the weak helpmate of man against the mastery of Evil. It is a kind of dreary Buddhism, leavened with Emerson. The future life is another invention of the parasites, a mere sop to the working classes, on a par with Old Age Pensions.

The wrong Tolstoi, bound to the Gospel for authority, avoids the promise of a future life by tactics of the strangest kind.

In St. Matthew xix. 28, Jesus says: "Ye who have followed me, in the regeneration, when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." "This verse I omit," says Tolstoi,[1] "as not having any definite meaning. . . . It either means nothing, or it is raillery, irony."

In Mark x. 30, Jesus says: "He shall receive a hundredfold now in this time . . . and in the world to come (ἐν τῷ αἰῶνι τῷ ἐρχομένῳ) eternal life." "Ἔρχομαι means 'to go,' 'to pass,'" says Tolstoi[2] — quite untruly, of course — and ἐν τῷ αἰῶνι τῷ ἐρχομένῳ therefore means "in the æon now passing," that is, in *this* life, in spite of the absurdity of "eternal life" in an æon which is passing.

It would be unprofitable work to go through the Harmony and Commentary of the Gospels verse by verse. Those who are curious in such matters may easily estimate Tolstoi's qualifications as a commentator for themselves by referring to the work. Let them see, for instance, his translation of John i. 14,[3] his commentary on Luke ii. 49,[4] or his ludicrous note on ἀποδοκιμασθῆναι.[5]

The system once made, good or bad, it behoved Tolstoi to live by it, if he believed in it. He had declared governments, law and property bad, and it was his duty to eschew the advantages of them. Incidentally he had rejected also tobacco, alcohol and meat. But life was hard with him. His brother-in-law says that, so far from being happy when he had evolved

[1] "Harmony," vol. ii. p. 225. [2] *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 224.
[3] *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 33. [4] *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 47. [5] *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 248.

this scheme for the only possible happiness, he became depressed in his spirits. His wife and children had no idea of giving up the property at Yasnaya Polyana and working in the fields for their daily bread. Then, again, he was troubled by visitors. Déroulède came and tried to enlist his sympathies on behalf of the Revanche; romantic ladies came—a sort that he could not abide—and wanted to "learn life"; practical ladies came and threatened to blow out their brains if they could not have a thousand roubles on the spot. The wrong Tolstoi says that if people ask for money it is not charitable, but only polite to give it to them; he also says that if people steal things it is because they need them, and therefore have a right to them; but history relates that when these ladies came the right Tolstoi lost his temper and the Countess sent them away. Then Tolstoi made a pair of boots—which is apparently a good thing to do—and was disgusted when he found that one of his admirers kept them at home in a glass case. The Government was very kind and forbearing to him; but business is business, and Tolstoi was summoned as a witness in a law-case to the local court. Fräulein Seuron, who was governess at Yasnaya Polyana, avers that Tolstoi appeared in his sheep-skin, laid a roll of roubles on the table, said, "You cannot force me to swear; there is my fine for non-appearance," and fled.

The same lady says that it was pitiful to see the poor prophet trying to give up his tobacco.

> He walked from room to room as if he could find no place for himself. He would sometimes begin a cigarette and throw it away again at once, or greedily inhale the fumes when other people were smoking. In the end he could not altogether break off this habit . . . it soothed his nerves. People are mistaken in thinking the Count an ascetic in the strict sense of the word.

Then, again, the wrong Tolstoi says that literature is a vice: but the right Tolstoi has the *cacoethes scribendi* in him and cannot keep away from the writing-table. One of Repin's drawings shows him in a modest attic of the great country house, with his scythes and rakes about him, sitting uncomfortably at work

on a little stool in his sheepskin, with an incongruous pair of silver candlesticks before him. In the afternoon he wanders about, says Fräulein Seuron, with a hatchet in the woods. There is something charmingly ingenuous in the picture she gives of Tolstoi, the amateur Tolstoyite, coming back from the fields with a conscious smile of achievement and the smell of manure about him: "I roared with laughter," she says. Then, in spite of his convictions, he has his bicycle for exercise, and even joins the young people in the despised and immoral game of lawn-tennis.

Altogether it is a delightfully human picture, that of Tolstoi, the Squire of Yasnaya Polyana, living in the great house with his Countess, in his sheepskin-overcoat, playing at being a Tolstoyite.

But the wrong Tolstoi, the man who writes the books, seems altogether to have missed the charm of the right Tolstoi's whimsicality and weakness, which have in them something of the appeal of a child's helplessness. In "The Kingdom of God is within You" he puts forward that curious theorem, the "Parallelogram of Moral Forces," to show that the making and breaking of impracticable rules of life is the very essence of philosophic Christianity.

> Those who call my system impracticable [says Tolstoi] are quite right if we regard the counsels of perfection afforded by the doctrine of Christ as rules which must be fulfilled by each of us, just as in the code of society the rules of paying taxes, &c., must be fulfilled by each. . . . The perfection held up before the eyes of Christians is infinite and can never be attained, and Christ has this in view: but he knows that the striving upwards to full and infinite perfection will always increase the happiness of man. . . . Christ is not teaching angels, but men who live an animal life; and to the animal force of motion Christ, as it were, applies another force, namely, the consciousness of divine perfection, and so *directs the movement of humanity along the resultant of the two forces.*[1] . . . The animal force remains always the same and lies beyond the control of man. . . . Divine perfection is the asymptote of human life, to which it is always approximating, but which it can attain only in infinity.

The doctrine is easy enough to apply to the individual life.

[1] "Kingdom of God," i. 139.

To renounce property and family and live with one's wife and children in a comfortable country house is the part of a consistent philosophic Christian. To forswear tobacco and smoke cigarettes is not a sign of weakness, but mere obedience to Parallelogram Christianity.

But the doctrine seems hard to apply to public life. What resultant will the Parallelogram give us in the matter of fighting? Shall we forswear war and settle our quarrels with pitchforks? Or what compromise will the Parallelogram make between the abolition of law-courts and our depraved inclination for justice? Is Lynch-law the resultant?

There was one great difficulty which puzzled many until the Parallelogram explained it. If all men abstained from the making of children, as Tolstoi directed, what would become of the human race?

The apparent contradiction of Tolstoi—it is only apparent—may be clearly seen if we set side by side two passages in which he lays down the duty of women. In the epilogue to the "Kreutzer Sonata" they are clearly condemned to perpetual virginity.

> The Christian cannot look upon carnal connection otherwise than as a sin, as is said in Matt. v. 25 . . . and he will therefore always avoid marriage.[1]

The other passage is to be found in "What must we do?"[2]

> As it is said in the Bible, to man and to woman, to each is given a law: to man the law of labour, to woman the law of childbearing. . . . Each law is unchangeable . . . and disobedience is punished inevitably with death. . . . If you are true mothers, you will not say after two children, nor after twenty children, that you have brought forth children enough. . . . You will not make over the care of suckling them and nursing them to another mother . . . for you regard that labour as your life, and therefore the more you have of that labour the fuller and happier will your life be.

Tolstoi means us, of course, to trust to the Parallelogram of Forces for the continuation of the species.

Tolstoi's doctrines fill many books and pamphlets: it is not therefore to be expected that all his inconsistencies should be

[1] Epilogue, p. 15. [2] "Works," 1891, vol. xiii. pp. 234, 239, 240.

touched upon within the limits of a single article. But though I cannot here set forth the whole bulk of the contradictions which his disciples have swallowed, these specimens may serve to illustrate the quality of their digestion; and the reader may be able the better to appreciate the mental condition of those who, at one and the same time, declare the doctrines of the Church an impious fraud, and complain of the cruelty of the Holy Synod in dissociating Tolstoi from any participation in them.

Tolstoi is a hesitating prophet, who never rests in any affirmation or negation, but says: "This is true . . . at least, it may be true . . . but no, on the whole I am sure that it is untrue." While his disciples take down his words and proclaim as their creed: "We are sure that this is true, that it may be true, and that on the whole it is not true."

Tolstoi is not a Tolstoyite: he is an amiable character who has somehow strayed out into real life from the pages of "Tristram Shandy" or "The Caxtons." And perhaps we who are also not Tolstoyites may consistently be sorry that the Church of his native country—which, no doubt, he loves in his heart of hearts—should have declared war on him. For, separated from his "system"—and the separation is easy—he is not more unorthodox than thousands in and out of his own country who live and die at peace with their Established Churches, to the comfort of their friends and relatives.

G. L. CALDERON.

THE LOST ART OF CATCHING

TO enter upon a season comprising one hundred and sixty-six fixtures with the prospect of finishing 58 per cent. of the games begun, as in 1900, is scarcely conducive to intensifying or even holding the public interest in the greatest of summer pastimes, which interest is chiefly centred upon the aforementioned one hundred and sixty-six inter-county meetings. Cricket is not the only pastime in which one is obliged to recognise that *bête noir* of the sportsman, the drawn game; even a football season will disclose the fact that 20 per cent. of the fixtures end in drawn games, but the great difference which exists between the perfect equality of the opponents in the football draw and the sometimes very exasperating inequality of the players, or rather of their respective scores, in a drawn game of cricket, renders any comparison between the two impossible. As far as football is concerned the drawn game is bearable, with regard to cricket it is—well, highly undesirable.

If we compare the number of drawn games in the county championship matches, which in the aggregate amount to nearly 43 per cent. of the matches entered upon, with the drawn games played in inter-county fixtures twenty-two years ago, we find that there are practically twice as many drawn games played to-day as there were then, when out of fifty county matches begun only eleven remained unfinished.

Into the respective merits of the bowlers and batsmen of to-day and yesterday we do not intend to enter here; there are

some uncommonly good bowlers to-day, and there were some uncommonly good bats at the end of the seventies—of the quality of the bowling at the end of the seventies and the batting at the end of the century there is no question: we also prefer to leave to others the question respecting the desirability of encouraging groundsmen to subject their wickets to a species of enamelling process—an undoubted source of high scoring and consequently of drawn games; and the Clerk of the Weather will not here be taken to task because he has of late years been good enough to provide us with better cricketing weather than we are altogether accustomed to: fine, dry weather and enamelled wickets are undoubtedly conducive to drawn games, but bad fielding and deplorable catching have much more to answer for, and it is with them that we shall deal.

"I admit," said recently one of the finest cricketers that ever stepped into the field, a man of vast experience in the cricket of both to-day and yesterday, Mr. A. N. Hornby, "that the large number of drawn matches played now is a bad feature of the game, but that is not the fault of the rules. It is simply due to shocking bad fielding. The fielders should hold catches, and then there would be more finished games. For instance, take Noble's innings in the test match at Old Trafford last year (1899). He was missed before scoring, and then stayed in for two days. The fielding is not so good as it used to be, and it is this alone that is responsible for drawn games."

