WRITERS IN THE "MONTHLY REVIEW"

FROM OCTOBER 1900 TO SEPTEMBER 1902

ABDUR-RAHMAN, Amir of Afghanistan
Archer, William
Atkinson, A.R. (*Member of the New Zealand House of Representatives*)
Ady, Mrs. (Julia Cartwright)
Atkins, J. B.
Atteridge, A. Hilliard

BEECHING, The Rev. Professor H. C.
Bell, Mrs. Hugh
Bellairs, Lieut. Carlyon, R.N.
Binyon, Laurence
Bowlby, A. A., F.R.C.S.
Baillie-Grohman, W. A.
Bell, Miss G. L.
Bindloss, Harold
Bain, R. Nisbet
Bishop, Mrs.
Brereton, Cloudesley
Brooks, Sydney
Bridges, Robert
Bourassa, Henri (*Member of the Canadian Parliament*)
Brand, Hon. R. H.
Bright, Charles, F.R.S.E.
Bigelow, Poultney
Bill, Charles, M.P.
Bowles, G. Stewart

CLOWES, Sir W. Laird
Coleridge, Miss M. E.
Colquhoun, A. R.
Corbett, Julian S.
Calderon, G. L.
Childers, Erskine
Cholmondeley, Miss Mary
Colomb, Sir J. C. R., K.C.M.G., M.P.
Cook, Theodore Andrea
Cooper, Edward H.
Carlisle, The Earl of
Cecil, Algernon

DE MAULDE LA CLAVIÈRE, R.
Du Cane, Major-Gen. Sir E., K.C.B.
Dell, Robert E.
De Thierry, C.
De la Mare, W. J. (Walter Ramal)
De Saussure, César

EVANS, Arthur J.
Ellis, Havelock

FRY, Roger E.
Fremantle, Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund, G.C.B.
Fuller-Maitland, J. A.
Ford, Percival
Finberg, Alexander J.
Farrelly, M. J., LL.D.
Fyfe, H. Hamilton

GREY, Henry M.
Griffin, Professor W. Hall
Garnett, Edward
Gorky, Maksim
Greenwood, Frederick
Garrett, F. Edmund
Gerothwohl, Maurice A.
Green, Owen M.
Gerard, The Rev. Father, S.J.

HOLMES, C. J.
Hope, Anthony
Hamilton, Lord Ernest

Hart-Davis, Capt. H. V.
Hayashi, His Excellency Viscount
Hodgkin, Thomas, D.C.L.
Hogarth, D. G.
Housman, Laurence
Hartland, E. Sidney
Hutchinson, Horace G.
Haldane, Rt. Honble. R. B., K.C., M.P.
Horne, H. P.
Hardy, Thomas

Irwin, Sidney T.
Iddesleigh, The Earl of

Johnson, Mrs. H. Barham

Kinloch, Alexander
Kemp-Welch, Mrs.
Kershaw, John B. C.
Kipling, Rudyard

Laughton, Professor J. K.
Lang, Andrew
Legge, J. G.
Lawless, Hon. Emily
Lucas, E. V.
Long, R. E. C.

Martens, F. de
Meynell, Mrs.
Macritchie, David
Maude, Lt.-Col. F. N., late R.E.
Meredith, George
Macfarlane, H.
Mardon, Evelyn J.
Moore, T. Sturge
Mallock, W. H.
Machray, Robert
Malleson, Major, R.A.
Miller, Sir Alex. E., K.C., C.S.I.
Macpherson, William C.
Morrison, Arthur

Nelson, The Earl
Neville, Ralph, Q.C.
Newbolt, Henry
Neuman, B. Paul

Ollivant, Alfred

Phillimore, Mrs.
Peile, Rev. J. H. F.
Paston, George

Quiller-Couch, A. T.

Rosebery, The Earl of, K.G.
Roscoe, Sir Henry E.
Round, J. Horace
Reid, G. Archdall, M.B., C.M., F.R.S.E.
Rose, J. Holland
Ross, Janet
Robinson, Major-Gen. C. W., C.B.
Ricardo, Halsey

Sichel, Miss E.
Shirlaw, Mathew, Mus.Bac. Edin.
Stephen, Sir Leslie, K.C.B.
Streatfeild, R. A.
Symons, Arthur
Street, G. S.
Strutt, Edward C.
Schooling, J. Holt
Sayce, Rev. Professor A. H.

Turner, Professor H. H.
Thomson, H. C.
Taylor, Benjamin
Thompson, Francis
Thurston, Rev. Father H., S.J.
Tovey, Donald F.

Villari, L.

Waterhouse, Paul
Wilkinson, Spenser
Williams, Basil
Waldstein, Professor C.
Warren, T. H., President of Magdalen College, Oxford
Wedgwood, The Hon. Mrs.
Wolff, Henry W.
Woodhead, Professor G. Sims, M.D.
Woods, Margaret L.
Watkins, Frank (*Member of the late Transvaal Volksraad*)
Wilson, H. W.
Worsfold, W. Basil
Ward, John, F.S.A.

Yeats, W. B.
Younghusband, Capt. F. E., C.I.E.

To these must be added "Anon," "Galeatus," "Auditor," "The Author of 'Pro Christo et Ecclesia,'" "The Writer of an Englishwoman's Love-letters," and the author of "The Loss of the Cobra," besides the writers, eleven in number, who have contributed editorial articles, and the reviewers of books, "On the Line."

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

NOVEMBER 1902

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THE FRENCH-CANADIAN AND THE GREAT COMMONWEALTH

WE have had the pleasure of presenting to our readers in the September and October numbers of the MONTHLY REVIEW two articles of exceptional interest and importance on the subject of the French-Canadian in the British Empire. The writer, Mr. Henri Bourassa, is a member of the Canadian Parliament, and has made himself known not only in the Dominion, but also on this side the water, as a vigorous exponent of the creed of the extreme section among the Canadians of French descent. His position and his abilities would have gained him a ready hearing even if he had been of our own race and ways of thought, and merely giving evidence once more of the broad and vitalising tide of loyalty which we have long known to be bearing the British-Canadian on towards a vast and splendid horizon. But Mr. Bourassa's opinions become far more interesting to us when we remember that he represents one of the less known and less kindred elements in what we call by the very partially accurate name of the British Empire; that he can give us an insight into the feelings and the hopes of a compact body of our fellow subjects, already numbering more than a million and a half, and not unlikely in the future to show a majority over all other elements in Canada; and that his views are so strikingly in contrast with those prevalent at the present time among Europeans, and especially among Englishmen, that

they cannot fail to be stimulating and suggestive to us, even when they are not entirely convincing.

Mr. Bourassa's articles have, in fact, been read with the greatest attention; and if we venture to criticise them, it is only after careful and repeated examination, and only from one particular side. With the facts stated in them, whether they are facts of history or of feeling, we shall not attempt to deal; we shall accept them as given, and such argument as we put forward will be founded upon them.

We learn then that not only do the French-Canadians already number 1,600,000 souls out of a population of about 4,000,000, but they increase much more rapidly than the English-speaking elements, doubling in number every twenty-five years. Further, though not so enterprising in business, they surpass their fellows by their inheritance of "vigorous morality," by their power of colonising, and also by their professional and intellectual aptitude. It would seem at first sight as if the future of Canada lay absolutely at their mercy. If this be the true resultant of the forces at work, if it be a state of things beneficial to the Dominion and to the progress of the world, it will not in the long run be unacceptable to Englishmen, who have never wasted time in lamenting the past, or borne a lasting grudge against the best man for winning in any contest. But it is Mr. Bourassa's own account of his people, which, when we look more closely into it, raises a doubt in our minds and suggests an answer. He affirms that the French-Canadian has no national motive but self-interest of an unusually narrow and calculating kind; that his chief political principles are passivity and love of the *status quo*, and that his outlook upon the world of men is taken from the standpoint of complete indifference.

> The present feeling of the French-Canadian is one of contentment. He s satisfied with his lot. He is anxious to preserve his liberty and his peace. He is moderately ambitious to improve his personal and national situation, though perhaps too easily apt to rely more upon Providence and the development of outside causes than upon his own efforts. . . . About his future he remains most serenely unconcerned. This optimistic disposition of his individual temperament is equally manifest in his national life.

It is, in fact, even more manifest, as we shall show later; for in his attitude towards the menace of the United States the French-Canadian, according to Mr. Bourassa, exhibits all the "optimism" of the rabbit before the boa-constrictor. But to proceed:

> How thoroughly and exclusively Canadian the French Canadian is should never be forgotten by those who contemplate any change in the constitutional or national status of Canada. This is so patent a fact, so logical a consequence of historical developments, that nothing short of absolute ignorance or wilful blindness can justify the language of those who talk of drawing him either by persuasion or by force to a closer allegiance to the Empire.

He is not to be "induced to accept a closer union with Great Britain and the Empire"; he is not "ready to follow the rest of the British world in a deep evolution, and assume new imperial burdens"; he will not accept "new obligations towards the Empire," for the very plain reason that "by the Empire he does not feel that he has any duty to perform." And in holding these views he considers himself to be in advance of "his English, Scotch, or Irish fellow citizens, who, in his mind, are but partially *Canadianised*." His legislation, however, in favour of the Protestant minority (in his own province of Quebec) "has always been of the most generous character," and he is "desirous of giving to his British fellow citizen personal proofs of confidence and goodwill"; he is "anxious to live on friendly terms and"—Mr. Bourassa adds significantly—"to co-operate for the welfare of Canada."

Such is the present situation, depicted in courageous and unmistakable language. It is one, upon the whole, pleasant to contemplate, and we have been glad to lay to heart both the warnings and the encouragement to be derived from it; our discussions on South African policy since the war have been largely conducted by reference to the history of Canada. But after all Canada is more interesting for her own sake than even for the sake of South Africa; it is with regard to her own destiny that Mr. Bourassa forces a doubt upon us. Is it possible that a vast territory and a great nation can ever

be dominated or directed by a majority, however numerous, moral, sturdy and intellectual, composed of men constitutionally averse from any "deep evolution"; men who shrink from "new obligations" or "new imperial burdens," who recognise no duty to the Empire of which they acknowledge themselves a part, whose sight will not carry beyond their own frontier, and whose chief desire is to be left as they are? And if this be possible, then what will be the future of the greatest of our partners in the Commonwealth, under the guidance of a people whose political aspirations seem nearer to those of the Far East than any known to the nations of Europe or America?

Let us say at once that we are looking at these questions purely as questions of practicability; we find no fault with the French-Canadian for his strong conservatism, still less for his contentment and lack of fierce commercial appetite. Nations, like individuals, have every right to their own temperament and their own way of life; but in the struggle for existence nations, even more than individuals, are chosen for survival or extinction by the law of fitness, of adaptation, of evolution. Mr. Bourassa claims for his countrymen that they should be left undisturbed in their reliance "upon Providence and the development of outside causes"; but when he interprets this to mean that they may refuse to undertake obligations because they are "new," or to follow an evolution because it is "deep," he seems to be forgetting that such refusals are forbidden by a voice stronger than any which ever spoke in English. He is under no illusion as to the past history of his race:

> No doubt the French-Canadians occupy to-day a most enviable position: they enjoy religious and national rights such as are possessed by very few minorities in any country. But it must be remembered that those rights were but gradually won, and after years of painful struggles.

Evolution, then, there has been, and not only "development of outside causes," but a vigorous response to it; that, however, is over; the word is now, "thus far and no farther"; finality,

it is hoped, has been attained, and the French-Canadian, alone of all the struggling races of men, has entered his millennium, and wishes to sleep in peace. But perpetual sleep is not a means to health or strength; it is an old and fitting name for death, and since the dead do not rule in the land of the living, we doubt whether Mr. Bourassa is right in assuming that "as time goes on, the position and influence" of such a people as he describes "cannot but acquire strength" to the extent of directing the destiny of Canada.

Our second doubt, as to the probable course of that destiny, if the French-Canadian does obtain a preponderating vote, is one from which Mr. Bourassa himself does not seem entirely free; in spite of all his optimism he cannot finally lay the spectre of change, or picture an all-French Dominion slumbering safely through the ages without fear of loss or injury from less contented nations; nor, on the other hand, can he imagine his own race, even with our help, successfully resisting the United States if bent on conquest. We do not think we have exaggerated in comparing the attitude of the French-Canadian, as pictured by Mr. Bourassa, for its combination of powerlessness and unreasonable optimism, to that of some soft and feeble animal gambolling in fascination before the monster that is gaping to swallow it alive. We are first told that he is serenely unconcerned about the future. Well, not quite; "he asks for no change," or none "for a long time to come, at least." And should any change be contemplated—well, then "he feels that he is entitled to be consulted."

We do not wish to overstrain a point, or to misrepresent by a hair's breadth the position represented so ably by Mr. Bourassa, but we cannot resist, and we do not think any unprejudiced reader of his articles could resist, the conclusion that what the French-Canadian wishes to control, or in his more tactful language, "to be consulted about," is the employment of military force. He is "anxious to preserve his liberty and his peace;" but though he fought, and fought hard and successfully for these advantages in time past, he wishes for the future to have them

not only without fighting, but without being prepared to fight for them. All of us, we imagine, have at times known this feeling. Certainly, as a nation, the English detest militarism, and though they understand clearly enough that war is the natural order of the material world, they have probably more forbearance and kindliness in proportion to their courage than any race now existing. They would live and let live as willingly as most men. But dwelling among beasts of prey, they see good reasons for not playing the rabbit.

The French-Canadian then desires what, as an inhabitant of the modern world, it appears that he cannot have. "Independence is, to his mind, the most natural outcome of the ultimate destinies of Canada." But since an independence which you cannot defend successfully, and for which you do not wish to fight at all, is not a very satisfactory state, he admits that the later Canada "starts on her own course, the safer the journey." The word "safer" is merely a word of optimism; such a journey, conducted on such methods, could only end, as the present situation can only end, in one of the three ways indicated by Mr. Bourassa himself.

Annexation to the United States, British Imperialism, Annexation to France—this is the choice; and we are told that the two last are undoubtedly those which the French-Canadian would oppose most strenuously. We accept the fact, but the reasons given seem to be inadequate and self-contradictory. Annexation to France is of course not to be seriously considered; setting England aside, the United States would never permit it. We are glad, however, that Mr. Bourassa has thought it worth while to touch upon the question of the relation of the French-Canadian to modern France, for he has incidentally supplied some strong reasons against believing in the possibility of annexation to the United States.

The French-Canadian, it appears, is but distantly related to his European cousin: French immigration into America stopped forty years before the Revolution; the French-Canadian nationality was severed from the motherland half a

century before the modern French nationality was completed; the types have consequently, in two hundred years, become very different. The French-Canadian clergy are and have always been very powerful; their flock have a purely moral and intellectual love for their European kinsmen, an affection (for which we warmly commend them) for "the national soul of France and the productions of her genius," but they are far more closely drawn to the Roman Catholic Church. This feeling and their determination to preserve their own language and institutions actually drove them to repel the Americans by force of arms during the War of Independence, and to remain unflinchingly loyal "even after France had come to the rescue of the new-born Republic." "The fact then most patent to them" was the contrast between the English *régime* and the harsh treatment of the Roman Catholic Church by the Americans. A fact even more patent, if American annexation should ever become a pressing danger, would be the contrast between the English *régime* and the total loss of their schools and their ancestral tongue. We find it hard to believe that these causes, which once made the French-Canadians, as Mr. Bourassa is proud to claim, "the only safeguard of British power in America," should not still operate to prevent them at least from welcoming the aggressor with open arms.

Another inconsistency almost as marked as this is to be found in the argument drawn from the possibility of war between England and France. "Should the principle of Imperial solidarity obtain, were Canada called upon to contribute—the French-Canadian would no doubt bitterly resent any such contribution in men or money; it would hurt him in that most peculiar and sentimental love for the French national soul." We sympathise sincerely with this feeling, but if such an unfortunate possibility must be faced, we can find consolation for the French-Canadian and for ourselves in Mr. Bourassa's own words. "There is a deeper political estrangement," he says, "between France and the French-Canadian people than between Great Britain and the United

States." This is due to the Canadians' strong love of their own institutions and their dislike of the modern French centralised and bureaucratic methods; as well as to their ingrained abhorrence of the principles of the Revolution, which they have always been taught to regard as "an abominable subversion of all principles of Church and State." This sentiment was strong enough, we are told, a hundred years ago, to induce the French-Canadians to subscribe funds for carrying on the Napoleonic war, and to celebrate solemn *Te Deums* for the victory of Waterloo. We see no impossibility then in this situation repeating itself in the twentieth or twenty-first century, though we should prefer to dwell upon the thought that our common sympathy for the French-Canadian might in certain events add one more to the many reasons France and England must always have against an open quarrel.

We will, however, if Mr. Bourassa presses the point, set this aside as one of the real dangers of the British connection. It is, unfortunately for him, equally one of the dangers of the American conquest, and the French-Canadian's choice must ultimately lie between the two. He may enjoy an insecure sleep for a time, but sooner or later he must throw in his lot with one or other of the great confederations. The Americans offer him but one possible advantage—a commercial one—as a set-off against great sacrifices. And commerce is, we are told, not the first craving of his nature. The Great Commonwealth of Britain offers him, besides the freedom of his language and religion, and a reasonable chance of safety from the boa-constrictor, something else which he does not yet understand, a sentiment which he has not yet developed, and which no one wishes to "demand" from him prematurely; but one whose backward growth is his own loss; the sentiment of a world-wide fellowship, bound together by common ideals and common obligations, by the sharing of honourable burdens and of military service in the age-long and inevitable battle of the world's life. We are grateful to him for his protest against

"the lust of abnormal expansion and Imperial pride;" we do but wish to warn him in turn against abjuring normal expansion and the right pride. When he reminds us that Empires fall, we are not so much impressed. Empires have indeed fallen, but chiefly because their expansion was finished and their usefulness exhausted; the supply of sap was no longer sufficient for so huge a trunk; the leaves no longer gave a proportionate shade. This is the natural old age of great trees, and it works for the good of the world; it furnishes no argument against growth, it implies no blameworthy or avoidable ruin. What is really a disease and a disgrace is the lack of power to grow at all. The hero of Goethe's symbolical tragedy was to live and prosper so long as he passed incessantly from labour to labour, from aspiration to aspiration, from stage to stage of development; in the moment in which he should lapse into contentment and cry to the present hour, "Stay, thou art so fair," he was fated to fall dead. It is so with men and nations; their true life is their labour and their warfare, and their greatest fortune is to perish only when their work is done.

ON THE LINE

George Eliot. By Leslie Stephen. (Macmillan. 2*s*. net.) —It is a good thing to be able to read and write, said a famous critic; but it would be better to be without the knowledge than to be able to do nothing else. George Eliot could read and write. She could do nothing else. She could not and did not live; or, if she did, she very carefully concealed the traces. To write a Life of her is, therefore, to undertake brickmaking without straw. There is a little—a very little—straw up to the time of her union with Lewes. Afterwards there is none. The names of the books that she studied, of the towns that she visited, of the people that she met, of the man whom she finally married—these are not life. Sir Leslie Stephen does what man can do to supply the defect. He is witty; he is suggestive; but conjectures and jests will not take the place of facts.

Story—Lord bless you!—he has none to tell, sir!

He must have envied Mrs. Gaskell at Haworth. He must have wished that he had been asked to write the Life of George Sand, of Mrs. Carlyle, of Mrs. Browning, of any other woman who really lived. His half-unconscious irritation shows itself in his reference to George Eliot as "a woman who, in spite of her philosophy, was eminently respectable"; and in constant allusions to her "intelligence." Now, even as the Queen of Scots was, if we may trust Mr. Swinburne, "something better

than innocent," George Eliot was, if we may trust the sense of England, something more than "highly intelligent." Only the annoyance of brickmaking without straw could have led to such an abuse of terms. As a critic, Sir Leslie Stephen has many opportunities; he has but few as a biographer.

One only expression of strong feeling occurs in the chapter on "Adam Bede":

> "It was strange," said George Eliot, "that people should fancy that she had 'copied' Dinah Morris's sermons and prayers, when they were really 'written with hot tears as they surged up in her own mind!'"

With hot tears. There is a voice behind the words. They are not like the polished gems of style quoted from her published writings; they are not like the calm, judicial utterances with which she favoured her friends. Here, at last, is a sign that she lived; that—untheatrical as she was by nature—she lived, when she lived at all, by drama. Great actors (there are exceptions, of course) are almost proverbially dull. They have to lead the lives of so many others; where is there any room for them to lead their own? It was George Eliot's power to be Dinah Morris that made Dinah what she is. The characters of Charlotte Brontë are by this much less perfect in that they have more of Charlotte Brontë about them than George Eliot's have of George Eliot. She remembered; she guessed; she became certain of what she had guessed by a kind of passionate mental acting; and into this she threw all the energies that common women reserve for their personal existence. Who can wonder that the vital spark burnt low, that she suffered from depression, that she needed sympathy as if it were air? The sympathy of another was the only barrier that could protect her from her own creations, for they drained her life-blood. She could not laugh at them as inferior artists did, while they pulled the strings of their puppets. She laughed with them, she wept with them, she lived in them. The effort that she made, when busy with "Romola," to live four hundred years ago, aged her like actual time. She began it, she says, as a

young woman; by the time she had finished it, she was old. It may be doubted whether, except vicariously, by hero or by heroine she ever was young at all. (She was once a child; that is different.) Had she been youthful enough to write an early work, it would surely have resembled a volume of essays published by Thirlwall, when he was twelve, which are said to be like the compositions of a dull man of forty.

> "She proceeded to get up the necessary knowledge," says Sir Leslie Stephen *à propos* of "Romola"; "but with the result like that which happens when a manager presents *Julius Cæsar* or *Coriolanus* in the costume 'of the period.' The costume may be as correct as the manager's archæological knowledge allows, but Julius Cæsar and Coriolanus remain what Shakespeare made them, not ancient Romans at all, but frankly and unmistakably Elizabethans."

Is this so? If Savonarola, Macchiavelli, and the rest of them were frankly and unmistakably Victorians, "Romola" would not be, as Sir Leslie Stephen calls it with perfect truth, "one of the most provoking of books," but a masterpiece, "rammed with life," like "Middlemarch." To this last book he is unjust. He indulges wit at the expense of sentiment. We laugh too—who can help it? but in the end we take down "Middlemarch" again, and we—forget that we laughed. No one can pretend to be as fond of "The Spanish Gipsy"; yet in this instance also it is amusing rather than critical to hint that the poem is not poetry because George Eliot wrote it when she was forty-four, and because some of it sounds very poetical.

> "What times are little? To the sentinel
> That hour is regal when he mounts on guard."

If this is not poetry, what is poetry? And if George Eliot had lived to be eighty-eight before she put it down, would it have been the less poetical for that? Perhaps "Blue Wings" gained indefinitely by the exquisite wild music to which Sir Charles Villiers Stanford set the lyric when he was young. Any one who has heard it can never afterwards think of the words apart. But, without this advantage, "The Choir Invisible" holds its own, full of deep reflection, stately, worthy

to rank with the half-dozen great poems of the great masters of prose. Here also, as in her breathing men and women, George Eliot lived—and lives.

Alexandre Dumas (père). His Life and Works. By Arthur F. Davidson. (Constable. 15*s.*)—Mr. Davidson's really capital book on the elder Dumas has appeared both timely and untimely. Untimely because there is so much else to engage people's attention just now; timely because a good book always comes to good readers at the right time, and also because not long before its publication there had been a kind of discussion in the London press on the seemingly inexhaustible question of Dumas' true place in literature. In this discussion we are sorry to see that Mr. Gosse bore a prominent part, and that not a friendly part to Dumas. He fortified his argument by bidding us remark that the French now consider Dumas hopelessly *bourgeois*, and, though made in France, fit only for British consumption. We do remember to have met with a Parisian opinion of the kind, but Paris is not France, and above all not infallible: for we remember also that certain Parisian *décadents* when asked their opinion of Victor Hugo, Musset, and others, will shrug their shoulders and reply with good-humoured tolerance of the question, "Ils n'existent plus." Let it be granted then that Dumas is *passé* for Mr. Gosse, and that there are in Paris those who can ignore his literary descent, and find him perhaps lacking in "thoughtfulness." Mr. Davidson's views are quite as decided, but happily he, like Stevenson, is on the side of the angels, for whatever Dumas may have been, he had nothing in common with the monkeys. Not that he is at all a blind idolater of Dumas; he evidently has far too critical a mind for that. No true appreciator of Dumas—and Mr. Davidson has shown himself to be such an one—can for a moment deny his tendency to *blague* and *fanfaronnade*, or fail to drop at least metaphorically a tear of regret over the wild extravagance of morals and manners which he allowed to disfigure the closing years of his exceptionally active and

brilliant career. For this, indeed, only one excuse, and that not an improbable one, can be found in the supposition that some lesion had affected the mind which had created and directed the execution of so many inspiriting and enthralling scenes and figures, borrowed and embellished in the best sense, now from history, now from other writers who had invention, but had not his strange gift of sempiternal youth and impulse wherewith to express their ideas. In terse and clear exposition of how much foundation there was for accusing Dumas of calmly appropriating and signing other people's work in the case of productions which made a great success Mr. Davidson is particularly happy, and his summing up of the once celebrated *Tour de Nesle* business is a happy instance. We all know that Dumas unluckily lent his name to poor stuff which perhaps he had barely glanced through, if even that. But what is this when set against the wonderful achievements which, *pace* his detractors, will keep his name alive as one of the greatest and most versatile of writers?

One would like to have space wherein to quote more fully than is possible from Mr. Davidson, but it may be allowable at least to cite a passage from the chapter appropriately called "The Ending of the Day," in support of what has been said as to his admitting the faults, obvious enough to be sure, of Alexandre Dumas. It is in connection with the schemes, and it must be confessed too often ignoble shifts of the later days, that our biographer writes:

> It was necessary, he said, to make money by his pen; but this was a sophism. The necessity only arose from his mania for spending and his unwillingness to retrench or adopt a quiet and self-respecting mode of life, for which his income was ample. But he voluntarily embraced illusions. . . . With the best desire to be indulgent towards the eccentricity of genius, and with all personal cordiality to the great man, it was yet felt that the varieties of mankind—or rather of womankind—likely to be met at his house needed a great deal of facing. . . . Rejoicings at the departure of "Madame" (la Gordosa) were interrupted by the unpleasant affair of the Ada Menken photograph, and the scandal of an elderly man indulging in a prank which would have been considered silly in a youth.

In short, as Mr. Davidson has said before, one of Dumas' "favourite illusions was that of perpetual youth, which being put into practice led to unseemly conduct, painful to friends and damaging enough to involve something of social ostracism." Here was certainly a lack of self-control and of thought. One must not say of "thoughtfulness" while ignorant of the exact meaning of that too, too precious phrase. But supposing it to have some alliance with *thought* how is it reasonably possible to charge want of thought against a writer whose earliest stage-work was directly inspired by a person who has not yet been accused of "lack of thoughtfulness?" Here is Dumas' own description of the effect produced upon him by seeing *Hamlet* given by a company of English players who visited Paris in 1828. It was this effect that spurred the ambition of an unknown struggling clerk to the production of a series of those plays of which the very titles are yet, and will remain, names to conjure with. This is what Dumas wrote:

> They announced Hamlet. The only Hamlet I knew was that of Ducis, and I saw the Hamlet of Shakespeare. Then I found what I had longed for. I found actors who thought of the characters, not of themselves. I found on the stage human beings in all their grandeur, all their weakness, instead of those heroes of our classical drama who were so impassive, stilted, sententious. I read, I devoured the library of foreign theatres, and I saw that as in the living world all springs from the sun, so in the world of the drama all springs from Shakespeare. I saw that none could be compared to him. He had the dramatic power of Corneille, the comic force of Molière, the invention of Calderon, the thought of Goethe, the passion of Schiller. I saw, in fact, that in power of creation Shakespeare came next to God.

Truly a "lack of thoughtfulness" here, and emptiness enough to warrant omission of all reference to Dumas' literary descent.

But to return to Mr. Davidson. His criticism, and he certainly has the critical faculty, of Dumas, both as author and as man, is always sound and bright. Indeed, in all his pages, read with the interest they arouse and the care they deserve we can find but one passage on which to break a friendly lance with him. Mr. Davidson quotes the reply of Edmond Dantès,

become Count of Monte Cristo, with limitless wealth (ah! why did Dumas ever specify that wealth and so heedlessly knock, for a moment, all the plausibility away?) to his old enemy Danglars, now a rich banker. The banker, to whom the Count has a letter of unlimited credit, asks if his visitor would like to start with a million. The Count contemptuously replies: "A million! A sum I always carry in my pocket-book!" (producing it). The biographer finds in this a discordant touch of vulgarity. To us it has always seemed that Dumas meant to represent Monte Cristo as deliberately overcoming Danglars with his own dirty weapons, the only weapons that could have effect on his base nature.

It is a temptation to linger on Mr. Davidson's attractive pages, but space is inexorable. Let us, therefore, end by quoting his concluding passage, a good example of the spirit in which he has approached his subject:

> That he was a great man in any proper sense of the term it would be silly to maintain. . . . But if the word "genius'"—as the possession and use of natural gifts—has still any meaning left, then truly Alexandre Dumas was a great genius.

Either there are two living writers named H. G. Wells, or a man may so differ from himself in style and matter that internal evidence is henceforth valueless in a question of authorship; and Francis Bacon may after all very well have written Mrs. Gallup's works as well as his own and those of all his contemporaries. Is it possible that **The Sea Lady** (Methuen. 6*s.*) is the work of the same brain as that dreary future world of moving platforms, or that monstrous "great hall" into which "a huge spout, that no man can stop, discharges a baby every eight seconds?" If it be really so, we shall look with more kindliness on the outside of these speculations, feeling that they are, at any rate, own brothers to a masterpiece. The lady who came in from sea upon the Bunting family is nearly related to the angel who got shot near the beginning of "The Wonderful Visit," but she is to her almost as La Giaconda to

a Christmas card. The angel was a good test, a touchstone of many of our social weaknesses or cruelties or absurdities; but the Sea Lady is no stranger from the upper air, no outside standard of comparison; she is not even that which we might be, but rather part of that which we are, coming up from the deep, not perhaps into every life, but into all lives which, however landlubberly, in the main have at least one front or one corner looking seawards.

"All the elements of your life" (she says), "the life you imagine you are living, the little things you *must* do, the little cares, the extraordinary little duties, the day-by-day, the hypnotic limitations—the little time you have you use so poorly. You begin and you end, and all the time between it is as if you were enchanted, you are afraid to do this that would be delightful to do, you must do that, though you know all the time it is stupid and disagreeable. Just think of the things—even the little things—you mustn't do. Up there on the Leas in this hot weather all the people are sitting in stuffy ugly clothes—ever so much too much clothes—hot tight boots, you know, when they have the most lovely pink feet, some of them. . . . Why are they letting life slip by them? Just as though they wouldn't all of them presently be dead! Suppose *you* were to go up there in a bathing dress and a white cotton hat . . . "

"It wouldn't be *proper!*" cried Melville.

"Why not?"

"It would be outrageous!"

"But any one may see you like that on the beach!"

"That's different."

"It isn't different. You dream it's different. And in just the same way you dream all the other things are proper or improper, or good or bad, to do. Because you are in a dream, a fantastic unwholesome little dream. . . . Your life, I tell you, is a dream—a dream, and you can't wake out of it . . . "

"And if so, why do you tell me?"

She made no answer for a space.

"Why do you tell me?" he insisted.

He heard the rustle of her movement as she bent towards him. . . . She spoke in gently confidential undertones, as one who imparts a secret that is not to be lightly given. "*Because,*" she said, "*there are better dreams.*"

Gradually, to Harry Chatteris with his Public Duties, his Career, and his Engagement to a conventional Marcellulose heiress, the beauty and fascination of the Sea Lady brought these "better dreams" and their madness: poor Adeline

Glendower is forsaken, and since she is determined to have the truth Melville tells it to her in a scene which is a really fine piece of drama.

> You see *you* have defined things—very clearly. You have made it clear to him what you expect him to be, and what you expect him to do. It is like having built a house in which he is to live. For him to go to her is like going out of a house, a very fine and dignified house, I admit, into something larger, something adventurous and incalculable. She is—she has an air of being—*natural*. . . . She doesn't love and respect him when he is this, and disapprove of him highly when he is that—she takes him altogether. She has the quality of the open sky, of deep tangled places, of the flight of birds, she has the quality of the high sea. That I think is what she is for him—she is the Great Outside.

To those who know only the scientific Mr. Wells—what we may call the Bacon side of him—it is impossible to give any idea of his Shakespearean side, of the mingling of astringent observation and the milk of humanity, of broad daylight fun, and starlight poetry ; or of the merging of tragic comedy into comic tragedy, till after many alternating shocks of laughter and pity we are left alone between Lummidge's Family Hotel and the dim sea, where the siren and her lover have vanished for ever, facing the great beacon on Gris-nez, " wheeled athwart the sky," and the interrogation of the policeman's bull's-eye— " a stain of faint pink curiosity upon the mysterious vast serenity of night."

> What are people up to? To throw away such an excellent wrap . . . !

The women of England held their breath when Lady Duff Gordon entered a ball-room, the women of Egypt raised " the cry of joy " as she went along. Branches of trees and garments were strewn before her in sign of welcome. Her hair was gray and she had a married daughter, when she was proposed for by a young Sheykh at Luxor. She was, he said, " a woman for whom men killed each other or themselves." The husband, from whom he thought she could easily be divorced, was, to judge by the portrait of him, worthy of such a wife ; and the story of their courtship is charming.

When the Austins returned from Malta in 1838, Lucie began to reappear in the world; all the old friends flocked round them, and many new friends were made, among them Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, whom she first met at Lansdowne House. Left much alone, as her mother was always hard at work translating, writing for various periodicals and nursing her husband, the two young people were thrown much together, and often walked out alone. One day Sir Alexander said to her: "Miss Austin, do you know people say we are going to be married?" Annoyed at being talked of, and hurt at his brusque way of mentioning it, she was just going to give a sharp answer, when he added: "Shall we make it true?" With characteristic straightforwardness she replied by the monosyllable, "Yes."

She faced the end of life alone in Egypt with stoical courage, requesting that none of those she loved would come out to her. George Meredith, who writes the introduction to a new edition of her **Letters from Egypt** (Brimley Johnson. 10*s*. 6*d*. net), edited, with a Memoir, by Mrs. Ross, speaks of her as he speaks of a favourite heroine. The pictures of her resemble those of Millais in all his early glory. What is wanting in the book?

There is wanting the true instinct of the letter-writer. She says herself that she could not write letters, and that she envied those who could. It is an odd fact that no amount of industry, of cleverness, even of affection, will make up for the absence of a slight natural wish to express oneself in this way rather than in that. The stories that she tells are full of curious interest. The mere sound of Egypt acts like a spell on certain minds. Say to them only the name of the Nile, and they are borne away to a mystic land of sphinxes, pyramids, and lotus blossom. Light bursts into music as the rays of the rising sun smite Memnon till he sings. This is not the Egypt that Lady Duff Gordon saw. Heine, who begged her to translate all his poems, would have seen it, but she did not. Her vigorous and sometimes coarse description blots it out. She looms too large in the foreground. Everything is seen with reference to herself—the people who brought her presents, the girls who sang and danced for her, Omar praying outside her door that she may sleep.

See how the sun of the Arabs loves her; he has kissed her so hotly that she can't go home among English people.

And this was only one of the sailors! What is it to the devotion of her servants?

"I told Achmet to sweep the floor after dinner just now. He hesitated, and I called again: 'What manner is this, not to sweep when I bid thee?' 'By the most high God,' said the boy, 'my hand shall not sweep in thy boat after sunset, oh Lady: I would rather have it cut off than sweep thee out of thy property.' I found that you must not sweep at night, nor for three days after the departure of a guest whose return you desire, or of the master of the house. 'Thinkest thou that my brother would sweep away the dust of thy feet from the floors at Luxor,' continued Achmet, 'he would fear never to see thy fortunate face again.' If you don't want to see your visitor again you break a water-jar behind him as he leaves the house, and sweep away his foot-steps."

There is a charming description of the old dragoman who cried with joy because he had seen Stanley's sister, and said of Stanley himself:

"He is *really* a Sheykh and one who teaches the excellent things of religion, why he was kind even to his horse! and it is of the mercies of God to the English that such a one is the Imám of your Queen and Prince." I said laughing, "How dost thou, a darweesh among Muslims, talk thus of a Nazarene priest?" "Truly, oh Lady," he answered, "one who loveth all the creatures of God, him God loveth also, there is no doubt of that."

Lovers of folk-lore will find much to reflect upon in these pages. It is a book to read—but not to read again.

An excellent idea is embodied in the series of books issued by George Newnes, Limited, under the general title of "Our Neighbours," and the latest of the volumes, **Italian Life in Town and Country**, by L. Villari (3*s*. 6*d*. net), is at least as good as any of its predecessors, which is no small praise. To criticise adequately a book so wide in scope and so minute in detail would be difficult: to write it would have been an impossibility for any but one who, like Mr. Villari, is equally at home in both England and Italy—who can, so to speak, ask the questions an Englishman would wish to ask and answer

them as an Italian alone could answer them. Books of this kind are apt to be the fertile parents of error and disappointment: so long as one knows nothing of the subject they are "mines of information"; but when tested upon any point within our own experience they appear childishly ignorant and foolish; witness certain American works on Oxford, not to mention the surprises of the common guide-books. We have tested Mr. Villari on the points of which we had any knowledge, and though he has "opened our eyes" it was not with any sudden amazement. We have read with special interest his chapter on Literature and the Press in Italy, in which he fills the *rôle* of the "advocatus diaboli" against Gabriele D'Annunzio. The two pages which contain his outspoken and courageous indictment of his famous fellow countryman should be compared with the very different estimate given by Mr. Hutton in a later part of our present issue. The questions raised cannot be discussed in our limited space: we agree with Mr. Villari that D'Annunzio is often "thoroughly sensuous and sickly" and often "morbid and diseased"; but not that "his influence is wholly evil, for he gives his readers nothing but evil to think about." A man may conceivably *feel* nothing but evil; but it is happily impossible for the mind to *think about* nothing but evil. Moreover it is not from thinking about any subject that the mind suffers, but from incapacity to think about it sanely, justly, and masterfully. The effect of D'Annunzio's work upon the feelings is the real question: we believe that it is mainly to enforce the love of beauty and—whether he wills it or not—to bring about a purgation of the emotions through pity and fear: otherwise he would have remained unread by the world, and certainly undiscussed by this Review.

It is seldom that we read a new book with entire delight, or praise it without many silent reservations. It is by the nature of things more seldom still that we find ourselves enriched by a new and real possession, a treasure that will be

ours for our lives and a joy of many generations after us. But such a book in sober earnest is Lady Gregory's English version of **Cuchulain of Muirthemne** (Murray. 6*s*. net), and Mr. Yeats has not exaggerated in speaking of it as "the best thing that has come out of Ireland" in his time, for beautiful as his own work is he has not yet equalled this fabric of the giants of old, massive and aerial, grotesque and exquisite beyond the power of a later and lesser generation—*Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.* The Celtic heroes have, it appears, the magic gift which the Greek heroes had not, of inspiring their English interpreters. We have known four-and-twenty versions of Homer, and fine as some of them are, we all agree with Mr. Lang that none is, or is likely to be, the final one. On the other hand, Lady Gregory's Cuchulain was not born for death: he is not like him "who slew the slayer, And shall himself be slain." Even if he should turn out to be the offspring of inaccuracy and deceit he would not be put by for a more legitimate brother: the humour and the pathos of the heroic life are so strong in him. The humour is as abundant here as it is rare in other epics. The whole story of Bricriu's Feast, and the War of Words of the Women of Ulster, is full of it, but a smaller quotation must suffice. Deirdre had a dream of evil omen; and Fergus argued with her:

> But Deirdre spoke again, and it is what she said: "There is the howling of dogs in my ears; a vision of the night is before my eyes; I see Fergus away from us; I see Conchubar without mercy in his dun; I see Naoise without strength in battle; I see Ardan without shield or breastplate, and the Hill of Atha without delight; I see Conchubar asking for blood; I see Fergus caught with hidden lies; I see Deirdre crying with tears; I see Deirdre crying with tears."
>
> "A thing that is unpleasing to me, and that I would never give in to," said Fergus, "is to listen to the howling of dogs, and to the dreams of women."