The President of the Lancashire County Club, had he so desired, instead of referring to an incident of the season of 1899, could have found illustrations in plenty in last season's play; he might have quoted the expensive mistake that resulted in Ranjitsinhji's adding 122 runs to his total against Kent at the end of last August: he might have recalled the seven chances missed in the course of Surrey's first innings against Middlesex at Lord's, whereby five batsmen, who might have been out for 33 runs, scored between them no fewer than 244—as Surrey lost, notwithstanding the generosity of their opponents,

perhaps this illustration would hardly have been apposite; he might, however, have mentioned the dropped catch given by Brown in the course of his famous innings of 163, the highest ever hit for Players against Gentlemen at Lord's, a mistake that probably lost the match to the Gentlemen; and, as a curiosity, he might have alluded to the extraordinary fortune attending Mr. T. H. Page when playing for Hants against Essex in July, this gentleman being missed no less than four times in rapid succession!

That bad fielding is solely and wholly the cause of drawn games we should not like to say, but it is an undoubted fact that it is the principal agent in their production, for slackness in the field is provocative of a rapidly rising score, and heavy scoring is in four cases out of five the apparent origin of the drawn game; as for missed opportunities in the way of catches, every chance lost is equivalent to giving the batting side an extra batsman and one who enters upon his innings with his eye in; no wonder that drawn games are so frequent when it is not unusual to find that practically from fifteen to seventeen individual innings have been played ere a complete side has been dismissed for the first time.

The British public, reading its morning paper, observes that Abel was missed with his score at 0, and was at fault on more than one occasion, and promptly forgets the incident; if missed opportunities of getting rid of an opponent were entered in the score—although to read that Abel was "m.c. (missed from a catch) by Jones 0, m. run out (missed run out) Brown, 42, m.c. Robinson, 76, m.st. Jones 152, not out 215," might create confusion—the public would eventually realise the vast number of mistakes that are made in first-class cricket each day of the season and would in time, perhaps, regard good fielding as just as important a factor in the game as good batting and good bowling, a consummation devoutly to be wished.

To discover the exact number of catches missed in first-class cricket in the course of a season would necessitate enlisting the services of an up-to-date Argus whose many eyes would also

have to be fitted with the latest improvements in telephoto lenses; in the absence of this friendly help, for the purpose of this article, we collated one month's (August) cricket reports in an absolutely unbiased contemporary, with the result (keeping in mind the fact that a good proportion of the chances given, even when observed from the Press-box, are not alluded to in print) that we were anything but reassured as to the fielding displayed by our best elevens. In the following table we show how the 166 catches missed in August, which we succeeded in tracing, were distributed among the fifteen first-class counties; we also give the number of wickets taken by each team during that month, whilst in the third column, in order to reduce all the teams to the same common denominator, we append the percentages of chances missed to wickets captured:

County.	Chances Missed.	Wickets Captured.	Percentage of Chances Missed to Wickets Captured.
1. Warwick . .	11 ...	45 ...	24
2. Derby . . .	11 ...	61 ...	18
3. Gloucester . .	23 ...	140 ...	16·4
4. Sussex . . .	19 ...	126 ...	15
5. Notts . . .	10 ...	68 ...	14·7
6. Somerset . .	11 ...	86 ...	12·8
7. Worcester . .	14 ...	117 ...	12
8. Middlesex . .	19 ...	163 ...	11·6
9 Essex . . .	9 ...	88 ...	10·2
10. Hants . . .	9 ...	90 ...	10
11. Kent . . .	11 ...	138 ...	7·9
12. Surrey . . .	7 ...	140 ...	5
13. Lancashire . .	5 ...	119 ...	4·2
14. Leicestershire .	4 ...	96 ...	4·1
15. Yorkshire . .	3 ...	127 ...	2·3

Warwick owes her position at the head of the list to an epidemic that, as Tom Emmett would say, was "certainly not 'catching.'" It broke out with exceeding virulence in the match against Worcester, when not only was Bowley missed in the slips, but Arnold, who was thrice missed at the same

figure and twice later on, gave five unaccepted chances in an innings of 113, an exhibition of fielding that was only redeemed by the exceedingly brilliant running catch with which Walter Quaife dismissed Wilson. Later in the month Mr. Percy Perrin enjoyed, at the expense of Warwick, some of that remarkable luck that pursued him through August. Derby's worst fielding *débâcle* took place in their match with Notts, which they undoubtedly lost through their bad fielding. Goodacre, who was twice missed, scored 67; Carlin was missed once, and scored 63; J. Gunn, missed at 0, scored 54; and Iremonger, missed at 81, scored 65. Although Mr. F. Townsend brilliantly caught J. T. Hearne in the Middlesex match, the Gloucestershire fielding was frequently at fault; and in the Surrey match Hayes, Abel, Mr. Crawford, and Stedman had an extra innings each, whilst Lees was presented with a couple. When Mr. Bromley Davenport scored 69 for Worcester, he was missed at 30, 36 and 56. Mr. Blaker was missed thrice in scoring 57 not out for Kent; and Mr. Perrin, when he ran up 134 not out—Oh! the irony of these "not outs"—for Essex, enjoyed a fair slice of fortune, for he was missed by four different men at 39, 56, 113 and 129 respectively! Although Mr. Fry and Relf made some more than ordinarily good catches in the Gloucestershire match, and K. S. Ranjitsinhji dismissed Tunnicliffe on one occasion, and Barton on another, with catches adjudged by eye-witnesses to be above the average even for him, the Sussex eleven, excepting Tate, in the match *v.* Yorkshire, were frequently at fault. Mr. C. E. de Trafford, before he scored his 62 runs for Leicester (in eighteen hits), was missed in the slips at 3, and eventually gave four unaccepted chances in his brief but lively innings. Lord Hawke, in scoring 26, was missed thrice. Mr. Lowe, in scoring 74 for Worcester, enjoyed three innings; and Sussex practically lost all chance of scoring a win over Hants by missing Barton at 1 and 30 in his first innings, which augmented the score of his side by 51, and in his second at 19 (he only scored 22 however), and by

letting off Webb at 15, whereupon he increased his score to 70.

The chief mistake made by Notts last August consisted in letting off Mr. P. F. Warner at 72, whereupon he scored 134, and in not holding catches given by Mr. W. P. Robertson, who augmented the score against them by 62. At a later date they also had the misfortune to miss the opportunity of dismissing Mr. McLaren at 23, whereupon he scored 77. On the other hand, it must not be overlooked that Mr. Oscroft superbly caught Mr. Marriot in the Leicester match, and that the catch with which Mr. G. J. Groves dismissed Tyldesley must, notwithstanding the fact that it was the cause of the downfall of a great Lancashire batsman, have been the source of much pleasure to Mr. A. N. Hornby.

To comment upon all the missed opportunities afforded in the month of August would entail the printing of a Supplement, but it may be mentioned that when Hayes scored 175 against Hants, and Mr. Mason 137 against the same county, the former was missed three times and the latter twice; that Kent probably lost an opportunity of beating Lancashire through missing Mr. Hartley in the first innings at 11 and 38, and that they had to pay 122 runs (net; if we take into consideration the number of runs accruing to his various partners the gross score would probably be much higher) for the luxury of missing K. S. Ranjitsinhji; that Lancashire paid dearly for missing Mr. Jephson at 23, that gentleman eventually scoring 138; that Middlesex fielded execrably against Yorkshire and, as we have already pointed out, against Surrey, though in the former match Mr. J. Douglas greatly distinguished himself by a magnificent running catch which dismissed Rhodes. If the chance given by Mr. Dixon at 21, when he compiled his not-out score of 126 against Leicester, had been accepted, there is every probability that the Notts score would have been reduced to one-half the proportions it attained, in which case at the end of an innings apiece both counties would have found themselves very evenly matched;

whilst Surrey, in her return match with Middlesex, would have pressed the home county much harder than she did had Mr. Wells, who scored 62, returned to the Pavilion caught in the slips at 24, and had not Mr. Warner, who amassed a century, enjoyed a respite at 47. The wonderful fielding displayed by Holland in the Lancashire match and by Hayes and Clode in the match with Notts, went far to redeeming the mistakes made by Surrey during August, but these mistakes cost her dear in some cases, especially when Mr. Palairet, in the match which Somerset won by 26 runs, was missed at 7 and eventually totalled 83.

To the best of our ability we show in the following table the net cost of the various mistakes we have traced in county matches during August, and also the names of those counties which benefited by the mistakes of their opponents and the extent to which they benefited: it is, of course, impossible to account for every run thrown away, but the aggregate of 4258 given through missed catches may be accepted as the minimum, for we have taken into consideration neither the runs accruing to the respited players' partners—runs that would not have been obtained had he not kept up the opposite wicket—nor additional extras also accruing from the innings being lengthened:

County.	Runs given to Opponents by missing Catches.	Runs received from Opponents.
Middlesex	438	390
Kent	411	298
Gloucestershire	405	139
Derby	384	105
Worcester	359	316
Notts	306	318
Somerset	302	270
Hants	289	248
Sussex	289	261
Essex	243	207
Surrey	231	831
Warwick	212	117
Lancashire	195	159
Leicester	154	161
Yorkshire	40	438
	4258	4258

The huge bonus of runs given to Surrey batsmen owes its magnitude chiefly to the fact that Hayes, who scored 515 runs during the month, was actually presented with 224, or over 40 per cent., by his opponents; Abel, Hayward and Mr. Jephson also benefited by the mistakes of their opponents to the amount of considerably over 100 runs apiece, one mistake enriching the captain's aggregate by 115 runs and another Abel's aggregate by 111. The Yorkshireman most favoured by his opponents was Mr. Taylor, whose aggregate for the month, 412 runs, would have been reduced by 43 per cent. had all the catches he gave been accepted; in a more modest way the popular captain of the Yorkshire eleven was also the recipient of several extra innings augmenting his aggregate for the month, which totalled 278 runs, to the extent of 88. To Mr. Perrin's good fortune in August we have already alluded; it only remains for us to add that, if his opponents had taken advantage of all the opportunities afforded them, instead of his aggregate for the nine completed innings played by him in that month, amounting to 352 runs, his total would not have exceeded the second century by more than a couple of runs. Other recipients of over 100 runs during the month under analysis were Barton (Hants), Mr. J. A. Dixon (Notts), Mr. C. J. B. Wood (Leicester), W. Quaife (Warwick), Mr. J. Douglas and Mr. P. F. Warner (Middlesex), Mr. Mason (Kent), K. S. Ranjitsinhji (Sussex) and Mr. L. Palairet (Somerset).

If in the course of twenty-seven days county cricket over 4000 runs are, together with the time they take to compile, wasted, we may infer that in the course of the whole county season, in which a grand total of 123,013 runs were scored last year, some 18,000 unnecessary runs are given away through bad catching. If this is the *net* result of missing catches, what must be the *aggregate* cost, taking into consideration the runs accruing through the lengthened partnerships and through slovenly fielding—surely sufficient if they could be eliminated, or nearly eliminated, for accidents will happen, by smartness

in the field—to greatly reduce the present proportion of over 40 per cent. of games drawn?

The result of the meeting of the county captains has been to discountenance any project of altering the law of l.b.w. in favour of the bowler and to initiate a crusade against doubtful bowling; the prospect the approaching season holds forth as regards drawn games is therefore very promising, and great scores will thrive more than ever unless there is a revival of the good fielding that was current in the days of the Walkers, Parr, and many other captains of the past, who kept up their teams to so high a standard of fielding that to miss a chance was regarded by the offender in much the same light as if he had committed a crime. This standard, we are afraid, is hardly likely to be again attained as long as so much first-class cricket takes place under present conditions. If it is absolutely necessary to play day after day, day after day, county committees should pay more attention to the fielding form displayed by the members of the eleven; at present, if a batsman plays a succession of single-figure innings, the chances are that he loses his place in the eleven; if, on the other hand, his fielding, say at mid-on, results in his opponents amassing many runs through his slovenliness in the field and through dropped catches on his part, not the slightest notice is taken of the fact, so far as leaving him out of the eleven is concerned, as long as his batting average is on the right side of thirty, though in many cases a net gain would accrue to the team if the batsman were left out in favour of a safe field and less brilliant performance with the willow. It was very noticeable during the course of last summer how those wicket-keepers who had been temporarily incapacitated, when they at length resumed their positions behind the stumps, displayed more than ordinarily brilliant form as the result of their enforced idleness; if, instead of waiting until they were prevented by accident or illness from playing, the selection committees of our county clubs were to rest their fieldsmen at the first sign of staleness in the field, we feel sure that the gain in having smart fielding and safe catching would

more than compensate for the temporary absence of even a really great batsman.

Failing a great improvement in fielding, and especially in catching, or some extraordinary weather that will have the effect of destroying the plumbness of the prepared wicket and yet allow sufficient time to play matches out, we do not see what is to save us from an increase in the percentage of drawn games during the ensuing season, and from the customary columns of suggestions showing how the game could be improved by playing it in slabs, the sides taking it in turn to occupy the wickets for periods varying from ten minutes to two hours, or from those extremely original notions for the elimination of the drawn game, namely, the plan of adding an inch to the height of the wicket or introducing an extra stump. If the art of catching has really fallen into desuetude and the missing of catches is not occasioned, as we believe it is, by staleness brought about by too much cricket, and by want of fielding practice, we would suggest that the situation would be most easily met by altering the wording of Law 22 so that it read: "Or, if the ball, from a stroke of the bat or hand, but not of the wrist, *ought, in the opinion of the Umpire, to have been held before it touched the ground*—'caught.'" We are certainly not ripe for such a drastic alteration in the laws at present, but——

HAROLD MACFARLANE.

LADY HESKETH AND "JOHNNY OF NORFOLK"

A CENTURY has passed away since Cowper died, and the centenary year has brought a revival of interest in both himself and his work. Very little fresh material concerning him has come to light, and the poet's letters still remain his best biography—those delightful letters in which he engages our sympathy and affection not only for himself, but also for the correspondents, who by their faithful service and unswerving devotion did all that was humanly possible to enlighten the heavy burden of his later years. Among these the two cousins, Lady Hesketh and the Rev. John Johnson, commonly called "Johnny of Norfolk," played a leading part. It will be remembered that during the three years that Cowper was articled to a London solicitor, he spent much of his leisure at the house of his uncle, Mr. Ashley Cowper, and became a great favourite with his cousins Harriet and Theodora. With Theodora he fell in love, but an engagement was forbidden on account of the near relationship of the pair. Harriet, however, kept up a correspondence with her sister's lover until the change in his religious opinions temporarily alienated her sympathies from him, and the friendship was suspended for a period of twenty years. Meanwhile Harriet had become the wife of Sir Thomas Hesketh, and spent the greater part of her married life abroad. After her husband's death in 1778,

she returned to England, and settled down at Bath, where she became a familiar figure in the social life of the period.

Her cousin, William Cowper, was now famous, and after reading his "John Gilpin," published in 1785, Lady Hesketh felt a strong desire to renew the old ties of affection that had once existed between them. A letter from her called forth a warm response from the poet, and thenceforward until his death in 1800, a regular correspondence was kept up between them. When her own infirmities and his unhappy state prevented her from visiting him, she wrote every week to "Johnny of Norfolk," then curate of East Dereham, who took charge of his cousin during these later years, and tended him with a filial devotion. A number of letters addressed by Lady Hesketh to Mr. Johnson have recently come to light, and though they add nothing to Cowper's fame, yet they contain many little intimate touches which will not be without interest to lovers of the poet, as well as several curious allusions to the life and manners of the period. Lady Hesketh is revealed in these letters as a kind-hearted but somewhat fussy old lady, inordinately proud of her relationship to Cowper, reigning like a little queen at Bath, and made much of by everybody wherever she went, from the Royal Family downwards.

In 1794, Mrs. Unwin had become so enfeebled, both mentally and physically, through a paralytic stroke, that her companionship once all-sufficing, only aggravated the poet's melancholy. Lady Hesketh's knowledge of this fact, and perhaps some touch of natural jealousy, led her to write of the poor lady with an asperity, not to say spitefulness, which was hardly worthy of so innately kind-hearted a woman. In the summer of 1794 she is staying at Weston, and sends the following curious communication from thence to "Johnny of Norfolk," on the subject of an old tea-pot of Mrs. Unwin's, which he had apparently received permission to exchange for a new one:

> Rare indeed, my good Sir John, and valuable as rare! Why what a costly pacquet did you send us last night! . . . I have the satisfaction to inform

you that it arrived very safely, and we were all delighted to see the rare and beauteous Phœnix which seemed to have arisen so miraculously from the ashes of the old one. When I had developed the pacquet I called out, "Oh, what a beautiful tea-pot! Well, Johnny has indeed done the thing handsomely! I think I never in my life saw a handsomer or more elegant thing of its kind." Mrs. Unwin instantly roared out, "Is it solid silver? Are you sure it is real solid silver? Mine was silver."—"Indeed, madam, I do not know; plated things look sometimes very handsome, and 'tis so large, one might *almost* suppose it was not, only Johnny is the last man in the world to take a silver tea-pot, and return a plated, unless *you* had ordered him to do so." Our dear cousin then said, "No, no, it is silver very plainly; besides here is the hall-mark," to which she with a *grunt*, "Oh you're sure 'tis silver, very well." I then proceeded in my admirations and explanations of this dear, delightful tea-pot, and spoke with great admiration of the manner in which the *arms* were engraved—how well they were executed—"and here," says I, "is your crest, my cousin, on the other side." She immediately called out with great vociferation, "What is the crest?"—"Oh," says I, "the bear's paw and cherry-branch." She then screamed louder, "Oh, that's not right, that's not right."—"Yes, yes," said our cousin, "it is quite right;" to which she rejoined, "No, that is not the Unwin crest—the other tea-pot was mine."—"Oh," says I, "our friend Johnny never thought of that I daresay," and Mr. Cowper added, "Pho, pho, what does that signify between you and me?" She hemmed and grunted again, and at last said, "Well, I'm very glad Mr. Johnson has sent it to you, my man, very glad." And as she repeated this at different intervals thro' the whole evening, I gathered that she was *not glad at all.*

This little scene certainly does not present Lady Hesketh in a very engaging light, but it is obvious throughout the correspondence that she was inclined to grudge the rest of the world any share in her beloved cousin's affections, the same feeling being expressed, though in a milder form, in the following letter to Mr. Johnson, written in the winter of 1790:

How much I love and honour your enthusiastic zeal in the service of your friends, my good Sir John Croydon [one of Johnny's nicknames], let this quick return to your letter of yesterday assure you. Nothing delights me more than to see people active in the cause they have undertaken—that passive spirit which is often honoured by the name of good nature, but which is contented with sending good wishes to those they love from a comfortable sofa, or an easy chair, is not the sort of goodness which suits my taste. I like the impetuosity of your spirit which inclines you to do and think of everything by which you

may essentially serve those you profess to love and esteem. Judge then how much and more particularly it pleases me to see that happy talent of yours exerted in every possible way in favour of our good and valuable cousin, whom (par parenthese) I love as much better than you, as I have known him longer, as well at least as any sister can love a brother, your sister Kate not excepted. This being the case, cousin Johnny, as it certainly is, let me proceed to tell you how much both I myself, and Mrs. Unwin, and this dear cousin of ours, approve and admire all the good you have already done us, and all that you design to do in our service. . . . I know that by this time you hate me cordially for asserting that my affection to the Translator of Homer is stronger than yours, and you will ask me, perhaps, whether it requires half a century to create a sincere friendship and esteem for a deserving object, and to this I answer, "No—not exactly that, yet you must allow, cousin Johnny, that the Tree which has taken the firmest root is the least liable to accidents or injury, and when you have allowed me this, I will honestly own to you that it is in the term of its duration only that I believe my attachment to excel yours, so allow me the melancholy privilege that *age* gives me, and let us part friends. Oh, but we must not part yet. I have several things yet to say; one is about the Mr. Cowper and the Miss Madan whom your friend Mr. Reeves saw at Evesham House. They are both cousins of mine, and Mr. Cowper's Miss Madan is the daughter of the late Mr. Madan, of Epsom, the clergyman who has written so well and so abominably,[1] but no more of him. The Mr. Cowper who was there is the eldest son of the late Major Cowper, of the Park House, in Staffordshire, and is nephew to General Cowper. Take notice, I should have spared myself and you this account, but I love to treat people with their favourite dish when I can, and considering you in the light of Rouge Dragon, or Norroy King-at-Arms, I give you this faint shadow of a ghost of a pedigree, which may prove perhaps, as a little dainty, or kickshaw, to stay your stomach, till something more satisfactory falls in your way."

Mr. Johnson at this time was putting together Cowper's pedigree, hence the allusions to his heraldic tendency. Later on Lady Hesketh furnished him with some further information on this subject, which begins in quaint fashion:

A Tale for the benefit of Superannuated Heralds, Humbly Inscribed to "Johnny of Norfolk," *once* the formidable Rival of Rouge Dragon, Norroy King-at-Arms, and even of the Norfolk Herald! but now alas!— Sir William Cowper, Bart., of the Mote in Kent, and of Hertford Castle, in the County of Herts, had two sons—William, Lord High Chancellor of England; and Spencer, Lord Chief Justice of Chester, and ditto of the Common Pleas. The above-

[1] The author of "Thelyphthora," a treatise in favour of polygamy.

mentioned Spencer married in due time a fair and virtuous damsel named Judith [daughter of Sir Robert Booth], a woman beloved and esteemed by her own and her husband's family, and justly considered as the paragon of her day, for every grace and accomplishment, and every domestic and social virtue. Above all, she stood unrivalled in the sweetness and gentleness of her disposition, of which I have heard many of her descendants, and indeed all who knew her, speak with delight and amazement. To the above-mentioned Spencer Cowper this peerless lady bore four children—viz., three sons and one daughter, the latter the counterpart of herself in all her virtues and graces, but excelling her in respect of genius, which early showed itself in an elegant taste for poetry, many proofs of which are now extant, though she never would allow of their being printed. The three sons which the above-mentioned admirable and virtuous lady bore to Spencer Cowper, were named William, John and Ashley. The eldest, William, possessed an estate in Hertfordshire near Cole Green, the seat of Earl Cowper. John, the second, went into the Church, and was for a long series of years Rector of Berkhampstead. He was the father of the poet. Ashley, the youngest brother, was intended for the law, but quitted the profession, and became Clerk to the Parliaments after the decease of his eldest brother who enjoyed it during his life, it having been a grant from the Crown to his father. Ashley left behind him only three daughters with small portions and few talents!—one of whom, having not yet quite lost her memory, has written the above account for the benefit of those who may want hereafter to be instructed in the history, or rather to have a sketch of the House of Cowper.