But there are things here better than humour: the beauty of the women, Deirdre and Emer and those other brides of ancient song, is more convincing than that of all the Brynhilds, and the passions of Nibelungs and Volsungs are hoarse and bar-

barous compared with the loves and hates of Cuchulain and his peers. When Naoise heard the third cry in the dusk

> "I swear by my hand of valour," he said, "I will go no further until I see where the cry comes from." So Naoise turned back and met Deirdre, and Deirdre and Naoise kissed one another three times, and she gave a kiss to each of his three brothers. And with the confusion that was on her, a blaze of red fire came upon her, and her colour came and went as quickly as the aspen by the stream. And it is what Naoise thought to himself, that he never saw a woman so beautiful in his life; and he gave Deirdre, there and then, the love that he never gave to living thing, to vision, or to creature, but to herself alone.

It is characteristic of these legends that with all their vivid sense of beauty and brilliantly seen colouring, they have as compared with the Iliad or the Odyssey, less material splendour and more spiritual, less of manners and more of feeling, and a sense of mystery or of imaginative romance that is entirely wanting to the Greek. The following passage as the conclusion of a great epic does not strike us as less true to human life than the burial of Hector or the final scene between Odysseus and Athene.

> "Let us bury Cuchulain now," said Emer.
>
> And Emer took the head of Cuchulain in her hands, and she washed it clean, and put a silk cloth about it, and she held it to her breast; and she began to cry heavily over it, and it is what she said:
>
> "Och, head! Ochone, O head! you gave death to great heroes, to many hundreds; my head will lie in the same grave, the one stone will be made for both of us.
>
> "Och, hand! Ochone, hand, that was once gentle. It is often it was put under my head; it is dear that hand was to me!
>
> "Dear mouth! Ochone, kind mouth that was sweet-voiced telling stories; since the time love first came on your face, you never refused either weak or strong!
>
> "Dear the man, dear the man, that would kill the whole of a great host; dear his cold bright hair, and dear his bright cheeks!
>
> "Dear the king, dear the king, that never gave a refusal to any; thirty days it is to-night since my body lay beside your body.
>
> "Happy are they, happy are they, who will never hear the cuckoo again for ever, now that the Hound has died from us.
>
> "I am carried away like a branch on the stream; I will not bind up my

hair to-day. From this day I have nothing to say that is better than Ochone!"

And after that Emer bade Conall to make a wide, very deep grave for Cuchulain; and she laid herself down beside her gentle comrade, and she put her mouth to his mouth, and she said, "Love of my life, my friend, my sweetheart, my one choice of the men of the earth, many is the woman wed or unwed, envied me till to-day; and now I will not stay living after you."

And her life went out from her, and she herself and Cuchulain were laid in the one grave by Conall. And he raised the one stone over them and he wrote their names in Ogham, and he himself and all the men of Ulster keened them.

But the three times fifty queens that loved Cuchulain saw him appear in his Druid chariot, going through Emain Macha; and they could hear him singing the music of the Sidhe.

Twenty years ago young people were stirred by the initials *R. B.* to a frenzy of excitement, the very memory of which warms the blood in their veins even now. The present generation has grown up to milder—or to more martial—measures. They shout and sing; and they are right to do so. Twenty years ago, feeling ran too deep for this kind of thing. The silent freemasonry of lovers existed between the admirers of Browning. Each was Athanasius against the world. They clasped each other's hands, they sought each other's society. They stood at corners of streets to see the great man pass. If Heaven granted them the inestimable boon of five minutes in the same room with him, they were deaf and blind to every one else. When he died, it seemed to them as if a snake had wound itself round their hearts and stopped their breathing, "Byron is dead!" the boyish Tennyson carved on a rock that he might vent the inexpressible emotion that threatened to overwhelm him. *Browning is dead! Browning is dead!* How the words rang within us, to the soft sounding of Italian waves, for days unnumbered after that light was quenched in the Venetian palace!

Criticism was not possible at that time. Between the fury of enthusiasm on the one hand, and cold indifference or dislike on the other, no one was calm enough to judge. The "years

that bring the philosophic mind" were yet to come. They have come now. No one who reads Mr. Stopford Brooke's fine study (**Browning.** Isbister. 10*s.* 6*d.*) can doubt it. The look of the heavy volume alarms at first. There is nothing heavy about it except the look. The vivid interest of such criticism as this carries us along flying. Here and there are great mistakes, and the style which, as a rule, is perfect for that kind of work—lucid and grave, with an occasional flash of wit—becomes careless, confused, even ungrammatical. The worst mistake of all is the chapter on the Love Poems. Love Poems that are not above criticism have no right to exist; and he who dares even to think that he can dissect has, by the mere thought, put himself out of court for the praise of them. Perhaps one among many reasons why those who were young but yesterday treasured six little brown volumes more than all the rest of the British poets put together was, that Browning looked at things from their standpoint. He was aggressively, impetuously, vehemently, and for ever upon the side of youth. He refused to believe in old age. The poem quoted by Mr. Brooke to show that he had "winter in his heart" proves that eternal spring was the only season that he allowed to man. Mr. Brooke says first of all that Tennyson was old when he was old, and Browning was young when he was old. Later on he says, "I do not think Browning was ever quite young save at happy intervals;" and, nevertheless, it is his opinion that all the passionate lyrics published after a certain date must have been written much earlier. If Browning was never young at all except at happy intervals, it would seem to follow that these might have been written at any time. Even amongst ordinary people age varies. A man may be seventy-five at breakfast, and twenty by the time that the gong sounds for luncheon. Youth has its cold fit; and icy youth is older than Methuselah. Let us leave this unprofitable question of *When?* Mortal life has too much of the immortal to be measured by clocks. This is to stick at a minor point; the whole chapter should be avoided. The long,

detailed comparison with Tennyson is admirable. "The excellency of Carmel and Sharon" is brought out by the contrast. As for the chapters on Nature, they will rouse discussion; and it comes to one as a relief that critical censorship is not official. Browning, after all, was not the first person who likened a cloud to a whale; Hamlet had done so before him. The analysis of "Pauline," of "Paracelsus," of "Sordello," and of "Caliban" is masterly, though the amount of space given to the mere translation of poetry into prose appears, in other parts of the volume, and considering the existence of Mrs. Orr's "Handbook," disproportionate. Mr. Brooke speaks as a connoisseur, though very severely, of the Plays. The last Act of "Strafford," and many a lovely speech and line in it, might have pleaded in extenuation of the sentence; but the justice of Strafford's fate, in literature as in life, will be a moot point always, and, given that the devotion of an elder and stronger man to one weaker and more attractive is, as Mr. Brooke thinks, inconceivable, the drama can have no point. It was part of Browning's perpetual youth, that he never thought strange feelings impossible. The characters of "The Inn Album" are passing strange; they deserve more notice than Mr. Brooke accords them. He also misunderstands completely the motive of one of the two heroines of "In a Balcony." He may be right; but he will not find any one under thirty who agrees with him.

Mr. Paul is not of the critics who compel assent, but of those who challenge it. He begins his **Matthew Arnold** (Macmillan. 2*s.* net) with three sweeping statements, all of which are open to doubt. The delighted reader bristles up at once. He girds himself joyfully for the fray. He sees what is coming. He recollects his pleasant marginal quarrels with one or two of the writers that best he loves, writers who had this gift of provoking discussion without animosity.

Next to Milton, he (Arnold) was the most learned of English poets.

Was he more learned than Robert Browning—as learned as Tennyson—to speak only of two of his contemporaries?

"Thyrsis" is a very beautiful poem, not much less beautiful than "Adonais," though very unlike it. But Clough was not Keats. Keats is near to every one of us, while Clough is already far away.

What has that got to do with it? Mr. Edward King is not "near to every one of us"; he is further away than Clough; but if we were constrained to permit the destruction of "Lycidas" or of "Adonais," it is "Adonais" who would "have to go."

Matthew Arnold may be said to have done for literature almost what Ruskin did for art.

Now Matthew Arnold is neither the first nor the greatest critic of English literature; but except in Ruskin we have had no art critic at all whose fame has crossed the sea. Not content with asserting that Matthew Arnold is second to Milton in learning and to Ruskin in criticism, Mr. Paul next remarks that "he may be called our English Goethe." Here, however, he has gone a little too far for himself even; and he proceeds to say the only thing there is to be said, viz., that "one could not without absurdity talk of Goethe as a German Arnold."

Of all modern poets, except Goethe, he was the best critic. Of all modern critics, with the same exception, he was the best poet.

Is not this rather as if one were to say: Hans Sachs was the best shoemaker who ever wrote books; Count Tolstoy is the best writer of books who ever made shoes—*argal*, Hans Sachs is one of the best of poets and Tolstoy is indubitably the best of shoemakers! The whole process of talking of A. of England as if he were B. of France, or of C. of Germany as if he were D. of England, may be deprecated. It is one by which we do not seem to get any farther.

By the twentieth page Mr. Paul has the School of the New Prosody about his ears.

> Rhyme and blank verse have their own high and recognised positions. . . . Except for a few hexameters, such as some of Kingsley's, some of Longfellow's, all Dr. Hawtrey's, and a few of Clough's, there is hardly room in English for verse which is neither one nor the other.

Here again he does not in sober earnest agree with himself.

> I say "hardly," remembering Tennyson's "Gleam" and Browning's "One Word More."

Are there not a few other poems that might have been remembered? *e.g.*,

> "I have had playmates, I have had companions,"

which haunts the heart of every one who has ever heard it. On the very next page up starts the Sonnet. Not in the hands of Milton only did the Sonnet "become a trumpet;" wherever it occurs at all, it sounds an alarm. His later observations on Shakespeare's Sonnets are delightful, but here Mr. Paul quotes a sonnet addressed by Matthew Arnold to a Republican Friend, the stiff classical form of which is like a rag of Milton thrown over the scarecrow of a sentiment of Wordsworth's. Not thus will he justify the curious dictum that Matthew Arnold's sonnets may "fairly be put on a level with Rossetti's." It is a pity that so much of Matthew Arnold is reminiscent. If he had never read he would never have written. Even

> "Above the din her voice is in my ears—
> I see her form glide through the crossing spears,"

reminds one too closely of "Thy voice is heard through rolling drums." The squareness of the quatrains that he so much affected grew very tiresome also, and Mr. Paul notes the defectiveness of ear that can alone account for such lines as

> "And littleness united
> Is become invincible,"

while he criticises with delicate nicety such specimens as "Mycerinus" and "Separation."

> "Then, when we meet, and thy look strays toward me,
> Scanning my face and the changes wrought there :
> *Who*, let me say, *is this Stranger regards me,*
> *With the grey eyes, and the lovely brown hair?*"

The effect of the word "stranger" could only have been produced by the art which conceals itself, and appears as simplicity.

This is to enhance the pleasure that we feared to lose—to illuminate, like a flash of Hazlitt, of Elia, or of Stevenson. This is the true glory of criticism—not to dissect the flower, but to set it in a vase of crystal.

A very instructive passage on repetition might well be studied by every one who makes a business of writing; there are, indeed, admirable hints as to style scattered with lavish hand throughout the volume. Excellent also is everything which relates to that vexed question, the translation of Homer —so good that more would have been welcome, since there is less of such scholarship about than there used to be. Etonians will enjoy the remark that "Nobody understands the tutorial system at Eton except Eton men, and they cannot explain it." Matthew Arnold's own powers of judgment are debatable. Great critics are almost certain to be wrong concerning two or three of those whom they criticise; but Matthew Arnold was wrong about nine or ten. He was wrong concerning

SHAKESPEARE	TENNYSON
GRAY	SHELLEY
BURNS	RUSKIN
VICTOR HUGO	THACKERAY
TOLSTOY	

Nothing but the "urbanity" of his style could have enabled him to survive such a number of mistakes. Opinions differ as to his Biblical work; but he had not the deep reverence which is the condition of true research. The story runs that once upon a time, Carlyle being old, Matthew Arnold paid him a visit. "Well!" said a mutual friend, "and how did it go off?" Matthew Arnold shook his head. "Poor old Carlyle!

It is all over with him." The same friend afterwards mentioned his name to the sage of Chelsea. "Poor Mat!" said Carlyle. "He thinks that God Almighty might try very hard, but He could *never* make another Matthew Arnold!"

It was a gentle vanity; and it melted away like a morning cloud when, in his poems, he sounded the depths of the heart's loneliness—when, in his charming converse with those who were far inferior to himself in every way, he gave his best, with utter simplicity and *bonhomie*, only to make them happy. "He was endowed with one of those perfect tempers which are of more value than many fortunes," and his fidelity stood the test of a severe article by a friend. But it is not as a critic, not as a philosopher, not as an educationist, not as a correspondent, not as a boon companion that Matthew Arnold will be remembered. It is by "Sohrab and Rustum," by "Mycerinus," by "The Scholar-Gipsy" and "Thyrsis" and "Tristram and Iseult" and few of their fellows. His lesser lyrics, even the loveliest of them, are not comparable with those, too little known, of the strange author of "Ionica."

A YEAR OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

WE are rather apt in England to over-estimate the power of the American President. That power is undoubtedly very great. The President is the head, to a large extent, the working head, of the army and navy; he has charge of the whole Federal administration and the appointment of ambassadors, consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, Cabinet Ministers—in fact of all the higher Federal officers—initiates in him; he may convene Congress in extraordinary session whenever he so pleases; his right of veto gives him the power to delay and at times to block any and every measure of which he disapproves; the conduct of foreign affairs, in all except its final phase, is under his immediate control: and virtually he is irremovable. It is with all this in their minds that Englishmen turn to Germany and the German Emperor for a parallel to the Presidential authority. But to all this there is another and less imposing side. The President selects officers and makes appointments, but it is the Senate that confirms or rejects them. The President concludes treaties, but, as we know only too well, a two-thirds majority in the Senate is required for their ratification. The President suggests legislation; it is for Congress to act on his suggestion or to disregard it, as it wills. The President vetoes a measure, but it becomes law if both Houses by a two-thirds majority pass it anew over his head. In fact the actual influence of the President on legislation is in

many ways less than that of an English Prime Minister· Students of Constitutions will not need to be reminded of the cause of this. The "Sages of 1789" funked—there is no other word for it—a strong Executive. Whatever else the President might be, they took good care he should not be a George the Third. They were morbidly on the defensive against the evils of "one-man power," against anything that might give an opening to "monarchical ambitions." One consequence of this is that, in ordinary times, the American form of administration is practically a conspiracy for doing nothing. The functions and authority of each power in the State are so limited that no one person, no one body, is capable of leading either the nation or the Legislature, or framing and pursuing a continuous policy. Each organ of government, the Executive, the Legislature, the Judiciary, is made a jealous observer and restrainer of the others. The energy which under the English or Cabinet system is given up almost entirely to the work of legislation spends itself in America in excessive strife among the various bodies created to check and balance one another. Nobody has even a comparatively free hand. Everybody hampers everybody else. The framers of the Constitution accomplished more than they intended. They divided the Executive from the Legislature so firmly as to make each not only independent but hostile, and therefore weak. The connecting link which goes by the name of the English Cabinet they either missed or did not appreciate. In the quiet times which have ordinarily been the lot of the Republic, not much inconvenience has been felt from the rivalries of this triad of authorities. Some great questions, such as the tariff and currency, which under a more positive form of government would have been settled long ago, have been merely tinkered at. But many rash schemes of legislation have been squashed, many hot-headed Presidents held in check, many successive Houses "taught their place." The negative work has, as a rule, been well done. It is when the country is face to face with some national peril, and immediate action becomes imperative, that the Presidential system

of 1789 shows its defects. At all such times Congress practically abdicates. This was what happened during the war of 1812, the Civil War, and the Spanish-American War. There is really no choice in the matter. The Constitution does not permit of rapid action by the Legislature; and, assuming such action to be necessary, it can only be carried out by one person or one board vested with almost plenary authority. Congress is too clogged and cumbersome for such work. It must be done by the President or not done at all. An autocracy in a time of emergency is the price America has to pay for her checks and balances in ordinary times.

It is, however, with ordinary times that we are now dealing; and in ordinary times the President is anything but an autocrat. Even under the most favourable circumstances, that is to say, when his party commands a majority in both Houses, his power over legislation depends wholly on the goodwill of Congress. He may recommend everything, but he can direct nothing. Neither he nor his Cabinet Ministers sit in Congress, or hold any recognised communication with it except through the medium of written messages. The Administration has no official spokesman in either House to expound its policy and influence the course of debate. An appeal to the known wishes or opinions of the President is resented as dictation. Both Houses are rigidly tenacious of their Constitutional powers, jealous of outside interference, especially from the White House, and always ready to encroach on the debatable ground left unassigned by the Constitution. The President, it is true, has his veto, and that is a powerful weapon, for defence at any rate. It is in attack that he is tied and hampered. He can prevent Congress from doing some things, but he cannot oblige it to do others. His Presidential Message may point the way, but neither he nor any one can ensure that it will be followed. Congress in all such matters is its own master. Not only may it completely disregard all the President's suggestions, but it may wreck every scheme on which his heart is set by withholding supplies, defeating treaties, refusing to confirm

his appointments or attaching impossible riders to its bills. And the President in such a case is all but helpless. He may by a long campaign, by appealing to the people over the heads of their representatives, succeed at length in coercing Congress. Or by judicious humouring of the Bosses and by allowing the Senate to distribute his patronage for him, he may also carry his point. Either way, the fact remains that his disabilities are as great as, if not greater than, his powers, and that the success of any Administration depends on the harmony that exists between Congress and the Executive. Mr. McKinley attained this harmony in a quite wonderful degree. He oiled the machinery of government with loving and imperturbable patience, and the wheels ran with an ease unknown since Washington's first term of office. His was a persuasive, accordant nature, far too much so, indeed, to admit of strong leadership. He hated to say No; it was a positive pain to him to disappoint anybody, to refuse a request. Sooner than do so he allowed himself to be led occasionally into dubious paths. He was a man who outside Protection had few interests and fewer convictions; none, perhaps, that he would not have felt it a duty to sacrifice at the bidding of the people. He accepted fully and heartily the doctrine that the President should follow, and not attempt to lead, public opinion. The old tag, *Vox populi, vox Dei*, was more than an old tag to him; it was the guiding principle of his whole political life and policy. His ear was always to the ground because that was where he conceived it ought to be. The Presidential office he regarded as a sort of conduit-pipe between Congress and the electorate. Great things happened during his Presidency, but he can hardly be said to have presided over them. At best they flowed through him as through a funnel. His mind and temperament were altogether of the kind that asks for guidance and, when the oracles differ, strives hard to "solder close impossibilities and make them kiss," and is willing to wait in patience for the unmistakable cue. Once convinced of

what the people wanted—and his instinct in such matters was all but infallible; he knew his countrymen as Palmerston knew Englishmen—Mr. McKinley would work overtime to see that they got it. But he had to know first; it was that that gave him confidence; he could not stand alone. His ways of dealing with Congress were such as sprang inevitably from his conception of the Presidential duties. They were those of adroit persuasion. He consulted everybody, humoured everybody, put himself frankly in the hands of his friends, made the utmost use of his patronage as a gentle weapon of conciliation, and usually contrived to reach his goal. It was not done without some disturbance of the balance of power arranged by the Constitution. There were times when the Presidency as a controlling and directing authority seemed almost in abeyance, when one had to look in the Senate and among a favoured group of "bosses" to find the real head of the United States. But as against this there were at least two compensations. Washington was at peace, and the wishes of the people got themselves translated into law with unexampled despatch.

Whatever else might be prophesied of President Roosevelt, it could at least be said with certainty that Mr. McKinley's methods would not be his. The two men stood at opposite poles, not of policy—rarely have a President and Vice-President been in such close political agreement—but of character and disposition. And in the White House it is personality rather than opinions that counts. The Presidency is a very human office, dependent for its influence at least as much on the man who occupies it as on its Constitutional prerogatives. No change could well be greater than that from the late to the present Chief Magistrate. All through his career Mr. Roosevelt has shown that the instinct for command is innate in him. Wherever he goes he must dominate; like Mr. Chamberlain, he cannot help leading. What he sees he sees clearly; what he feels he feels intensely. He is compact equally of positiveness and emotionalism. "Right thou feelest, rush to do," was the Emersonian formula for "freedom's secret." In a sense it

is Mr. Roosevelt's too—less dangerous in him than in most men because of his background of solid Dutch caution and level-headedness. Mere feelings are never his guide; still less so are mere theories. There is no type that irritates him more, no type he has "scored" so mercilessly, as the men of impossible standards and extravagant ideals—a type more common than one would think in American and especially in New York politics. Himself as "practical" a politician, though in another way, as Mr. Croker, the intemperance that overshoots the mark is as intolerable to him as the indifference that does not even trouble to aim. Misguided effort is all but as abhorrent to his nature as no effort at all. Indeed, I am not sure that the over-civilised, hypercritical Mugwump does not rouse him more effectually than even the *jeunesse dorée*. He preaches "the strenuous life" in season and out of season, meaning by that not necessarily a life of bustle, hurly-burly, conflict, but simply honest, active endeavour in any sphere, Kant's life as much as Cromwell's, Darwin's equally with Lincoln's. But unless such life is regulated by judgment as well as labour, he has no use for it. His own temperament, though quickly and easily stirred, is essentially Whiggish, content to advance a step at a time, inexorable on vital points, but never tempted to extremes. One could hazard the man from his books or his books from the man. His prose has a hard, confident, metallic texture, with little light or shade playing about it, yet strong in its rush and resonance—the prose of a man of action, blunt and utterly straightforward, clean-cut and sincere. Style and matter alike bespeak the man's mind. It is, if I may say so, a bludgeon of a mind, healthily unoriginal and non-creative, of wide range and the closest of grips, and with a dogmatic turn for the common sense of things, a sane but hardly a deep mind, and used like a bludgeon for criticism, exhortation, attack. A man in many ways after Carlyle's own heart, who has "swallowed formulas," is transparently incapable of anything mean, underhand or equivocal, preaches and practises the gospel of work, and flinches before

nothing. With all this, as Americans now realise, Mr. Roosevelt is far from being impulsive. That he is a fighting, breezy type of man goes without saying; that now and then he will say the indiscreet thing, and sometimes even do it, that he has to keep constant watch over himself and his vivid emotions may also be taken for granted. But then he all but invariably succeeds in doing so. A year ago Americans felt uneasy about their new President. They feared his overplus of energy, the impact of his impetuous tingling personality. He had the same reputation for militant "rashness" that the Kaiser once enjoyed. It took William II. ten years to live down the nervousness his accession inspired. It has taken Theodore Roosevelt just one year. There was never any real reason why the people should not have had the same confidence in him as in Mr. McKinley. But they saw in the new President, first of all, youth—which even Americans suspect in politics; and secondly, a very vigorous and outspoken character, apt at times to launch out with ultra-Bismarckian bluntness; and from this they argued that his impulsiveness was a danger to the State. It is true that the President has nothing of the featureless caution that commends itself to the politicians. He does things—such as asking Booker Washington to dinner and denouncing lynchings—that Mr. McKinley, the type of the "political" President, would never have dreamed of doing. But what Americans now realise, as the result of his first year of office, is that his impulsiveness is in no sense dangerous; that it is confined to little things and an occasional hasty word; and that in all essentials he is one of the most balanced and conservative of Americans.

So buoyant, virile and masterful a figure would win a following anywhere. In America the force of his attractiveness is peculiarly felt. They are an emotional people, always ready to exalt any man who rises even an inch above the undistinguished multitude, quick on the uptake, swiftly responsive to a touch of firmness. They will follow a leader, when they find one, farther than most nations, and forgive him, as

they forgave Grant, almost anything. In politics, especially, the man who trusts to his own strength, and will fight to the last for his convictions, commends their instant homage; the more so as such a man is perhaps rarer in the United States than even in England. President Roosevelt has this quality of political courage, which is something higher than moral courage, personal courage, or the courage of one's opinions, because it embraces all three, to a degree that Cleveland did not equal and Lincoln did not surpass. Perhaps the readiest touchstone of any and every President's character is to be looked for in the appointments he makes. Patronage is the most engrossing and irksome of all calls upon his time. A weak President, a President who is "playing politics" with an eye to the next election, uses the offices at his disposal to reward party services, conciliate enemies, keep local wire-pullers loyal and in good humour, and above all to ingratiate himself with Senators and Congressmen by allowing them to nominate their own men. This was the policy which Mr. McKinley very largely pursued. One of the ablest and most careful of American publicists, Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson, declares that at the moment of Mr. Roosevelt's accession "the Civil Service of the country was in a state of demoralisation such as had not been known since the days of Grant." "Predatory politicians had again captured many important places: the federal offices in the Southern States were filled, almost without exception, by social outcasts whose business in politics was not only to enjoy the emoluments of office, but to sell quadrennially to the highest bidder nearly one-third of the delegates to the National Convention of their party; and this corrupt organisation was in close alliance with the Democratic rings of the Southern States, dividing the plunder between them, keeping down the Republican vote, and preventing decent whites from joining the Republican party." Mr. Roosevelt, a life-long advocate and practitioner of clean politics, and with a knowledge of the Civil Service and of the tricks of its enemies such as no President has ever possessed, was not the man to stand this sort of thing. He

at once strengthened the Civil Service Commission, restored sixteen hundred offices to the merit system that his predecessor had exempted, brought sixty Indian agents within the scope of the classified service, and armed the Commissioners with new and real powers over the office-holders. But it was in his attitude towards the vast and important class of posts that as yet are outside the merit system, and appointments to which are made by the President "with the advice and consent of the Senate," that Mr. Roosevelt showed his strength most plainly. These posts include the diplomatic and consular services, customs and internal revenue collectorships, federal judgeships, and the bigger post-offices of the country. Of late years it is not too much to say that the power of appointment to these offices has been taken from the President and usurped by the Senate. The "advice and consent of the Senate" has developed into the "compulsion of the Senate." Presidents have disregarded Senatorial nominations and made their own selections at the peril of having confirmation withheld and their appointments rejected. Senators have pushed their Constitutional prerogatives to the uttermost, and used them to build up their personal power in the States they represent, with little thought to the character of their nominees or their fitness for office. Being an undying body, tenacious of the privileges that are theirs by right, still more tenacious of such as they have been able to extort by pressure, it has been no easy matter for a President to withstand them single-handed. Most Presidents have in fact thrown up the unequal struggle, and blindly accepted the Senatorial candidates. Not so President Roosevelt. In all such matters he has but one test, that of efficiency; and he is inexorable in applying it. As at Albany, so at Washington, he wages no war on the party leaders. He consults them at every turn, and listens to their suggestions; but he makes no appointments on their recommendation unless and until he is personally satisfied of the character and capacity of the nominee. Other things being equal, a Republican will get the post. But if the Republican candidate is manifestly

unfit, as he usually is in the Southern States, no amount of political backing, no references to the man's usefulness in 1904, no Senatorial insistence, will move President Roosevelt to appoint him. More than once, to the scandal of the politicians, he has gone outside the ranks of his own party and forced the appointment of a Democrat on the novel and refreshing ground that he was the man best fitted to fill the vacancy. And the Senate, grumble as it may, dare not, in the face of a jubilant and approving people, refuse confirmation. President Roosevelt nowhere exceeds his Constitutional rights. He shares heartily and willingly with the Senate in the work of selection. All that he insists upon is that the man selected shall be the best; and so long as Senators keep a single eye on that essential he welcomes their advice and co-operation most cordially. Their privileges remain as they were; it is only the standard by which they are to be exercised that has been changed. A small thing after all, it may be said. On the contrary, this alteration of standard is little less than a revolution. It revives the Presidential authority, it knocks the bottom out of all that is left of the spoils system, it makes public office a public trust in fact as well as name. So long as President Roosevelt remains at the White House, and possibly for much longer, the sinister league between party politics and the civil service that debased and demoralised both, is dissolved. In the Army and Navy, too, the same simple principles have been rigorously enforced. Extraneous influences that had nothing to do with efficiency had wormed their way into the American Army with an almost English facility. Here again President Roosevelt was not as one working in the dark. There is little about either service that he does not know both from the inside and the outside, and in his first Message to Congress he put his finger unerringly both on the evil and the remedy. For the future, he announced promotions would be made "solely with regard to the good of the service and to the capacity and merit of the man himself. No pressure, political, social or personal, of any kind, will be permitted to exercise the least effect in

any question of promotion or detail; and if there is reason to believe that such pressure is exercised at the instigation of the officer concerned, it will be held to militate against him." Mr. Brodrick might conceivably say and mean as much; Mr. Roosevelt practised it. One of his first official acts was to appoint as Chief of Ordnance, with the rank of Brigadier-General, a captain who stood twenty-ninth on the list of the officers of his corps. Almost for the first time since the Civil War the Army has ceased to be the playground of political favourites; seniority and privileged incompetence no longer direct it, and the upward path is at last thrown freely open to the admirable graduates of West Point. Of equal decisiveness was the President's intervention in the miserable Sampson-Schley feud, a sort of Buller episode magnified a hundred-fold, and disputed for over three years with a passionate ferocity. Mr. Roosevelt wound it up with a couple of stinging rebukes to General Miles and Admiral Dewey that killed the controversy and taught both services a lesson of discipline that will be long remembered. It may indeed be said without the least exaggeration that in every branch of the administration the impress of his resolute character has made itself felt in the direction of an efficiency and a public-spiritedness where fifteen months ago all was slackness and "politics."

It is on this, the administrative, side, that the Presidential office shows its strength. Its weakness is no less apparent when there arises any question of legislation. In his Message of last December Mr. Roosevelt "most earnestly invited" the attention of Congress "to the wisdom, indeed to the vital need, of providing for a substantial reduction in the tariff duties on Cuban imports into the United States." To this course, he added, "we are bound by every consideration of honour and expediency." On the one hand, the United States, by putting an end to Spanish rule, had, at the same time, destroyed a market for Cuban produce that had been cultivated for centuries. Unless, therefore, she intended the work of liberation to end in bankruptcy, she lay under a heavy obliga-

tion to provide an immediate and sufficient outlet for Cuban sugar and tobacco. And, on the other hand, a reduction of the Dingley tariff schedules in favour of Cuba had been promised by Mr. McKinley in return for the island's admission of American suzerainty and the cession of certain ports and coaling-stations. Cuba had fulfilled her part of the bargain; it remained for the Americans to fulfil theirs. The need, as Mr. Roosevelt said, was vital. The island, exhausted by the struggle with Spain and deprived of her chief market, was industrially crippled. To save her from absolute ruin, to give her the essential start on her Republican career, and to put the coping-stone on Governor-General Wood's excellent work of redemption, all that was required was a fifty per cent. reduction of the Dingley rates on her two main exports. Practically all Americans approved of this reduction, not because it would bring them in return the exclusive control of the Cuban market for food stuffs, textiles, and machinery, but for grave reasons of national prestige and good faith. Some powerful "interests," however, opposed not only that but any measure of relief. The beet-sugar, the cane-sugar, and the tobacco growers joined forces in a determined and brilliantly captained "lobby." Behind them and more or less openly in sympathy with them, stood the Republican stalwarts proclaiming that in Cuban reciprocity they detected the cloven hoof of "tariff-revision." The Democrats seized gleefully on the chance to drive a wedge into their opponents' ranks, and in the end relief was withheld, the President beaten, and his party torn in two. The most popular President that the United States has yet possessed had failed to pass through Congress a simple act of justice which had the enthusiastic backing of nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand Americans. This, too, in spite of the fact that both Houses were controlled by his own party. Mr. Roosevelt alone came out of the discreditable fiasco strengthened in the esteem of the people. He fought for the right with unwavering firmness; he is fighting for it still; and in the long run, no doubt, he will triumph. But he has not triumphed yet.

This gives some measure of the difficulties ahead of him in raising the far more hazardous question of the Trusts. In spite of all we hear of them, the Trusts are not a political issue. Both parties, Republicans no less heartily than Democrats, abuse them in public and pummel them in their State and national "platforms," and both parties support and are supported by them in private. Neither dare take too open a line for fear of alienating the campaign contributions of which these gigantic corporations may well afford to be prodigal. Neither party up to the present has evolved anything that could be called a Trust policy. Both are playing for position. At the same time the connection between the Trusts and the Republican party is popularly supposed to be more intimate than between the Trusts and the Democrats. This is partly because the Republicans are, broadly speaking, the rich man's party, the friends of capital if not its slaves, and the upholders of a tariff for protection. Whatever vague fear there is of the Trusts, and there is a good deal, all the ignorance of them and, therefore, all the prejudice against them, all the tales that are told of their "conscienceless" methods and underground influence on politics, give aid and comfort to the Democrats rather than to their opponents. And on paper and during election time the Democrats are undoubtedly the more violently hostile of the two. Whether the responsibilities of office, if they could get it, would not soften down their enmity is another question. In their present position of greater freedom they have at any rate put forward one proposal that within certain narrow limits might be efficacious, had they the chance and the courage to apply it. They suggest that the import duties should be taken off every article the production and distribution of which are controlled by a Trust. There is at least something definite in this proposal; something indeed far more definite than the Republicans, if left to themselves, would venture to suggest. Their instinct, or the instinct of their leaders, is to let well enough alone, to do nothing that will "disturb business." It is their attitude both towards Trusts and Tariff Revision;

and President Roosevelt never gave clearer proof of his boldness than when he declined to allow his party to be muzzled on either question. Mr. Bryan's appeals to fear and hatred, his furious yell of "Destroy the Trusts!" his avowed ambition to "put stripes on the millionaires," are things that the Trust magnates, knowing the conservatism of their countrymen, can afford to laugh at. It is different when a man of Roosevelt's character and position, sanely and conservatively but with a terrible resoluteness, brings the question on to the carpet. The President knew well enough what he was risking, the enmity of capitalists, disaffection and possibly revolt in his party, perhaps his own chance of re-election. But he saw the danger of leaving the Anti-Trust movement to be exploited by the fanaticism of Mr. Bryan and his followers; and he saw that that danger was increased by the silence and inactivity of the Republicans and the bewildered state of the public mind. He therefore took up the question himself not as an enemy of capital, but in the interests of capital, to save it from an unjust and disastrous assault. His general view of the evolution of modern business has been expressed over and over again. He does not believe that it is possible or desirable to go back from the large organisations to small ones in ordinary industry, nor yet from large railway systems to a discordant tangle of ill-connecting and desperately competing small lines. The age of competition, he realises, has passed or is passing. At the same time he has come to the conclusion that the natural tendency towards amalgamation has been proceeding too rapidly, that there is serious danger in the prevalence of over-capitalisation; and that "methods of governmental regulation" ought to proceed step by step with the development of new business conditions. "Governmental regulation," because State regulation has been tried and proved useless. What then does he advocate? Nothing new, nothing revolutionary. The one definite proposal he has put forward is that the same publicity should be demanded of the Trusts as is now exacted from

banks and insurance companies. "The first thing to do," he has said, "is to find out the facts; and for this purpose publicity as to capitalisation, profits and all else of importance to the public, is the most useful measure. The mere fact of this publicity would of itself remedy certain evils, and as to the others, it would in some cases point out the remedies, and would at least enable us to tell whether or not certain proposed remedies would be useful. The State acting in its collective capacity would thus first find out the facts, and then be able to take such measures as wisdom dictated." Whether the State has the power to demand such publicity is a matter for the Supreme Court to decide. Complete authority to regulate and control the affairs of great industrial corporations would seem to require a Constitutional amendment. If so, the President advocates such an amendment; and that is as far in the way of positive suggestion as he has gone. That there is nothing very radical in all this may be shown by two facts. One is that the House of Representatives has already expressed itself in favour of the sort of Constitutional amendment that the President desires to see passed. The other is that one of the biggest corporations of all, the Steel Trust, has voluntarily discarded the old policy of mystery, and now presents to the public each year a straightforward and intelligible statement of its gross earnings by months, its expenditure, its profits, and its disposition of the net gains. At the same time, the President does not hesitate to use such powers as are conferred on him by the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. He has already haled the Northern Securities Company before the Courts on the ground that its consolidation of two competing railway systems was "an unlawful combination or conspiracy to monopolise, or attempt to monopolise, trade or commerce"; and he has also directed the Attorney-General to inquire into the so-called Beef Trust. "I am far," he admirably said, "from being against property when I ask that the question of Trusts be taken up. I am acting in the most conservative sense in property's interest. When a great corporation is sued for violating

the Anti-Trust law, it is not a move against property; it is a move in favour of property, because when you can make it evident that all men, big and small alike, have to obey the law, you are putting the safeguard of law around all men." And from the same sober standpoint he defends the proposed Constitutional amendment. "I am well aware that the process of Constitutional amendment is necessarily a slow one, and one into which our people are reluctant to enter, save for the best of reasons; but I am confident that in this instance the reasons exist. I am also aware that there will be difficulty in framing an amendment which will meet the objects of the case and yet will secure the necessary support. The very fact that there must be delay in securing the adoption of such an amendment ensures full discussion and calm consideration on the whole subject and will prevent any ill-considered action."

This is the entire sum of the President's policy, and obviously it does not carry us very far. Could it be put into practice it would combat but one of the Trust evils, that of over-capitalisation. It would protect the stockholder and the investing public, but it would hardly touch the consumer. And it is as a consumer and purchaser of the Trust's goods and products that the average American is chiefly interested in the problem. What he dreads more than anything else is the power of the Trusts to raise the prices of the prime necessaries of life; and it is for this reason that he is gravitating more and more towards the possibility of hitting them by means of the tariff. The President, however, while not opposed to a mild form of tariff revision *per se*, emphatically maintains that it has nothing to do with the Trusts. "The question of regulating the trusts with a view to minimising or abolishing the evils existent in them is separate and apart from the question of tariff revision. . . . The real evils connected with the Trusts cannot be remedied by any change in the tariff laws." That is trenchant, but is it true? Granted that the smaller competitors—very few of the Trusts are complete

monopolies—would be swallowed up by a removal of the tariff duties on their industries, and that the Trusts would thereby become monopolies in fact, it is still possible to think that the unrestricted competition of foreign goods and products would force a certain maximum of prices beyond which it would be dangerous to advance. On the whole the chief value of the President's intervention in the Trust issue is this: he has brought sobriety, caution and sincerity to bear on a question in the discussion of which these three qualities have been woefully deficient. He does his own thinking, and he means business; and the people, who are at once anxious and utterly befogged, believe in him implicitly. Whether as the result of his campaign anything will get itself written on the Statute Book is quite another matter. The people, as I have said, dearly love a leader; but the politicians do not, and I am not sure that the Constitution wholly approves of one. It will be one of the most interesting features of Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency to see whether his methods succeed in getting things done as speedily as Mr. McKinley's. That they are more inspiriting to watch is beyond argument; but the Presidential disabilities set forth at the beginning of this article make one question whether there is really room in the American system for a President of Mr. Roosevelt's resoluteness and vigour. So far it must be said that the first year of President Roosevelt has been a personal rather than a political triumph. But that personal triumph is so supreme that the victory of his party in the forthcoming elections ought properly to be called a Rooseveltian and not a Republican victory.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT IN IRELAND

"HOME Rule is dead." How often have we not heard and read that statement, within the last six years, as a comment upon Lord Rosebery's memorable phrase concerning the "predominant partner!" And yet somewhere about one-eighth of the Members of the House of Commons are returned ostensibly for the sole purpose of pushing the demand for it in season and out of season; and they are supported, not only by a considerable part of the Liberal Party in that House, including its titular head, but by the yet more efficient aid of an organisation audacious enough to hold formal "courts," whose decisions are able to override the law of the land, powerful enough (by the infliction of penalties which render the lives of recalcitrants practically insupportable) to terrorise the King's subjects into foregoing rights guaranteed them by that law, and with which the Government have so far shown themselves unable or unwilling to cope effectively, though they have not yet repeated the amazing indiscretion of a former Chief Secretary (but lately a prominent member of the Cabinet), who actually refused the assistance of the police to the officers of the sheriff in the execution of the decrees of the High Court of Justice!