In 1795 Cowper and Mrs. Unwin were removed to Norfolk, in order that they might be under the immediate care of Mr. Johnson. Mrs. Unwin died in 1796, but for a time the poet seems to have improved in bodily health and mental activity. In the summer of 1798, Johnny was thinking of taking his cousin to the east coast for change of air. Lady Hesketh, like most other people at that period, was full of apprehension of the long-threatened French invasion, and writes in June 1798:

I understand from his [Cowper's] letter that you meant to take him to the seaside—is not that a hazardous step at this critical time, when the Toulon fleet has certainly sayl'd, and no one knows its destination? Your Eastern Coast has always been considered to be in danger, though on what side they are to attack us, or whether they are to attack us at all, is, I believe, known only to themselves; but sure enough I should be grieved at heart should any of these wretches land in your neighbourhood. I hope our dear Cousin does not see the newspapers, and does not know either the dangers we are in, or the

Horrors that are going forward in Ireland, where they are doing their best to imitate their dear friends the French.

In April of the same year she had urged her correspondent to

draw for one hundred pound at three-days sight, and the sooner the better, for you don't know what might happen, or how soon a few guineas may be necessary to carry you out of the way of the French devils, who I really believe will land in as many parts of the kingdom as they can, to create the greater degree of confusion; and though I trust we shall finally be preserved from their machinations, yet as no money will be to be had for some time should any disturbance really happen, it will be proper for every one to keep a few guineas by them. They are very difficult things to get, I know, and I don't think that even here at Bath I have been able to get more than ten or twelve for about three months, all notes being changed by other notes, and as *those notes* will be perfectly useless in case of anything happening at the bank, gold will be your only resource. I beg, therefore, when you get your money, you will by gentle degrees, turn as much of it into gold as you can. You must do it in a careless manner, and not with any earnestness, but pay *all* with paper, and never give a guinea to a tradesman while you have a note in the world—by that means you will pick up as I do, two guineas here, three there, and so on. I advise you also to take care to pay all your debts, unless they should be very large, and then I don't know what to say. I believe I do not owe a shilling in the world, except what I shall pay to-morrow morning in my weekly book, and tho' by this means one cannot possess much money, one has the comfort of knowing it is all one's own; which otherwise it could not be you know.

Lady Hesketh was as patriotic as she was loyal, and she was delighted with the Anglophile writings of the Swiss, Mallet du Pan.

When you get the *Anti-Jacobin Magazine* [she says in a letter dated December 1798] you will find there extracts in English from a French work of "Mallet du Pan," which comes out twice a month I think. When you read what he says about *us* you must be proud of being an *Englishman*, if you never were so before. I will treat you here with a little short extract, which I think will make you hold up your head, and strut about like *Ancient Pistol!* After saying that he left the Continent under the idea that England was on the brink of Ruin, and that France with her gunboats was going to complete her destruction, he writes in these words, "How was I surprised on landing in England to find that a war, the most terrible that any Empire was ever exposed to, produced a thousand times less risk, trouble, sadness and fear than the charms of Peace, in which all the competitors for concord with the French

Republick, rock themselves—and tremble. It is with 800 ships of war, 150,000 seamen, 300,000 men under arms, £50,000,000 sterling annually poured by public patriotism, opulence and liberality into the scale of resources, it is with periodical victories, the brilliancy of which has never been equalled in the Marine Annals of any nation; it is in securing all the anchors of an admirable constitution the more, the more the enemy tries to remove them, that England waits without fear and without impatience, the issue of her dangers." I could write a great deal more from this charming work, and had I a frank I would, because I am sure you would be pleased with it. I shall only add on this subject that it is so *just* and pleasing a picture of our situation that I fancy our dear Cousin would like to hear it, were you to read it to him with "*good Emphasis* and *Distinction*," as Sir Gregory Gazelle says in the Farce. *Mallet du Pan* is a native of Geneva, and writes with more spirit than any one whom I have met with a great while. He is generally admired and esteemed.

Although Lady Hesketh entertained her young cousin with her observations about the people and events of the day, the main object of her frequent letters was to ask the latest tidings of Cowper; and when now and then the poet was well enough to send her a line himself, her delight knew no bounds.

I find myself [she writes in this same year, 1798] under the necessity of telling you, my good young friend, of the very great pleasure it gave me to receive a few lines from our beloved cousin a few days ago! They were melancholy lines, 'tis true, and there were but few of them, but such as they were, they were unspeakably welcome to me as coming from his dear hand; just, too, at a time when I thought of writing to him myself, and had him on my mind very particularly for some days. I hope the dear soul has received my answer, which I wrote *immediately;* it will give me great pleasure if I can hear that he read it with composure—or at least that he did not consider the friendship and affection which I expressed for him as insults. I well remember he was too apt to think so of every kind thing that was said to, or of him, dear soul! Yet how is it possible to write but from *one's Heart*, and I am sure if I write from *mine*, my letters can contain nothing but tenderness and friendship to this dear Being, whose restoration to health is the first wish of my heart, and my daily prayer.

When "Johnny" is able to report improvement, she declares,

There is no describing the pleasure it gives me to think that our inestimable cousin begins to take an interest in anything, and above all do I rejoice

that he begins to interest himself in what interests all the world—his own *delightful works!* That he will suffer you to read them to him, did, indeed, make me shed tears of joy—but do not be angry if I say that I do envy you the delightful task of reading those heavenly poems. Had I a *voice*, depend upon it, I should set out directly to take this occupation from you, or at least to share it with you. What indeed would I not give to read that divine performance to the dear author of it, and it is so gratifying to me to think that he will consent to listen to them, that I can only hope you will not wait till you have laboured through the sixteen volumes [of Shakespeare] you talk of, before you enter upon this most pleasing of all tasks.

In the summer of 1799 Lady Hesketh was at Weymouth at the same time as George III. and his family. While there her whole time, she says, was taken up in looking at the Royal Family, who were parading under her windows half a dozen times a day.

You who are well acquainted with my *intense loyalty* [she continues] will readily imagine the pleasure it gave me to see the dear king so *well* and so *happy* as he always appeared to be. It is indeed a heart-cheering sight to behold this good and gracious monarch surrounded by his charming family (the females of it I mean) who all seem delighted in his company, and with whom he appears as easy and as happy as any private gentleman in his dominions. Indeed I must say that I never beheld so charming a picture of domestic comfort and felicity as these good people exhibit.

Lady Hesketh's loyalty naturally suffered no diminution when, on the occasion of another visit to Weymouth, she was admitted into the intimacy of the Royal Family.

I have enjoyed [she says] some most amusing and delightful days in their society on the "Royal Sovereign" [the royal barge] which is by much the most magnificent, and at the same time the most elegant thing I ever saw, and in the truest taste. A fine band of music on board adds greatly to the entertainment, the best part of which, however, consists in the easy gayety and affability of the whole Royal Family, who seem to endeavour to out-doo each other in kindness and graciousness to all who approach them. We dine at two o'clock, and the hours from ten in the morning to five or six in the evening when we come on shore pass only with too much rapidity. Of all the women I ever met with the Queen has the most superior talents for conversation, and it is indeed delightful to be with her Majesty, either in public or private, in both which situations I have frequently been admitted, and the princesses could not be kinder to me if I was their sister, and this to a woman of my age is certainly a strong proof

of their goodness. The king is certainly to all appearance younger by ten years than he was a year ago—strangers would suppose him not more than fifty years old, and from my heart I wish he were no more. He is so good, so rationally pious, and so kind and benevolent to everybody, that I cannot look at him without wishing that he might live for ever.

So enthusiastic a loyalist was naturally deeply agitated by the attempt made on the king's life by Hadfield in May 1800. It will be remembered that George III., when entering his box at Drury Lane, was shot at by Hadfield from his seat in the pit. The king, who was unharmed, prevented a panic by quietly sitting out the play.

God grant [writes Lady Hesketh] this wretched Hadfield may not escape the punishment he merits on the pretence of insanity. Nothing was so plain to me as that Sir W. Addington's stupid questions and the information he so kindly gave him, that that plea would lessen his offence, made the wretch take that ground, for at the beginning he was certainly as much in his senses as I am. I was quite amazed and shocked at Addington's behaviour before I had a key to it. It now turns out that he was *drunk*, and is therefore very properly set aside, for tho' justice may sometimes be blind, she never should be drunk! I hope all you good folks in Norfolk are delighted with the fortitude and extreme magnanimity of the King's behaviour on that occasion. Had he retired, the house would have been pulled to pieces in a moment—the Riot would have become general, and thousands of lives might have been lost! I believe I should have dyed had I been that night at the playhouse, but could I have survived, I should have thought it a most affecting and charming sight to see such a Monarch surrounded by such a family. I am assured that when the King came out of the box, all his sons pressed round him. The Prince of Wales knelt and kissed his hand, and said something in a low voice which affected the King extremely, who embraced him tenderly. It seems that Townsend, one of the Bow Street officers, took notice that when the house was filling, this Hadfield came in with four or five ill-looking fellows who took great pains to place him where he could have the best aim at the Royal Box, and having done this they went away themselves. How plain it is that the plot was laid and that the wretched man is only mad when he is drunk.

It need scarcely be said that Lady Hesketh was strictly conservative in all her tastes and habits. She loved the old school of manners and dress, and could not away with certain modern laxities which were gradually creeping into fashion. In one letter, after having commended the appearance of a

common friend, who, in spite of his poverty, always looked "neat and nice, clean as a silver penny, and well-powdered," she suddenly breaks off:

By the way, my good friend, as I have mentioned *dress*, let me *intreat* of you not to give way to the *blackguardism of the Times*, nor to suffer your pupils to do so. For heaven's sake, if not for mine, do not go without powder! nor wear checked shirts! nor a coloured handkerchief about your neck like a sailor out of employ, nor your hair dirty and ill combed, as if you had just come out of a dungeon. Many of the young men I see affect this abomination, and look like so many hang-dogs. One called the other day upon me just in this trim, and with the additional ornament of a beard, a week old I believe! As I knew him pretty well, I ventured to ask him what prison he had escaped from. Sure I am that he richly deserved to have been instantly committed to another, and certainly would, had I to judge him, for I should certainly have taken him for a pickpocket on the strength of his appearance; for nothing except Filch in the "Beggar's Opera" ever looked like him, and he was not half so dirty I am sure—if he had, he would have been hissed off the stage, as too ill-dressed even for the character.

The good lady was accustomed to speak her mind on most subjects, and she expected to have all her commands obeyed, as well as her letters promptly answered, so woe betide Johnny if by any chance he neglected his correspondent. On one such occasion she writes in half-whimsical displeasure:

Oh, thou vile Johnny! had I not long ago been fully convinced that you were dead and buried, I should certainly have had you assassinated. How could you—strange and unaccountable as you are—suffer so many weeks to elapse without sending one line in answer to a letter about which you must think that I was so anxious, and concerning which it was really necessary that I should receive information? Oh, you are a wicked little Levite! and I believe I must renounce all correspondence with you, that you may never have it in your power to serve me such a trick again! Day after day, and week after week have I expected to hear, but not a word! Certain it is, therefore, that I should, as I before said, have assassinated you, and set East Dereham on fire, had I not concluded that your doom was sealed without my assistance, and indeed that you had dyed before my letter reached East Dereham, because supposing you alive at the time, nothing could excuse your not saddling your Heirs, Exors and Assigns with a full and copious answer to all my queries.

The faithful Johnny's labours of love were gradually drawing to a close. The letters take a sadder tone as the poet's

melancholy increases and his bodily health declines. Johnny is very patient with his correspondent, and keeps her informed of every change during the last few week of Cowper's life. There is heartfelt feeling in the letter written by Lady Hesketh on April 28, 1800, when she was hourly expecting to hear that the end had come.

I must write a few lines, my dear good friend, [it begins] to acknowledge the receipt of your meloncholy packet just received, which I feel but *too* sensibly comes to prepare me for the last heart-rending intelligence! which (coward that I am) I wish to delay at the expense of this beloved creature's happiness —for will he not be happy! Eternally happy; oh yes, I know he will! he must! All my wish and hope and prayer is that he may have some hours or moments of comfort and assurance that he is about to exchange his cruel state of misery and wretchedness for one of endless peace and bliss! I am myself very unwell, and hardly know what I write, for indeed I do most cruelly dread your next letter, which is alas! I fear already on the road. Such a state as you represent our dearest cousin to be in cannot continue long, and who should wish it could—dear amiable excellent cousin! whom I have loved with the tenderest affection through life, and for whom I have always felt the love of a sister, how shall I part with you! How acknowledge to myself that I shall never more be cheered by your lively playful wit, never instructed and improved by your delightful conversation! Oh, my dear Mr. Johnson, among the many friends which it has pleased God to bless me with there is no one I ever loved and esteemed as I have always invariably done this dear cousin, who has been to me as a highly-valued brother—O, how I dread the next decisive letter—how it will wound the half-broken heart of

Your affect. and obliged
H. Hesketh.

Cowper's long sufferings were ended on April 25, 1800. Lady Hesketh survived him long enough to contribute a good deal of valuable material to Hayley's "Life," and also to impose certain shackles on the unfortunate biographer which considerably handicapped him in the performance of his task. She died at Clifton on January 15, 1807, in the seventy-fifth year of her age.

Catharine B. Johnson.

TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XVIII

CONSPIRATORS AND A CRUX

LORD SOUTHEND was devoted to his wife—a state of feeling natural often, creditable always. Yet the reason people gave for it—and gave with something like an explicit sanction from him—was not a very exalted one. Susanna made him so exceedingly comfortable. She was born to manage an hotel and cause it to pay fifteen per cent. Being a person—not of social importance, nothing could make her that—but of social rank, she was forced to restrict her genius to a couple of private houses. The result was like the light of the lamps in the heroine's boudoir, a soft brilliancy: in whose glamour Susanna's plain face and limited intellectual interests were lost to view. She was also a particularly good woman; but her husband knew better than to talk about that.

Behold him after the most perfect of lunches, his armchair in exactly the right spot, his papers by him, his cigars to his hand (even these Susanna understood), a sense of peace in his heart, and in his head a mild wonder that anybody was discontented with the world. In this condition he intended to

spend at least a couple of hours; after which Susanna would drive him gently once round the park, take him to the House of Lords, wait twenty minutes, and then land him at the Imperium. He lit a cigar and took up the *Economist;* it was not the moment for anything exciting.

"A lady to see you, my lord—on important business."

Excessive comfort is enervating. After a brief and futile resistance he found Mina Zabriska in the room, and himself regarding her with mingled consternation and amusement. Relics of excitement hung about the Imp, but they were converted to business purposes. She came as an agent. The name of her principal awoke Southend's immediate interest.

"She's come up to London?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, both of us. We're at their old home."

Southend discovered his *pince-nez* and studied her thin mobile little face.

"And what have you come up for?" he asked after a pause.

Mina shrugged her shoulders. "Just to see what's going on," she said. "I daresay you wonder what I've got to do with it?" His manner seemed to assent, and she indicated her position briefly.

"Oh, that's it, is it? You knew the late Lady Tristram. And you knew——" Again he regarded her thoughtfully. "I hope Lady Tristram—the new one—is well?"

There was the sound of a whispered consultation outside the door; it drew Mina's eyes in that direction.

"That's all right," he smiled. "It's only my wife scolding the butler for having let you in. This is my time for rest."

"Rest!" exclaimed Mina rather scornfully. "You wrote to Cecily as if you could do something."

"That was rash of me. What do you want done? I've heard about you from Iver, you know."

"Oh, the Ivers have nothing to do with this. It's just between Cecily and Mr. Tristram."

"And you and me, apparently."

"What was your idea when you wrote? I made Cecily let me come and see you because it sounded as if you had an idea." If he had no idea, it was clear that contempt awaited him.

"I wanted to be friendly. But as for doing anything—well, that hardly depends on me."

"But things can't go on as they are, you know," she said brusquely.

"Unhappily, as I understand the law——"

"Oh, I understand the law too—and very silly it is. I suppose it can't be changed?"

"Good gracious, my dear Madame Zabriska! Changed!" And on this point too! *Nolumus leges Angliae.* He just stopped himself from the quotation.

"What are Acts of Parliament for?" Mina demanded.

"Absolutely out of the question," he laughed. "Even if everybody consented, absolutely."

"And Harry Tristram wouldn't consent, you mean?"

"Well, could any man?"

Mina looked round the room with a discontented air, there is such a lamentable gulf between feeling that something must be done and discovering what it is.

"I don't say positively that nothing can be done," he resumed after a moment, dangling his glass and looking at her covertly. "Are you at leisure this afternoon?"

"If you've got anything to suggest." Mina had grown distrustful of his intelligence, and her tone showed it.

"I thought you might like to come and see a friend of mine, who is kind enough to be interested in Harry Tristram." He added, with the consciousness of naming an important person, "I mean Lady Evenswood."

"Who's she?" asked the Imp curtly.

To do them justice, Englishmen seldom forget that allowances must be made for foreigners. Lord Southend explained gravely and patiently.

"Well, let's go," said Mina indifferently. "Not that it seems much use," her manner added.

"Excuse me a moment," said he, and he went out to soothe his wife's alarm and assure her that he was not tired.

As they drove, Mina heard more of Lady Evenswood—among other things, that she had known Addie Tristram as a child; this fact impressed the Imp beyond all the rest. But Lady Evenswood herself made a greater impression still. An unusual timidity assaulted and conquered Mina when she found herself with the white-haired old lady who never seemed to do more than gently suggest and yet exercised command. Southend watched them together with keen amusement, while Lady Evenswood drew out of Mina some account of Cecily's feelings and of the scene at Blent.

"Well, that's Tristram all over," sighed Lady Evenswood at the end.

"Yes, isn't it?" cried Mina, emboldened by a sympathy that spoke her own thought. "She hates to feel she's taken everything away from him. But Lord Southend says he can't have it back."

"Oh, no, no, my dear. Still——" She glanced at Southend, doubtful whether to mention their scheme.

He shook his head slightly.

"I daresay Lady Tristram was momentarily excited," he remarked to Mina, "and I think too that she exaggerates what Harry feels. As far as I've seen him, he's by no means miserable."

"Well, she is anyhow," said Mina. "And you won't convince her that he isn't." She turned to Lady Evenswood. "Is there nothing to be done? You see it's all being wasted."

"All being wasted?"

"Yes, Blent and all of it. He can't have it; and as things are now she can't enjoy it."

"Very perverse, very perverse, certainly," murmured Southend, frowning—although he was rather amused too.

"With an obvious solution," said Lady Evenswood, "if only we lived in the realms of romance."

"I have suggested a magician," put in Southend. "Though he doesn't look much like one," he added with a laugh.

Mina did not understand his remark, but she caught Lady Evenswood's meaning.

"Yes," she said, "but Harry wouldn't do that either.'

"He doesn't like his cousin?'

"Yes, I think so." She smiled as she added, "And even if he didn't that mightn't matter."

The other two exchanged glances as they listened. Mina, inspired by a subject that never failed to rouse her, gained courage.

"Any more than it mattered with Miss Iver," she pursued. "And he might just as likely have given Blent to Cecily in that way as in the way he actually did—if she'd wanted it very much and—and it had been a splendid thing for him to do."

Lady Evenswood nodded gently. Southend raised his brows in a sort of protest against this relentless analysis.

"Because that sort of thing would have appealed to him. But he'd never take it from her; he wouldn't even if he was in love with her." She addressed Lady Evenswood especially. "You understand that?" she asked. "He wouldn't be indebted to her. He'd hate her for that."

"Not very amiable," commented Southend.

"Amiable? No!" Amiability seemed at a discount with the Imp.

"You know him very well, my dear?'

"Yes, I—I came to." Mina paused, and suddenly blushed at the remembrance of an idea that had once been suggested to her by Major Duplay. "And I'm very fond of her," she added.

"In the dead-lock," said Southend, "I think you'll have to try my prescription, Lady Evenswood."

"You think that would be of use?"

"It would pacify this pride of Master Harry's perhaps."

Mina looked from one to the other.

"Do you mean there's anything possible?" she asked.

"My dear, you're a very good friend."

"I'm not very happy. I don't know what in the world Cecily will do. And yet——" Mina struggled with her rival impulses of kindness and curiosity. "It's all awfully interesting," she concluded, breaking into a smile she could not resist.

"That's the only excuse for all of us, I suppose," sighed Lady Evenswood.

"Not that I like the boy particularly," added Southend.

"Is there anything?" asked Mina. The appeal was to the lady, not to Southend. But he answered chaffingly:

"Possibly—just possibly—the resources of the Constitution——"

The bell of the front door sounded audibly in the morning-room in which they were.

"I daresay that's Robert," remarked Lady Evenswood. "He said he might call."

"Oh, by Jove!" exclaimed Southend, with a laugh that sounded a trifle uneasy.

The door opened, and a man came in unannounced. He was of middle height, with large features, thick coarse hair, and a rather ragged beard; his arms were long and his hands large.

"How are you, Cousin Sylvia?" he said, crossing to Lady Evenswood, who gave him her hand without rising. "How are you, Southend?" He turned back to Lady Evenswood. "I thought you were alone."

He spoke in brusque tones, and he looked at Mina as if he did not know what she might be doing there. His appearance seemed vaguely familiar to her.

"We are holding a little conference, Robert. This young lady is very interested in Harry Tristram and his affair. Come now, you remember about it! Madame Zabriska, this is Mr. Disney."

"Mr. Disney!" The Imp gasped. "You mean——?"

The other two smiled. Mr. Disney scowled a little. Obviously he had hoped to find his relative alone.