The extraordinary supineness of the Government in this respect has been for many months a byword among friends and opponents alike; and though from time to time they are apparently goaded into a sort of half-hearted semblance of vigour, they seem somehow constitutionally incapable of

appraising at their true value either the frothy declamation of avowed and irreconcilable enemies, or the deep, if silent, resentment which is rapidly alienating their last remaining friends.[1] It is not long since I heard a gentleman of considerable local influence in the North of Ireland, one who during a long life has spent and been spent in the Unionist cause, declare that he would accept with equanimity, even welcome, the severance of the "last link," on the ground that "the arbitrament of the rifle, with all its drawbacks, would be preferable to being utilised by successive British Ministers for sops to Cerberus." I do not suggest that "counsels of despair" of this sort are otherwise than very exceptional, but the exacerbation of feeling of which such expressions are the outward and visible signs is both widespread and dangerous.

But it is no part of my present object to dwell upon the shortcomings of the late Administration, obvious as they were to every lover of law and order, be his political leanings what they might; nor even to deplore the manifest tendency on the part of their successors to follow in their footsteps which has filled the Irish Unionist Press with disappointment and dismay: I desire rather to call attention to the significant fact that a long succession of British statesmen (all, I am persuaded, actuated by the most benevolent motives) have not only failed to overcome the apparently implacable hostility of the majority of the population of Ireland to their methods of government, but have even caused, or at any rate permitted, that hostility to increase in intensity with the passage of time. Any one who will take the trouble to compare the utterances of Parnell and Redmond with those of O'Connell and Butt cannot fail to be struck at once with the similarity and the contrast.

The phenomenon is a remarkable one—I believe it to be unique; at any rate I am not aware of any historical parallel,

[1] Since this was written the result of the South Belfast election has given a striking example of the effects of this resentment.

and all *à priori* reasoning, as well as the experience of the earlier settlements (both Danish and Norman) in Ireland itself, point to a different conclusion. On general principles it would have been anticipated that, where no physical obstacle to the amalgamation of the races existed, the antagonism arising from the fact of conquest would be gradually softened, and the distinctions obliterated, by lapse of time, by intermarriage, by continued intercourse, and by the hundred-and-one other agencies which go to the manufacture of nationalities. And in point of fact, as far as racial differences are concerned, this process actually took place in Ireland. After the Wars of the Roses we hear practically nothing of the old warfare between the "Englishry" and the "Irishry," though the contests between clan and clan, Norman and Keltic alike, were as active as ever; even the celebrated Act designed to secure the predominance of English interests was directed rather against the Yorkist tendencies of the Hiberno-Norman nobles than any action of the Keltic chieftains, who were neither represented in the Parliament at Drogheda nor affected by its legislation; but with the Reformation a new bone of contention was unfortunately introduced, under circumstances and with consequences which have been already discussed in the pages of this Magazine.[1]

But this alone would not be sufficient to account for the vitality, to say nothing of the intensity, of the hostility in question. Mr. Redmond is the modern representative of a long line of distinguished Irishmen, dating at least from the days of Talbot and Sarsfield (both men of Norman lineage), men differing from one another in almost every other respect, but all agreeing in a passionate longing for what they were pleased to describe as "Irish Independence."

It is true that this expression has at different times and in different mouths connoted very different ideas, but all alike in this, that they point to a constitutional position for Ireland socially, politically, and economically, inferior to that which

[1] Monthly Review, January 1902, p. 61.

she enjoys under the Union now existing, and which, if it had any vitality whatever, would be inconsistent with the security of the British Empire.

In this connection the marked difference in the results of the two Legislative Unions (England with Scotland, and Great Britain with Ireland) on the populations of the weaker countries is especially noticeable. The attendant circumstances were in many respects similar; the union was in both cases pressed by and in the interests of the English Ministry of the day, and carried—in both cases by the most unblushing corruption—in spite of violent popular opposition;[1] so far as there was any obvious distinction the advantages were altogether on the side of Ireland; in Scotland there was a *real* historical national sentiment to be overcome, such as did not exist, and never had existed, in the case of Ireland; the former union was admittedly aimed at the prevention of a dynastic reaction hoped for by an important part—perhaps a majority—of the nation; the latter was avowedly desired for the furtherance of the Roman Catholic claims, which it was clear would never be conceded by an Irish Parliament; as regards representation in the united Parliament, Scotland had met with niggard, Ireland with lavish, consideration; and yet in one case the lapse of a century found the people not merely acquiescent but reconciled, while in the other, the like period has but confirmed and intensified the opposition. Why is this? It cannot be fortuitous, still less can it result from any racial idiosyncrasies, for the populations of the two countries are composed of the same races, mixed in very much the same proportions. Much is doubtless due to the particular conditions of Irish society at the end of the eighteenth century, but even more, I think, to the vacillation, the surrenders to agitation, and the want of finality, which have characterised the policy of the nineteenth.

[1] It is said that the reason why the nine of diamonds is known as "the curse of Scotland" is its resemblance to the armorial bearings of the Earl of Stair (or, on a saltire azure, nine lozenges of the field), the Minister in charge of the Bill in the Parliament of Scotland.

But these are questions of "ancient history," and, however valuable from Livy's point of view,[1] are outside the scope of this paper.

The notion of an absolutely independent Ireland (Parnell's "severance of the last link") may be dismissed at once as illusory. The unerring instinct of the king and people of England perceived, two hundred years ago, that such independence would be incompatible with the highest interests of both countries, and induced them, in the face of threatened foreign intervention and domestic reaction, and notwithstanding the powerful opposition of Halifax, to hazard the success of the Revolution itself, rather than permit King James to establish a separate kingdom in Ireland. That that instinct survives unimpaired the history of the last sixteen years sufficiently demonstrates. Indeed, the parallel between the events of 1688 and 1886 in many details, even down to the personality of the principal actors, has all the materials of a fascinating study, which we have not space to pursue at present.

Short of independence, the connection between the two countries must take one of three forms: Vassalage, Alliance, or Union; in other words, Ireland must have the status of a Dependency, a Colony, or an integral part of the Sovereign Country. Of these conditions the first named may be put aside as beyond the sphere of practical politics; no one now proposes to return to the *régime* which was put an end to in 1782, and of which all that need be noticed is, that the resistance it provoked is memorable as the first and last occasion in the history of Ireland when the whole population, Protestant and Roman Catholic, Norman, Saxon, and Keltic, were united in a common cause. Of the remaining alternatives, one cannot but wonder at the extraordinary blindness which does not

[1] Hoc illud est præcipue in cognitione rerum salubre ac frugiferum, omnis te exempli documenta in illustri posita monumento intueri; inde tibi tuæque reipublicæ quod imitere capias, inde, fœdum inceptu, fœdum exitu, quod vites. *Praef.*

appreciate the superiority in every respect, both as regards the influence of the country as a whole and the position of Irishmen as individuals, of their recognition as a constituent part, with equal rights, and even more than proportional influence, of the most powerful nation the world has seen since the partition of the Roman Empire. The position put forward by the late Sir Henry Parkes as the ultimate goal of Australian ambition is that already attained in Ireland. I am not inclined to dispute that, with the majority, if not all, of the men in question, the principal motive force was genuine if misdirected patriotism, though it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the undisguised self-seeking which largely tempered the same in some prominent instances; none but the most superficial observer could class Butt and Parnell in the same category with Grattan and O'Connell. But they all had this characteristic in common that, led away by the magic of phrases, they reached after the *ignis fatuus* of insular autonomy, to the neglect, in some cases even the repudiation, of the available substance of association in Imperial self-government.

νήπιοι, οὐ γὰρ ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντός.

That such autonomy as they desired was unattainable it would not be hard to show; that if attainable it would be undesirable is, I think, evident from the foregoing; and that, if attained, it never could be exercised on any important occasion otherwise than in subordination to British interests without involving either a reconquest of the island or the downfall of the Empire, must be apparent to every one not wilfully blind; but "that is another story," the consideration of which is foreign to my present purpose.

As above mentioned, the most striking feature in the Nationalist movement is that the ordinary processes of social evolution seem to be reversed; and whereas the general trend of modern political movement is towards aggregation, in this case the separatist aspirations have become exaggerated with lapse of time. Grattan was contented with the constitution of

1782, and even resented any proposition of change in it; and yet under that constitution, although the Parliament of Great Britain were expressly precluded from interference in Irish affairs, the Irish Ministry were dependent for existence and continuance in office on the good pleasure of the English Ministry of the day, who in their turn were responsible to the British Parliament alone, and were absolutely independent, not only of the Irish Parliament, but of all public opinion and public feeling in Ireland. O'Connell's demand was merely for the restoration of this constitution as modified by the Emancipation Act. Under the leadership of Butt, in whose time the phrase "Home Rule" was first substituted for "Repeal," the demand was kept studiously vague, and the efforts of the party were *really* directed to the control of Irish patronage; and it was reserved for Parnell, when not talking about "the last link," to put forward a distinct claim to the position of "a self-governing colony." This claim has since been more precisely formulated by Mr. Redmond as follows: "An Irish Parliament, in which there should be no veto except the veto of the Crown, which should be exercised there, as in England, in conformity with the wishes of the Irish Ministers of the Sovereign." It will be seen that this is not a revendication of any "rights" that Ireland may be supposed to have lost; no similar position has ever yet been hers, though the Bill of 1886 would have created a nondescript body, apparently fashioned on the model of an Ecclesiastical Synod, which would speedily have acquired all the powers for evil of a separate Government. What those powers might have become, and how they might have been exercised, may be judged from the difficulties raised by the action of the Irish Parliament in the matter of the Regency in 1787, and later in the proposal for a separate naval establishment.

Mr. Redmond's claim, however objectionable on other grounds, is logically defensible; but the proposals of 1886 and 1893, as explained by their authors, were constitutional monstrosities of opposite characters. We have been over and

over again, *usque ad nauseam*, assured by English apologists for the Bill of 1886—no Irish critic, for or against, has cherished the fond delusion—that "the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament was a capital and fundamental principle" of that proposal; but no explanation ot the means whereby such supremacy was to be secured has ever been attempted. I have elsewhere[1] shown, or endeavoured to show, that it is inconsistent with the nature of Representative Institutions for a Representative Assembly to assume *direct* legislative authority over any place or territory not represented therein, and that the phrase "No taxation without representation" is merely a crucial instance of a principle of wider application; although in the case of all dependencies, and of many colonies, the *indirect* power of Parliament, acting through the agency of the Crown, and by reason of their control over the Home Government, is capable of efficient exercise. But under the scheme of 1886 neither the British Parliament nor the British Ministers were to have any power of interference with, or veto on, Irish legislation, or any say in the appointment of, or control over, the Irish Executive Government. It is not, therefore, very easy to see how this "capital and fundamental supremacy of the Imperial Parliament" could have been effectively asserted, if impugned, as it was certain to be, by the Irish Assembly, otherwise than by armed force, exercised in support of some such usurpation as that involved in the American Stamp Act, to be inevitably followed by resistance, and not improbably by civil war. The difficulties which have arisen in connection with the proposed suspension of the Cape Constitution supply a valuable object-lesson on this point.

The proposal of 1893, on the contrary, erred fatally in the other direction. For, while under it all purely Irish affairs were to be managed by a Legislature (one can hardly call it a Parliament) exclusively Irish, the Irish representatives were to retain an important—it might often be a preponderating—voice in all the concerns of the United Kingdom: while the

[1] *East and West*, November 1901, p. 83.

unanimous opinion of England, Wales, and Scotland was to be powerless to prevent the most far-reaching innovations in Irish administration, a majority of Irish members might be able, in certain phases of public opinion, to veto the construction of a railway in Hampshire, or to regulate the powers to be conferred on the London County Council. These instances may be thought exaggerated, but the underlying principle is best perceived from an extreme example. How clearly it was perceived, and how strongly resented, by the British Electorate, the utterly unanticipated, and not wholly fortunate, result of the General Election of 1895 is sufficient evidence.

It may possibly be replied that the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament exists in the cases of Canada and Australia, and that the Nationalist demand does not conflict with a similar supremacy in Ireland. But, in the first place, this supremacy, if and so far as it exists at all, depends entirely upon the maintenance of the Royal veto, exercisable, not "in conformity with the wishes of" the local advisers of the Governor, but on the advice of the Secretary of State for the Colonies for the time being, and is therefore expressly excluded, not only by the provisions of 1886, but by the terms of the constitution demanded for Ireland. It is of more consequence, however, to note that this "supremacy," like the "suzerainty" over the late South African Republic, exists solely on condition that it is never to be seriously exercised, and that the first occasion on which any legislative interference with any of these Colonies was attempted, except at its own request, would be highly resented, and the authority promptly repudiated. Sir Wilfred Laurier's speeches on the war, Sir Edmund Barton's action in the conduct through Parliament of the Commonwealth Bill, and even the utterances of so imperialistic a statesman as Mr. Seddon on the question of the Cape difficulty, leave no room for doubt on this point. Moreover, the conditions are not similar. In one case we are dealing with communities in thorough sympathy with the people of England, who are proud of their position as members of the Empire, and earnestly

anxious for its welfare; whose co-operation therefore can be safely calculated upon when required, provided only that it is asked for in proper constitutional form, and from whom no unprovoked hostility is under any circumstances to be anticipated. They are, besides, separated from this kingdom by thousands of miles of ocean; and in the improbable event of either colony desiring complete separation, it could be let go, if the rest of the Empire so willed, not without detriment indeed, but without vital injury to the remainder. In the other case we are dealing with a people to the majority of whom we are the subjects of violent, if unreasonable, antipathy, who lose no opportunity of displaying their animosity, and who could be depended upon to make their hostility effective, given only the opportunity; a people, be it remembered, close to our shores, lying, as we are opportunely reminded by Captain Mahan,[1] "across the access of Great Britain to the outer world," and whose hostility would, in case of foreign complications, be certainly embarrassing to our diplomacy and damaging to our interests, and might, in certain not improbable events, prove destructive of our Empire, perhaps even perilous to our national independence. The influence which a separate Irish Administration would have had on the course of the late war may be judged from the public conduct of the men of whom it would in all probability have been composed.

It does not follow, however, that the effect of the Union has been invariably beneficial. In at least one respect it has been distinctly injurious. The Union was carried too far or not far enough. When the Acts of Union passed there were two policies legitimately open to Government. The pre-existing relations between England and Ireland lent themselves easily to a complete unification of the two countries. The Common Law was the same on both sides of the Channel, the Church establishments had been expressly amalgamated by the Act of Union, and Ireland had been for some three hundred years

[1] *National Review*, May 1902, p. 404.

generally administered according to English ideas. Englishmen had habitually been appointed to the highest offices, judicial and ecclesiastical, in Ireland; and it only required reciprocity in practice, combined with a little tact and a good deal of patience, to have effected a complete assimilation within a moderate period. In the matter of legislation this course offered peculiar advantages. Had successive Ministries set themselves persistently and consistently to treat Ireland as merely thirty-two extra English counties, to treat Down as Durham, Galway as Gloucestershire, Cork as Cornwall, obliterating as quickly as conveniently might be pre-existing local diversities, and above all things discouraging separate legislation except for purposes of assimilation, and if they had begun by abolishing at once the fiction of separate Governments, which has never been anything but an excrescence and an expense, though they would have had to contend against much opposition, and even some temporary obstruction, a great approach to assimilation could not fail to have been produced in the course of the next one or two generations.[1] It is needless to say that this would not have precluded the passing of special Acts, limited to particular localities, when required by the circumstances; but such Acts would have been confined to specified districts, as similar Acts are from time to time in England; that most pernicious of clauses, "This Act shall not apply to Ireland," and its sister iniquity, "This Act shall extend only to Ireland," would not have appeared in the Statute-book; and the treatment of Ireland as a single, homogeneous, and separate entity—the source of so many blunders—would have been rendered impossible.

But if this were considered too heroic a course for adoption,

[1] This process would have been greatly expedited had Sir Robert Peel been permitted to carry into effect his scheme for the consolidation of the Judicial Establishments in the two countries, followed, as it would inevitably have been, by the amalgamation of the Bars. The idea was not received with favour in either country at the time, though I have since heard many persons of weight, on both sides of the Channel, deplore the failure to give effect to it.

the system which had worked successfully in the case of Scotland might have been tried. That system was necessitated by the fundamental differences, in Law, Procedure, and Administration, which existed between England and Scotland, and which did not exist in the case of Ireland; but its adoption, though unnecessary, would not have been impracticable. Under that system all the *details* of distinctively Irish legislation would have been practically left to the Irish members, subject only to interference in matters of *principle*, by the general body of the House, to prevent the adoption of measures unacceptable to the community as a whole. This plan, though immeasurably inferior to the former, would have encountered less opposition, and would at least have secured in Irish legislation some intelligent appreciation of Irish ideals.

Neither of these courses was adopted. On the contrary, legislation for England and Ireland respectively, even when substantially identical, was habitually effected by separate Acts, with or without variations of form, sometimes of very doubtful utility. The resulting evils are twofold. The local differences which call for or justify differential treatment are even greater as between different parts of Ireland than as between Ireland as a whole and Great Britain as a whole; but these differences are systematically ignored, and Ireland dealt with as "one and indivisible," though in the majority of instances, where separate treatment is justified at all, it requires to be discriminately narrowed. Again, when separate legislation for Ireland is proposed, it is dealt with by the whole House, and decided by the votes of a majority, most of them without either knowledge of, or care for, the special merits of the case, who vote simply as a matter of party, and whose constituents are unaffected by, and indifferent to, the result. It follows from this that, on the one hand, when a measure is under discussion involving questions of general application, in which the whole United Kingdom is interested, local peculiarities in Ireland—or parts of Ireland—calling for modifications in detail, are apt to be disregarded,

and details suited especially for England applied to Ireland also, without the variations required by the differing circumstances. The Distribution of Seats Act of 1885 is a conspicuous instance of this, but an examination of the point would take me too far from my theme. On the other hand, when the balance of English parties requires, or tempts, the Ministry of the day to conciliate "the Irish vote," a measure can be introduced which would not, under any circumstances, be tolerated for England, and forced through by the dead weight of a party majority, which neither knows nor cares anything about the merits of the case, while the members so "conciliated" not improbably return the compliment by some equally *disinterested* support on an English question. The convenience of the plan to Ministers, of all parties, is as manifest as its evil influence on Irish legislation. And the practical working of this system—if system that can be called which method has none—has been even worse than might have been anticipated; for while the theory of political equality of treatment has led to the application to a purely agricultural population of institutions only fitted for an industrial community, the notion of Ireland as "a separate political entity" has facilitated the use of her as a *corpus vile* for the trial of experiments in social economy such as would never have been tolerated if proposed for application impartially to the whole kingdom. Thus Ireland has been exposed to the drawbacks of both methods, without obtaining the advantages of either. On the other hand, the same system has occasionally led to the determination of important questions affecting England only by the votes of members avowedly indifferent to the merits, and acting solely from ulterior motives. This is the "Nemesis" spoken of in the gibe of an evening paper: "We insist on interfering with the affairs of Ireland, and they, in return, thrust an unwelcome finger into ours."[1] But this in no way mitigates the evil.

The long series of Acts bemuddling the Land Laws errs

[1] *Star*, May 9, 1902.

in both directions: a proposal put forward by men of the highest authority on the subject,[1] and thoroughly in sympathy with the claims of the tenantry, so far as these were well-founded, embodying a plan automatically self-adjusting, and which, once set going, would have enabled landlord and tenant to settle their mutual obligations without outside interference, was rejected on the plea that it was inconsistent with contract, (occupancy right was not recognised by English law,) and afterwards all idea of contract, or for that matter of political economy in any form, was thrown to the dogs, and a system introduced at variance equally with English and Irish ideas, which was aptly described by the present Lord Chancellor of Ireland as "a scheme for setting the population of Ireland by the ears, *with covenant for perpetual renewal!*" But the story is too long to be told here, and as even its advocates admit that "this is a question with which Parliament and Parliament alone [that is, the United Parliament] can and must deal" it is, apparently by common consent removed out of the atmosphere of Home Rule.

Another evil consequent upon the Union, of a different sort, and capable of easier remedy, is the unnecessary and oppressive expensiveness of Irish Private Bill Legislation. We have lately heard a good deal about the necessity for "a devolution to local authorities of that local business which weighs heavily on the overburdened House of Commons, and which would be far better dealt with by local authorities." If by this is meant nothing more than the extension to the localities affected, whether in England or Ireland, of some such power of dealing with questions of gas, water, railways, *et hoc genus omne*, as has already been provided for Scotland, in which the County Councils should have a prominent place, they would, I think, meet with general acceptance, at any rate in Ireland; though, if the scheme is to work at all reasonably there, it will require more adaptation to the *perfervidum Scotorum ingenium*

[1] To those who know anything of the history of this question the name of the late Judge Longfield will be sufficient authority for this statement.

(adopting the language of a recent manifesto, let us say "fetters" on their caprice) than would be requisite in England. The experience of the last three years has not been such as to encourage us to rely on the discretion of these councils. The scandalous abuses connected with their administration of the Technical Education and Industrial Schools Acts, the gross neglect of their immediate duties, and the ridiculous resolutions which they delight to pass on matters altogether outside their jurisdiction, are, or ought to be, sufficient warning against any wide extension of their discretionary powers. The phenomenon last mentioned is nothing new: from the days of the Volunteers onward Irish representative councils have shown themselves rather political debating societies than businesslike assemblies, and neither the "reformed" Corporations nor the newly created Councils, whether County or District, have proved any exception to the rule.[1] If such matters as the construction of a railway, or the extension of a municipal area, are not to be made the battle-ground of political and religious rivalry, they can never be entirely emancipated from Imperial control. It would be stepping beyond my province to formulate a scheme for the devolution of these powers, which should find a fitting place for local opinion without succumbing to local caprice; but the problem does not present any real difficulty, provided only that the object in view is the creation of an efficient authority, fairly representative of local interests, and not the encouragement of local jobbery, or the satisfaction of political or religious rancour.

We have lately been favoured, from the two wings of the

[1] A fair specimen of the temper of these bodies, and their idea of administrative justice, is afforded by the action of the Board of Guardians (Rural District Council) which refused out-door relief to a poor widow, not because she did not need or did not deserve it, but on the ground that her deceased husband had been an emergency-man (*i.e.*, had come to the assistance of some victim who was being boycotted), one member saying that there was no use in their being a National Council if they did not act as such; if they did not show their sense of such conduct there was an end of their nationality.

Liberal Party, with what may be taken to be more or less official utterances on this subject.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, in announcing the unaltered adherence of that party—or that portion of it represented by the official organisation—to the cause of Home Rule, rests his position mainly on the assertion that it is the only alternative to "coercion," by which he means the enforcement of the provisions of the Crimes Act, 1887. He is reported to have said:

> We had in Ireland at the present moment the whole of the machinery established to govern a people who ought to be free against the British Constitution by methods and by laws not only unknown to us, but which the Government would never dare to think of applying to Englishmen or to Scotchmen; and this whole machinery was again at work. If we wished to maintain the present system it would have to be by coercion.[1]

Among the many witty and pregnant sayings of the late Dr. Robert Macdonnell there is none more apt than his description of the administration of Ireland as "government by stick and sugar-stick." The idea of coercion as something abnormal and exceptional arises entirely from the employment of temporary expedients for the repression of chronic disorder, and not from the character of those expedients themselves. The existing Crimes Act is, I believe, the 64th Act passed for the purpose since the Union; and it has this superiority over its predecessors, that it is capable of being put in force without delay when desired, but it is weakened by the necessity of formal proclamation for the purpose, thus giving an unnecessary opportunity to the shrieking brotherhood to bewail "the insult thereby inflicted on the most crimeless city in the world." In point of fact, so far is it from the truth that the methods of the Crimes Act are "unknown to us," or such as "the Government would never dare to think of applying to Englishmen or Scotchmen," that there is nothing of substance in its provisions which has not been law in Scotland from time immemorial, nothing unfamiliar with the system which was

[1] Speech at Leeds, August 1, 1902.

justly described by Sir George Trevelyan as "greatly effective as a check on crime, but absolutely without any terror or danger to law-abiding citizens." [1]

Had this Act, or something similar, been enacted at an early period, before the methods of sedition had reached their present pitch of organisation; had its operation, instead of being exceptional and intermittent, been made, as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is reported to have said "it might very well have been made, part of the permanent law;" [2] we should have been spared much declamatory nonsense about "coercion," without trenching on the liberty, or interfering with the comfort, of any but the criminal or the instigator of crime. Indeed, were the provisions of the Act permanently in force throughout the United Kingdom, they would affect no one injuriously but the hooligan, the moonlighter, and the boycotter, or their aiders and abettors.[3]

Sir Henry Fowler, on the other hand, has issued a manifesto which may not improbably be taken as embodying the latest views of the Imperialist Liberals—or Liberal Imperialists—on this subject. In this he expressly disclaims the notion of recognising any legislation "which might lead up to anything in the shape of an independent Parliament sitting in Dublin," and thus effectually throws over at once the "Irish Parliamentary Party," and the official Opposition. So far so good; but when we come to look at the manifesto in detail,

"Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angit."

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[1] Speech at Galashiels, May 7, 1886.

[2] See the *Scotsman*, October 17, 1885.

[3] I am not here speaking of the apostles of physical force, whom we always have had, and I presume always will have, amongst us, and whose attitude is best described by a quotation from Mrs. F. Steel.

"*Orator*: There are 50,000 Irish patriots armed to the teeth, and ready to strike a blow for liberty.

"*1st Auditor*: And why the divil don't they strike it?

"*2nd Auditor*: Bedad! the polis' won't let them."

After a reference to the desired devolution of local business, to which no exception can be taken, Sir Henry goes on:

> The centralised administration of "Dublin Castle" must be reformed, and to Ireland, as well as to England, Scotland, and Wales must be delegated powers of local control of local affairs.

The reference to "Dublin Castle" may be passed over as a somewhat hackneyed gibe; the administration of the Government in Ireland is not more—is even less—centralised than the Home Office or the Local Government Board, and it must have *some* local habitation, and a more convenient one than "the Castle" has yet to be suggested, unless indeed it were to be transferred bodily to the Irish Office in London, which would scarcely come under the description of "decentralisation": but if the words above quoted foreshadow—as one may be permitted to suspect—the creation of some intermediate assembly superior to the County Councils, but subordinate to Parliament, the suggestion is one to be earnestly deprecated. In the first place it would be entirely inappropriate. To justify the creation of any such semi-central authority there should exist some definite community of interest between the several members of the group, not possessed in common with the rest of the United Kingdom. No such common interest exists throughout Ireland. There is no greater reason for combining Belfast for purposes of local government with Cork or Limerick than with Glasgow or Liverpool; indeed, in some respects there is less; the commercial affinities and social sympathies are greater in the latter case than the former, and the elements which make for discord decidedly weaker. Derry and Galway have no interests in common that they do not share equally with Bristol and Leith, and the like may be said of any two places taken at random, not situate in the same or adjoining counties. For all purposes of local administration any extension of the area of jurisdiction beyond the county is only likely to add to the opportunities for wrangling and jobbery. Secondly, any such assembly—call it what you will, and circumscribe its

functions as you may—would inevitably be utilised as a screw to extort further concessions, leading ever more and more towards that "dualism of government at the very heart of the Empire," against which Sir Henry, in common with Lord Rosebery, has put down his foot. It is not for nothing that Mr. Redmond declares that "nothing is ever got for Ireland except by agitation"; and it is a commonplace in the councils of the Nationalists that concessions are never made except when extorted from weakness, and should always be accepted merely on the footing of instalments. It would "pass the wit of man" to devise a central representative assembly for the transaction of Irish business which would not be used, and, if opportunity were found, successfully used, to "lead up to" something very much "in the shape of an independent Parliament sitting in Dublin."

But the most questionable part of this manifesto is that dealing with the Local Government Act of 1898. If Sir Henry has in this respect accurately voiced the deliberate conclusions of the independent Liberals, the friends of law and order in Ireland have their work cut out for them. He says:

> I admit frankly that it [the Act] is fettered with restrictions which have limited the control of the Irish local authorities in a manner in which those authorities are not restricted in England and Scotland, and that the operation of that Act will not have fair play until the Irish local authorities are put on the same footing and invested with the same powers in all respects which the English and Scotch local authorities possess.

It would be interesting to learn what are the fetters. So far as I am aware the only power of any moment now possessed by any County Council in Great Britain which is denied to the Irish Councils is the control of the police; and with the spectacle before us of the conduct of too many of these Councils, County and District alike,[1] I cannot doubt that Sir Henry himself, or

[1] A fair specimen of this conduct appears in the morning papers of May 13 last. "At a special court under the Crimes Act held at Ennis yesterday P. J. Linnane, J.P., *Chairman of Ennis Urban Council* and Vice-President of East Clare Executive United Irish League; Tim Flanigan, J.P., *Chairman of Corofin District Council;* M. Griffey and M. O'Brien, *District*

any other possible British statesman, were he now in power would think twice before entrusting them with the charge of the lives and property of their fellow citizens.

> "There's none but a madman will throw about fire,
> And say it is all but in sport."

What, then, are the "fetters"? It is true that the keener political insight of Mr. Balfour, and his superior acquaintance with public opinion in Ireland, led him in 1897 to put forward proposals for Irish Local Government which really were "fettered with restrictions" of the nature in question, restrictions that he knew were needed if the Councils were to be really efficient. I cannot tell what were the causes that led to the abandonment of those restrictions in 1898; whether political cowardice (but that I can hardly credit) or mere irresolution, or what the *St. James's Gazette* aptly calls "Geraldism"; but at any rate they were abandoned, to the manifest detriment of the efficiency of the Councils. Everywhere over at least three-fourths of Ireland we find them turning from the administrative work for which they were called into being, to indulge in political declamation, insensate when not seditious, and frequently both; while the rates are everywhere rising and the roads deteriorating for the want of those very "fetters" which would—or might—have secured a moderate leaven of practical experience and businesslike habits in the lump of bigotry and self-sufficiency.

It is also at present proposed to entrust the English County Councils with the charge of Education. The proposal has, strangely enough, met with the most determined opposition from the very men who are advocating the extension of the authority of the Irish Councils. I am not concerned either

Councillors, and three others, were convicted of having taken part in a criminal conspiracy to compel certain persons not to continue in occupation of certain lands. Flanigan was sentenced to four months' imprisonment with hard labour; Linnane to three months without hard labour; the others to two months with hard labour, except in the case of Griffey, who is nearly 80 years of age."

with the consistency of this attitude or the fate of the proposal in question; however these things may be, education is not, and I hope it never will be, any part of the functions of the like bodies in Ireland. The system of National Education there established is far from perfect: it also has laboured under the difficulty of accommodating Irish ideas to English fads; I have a vivid recollection of the "storm and stress" of its early years; it has at length settled down on a fairly workable *modus vivendi*, and I should be grieved to see it cast again to the dogs of religious warfare.

It is refreshing to turn from these utterances, whose importance is wholly due to the personality of their authors, to listen to the aspirations of an Irish Roman Catholic gentleman, who combines with the knowledge which gives weight to his views the rare courage of giving open expression to them; he does but voice feelings which have long silently pervaded Irish Roman Catholic society,[1] though they are, as a rule, studiously buried in silence.

> Would that a strong honest man could be found anywhere at the present day to undertake the management of affairs in Ireland for a period of ten years certain; a strong man who, unlike many henpecked statesmen of recent years, would squarely face Bishop —— and the powerful clerical army of which he is one of the generals, and, careless of popularity or unpopularity, set himself to the heroic work of doing equal justice to the lay men and women who form the labouring, trading, and farming classes of Catholic Ireland. The priests' satellites and flatterers, who are now so noisy, would desert them speedily in such a conjuncture, and something might be done at length for the Irish lay Catholic in his own land.[2]

Lord Rosebery is credited with the expression of an opinion that "in whatever way the Irish question may hereafter be dealt with, it must be achieved by the concurrence and

[1] It is many years since the late Lord Justice Barry (a typical Irish gentleman, if ever there was one) said to me, in a burst of (apparently) uncontrollable emotion, "I tell you what it is, Mr. Miller, what between the aloofness of the Protestants and the overbearing intolerance of the priests, the life of an Irish Catholic gentleman is almost unendurable."

[2] "Priests and People in Ireland," p. 408.

patriotism of both political parties." This has, I fear, in face of their present attitude, rather the aspect of a pious platitude; but if we add, "and with full consciousness that nothing which can be done consistently with Imperial interests will have any effect in satisfying the demands, or disarming the hostility, of Irish Nationalism," and if, with this consciousness, the leaders of both—or all three—parties would agree, abandoning their futile attempts to capture "the Irish vote," to support one another in the steady, unflinching enforcement of the supremacy of the law, I believe the last word on the subject will have been said. It is not legislation, remedial or repressive, that is required, but honest, fearless, and impartial administration.

"Home Rule" is not dead, nor dying; it can neither be "killed by kindness" nor crushed by "coercion"; like the poor, we shall have it always with us; but unless and until the people of Great Britain are afflicted with that madness which the gods are said to send to those whom they wish to destroy, it must neither be encouraged nor coquetted with.

But you must grasp your nettle firmly and unflinchingly, if you wish to disarm its sting.

ALEXANDER EDW. MILLER.

THE HORSEMEN OF THE FUTURE

THROUGH many generations and many centuries the horse soldier has gone up and down in popular estimation, as has in turn the sword or lance which he carries, in accordance with the experience of the most recent fighting. But apart from questions of armament, training, and equipment, this singular fact stands out that, though infantry on its own merits, and irrespective of its leaders, has maintained its level standing, cavalry has been greatly dependent for the worth at which it is held on the capacity of its leaders. Whenever a great cavalry leader has arisen, the cavalry arm has at once assumed a commanding position; without that leader it sinks temporarily into a more or less obscure position. If we look back through cavalry history the waves are very clearly defined, and on the top of each cavalry wave is a great leader. The future is built out of the past, and it is therefore advisable before rushing into reform to weigh carefully the lessons of past generations, and, blending these with recent experiences, to make only such changes as both history and modern developments clearly show to be necessary.

In no way is this more clearly demonstrated than by the history of the sword and the lance. The first natural weapon for a man to use when he first took to fighting on horseback was a stick, or some similar weapon, with which he could hit his enemy; and from this stick was evolved the sword. But along

came another inventor, and lengthening his stick considerably, placed a sharp point on it, and riding at speed, got his point home before the swordsman could touch him. To keep out this exceedingly inconvenient point the horse-soldier began to pile armour on himself and on his horse, till from sheer weight he lost all activity. Thus encumbered the lancer met the keen blades and light unarmoured horsemen of Saladin, and from sheer exhaustion, rather than merit of weapon, was worn down and defeated. The knight returned to Europe, and from his experiences grew light unarmoured horsemen armed with the sword, whilst by a curious perversion he left his lance as a legacy to the East.

In the wars of Cromwell, and of Marlborough, the sword predominated, burt later came the Polish lancers of Napoleon, and as a result of the Napoleonic wars the lance first found its way into the British Army as a recognised weapon. Throughout the nineteenth century, without very much to go upon, military theorists wrote up the lance, or wrote down the sword, according to their personal predilections. The Uhlan and the Cossack had made themselves the two most conspicuous horse-soldiers in Europe, and both were lancers, and this was made the most of by advocates of that weapon. On the other hand, though both were good scouts, there was nothing to show that either Uhlan or Cossack had used their lances with any more deadly effect than their comrades of the sword had used that weapon. In the East, partly owing to its great moral effect on Asiatics, and partly to the marked efficiency of Indian troopers with this weapon, the lance forged ahead, and many sword regiments were turned into lancers. And so we came down to the South African War, when heigh! presto! both sword and lance temporarily disappeared, and the cavalryman became a mounted rifleman, pure and simple.

The tendency in cavalry reform is perhaps to take too restricted a view of the case, and to allow judgment to be too weightily braced by recent events, to the exclusion of the balancing effects of past history and future probabilities.

Thus the tendency is, immediately on the conclusion of a war, to base all reform on the lessons of that war. After the Franco-German War we had for thirty years a severe attack of German mania, and great cavalry screens, and the manœuvring of great bodies of cavalry for shock tactics became the order of the day. Even the Indian cavalry did not escape; born light cavalrymen and scouts, they were turned into Indian dragoons, and spent their days in learning accurate manœuvres, and in "shouldering" about in great masses. Infantrymen meanwhile looked on with quiet amusement, and basing their views on Plevna, foretold that our next great war would be a war of spade and sap, and that horsemen were a relic of a bygone age.

But the unexpected appears invariably to occur, and our next great war, that against the Boers, was essentially a war of horsemen, and not of infantry; and further the horsemen were not used in great masses, but in small bodies, and in wide extended formations. And, most astounding of all, both sword and lance went by the board, and their place was taken by the long rifle of the infantry. Could there be a more complete overthrow of all theoretical prevision? It is the very completeness and suddenness of this reversal which should place us on our guard against jumping too hastily to conclusions, without examining the past, and looking carefully to the future.

It may be asked "What brought about this drastic change in the middle of a campaign?" And the answers are manifold, and nearly all place us on the horns of a dilemna. To acknowledge at once that we copied the enemy does not help us much, but rather the contrary. For we then have to acknowledge further, that a simple farmer, mounted on a farm pony, knows more about the *rôle* of mounted troops than all the collective military wisdom of Europe, backed up by centuries of experience. And by deduction, coming down to our own case, we should be obliged to acknowledge that a professional soldier, carefully trained to the use of his weapons, and mounted on a trained charger, is inferior to a stray rustic, or a Johannesburg

shopkeeper or lawyer, mounted on a casual pony. Or again, eliminating the horse and man, we are impelled to answer that a plain rifle, even in the hands of an amateur, so overshadows all other weapons as to make them useless. I think common sense, and a careful review of the circumstances of the campaign, will save us from making any of these admissions.

The matter was one of cause and effect. In the early days of the campaign our cavalry were so numerically weak as to cause them to be overshadowed by the hordes of horsemen, which the enemy had in the field. At Belmont and Graspan the Boers held what might be termed isolated positions; that is to say, small clumps of kopjes standing in the midst of boundless open plains, across which a cavalry brigade could have trotted serenely round, out of range, and dropped on to the enemy's line of retreat, or mopped up his horses from the rear if he held on. But there was no cavalry brigade, only one weak regiment, worn and tired with excessive, but necessary, work. On the Natal side the same inferiority in numbers, though perhaps less marked, was to be found; and though one regiment got home at Elaandslaagte, the country and class of fighting appears to have been unfavourable to cavalry. These early experiences cast their shadows before them, and as month after month passed and the cavalry failed to get home with sword or lance, whilst all the world was ringing with the fame of the mounted riflemen, whether Boers, Colonials, Yeomanry or mounted infantry, the cavalry troopers themselves, as well as their officers, began to look on their equipment and armament as obsolete, or at any rate unsuited to present conditions, and reluctantly to hold out their hands for the infantryman's rifle. It was a matter of confidence more than anything else; the rifle seemed to give great results, and the sword and lance none. The Boers' earlier preponderance was making itself felt, and instead of our cavalry being able to force the superiority of cavalry training and tactics on the enemy, the Boers forced their tactics and armament on us.

Had the war begun in a different way it is scarcely open to doubt that the positions would have been reversed. Had a lightly equipped, well mounted brigade of lancers fallen on the Boers as they were driven out of the Belmont and Graspan positions, and killed five or six hundred of them with the cold steel, the Boers would never again have faced even the distant glint of the lance, and as likely as not would have tried to procure swords or lances for their own use, for they have picked up many equally unlikely, and to them foreign, fighting wrinkles from us.

But, without for a moment wishing to say a harsh or critical word, the armament and disparity in numbers were not alone at fault. There was also a lack of appreciation in some quarters of the difference between a cramped country like England and a wide, open country like South Africa; and in others a perhaps excusable inability to overcome the inherited and acquired tendency to adhere to knee-to-knee formations and the tenets of semi-moribund drill-books. Even in the thirty-second month of the war a cavalry regiment might be seen marching across a boundless plain in "column of sections," a formation usually associated with narrow lanes or much traffic. On the other hand, young leaders of horse, untrammelled by tradition, found that in wide open formations they could gallop the Boers out of any rideable position; and the Boers themselves taking the cue, and noticing the absence of the lance, galloped us out of convoys and even galloped into and captured bodies of troops; all, too, in the face of the terrible rifle fire which no cavalry was ever again to be able to face! But—and here comes food for reflection—neither the Boers nor ourselves had sword or lance to use, when these favourable positions for their use had been gained. Let us, therefore, not hastily condemn weapons which further examination and experience show might have been used with deadly effect under more auspicious circumstances, and the want of which laid our convoys and troops open to those charging tactics, which the

Boers would never have dared to employ in the face of a single squadron of properly armed cavalry.

As compared with the doings of the cavalry, a very marked preponderance of attention has been drawn to the doings of the irregular corps, such as the Colonials from all parts of the world, and the Yeomanry, as well as of the mounted infantry. And this may be ascribed to the fact that not only have they done wonderfully well on the whole, but to the British desire to "buck up" the new hand, as well as to cordially welcome the sporting soldier, who often, at much personal sacrifice, has come forward to help his country in time of need. But the conscientious military critic or reformer will be careful to avoid confounding popular enthusiasm with practical effect, and will remember that an irregular rifleman, who may be of value against irregular fighters like the Boers, might be, from want of discipline and training, unsuitable for facing the trained legions of a Continental nation. On the other hand, give to the irregular soldier first-class leaders, discipline, a care for his horse, and a little drill; and allowing that he is a first-class shot and rider, we need by no means drastically exclude him from the battlefields of Europe or Asia.

Turning lastly to the mounted infantry, we have here what may be termed a valuable adjunct, which has stepped gallantly into the breach in more than one campaign, and has supplemented the lamentable deficiency in numbers of the regular mounted troops in the British Army. The elementary definition of a mounted infantryman is excellent. He is, according to the drill-book, an infantry soldier who by some means of conveyance is moved from point to point more rapidly, and for longer distances, than he could accomplish on foot. But in practice the means of conveyance has almost invariably been the unfortunate horse, and equally invariably the so-called mounted infantryman has in each campaign sooner or later come to perform nearly all the duties of cavalry. He has, in fact, for the time being become a cavalryman, though handicapped by being a poor rider, with little or no knowledge of, or interest in,

horses, and with the disadvantage that he has no sword or lance for use at close quarters. This is not mounted infantry according to the book, and can only be considered a partially inefficient and expensive form of cavalry. A bad rider and bad horse-master combined costs in horseflesh his own weight in gold, putting aside the question of humanity to the soldier's best friend his horse. Both economy and efficiency seem therefore to demand that, if mounted *infantry* are required, as they apparently are, they should be conveyed in carts, or even on camels or mules, the horse being too valuable in war to be used as a mere conveyance. If, on the other hand, mounted *riflemen* are required, then let them remain mounted troops in time of peace, and not only learn to ride properly, but acquire what is still more important, the absolutely essential art of looking after their horses.

The Boer War furnishes a sensible warning against forming a too hasty judgment, and against indulging in too precipitate thirst for reform, for even during the war military opinion was thrice changed. At the beginning it was said that the Boers had never seen cavalry, and that they would never have the skill or pluck to face it. The Boers, however, solved the problem by taking care not to place themselves in the way of facing charging cavalry. Opinion then veered round in favour of the mounted rifleman, but the Boer, noticing that the dreaded lance had disappeared, himself took to charging tactics; and again opinion veered back in favour of the *arme blanche*. So let us be in no hurry to alter the existing state of affairs, till we have not only watched the effect of our experiences on Continental nations, but have looked forward into the future to discover our next possible foe, and our next theatre of war.

Peer we ever so anxiously and earnestly into the future, the world does not show a possible duplicate of a Boer War, or of a Boer's country, and methods of fighting. Therefore it does not seem necessary, whilst carefully preserving experiences of a generally useful character, to give an undue

Boer bias to reform, but rather to examine the methods of possible foes and the physical features of possible theatres of war, and to arm, train and equip our horse-soldiers accordingly.

Perhaps enough has now been said about the past, and out of the experiences of that past, both far and near, it remains for us to evolve the best general type of horseman for the future.

Possibly the first point to attract the attention of the military observer, is the question of weight. From the time of the mail-clad knights, surrounded by swarms of light and active horsemen, down to our own era, where we have seen British horsemen riding 20 stone, starting in vain pursuit of Boer ponies carrying only 13 stone, the great question of the weight which the horse has to carry has been a predominant factor. It is only necessary to look at the race-course, or the hunting-field, and to notice what a difference to a horse even a few pounds make, to appreciate the enormous disparity which is introduced when stones, and not pounds, furnish the standard of handicap, when hundreds of miles in place of hundreds of yards have to be covered. The knight had a purpose in adding to his ponderousness: he made himself heavier and heavier in order to meet on equal terms, in shock tactics, an equally heavy body. And civilised armies in the same endeavour enlisted big men, heavily armed and equipped, and placed them on big horses to meet in shock tactics other equally heavy, or possibly, with luck, a shade less heavy opponents. It was a contest of weight against weight, of one brick wall against another, in which the heaviest was the victor. But when the mailed knight, weighing heaven knows how many stone, came to try and charge a ten-stone man, mounted on a brisk and active Arab, the ten-stone man and active Arab naturally skipped aside, and let the knight run it out, backwards and forwards, till he was quite tired. The knight meanwhile got exceedingly hot and angry, and probably called his opponent a coward and a poltroon. But that did not disturb the ten-stone man; he waited till the knight and his horse were dead beat, and then, with the assistance of other ten-stone friends, also on brisk Arabs, knocked him off his horse, and prising the

poor knight's armour open despatched him to that paradise, in hopes of which he had come to Palestine. So with our own splendid twenty-stone stalwarts, they also probably hurled opprobrious epithets after the nimble Boer, but that did not delay or intimidate him; on the contrary, he would nip off behind a convenient rock, and when our poor humble knight arrived, on a dead-beat horse, shot him through the heart. History repeats itself; and experience, at one time demanding heavy weights for shock tactics, at another shows the superiority of a light man, lightly equipped, and mounted on a wiry and active horse. The question now is what is our future horseman to be, a heavy weight or a light weight? The almost universal chorus of reply will probably be, "a light weight" for a modern campaign, and even a modern battle necessitates the covering, often at a rapid pace, of great distances, and in every mile of that distance every extra pound of weight tells. Standing on the battle-field of Waterloo, which is only a few hundred yards in length and depth, and eliminating long range and rapid-firing weapons, one can appreciate the value of heavy cavalry charging knee to knee. But taking one's station on a modern battle-field, many miles in extent and depth, where rifles kill at a mile and a half, and artillery deals destruction at five miles range, the heavy horseman and close formations seem as out of place as did the armoured horse and knight on the battle-fields of Palestine.

We arrive then by natural deduction at the conclusion that the horseman of the future must be a light weight, and perhaps we may add the lighter the better, so long as he is sound and healthy. The recruiting regulations now demand that a cavalry soldier shall be *over* a certain height, and *above* a certain weight; but a new light-weight regulation would read, that the recruit must *not* be over a certain height, or above a given weight. Even thus, and giving him only a light saddle, his rifle, lance or sword, and bandolier, we can barely mount him at fourteen stone; a weight considered heavy in the hunting-field. And, incidentally, we must not forget that a soldier cannot live

indefinitely in the clothes he stands in, and that the transport of his small necessaries, by a means that will keep them within reasonable distance of him, is imperative. This transport is in the Indian army supplied by pack-mules, known as "grass-cutters' mules," and this method is perhaps the best that has been evolved, especially in countries where roads are scarce and bad.

We want, however, not only light, active men, but, if possible, men accustomed to horses, and by training and natural instincts, good horse-masters. It would be too sanguine to hope that we can entirely fill the ranks of the cavalry with such men, but whether they come to us as good horse-masters or not, we must certainly make them so. The Remount Department may have its faults, but few will care to deny that the immense loss of horse-flesh in South Africa was partly due to bad horse management; not wilfully bad management, but the result of ignorance; the general average of losses being enormously raised by the large percentage of men, in the improvised corps, who were entirely unaccustomed to horses. The general feeling of this class is typified by the remark overheard: "I likes servin' under Colonel b*othe*r. He says, says he, how's the men gettin' on, and b*othe*r the 'orses."

Lovers of horses and cavalrymen in particular will thank Lord Roberts for his recent order making it imperative for a cavalry officer who wishes to get on to be a good horse-master. The most dashing and gallant cavalry leader is of little use, unless by good horse management, he can so nurse and save his horses, as to bring them into line on the day of battle. And, further, a colonel who is a good horse-master makes good horse-masters of his officers and men; so that, whether singly or in detachments, the horses are the first care of all.

In South Africa we have had a free hand with our horse supply, the markets of the world have been open to us, and the great highway of the sea has remained unobstructed. But it is quite possible to foresee occasions when these favour-

able circumstances may not exist, and under which the lavish supply of remounts from one cause or another may run dry; then will be the time when we shall most fully appreciate the value of good horse-masters. For whilst one regiment will become practically dismounted, another will have suffered no appreciable loss. As a case in point, let us imagine a great campaign on the North West Frontier of India, against a European Power. India is a tropical country, and remounts drawn from countries like Canada, South Africa, Australia, and England require the best part of a year to acclimatise. Under such circumstances where would a regiment be that required even one hundred remounts a month, for the supply of good horses in India itself is limited? The question answers itself. The remedy lies in impressing on the horse-soldier the vital necessity of taking at all times infinite care of his horse. In this connection it may not be inappropriate to suggest that in peace-time every man should have his own horse, and possibly also he might be given the free use of it, to ride when and where he pleases, provided always that it is well treated and well looked after. In this respect we may get a useful wrinkle from the Indian cavalry, where this privilege has always been accorded with success.

We may now conveniently turn to the equipment of our light horseman, and of his horse; and, here again, the watch-word will in each case be "lightness." The least possible weight we can expect the soldier to carry is his uniform, bandolier, and weapons. We must, I think, ask him to carry no more, or he ceases to be even moderately light. Taking only a 10-stone man we have to add to him 8 lbs. for his clothes, 8 lbs. for his rifle, 4 lbs. for his sword or lance, and 7 lbs. for his bandolier and ammunition, which makes him up to 11 stone 13 lbs. before he mounts. Both sword and lance, as at present issued to British troops, appear to be too clumsy and heavy, and would be additionally so to the light-built man we are catering for. If we require a man to use his weapons with skill and effect he must be able to wield them with ease; whereas both the weapons now in use require a giant to wield them.

On the horse, we require a good, strong, light saddle, with a light blanket folded under it. Though we shall not require the weighty cavalry saddle at present in use, which has been constructed to carry great weights, we shall probably find it difficult to get anything, up to the required standard of excellence, weighing less than 14 lbs. If some one will invent a lighter saddle up to service requirements, so much the better, but at present we must take it at 14 lbs., including a pair of small light wallets. Into one of these wallets would be fitted the man's aluminium water-bottle, and into the other would go his food for the day. The present bridle and bit are unnecessarily heavy, a plain pelham attached to a light headstall is all that is required, with variations of bitting to suit peculiar horses. Spurs also might be abolished, except for sluggish horses, for not one man in a hundred knows how to use them, and they are at present merely a cause of unsteadiness and vexation to the horse. During a campaign, when horses are in hard work and in low condition, a plain snaffle is often sufficient, and has this advantage, that the horse can water and graze at odd moments, without having his bit out.

Placing everything at its lowest, we have then to add to the 11 stone 13 lbs., the weight of our light horseman with his arms and accoutrements, 14 lbs. for saddle and wallets, 4 lbs. for water-bottle and food in wallets, 3 lbs. for the blanket, 3 lbs. for the bridle, 3 lbs. for the rifle-bucket, and 3 lbs. feed for horse, making up 2 stone 1 lb.; or a total weight for the horse to carry of 14 stone 1 lb. If any individual, civil or military, will show us how it can be done lighter than that, we shall be greatly obliged. Fourteen stone sounds preposterous to a racing or hunting man, but we will get along right enough at that, as long as we get a good horse, go steady, look after our horses properly, and save them on every possible occasion.

It may be suitable here to make a few passing remarks on the vexed question of armament. As may be gathered from what has been written so far the writer is not an enthusiast for infantry mounted on horses, and used as cavalry, nor in a

modified degree for mounted riflemen. And this not from professional bias, for, though a cavalry soldier, he has seen more active service with mounted infantry and mounted riflemen than with cavalry. Exception is taken on broad practical grounds only. For setting aside the injury done to an infantry battalion by taking away one hundred of its best shots, and three of its smartest officers, to form, with other companies, a conglomerate corps under a strange commander, we come to the plain question, Is it better to have hastily raised, and only partially trained and experienced corps of this description, or to have regular mounted corps, efficiently and permanently organised, in time of peace? Perhaps few will hesitate in their decision, except perhaps the Treasury officials, and they only on the score of expense.

Having thus arrived at the conclusion that a rifleman, trained and maintained in peace time as a mounted soldier, is on the whole more efficient in the *rôle* he is invariably called upon to fulfil in time of war than a partially experienced man, it may pertinently be asked, why should we willingly and wilfully deprive him of a weapon and so rob him of a portion of his fighting-power, and place him at a disadvantage when opposed to more completely armed troops? Why, in fact, should we deliberately deprive him of sword or lance? And so by sensible degrees we work round to the conclusion that the light horseman, whom it is endeavoured to portray in this article, is, taken all round, the best and most efficient class of mounted fighting man that we can procure. It is by no means hereby intended to rule out of court infantry, who to gain increased mobility are assisted by carts or other means of conveyance; or to condemn such hastily raised or partially trained mounted troops as cannot be expected to learn efficiently the use of more than one weapon; it is merely hoped to emphasise the fact that if we require, as we most certainly do, more mounted troops, it is better to have properly organised, trained, and armed bodies, rather than scratch packs.

Before leaving the subject of armament allusion may be made

to the question of firing from horseback. President Roosevelt is a strong advocate for the use of firearms on horseback, and his influence as a practical soldier may be counted on to give the matter further and fuller trial in the American cavalry. The Boers also have used their rifles with considerable moral, and some practical, effect on horseback. The experiment is no new one; it was the first instinct of the horse-soldier, when firearms were invented, to use them on horseback, so as to pave the way for the historic charge. But as far as my researches go, few instances can be found in past military history where any signal success has been gained by the fire of mounted men. On the contrary, the record usually reads: "The carabineers opened a desultory but ineffective fire on the advancing squadrons, and then turned and fled." But it must be allowed that carbines in those days were clumsy weapons, and once fired took much time to reload.

Fully granting that a Boer, or a Western States rancheman, on a trained shooting-pony, can make wonderfully accurate shooting even when moving at speed, it seems open to conjecture whether large bodies of ordinary soldiers on ordinary horses could reach any standard of practical efficiency. We have only to notice the difficulty experienced by a crack infantry shot, lying steady on the ground, with a rest for his rifle, in hitting the inconspicuous or rapidly moving objects on a modern battlefield, to appreciate the fact that shooting from horseback, and especially on the move, could at the best be but haphazard. Let us not be bigoted, however, and let us give the matter full trial.

Touching briefly on the drill and training of our horsemen, the tendency in the past, however unintentionally, has been to destroy individuality in the soldier; to make of him a soulless portion of a fighting-machine. Whilst accurate drill and close formations were essential to success, this outcome of the training had its advantages, but with the advent of wide open formations, and scattered groups and detachments, we cannot promote too highly the individual intelligence of the

trooper, as well as his individual excellence in the use of his weapons. He is still part of a fighting-machine, but he should at the same time be an individual thinker, and an individual fighter. He should, for instance, be able to make his way alone and for any distance through any country, and should be confidently able to hold his own, and perhaps a bit more, man for man, with the individual enemies he may meet, either in actual battle or on the war-path. The present cavalry drill-book is admirably plain and simple as far as close formations are concerned, but we must now take into consideration the manœuvring of troops in single rank, and with from fifteen to twenty yards between each horse. In close countries the problem will be an exceedingly difficult one, but as both sides are in the same dilemma, experience will find a path. As far as one can foresee, cavalry on the battle-field will have to take solid shelter, and from this send out successive swarms and clouds to effect tactical strokes, or seize tactical positions, such shelter being either out of range of the enemy's artillery, or so obscure as to escape his attention.

In the riding-school some reform is necessary. The British trooper rides better than any soldier on the Continent, but still he does not give one the impression of a man who is at home on his horse. He is not like the whip in the hunting-field, or the rancheman, or the officer playing polo, or the Indian trooper. He does not look like part and parcel of his horse. And for this the riding instruction must be held partly responsible. The soldier is taught to sit as if he had swallowed a poker; he is balanced across a horse without stirrups, and jogged on a confidential old troop-horse round a dreary riding-school. He never rides a horse for pleasure, but merely as a disagreeable duty. How did you, and I, and the whip, and the rancheman learn to ride? Not in a school, I trow, but by riding out and about, and taking a pleasure in doing so. Could we not bring that same pleasure, and that same easy seat to our cavalry soldier? And when he has learnt to ride, and his further training is entered upon, let us make it easier, more interesting

and attractive to him. Let us shorten his weary pilgrimage through the barrack yard and ease him of a little of the "right shoulder," "left shoulder," "eyes centre," "D——n your eyes" class of drill.

The horseman of the future is a bright intelligent fellow accustomed to deal with horses. A light-weight who can ride a horse as if he belonged to it, and it belonged to him. A skilled man-at-arms who can hold his own against all comers, on horse and on foot, singly or in a rough-and-tumble charge. The handy man of the army, always able to look after himself and his horse, and everybody else. An up-and-about, always ready, and never-caught-napping man. A man of small wants, self-reliant, and full of warlike resource. A man who has been taught to look on drill and polish as the basement, and not the pinnacle, of his profession. And finally, one imbued with that *esprit de corps* and pride in his profession which alone make good soldiers.

G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND.

HOW ZOLA WORKED

THE majority of great, or reputedly great, authors, composers, painters and sculptors have, in addition to their "spiritual ambition," as Auguste Comte called the craving for the world's approval, a kind of innocent vanity, namely, the pretension to be considered quick workers. In many cases, their claims do not stand the test of serious examination, their proofs in support of them being simply samples of splendid mendacity, as were Sir Kenelm Digby's in connection with his "Observations upon Religio Medici," and vainglorious Beckford's with regard to "Vathek."

French journalists who know nothing of these Englishmen have, however, got hold of the two cock-and-bull stories recording their rapidity of composition. They use them very effectively in their comments—ranging from the "retort courteous" to the "lie direct"—upon any claim to such miraculous powers of creation, for they are undeterred by the final upshot of strong language according to Touchstone. They do not mind crossing swords and parting, and, moreover, they have a different standard to judge by than that supplied by Digby and Beckford. Hugo and the elder Dumas were phenomenally quick workers, and some of their performances in that respect have been as accurately recorded as the passage of an Atlantic liner from Liverpool to New York. Any claimant to similar laurels would have to make good his claim by an ordeal of isolation under strict surveillance such as that

which marked the "fasting exploits" of Succi and Merlatti. Even then the French scribes, true to their national mode of taking defeat might exclaim: "*On nous a roulés*—We have been bamboozled."

Emile Zola, though claiming in his latter years many things by implication, never preferred a claim of the kind alluded to. On the contrary he seemed to take pride in being considered a slow worker. In fact, from the dawn of his success, he did not undertake to write more than two novels per year. His first treaty with the erewhile firm of publishers Lacroix is explicit on the subject. Pending the annual production of these two volumes, each containing about 150,000 words, he was to receive 500 francs. per month; the advance on each volume (this means 3000 francs) to be deducted from the proceeds of its serial rights. There was also a proviso in the event of said serial rights failing to cover the advance. The deficiency was to be made up from the royalties on the story in book-form, which were eight sous per volume, one sou more than the most obscure author receives. Long ago I received seven sous for my first book written in French. I said "the dawn of his success," because the zenith was not reached until the publication of "L'Assommoir," but let it be borne in mind that Zola had already then given the world what still remains one of his most powerful stories, "Thérèse Raquin," and that his articles on art and on literature were becoming quite familiar to the newspaper reader. But Zola, in undertaking to write two novels per year, probably overrated rather than underrated his powers of producing fiction, and it is with his fiction that I am mainly concerned here. He always had a difficulty in keeping up with the stipulated amount, and when his reputation was firmly established he solved the difficulty by reducing the "output" to one half.

Yet Zola was not even periodically or occasionally indolent. He had one thing in common with Victor Hugo; his mind was rarely away from his work, and everything not connected with his work was practically indifferent to him. Up to the end of his days Hugo, in spite of what has been said

of his generosity, was particularly keen in money-matters, and the keenness was not that of the spendthrift, but of the "grabber." I doubt whether Zola, after the first straitened circumstances had been overcome, ever bestowed a serious thought on money in connection with the larger or smaller quantity of his production. But while Hugo's work was play to him, Zola's play was practical work. Hugo did not devote as many hours to the examination of the sewers of Paris as Zola spent days and nights in the cellars of the Halles. Hugo's description of Waterloo was based on three visits on as many consecutive afternoons to the scene of Napoleon's final collapse. A survey of the battle-field before Sedan cost Zola a month, spent laboriously in taking notes. There are unquestionable inaccuracies in both descriptions, but the mistakes of the author of "La Débâcle" are never so grotesque as those of the author of "Les Misérables." "Don't you wish they were?" say the admirers of the latter. It is the retort of Turner to his friend, who, seeing his picture of *Covent Garden* on the easel, told him she had never seen the market in that aspect. "Don't you wish you could," snarled the painter.

To a certain extent Zola laid himself open to such snarling by confounding "the transcendent capacity for taking trouble first of all" with the possession of genius. I do not know on whose authority he arrived at the conclusion, whether it was on that of Carlyle or Buffon, who have pretty well said the same thing; certain is it that he "overdid the thing," and that in the capacity for taking preliminary trouble he surpassed the most conscientious German professor, for in connection with him I will not use the word "dryasdust."

Circumstances prevented him from putting into practice his theory of minute personal observation in the first book of the series with which his name is most commonly associated. He spent months upon months in the Bibliothèque Impériale (now Nationale), studying Dr. Lucas' "Traité de l'héredité naturelle," and kindred works; but in spite of the monthly 500 francs of

publisher Lacroix, the scene of "La Fortune des Rougon," namely, Aix-en-Provence, had to be sketched from memory. He gave the place a fictitious name, Plassans, and did the same for the surrounding villages through which the insurrection flaunts its ragged banners. The particulars of that insurrection he owed almost entirely to M. Tenot's "La Province en Decembre 1851, Etude Historique sur le Coup d'Etat." I can speak with great certainty on the subject, inasmuch as I discovered the fact when I translated M. de Maupas' work relating to the same period. Odd to relate, Zola, who was on the spot at the time of those disturbances, and who, trusting to the recollections of his boyhood, wrote a capital description of the Close of Saint-Mitre, preferred M. Ténot's book for the more stirring episodes. Perhaps M. Ténot was an old friend, at any rate he was on the staff of *Le Siècle*, in which the novel appeared in instalments, interrupted, however, by the war.

The working-out of the second novel of the series demanded so severe an application of the system of minute and acute investigation to which Zola fancied himself committed, as not to have been foreseen by him. At thirty-two, after twelve years of uninterrupted residence in Paris, before the war, he knew absolutely nothing of the society under the then recently vanished Empire, above the level of *la toute petite bourgeoisie*, consisting of the lean annuitant, as Charles Lamb called his English equivalent, *le patron en chambre*, *i.e.*, the manufacturer with a couple of hands, the small shopkeeper, and the starveling government employé. Yet, according to the scheme of "Les Rougon—Macquart," its second volume, "La Curée, "was to deal with the upper classes. It is doubtful whether at that period, Zola had ever been in a drawing-room. I should, however, not like to be positive about this, remembering as I do, what all his friends appear to have forgotten, namely, a novel from his pen which appeared in 1867: "Le Voeu d'une Morte." It is to any of his subsequent work as a flagon of *vin gris de Lorraine* to a bottle of Brut-Champagne; there are reminiscent flavours and savours of the former in the latter, but only

to the slight degree which the process of manufacturing could not eliminate. The hero of the simple and naïve tale, Daniel Rambaut, is represented as wearing his first dress-coat at a grand reception at the house of an official personage, and comes away disgusted at the vulgarity, the silliness, and the platitudes of the guests, and proud of his own awkwardness and ignorance of social amenities.

Was the picture originally a fancy one and, therefore, not admissible under the new conditions; or, though taken from life, was it no longer sufficiently vivid to justify its amplification? It would be difficult to say. Zola might have consulted Arsène Houssaye who published "Thérèse Raquin" in *L'Artiste*, and who knew more about the Tuileries, the ministries, and the boudoirs of the Second Empire—especially in its beginning —than any living Frenchman. I do not know if he took that step, but the theories he had imbibed from the study of Claude Bernard and Dr. Lucas together with the method of "finikin" accuracy in all things, adopted in supposed imitation of Balzac, Goncourt and Flaubert, must have made the bringing forth of a book at this early period of his career an immense labour.

It may amuse the reader to get a glimpse of that method when taken *au grand sérieux*. In strict obedience to it, Flaubert drives round Rouen for hours and hours on different days, and on each with a different female companion. He thus records the impression produced by the constant reappearance of the same cab with the blinds down on the population and on the various cabmen plying for hire. After which he writes his chapter on the famous drive of Emma Bovary and Léon Dupuis, "for which alone he ought to have been prosecuted," said Napoleon III., "considering that for months after the publication of the book, the innocent uncle with his pretty niece and the somewhat *passée* aunt with her lamblike nephew could not engage a cab without being fleeced and if they refused to pay, without being threatened with an information for *outrage aux mœurs*." Of course, the deliberately comical but distorted

view of a literary as well as moral problem was only one of the Emperor's jokes.

In strict obedience to the method, the Goncourts send one morning in hot haste for a live sucking-pig, lest their imagination alone should fail to do justice to the noble outlines and musical utterances of the porker.

In strict obedience to the method, Balzac asks Kugelmann, the publisher of "Les Rues de Paris," 5000 francs for half a sheet of matter on the Rue de Richelieu. "You'll admit," explains the author of "Le Père Goriot," "that to depict a landscape faithfully, one should study its every particular. I must therefore visit the various establishments the street contains to convey an idea of its commercial importance. Suppose I begin by the Boulevard and I shall be bound to take my *déjeuner* at tha Café Cardinal. I shall have to buy a couple of scores at Brandus', a gun at the gunsmith's, a breastpin next door. Can I do less than order a coat at the tailor's and a pair of boots at the bootmaker's?" Louis Lurine, the editor who had suggested his name, cut him short. "Don't go any farther," he said, "or else we shall have you at the 'Compagnie des Indes,' and as both lace and Indian shawls have gone up in price, we shall be bankrupt before we know where we are."

Zola could not afford to hire cabs and less still livery carriages. Nor was there even any necessity to worry half a dozen fashionable coachbuilders in order to describe the coach-houses of Saccard. It requires no great acumen to distinguish between a well-appointed and a slovenly turn-out without mentioning every particular of either. Yet a friend of Zola told us many years ago that he had several interviews with Binder and others, lest he should make a blunder. The description of Renée's conservatory in "La Curée" necessitated, still according to the tenets of the realistic school, similar arrangements; consequently special permission was obtained to visit the glasshouses of the Jardin des Plantes, where, of course, he took notes of the most curious plants. What cost him more time than all were the

inquiries in connection with the "Haussmannising" of Paris, which was also dealt with in that second volume. He went to consult the late Jules Ferry, who had written a stupid pamphlet on the subject, with a catchpenny title. Ferry told him he had no other information beyond that contained in the booklet: *and Zola was beginning to despair when chance brought him on the track of a number of documents belonging to the contractors of the period.* More documents, more note-taking.

The words in italics were used by the same friend who supplied the information with regard to the coachbuilders. The reason of my drawing attention to the statement in that manner is because I happen to have written a whole chapter on the subject, and though I would in no way compare myself with the great novelist, I fancy that in this instance my work will compare with his. I simply drew upon my own recollections, and consulted a few old newspapers for the sake of reviving some particulars. Zola could have done the same, for his early manhood was spent among the scenes, just as was my boyhood. There is no reason to surmise that his memory was not as good as mine. I was, as it were, bound to greater accuracy than he, for the book in which my chapter appeared was not a novel. But the mania for amassing "human documents" had already largely developed in him. And there was the indiscriminate admiration of his friends, who began to sound the words "chief of a school." It was the story of Psaphon and the parrot sent by the courtier into the market-place to shout, "Psaphon is a great man." Psaphon himself may have been under the impression that it was a voice from heaven, as the people alleged; he ended up by believing himself to be a great man, and was spurred on to deeds he would not have undertaken without that first cry.

Emile Zola was probably the most perfect "descriptive reporter," in the very best meaning of the term, the world has ever seen. Scattered through his books there are a couple of hundred dioramic and panoramic fragments, which in modern journalism, or even in literature, have not been equalled, still

less surpassed. His mind's eye had the faculty of taking in a whole scene at once, with the necessary complement of colour and perspective; and he was not hampered in its reproduction afterwards by either philosophic reflection or witty and humorous shadowing. To know exactly what I mean, compare his work with Carlyle's description of the taking of the Bastille, or a page from the pen of that remarkably clever young journalist, Mr. Steevens, who met with such an untimely death in South Africa. Let it not be thought, however, that Zola had no wit and humour, for there are many good specimens of both in his controversial writings.

In order to give himself the widest scope for his faculties, Zola would, by his own confession, have reduced a novel to a kind of monography, to the record of a year's or two years' existence of a couple of personages or persons without such an existence being disturbed by any stirring plot. The sensasational incidents would be reduced to a minimum. From that thought sprang "Le Ventre de Paris," which was simply an enormous "still-life piece" in the style of Rachel Ruysch, Van Heem or Snyders, or if we allow for the few figures of Quenu-Gradelle, Florent, Mother Méhudin and Louise, a gigantic enlargement of a Jan Steen, a Teniers or a Gerard Douw. After reading it, Maxime Du Camp, the author of that most meritorious, brilliant and clever work, "Paris, ses Organes, ses Fonctions et sa Vie," expressed his pleasure at having anticipated Zola. "If I had not, my second volume (the one dealing with the Halles) could not have been written without my exposing myself to a charge of plagiarism." M. Du Camp was right. When the idea of the book took shape in Zola's mind, he consulted the work in question and found it "too incomplete." He not only wished to know how the apple got into the dumpling, but the genesis of the apple, the origin of the flour, and heaven alone knows what else. There was nothing in the Bibliothèque Nationale to help him, hence he applied for various particulars to the Prefecture of Police, where they sent him from pillar to post, until he happened to hit upon

an intelligent employé who had done all the "slumming" with either Privat d'Anglemont or Alfred Delvau, and who, moreover, allowed him to copy *all* the police regulations in connection with the traffic of the central markets. The goodwill of a chief inspector enabled him to descend several times to the cellars and ascend to the roofs. For weeks he was scarcely away for four-and-twenty hours from the huge pile of buildings, which he sketched under every aspect, and on three separate occasions he spent the night there to watch the arrival of the provender. About a dozen years after the publication of the book, I was talking to a portly fruit-seller who had given me some information with regard to the succesion of the stalls. "Your business must be a difficult one, Monsieur, for I remember perfectly well when M. Zola used to come round here. He was a civil-spoken young man, somewhat short-sighted, and gave himself a great deal of trouble. We liked him much, and came to look upon him as one of our own; like another M. Baltard, as my mother said, who remembered the architect very well. When M. Zola's book came out, many of us bought a copy; we thought it very fine, and the chief superintendent remarked, 'He has done greater work than M. Baltard,[1] for if the building were to be burned, M. Zola's history of it would remain.'"

It would be idle to follow Zola step by step through his Gargantuan orgies of note-taking which, however, were now and again suspended, but with scant satisfaction to himself. He fancied, and to a certain extent results bore him out, that his strength lay in the liberal use of his "experimental method," which in this case was a misnomer. He frankly confessed to having little or no imagination. And it is a fact worthy of remark that the public endorsed his own estimate of his powers. "La Conquête de Plassans" is unquestionably an ably conceived

[1] M. Baltard was the man who when he had shaved off his beard to be introduced to Queen Victoria and was disappointed through a mistake of Haussmann, received a dozen cases of Rowland's Macassar from the market women in token of their sympathy.

and interestingly developed story, without any of those large "slices of description" that often retard the action in the others. Yet it has throughout remained at the bottom of the list, and even the formidable success of "L'Assommoir" and of "Nana," which gave an impulse to the rest of the series, was powerless to alter the position. Equally curious is the fact of "Le Ventre de Paris" being always in front of "Une Page d'Amour," which contains as many magnificent specimens of word-painting. There are fine verbal frescoes, which it is no exaggeration to call masterly, but alack and alas for the much vaunted accuracy of realism; one of these contains the silhouette of a building which at the time of the action of the story was not in existence. I am writing from memory, and cannot say which is the offending cupola or tower, but I remember the mistake being pointed out to Zola. He did not deny it: the architectural feature had been deliberately introduced for the sake of effect. Claude Gelée and Nicolas Poussin could not have answered better; yet let us imagine somebody comparing Zola's method of composition with that of the chief delineators of "classical and well-ordered" landscape.

"La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret" (written in 1874) entailed the herculean labour of wading through the works of the Spanish Jesuits to get the mystic note of the book, notably the "cult of the Virgin," while the inner life of the Grand Seminary was communicated to Zola by an unfrocked priest. For many consecutive mornings the rare early worshippers at Ste. Marie des Batignolles saw their scant number increased by one, a comparatively young man, following the service most attentively, and now and again, scribbling a few words on the margin of his prayer-book. The knowledge of the ritual thus imbibed was still further increased by consulting special manuals, exclusively intended for the clergy. The description of "le Paradou," the scene of the second part of the story, cost an equal amount of research among horticulturists; "and by the time the investigations were completed," once said Anthony Valabrègue to his cousin in my hearing, "the documents

relating to them filled no less than three dozen large cartridge-paper wrappers" (not envelopes), "piled up on a table of the tiny house in the Rue St. Georges at Batignolles." Antony Valabrègue, a poet in the best sense of the word, could never altogether understand the "gluttony for documentary evidence" of the friend of his boyhood.

As the years went by, the gluttony increased, until it sometimes frightened and worried Zola himself. This was notably the case when the "serpent," as he called "les Rongon Macquart," "coiled in a circle, was about to bite its own tail." I have no accurate information with regard to the classification and collecting of notes during Zola's latter years. I can easily imagine, though, what they must have been, considering that in '92 he sat for two nights and two days at Tarbes, amplifying mere lines into detailed notes on Lourdes whence he had just returned.

I was, however, privileged to see the complete *dossier* of one book, perhaps the most difficult of all from a technological point. I am alluding to "Germinal," which I translated for *The People* whilst it was running in the original in *Le Gil Blas*. My boyhood and early manhood were spent with men who had a mania for taking notes, but I own I was amazed at the bundle of papers relating to the mining novel.

"You'll see the advantage of all this preparation from my point of view," said the novelist, who had evidently read my thoughts on my face. "You'll be practically translating from the first—as distinct from the rough proofs. I know no author who does not look upon the correcting of his proofs as a second travail. I have no such apprehensions. When I have finished writing my book, I can positively put my head on my pillow without giving it another thought."

The proofs bore out his statement in every particular. On an average there were not two corrections per page, as far as I could judge from the slips; and this was a great disappointment to my oldest literary friend—since gone over to the majority, to whom I made a present of the set. "I could do

with a little less surety of composition and a little more of his handwriting," he said. The second-hand bookseller who offered to buy the proofs of " L'Œuvre" virtually made the same remark when he saw them, and cried off his bargain.

" My handwriting is fairly legible; I write very slowly and without corrections," explained Zola on another occasion. " I rarely write more per day than the quantity of three printed pages; and I know almost to a line beforehand what I am going to write on that day, I do not even read over what I have written, but put it aside, and never see it again until it is in print."

This result was not principally due to either of these causes or to the system of copious note-taking; but to the logical, minute and, one might almost say, rhythmic division of the material into a number of parts corresponding to the number of chapters of the book. This rule held good both for the description of scenery and surroundings, and for the biographies of his chief and even secondary characters; although there was rarely more than one personage looming large in Zola's imagination at the primary conception of a book. That personage was, however, as living an entity to him as were the *dramatis personæ* of the " Comédie Humaine " to Balzac. Shortly after the publication of " La Cousine Bette " a friend gravely walked into the author's study, saying: " Baron Hulot is down stairs." " I expected him," was Balzac's answer; " it means a duel, but it cannot avoided." And but for the friend's roar of laughter, he would have gone to meet a personage who had no existence save in his own imagination.

Even so with Zola, who though he had not sufficient imagination to invent a plot had more than sufficient to talk with the child of his brain, pen in hand, and to record the upshot of the conversation. That conversation, or series of conversations, constituted practically the skeleton of the story in incubation. Together with the protagonist's genealogy, his moral and mental diagnosis and his bodily portrait, it made up the contents of wrapper No. 1. Wrapper

No. 2 was virtually the collection of the presentments of the secondary personages, and on the margin of each sketch the result of its original's contact with the principal character and the exact time of their various contacts. A third wrapper contained long descriptions of the different scenes of the story, often accompanied by drawings, &c. &c. The trades and professions of the various actors formed the contents of a fourth wrapper. All this was done while the threads of the story—sometimes there were but few—were still hanging loose. Until they had been properly tied there was no attempt at composition. But when they were in order, the whole contents of the wrappers were divided. It was determined beforehand how many times each personage was to appear during the course of the story, not a new process, but largely borrowed from that deftest of all past playwrights, Eugène Scribe. A list had been dressed beforehand of the division of descriptions which more than once did not fit. All this wanted more weeding, re-arranging, but no chapter was ever begun without such weeding and re-arranging, although the next was still in a comparative state of confusion.

This, as far as I have been able to convey it, was Zola's method of work.

THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN

IV

AT the beginning of a short study of the Ukioyé school of painting it may be well to correct certain mistaken impressions which exist in regard to the work of that school—the work which is almost always the first to attract the attention of the European amateur, and that which comprises all of Japanese pictorial art wherewith many of them—perhaps most—are acquainted. The first misconception is as to the application of the term Ukioyé. This is a term which, notwithstanding that its literal meaning relates to subject, is properly used to denote a particular style or manner of painting, wholly independent of motive. The word is compound, and may be thus divided: *uki*—fugitive, impermanent, passing; *yo*—the world; *yé* picture or pictures. The original meaning of the term is thus seen to be "pictures of the passing world," or "pictures of daily life." It was applied to a school of painters whose subjects were commonly drawn from the daily life of the Japanese people, and who only occasionally painted scenes of history, landscapes, birds, flowers, and so forth, such as had provided most of their motives to painters of the older schools. But it was not the mere subject that divided the work of the Ukioyé painters from the rest. These painters worked in a manner of their own, a manner which distinguished their work from that of the other schools, even when the subjects were the same. In a system of classification of painters in which the schools are

everywhere distinctly separated by differences of style and method, it is obviously impossible to introduce one school distinguished merely by subject without confusing the whole business; and if subject is to divide the schools, then Kano Motonobu and Sanraku of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and Toba Sojo, Kasuga Mitsunaga, and Sumiyoshi Keion (to name no more) of the twelfth, must often fall to be classed in the Ukioyé school, which they never heard of, since it first arose in the seventeenth. As a fact, the Ukioyé school is distinguished, as are all the others, purely by style, and it is easy to find any subject used by the painters of the older schools painted in a purely Ukioyé manner. Such pictures, indeed, exist in large numbers; as the landscapes of Hokusai and Hiroshigé, the warriors and other historical figures and groups of Tsukioka Settei and Katsugawa Shuntei, and the birds and flowers of Shigemasa and Utamaro. So that the term Ukioyé, adopted for convenience from an incidental circumstance, simply indicates a manner of painting, just as does the term Kano, adopted from a family name, the term Ganku, adopted from a personal name, and the term Shijo, taken from the name of a street. This is, of course, well enough understood in Japan, where the painters are classed strictly according to manner and tutelage; but some European writers have fallen into curious muddles through a confusion of ideas caused partly by the fact that the main subjects of the Ukioyé painters were taken from the ordinary life of their countrymen, and partly by the fact that much of their work was given to the world in the form of wood engravings. Thus we find Hanabusa Itcho, a Kano painter, included in the Ukioyé school, merely because of his frequent choice of subject, a matter to which I referred in the last paper; and Dr. Anderson also classes as Ukioyé two other purely Kano painters, Tachibana Morikuni and O-oka Shunboku, as well as Shiuzan, of the Chinese school, for no discoverable reason except that many of their pictures were engraved and published. They might almost as well be called Early German for the same reason.

Another misconception I have already alluded to. It is that Matahei, founder of the Ukioyé school in the early seventeenth century, was absolutely the first Japanese painter who condescended to draw the figures of the common people. As I have said in an earlier paper, and as I have implied in the preceding paragraph, this is a complete mistake. Sumiyoshi Keion, his brother, Kasuga Mitsunaga, Toba Sojo, Tosa Mitsunobu—indeed, most of the important painters of the Yamato school in its great period—used such subjects from time to time, as may be seen in a most casual inspection of the *Kokkwa*. Neither was Kano Motonobu above these motives, nor were others of the early Kano men; Sanraku used them so frequently that much of his unsigned work has been mistaken for that of Matahei. Matahei was merely the first painter who made the life of the people his staple subject, and in doing it he evolved his new style of painting.

Further, it is commonly believed that the lower regard in which painters of the Ukioyé school were held in Japan was wholly due to their choice of subject. But such a philistinism would carry rather the stamp of modern Surbiton than that of old Japan, and that the Japanese were not guilty of it is sufficiently proved by the fact that the early painters of the Tosa and Kano schools, whom I have named as frequently using subjects of common life, are among the most highly honoured of all the Japanese masters. The facts are simply that the Ukioyé manner involved a revolt against Japanese classicism, and an irreverence for the traditions of a thousand years of high achievement; and that on the part of painters who were often —even commonly—men of low rank and small education. More, the outlook and aim of the school was altogether less spiritual, less ideal, than those of the classic masters; in the slang of the present day the Ukioyé painters were "realists." The history of art the whole world over records what happens in such circumstances as these, and among a people with so high a respect for the past as distinguishes the Japanese, it was inevitable that the Ukioyé artists should suffer. Moreover,

many of them showed a lack of that noble perfection of touch which distinguished the old masters, as well as of the lofty feeling and serene distinction that were in some degree, at least, the fruits of generations of culture and high tradition. We shall attain to a juster estimate of the Japanese critics' view of the Ukioyé school if we remember that they have well esteemed certain of the Ukioyé painters whose work retained signs of the old classic feeling—Choshun, Sukenobu, Kaigetsudo, Toyoharu, and Harunobu among them, as well as Matahei himself.

But I must not seem to do the Ukioyé masters injustice, Their adverse critics had some reason on their side, but, as I have hinted, they also had prejudice. It cannot be too often insisted that a man's performance must be judged by his aims, and not by the aims of some other man. The artists of the Ukioyé school never for a moment sought to rival the grand old masters of Tosa and Kano. They saw a new field, humble or not, as you please, but a new and a good one, and they tilled it to good purpose. In the house of art are many mansions, and if the painters of the passing-life school did not repeat the triumphs of Mitsunaga, Sesshiu and No-ami, they nevertheless had triumphs of their own. They sought grace, charm, spirit, harmony of colour, and beauty of line and mass, and they found them all, in varying degrees; many also achieved a fine pictorial dignity, and, notwithstanding that the Ukioyé is sometimes spoken of as the school of vulgar life, I have never seen a vulgarly conceived Ukioyé picture.

About Iwasa Matahei, founder of this school—his life, his pictures, his very identity—a world of mystery has clung hitherto, and it is because of the aid given me by certain of my Japanese friends, and particularly because of the personal inquiries and examination of private documents undertaken by Kubota Beisen, a very able living painter, that I am able to dispel some of this mystery, and to present in print for the first time an account and explanation which I believe is not likely to need future correction in any essential particular. On this

question the many Japanese printed authorities, mostly vague and all contradictory, are right in some few respects but wrong in most. The European authorities, on the other hand, have always been quite unanimous, and utterly wrong. They have even united in presenting, as the signature of the founder of the Ukioyé school, that of a wholly different man, not even a contemporary. And while insisting on the undoubted rarity of the master's work, they have assigned to him the product of no less than three painters—perhaps four.

Now all the work of these different painters is most extremely rare, and the disentanglement of the identities may well begin by the clearing away of a certain portion of the work of Kano Sanraku, who left some of his pictures of ordinary life unsigned. These have been very commonly mistaken for Matahei's work. But Sanraku apart, there were three painters who have in some way borne the name of Matahei, and one who used a single name used also by the first of the other three, and in all European treatises these different men have been regarded as one. The matter involves one of those confusing difficulties which everywhere beset the path of the student of the history of Japanese painting, and, wholly escaping the notice of the smatterer, constantly set him floundering.

The actual original Matahei, founder of the Ukioyé school of painting, was a man of noble birth and romantic history. His father was Araki Murashigé, the Daimio of Itami in Setsu province. In his time Ota Nobunaga, one of those military chiefs who from time to time in the history of Japan fought their way to high power, was asserting himself in the customary manner, at the expense of the feudal lords about him; Araki Murashigé resisted Nobunaga to the utmost, and fighting was maintained for some years, but in the end the powerful Nobunaga prevailed, and Murashigé, with the stubborn heroism that was the tradition of his caste, and the resolve neither to submit nor to be captured, killed himself in due form by *seppuku* or *hara-kiri* at Amagasaki, in 1579, when his child was

an infant of two years old. A faithful nurse fled to Kioto, carrying the child with her, and sought refuge in the Hong-wanji temple. She concealed the boy's identity by a change of surname, giving him that of Iwasa, which is thought to have been the family name of his mother; and after the death of Nobunaga she secured the youth some sort of appointment in the train of Nobuo, the son and successor of his father's enemy. Whether or not the lad's identity was concealed at this time is not known, but it is certain that he retained the name Iwasa Matahei or Matabei (the forms are alternative, and equally correct), and that he received rudimentary lessons in art from an old vassal of his father's, one Shigesato, who had been a pupil of Kano Shoyei. Matahei was devoted to drawing from his earliest childhood, and, notwithstanding the help of the faithful Shigesato, he may be called almost self-trained. It is true that he became a pupil of Tosa Mitsunori, but his connection with that painter was in any case a short one, and he ended by evolving an entirely new style, in which both the Kano and the Tosa methods had their part, though with an original element altogether Matahei's own. He is said to have pursued his art, like a true artist, for its own sake, and to have held in contempt that general approval from his inferiors which we should call fame. For this reason he scarcely ever signed or sealed a piece of work, a circumstance which has done its part—a large one—toward the mystification that has confused the whole matter.

又兵衛
Matahei
(Iwasa)

The Shogun Iyemitsu was a great admirer of this original painter, and often desired his company at Yedo castle. The journey was not a short one, for after the death of Ota Nobuo, Matahei had settled at Fukui in the province of Echizen, more than two hundred miles from Yedo by road. It was Iyemitsu who gave Matahei his largest commission, and, as it chanced, his last. For in view of the marriage of the Shogun's daughter, Chiyohimé, to Mitsutomo of Owari, Matahei was brought to Yedo to paint the screens, makimono, kakemono, etc., which were to make part of the sumptuous furniture that

Girl with branch of wisteria, *after Iwasa Matabei (Sho-i), from a kakemono (Writer's Collection)*

went with the lady's dowry. This, with other commissions from the Shogun, promised to occupy the painter, already an old man, for some few years; but before the task was completed Matahei's health broke down. His last recorded act was to paint his own portrait and send it to his wife and family at Fukui; this work he survived only a few weeks, dying, at the age of seventy-three, at Yedo, on the twenty-third day of the sixth month of our year 1650. The portrait remains in possession of the present representatives of the family, and I have seen a copy of it. It shows the old painter sadly wasted by sickness, but clearly a man of high intelligence, and of a singularly mild and kindly countenance.

Iwasa Matahei, as was the manner of Japanese painters, used also other names—in his case two, Sho-i and Katsumochi; and because of his new style of painting he was also called, by others, Ukiyo Matahei. He left behind him a son, also a painter, who carried on his father's style and tradition. This son's name was Iwasa Genbei, and he also called himself Katsushigé; but because of his parentage and his manner of work he became known as Matahei the second, or, as often as not, simply Matahei. Hence arises another element of confusion, made the worse because this Matahei also commonly left his work unsigned, as his father had done before him. He was a man ot much ability, and he executed important decorations in the castle of the Daimio of Fukui. He survived his father nearly twenty-three years, dying on the twentieth day of the second month of the Christian year 1673.

The separate identities of these two painters having been established by certain Japanese inquirers, it was thought well to distinguish them as Sho-i Matahei and Katsushigé Matahei; whereupon arose another trouble. For it was discovered that there was a contemporary painter of unknown origin, a native of Kioto, whose name was Tosa Sho-i, and who had left work in Matahei's manner, though inferior in quality. Thus, exclusive of Sanraku, we have three painters whose work has been called that of Matahei; and to cap the whole muddle we come

upon the very last Matahei, the man whose signature has been until now accepted in Europe as that of the master.

He was a native, or, at any rate, a resident, of Otsu, a village near Kioto, and there seems to be not a tittle of evidence to connect him in any way with either Sho-i Matahei or his son Katsushigé. He died, it is said, as late as the period Kiyoho (1716–1736), at the age of eighty-nine, the precise dates of birth and death being unrecorded. He would seem to have been a painter inferior to either of the men with whom he has been confused, and a great part of his work consisted of roughly and quickly executed caricatures, produced in numbers and sold at a small price to travellers as *Otsuyé*, or pictures from Otsu—in which place other painters lived who "potboiled" in the same manner. These Otsuyé are interesting as being the precursors of the colour-prints afterward to be produced by the Ukioyé painters; one is in the British Museum collection, numbered 1701, which may well be the product of the brush of this last and least important Matahei, though, as I have never seen a fully proved specimen of his work, it is impossible to assign it definitely.

又平
Matahei (of Otsu)

Many Japanese treatises have properly separated this last and least Matahei from his predecessors, even when they left the earlier nebula unresolved. But, as I have said, every European writer has hitherto lumped the lot together, though one would have imagined that the first glance at the names of the men in the Japanese character would at least have suggested that the last, or Otsu Matahei, was a separate person, since in his case the name Matahei is written in quite a different manner from that used in the case of Iwasa Matahei. In the case of the original master three characters are employed, reading Mata-he-i—a character for each of the three divisions of the word; in the case of the Otsu Matahei there are but two, *Mata* and *hei*—the latter a single character wholly different from either of those used in Iwasa Matahei's name. It is true that the pronunciation is the same in each case—Matahei or Matabei, and from this fact, no doubt, much of the

confusion has arisen; but since the rules of Japanese speech permit the introduction of either consonant, b or h, native critics are beginning to distinguish by using the name Matabei for the founder of the Ukioyé school, and when necessary for his son, Matabei the second, and keeping the form Matahei for the later Otsu painter. It is a convenient expedient, and it should be adopted universally.

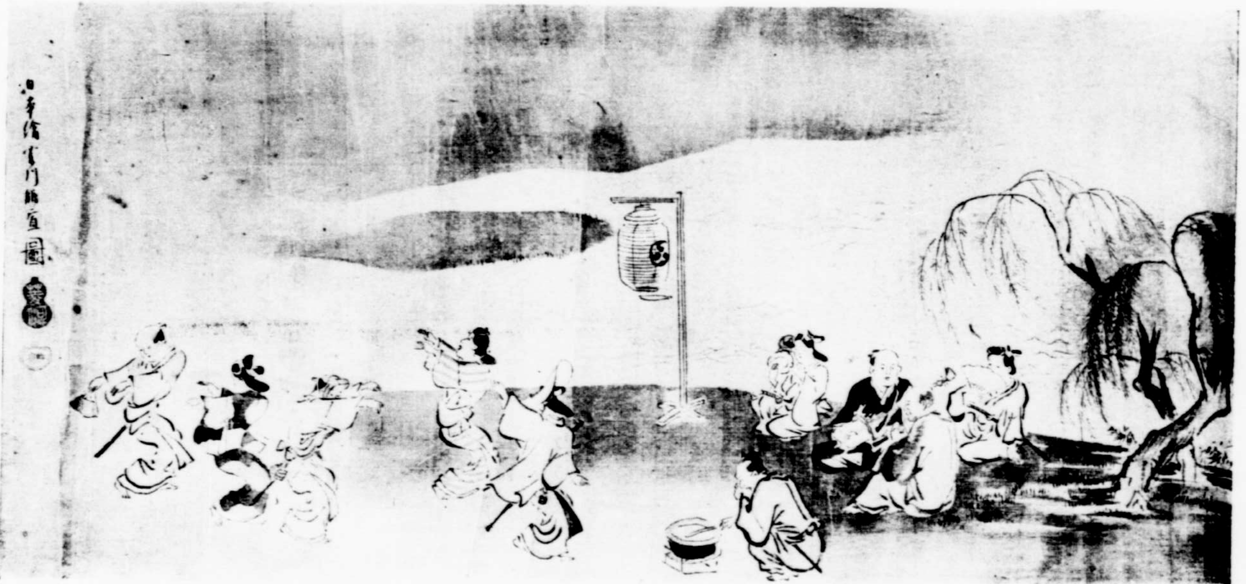
The Matahei problem, the existence of which never seems to have been even suspected by European writers hitherto, is a type of many similar puzzles which the student encounters if he studies the history of Japanese painting with any degree of depth and thoroughness; puzzles made the more puzzling by the habit so common among Japanese painters of changing their many names, receiving new names as honorifics, conferring names of their own on pupils, and the like.

Iwasa Matabei (Sho-i) was undoubtedly a painter of high genius, and, to judge by the reproductions of the chief of his rare works published in the *Kokkwa*, of a very original genius. His new style had, as I have said, certain elements of the Tosa and certain of the Kano manner—the former preponderating—but the soul of the style was Matabei's own. It was at the same time delicate and broad; striking—though never strained or violent—effects of colour and mass were aimed at, doubtless because much of the painter's work was the decoration of screens. Matabei was a great colourist, his drawing was forcible and bold, and he never sacrificed "size" of design to mere prettiness. The spirit of his art was more intimately actual and material than that of any painter who had preceded him, but it was nevertheless always the art of the "voiceless poet." A characteristic of his drawing of the human face, which, although it was modified and reduced in his later years, still may serve to aid in distinguishing his work from the very similar work of his son, Katsushigé, was a certain extreme depth and roundness of chin, which once observed will be clearly recognised whenever again encountered. It is perhaps most pronounced in his early purely Tosa drawing, and it is unmistakably observable in the one

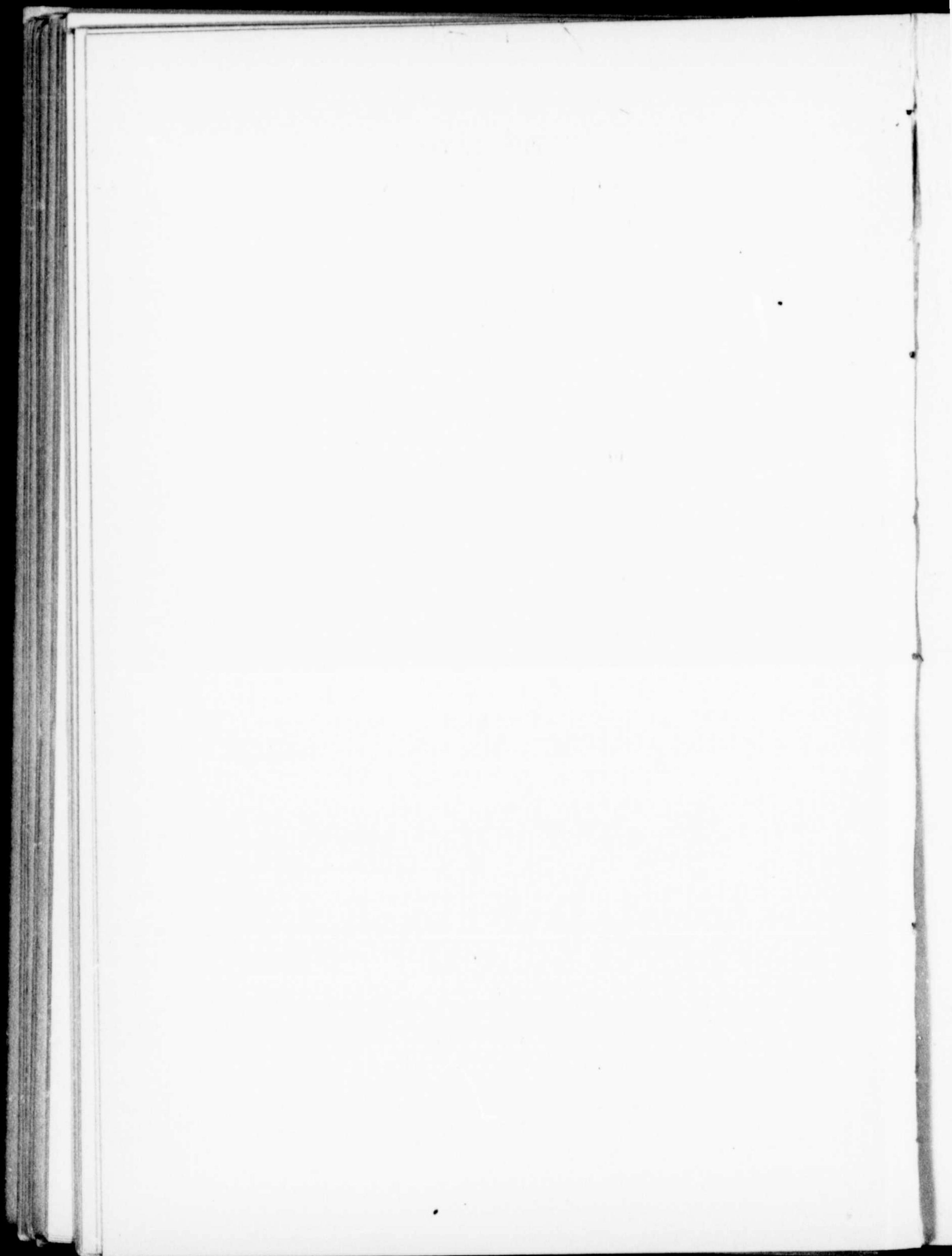
specimen of his work in the British Museum collection. This is a very small kakemono, unsigned, but certainly the work of the master, and numbered 205 in the catalogue. The picture is in the Tosa style—a female figure in court dress. The figure used in illustration of this paper is in the original Ukioyé style, but the wonderfully delicate modelling of the features is obliterated in the process-block.

The belief in the existence of no more than one Matabei, and the supposition that he died at about 1630, have given rise to the general error that the Ukioyé style of painting fell into disuse, or very nearly so, until it was revived by Hishigawa Moronobu in or about the year 1670. As a matter of fact, however, as we have seen, the first Matabei survived till 1650, and the second, whose work has always been classed with that of the first, died in 1673, three years at least after Moronobu's work began. Moreover, several talented artists—Tsujimura Mohei, Yamamoto Rihei, Kitamura Chiubei, Inouyé Kanbei and Inaya Rippo—painted in the Ukioyé style in the generation preceding Moronobu's appearance, all, except the last, acknowledging the master by the adoption of names containing the last two characters of the name Matabei. It is true that their work is now rare almost to the point of extinction, and that in quality it never equalled that of the founder of the school; but it is certain that the school, though small and struggling, never ceased its activity. The genius of Moronobu, however, forced a more general acceptance, and from his advent the Ukioyé riu flourished exceedingly.

Hishigawa Moronobu, who also paid his tribute to Matabei by the adoption of the name Kichibei, was the son of Hishigawa Mitsutake of Hota in the province of Awa, the most skilful embroiderer in gold of his time. Moronobu began by making designs for embroidery under his father's teaching, but ere long he turned to painting purely, studying first the Tosa style. Very soon, however, he abandoned this for the new Ukioyé manner, and in it produced many of the finest works of the school. Traces of his education both in



Pleasure party by river, *group from a makimono by Hishigawa Moronobu (Writer's collection)*



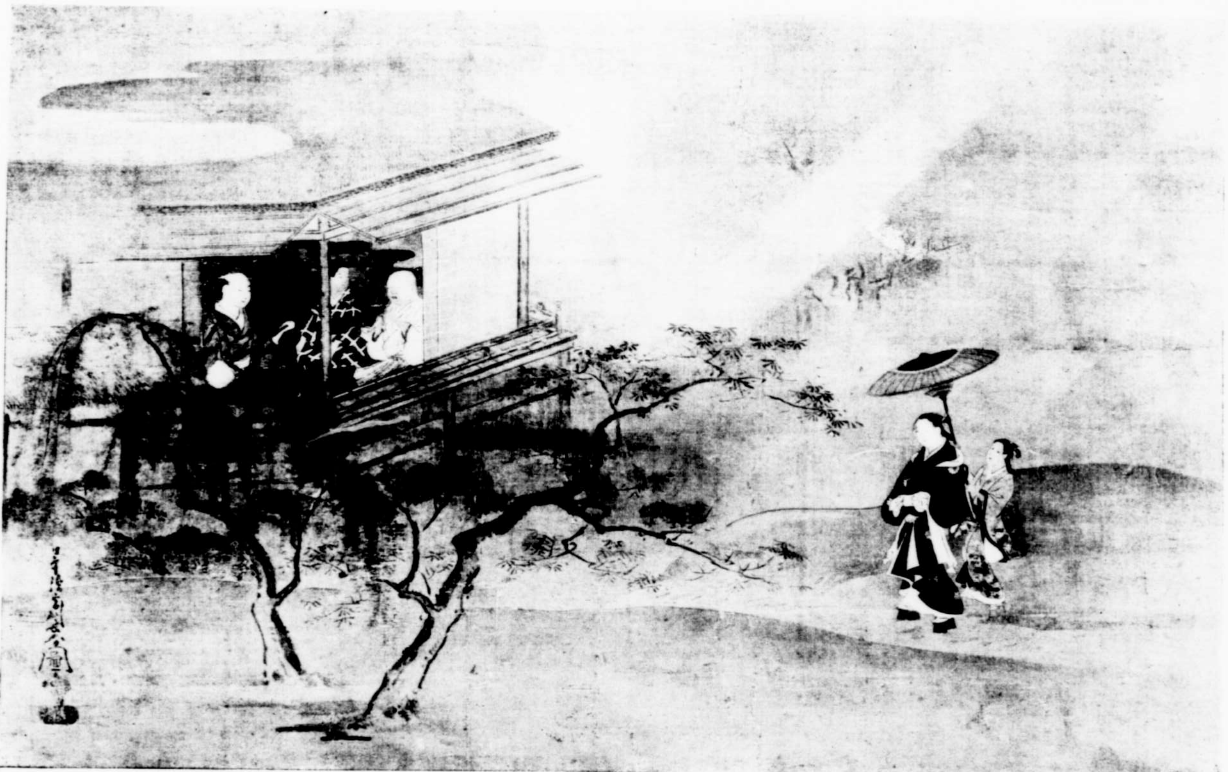
embroidery design and in the Tosa style of painting are visible in most of his work, particularly in that of early date; but presently he fell under the influence of the great Kano painter Hanabusa Itcho, and henceforth we see distinct traces of the Kano manner in Moronobu's backgrounds, and, indeed, many of his pictures show Itcho's influence in the figures also. Such is the case in the specimen I have used for illustration, a group from a silk makimono, which displays a long panorama of a river under moonlight with many other picnic groups and musical parties upon and about it. I had a photograph made of another specimen, a kakemono in Moronobu's alternative manner, but the delicate lines of the figures, and particularly of the faces, were lost utterly in the reduction.

Moronobu's paintings must be studied at first hand if his brilliant power of design and distinguished sense of colour are to be understood. A very good specimen is in the British Museum collection, numbered 1710. The kakemono numbered 1703 is also genuine, though not so attractive an example. But much of Moronobu's work was done for the engravers, and he was the first Japanese artist of importance to devote himself to the illustration of books and to the production of woodcut prints in single sheets. These were commonly in simple line with decorative black masses used with a surprising mastery; but many were tinted in a few colours by hand. Thus Moronobu began the production of those admirable book-illustrations and detached prints which formed so large and distinctive a part of the work of the Ukioyé painters throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and were the means of first awakening an interest in Japanese art among European amateurs.

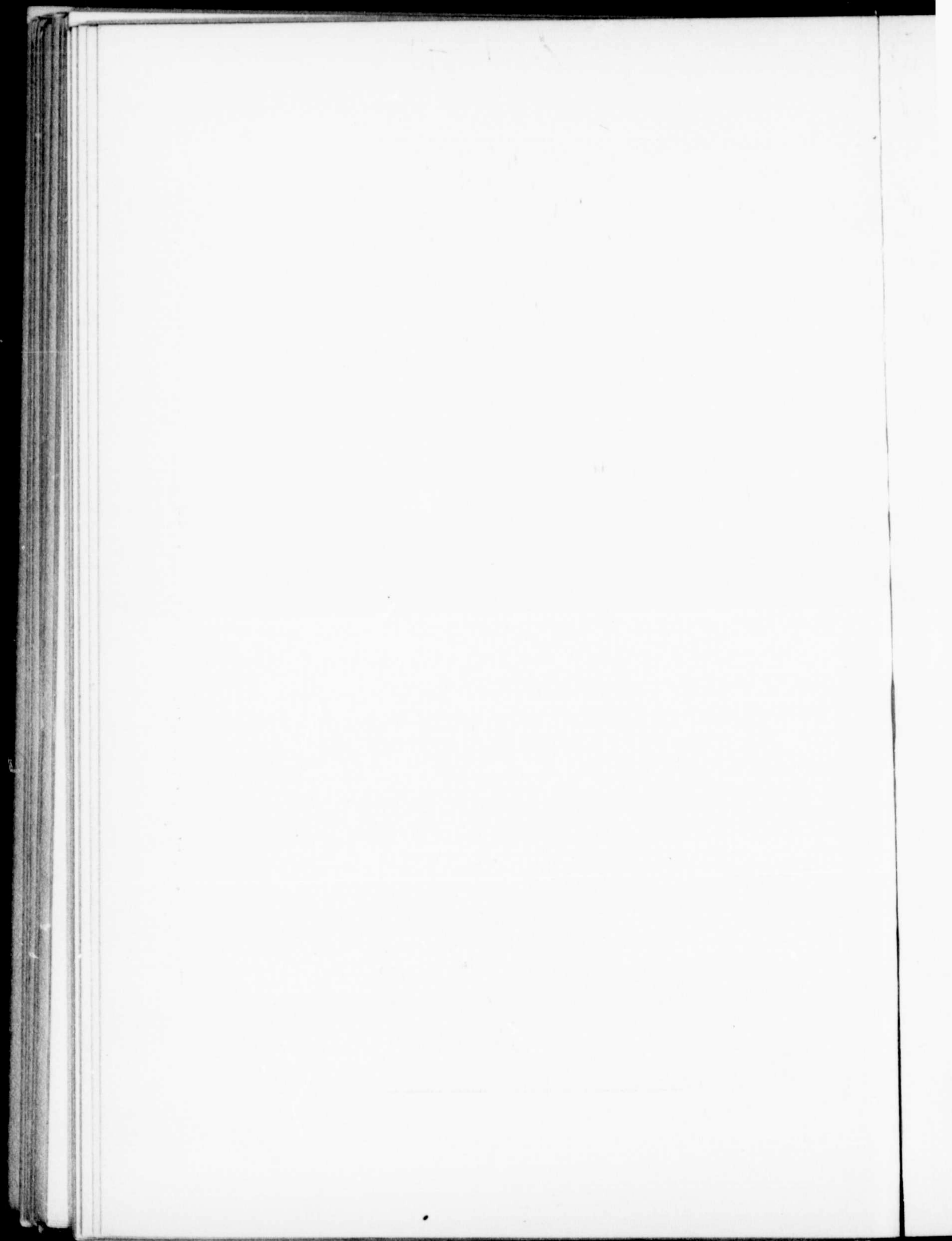
The precise dates of Moronobu's birth and death are not recorded. He died in the period Shotoku, which extended from the beginning of our year 1711 to the end of 1715, and the majority of the best native authorities give his age at seventy. He had three associates, pupils, or followers in his own family, Morofusa, Moroshigé, and Moronaga. Their

exact relationship with him is rather uncertain, one or two authorities calling them his brothers, and others calling them his sons. Kiosai insists that Morofusa, the best painter of the three, was Moronobu's younger brother, being the second son of Mitsutaké the embroiderer, and I am disposed to think this correct for independent reasons, though as a rule Kiosai is anything but a safe authority on matters of personal relationship. Moroshigé and Moronaga are perhaps more likely to have been sons of Moronobu than brothers, though I am inclined to believe Moroshigé to be a nephew, and Kiosai calls Moronaga the second son of Morofusa, in which I can find no other native authority to agree with him. Let that be as it may, the three were able painters, though Morofusa was the superior of the other two. He adopted Moronobu's manner with a difference, and while he never sought to rival his master in force and originality, he often equalled him in grace and delicacy. I have a kakemono by Morofusa, in which these latter qualities, both in line and colour, are carried as far as I have ever observed in the best work of Moronobu, though the drawing of a willow trunk, good as it is, makes plain the younger painter's inferiority in the matter of strength. The two screens in the British Museum collection, numbered 1717 and 1718, are probably the work of Moroshigé, and are very admirable, though the experienced eye can detect several points in which the work falls short of that of the head of the Hishigawa sub-school, and indeed of that of Morofusa. Moroshigé had a son, Koyama Moromasa, a very elegant painter, at least his father's equal, though not so close a follower of Moronobu's style.

There is said also to have been a son of Moronobu, who became known as Moronobu the second, though some are disposed to attribute the work ascribed to him to Moronobu himself in his later years. It is difficult to find any picture positively attributed to him, but an unsigned kakemono in my own collection, which some good native authorities are inclined to consider his work, would seem to show that this second



Pleasure party, with guest approaching, *from a kakemono by Miyagawa Choshun* (*Writer's Collection*)



Moronobu was altogether the superior of the other followers of the master, and in almost every respect, if not in all, the equal of the master himself.

A late contemporary of Moronobu, and a painter of equal merit in a narrower range, was Miyagawa Choshun. He was born in 1682, at Miyagawa, in Owari, and his work was confined entirely to painting, none of his works being made public by means of engraving. His subjects were figures, groups and scenes of festivity and holiday-making, and he treated them with very vivid fancy and bright spirit. A singularly graceful, firm and clean drawing and a pleasant harmony of bright colour characterised all his work, genuine specimens of which are extremely rare. One very good example is in the British Museum on paper, the subject being a standing female figure. The picture is at present uncatalogued. The pair of makimono in the same collection catalogued under his name are clever copies. Choshun had two very able sons, Miyagawa Choki and Miyagawa Shunsnui, who worked in the same manner.

Not precisely a pupil of Choshun, so far as I have been able to ascertain, but a painter in a very remarkable modification of his style, was Kaigetsudo, about whom, biographically, very little is known. I can find little more than that he was certainly not one man, but at least two, and quite probably four, since four different personal names are found in association with the chief name, Kaigetsudo. The work of these men is remarkably alike and quite distinctive, very splendid in its sweeping strength of line, rich and brilliant in colour, and noticeable for certain mannerisms, pleasant enough, in the drawing of features, and for the smallness of the heads and hands. At least one of the Kaigetsudo produced prints in plain black, but I believe that the main part of their work consisted of paintings for the decoration of temples.

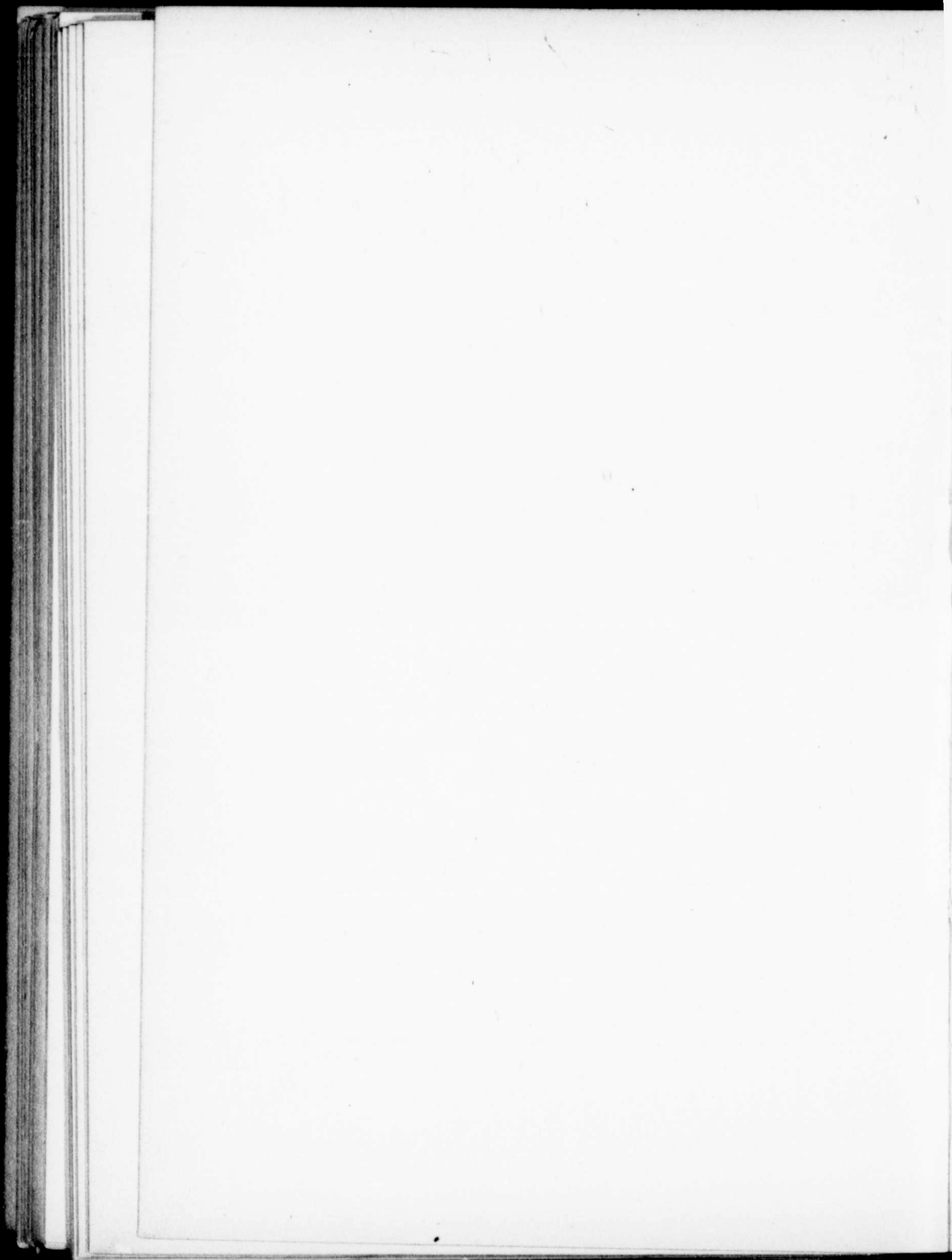
Several painters who appeared at this time and practised the Ukioyé style in different manners of their own have been called by many native authorities pupils of Moronobu. Among them are Torii Kiyonobu, and Okumura Masanobu. These

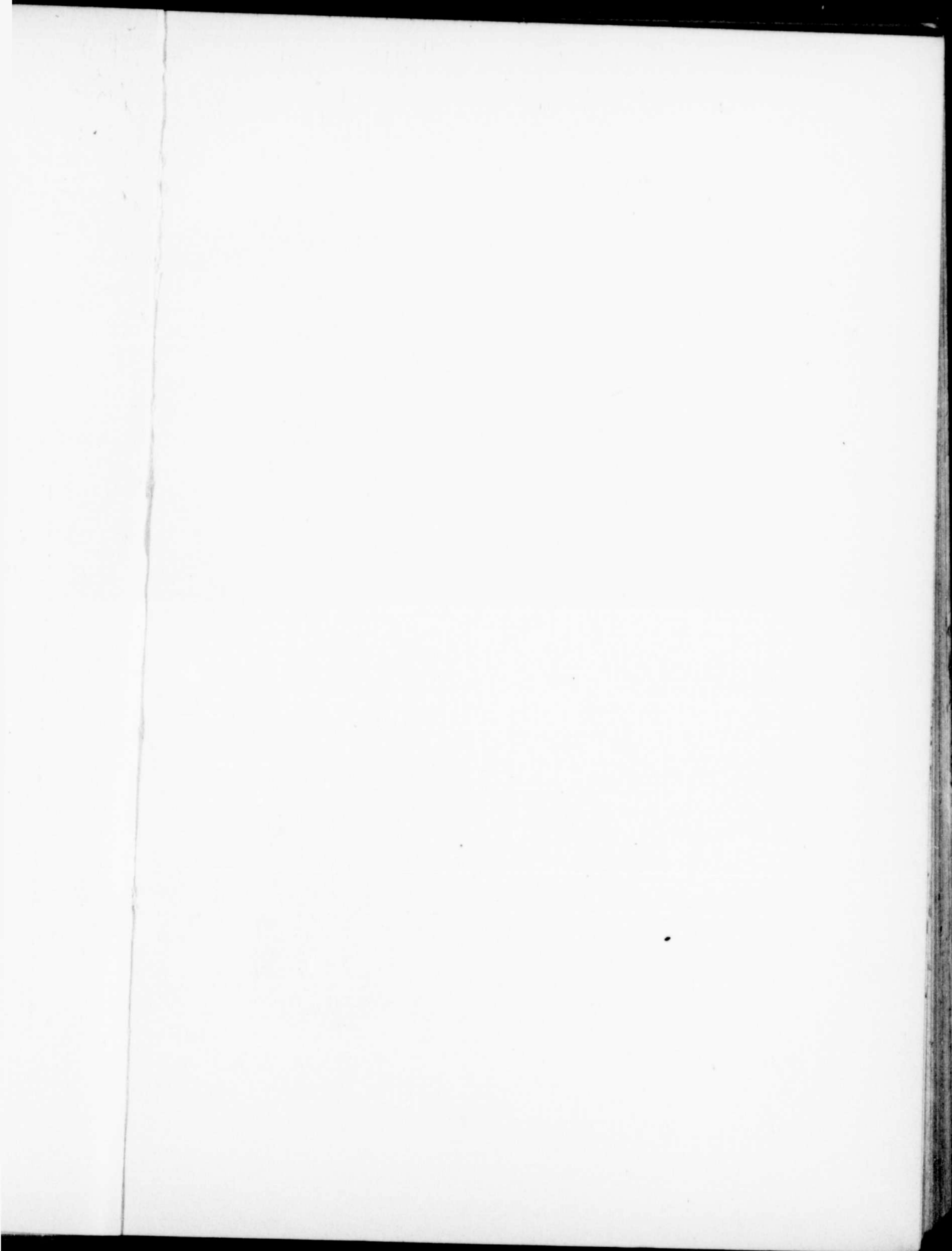
painters, who each established a sub-school of the Ukioyé, may possibly have learned from Moronobu and afterwards developed individual methods of their own; but I am more disposed to consider them wholly independent artists attracted by the new style, and influenced, rather than taught, by Hishigawa Moronobu. Torii Kiyonobu founded the long line of Torii artists who, from the beginning, devoted themselves largely to theatrical subjects; so much so, in fact, as for long to have occupied a sort of official position in relation to the stage, painting scenery and posters, and issuing many prints representing popular actors in character. Kiyonobu is recorded to have been the first printer to issue prints printed in colour, beginning with a simple harmony of pale red and green. This is very likely to be true, though there seems to be no positive evidence that his prints from colour-blocks began to be published any earlier than those of Okumura Masanobu, or, indeed, than those of Torii Kiyomasu, said to have been his son, though more probably, I think, his younger brother. When I say that the original drawings of Torii Kiyonobu are exceedingly rare, I am only saying what I might repeat about almost every notable painter of the Ukioyé school. This rarity of original paintings in the Ukioyé style is due to the fact that the bulk of the work of most of the painters was done for the engravers, and so was destroyed in the process of cutting the wood blocks, upon which the original drawings, on thin paper, were pasted, and so cut through with knife and chisel.