"Madame Zabriska met Addie Tristram years ago at Heidelberg, Robert; and she's been staying down at Blent—at Merrion Lodge, didn't you say, my dear?"

Mr. Disney had sat down.

"Well, what's the young fellow like?" he asked.

"Oh, I—I—don't know," murmured the Imp in forlorn shyness. This man was—was actually—the—the Prime Minister! Matters would have been rather better if he had consented to look just a little like it. As it was, her head was in a whirl. Lady Evenswood called him "Robert" too! Nothing about Lady Evenswood had impressed her as much as that, not even the early acquaintance with Addie Tristram.

"Well then, what's the girl like?" asked Disney.

"Robert, don't frighten Madame Zabriska."

"Frighten her? What do you mean?"

"Oh, tell him what I mean, George," laughed Lady Evenswood, turning to Southend. Mr. Disney seemed genuinely resentful at the idea that he might have frightened anybody.

"Are you a member of the conference too, Southend?"

"Well, yes, I—I'm interested in the family." He telegraphed a glance of caution to the old lady; he meant to convey that the present was not a happy moment to broach the matter that was in their minds.

"I'm sorry I interrupted. Can you give me five minutes in another room, Cousin Sylvia?" He rose and waited for her.

"Oh, but can't you do anything?" blurted out the Imp suddenly.

"Eh?" His eyes under their heavy brows were fixed on her now. There was a deep-lying twinkle in them, although he still frowned ferociously. "Do what?"

"Why, something for—for Harry Tristram?"

He looked round at each of them. The twinkle was gone; the frown was not.

"Oh, was that the conference?" he asked slowly. "Well, what has the conference decided?" It was Mina whom he questioned, for which Southend at least was profoundly thankful. "He'd have bitten my head off, if the women hadn't been there," he confided to Iver afterwards.

Mr. Disney slowly sat down again. Mina did not perceive the significance of this action, but Lady Evenswood did.

"It's such an extraordinary case, Robert. So very exceptional! Poor Addie Tristram! You remember her?"

"Yes, I remember Addie Tristram," he muttered—"growled," Mina described it afterwards. "Well, what do you want?" he asked.

Lady Evenswood was a woman of tact.

"Really," she said, "it can't be done in this way, of course. If anything is to come before you, it must come before you regularly. I know that, Robert."

The Imp had no tact.

"Oh, no," she cried. "Do listen now, Mr. Disney. Do promise to help us now!"

Tact is not always the best thing in the world.

"If you'll tell me in two words, I'll listen," said Mr. Disney.

"I—I can't do that. In two words? Oh, but, please——"

He had turned away from her to Southend.

"Now then, Southend?"

Lord Southend felt that he must be courageous. After all the women were there.

"In two words? Literally?"

Disney nodded, smiling grimly at Mina's clasped hands and imploring face.

"Literally—if you can. There was a gratuitous implication that Southend and the rest of the world were apt to be loquacious.

"Well, then," said Southend, "I will. What we want is——" After one glance at Lady Evenswood, he got it out. "What we want is—a viscounty."

For a moment Mr. Disney sat still. Then again he rose slowly.

"Have I tumbled into Bedlam?" he asked.

"It was done in the Bearsdale Case," suggested Lady Evenswood. "Of course there was a doubt there——"

"Anyhow a barony—but a viscounty would be more convenient," murmured Southend.

Mina was puzzled. These mysteries were beyond her. She had never heard of the Bearsdale Case, and she did not understand why—in certain circumstances—a viscounty would be more convenient. But she knew that something was being urged which might meet the difficulty, and she kept eager eyes on Mr. Disney. Perhaps she would have done that anyhow; men who rule heads and hearts can surely draw eyes also. Yet at the moment he was not inspiring. He listened with a smile (was it not rather a grin?) of sardonic ridicule.

"You made me speak, you know," said Southend. "I'd rather have waited till we got the thing into shape."

"And I should like you to see the boy, Robert."

"Bedlam!" said Mr. Disney with savage conviction. "I'll talk to you about what I came to say another day, Cousin Sylvia. Really to-day——!" With a vague awkward wave of his arm he started for the door.

"You will try?" cried the Imp, darting at him.

She heard him say, half under his breath, "Damned persistent little woman!" before he vanished through the door. She turned to her companions, her face aghast, her lips quivering, her eyes dim. The magician had come and gone and worked no spell; her disappointment was very bitter.

To her amazement Southend was radiant and Lady Evenswood wore an air of gratified contentment. She stared at them.

"It went off better than I expected," said he.

"It must be one of Robert's good days," said she.

"But—but—" gasped the Imp.

"He was very civil for him. He must mean to think about

it, about something of the sort anyhow," Southend explained. "I shouldn't wonder if it had been in his mind," he added to Lady Evenswood.

"Neither should I. At any rate he took it splendidly. I almost wish we'd spoken of the marriage."

"Couldn't you write to him?"

"He wouldn't read it, George."

"Telegraph then!"

"It would really be worth trying—considering how he took it." Lady Evenswood did not seem able to get over the Prime Minister's extraordinary affability.

"Well, if he treats you like that—great people like you—and you're pleased, thank goodness I never met him alone!" Mina was not shy with them any more; she had suffered worse.

They glanced at one another.

"It was you, my dear. He'd have been more difficult with us," said Lady Evenswood.

"You interested him," Southend assured her.

"Yes, if anything's been done, you've done it."

They seemed quite sincere. That feeling of being on her head instead of her heels came over Mina again.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he sent for Harry."

"No, nor if he arranged to meet Cecily Gainsborough—Cecily Tristram, I mean."

"I thought he looked—well, as if he was hit—when you mentioned Addie."

"Oh, there's really no telling with Robert. It went off very well indeed. What a lucky thing he came!"

Still bewildered, Mina began, all the same, to assimilate this atmosphere of contentment and congratulation.

"Do you really think I—I had anything to do with it?" she asked, a new pride swelling in her heart.

"Yes, yes, you attracted his attention."

"He was amused at you, my dear."

"Then I'm glad." She meant that her sufferings would perhaps not go unrecompensed.

"You must bring Lady Tristram to see me," said Lady Evenswood.

"Cecily? Oh—well, I'll try."

Lady Evenswood smiled and Southend laughed outright. It was not quite the way in which Lady Evenswood's invitations were generally received. But neither of them liked Mina less.

It was something to go back to the tiny house between the King's and Fulham Roads with the record of such adventures as these. Cecily was there, languid and weary; she had spent the whole day in that hammock in the strip of garden in which Sloyd had found her once. Despondency had succeeded to her excitement—this was all quite in the Tristram way—and she had expected no fruit from Mina's expedition. But Mina came home, not indeed with anything very definite, yet laden with a whole pack of possibilities. She put that point about the viscounty, which puzzled her, first of all. It alone was enough to fire Cecily to animation. Then she led up, through Lady Evenswood, to Mr. Disney himself, confessing however that she took the encouragement which that great man had given on faith from those who knew him better than she did. Her own impression would have been that he meant to dismiss the whole thing as impossible nonsense.

"Still I can't help thinking we've done something," she ended in triumph.

"Mina, are you working for him or for me?"

This question faced Mina with a latent problem which she had hitherto avoided. And now she could not solve it. For some time back she had been familiarised with the fact that her life was dull when Harry Tristram passed out of it. The accepted explanation of that state of feeling was simple enough. But then it would involve Cecily in her turn passing out of view, or at least becoming entirely insignificant. And Mina was not prepared for that. She tried hard to read the answer, regarding Cecily earnestly the while.

"Mayn't I work for both of you?" she asked at last.

"Well, I can't see why you should do that," said Cecily, rolling out of the hammock and fretfully smoothing her hair.

"I'm a busybody. That's it," said Mina.

"You know what'll happen if he finds it out? Harry, I mean. He'll be furious with both of us."

Mina reflected. "Yes, I suppose he will," she admitted. But the spirit of self-sacrifice was on her, perhaps also that of adventure. "I don't care," she said, "as long as I can help."

There was a loud knock at the door. Mina rushed into the front room and saw a man in uniform delivering a letter. The next moment the maid brought it to her—a long envelope with "First Lord of the Treasury" stamped on the lower left-hand corner. She noticed that it was addressed to Lady Evenswood's house, and must have been sent on post-haste. She tore it open. It was headed "Private and Confidential."

MADAME,—I am directed by Mr. Disney to request you to state in writing, for his consideration, any facts which may be within your knowledge as to the circumstances attendant on the marriage of the late Lady Tristram of Blent, and the birth of her son, Mr. Henry Austen Fitzhubert Tristram. I am to add that your communication will be considered confidential.

I am, Madame, yours faithfully,

MADAME ZABRISKA. BROADSTAIRS.

"Cecily, Cecily, Cecily!" Mina darted back and thrust this wonderful document into Cecily's hands. "He does mean something, you see, he will do something!" she cried. "Oh, who's Broadstairs, I wonder."

Cecily took the letter and read. The Imp reappeared with a red volume in her hand.

"Viscount Broadstairs—eldest son of the Earl of Ramsgate!" she read with wide-open eyes. "And he says he's directed to write, doesn't he? Well, you are funny in England! But I don't wonder I was afraid of Mr. Disney."

"Oh, Mr. Disney's secretary, I suppose. But, Mina—" Cecily was alive again now, but her awakening did not seem to be a pleasant one. She turned suddenly from her friend and,

walking as far off as the little room would let her, flung herself into a chair.

"What's the matter?" asked Mina, checked in her excited gaiety.

"What will Harry care about anything they can give him without Blent?"

Mina flushed. The conspiracy was put before her—not by one of the conspirators, but by her who was the object of it. She remembered Lady Evenswood's question and Southend's. She had answered that it might not much matter whether Harry liked his cousin or not. He had not loved Janie Iver. Where was the difference?

"He won't want anything if he can't have Blent. Mina, did they say anything about me to Mr. Disney?"

"No," cried Mina eagerly.

"But they will, they mean to?" Cecily was leaning forward eagerly now.

Mina had no denial ready. She seemed rather to hang on Cecily's words than to feel any need of speaking herself. She was trying to follow Cecily's thoughts and to trace the cause of the apprehension, the terror almost, that had come on the girl's face.

"He'll see it—just as I see it!" Cecily went on. "And, Mina——"

She paused again. Still Mina had no words, and no comfort for her. This sight of the other side of the question was too sudden. It was Harry then, and Harry only, who had really been in her thoughts; and Cecily, her friend, was to be used as a tool. There might be little ground for blaming Southend who had never seen her, or Lady Evenswood who had been brought in purely in Harry's interest. But how stood Mina, who was Cecily's friend? Yet at last a thought flashed into her mind and gave her a weapon.

"Well, what did you come to London for?" she cried defiantly. "Why did you come, unless you meant that too?"

Cecily started a little and lay back in her chair.

"Oh, I don't know," she murmured despondently. "He hates me, but if he's offered Blent and me he'll—he'll take us both, Mina, you know he will." An indignant rush of colour came on her cheeks. "Oh, it's very easy for you!"

In a difficulty of that sort it did not seem that even Mr. Disney could be of much avail.