Kiyonobu drew in a bold, rotund style wholly his own, with a mastery of composition and disposition of ornament also quite individual. In addition to his paintings he produced prints in plain black, prints hand-coloured, and prints coloured from blocks; the prints, of all three kinds, being well-nigh as rare as the paintings.

Kiyonobu's close associate was Kiyomasu, whom I believe to have been his brother, and very little his junior. Kiyomasu is usually spoken of as son and pupil of Kiyonobu, but a close examination of the work of the two men, with a due regard to

Girl and youth reclining, *from a print by Torii Kiyonobu (Writer's Collection)*





Dance of the Cherry-blossom, *from a print by Torii Kiyomitsu (Writer's Collection)*

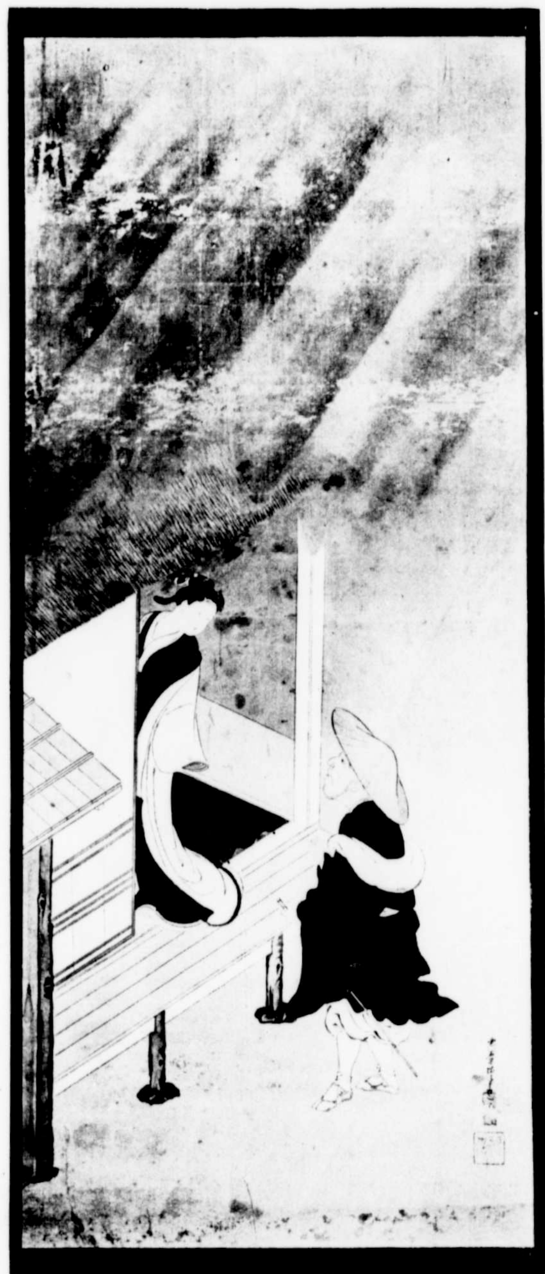
Girl with dwarf tree, *from a print by Torii Kiyohiro (Writer's Collection)*

the evidence of date afforded by detail and fashion of hair and dress in the pictures, would seem to show that to have been impossible. The men work side by side year by year, with very little or no difference in ability, and often with so little difference of style that it is almost impossible to separate their works without reference to the signatures. The very earliest of Kiyonobu's productions cannot have preceded the earliest of Kiyomasu's by more than a year or two, even if by so much; indeed, so far as my personal observation goes, I have seen no evidence that Kiyonobu was first in the field beyond the general agreement of authority and tradition that he was head and founder of the Torii family of painters. As I have hinted, many of Kiyomasu's works might well have borne his brother's signature, but in the bulk Kiyomasu's drawing exhibits certain small differences, of which the most notable is a more angular arrangement of line.

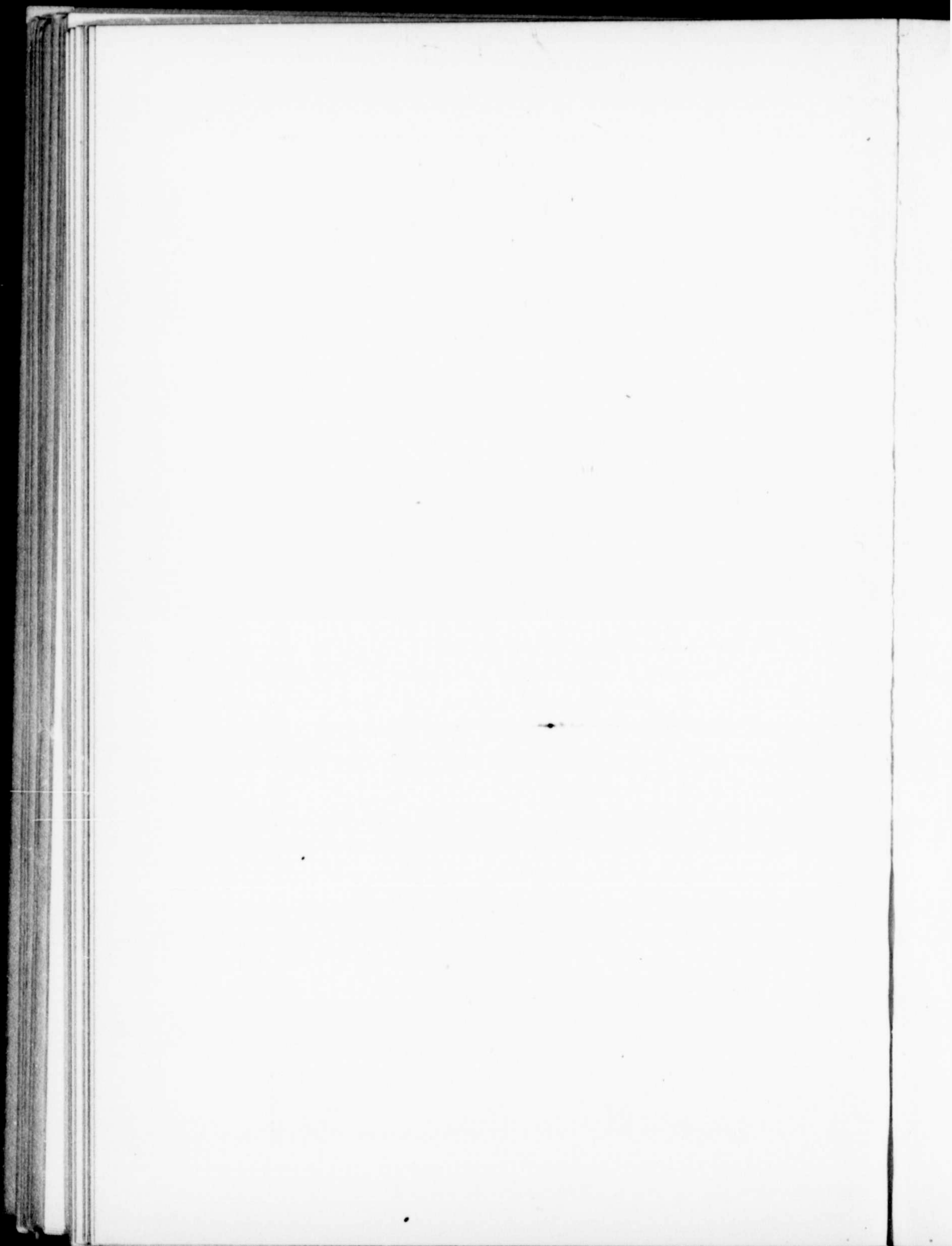
From the studios of Kiyonobu and Kiyomasu came many pupils of very high merit, and it is commonly difficult to separate the pupils of the two masters. Indeed it seems probable that they kept a common studio, and that the pupils were taught by both. Kiyonobu's pupil, Kiyotada, was one of the ablest, but he died comparatively young, and his work is rarer than his master's. Kiyomitsu is said by some authorities to have been the eldest son of Kiyomasu, and by others to have been the second son of Kiyonobu. He was great as a designer and fortunate as a master, for he taught some of the most brilliant painters of the Torii school. He brought a new sweetness and grace into the Torii convention, drawing the figures of women with exquisite elegance of line and freedom of pose. He was a very excellent colourist, and it was he who first added a third to the two colour-blocks which were all that had hitherto been used in prints. He had an admirable fellow pupil in Kiyohiro, who adhered perhaps a little more closely to the older Torii practice, but drew nevertheless with such personal grace and elegance as place him in rank with Kiyomitsu. Kiyoharu, Kiyoshigé, Kiyohisa and Kiyofusa were

other able members of the Torii school at this time, but to them, as to other painters as meritorious, I can give no more space than will suffice for their bare names; for the school of Ukioyé is so crowded that I could treat of it alone in a fairly large volume, and still leave something unsaid. The Torii sub-school offers a very constant example of the practice among Japanese painters of the adoption of part of a master's name. From the beginning every Torii painter has not only used the family name, but has used the character *Kiyo* as first of his personal name, in honour of the founder, Kiyonobu, who, in his turn, acknowledged his descent in art from Iwasa Matabei by using the alternative personal name Shobei.

Leaving the Torii school for the moment, we must go back to the time of Torii Kiyonobu to consider a very important Ukioyé painter, who was first trained in the Kano school. Nishikawa Ukiyo Sukenobu was born at Kioto in 1671, and received his tutelage at the hands of Kano Yeino, who had been a pupil of Kano Sansetsu. Sukenobu, however, was not long in adopting the new Ukioyé style, and became very famous as an illustrator of books, most of his work of this description being executed at Osaka, where he lived for the greater part of his life. He made no drawings for detached prints, and all his book-illustrations are said to have been uncoloured, though it is possible that some exception to this rule may be discovered. He was, however, a very great colourist, as any one of his exceedingly rare original paintings will demonstrate. Indeed, a kakemono by this painter in my own collection, showing the poets Narihira and Komachi among the reeds at Musashi, is, I think, in this respect the equal of any Japanese picture I have seen; which is the highest praise I can give the colour of anything. The painting is on silk, and would not photograph as well as the one I reproduce, which is on paper. Even this is sadly mistranslated, as was inevitable. In the original the white outer robe of the female figure is painted in a pigment containing some preparation of mica, which gives a curiously silvery surface, on which plainly stands an intricate pattern in



The priest Saigio at Kita Shirakawa, *from a kakemono by Nishikawa Sukenobu (Writer's Collection)*



dull white. This, of course, is lost utterly in the photograph, as is also the relation between the colours of the inner robes—a rich blue and a sober red, which show about equally black.

Sukenobu's elegant female figures, his unfailing spirit, his admirable composition and graceful feeling proclaim him a master even in his smallest sketch. The great family likeness in most of the kindly, innocent faces of his girls has been pointed as a fault, but I see no fault in it. It was the way of the Ukioyé artists to seek each his own type of female beauty and to maintain it as his ideal. For this reason the amateur with very small experience may readily separate the works of the leading painters, and though at first European eyes may see little in these faces but a sameness and lack of expression, a reasonable acquaintanceship and sympathetic study will reveal the infinite but subtle variety and the quiet meaning that inform the seemingly quaint and stolid features.

Sukenobu—who also used the name Bunkwado in addition to the names already mentioned—died at eighty years of age, in the middle of the eighteenth century.

Another great contemporary of Kiyonobu and Sukenobu was Okumura Masanobu. I think I have said that some writers have called him a pupil of Moronobu, upon no visible evidence, and it occurs to me that an error may have arisen because of some confusion between Okumura Masanobu and Hishigawa Masanobu, the latter an undoubted pupil of Moronobu, but a less important person than the former. Okumura Masanobu made many delightful pictures of figures and groups, using the Ukioyé convention with a manner all his own, and giving it a fresh grace and distinction. It is impossible to explain in words the differences, sometimes subtle, sometimes obvious to the sight, between the works of the early Ukioyé masters, and it is scarcely more than a degree better to offer a photographed and reduced specimen of one work of each. What is needed is a careful study and comparison of a number of examples. As I am treating of these men as painters rather than as designers of prints, I

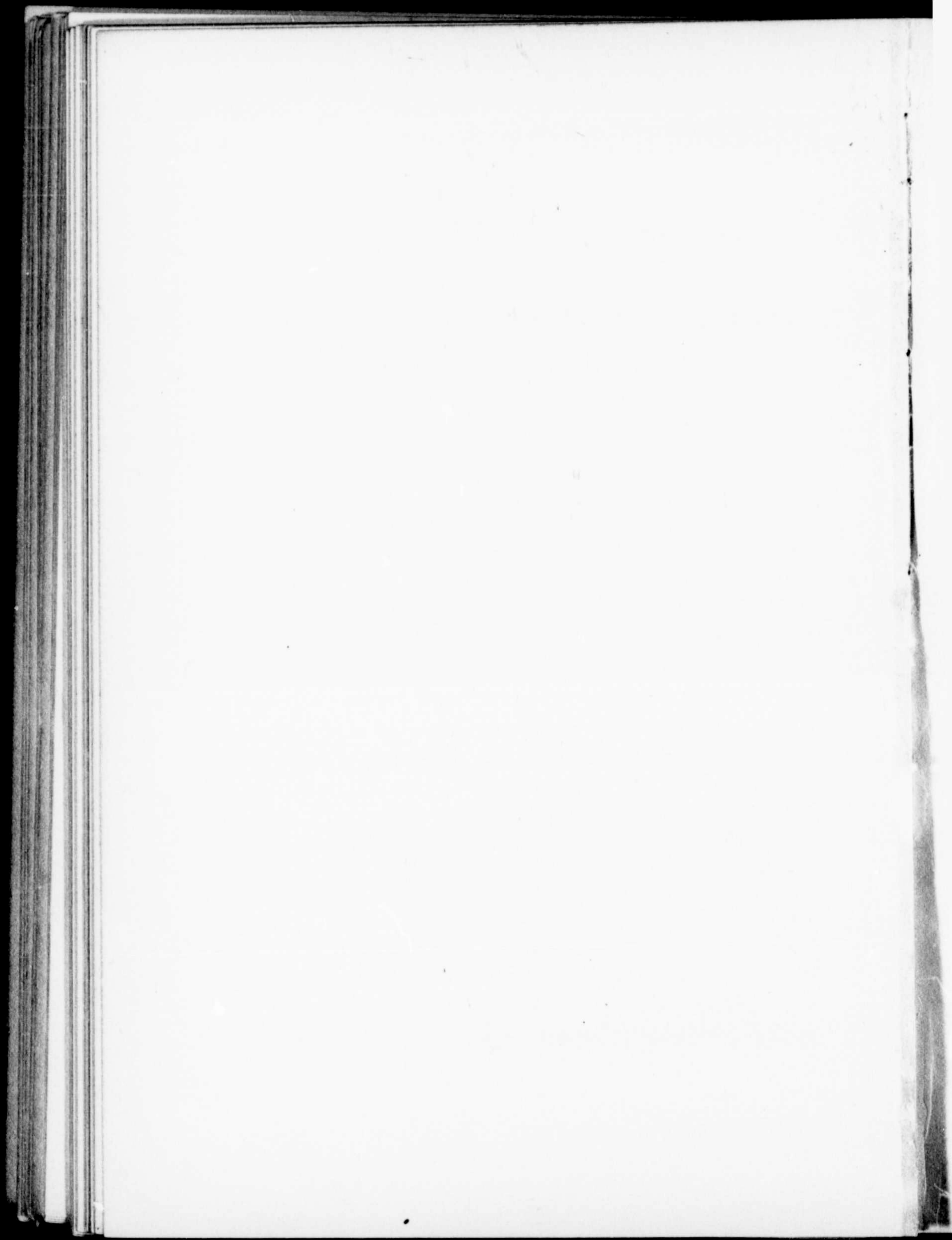
would have preferred to illustrate Masanobu with a painting, but the print made altogether the clearer photograph, and it is reasonably typical of his method. One very important pupil of Masanobu's was Okumura Toshinobu, his son.

Contemporaneous with Masanobu was one Nishimura Shigenobu, a fairly talented Ukioyé painter, whose far more able son Nishimura Shigenaga not only achieved great distinction himself, but trained one or two of the greatest of the Ukioyé painters. Shigenaga did not depend wholly upon his art for his subsistence, being also a bookseller and a small landlord in Yedo. His was a wayward genius; and everything he drew had a quaint beauty wholly characteristic. He had an odd way of bringing grace out of apparent awkwardness, and he obeyed the prescriptions of no man in the matters of pose and composition. He was one of those artists whose whim it was to take all possible measures to avert the peril of approbation from the Philistine. He sometimes prefixed the name Senkwado to his more usual signature, and at times signed with the personal and private name Mangosaburo; a practice which has led to a mistaken belief in a distinct painter of that name.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

Girl on verandah, and youth hiding below, *from a print by Okumura Masanobu* (*Writer's Collection*)

Girl at toilet, *from part of a triptych print by Nishimura Shigenaga* (*Writer's Collection*)



RECENT HISTORICAL METHODS AND THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY

I

IT may be doubtful whether History is still at that stage of her development where Mathematics were in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, in the times of Vieta or Pascal. But it seems pretty certain that while the great historic powers of Europe have long determined their precise boundaries, within which other powers have neither territory nor influence, History is still in the throes of boundary settlements, and her sphere is still rendered uncertain by a number of *enclaves* or extraneous domains marring the neatness of boundary lines. History has still to settle her *actio finium regundorum*, and at no time has the controversy about the proper sphere of History been raging more violently than in the last three or four years.

Putting aside views such as that of Schopenhauer, who absolutely denied the possibility of a science of History, holding, as he did, that historians "are only creeping from one fact to another, without ever being able to rise to a general concept"; the recent views on the proper function, object and methods of History may be divided into eight different classes. The exponents of each of the eight views are convinced of having arrived at the sole solution vouchsafing the bliss of absolute insight. It may, however, do no harm to remark that

a knowledge of History, although in reality one of the rarest and most difficult of achievements, is cheerfully taken for granted by the majority of the builders of historic methods. Nobody is ashamed of admitting that he is no proficient in chemistry, or bridge-constructing; nearly everybody will assert with becoming dignity that "History teaches us that . . .", or "it has long been proved by History . . .," or "it is an incontestable fact of History . . ."

From such phrases one might easily be led to believe that our true knowledge of the past is very considerable. Alas! nothing is less susceptible of proof than such an assertion. We know very little of the past. The broadest facts of the past have as yet been brought no nearer to a real understanding of their causes and growth. Where we want realities we get words, such as "race," "*milieu*," "historic vocation," "providential dispensation," or the name of this man or that. As all the world knows, Carlyle, who carefully fed an inordinate esteem of his own powers by an extravagant contempt for those of the rest of white or Anglo-Saxon humanity—Carlyle taught that History is made by the deeds and ideas of single overtowering individuals. For Carlyle, History is hero-worship. It never occurred to him that Dalmatia, Corsica, or the Basque country, which produced heroes of the first order (Diocletian, Napoleon, and Loyola), never had any great history of their own; nor did he ever condescend to think of the palpable fact that it was really his own Frederick the Great who lost the battle of Jena and dismembered Prussia, twenty years after his death, it is true, but none the less certainly. The personal element in History is great, but only in the manner of the peaks created by, yet rising above, their own mountains. Even Napoleon could not have raised Corsica to a power of the first order; the mountains of which he was the peak were in France. To underrate the personal element would be folly. M. L. Bourdeau, in a series of writings, has proclaimed the glory of the anonymous men. Monsieur hates names; names are mere advertisement and the result of puffing.

Madame Roland, he says, was astounded at the mediocrity of the famous heroes of the French Revolution; Montaigne, he adds, was unable to find amongst his contemporaries a person worthy of Plutarch. Even in literary matters, M. Bourdeau attributes everything to the masses; and the greatest writer, he holds, is only an inimitable imitator of ideas and expressions floating in the masses. It is, however, scarcely likely that any serious thinker will ever accept that view. At any rate, as far as France is concerned, the opinions of M. Bourdeau have found a welcome counterpoise in the teachings of M. Tarde, for whom "imitation" is the most elementary phenomenon of History, and the *inventeur*, although one is sorry to hear that he is "a kind of idiot" (*une sorte de fou*), is the real originator of all that has moved History.

In strong and forbidding contrast to the modern exponents of the "overman" (*Uebermensch*), as Nietzsche has called Carlyle's "hero," there is a great school of historians believing in the "economic" or "materialistic," hence impersonal, view of History. According to them and to their master, the famous Karl Marx, History is nothing but the make of economic causes. Given the economic needs and possibilities of a time or country, the historical events and institutions follow from it, as do the geometrical qualities of a curve from its form. In addition to Engels and Lafargue, two Italians, A. Loria and A. Labriola, are the most convinced adherents of the economic or materialistic school. In works in which the greatest problems of History, such as the strange fact of Hebrew religious supremacy, or the genius of the Greeks, in antiquity; the rise of Christianity and Feudalism; the Italian city-states and English Parliamentary institutions, &c., are shown to be the simple consequences of the industrial, capitalistic, protectionist or free-trade organisation of labour and commerce in the various countries; the Marxists reconstrue the past, determine the present, and foretell the future to the great satisfaction of their friends. Details are objectionable, and by omitting them the "materialists" are enabled to cover, in a

few pages, the events of scores of centuries. However, nothing can be more evident than that a vast number of events of the past do not respond at all to methods based on purely economic grounds. It is fairly certain that the dominant events of France and Germany in the ninth and tenth centuries could be made tolerably clear by a full knowledge of their economic conditions only. But what about the eleventh and twelfth? How can the concept of economics help us in reconstructing scholasticism or the rise of Gothic architecture, both set on foot by men who scorned all regular modes of acquiring money; who in theory were penniless and won their wealth by the least industrial or contractual of transactions—by donations? And as to the Crusades, there is probably more truth in the assumption that they were mainly caused by the unbearable *ennui* of the knights in their lonely and tedious castles than by any economic motives whatever.

The third group of historians consider reason and knowledge as the chief motors of historical events. It is sufficient to mention, of older writers, Hegel and Buckle. For the former, History is the materialisation of the long process by which Ideas "live themselves out"; for the latter, History is mainly influenced by the amount and spread of knowledge. And since by "knowledge" principally "science" is meant, this view is received with great favour by students and professors of science proper. From Du Bois-Reymond, Hallier, Berthelot, Huxley, to Virchow and Letourneau, such a view has been, as a rule, adopted by men who have spent most of their lives in the study of science proper, and who for various reasons commenced a belated study of History when all their mental categories had long been formed. Knowledge, it may be admitted, has shaped many a human glory; and the apparently undeniable fact of Progress, is, where it occurs, probably due to knowledge. But History is the product of the emotions and the will, and not of Reason, common or systematised. There is little logic in History, and the human heart, its chief instrument, has in historical times changed in no perceptible degree.

All attempts at establishing "laws of History" have hitherto failed, for the simple reason that in History we cannot frame "laws" such as we can and have framed in astronomy or physics. Comte and Buckle rightly tried to give History a more scientific character; it is, however, certain that by attempting to shape it after the model of sciences essentially unhistorical, both thinkers failed to realise their end. In History we may or shall reach scientifically proved truths fully as much as in any other science; but truths formulated in a manner *sui generis*. It is in the establishment of clear and technically conditioned correlations of facts and their causes, that History excels any other science. Correlations in biology are amongst the deepest secrets of nature; in History they are not. Thus Darwin despaired to account for the strange correlation, that white cats with blue eyes are nearly always deaf. It is already now possible to account satisfactorily for many a correlation in History in no way less surprising than any of the biological ones.

It was inevitable that the success of the doctrine of Evolution in the sphere of nature proper should persuade people that it must lead to equally important results in the sphere of History also. The well-known terms of Darwinian theories were confidently used, and it was said that in them we have at last found the key to most historic problems. Frederick von Hellwald wrote a bulky history of civilisation on purely "evolutionist" principles. L. H. Morgan, an American, published works in which the sequence of the various stages in the "evolution" of the family, the clan, the tribe, the state, and of the corresponding stages in the "evolution" of (1) pottery, (2) domestication of animals, and (3) working of iron utensils, is neatly formulated and illustrated, if not proved. For, indeed, Professor K. Buecher, E. Hahn, and others have shown, that, for instance, tribes that make and use iron hatchets will nevertheless persist in using wooden lances or ploughs; just as the Greeks, who had all the elements of printing in their mode of lettering coins, yet did not invent typography. Mr.

Herbert Spencer treats only of the two ends of History—of prehistoric times and of the present moment. His evolution-theories as to History proper can therefore not be discussed. The belief in evolution as applied to History is prompted mainly by the childish vanity of the vast number of people whose only distinctive excellence lies in the fact that they are contemporaries. It is, indeed, soothing to indulge in the pretty pride of being a superior person, of being at the other end of a long growth, in one word of living in the twentieth century. Scientific value there is none in all the works hitherto published on History as an illustration of evolution theories.

The fifth group of historians starts with an unshakable belief in races, and declares all History to be nothing short of a series of race struggles, in which the race to which the historian belongs will, of course, prevail in the end. Hellwald, L. Gumplowicz, Gobineau, and, amongst older writers, Taine, are, together with most historians who accept the race theory incidentally, convinced of the reality of what is certainly the greatest delusion, or rather an evident political device, and not a fact. Temporary "race" qualities there undoubtedly are; that is, the same group of people, under the same circumstances for six generations, will, during that time, show the same physiognomy in feeling and temper. Alter the circumstances, and at once the physiognomy will be altered. The Irish in America, the French in Canada, the Germans in Russia are *toto cœlo* different from their co-nationals at home. Even so in point of time. Yet in the teeth of most palpable evidence to the contrary, the use of the vague concept "race" will continue in works on History. It is a convenient term; it looks learned, in that it calls for erudite adjectives, such as Teutonic, Turanian, Semitic, &c.; it helps one always when one is quite at a loss what to say. Call the unexplained fact of the secular anarchy of Germany an "irresistible bent to Teutonic individualism," and you have explained it. Call the unexplained rise of monotheism amongst the ancient Hebrews a matter of

"Semitic gift" (Renan), and you have accounted for it in a respectable manner.

Another view of History is widely taught in the works of strictly Catholic writers. For them the whole question has long been settled by St. Augustine, and in the latest of the more elaborate works of Catholic writers, in G. Grupp's "System und Geschichte der Kultur," as well as in the "History of the Popes," by Professor Pastor, the greatest of living Catholic historians, the Augustinian view of History is taught as the only possible mode of treating History.

Professor Lamprecht, in Germany, has in a long series of articles, pamphlets and books published in the last six years, proclaimed what he calls a new mode of writing History. He terms his method "collectivist," in opposition to the old or individualistic method. The principal subject-matter of History ought to be, he says, the abiding or static institutions of a nation, such as language, economy, art, customs (*Sitte*), moral views and law. The professional historians, Below and O. Lorenz leading, have combated, and are still combating, Lamprecht's view with great energy. For them the proper subject of History is the state and statesmen. This was also the opinion of the famous Ranke, and naturally so, in that Ranke's studies were directed mainly to a period—the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries—when there was indeed, on the Continent at least, very little worth historical notice outside the state and statesmen. Below and Oncken have taken particular pleasure in pointing out numerous mistakes and inaccuracies in the "Deutsche Geschichte" of Lamprecht, to which the latter retorted by giving a similar list from the works of his adversaries. The upshot of it is that Lamprecht is quite right with regard to certain periods of history, more especially that period (the early Middle Ages) in which he is a specialist. He is wrong with regard to many other and more dynamic periods of History, during which the personal element undoubtedly was of the utmost importance. Germany had in 1850 all her *zuständliche* or static factors in fair order; she had

her social classes, language and literature, science, philosophy, music, economy and her *Sitte*. Yet without Bismarck she could never have raised herself to an international power of the first rank. In one respect, however, one cannot but recognise Professor Lamprecht's merit unreservedly. He has insisted with greater force and clearness than most of his predecessors on the necessity of the study of collective or mass-psychology, without which History lacks the very kind of potent instrument that to astronomy is given in mechanics. Le Bon, Tarde, Letourneau, Tylor, and Herbert Spencer have either collected much material or furnished many a valuable *aperçu* for that important branch of psychology. At present we are in possession of the first two volumes of a "Völkerpsychologie," or psychology of social aggregates, written by the greatest living psychologist, Professor Wundt, of Leipsic. How far Professor Wundt has succeeded in preparing for historians that indispensable instrument of research which Galileo and Cartesius had prepared for Kepler and Newton, the next few years will show.

The last of the group of historians studying History from a particular standpoint has long been inaugurated by Karl Ritter, Alexander von Humboldt, Elisée Reclus, and other geographers, who held that the abiding and most determinative cause of the broad events of History is the configuration and physiology of the planet on which we live. At present the greatest exponent of Anthropogeography, as he calls it, is Professor Frederick Ratzel, of Leipsic. In various works, especially in his "Politische Geographie" (1897), he has thrown out an astounding number of suggestions and thoughts pointing out the correlation between Geography and History. Nor can it be doubted that the irregularly varying ordinates in History, that is, the events, cannot be reasonably supposed to be comprehensible without assuming the existence of regularly variable *abscissæ* in the form of geographical, or rather geo-political, influences of an abiding character. Let the Dogger Bank be a large island such as Ireland, or widen the Channel at Dover to the extent of its width at the

Lizard, and the whole history of England is different from what it has actually been. Suppose the Danube, instead of flowing into the Euxine, to fall into the Greek Sea, and the history of the Balkan peoples assumes dimensions totally different from what it has taken these three thousand years. *Est locus in rebus.* Given the geographical conditions of a country together with that of its neighbours, and much of its history becomes quite clear. Draw a circle round France with the centre at Bourges, and one point of the periphery at Edinburgh, and you will find that Berlin, Vienna, Rome, and Madrid are all at equal distances from the centre of France; that France, therefore, for centuries lay in the centre of all the really important States of Europe, such as England, Germany, Austria, the Popes and Spain, and was constantly exposed to their attacks. How under such circumstances could France have a constitution other than a strongly centralised, ever ready monarchy? One only needs to look at such a circle to understand why the various dukes of France, those, for instance, of Burgundy and Brittany, together with numerous minor territorial sovereigns, failed to weaken the central power; why the estates in France could never develop into strong parliamentary parties; why Roman law was *de facto* the law of France as it was best cultivated by the Frenchmen Cujacius and Donellus; and why France, absolutely dependent on centralisation, could not dispense with the best organised of centralised institutions, the Catholic Church; in other words, why France did not become Protestant.

II

In reviewing all the attempts at raising History to the dignity of a science,[1] one cannot help seeing that all of them

[1] The reader will find a complete statement of all such attempts in the following works: Fréderic de Rougemont, "Les deux Cités" (2 vols., Paris, 1874, pp. 467, 617); R. Flint, "Philosophy of History in France and Germany" (1894); P. Barth, "Die Philosophie der Geschichte" (Leipsic, 1897); J. Goldfriedrich, "Die historische Ideenlehre in Deutschland," im 18. u. 19. Jh. (p. 544, Berlin, 1902).

agree in the necessity of giving to History what has hitherto been denied her: a general part. No modern natural science is without its general part. There is a "general part" in Physics, in Chemistry, in Botany, in Biology, &c. In History alone there is no "general part." Historians, as a rule, begin the study of a particular period without in the least troubling themselves about the rectification or organisation of the general concepts which they are to use on nearly every page of their work. A physicist would be horror-struck at the idea that he had no definite and technical idea of gravitation, attraction, or any other general concept of physical science. Not so in History. What seems needed is solely the diligent reading of many, many documents or "sources." Whether or no the authors of those documents had the capacity of seeing into the real and intimate character of the persons and events they describe, that is seldom asked. The broad fact, however, is that the vast majority of "sources" are as little informing and instructive as the well-known depositions of a valet about his master-hero. No writer of a "source" of the thirteenth century realised in the least the importance of Magna Charta (1215). But without a due sense of proportion, the greatest mass of facts is only a mere heap of dust. Take Janssen's strongly Catholic History of the German people since the Reformation. In eight bulky volumes, hundreds of thousands of well-documented facts are dished up. The success of the book is probably unique. Over fifteen editions have been published. And yet in spite of all that immense display of "sources" and quotations, Janssen's work is nothing short of an ecclesiastical party-pamphlet. It lives on innuendos, and half of it is what Balzac said of one half of the French language, *des sous-entendus*. It gives a totally wrong impression, and is untrue from beginning to end.

Documents, and nothing but documents, are indeed sufficient in the case of Church History, meaning the history of the Catholic clergy, both secular and regular. For that clergy consisted—the regular at all times, the secular since Gregory VII.—of unmarried folk, strictly educated in a

system reducing the pupil to an artificial product, in whom the world of family, sexual and civic emotions, had been blotted out more or less completely. Of such persons documents may indeed furnish a complete description. We can very well represent from the *regula* and documents of the Carthusians the whole psychic status and daily life of a Carthusian in 1150. We can, from the extant "sources" form only an inadequate idea of the mental and pyschic status of a *manant* or serf of the same year; and as to forming an idea of the inner world and temper of a woman, say of Lincolnshire or of Toulouse in 1150, the documents are utterly insufficient.

The character and value of "sources" is, it must be admitted, much greater since the middle of the sixteenth century, let alone for Italy, the "sources" of which are exceedingly valuable for the fifteenth century too. Yet it is absolutely necessary to insist that the indispensable and at present most needed department of History, its general part, cannot possibly be built up by mere digests of "sources." More, very much more, is needed. A correct and clear survey of the general facts and factors of History is required. There, however, is the great pitfall for so many students of History. They believe that a general fact is the mechanical aggregate of a host of particular facts. Nothing could be more remote from the truth. As a plane is not the mechanical aggregate of ever so many lines, although lines are all in a plane, even so the general fact is not pieced together from a mass of particular facts. The mind and the method required for the perception and co-ordination of general facts in History is, as a rule, quite different from the mind of the collector of particular events. Both are specialists; one for the general, the other for the particular facts. And as it is admitted that the specialist in the history of Bristol cannot fairly sit in judgment on the specialist in the history of Lyons, it ought now to be also admitted, that the specialist in particular facts of, say, 1600 to 1660, ought not to sit in judgment on the specialist in the general facts of that period.

III

The necessity of a "General History" has long been felt, and both in Germany and France elaborate works have appeared to "fill the gap." Professor Oncken's vast collection of bulky monographs, forming over forty volumes, on all the periods of History, is a useful compilation; but its very size, apart from the internal arrangement, renders it unavailable for the purposes of a real general history. On a different, and we may confidently say, better plan is built the "Histoire Générale," edited by Lavisse and Rambaud, comprising the Middle Ages and Modern Times (till 1900), in twelve volumes. In that great work the peculiar character of a General History, that is, the plastic formulation of the general facts dominating all the particular events of History, is brought out with eminent success. Very useful, and frequently full bibliographies are added to each chapter; but an index—the chief deficiency of most French books—is absent.

In addition to these two works on General History, an incredible number of smaller or larger handbooks, digests, *précis*, &c., of General History have been published recently, more especially in Germany, France and America. In the last-named country such works are invariably schoolbooks, and need not be discussed here. In Germany and Austria, in addition to school-books (Universal History being an obligatory subject in all German schools), there is a number of partisan works written in the interest of the Catholic cause, of socialists, of the "general public," &c. It may suffice to quote the pious and voluminous "General History" of B. Weiss; the interesting work edited by Helmolt, now accessible in English; the brilliant still unfinished work of Professor Lindner of Halle, and the "Histoire" of M. Fontane.

The late Lord Acton, with a view of endowing the English speaking world with an authoritative statement of General History, conceived and mapped out the plan of the "Cambridge

Modern History," the first volume of which has just appeared, under the editorship of Dr. A. W. Ward, Dr. G. W. Prothero, and Mr. Stanley Leathes (Cambridge, the University Press, 1902, alphabetical index, pp. 807, roy. 8vo). The volume is entitled "The Renaissance," and treats of the latter half of the fifteenth and the first quarter of the sixteenth century, in nineteen chapters. The contributors are the late Dr. Creighton, Mr. E. J. Payne, Professor J. B. Bury, Mr. Stanley Leathes, Mr. E. Armstrong, Mr. Arthur Burd, Dr. Richard Garnett, Dr. Horatio Brown, Professor T. F. Tout, Mr. H. Butler Clarke, Dr. A. W. Ward, Dr. James Gairdner, Dr. William Cunningham, Professor Sir Richard C. Jebb, Dr. M. R. James, Dr. William Barry, Mr. Henry Charles Lea, and the writer of this article.

The period forming the introduction to Modern History is characterised by three broad or general facts; the first intellectual and emotional, the second geo-political, and the third political proper. The first is the Renaissance, or the new and incomparably deeper interest taken, first in Italy, then in France and the other countries, in the study of Greek and Roman literature and art. This great movement, by overthrowing the methods of Scholasticism, gave the European intellect incentives and tendencies so rich and so varied that within less than 150 years after its inception in the beginning of the fifteenth century the entire mental physiognomy of western Europe was completely changed. It took different shapes in different countries; yet the main feature everywhere was the irresistible process of Hellenisation of the then still barbarous mind of western and central Europe. The second great fact was the immense widening of the geographical horizon and of the possible area for political activity by means of the vast discoveries made likewise by Italians and by the Portuguese and the Spanish. At once the centre of gravity which had hitherto been in the Mediterranean was shifted to the eastern shores of the Atlantic; and England from having been almost outside the large currents of European politics, suddenly found herself in their very

centre. For, the capture of Constantinople by the Turks (1453), together with the discovery of America (1492), itself in no small degree caused, if indirectly, by the fall of the Byzantine Empire, changed the hitherto thalassic stage of History into one that may fairly be called atlantic. The third great fact, intimately connected with the two former, was the intense individualisation of large, hitherto amorphous or disconnected territories by means of the establishment of centralised monarchies absorbing numerous minor and centrifugal polities. That process of individualisation, which in Burckhardt's well-known words was the chief effect of the Renaissance on the private individual too, worked during that period the integration or absorption of twenty-two large fiefs or provinces and *comtés* by the crown of France into one French kingdom, up to 1531. It likewise united in the strong hands of Matthias Corvinus of Hungary, and even in those of his two feeble successors, huge countries reaching from the middle Elbe to the Olt river in Rumania. It also coalesced into the "Papal State," the numerous tyrants and city-states of Central Italy, a gigantic task in which Cesare Borgia failed, and Pope Julius II. succeeded. It established the union of the kingdoms in Spain into one powerful Spain, and tightened the links connecting Wales and Ireland with England. Europe was taking shape. In France the centrifugal fiefs were nearly all in lay hands, and accordingly the French kings united them with the crown by political and military operations. In Germany, where the same strong tendency to individualisation of territory was felt, the uniting forces of the princes were confronted by ecclesiastical fiefs forming, between the Rhine and the Elbe, over one-third of Germany. To apply to the ecclesiastical fiefs in Germany the territorial unification that in France, Spain and Italy had been done by purely secular means, methods of a more religious or ecclesiastical character were required. And so the German movement of the Reformation, already set in motion by the renaissance of the intellect, was powerfully aided and precipitated by the renaissance of territory. It only needed the

rise of Charles V., who was, in law, the master of the major part of Christian Europe, to stimulate all Germany to an outbreak of religious reform that was chiefly directed against the all-absorbing Hapsburgs.

In that attempt at individualisation of vast territories, the Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, and the Kings of Hungary failed; and most of the German princes were likewise shorn of their expected territorial aggrandisement. The greatest success in the work of the territorial renaissance fell to the lot of the Valois and the Hapsburgs, and their achievements raised European policy from the local and petty level it had been working on in most countries, to the height of international considerations. A mistake or ill-luck in international or foreign policy was then visited with evil consequences very much more fatal than formerly. The inability of England, then stricken with the anarchy of the Wars of the Roses, to help Charles the Bold of Burgundy, the brother-in-law of Edward IV., did more for the downfall of the duke than his defeats at Granson and at Morat, in 1476, at the hands of the accidentally very much more numerous Swiss. For a similar shortcoming in foreign policy the Hungarians lost the important battle of Mohács, in 1526.

In the immense work of the Renaissance a great number of brilliant, important or useful persons took part. The reader of the "Cambridge Modern History" will find every one of them duly placed on the pedestal or in the corner which historical perspective has allocated to him. A large portion of the volume naturally treats of Italy, which gives in that period so adequate a proof of the principal thesis of History, the belief that History is made by minorities of men, if by majorities of geo-political factors. Separate chapters are devoted to Italy in general, to Florence (two chapters), to Rome and the Popes, and to Venice. Because of the vast importance of the Netherlands in the next period, the history, both external and internal, of those famous provinces is given in most careful detail. The vast economic change coming

over Europe in the two generations preceding the Reformation is traced through all its ramifications; England's position and influence under the early Tudors is described on the basis of the latest researches; and the literary and religious aspects of the Renaissance are fully discussed in three elaborate chapters. A comprehensive study of the Ottoman Empire gives the English reader, for the first time, a full and clear view of that great Power, which was probably the chief cause of the vast change of history thalassic to history atlantic. A chapter enriched with telling parallels embraces the history and constitution of the German Empire. Last, not least, the discoveries of those ever memorable times are concisely but fully stated in two chapters. The minor countries are treated incidentally.

In keeping with the strictly scientific character of a work destined for the general public as well as for the student, each chapter is followed at the end of the volume by a systematic bibliography of its subject. The bibliographies thus added extend to no less than one hundred pages, and may be said to constitute the best guide to a serious study of the period they refer to. The entire work will consist of twelve volumes, and it is hoped that two volumes will be published each year. It is intended to publish the twelve volumes in two series—volumes appearing alternately in each, the second series beginning with America.

It is impossible to leave the subject of this, the first serious attempt, in English at a scientific General History of modern times, without adding a word of posthumous praise of the memory of the scholar to whom the idea and plan of the present work is due, the late Lord Acton. It is likewise impossible not to mention the immense labour and deep historic insight displayed by Dr. Ward and his colleagues in editing a volume entailing incredible work as well as great tact and forbearance.

EMIL REICH.

ENGLISH AND INDIAN
A STUDY

TO study and admire two races as far apart in their differences as the East is from the West, as near in their resemblances and interests as children of one family, is to acquire a heart with a double pulse beat. Disapproval so often is but non-comprehension. To know better is to love more.

The Oriental is somehow, and in some things, nearer God's *non-human* creation than the more civilised Western. He has the fierce devotion, the more savage naturalness, the unreasoning dogged faithfulness, of an animal. He is also less grown-up; he is, as it were, a child among nations—wherefore his simplicity, his trustfulness, his credulity, his love for fairy-tales and miracles.

He is a part of God's creation first, next a member of a family. Is he ever a citizen?—the member of a state? I don't know. Where the travelling M.P. has attempted to make him one, the result has been disastrous. Perhaps the reason is, that his idea of a state was, and is still, that of a larger family. To be understood and taken into confidence is what he wants, rather than place or position for itself.

"You are of the Empire, yet not yet strong enough, perhaps, to be given as much authority as certain Westerns of the Empire."

This he would understand better than the attitude put into words by certain Englishmen of whom I have knowledge:

"We must show you the difference between the conquered and the conqueror." As to that same "conquest," indeed, was it a conquest, *historically?*

I heard an old Mahommedan once address some very young and talkative Indians on the subject.

It was a meeting of thousands. The chief speakers had devoted their energies to advocating social reform; one or two of the younger men had aired a grievance. Then spoke the Mahommedan, in Urdu—for he was of the old school: "My children," he said, "'tis true that the British came here with a pair of scales in their hands. They have sat down with a sceptre. Yet—whose has been the advantage?"

Little doubt, I am sure, had the mass of people; and my old Mahommedan was wise. There is no need to mis-state the historical fact.

The *occupation* of India has blessed both Indian and foreigner. Often do Indians acknowledge their half of the truth. Perhaps an occasional acknowledgment of the other half would not be out of place; and a little trouble at understanding the *Indian* side of the question—would that not be well, too?

'Tis sad to me to notice how often speakers and writers hark back to the Mutiny, the best of them, with their "Look how the people rebelled!" But the wonder to my mind is not that there was that rebellion, but that it came and went so delightfully suddenly.

Think of the conditions of the country. For years there had been a succession of military despotisms. Any individual, were he strong enough, and could he but attract a following, might fight for his hand; and, holding the north-west stronghold, would hold the country. The province where the Mutiny began, and was at its worst, was the battle-field of centuries. The men who rebelled were warriors by race and tradition and education and practice.

That the country settled down as peaceably as it did, is to my mind the greatest proof ever given in Western history of

the personal attraction and magnetism, of the sterling worth, and unflinching courage of the Englishman. Is it not also proof, too, of something else—of the dignified reasonableness of the Indian?

To a country divided with internal strife comes a strong man. Him the Indian recognised; to him he submitted.

"Each of us has had our chance; rule you now, you outsider. Do justice among us. That you are honest and brave we acknowledge. Fit are you for rule. We give you our loyalty—only, respect our religion, our prejudices."

And when the outburst came, was it not but—morally, mistaken resentment at a supposed insult to their religion? Physically, was it not only the untamed animal wanting his head?

Peace was so dull after centuries of fighting. I was talking once to an old Indian who had known some of the glories of the last Mogul.

"You can gather your wheat into your garners, your houses and occupations are secure now," said I.

"Yes," he replied; "yes, there is all that."

"What is there not?" I asked, curious.

"In the olden days," he replied, "the beggar by the wayside might become Prime Minister if the king but smiled upon him."

"But equally," I made answer, "might his head be cut off if he failed to appreciate the king's last joke?"

"*We took that chance!*" was the reply.

The answer was a parable.

Certainly, under a good and settled Government, life is no longer a gamble. And yet to a *fatalistic* people a gamble is perhaps a reasonable necessity. *The assured* has the same monotony as their creed of life. "What is written, is written," without doubt in every department of life and thought. But the only chance of excitement, of guessing at that inevitable writing, lies in uncertainty—something the fatalistic temperament wants for incentive, else is it too hopelessly inert. That

is the explanation of any *unrest* that there may be found in the country. Our fault is, that there is too little of it, in the best sense. Too ready are we to accept the misfortunes of our own making, as God's decrees. Wherefore, oh! Englishman, try and understand that curious mystic fatalism, try and help and direct all aspirations. Behold, are they not natural? And in the right direction and training of these lies the eventual good of the country. India can never be depopulated of Indians, however many English folk come and settle amongst us. The Indian, as a factor, cannot therefore be neglected.

And, what is fatalism, after all, but the human recognition of divine justice. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" As said another Eastern: "God cannot err. Why I deserve this gladness, or wherefore I am so afflicted, who can tell? Justice must be justified of itself."

A Western calls this "faith"; an Eastern "*Nasib.*" But the Eastern perhaps has the advantage, for his *Nasib* includes "resignation." It helps him not only to face the future, but to bear with dignity the present. Have you ever thought of the loneliness of an Eastern mind, in this constant converse with Fate? 'Tis the loneliness which most men are accustomed to associate with death alone. When the Eastern ceases from this —dialogue—he has attained his heaven, his absorption into the Divine. Fate has finally silenced him by annihilation.

Then take our standard of right and wrong. 'Tis a *personal* one in the East. We start with the idea that what may be wrong for ourselves may be right for outsiders. Indeed, the normal and ordinary, not the abnormal or extraordinary, is with us matter for surprise. There is no public opinion to mould either ethics or politics. To this fact I attribute the wondrous *tolerance* which you find in the East.

"That is not Eastern, therefore it must be wrong," is a criticism impossible. Before you are judged at all, much less condemned, many things will there be to be inquired of.

(1) Are you an Eastern? If you are not I have no standard at all by which to measure you.

If you are—

(2) Of what class or caste of Eastern are you? If you are not of my particular community, equally are you without my orbit. If you are, and you have sinned, my condemnation extends to the exclusion of you from "bread and water." That rule our religion, which is greater than either of us, has made. But I will buy with you, sell with you, and talk with you. Generous and cheerful indeed is this tolerance among a people, who still will die of thirst rather than drink water from the hands of an outsider.

The fact is, contamination is ceremonial not moral. A prince might associate with a *badmaash*, if of his own caste. None would wonder.

Then again the standard of ethics is different for men and women.

"As you sow, so shall you reap," is orthodoxy for the man.

"As you sow, so shall they reap whom you love best—your son, your husband"—is the woman's religion.

You reap yourself. Yes, but as a secondary result; and it certainly never enters into the calculation of the individual woman, when the reaping is profitable.

Do good if you can; but if you can't or won't, stand up to your penalty like a man; or rather lie submissive under the full flood of it. Count the cost, the degradation to the lowest order of creation, the weary re-start through the gradations of re-genesis. At least there has been no deceit. Sometimes you may buy back part of the penalty by counterbalancing good deeds. An Eastern loves a bargain, and the business of salvation is one great mercantile transaction; but only men are allowed on that Rialto.

Vicarious *suffering*, with a woman for chief actor, is one of the tenets of the male. Vicarious *pleasuring*, with a man for chief actor, is the woman's.

I said that you took your penalty, you paid your price.

True, but not always. In the highest scheme of punishment, whether for man or woman, some one else pays. The gods strike at the thing you love best. If the gods are angry with a woman they take away her husband. Is not the very treatment of the widow in India recognition of the fact? And does she not so accept it?

Or again, listen to an Indian cursing. He does not curse you, but your ancestors or descendants ("the son of a donkey," or "the father and mother of a donkey," not a donkey yourself, mark you!); or, most successful of all, those whom most you love.

Or take again, the old custom of sitting *dharna*. Why was it the best way of getting paid a debt, to sit fasting at the gate of your debtor?

Partly, no doubt, as reminder, but chiefly to bring upon his loved ones the judgment of your blood. You would starve yourself to death because of the contributory offence of an unpaid debt, and the gods would hold the contributory offender responsible. Anyhow, he feared this, the debtor, and borrowed at a rate, however high, to avert the catastrophe.

In observance of the letter of the law, indeed, and in the practice of religious duties, none can rival an Eastern, be he Mahommedan or Hindu. There is always reverence for the exactions of your faith, be it what it may. I believe even your worst enemy would stay execution if he had invaded your hour of prayer, would stand aside while you spread your mat and made your prostrations.

And no one is ashamed of practising his religion. The praying at the corners of streets or by the wayside, which is so common a sight in North India, is not pharasaical. The man prays there because the shrine is there, if he be a Hindu. If he be a Mohammedan, because 'tis the hour of prayer, and he must not neglect it, even though it take him unawares on a public road. He does not expect the reputation of sanctity for such duty, just as, certainly, he would not accord it.

Nor is he less zealous over his fasts. In India, fasting is as

national an institution, at the appropriate times and seasons, as is Christmas feasting in England. Men, women, and even children, keep faith with God about these things, and their loyalty knows no temptation. I remember a dear, small boy, the son of our night watchman, a Hindu. His small soul loved mangoes, and on a day, as he followed me about the garden, I offered him one.

"No!" he said wistfully, "I may not take it."

"But why?"

"Does the Miss Sahib not know 'tis my fast? The giant of darkness strives to overcome the sun, and not even water must pass my lips for so many hours."

The duty, in his case, was self-imposed, for he was but six years of age, and so not yet within the pale of orthodox rigidity. But the story is illustrative of the Eastern spirit.

Do not women keep faith over their vows, even though it mean the sacrifice of a best-loved child?

To men it is permitted to lie; but not to the gods. For, look you, the gods hold the keys of *revenge* as well as knowledge. And they are powerful, too. They can take what you will not give. Better give and win merit.

Such various things "win merit." Listen to the priestly beggar: "Do God service by giving me of your plenty!" he will say. And his bearing is imperious, not cringing. He is there as *a means of salvation*, part of a divine scheme. Begging is a profession in the East.

I saw a crowd in a London street the other day laughing at and applauding a poor legless cripple, who danced on crutches. The man who showed him, made money for himself, for others amusement, out of the deformity. In India monstrosities still attract worship, not ridicule. The abnormal is akin to the supernatural, and so to be worshipped or propitiated. The true Eastern hushes himself in its presence. That, I expect, is one reason why ascetics deform themselves. As normal men they are too human to attract due reverence.

Towards the great facts of life—love and death—the attitude of the Eastern is peculiar.

"We grow up to think that such an one belongs to us," said an Indian girl to me of her boy husband. "We take the relationship as you do, your brothers and sisters. You do not choose them. You do not, however, therefore resent them."

"English people do not understand our relationship to our wives," said another Hindoo to me once. "They treat their wives as we treat—left-handed relations."

The love-making on park benches, or the flirtation in a ballroom, would be equally impossible in the East. And yet, despite the difference of ideals, and habits, and circumstances, that love is seldom more beautifully rendered than in some of these Indian homes I have found time and again. Certainly in devotion and self-abnegation any woman, anywhere, would find it difficult to *out-love* an Indian lady.

Towards death the attitude is dignified fearlessness; not death but contamination is to be dreaded. In dying let nothing be done, or omitted, which would affect the after-life. This life is but one of the chambers in the many mansions of development. There is a disregard, indeed, of the present life, which is almost reckless; and the rapid disposal of the dead draws life and death extraordinarily close together—"Which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven." Equally rapid are the changes in the earth. Brown bare soil to-day; to-morrow the green growth of a night's rainfall.

In the year 825, the then Rajah of Travancore left his throne and disappeared in the forest. The formula which the Rajahs of Travancore still use, I am told, in ascending the throne, is:

"Till my uncle should return."

Think of all that that implies in continuity and age, and place beside it the fact that this is the very same nation that within the last fifty years has absorbed the radically different civilisation of the West, is ruled in many matters by Western

standards of right and wrong, submits to Western ingrafts in commerce, education, administration.

The story goes that a man offering tribute to Lord Dalhousie remarked: "We refused it to Timur!" Hear that story with a thrill of gladness for the nation that can command such submission; but hear it also with a throb of comprehension for the nation that has accorded it.

Every year pilgrims still hold festival at the junction of the two great sacred rivers, the Jumna and the Ganges, and from the sandy godlet-strewn bank you can see the towers of the Government College, where men of the same race and religion (some even the very same individuals now bathing in the sacred stream, and giving gifts to ash-smeared priests) read Kant and Sidgwick and Mill and "The Wealth of Nations."

The very same individual again, in the robes of an English barrister, will plead the principles of English law in an English Court in the English language, and come home to—*the vernacular*—in speech and clothes and food, to the domestic conditions of two thousand years ago.

Again, the same individual will, as a result of his contact with the West, advocate liberty in thought and action in matters of public and personal advancement; and the government of his very own kingdom, his household, will be the despotism of a conservatism so rigid that the ordinary commonsense rules of hygiene or humanity may not invade it.

In the position of women, indeed, is found our greatest anomalies. In one part of the country you have women taking University degrees on the same terms as men. In another part of the country women of the same race and religion and class are shut away in a seclusion which even their own sex may not invade.

We relax our hold on the old too rapidly in some matters, and then for counterbalance, and by way of reaction, we tighten the bands of custom and superstition round those in our power, who have not the strength or individuality to ask for a reasonable progress. The strong man makes mistakes

and revenges himself on the weak. Or again, the strong man yields to the tide of progress, and leaves the weak women and children to stagnate in the backwater. True, the women prefer the backwater themselves, fringed round is it with the rushes of the ages, so peaceful and private; and secure and safe is it with the sediment of many years; but is there not a nice clean pool of Siloam to which he might conduct them, where the angel of progress is an angel of healing stirring the age-old waters?

Some have asked me oftentimes of late whether *sadness* is a note of Indian life. 'Tis a hard question to answer, and depends on what you call sadness. Certainly the mass of people are not joyous. I personally have been much oppressed by the tragedy of life as I wandered up and down the country these last eight years. Sadder things have I known (as Westerns count sadness) than I have yet had the courage to put down on paper. Yet much depends on ideals. In India a woman's ideal is *sainthood*, not personal happiness. To *give* and not count the cost is her greatest pleasure.

Think, too, of the conditions of life in the home. Do they not make for what Westerns call tragedy? The multiplication of the domestic relationship in certain families, must not that create, of necessity, situations fraught with difficulty? If the woman loves, must not the pangs of jealousy assail her? If she does not care enough to love, if she is indifferent, is not that sad, too?

Then the rivalry of mothers—where there are children of more than one mother—is not that productive of tragedy? Think, too, of the intrigues of petty courts.

Even the efforts towards enlightenment and education make sadness. One of four ladies will be educated, and even allowed out of purdah, the other three will eat their hearts out at home. Or, there is but one wife, but she is not educated, and her husband has spent many years in England, acquiring habits and modes of thought to which she is a stranger. Even when he returns, their lives are on different planes. In his recreation

she has as little share as in his work. The inability to keep step with him, does not that make for tragedy in the joint life?

Yet is there lightness in the mother's devotion to her children, in the simple contentment with domestic duties, in the picturesque customs and incidents of life, and, to my mind, above all, in the fact that the flowers of love and devotion and self-sacrifice can blossom even in the putrid atmosphere of disease and death.

You will find that even that backwater of which I spoke can be a bed of lotus flowers. Pluck them, you who linger so long under Eastern skies!

CORNELIA SORABJI.

THE NOVELS AND PLAYS OF GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

I

BORN in the year 1864 in the old walled town of Pescara, in the Abruzzi on the Adriatic coast, Gabriele d'Annunzio is, at the age of thirty-eight, famous throughout Europe, chiefly by means of the influence of the great French critic, the Vicomte de Vogüé, who, as is well known, welcomed him as the angel of the Latin Renaissance. And perhaps it is by reason of this splendid annunciation, rather than by the power of his own genius, hidden or obscured, at least to the majority of mankind, by the general ignorance of so antique a language as Italian, that the world has received him so readily, and set him too among its gods. For, though it is in vain that one should deny his genius, for it is incontestable, it is strange that he is welcomed, everywhere almost, more readily than he is in Italy, seeing that it is really only the Italian who reads him in his own words.

Profound, in the strict sense of the word; never, as is almost a matter of course in modern English literature, without ideas, he is at one and the same time a Mystic and a Realist. Taking the side neither of the angels nor of the devils, he is even scornful of man, a passion for whom has led to some of the great indiscretions in literature. Yet as a Mystic he is never far from reality, even as in realism he is almost always a poet, consumed it would seem even when in the close embrace

of the actual world, with a lust for the beauty of mere words, desiring almost before anything beside the emotion of their flight, and sweep and glory and terror. And in the quest for this beauty he has searched all lands and ransacked the fields of Cadmus and the burial-places of the Atridæ. Nor is he without the moods and the grave serious accents of the sensualist, pursued by the hallucination of desire, in which madness he, like all in the grip of that demon, is minute, dreary, infinitely infinitesimal.

His terror he has from the Greeks, and his sensuality, obscenity and passion from his own land, his realism from France and Russia, and his mysticism from Germany and Belgium and the profound saints of the Catholic Church. It is only from us he has learnt nothing, or next to nothing, at least till lately, finding perhaps in the plays of Shakespeare or the writings of one or two moderns, something less lengthy, less full of useless words and pages that might have been left out, than in the writings of Zola, or the works of Tolstoi, or the operas of Richard Wagner, that may, one is not slow to think, be of use to him, at least by way of example.

It is well to remember in reading D'Annunzio that he wrote verse before ever he wrote prose, and not verse only but poetry. Chiarini, the critic, welcomed him as early as 1881, when his "Primo Vere" was published, seeing in him perhaps another jewel for Italy's new crown, till later he found, as he supposed, nothing but "desire"; and as Jowett said of Swinburne so Chiarini may have said of D'Annunzio: "A brilliant youth! Too brilliant a youth! It's all youth!"

For even in those days D'Annunzio was chiefly an artist in himself, exploiting his own soul and mind and physical presentment in his work; so that behind the puppets, be they never so living, happy or sad, one sees Gabriele D'Annunzio smiling, with not quite truthful or unenigmatic brows. And so among his other delightful, splendid or shameful poses there is almost before all that famous name—for Gabriel of the Annunciation has not so sweet a prince's name after all, but is

just Signor Rapagnetta in a world that he has as yet taught to smile for no other cause.

In his first work in prose, "Libro delle Vergini," one finds almost nothing of the Gabriele D'Annunzio of to-day. The strength and beauty of the "Trionfo" are not there, and even the very prose itself is almost sacrificed to a desire not for reality but for realism, and it is only when dealing with exterior things that he contrives to make a peace, broken over and over again with a beauty, without which, however, he is never quite himself.

In considering his novels first, and his poetry and plays afterwards, I deal with him as the world deals, treating him as chiefly a writer of prose. But in reading his novels it is before all things necessary to remember that the works of D'Annunzio are scarcely novels at all in our sense of the word. It is characteristic of the English novel that, apart from every other form of literature, it alone is indifferent to words, concerning itself chiefly with a tale of love or crime, interesting us not by its prose but by its inherent romance or realism. It is indeed to the rest of literature—to poetry, for example, in its pre-occupation with form—what the photograph is to the work of the painter, appealing to us not by any beauty of its own, but by a kind of familiarity, as who should say, I recognise that person or event, so and not otherwise, such or such an occurrence must have happened. In other words, the English novelist is not to-day concerned with art or literature at all, he is merely anxious to interest a certain number of people in the tale he is telling: and because for the majority style or the art of words merely serves to confuse the story, he, wisely no doubt, and happily for himself, discards any attempt at beauty of sentence or choice of words, and sets himself to tell a plain tale as lengthily as he can.

Have not the great romances of the world all been written? There is but little to be said of love after Shakespeare has spoken. Exterior life that was so interesting to our fathers no longer charms us or holds us at all; we know it all so well.

It is, so D'Annunzio seems to tell us, and not D'Annunzio alone, the interior life unsuspected by the majority breathing there so quietly, that shall quicken imaginative art. The adventures of the soul with itself—it is just there we encounter the eternal in human nature as we never do in the exterior world. Nor, as one can see in D'Annunzio's work, will imaginative art stop short of truth herself. For it is not realism, nor even reality, but truth for which we seek, and perhaps some beauty of sensation. And in this interior castle there can be no lying. In that quiet, profound life, where one realises perhaps for the first time that mankind was made after one image, it may be indeed, as our fathers have told us; in the image of God, no noise of argument or contradiction can come; one finds the assurance of music there, the certainty of life.

But there is no country of the spirit that does not include as part of its kingdom a sensuous or even sensual region also It is not in dreamland, be sure, that the world of D'Annunzio lies, but in a region of sensation, spiritual, sensual, of profound and ridiculous physical passions, and tears as terrible and moving as any looked at from the outside that have, oh, once upon a time, made the world laugh or weep. The phenomena are the same. It is the artist who is different. Concerned less with plot than with beauty he cannot excuse himself if he lies. An enemy really, rather contemptuous of story-tellers and realists, he is concerned with the adventures of the soul of man. Nor will he, in his use of words, emulate their slovenliness. As his highest aim is beauty, so he finds that, at least in his own art, it is not to be divorced from words; that in themselves perhaps words are the most beautiful things in the world, to be used carefully, and not without a real love.

So, in comparing D'Annunzio's work with that of the English writers of to-day, it will be found doubtless to be less excited and excitable, but I think more enthusiastic. For most of our own novelists are always a little out of breath. It is a bad habit.

One speaks so many languages, one goes so swiftly by train

or electric tram, one lunches so soon after breakfast, that a real sense of humour—that looking on the world as a spectacle of which nothing is strange to us—is among the rarest of habits or gifts. Nor, indeed, can one say of D'Annunzio that humour is a habit with him. Is there, I wonder, a smile other than that of contempt in all his work? I doubt it. But there, in the silence and remoteness of "L'Innocente," or the wilder "Trionfo," and even in "Il Piacere," too, I find time to feel the genius of places, the enchantment of quiet cities, the breadth of the country, the vastness of the sea.

In the "Piacere" he is perhaps more under the influence of French work than in any other of his longer books. This history of a lust is in some parts almost as ugly as that title; redeemed, indeed, by the genius of the author from the mere sordid and exciting tale of ordinary French fiction; one has glimpses almost from the first of a new manner of handling landscape, nature, music, everything indeed that is outside the miserable soul of the hero. One is not at the trouble (it is never very wise) to look at any man's work from the point of view of the morality of the day, or fitness for the rather bilious mind of the seventeen-year-old girl, or the schoolboy. Yet it appears to me that D'Annunzio is often quite needlessly obscene, worrying subjects usually treated with a certain care, as a maniac will twist and turn his fingers, never letting them rest for a moment the whole day long. And so, almost in spite of himself as it were, D'Annunzio often attains to a profound morality; for when he has described with the weary minute ness of the sensualist some scene or passion, one is filled with disgust, one finds the whole thing detestable, where a man of lesser passions and equal genius would have moved us to desire.

And here, too, as in all his works, one finds the hero, Andrea Sperelli—as at other times one finds Giorgio Aurispa, or Tullio Hermil, or Cantelmo, or the extraordinary being of "Il Fuoco"—isolated, alone, cut off from the world in which he lives, by some impassable barrier of the spirit, so that, as it were, the very atmosphere he breathes would prove too rare for

other men, who, after all, one may believe are not consumed by the same flame as that which is slowly burning the very life out of these sad and passionate people. And so one may say of D'Annunzio, as has been said of Praxiteles, that in spite of his sensuality, in spite of his implacable animalism, his aim is ideal. And curiously enough it is generally in writing of the sea that one finds that ideality without which we may believe the artist works but in vain. For it is not in the actions of men or women, or in their thoughts about one another, that D'Annunzio is interested, but perhaps a little in their loves and in their hates, and chiefly in their thoughts about themselves. And so when for a moment he forsakes humanity and turns to nature, it is that most human of nature's elements, the sea, with its absorbing passions and furies, its persistence, its incorrigible ugliness, its majestic beauty, its sadness, its changefulness, and, above all, its isolation, that becomes for him almost a god after the Greek fashion, possessing in its heart even the passions of men, but confined by no law, ruled by no relentless morality, persuaded from an expression of its desire by no equal voice.

There are no people in D'Annunzio's novels, just as there are no plots, and scarcely even a story. His men and women, his peasants and young Roman patricians, are only real in so far as they are of little importance, in so far as he has spent but little pains on them. Of his men, Andrea and Giorgio, and Tullio and Cantelmo—yes, even the hero of "Il Fuoco"—are but expressions of the same soul, almost of the same body, expressions if you will of the author's self, but also of the whole world, as we know it, of the men of our own day, of men as they must have been yesterday, as they will be to-morrow; not in their strength, scarcely ever that, but in their weakness, and their desires, and their temptations to which it is necessary that they should succumb, so that one finds in them no heroes at all, scarcely even reasonable people, but certain aspects of very life, where people do not usually rise above the implacable circumstances of their lives, and are not too much in love with chastity or asceticism of any sort; and

do not concern themselves very often with the necessity of resistance to evil, or desire, which come to them almost always as friends with promises. And as all these things come to men not outwardly at all, there is but little action in this book, and one feels something at the least of that isolation which is to become more pronounced in the "Innocente" and complete and never to be broken at all in the "Trionfo." And it is in a moment of profound emotion, of disgust almost, at the ridiculous figure cut by the pilgrims at the shrine of the Madonna, a scene which perhaps to one less scornful of humanity, less cruel, would not have appeared as ridiculous at all, that D'Annunzio speaks to us really honestly from behind the mask of Giorgio Aurispa in "The Triumph of Death."

> It could not be [he says] that his being had its roots in that soil; he could have nothing in common with this multitude which like the majority of the animal species had already attained to its definite and fixed type. . . . He was as much a stranger to these people as though they were a tribe of South Sea Islanders, as much an alien to his country and his native soil as he was to his family and his childhood's home. . . . That dream of asceticism which he had constructed with so much splendour and adorned with so much elegance, what was it but another expedient for warding off death? You must train your mind to avoid truth and certitude if you would live—renounce all keen experience, rend no veils, believe all you see, accept all you hear. Look not beyond the world of appearances created by your own vivid imagination, adore the illusion.

It is thus in reality he would counsel us; so that one comes to see that it is not Truth for which we seek but Beauty, and not Beauty perhaps entirely but creative power. So in another place he can say:

> You think too much [she cried], you pick your thoughts to pieces. I daresay you find them more attractive than me, because your thoughts are always new, always changing, whereas I have lost all novelty for you. In the first days of our love you were less introspective, more spontaneous. You had not acquired a taste for bitter things then, because you were more lavish with your kisses than your words. If, as you say, words are such an inadequate form of expression, why make so much use of them? you often use them cruelly.

And, indeed, D'Annunzio, like Giorgio Aurispa, is intensely cruel, without pity, utterly scornful, never appeased, keeping his anger for ever against a humanity that has displeased and disgusted him.

He describes the plucking of a living dove with an exactness that is wonderful and needless. His description of the Pilgrimage in the "Trionfo" is one of the most terrible things he has written; yet it is horrible too, for he makes no sign of pity, he sees with the eyes not of a man but of a god or a devil, and is eternally scornful of poor people who were worthy of tears, who would have called forth the tears of a greater man. So he becomes brutal, and sees a suffering human being only as an object for ridicule, for scorn; sees the cripple as a barbarian boy might see him, and the unsound mind as an example of nature's humour. His manner of describing the Aunt of Giorgio in the "Trionfo" is an example of what I mean, not an extreme instance by any means; and so one sees the pose of the cynic, perhaps his most natural attitude, becoming the most frequent of all his poses, utterly destroying his insight and his creative power, till as in the "Fuoco" he flies over the sky himself a sight for men and angels, having exposed not his own soul alone to the gaze of a world he has hated. So I find him guilty of a deep and ingrained cruelty, that as I think he will never quite be able to forget, to unlearn; for is not cruelty the real malady at the heart of the sensualist, and has D'Annunzio not told us almost with a great boast that sensuality has claimed him and held him for its own?

"It was his Aunt Gioconda." . . . She was his father's eldest sister and about sixty years of age. She was lame from the effects of a fall and somewhat stout, but with an unwholesome stoutness, pale and flaccid. Wholly absorbed in religious exercises, she lived her own life shut away from the rest of the family on the upper floor of the house, neglected, unloved, regarded as semi-imbecile. Her world was made up of sacred pictures, relics, emblems, symbols; her sole occupation religious practices; sighing out her life in the monotony of prayer and

enduring the cruel tortures imposed on her by her greediness—for she adored sweet things, turning in disgust from any other kind of food, and very often she had to go without. Giorgio, therefore, was high in favour with her, because, whenever he came home, he never failed to bring her large quantities of sweetmeats.

> "Well," she said, mumbling through her poor old toothless jaws, "well, so you have come back! Eh? come back!"
>
> She looked at him half timidly, not knowing what else to say, but there was a gleam of evident expectation in her eyes. Giorgio felt his heart contract with a pang of pity. This poor creature, he thought, who has sunk to the last depths of human degradation, this miserable bigoted old sweet tooth, is connected with me by the insuperable tie of blood—she and I belong to the same race!
>
> "Well," she repeated, seized with obvious anxiety, while her expression grew almost impudent.
>
> "Oh, Aunt Gioconda, I am so sorry," he answered at last with painful effort. "I quite forgot to get your sweets this time."
>
> The old lady's face suddenly changed as if she were going to be ill, the light died out of her eyes. "Never mind," she said brokenly.
>
> "But I will get you some to-morrow," Giorgio hastened to console her. "I can get some easily—I will write——"
>
> Aunt Gioconda rallied. "You can get them at the Ursuline convent, you know," she said hurriedly.
>
> A pause ensued, during which she no doubt enjoyed a foretaste of the delight of the morrow; for, judging by the little gurgling noises in her throat, her toothless mouth was apparently watering at the prospect.

Is that true? If so, it ought never to have been written; at least by a man or woman. In hell's library no doubt such cruel scorn of foolish or bestial men and women is welcomed: on our earth are we not all too nearly approaching the grave—in which, be sure, could we but see ourselves, we should appear ridiculous enough, and desire for our poor bones a little pity from the living—for such betrayal as that, for such scorn as that?

And it is not only in such passages that D'Annunzio accuses himself of cruelty; for "Il Fuoco," his last book, is, it appears to me, scarcely anything more than a long torture from

beginning to end of a woman, whom one is continually on the point of recognising, by a man one is never in doubt of for a moment. In this book the egoist has for once obtained entire command, so that art and artistry, passion, laughter, and tears, everything is forgotten, is never really thought of at all, so absorbed is the author in expressing himself; in which object I think he scarcely succeeds at all, showing us, indeed, instead of a man, a human monster, very often ridiculous, whose mad or silly passions or freaks of mind he does not scruple to label genius to an astonished world.

It is not, however, in such vagaries of a great mind that we must look for the expression of the real D'Annunzio—but, I think, in the marvellous and quiet pages of the "Innocente" and in the "Trionfo" itself. Of all his women, and they are all adorable, I love best her he has named "Turris Eburnea," the divine Giuliana. But, in truth, she is no Tower of Ivory, nor has she other right to Madonna's title save in that her body is very white and sweet; for she is full of the sensuous and almost dreamy desire of life, living and desirable and tender and in despair and almost reconciled with death. But, indeed, like his men, his women are almost always the same woman, with or without that profounder sensuality which crowns Ippolyta above Elena Muti as queen of harlots.

And this woman, sweeter than the shoulders of the mountains, desirable and desirous, trips through all his books to the mournful music of the castanets or the melodies of spring or autumn, or the thrumming of the blood in the ears, when she has succeeded in driving us mad for love. She comes to us first as the Duchess Elena; and having given us what we desired, leaves us still unsatisfied as the pale and dear woman of Sienna, Donna Maria. And she appears to us again, more desirable than ever, as Giuliana Hermil, Tullio's wife, of the white and flower-like body, whose secrets we learn always with surprise, whose misfortunes only make her dearer to us than before. And last of all, as the dark Ippolyta, stripped naked, her body marked with the bruises of love, in full womanhood,

with red and clinging mouth and feet of clay, we see her crashing down to death locked in her lover's arms, keeping always life in her remembrance whilst he has forgotten it. There are no women out of Shakespeare so profoundly feminine. George Meredith's girls are girls, and sometimes borrow more than a little from his delightful boys. But place them for a moment beside D'Annunzio's women, and they would show their uncouthness, their shyness, their masculine powers of speech, or strength of character, or abruptness of manner, too well to be untroubled by the beauty of these we have learned to know as a lover knows his mistress.

And last of all, in the beautiful and mysterious pages of the "Vergini delle Rocce," we meet those three princesses Massimilla, Anatolia and Violante. Massimilla, who knows that "the shape of her lips forms the living and visible image of the word Amen." Anatolia, who possesses "the two supreme gifts that enrich life and prolong it beyond the illusion of death." Violante, whose hair weighs heavier on her brow than a hundred crowns, who has dazed herself with perfumes. In this book of exquisite prose one finds the aim and the achievement of the highest poetry. Scarcely to be read without emotion, or hurriedly at all, it appeals to one as some majestic and imperial dream. Yet there is nothing but truth in the book, a truth far more profound and necessary than any of the little obvious obscenities or indecencies that have, in fiction at any rate, almost usurped the very name of truth herself.

These three solitary princesses are no fable, but real beings, born in an old land, in a time that is in love with change, that is scornful of old things and its own past, and, like the youngest, looks for glory to the future.

After all we live in a world that shrinks all day long, and may be in the night too, from death. Let us hug to us then art at least, together with the brief charm of the world and the passing glory of the hills; content only with perfection; the proper state of mind after creation being, as one likes to remember, "that it was very good."

II

D'Annunzio has written six plays of varying beauty, interest and power. Two only of these are at all known in England—viz., *The Dead City* and *Gioconda*. Of the *Dream of a Morning of Spring* and the *Dream of an Autumn Sunset* we know nothing, as they have not yet been translated either into French or English. And of his last and splendid tragedy in verse, *Francesca da Rimini*, it is impossible that we should know anything, seeing that as yet it is unpublished.[1] But on a night I shall not forget, in the glorious and splendid theatre on the Quirinal Hill in Rome, I heard Duse speak the magnificent and sad lines that D'Annunzio has written for her who has made hell as dear as heaven. It was not a friendly house. The Roman people, never in history remarkable for perfect taste, satisfied its contempt for the work of a man recognised all over Europe as one of the greatest men of letters of our day, by stamping and shouting continually whenever their slow and vandal minds were puzzled or disgusted by the beauty of the verse. It was scarcely a pleasant impression one had of beauty in the hands of the crowd. Yet, as the first act proceeded, almost in spite of itself the crowd was compelled to be silent, and the glorious verse swept over them, and vanquished them, and swept them away, till at the close of a long and perfect passage shouts of "Bello! bello!" rang through the theatre, and the beast with innumerable heads was cowed, nay, even loving for the moment, to him who had conquered it with beauty. It is impossible for me to speak of *Francesca da Rimini* as a critic. The night I saw it, and heard for the first time D'Annunzio's verse spoken by an artist, was one of intense excitement. It was the first representation of the play, which had twice been postponed. All Rome was at the Costanzi to see D'Annunzio's triumph or failure. There were, it was very evident, two parties in the

[1] It has now appeared in Italy, and an English translation by Mr. Arthur Symons is announced by Mr. Heinemann for publication this month.

house—those who wished his success, and those who above all things desired his failure. These two factions were continually at each other's throats. Even the critics, and they came from Russia and from France, from all Italy, and from Germany and England, were hostile or friendly; it was impossible to be otherwise than excited. Magnificently staged, it was, I think, really owing to the acting that it was not a greater success than it proved to be.

La Duse is not what she was even five years ago, and her methods are, and always were, naturalistic; yet in this play she was more "stagey" than I have ever seen her before. Salvini, who played Paolo, on the other hand was classical in his method, so that really it seemed to me that it was Francesca rather than Paolo who was, as it were, the guilty one; that, indeed, Paolo had very little to do with the matter, he was so little moved, so unconcerned, even when caught in the very arms of Francesca by his brother, Malatesta lo Sciancato, Francesca's husband.

And D'Annunzio, too, in writing this play, has not treated it romantically as one would have expected, but psychologically; so that one finds, or seems to find, that he has analysed and laid bare the very soul and inner histories of the characters, and, as indeed in all his plays, one seems rather to be reading a novel than to be watching the action of a play. There seemed to me, too, to be more than a suggestion of *Tristan*, yes, Wagner's *Tristan*, in a play that was fulfilled always with desire and the inevitable mastery of passion. But *Francesca da Rimini* seemed to me to be almost as beautiful as anything he has written. To be, also, something new in his work, written as it is in a classical language, in verse that he has desired "shall not be too unworthy of Dante."