"Oh, you Tristrams!" cried Mina in despair.

CHAPTER XIX

IN THE MATTER OF BLINKHAMPTON

Pity for the commander who, while engaging the enemy on his front with valour and success, breaking his line and driving him from his position, finds himself assailed in the rear by an unexpected or despised foe and the prize of victory suddenly wrenched from him! His fate is more bitter than if he had failed in his main encounter, his self-reproaches more keen.

Major Duplay was awakening to the fact that this was his situation. Triumph was not his although Harry Tristram had fled from the battle. Iver's carefully guarded friendliness and the touch of motherly compassion in his wife's manner, Mrs. Trumbler's tacit request (conveyed by a meek and Christian sympathy) that he should bow to the will of Providence, Miss S.'s malicious questions as to where he meant to spend the winter after leaving Merrion, told him the opinion of the world. Janie Iver had begun to think flirtation wrong; and there was an altogether new and remarkable self-assertion about Bob Broadley. The last thing annoyed Duplay most. It is indeed absurd that a young man, formerly of a commendable humility, should think a change of demeanour justified merely because one young woman, herself insignificant, chooses for reasons good or bad to favour him. Duplay assumed to despise Bob; it is often better policy to despise people than to enter into competition with them, and it is always rash to do

both. These and other truths—as, for example, that for some purposes it is better not to be forty-four—the Major was learning. Was there any grain of comfort? It lay in the fact that he was forty-four. A hypothetical, now impossible, yet subtly soothing Major of thirty routed Bob Broadley and carried all before him. In other words Duplay was driven back to the Last Ditch of Consolation. What we could have done is the latest-tried plaster for the wound of what we cannot do; it would be wise to try it sometimes a little earlier.

From the orthodox sentimentalist he could claim no compassion. He had lost, not his heart's love, but a very comfortable settlement; he was wounded more in his vanity than in his affections; he had wasted, not his life, only one of his few remaining effective summers. But the more lax, more base their views on what men generally are, may spare him one of those less bitter tears which they appropriate to the misfortunes of others. If the tear as it falls meets a smile—why not? Such encounters are hardly unexpected and may well prove agreeable.

There was another disconsolate person in the valley of the Blent—little Mr. Gainsborough, left alone in the big house with a note from his daughter commanding him to stay there and to say nothing to anybody. He was lonely and nervous with the servants; the curios gave him small pleasure since he had not bought them, and, if he had, they would not have been cheap. For reasons before indicated, Blentmouth and the curiosity-shop there had become too dangerous. Besides, he had no money; Cecily had forgotten that detail in her hurried flight. A man cannot spend more than a portion of his waking hours in a library or over pedigrees. Gainsborough found himself regretting London and the little house. If we divide humanity into those who do things and those who have to get out of the way while they are being done (just as reasonable a division as many adopted by statisticians) Gainsborough belonged to the latter class; like most of us, perhaps,

but in a particularly unmistakable degree. And he knew he did—not, perhaps, like most of us in that. He never thought even of appealing to posterity.

Meanwhile Janie Iver was behaving as a pattern daughter, cherishing her mother and father and making home sweet, exercising, in fact, that prudent economy of wilfulness which preserves it for one great decisive struggle, and scorns to fritter it away on the details of daily life. Girls have adopted these tactics from the earliest days (so it is recorded or may be presumed) and wary are the parents who are not hoodwinked by them, or, even if they perceive, are altogether unsoftened. Janie was very saintly at Fairholme; the only sins which she could have found to confess (not that Mr. Trumbler favoured confession—quite the contrary) were certain suppressions of truth touching the direction in which she drove her dog-cart—and even these were calculated to avoid the giving of pain. As for the Tristrams—where were they? They seemed to have dropped out of Janie's story.

Iver needed comfort. There is no disguising it, however much the admission may damage him in the eyes of that same orthodox sentimentalist. He had once expounded his views to Mr. Jenkinson Neeld (or rather one of his expositions of them has been recorded, there having been more than one)—and the present situation did not satisfy them. Among other rehabilitations and whitewashings, that of the cruel father might well be undertaken by an ingenious writer; if Nero had had a grown-up daughter there would have been the chance! Anyhow the attempt would have met with some sympathy from Iver. Of course a man desires his daughter's happiness (the remark is a platitude), but he may be allowed to feel annoyance at the precise form in which it realises—or thinks it will realise—itself, a shape that may disappoint the aim of his career. If he is provided with a son, he has the chance of a more unselfish benevolence; but Iver was not. Let all be said that could be said—Bob Broadley was a disappointment. Iver would, if put to it, have preferred Duplay. There was at

least a cosmopolitan polish about the Major; drawing-rooms would not appal him, nor the thought of going to Court throw him into a perspiration. Iver had been keen to find out the truth about Harry Tristram, as keen as Major Duplay. At this moment both of them were wishing that the truth had never been discovered by them, nor flung in the face of the world by Harry himself.

"But darling Janie will be happy," Mrs. Iver used to say. She had surrendered very easily.

He was not really an unnatural parent because he growled once or twice, "Darling Janie be hanged!" It was rather his wife's attitude of mind that he meant to condemn.

Bob himself was hopeless from a parent's point of view. He was actually a little touched by Mrs. Trumbler's way of looking at the world; he did think—and confessed it to Janie—that there was something very remarkable in the way Harry Tristram had been cleared from his path. He was in no sense an advanced thinker, and people in love are apt to believe in what are called interpositions. Further he was primitive in his ideas; he had won the lady, and that seemed to him enough. It was enough, if he could keep her; and in these days that really depends on herself. Moreover he had no doubt of keeping her; his primitiveness appears again; with the first kiss he seemed to pass from slave to master. Many girls would have taught him better. Janie was not one. She seemed rather to acquiesce, being, it must be presumed, also of a somewhat primitive cast of mind. It was terribly clear to Iver that the pair would stand to one another and settle down in inglorious contentment together for their lives. Yes, it was worse than Duplay; something might have been made of him. As for Harry—Iver used to end by thinking how sensible a man old Mr. Neeld was; for Mr. Neeld had determined to hold his tongue.

There was another vexation, of a different kind indeed, but also a check in his success. Blinkhampton was not going quite right. Blinkhampton was a predestined sea-side resort on the

South Coast, and Iver, with certain associates, meant to develop it. They had bought it up, and laid it out for building, and arranged for a big hotel with Birch and Company, the famous furnishers. But all along in front of it—between where the street now was and the esplanade was soon to be—ran a long narrow strip, forming the estate of an elderly gentleman named Masters. Of course Masters had to be bought out, the whole scheme hanging on that. Iver, keen at a bargain, hard in business hours (had not Mina Zabriska discovered that?), confident that nobody would care to incur his enmity—he was powerful—by forestalling him, had refused Masters his price; the old gentleman would have to come down. But some young men stepped in, with the rashness of their youth, and acquired an option of purchase from Masters. Iver smiled in a vexed fashion, but was not dismayed. He let it be known that anybody who advanced money to the young men—Sloyd, Sloyd and Gurney was the firm—would be his enemies; then he waited for the young men to approach him. They did not come. At last, pride protesting, prudence insisting, he wrote and suggested that they might probably be glad to make an arrangement with him. Mr. Sloyd—our Mr. Sloyd—wrote back that they had found a capitalist—no less than that—and proposed to develop their estate themselves, to put up their own hotel, also a row of boarding-houses, a club, a winter garden, and possibly an aquarium. Youth and a sense of elation caused Sloyd to add that they would always be glad to co-operate with other gentlemen interested in Blinkhampton.

Iver had many irons in the fire; he could no more devote himself exclusively and personally to Blinkhampton than Napoleon could spend all his time in the Peninsula. The transaction was important, yet hardly vital; besides Iver himself could keep his ear to the telephone. It was an opportunity for Bob to win his spurs; Iver proposed to him to go to town and act as his representative.

"I'm afraid you'll lose the game if I play it for you, Mr.

Iver," responded Bob, with a shake of his head and a good-humoured smile. "I'm not accustomed to that sort of job, you know."

"It would be a good chance for you to begin to learn something of business."

"Well, you see, farming's my business. And I don't think I'm a fool at that. But building speculations and so on—" Bob shook his head again.

The progressive man gazed in wonder at the stationary. (We divide Humanity again.)

"You've no desire for—for a broader sphere?" he asked.

"Well, I like a quiet life, you see—with my horses, and my crops, and so on. Don't believe I could stand the racket." So far as physique was concerned, Bob could have stood penal servitude and a London Season combined.

"But it's an opening," Iver persisted, by now actually more puzzled than angry. "If you found yourself at home in the work, it might lead to anything." He resisted the temptation to add, "Look at me!" Did not Fairholme, its lawns and green-houses, say as much for him?

"But I don't know that I want anything," smiled Bob. "Of course I'll have a shot if it'll oblige you," he added. "But—— Well, I'd rather not risk it, you know."

Janie was there. Iver turned to her in despair. She was smiling at Bob in an approving understanding way.

"It really isn't what would suit Bob, father," said she. "Besides, if he went into your business, we should have to be so much in town and hardly ever be at home at Mingham."

At home at Mingham! What a destiny. Certainly Blent was in the same valley, but—— Well, a "seat" is one thing, and a farm's another; the world is to blame again, no doubt. And with men who want nothing, for whom the word "opening" has no magic, what is to be done? Abstractly they are seen to be a necessary element in the community; but they do not make good sons or sons-in-law for ambitious men. Janie,

when she had seen Bob, an unrepentant cheerful Bob, on his way, came back to find her father sitting sorrowful.

"Dearest father, I'm so sorry," she said, putting her arms round his neck.

He squared his shoulders to meet facts; he could always do that. Moreover he looked ahead—that power was also among his gifts—and saw how presently this thing, like other things, would become a matter of course.

"That's settled, Janie," said he. "I've made my last suggestion."

She went off in distress to her mother, but was told to "let him alone." The wisdom of woman and of years spoke. Presently Iver went out to play golf. But his heart was still bitter within him; he could not resist the sight of a possible sympathiser; he mentioned to the Major, who was his antagonist in the game, that it was not often that a young fellow refused such a chance as he had just offered in vain to Bob Broadley. His prospective relationship to Bob had reached the stage of being assumed between Duplay and him, although it had not yet been explicitly mentioned.

"I wish somebody would try me!" laughed the Major. "I'm kicking my heels all day down here."

Iver made no reply and played the round in silence. He lost, perhaps because he was thinking of something else. He liked Duplay, he thought him clever, and, looking back on the history of the Tristram affair, he felt somehow that he would like to do the Major a good turn. Were they not in a sense companions in misfortune?

Two days later, Duplay sat in the offices of Sloyd, Sloyd and Gurney, as Iver's representative; his mission was to represent to the youthful firm the exceeding folly of their conduct in regard to Blinkhampton. His ready brain had assimilated all the facts and they lost nothing by his ready tongue. He even made an impression on the enemy.

"It doesn't do to look at one transaction only, Mr. Sloyd," he reminded the spruce but rather nervous young man. "It'll

pay you to treat us reasonably. Mr. Iver's a good friend to have and a bad enemy.'

"I'm quite alive to all that; but we have obtained a legitimate advantage and——" Sloyd was evidently a little puzzled, and he glanced at the clock.

"We recognise that; we offer you two thousand pounds, We take over your option and give you two thousand." This was the figure that Iver and he had decided would tempt the young firm; their fear of the great Mr. Iver would make them content with that.

Sloyd was half inclined to be content; the firm would make a thousand; the balance would be good interest on the capitalist's ten thousand pounds; and there would still be enough of a victory to soothe the feelings of everybody concerned.

"I'm expecting the gentleman who is associated with us. If you'll excuse me, I'll step out and see if he's arrived."

Duplay saw through the suggestion, but he had no objection to permitting a consultation. He lit his cigar and waited while Sloyd was away. The Major was in greater contentment with himself than he had been since he recognised his defeat. Next to succeeding, it is perhaps the pleasantest thing to make people regret that you have not succeeded. If he proved his capacity Iver would regret what had happened more; possibly even Janie would come to regret it. And he was glad to be using his brains again. If they took the two thousand, if Iver got the Masters estate and entire control of Blinkhampton for twenty-two thousand, Duplay would have had a hand in a good bargain. He thought the Sloyds would yield. "Be strong about it," Iver had said. "These young fellows have plenty of enterprise, plenty of shrewdness, but they haven't got the grit to take big chances. They'll catch at a certainty." Sloyd's manner had gone far to bear out this opinion.

Sloyd returned, but, instead of coming in directly, he held the door and allowed another to pass in front of him. Duplay jumped up with a muttered exclamation. What the deuce was

Harry Tristram doing there? Harry advanced, holding out his hand.

"We neither of us thought we should meet in this way, Major Duplay? The world's full of surprises. I've learnt that anyhow, and I daresay you've known it a long while."

"You're in this business?" cried the Major, too astonished for any preamble.

Harry nodded. "Let's get through it," he said. "Because it's very simple. Sloyd and I have made up our minds exactly what we ought to have."

It was the same manner that the Major remembered seeing by the Pool—perhaps a trifle less aggressive, but making up for that by an even increased self-confidence. Duplay had thought of his former successful rival as a broken man. He was not that. He had never thought of him as a speculator in building land. Seemingly that was what he had become.

Harry sat down by the table, Sloyd standing by him and spreading out before him a plan of Blinkhampton and the elevation of a row of buildings.

"You ask us," Harry went on resentfully, almost accusingly, "to throw up this thing just when we're ready to go ahead. Everything's in train; we could begin work to-morrow."

"Come, come, where are you going to get the money?" interrupted Duplay. He felt that he must assert himself.

"Never mind, we can get it; or we can wait till we do. We shut you out just as badly whether we leave the old buildings or put up new. However, we shall get it. I'm satisfied as to that."

"You've heard my offer?"

"Yes," smiled Harry. "The reward for getting ahead of Mr. Iver is, it seems, two thousand pounds. It must be done pretty often if it's as cheap as that! I hope he's well?"

"Quite well, Mr. Tristram, thank you. But when you talk of getting ahead of him——"

"Well, I put it plainly; that's all. I'm new to this and I

daresay Sloyd here would put it better. But my money's in it, so I like to have my say."

Both the dislike and the reluctant respect of old days were present in the Major's mind. He felt that the quality on whose absence Iver had based his calculations had been supplied. Harry might be ignorant. Sloyd could supply the knowledge. Harry had that grit which hitherto the firm had lacked. Harry seemed to guess something of what was passing through his adversary's mind.

"I don't want to be anything but friendly. Neither Sloyd nor I want that—especially towards Mr. Iver—or towards you, Major. We've been neighbours." He smiled and went on, smiling still. "Oddly enough I've said what I'm going to say to you once before—on a different occasion. You seem to have been trying to frighten us. I am not to be frightened, that's all."

Sloyd whispered in his ear; Duplay guessed that he counselled more urbanity; Harry turned from him with a rather contemptuous little laugh. "Oh, I've got my living to earn now," Duplay heard him whisper—and reflected that he had never wasted much time on politeness, even before that necessity came upon him.

It was strange that Sloyd did not try to take any part in the discussion. He wore an air of deference, partly due no doubt to Harry's ability, yet having unmistakably a social flavour about it. Harry's lordlinesses clung to him still, and had their effect on his business partner. Duplay lodged an angry inward protest to the effect that they had none whatever on him.

"Perhaps I'd better just say what we want," Harry pursued. "We've paid Masters twenty thousand. We may be five hundred more out of pocket. Never mind that." He pushed away the plans and elevations. "You're empowered to treat, I suppose?" he asked. Sloyd had whispered to him again.

"No," said Duplay. "But as a final offer, I think I can pledge Mr. Iver to go so far as five thousand (over and above

the twenty thousand of course)—to cover absolutely everything, you know."

"Multiply your twenty-five by two, and we're your men," said Harry.

"Multiply it by two? Fifty thousand? Oh, nonsense!"

"Twenty out of pocket—thirty profit. I call it very reasonable."

Major Duplay rose with a decisive air.

"I'm afraid I'm wasting your time," he said, "and my own too. I must say good-afternoon."

"Pray, Major Duplay, don't be so abrupt, sir. We've——" It was Sloyd who spoke, with an eager gesture as though he would detain the visitor. Harry turned on him with his ugliest, haughtiest scowl.

"I thought you'd left this to me, Sloyd?" he said.

Sloyd subsided, apologetic, but evidently terrified. Alas, that the grit had been supplied! But for that a triumph must have awaited the Major. Harry turned to Duplay.

"I asked you before if you'd authority to treat. I ask you now if you've authority to refuse to treat."

"I've authority to refuse to discuss absurdities."

"Doubtless. And to settle what are absurdities? Look here. I don't ask you to accept that proposal without referring to Mr. Iver. I merely say that is the proposal and that we give Mr. Iver three days to consider it. After that our offer is withdrawn."

Sloyd was biting his nails—aye, those nails that he got trimmed in Regent Street twice a week; critical transactions must bring grist to those skilled in manicure. Duplay glanced from his troubled face to Harry's solid, composed, even amused mask.

"And you might add," Harry went on, "that it would be a very good thing if Mr. Iver saw his way to run up and have a talk with me. I think I could make him see the thing from our point of view." Something seemed to occur to him. "You must tell him that in ordinary circumstances I should

propose to call on him and to come wherever he was, but—well, he'll understand that I don't want to go to Blentmouth just now."

The implied apology relieved what Duplay had begun to feel an intolerable arrogance, but it was a concession of form only and did not touch the substance. The substance was and remained an ultimatum. The Major felt aggrieved; he had been very anxious to carry his first commission through triumphantly and with *éclat*. For the second time Harry Tristram was in his path.

Harry rose. "That's all we can do to-day," he said. "We shall wait to hear from Mr. Iver."

"I really don't feel justified in putting such a proposition before him."

"Oh, that's for you to consider," shrugged Harry. "I think I would though, if I were you. At the worst it will justify you in refusing to do business with us. Do you happen to be walking down towards Pall Mall?" Sloyd's offices were in Mount Street. "Good-day, Sloyd. I'll drop in to-morrow."

With an idea that some concession might still be forthcoming, not from any expectation of enjoying his walk, the Major consented to accompany Harry.

"It was a great surprise to see you appear," he said as they started. "So odd a coincidence!"

"Not at all," smiled Harry. "You guess why I went into it? No? Well, of course, I know nothing about such things really. But Sloyd happened to mention that Iver wanted to buy, so I thought the thing must be worth buying, and I looked into it." He laughed a little. "That's one of the penalties of a reputation like Iver's, isn't it?"

"But I didn't know you'd taken to business at all."

"Oh, one must do something. I can't sit down on four hundred a year, you know. Besides this is hardly business. By-the-bye, though, I ought to be as much surprised to see you. We've both lost our situation, is that it, Major?"

Insensibly the Major began to find him rather pleasanter, not a man he would ever like really, but, all the same, more tolerable than he had been at Blent; so Harry's somewhat audacious reference was received with a grim smile.

"I knocked you out, you know," Harry pursued. "Left to himself, I don't believe old Bob Broadley would ever have moved. But I put him up to it."

"What?" Duplay had not expected this.

"Well, you tried to put me out, you see. Besides Janie Iver liked him, and she didn't care about you—or me either, for that matter. So just before I—well, disappeared—I told Bob that he'd win if he went ahead. And I gather he has won, hasn't he?"

A brief nod from Duplay answered him; he was still revolving the news about Bob Broadley.

"I'm afraid I haven't made you like me any better," said Harry, with a laugh. "And I don't go out of my way to get myself disliked. Do you see why I mentioned that little fact about Bob Broadley just now?"

"I confess I don't, unless you wished to annoy me. Or—pardon—perhaps you thought it fair that I should know?"

"Neither the one nor the other. I didn't do it from the personal point of view at all. You see, Bob had a strong position—and didn't know it."

Duplay glanced at him. "Well," he said "what you did didn't help you, though it hurt me perhaps."

"I told him he had a strong position. Then he took it. Hullo, here we are in Pall Mall. Now you see, don't you, Major?"

"No, I don't." Duplay was short in manner again.

"You don't see any parallel between Bob's position and our friend's up there in Mount Street?" Harry laughed again as he held out his hand. "Well, you tell the story to Iver and see if he does," he suggested.

"Oh, that's what you mean?" growled Duplay.

"Yes," assented Harry, almost gleefully. "That's what I mean; only this time it won't hurt you, and I think it will help me. You've done all you could, you know."

The touch of patronage came again. Duplay had hard work to keep his temper under. Yet now it was rather annoyance that he felt than the black dislike that he used to harbour. Harry's misfortune had lessened that. If only Harry had been more chastened by his misfortune the annoyance might have gone too. Unfortunately the young man seemed almost exultant.

"Well, good-bye. Write to Sloyd—unless Iver decides to come up. And don't forget that little story about Bob Broadley! Because you'll find it useful, if you think of frightening Sloyd. He can't move without me—and I don't move without my price."

"You moved from Blent," Duplay reminded him, stung to a sudden malice.

"Yes," said Harry thoughtfully. "Yes, so I did. Well I suppose I had my price. Good-bye." He turned away and walked quickly down the street.

"What was his price?" asked the Major, puzzled. He was not aware that Harry had got anything out of his surrender; and even Harry himself seemed rather to conclude that, since he had moved, he must have got his price than to say that he had got it or to be able to tell what it was.

But all that was not the question now. Duplay sought the telegraph office and informed Iver of the uncompromising attitude of the enemy. He added that Harry Tristram was in the business and that Harry suggested an interview. It was perhaps the most significant tribute that Harry had yet received when, after a few minutes of surprise and a few more of consideration, Iver telegraphed back that he would come up to town and wished an appointment to be made for him with Mr. Tristram. It was something to force Napoleon to come to the Peninsula.

In fact the only thing that could upset Iver's plans was blank defiance. Reviewing his memories of Harry Tristram, he knew that defiance was just what he had to fear. It was in the blood of the Tristrams, and prudence made no better a resistance than propriety.

(*To be continued.*)