Sogno d'un Mattino di Primavera—a "Dream of a Morning of Spring"—is a play written probably after a study of Maurice Maeterlinck, and it is to be noticed, not in his plays alone, that D'Annunzio is always strongly influenced by most unlikely people. Nietsche has influenced him strongly, and the Russians,

and even Wagner and Maeterlinck. A curious story, as lovely as horrible, that might, perhaps, have been omitted by Boccaccio from the "Decameron," owing to its morbidness, or its horror, told as those stories were, we may remember, not far from the dying and the terror of great misfortune.

Isabella, the beautiful wife of the Duke of Poggio-Gherardi, is mad. For her lover, a young lord, was killed as he lay in her arms on her breast, by the Duke, her husband; and she, drenched in his blood, still held him close—and at sunrise they found her mad! That is the simple and morbid story of a play that is certainly not the least beautiful of all D'Annunzio's work. And one gathers, as the play proceeds, that Isabella has been sent, together with her sister Beatrice, away into the forest to a villa, there to remain under the care of the doctor, that he may, if it be possible, cure her. So he banishes from her sight everything that is red; and the poppies are no longer suffered to grow in the field, nor are there any red roses to be seen in a world that, for Isabella, must for the future be green only, with the leaves of the trees, and the grass, and the whole forest life. And it is really in her becoming one with this green life that the solution of the play seems to lie.

And there is in this play, as in *Gioconda*, a curious half-Shakespearean creature, wholly delightful—Virginio, who, like La Sirinetta in the *Gioconda*, stands really outside the action of the play, hears and sees all that is passing so inevitably, but is as it were untouched by it, a little lower, a little higher—who knows?—than the human race, than the characters of the play, chiefly concerned with listening to the tragedy of a world by which he is moved so little. Ah! it is impossible within the limits of an article on the works of D'Annunzio generally, to do justice to the fantastic beauty of what, after all, is almost as nothing beside the *Trionfo*, *La Gloria*, or *La Citta Morta*.

The *Dream of an Autumn Sunset* is really not a play at all, but a vision. The terrible and impossible scenes of lust and blood and glory cannot even be realised, save in the mind, and

would be ridiculous on the stage, and before a public that shrinks from blood as from the very secret of death. The immense conflagration with which this play closes is certainly a piece of glorious imagination; but the play, as a whole, is excessive in its very intention, and can scarcely have been written in the saner moments of an author who, after all, is living in a reasonable world.

It remains, then, to discuss *La Gloria*. I will say at once that, in many respects, and especially because of its magnificent symbolism, this play is the most remarkable that D'Annunzio has ever written. It is really a picture of Rome—yes, Rome to-day. For, as I read Gloria, Cesare Bronte, who is dying, and passing, courageous to the last, impervious by new ideals, fighting to the end those ideas that are destroying him, Cesare Bronte is the Pope, the Papacy; while Ruggero Flamma—the elect one—he who has been chosen by the people and has allied himself with La Gloria, he whom, in the end, La Gloria kills, is the New Rome, the Third Rome, the kingdom that the people chose with so much enthusiasm. I do not think it is possible to give a clear account of this extraordinary play without reproducing it almost word for word. One finds in it a new character—a character entirely new in drama or, indeed, in Art—"La Folla," the crowd, the multitude. The play opens, as it closes, with this tremendous character governing the issues of the play and of life, till it brings about really its own destruction, shouting for the head of Ruggero Flamma, the elect one, its chosen leader, whom, after kissing him upon the forehead and the lips, La Gloria slays. And can any one who has read this play ever really forget that terrible monster and its awful cry, "La sua testa, la sua testa, Gettaci, la sua testa"?

La Comnèna or La Gloria, it is the same, is talking with Ruggero Flamma.

"You have longed for me, it was for me you waited," she says.

"I looked for Fame," he answers.

"La Gloria mi somiglia," she says.

The Crowd. Death to Flamma! death to Flamma!

Flamma. [*To* LA COMNÈNA.] Who are you? who are you?

La Comnèna. Listen! [*She goes to the window.*

The Crowd. The Empress! the Empress! Death to Flamma! death to Flamma!

[*She goes to* FLAMMA *and kisses him on the eyelids and on the mouth, and then drives her dagger through his heart.*

La Comnèna. Listen! listen!

The Crowd. The Empress! the Empress! Kill her! kill her!

La Comnèna. Listen! Ruggero Flamma is dead.

[*There is a moment of silence, and then a long indistinct roar from the multitude.*

La Comnèna. Ruggero Flamma is dead. I have killed him: I, even I myself, have killed him.

The Crowd. His head, his head, throw us his head!

[*The sacred city is in a great shadow, and to her, as she turns insolently to withdraw the stiletto, there comes a moaning that becomes one vast and terrible cry.*

His head, his head, throw us his head!

So ends a play that is, I say it advisedly, without parallel in our time for significance and terror.

For here for the first time an artist has attempted the study not only of his own time but of Demos, that ugly and merciless being who is, at our own day, really master of the situation, who, even as the other, hails La Gloria as the Empress.

In the *Gioconda* and the *Città Morta* we have two plays that probably contain the finest work of D'Annunzio. But he who runs may read, for Mr. Arthur Symons' translations are so excellent that they can leave nothing to be desired. And before ending this article I should like to say something as to the English translations of D'Annunzio's work.

The two plays, *The Dead City* and *Gioconda*, are almost perfect examples of the art of translation, and this is easily tested by the ordinary reader, for in *The Dead City* Mr. Symons has translated some passages of Sophocles as they have never before been Englished; I wish he would give us the whole of the *Antigone*, for we have not even a readable version of that masterpiece in English.

Of the novels, the best translated is the "Virgins of the Rocks." The "Trionfo" probably could never have been properly translated owing to the seventeen-year-old English Miss and the sixty-year-old Mrs. and Mr.; and the same unfortunate habit of blushing would prevent "Il Piacere" also from being translated fully and honestly. However, all these can be read, not in their entirety but perhaps as much so as is desirable, in the French.

What D'Annunzio's future may be I cannot say. That he will accomplish something, and not a little thing, I believe; but since he is now thirty-nine years old, it is time that he came down from the clouds, and forgot such visions as the "Dream of an Autumn Sunset" or the "Episcopo and Co.," and turned towards a living world, not less wonderful, in which, as he has already shown us, his true inspiration lies.

EDWARD HUTTON.

TO A TERRIER

POOR little mortal! In that wiry frame
Reason and energy are well expressed,
And memory and faithful love confessed;
Thou hast a central will, a special name,

A moral nature, shown by sense of shame
When, different motives battling in thy breast,
Thou hast preferred the worst and left the best
Knowing full well the act that merits blame.

If all thy hopes are in this earthly span
Of fleeting life, thou art a charge indeed;
Thy all depends upon thy master, man.

But if in thee is strong immortal seed,
If thy feet press the course we lately ran,
Then let us help a brother at his need.

MARY E. RICHMOND.

DANNY

LXV

THE WARRIOR WAKES.

VERY sorrowfully next morning Robin awaited his Weary Heart.

Long he waited at the old trysting-place beneath the riven fir, where the two had met at dawn any morning these eight years past; yet no Danny came.

The minutes passed, the mists drew off from the face of the moors, and still there came no sad trailing shadow of grey. Once indeed he thought to hear a merry hunting cry in the wood above him; then knew it for the ghost of such a sound come to him out of the dead long ago.

A sudden horror seized the old man. The shadowy presence of Simon Ogg the night before, come and gone before he could stay it, had unnerved him. All night long he had tossed uneasily, and awhile before the dawn had fallen asleep, and in his sleep had dreamed. And in his dream he had seen the Laird dead upon his bed, a handkerchief across his face, and on his breast one lying, eating his heart away. He had screamed, and the eater had looked up, and, lo! it was Danny; yet not Danny, but one like him as himself only with serpent's eyes.

As he recalled the horror of it, a panic seized the old man.

He turned and fled fearfully down the hill towards the

*** Copyright by Alfred Ollivant, 1902.

house; and just then there appeared to him, cantering over the brow of the hill, a sturdy warrior in grey.

. . . . .

Robin brought up with a gasp.

The little man came ploughing through the bracken at three-cornered canter, greeting the old man merrily as of old with grin and friendly twinkle of ears.

Robin regarded him incredulously.

Here was not the Weary Heart of the night before, who had refused with sad eyes to pursue Simon Ogg. This was the Warden of the Marches, glowing, battle-alert, the shadow lifted.

Robin fell upon his knees.

"Is it my man indeed?" he cried, and stretched forth doubting old hands to feel the warm body, throbbing and solid beneath his touch.

Then he rose from his knees.

"It is a miracle!" he cried with breaking voice, "or he has killed again!"

. . . . .

As the two entered upon the woods, fragrant and shimmering from bath of dew and stars, Robin dared hardly breathe. He walked stealthily, all eyes upon his ancient battle-fellow. And Danny, the delight of life tiding back on him, marched in front as though to pipe-music, his silver stern like a young knight's banneret amid the bracken.

Busy, bloody, alert, he went, rousing the sluggard woods. Now he stood at gaze, stone-still and with sentinel ears; now he scurried away, nose down and with spurting hind-legs, as though upon the track of Missie late walking in the dew. Renewing fellowship with life, he greeted again many a half-forgotten boulder and lawn among the bracken, where, while he slept, had gathered, in the moonlight councils of friendly foes, red tod and hoary badger and all the dew-loving outlawry of moss and moor.

And when by the cleft rock whence springs a rowan like a lady's plume, loved long ago of one who would lie beneath its feathery canopy and dream, the Warden flashed out of his path and slew a mole, with all the old fervour of devotion, Robin, knee-deep amid the bracken, took off his cap, and with face lifted to the fair heaven, "He cares to kill; he cares to live!" he cried, and said grace to GOD because his warrior was himself again.

Afterwards he gathered the sleek corpse, patted its little dead hands fatherly, and thrust it into his bosom for the Laird to see. Then he spoke burning words to the little knight, and marched triumphant through the singing morning.

So they came to the northern borders of the wood, where in summer Lammermore laps its edge like a purple sea: Danny still skirmishing in front.

Robin watched him hunt past the spot where last night the vagrant hen had pitched her tent, and cast on up the moor.

Robin wondered. The Lady of the Ditch had not arisen to curse him as he passed; nor had the courtly Warden thrown her greeting.

"She has deserted," thought Robin, and approached to inspect.

As he had thought so it proved. The nest was deserted, and the eggs stone-cold; and yet he knew her for a mother, this gipsy lady, admirable among many.

The old man looked about him, marked a slur in the dust of the dry ditch as of a body dragged; and pursuing it came on a soft curled feather blood-dabbled.

There could be no longer any doubt: here had been a moorland tragedy. And at the moment up came Danny, rapt in search.

Robin scratched his head. And first he said it would be a tod; and then he said it would be a Visitation of the Lord; and last he said the Laird would be a fashed man the day; for, next to Danny, the Laird held his Silver Greys dear to his

soul, because in the past they had been the particular care of Missie.

Pondering thus the old man trotted home to report. And because he was afraid, he clothed himself as ever in brazen armour. Brazen was his report and brazen his end.

"The Lord gave and the Lord took away; and there's just no more to be said on it."

The Laird rose to his feet.

"Ye breed o' the gowk!" he said, swept his cloak about him, and went forth into the morning, he and Danny and rude injured Robin, to inspect.

On the borders of moor and wood he stood over the scene of the tragedy, white and with thunder-brow.

"How came it that you let her bide out here away in the wilderness?" he asked, turning on Robin.

"You never tell't me not," said injured Robin.

"I knew you for a fool," said the Laird. "I hardly thought you was an Abject."

Robin turned his back.

"Ye can tend yer own fowls from now," he said shortly.

So while he sulked, Danny must needs show the Laird all there was to see; and the Warden did his part keenly, while the Laird watched him.

"He is better," he said at last. "He is more himself."

"I tell't you if you left him to me I would cure him for you," said Robin, his back still on his master.

"It's no fault of yours," said the Laird. "It is this murder you have let take place."

Robin turned.

"And who was it but me left her there to be murdered?" he cried hotly. "There is no justice in your Honour whatever. I had to waken him as best I could, and well I kenn't the only gate was by battle or murder. And now that I have let this murder take place and have cured him for you, my reward is to be called a Abjeck!—a Abjeck!"

"Blethers!" said the Laird, and turned to Danny's cry.

The little man was busy unearthing the corpse of the murdered lady scantily sepultured beneath a juniper bush.

The Laird picked up the body. The neck seemed wrung, and a bead of blood hung from the beak. For the rest there was never a scar on her plump broody body.

"This is no fox," said the Laird.

"Na," said Robin, "it's just a Visitation of the Lord."

"It's nothing of the sort," said the Laird, "it's murder."

. . . . .

He turned round suddenly to find Danny, with lowered tail, mouthing the murdered bird.

A thought, like a stab, seemed to strike the Laird.

He stared at Danny, and still stared; and the little man seeing him, ceased his chewing, came in to his master's feet with slow-wagged tail, and dear eyes uplifted, and sat down throbbing languidly.

The Laird turned to Robin.

"Has he had any hand in this?" he asked.

"Him!" cried Robin. "Would ye make our man a murderer?"

"I'd know that," said the Laird, very still and grey.

"Never!" said Robin. "He'd sooner kill your Honour than a fowl. Missie put that into him—'*A Murder, A Lie*,' ye ken ——"

The Laird looked long at the little man throbbing at his feet, and the colour tided back into his face.

"Well for him!" he said, striding off. "I will have no murder, mind!"

"*Why then have you murdered Minnie?*" wailed a shrill and sudden voice from out of the wood

The Laird came to a sudden halt.

"Who's yon?" he cried up to the woods.

There was a moment's silence; then the wailing voice replied:

"*The son of a murdered man and a murdered Minnie.*"

The Laird turned to Robin.

"Is Widow Ogg dead?" he cried aghast.

"Certainly so," said Robin. "Your Honour banned her, and she died ere sun-down. Ay," he said, regarding his master with reluctant admiration, "there's power in your Honour's arm yet."

"I never banned the body," said the Laird. "God rest her poor soul! I must go and see to this," and he strode off the hill, Danny hopping three-legged at his heels.

LXVI

DEATH AND THE DEVIL

The Laird swept down the street, Danny at his heels; and the people stood darkly in their doors and eyed them as they went.

The house of the dead was shuttered, bolted, barred, when they came to it, as though the inmates had tried to keep Death out by lock and key.

The Laird tried the door. It was locked. He listened, his white head close to the panels, while Danny stood behind, hushed and hearkening as at the Kirk-door on Sabbaths.

All within was silent as the grave.

The Laird knocked reverently.

There was no sound of answering feet.

He knocked again.

"It is me, Simon," he called low. "Don't you know me?"

"Ken ye?" replied a dark and brooding voice—"I ken ye fine. Ye're Death—and the Devil at yer heels."

"I am Mr. Heriot; and there is none but Danny at my heels," said the Laird quietly. "Will ye just let me in?"

"Let ye in!" said the smothered voice. "Would I be like to let Death in? Na. Soft I may be, but I'm none a softy. I

ken what ye're after. Ye'd just streek me alongside her by whose side I sit, her hand corpse-cauld in mine."

The Laird turned down the path with a grave, grey face.

"I'll come again," he said quietly.

"Come again!" cried the voice, the fear in it horrible to hear. "Will ye?—Bide a bit!"

Hasty feet scuffled up rickety stairs. Followed a crash of breaking glass.

The Laird turned in the honeysuckled gate.

Simon had thrust his flaming head through an upper window-pane, and now stood, his face bleeding, blurred, splashed with red hair, and framed about with jagged glass; while in his hands trembled an ancient fowling-piece.

"Death and the Devil!" he screamed. "I'll bag ye both at a bang!"

His fingers fluttered about the lock of the old piece; and the wild face flickered in its horrible frame.

The Laird picked up Danny, and tucked him beneath his arm.

"Have a care now, lad!" he called gravely. "Ye'll be lettin' it off else, and hurting yourself."

"It'll hurt more than me!" yelled Simon. "If it is to be you or me, I'm for it's being you." But as he said it, the gun dropped from his uncertain fingers, crashed on to the stone-flagged path beneath, and fell against a rose-bush, there to loll ungainly.

The Laird picked it up, and looked up into the face over his head.

"The piece is safest in my keeping for a bit, lad," he said, "I'll bring it back when next I come;" and he marched down the path between the rose-bushes, Danny tucked beneath one arm, and the old piece beneath the other.

"Ay," screamed Simon. "First daddie! next Minnie! now me—it's just as Minnie said."

LXVII

ONE KENS WHAT HE KENS

THE Laird was writing busily that morn when Robin appeared in the hall. His hand was behind him, and Danny at his heels.

"I was right," he said, nodding.

"You aye are," said the Laird, writing on. "What is it?"

"It's the Lord, as I tell't ye," said Robin; and he held up a lank-necked cockerel.

"I knew it," said the Laird. "Once you let it begin, it would go on. Where did ye find him?"

"I didna find him."

"Who did then?"

"Danny."

"He's worth six of you," said the Laird. "What's he at now?"

"Catching the drops from the neb of the departed," said Robin.

The Laird looked and saw his Squire sitting still as a grey statue, with delicate pink tongue and tilted muzzle, catching the red drops as they fell from the beak of the dead bird.

"Danny!" called the Laird harshly, "don't play at murder!" And the little man rose and came to him across the stone-flags, looking for once a little foolish. "And you," said the Laird to Robin, "might go down to the village and see if they know anything there," said the Laird. "There's mischief hatching in Hepburn or I'm mistaken."

. . . . .

That evening Robin betook himself to the village ale-house. There he found the people gathered as of wont; but now there was no clack of voices as he entered. The topers sat round sipping, a darkness brooding over them.

"I wonder if any will know why I am here to-night?" said the moist-eyed old man, beaming in on them.

For some time no one replied; then young Cockie Menzies spoke.

"I will," he said.

"Why then?" asked Robin kindly.

"To get drunk," said the meek youth.

No man laughed; the tragedy of the night before sat on them too heavily for that; and Robin made as though he did not hear.

"I will just tell you why I have come," said the old man. "I have come with a word of warning for all of you from his Honour."

The darkness that had been brooding over them clapped down upon their faces.

"What's Mr. Heriot want with us?" growled old Andra' Gillray at length.

"It is just this," said Robin. "There has two murders taken place in this parish these last two days."

"Two!" cried Cockie. "One's well kenn't!"

"Among his Honour's fowls," continued Robin. "And he has sent word by me that you shall tell him all you know."

No man made move to speak.

"I will just drain this dram," continued the old man, lifting his glass to his lips, "then I will away and tell his Honour what you know—or if you know nothing that you will not tell."

He drained his glass, slowly rose, and crossed the room.

No man spoke till he was already at the door; then old Andra' drew his hand across his mouth.

"Bide a wee, man," he said huskily.

"A-well?" said Robin, hovering in the door.

"It's little I ken myself, mind!" began the old man shakily. "But I jalouse maybe there might be just one kens what he kens. He is not here," said Andra', looking round him stealthily.

"Where then?" asked Robin.

"He is sitting beside his minnie dead, her hand clay-cauld in his, thinkin' on her last word."

. . . . .

Next evening, the Laird, tramping home from the village, met Robin arrayed in all his blacks.

"Where away?" asked the Laird, pausing.

"I go to comfort Simon Ogg," said the old man.

"Do ye?" said the Laird. "Ye don't. I ken your comforting," and laid great hands on the other's shoulders. "I'm not going to have you making a beast of yourself over this business," he said, and trundled the old man home before him. Nor was it till he had thrust Robin into the kitchen that he let him go.

"You're best out of the village till after the funeral—d'ye hear me, Crabbe?" he said, as he was going out. "There's black feeling enough among the folk as it is, without your stirring it."

"What!" gasped Robin. "Will I no even follow her funeral—I who have made it my duty to follow every funeral in this parish for sixty years and seven?"

"You'll make it your duty to do your duty for once," said the Laird. "There's going to be a plague of murder among my fowls, from what I can see; and it's for you to stop it. And as you'll never do that by yourself I'll leave Danny to help you. Besides, I don't want *him* in and out of the village just now. Simon Ogg's scarce himself from what I can see, and he might do Danny a mischief."

Robin sat down in dudgeon.

"I will not follow the funeral as it is Mr. Heriot's orders," he said; "but if the Lord wants his fowls He shall have them for me."

LXVIII

HER

Next morning Robin appeared in the hall with customary lank corpse.

The Laird barely looked up.

"Which is it this morning?" he growled.

"It is Adoni-Bezek," replied the resigned old man.

"Of course!" said the Laird—"the best there was left!"

"Would you grudge your best to the Lord?" said Robin, with round reproving eyes, and retreated into the kitchen.

Two hours later the Woman coming in with Danny found him there with folded arms asleep.

She leapt upon him, flapping a dead bird in his face.

"A fine watch you are!" she cried furiously—"sitting there snoring while his Honour's fowls are being exterminated to death."

"What another?" said Robin mildly. "A-well, it's the wull of the Lord!" crossed his legs, and fell again to sleep.

Thereafter it was as the Laird had foretold: murder was among them like a plague, and Danny, ever alert, unearthed the victims meagrely buried in secret places in the woods; yet Robin devoutly refused to stir.

"What must be must be," said the good old man, "and I am not complaining."

"You would not be!" cried the angry Woman. "The fowls are not yours."

"Na," said pious Robin, "they're the Lord's, to do with as He wills," and sat with folded hands fast in his devout belief.

"Would it pleasure the Lord to put a plague on his Honour's fowls?" scoffed the woman.

"Ay," said Robin. "If Danny might thereby be made whole."

So far indeed the old man was right, for the campaign of blood and mystery had done for the little knight what seas of

drops and drinks would have failed to do. He was born again miraculously; and Warden of the Marches, he was indefatigable in the cause.

Morning and evening he patrolled the hill alone, and it seemed he never slept. Now you might come on him visiting far outposts on Lammermore; again he stole forth from some lurking-place of watch in the bird-woods, and stood anon, alert, warrior-figure on some eminent knowe amid the bracken to scan the passes; yet the plague grew.

"We will lose all our fowls for sure!" cried the Woman in despair, as on the morning of the funeral Robin brought home the seventh victim.

"If the Lord has appointed it we will surely so," said the fatalist of the folded hands.

"The Lord!" screamed the angry Woman. "It is little the Lord you are considering! It is just spite because his Honour forbad ye the funeral because of your drunkenness."

"Ay," cried Robin, with sudden passion, "seventy and seven years have I lived in this parish, and never thought to live to see the day when I would miss a funeral. Oh!" he cried, breaking down utterly, "I'm an old man now, and I'd but the one wee pleasure left—just now and again a funeral jaunt—and now that's taken would I were taken too."

That afternoon the old man, standing on a bare hillock in the birch-woods, was hearkening wistfully to the tolling of the minute-bell in the village beneath, when he beheld the Woman moving secretly among the woods beneath, like a lean old witch.

He followed and sprang upon her.

"What gars ye anowt among my woods, Sowie?" he asked with asperity. "Are ye searching husks?"

"I'm just takin' a turn round," said the Woman shortly holding her hand behind her.

"Ha' ye seen anything?"

"I saw Danny," said the Woman.

"Danny!" cried Robin. "What then was Danny at?"

"What you should be at," snapped the woman—"creeping."

"Creeping?" cried Robin. "Who was he creeping?"

"Her," said the Woman.

"Who?"

"Her what is murdering your fowls; Her that there is all this talk of in the village."

"Is there talk of Her in the village?" asked Robin, pricking his ears.

"Talk!" scoffed the Woman. "There's talk of little else."

"Who is She but the Lord?" asked Robin uneasily.

"You still hold Her to be the Lord?" asked the Woman.

"Certainly so," said Robin.

The Woman shot forth a lean neck.

"If it is the Lord," she cried, "why for d'you set traps?" And she jangled a broken-toothed trap before his face.

"Ay," she cried, shaking it furiously in his face. "Do not think you have deceived me with yer make-believe sittings and sleepings and do-nothing ways. I have followed ye! I have spied ye out! I have known the lyingness of your heart! It is not that you have not tried to catch Her, it is that you *have* tried and tried and tried and failed; and you would conceal your shame. Ye've marched the hill by day! Ye've sat with the gun by night! ye've set traps and traps! all the while a-thinkin' none saw ye but the Lord."

"And none did," said Robin sulkily, "but Danny."

"And Deborah Awe!" cried the Woman. "I have seen ye settin' traps by night with yer hand gloved, and Danny sittin' cannie as a Christian at your side, while ye showed him the way of them. And I have followed you when you went your rounds in the drip of the dawn, and found them same traps that you had set over-night, and buried, lying sprung on the bare earth, mockin' ye. And I have heard ye swear and tear and gnash because ye said the Devil was in Her; and Danny all the while sittin' by, laffin to hear ye. And well he may laugh! for, try as you may—traps, guns and cursings and a'—you come no nearer catching Her."

"I will catch Her when I put out," said Robin sulkily, who had been up all night in vain.

"Have you not then put out yet?" asked the mocking Woman.

"Not to say put out," Robin replied. "I have been waiting till Danny was whole. This Visitation has been the mending of our man, and I do think Missie besought the Lord to send it upon us for his sake. And if I had caught Her at the beginning, he would have fallen back upon his misery. It was worth a hantle of fools to have Danny whole again."

"He is whole now," said the Woman cunningly, catching the grey man up in her arms. "Ye might put out now."

"And maybe I will," said Robin, "and you will see."

"And I will believe," said the Woman, "when I see."

"I will bring you the Head of Her," said Robin.

"Will you?" cried the Woman joyfully. "When?"

"When I have it," said Robin.

"And when will that be?"

"When I put out," said Robin, and trailed on.

"Time too!" screamed the Woman after him. "For you are a mock to all Hepburn because you canna catch Her. The very weans are saying they could catch Her and kill Her and stuff Her, and a' while you wiped your dreep-eye."

Robin turned.

"And how will I that am but mortal prevail against the Devil?" he cried with sudden passion.

The Woman stood on the base of the hill beneath him, her grey wean nursed in her arms.

"It is little I expect *you* to prevail against the Devil or Her or any!" she cried, mocking. "But whiles I wonder that my wean does not!"

. . . . .

Now the Woman was right. For Robin, despite his pious seeming resignation, did set traps. And the traps had caught many—foumart, sweetmart, and once an otter by the saugh at the passage of the burn; and Danny out of his heart of pity

had gone his rounds and put the captives out of pain; but never had they caught Her; and the old man at heart was harassed exceedingly.

For he knew it was truth what the Woman said that the folk in the village were mocking him. Worse! it sometimes almost seemed as if with devilish laughter She herself was making sport of him. Only last night he had tethered a young bird as bait in a lonely likely spot beneath the wall on Lammermore, where passes and repasses in the night the traffic of the moors; had set around an array of traps cunningly earthed over, while Danny sat by and approved; and that very morning, in the dripping dawn, had hurried, he and Danny, to inspect, and, lo! the bird was dead, and all around, in grim, ironic circle, the traps lay naked, sprung, grinning with clenched teeth up at the mocking heavens—and in the middle of them the bird stone-dead.

Danny had looked up into the old man's face with dear innocent eyes, moved to much laughter by the humour of it: but Robin in childish passion had seized the dead bird by the legs and bashed its unoffending head against the ground.

"I'll learn ye to be killed by Her when I put ye to catch Her!" he had screamed, bashing furiously. "I'll gar Her make sport o' me!" and bashed and bashed till the bird's poor head was flat as a farthing; while Danny sat apart upon his hunkers with grave eyes, trying not to laugh.

. . . . .

An hour later, Robin, hurrying forth through the great gates, stumbled against the Laird, all in black, returning from the funeral.

"I thought I forbad ye to go down the street," said the Laird.

"Till after the funeral, Mr. Heriot said," Robin reminded him. "The funeral is over this hour past. Your Honour is coming from it now."

The Laird paused in thought.

"What ye after?" asked the Laird.

"After Her," said Robin shortly.

"Her?" said the Laird; "who is Her?"

"She is Her," snapped Robin, "who else?—her that is desecrating your fowls."

"I thought ye said——" began the Laird.

"I said nothing of the sort," cried Robin passionately. "I say She is Her and Her ways are the ways of Death. She comes like the Shadow and goes like the same; and what she *is* in heaven or earth or under the earth I ken no more than the unbornest babe—and none does," he added, "save Simon Ogg."

"Simon Ogg!" said the Laird. "He is the very last person likely to know anything of this business. He's scarce crossed his threshold since his mother's death. Try as I may, I've not been able to come at speech of him. He's locked himself up like a hermit. I went to have a word with him just now after the funeral; but directly he saw me coming he was off like a hare. As you're going down the street you might look in on him and bid him come up to the House to see me. He can't live on alone in that cottage, poor lad; and there's none in the village 'd house him but me; so I must take him in and find him work in the garden for a bit. The poor lad seems to have taken his mother's death to heart, as though she'd been the best mother in the world to him."

"She was the only mother he ever had," said Robin sourly.

"I thought as much," mused the Laird. "And I suppose a man's mother is a man's mother still—however much he wishes she was some one else's." "And you," he called after the little figure disappearing in the dark, "might remember that, and that once you had a mother yourself. . . "You'll likely find him alone in his cottage brooding over his loss, poor lad," he added, not without feeling, and passed on.

LXIX

SIMON WHISPERS

Ten minutes later Robin was passing the ale-house bent on earnest errand, when a roar of laughter from the tap-room brought him to halt.

The tap-room door was ajar, and a spear of light gashed the darkness without.

The laughter ceased suddenly as it had risen, and through the silence a single voice ran tittering like a thin thread of sound.

Robin crept to the door, and standing at the edge of the dark, looked in.

The tap-room was full to overflowing. Scarcely in the old man's memory, never certainly since the night following the sudden death of the father of Simon Ogg twenty years before had he seen such a gathering. Women with their babies were there, children not a few, and the accustomed topers of the place, all silent as in kirk, all backs towards the door, all hearkening to that single voice running through the silence.

And the teller of the good tale, the man of wit, the lord of sudden laughter and awful stillness, was he whom the Laird had pictured sitting bereaved and brooding by his lonely hearth—Simon Ogg!

He was standing on a chair in the ingle-nook, only his shoulders and flaming head seen above the press. His pale eyes were twittering, his shoulders twitching; and all the while he told his tale in rapid tittering voice, the people punctuating it with roars of laughter and applause.

Through the open door a gust of wind blew.

The teller looked over the heads of the people and beheld in the door an old ringleted face regarding him.

Simon stopped, the titter still upon his lips. "Hillo!" he gasped. "I scarce expected you here to-night."

"And I scarce expected *you* here," Robin replied.

The people turned like one, and saw. A clammy silence fell on all.

"Tell on," said Robin. "Tell on," prompting him, '"Danny."' For all answer Simon jumped down from his chair, and was lost among the people.

These began to fall away like leaves from the dying tree, tumbling past Robin in the door.

"Why away?" asked Robin, staying old Andra' Gillray as he stumbled past.

"I'm off home to the good wife," said the old man hurriedly.

"But here's your wife ahint you!" cried Robin.

"Then I'm off to see her home," said old Andra', and blundered into the night.

"And you?" said Robin, stopping young Cockie Menzies as he shot past, "are you away to your wife?"

"Ay," said Cockie, struggling to pass.

"But ye've not got one!" cried Robin.

"I ken that," said Cockie. "I'm off to find one;" and he burst free and was gone.

Last of all came Simon, seeking to sneak by at the tail of the rush, as once a man of wiles sought to escape a blind Cyclops barring a cavern mouth.

"Na," said Robin; "you bide," and stood stalwart in the way.

Simon retreated into the ingle-nook, and there sat down. A forlorn and fallen hero, who not ten minutes since had been the centre of a breathless crowd, he now sat in the silence, smoke, and reek of the deserted room, the cynosure of but one pair of remorseless eyes.

At length he looked round shivering; Robin still leaned against the door, regarding him.

"I wonder any comes from the House to me this day of all the year," he croaked.

"His Honour gar'd me come," said Robin.

"What's his Honour want with me?" asked Simon hoarsely.

"He has sent me to bid you to him," Robin replied.

Simon leaped to his feet.

"Did not Minnie say," he screamed, "First your daddie! now your Minnie."

He ceased suddenly, and began to smile fearfully as though ashamed.

"And next you!" said Robin. "Just so."

He leaned against the door, regarding Simon.

"Will ye come then?" asked the old man at last.

"Come!" cried Simon, the frenzy on him again. "Is it likely I would come? Na! Na! Na! If Mr. Heriot would murder me too he must come and do it here. I winna go to him or any man just to be murdered."

"That's sense for a softie," said Robin, phlegmatically, yet made no move to go.

Simon's frenzy passed. He became sullen, cowed, uneasy, beneath the other's stare.

"What gars ye glower at me so?" he asked.

"Just nothing at all," said Robin softly. "Just nothing at all. I was but wondering if you would be long for this world."

He swung slowly round, his eyes over his shoulders still on the other's face.

"See here!" said Simon, pale-eyed, "What is it at all?"

"It is just this," said Robin, spearing him with watery eyes, "that you ken what you ken."

Simon nibbled.

"Is it Her?" he asked.

"It is Her," said Robin ominously. "And his Honour would know why you are keeping what you ken of Her from him."

"Is it his Honour?" asked Simon.

"Have I not tell't you it was his Honour sent me to bid you to him?" cried Robin.

The hunted look grew in Simon's eyes.

"I would ask Danny," said Simon. "There is few things hid from him."

"And I have," said Robin.

"You have!" cried Simon, leaping like a fresh-run fish. "And what said he?"

"He tell't me," said Robin slowly, "that an enemy had done this thing."

Simon collapsed.

"It was shown to me," he said shaking, "that it was a friend."

"A friend?" cried Robin. "Whose friend?"

"Danny's," said Simon, watching the old man.

"It is the same," said Robin, entirely unmoved. "He loves his enemies, like the Christian he is."

Simon sat back.

"If Danny can tell you who She is," he said, "he can tell you the best gate to overcome Her. That is a sure thing."

"What!" cried Robin indignantly. "Would ye ha' him betray his friends?"

Simon thrust his hands home in his pockets and tilted back.

"I will tell you nothing," he said, and tat-tat-tatted with his heels on the floor.

"I am not asking you," said Robin. "And why will you not?"

"I canna," said Simon, bowing his head in his hands. "I just canna."

"Why for not?"

"The Laird would kill me," said Simon, his face lost in his hands. "That's just why."

"There is worse trials than Death," said Robin ominously. "A dour man's his Honour—he spares none."

"None?" asked Simon, suddenly looking up.

"None," said Robin—"and least of all one of your familee!"

Simon rose to his feet.

"Ay," he cried recklessly, "he may murder here and there one yet; but he's wearin' awa', he's wearin' awa'! He will soon be at his rest now, and Hepburn will know peace. I will be free! We will all be free! There'll be no more kirk-keeping and blethers. His Honour is the last of the Heriots. When we have won through him there will be none left to follow him."

"None," said Robin quietly, "but one."

"Ay," sneered Simon. "Robin Crabbe."

"And more than me," said Robin.

"An heir?" cried Simon, startled.

"An heir," said Robin nodding, "and more."

"A Heriot?" cried Simon, rising.

"A Heriot," said Robin, "and waur."

"Waur?" cried Simon. "Who?"

Robin looked at him.

"Danniel, son of Ivor," said Robin.

"He is but a dog," said Simon uneasily.

"But a dog!" cried Robin, and stared at him. "I do wonder at that from you of all men, Simon Ogg. Who was it tell't his Honour that you broke your kirk? Who was it was drowned and came to life again? Na," he said, "na," upraising his hand as though to quell a clamour. "I may not tell you much, but I will tell you this."

He drew closer mysteriously.

"There's some of ye hold his Honour's a hard man—I kenna what ye'll think when he's gone. But if *ye should* think that then there'll be no more kirk-keeping and the like, ye'll be sore mista'en."

Simon sat long rocking, wrought in mind and body. Then he rose, and his face was the colour of curds.

"Is Danny outside anywhere?" he whispers.

"Na," said Robin.

"Where is he?" asked Simon suspiciously.

"He is watching against Her while I am away," Robin replied.

"Would he hear me if I was to whisper?" queried Simon.

"Not if you was to whisper low," the old man replied. "He is a mile or more."

Simon tiptoed to the door and looked out; then he locked it, barred it, bolted it; went to the window, and shut the shutters.

Inside the room was darkness, and the red glow of the peat fire.

"Whisper!" said Simon, and knelt beside the old man now sitting by the fire; and even in the dimness Robin marked his face white as a winter's moon, and Simon whispered.

LXX

ROBIN TAKES A TURN

As the Laird sat in the hall in the dusk of that evening, like a deserted eagle, very gaunt and old, Robin came in.

Leaning against the door the old man shook with silent laughter.

"Where is Danny?" asked the Laird peevishly.

"He is here with me," said Robin, and laughed and laughed against the door.

"He is all the time with you these days," snapped the Laird. "He has quite deserted me."

"It is Her he is after," said Robin, shaking still with mirth. "I have taken a fine turn!" he added, wiping his eyes.

"You've taken something besides a turn," said the Laird, "or I'm mistaken."

"Ne'er a taste nor a toothful," said Robin; "I was hieing back from the village where I'd been——"

"Pot-swabbing," said the Laird.

"On your business," said Robin.

"While She visited my fowls like as not," the Laird retorted.

"Which I left Danny to watch and ward for you," said Robin. "It was at the fall of night," the old man continued, "and I came by way of the wood for fear I might happen on Her for your Honour; and of a sudden I heard hard by me a girning and scraffing among the bushes. 'Her!' thinks I, claps down on my flat-face, and creeps and keeks, and creeps and keeks, till I came where I could see. And there in an opening stood a bit bushie, and anunder it like it might be a tod stirring and scraffling. And I kenn't what it would be: She had murdered and was burying Her dead."

The old man paused to pass his hand across his mouth.

"A-well I stopped to keek; and as I stopped the scraffling stopped, as though She suspeecion'd me. I just lay still and look'd, and there beside the bush against the light I saw two projectiles—like so!" said Robin, holding up two fingers.

"Like what?" snarled the Laird. "I can't see."

"Like two spears, or the ears of a tod upcocken," said Robin. "And I kenn't She was looking for me, but I lay flat. After a bit the projectiles dropped, and the scrafflin' began. Now, thinks I, the Lord has delivered Her into my hand! and I heft on to my stick and I lowpit."

He paused to snigger.

"And as I lowpit, She look'd up."

"It was Her, then?" said the Laird.

"It was Danny!" cried Robin, and leaned against the door, shaking with laughter—"just Danny!" he gasped. "Who but Danny?"

The Laird thrust out of the dimness.

"Damn you!" he cried huskily, "stop that giggling and get on!"

"I am gettin' on without your damns," said Robin, and went on. "As I saw him he saw me. And man?" cried Robin, "for the first time ever I kenn't it Danny was fear'd. He cower't away like as I'd been the Cherubim with the flaming sword, and he'd been the Serpent—yet glowerin', and girnin', his teeth stripp'd, and hair on edge. I'm no easy

fley'd, but I was most scared myself—he look't that unchancy. And I'm no denying I looked mighty fearsome myself—in the, half-dark, and my hand raised, and the battle-look on my face enough to put the fear into a thousand. Then he saw it was me."

"'What it's you, Robin?' he seemed to say, 'I thought you was Her!' and he came to me kind o' wae and wankly and ashamed. And when I'd done laffin' and cryin' and pettin' him, he led me back to the bushie—'See what I have here for you, Robin!' says he, and brings her out ——"

"Her?" hoarsed the Laird.

"Not Her," said Robin, laughing still—"Her handiwork!" and threw a dead bird to the Laird's feet. "It was mighty queer," he cried, laughing still, "what I took for Her burying Her dead being Danny unburying it."

The Laird sat breathing noisily in the silence; and Danny padded across the floor and sat down at his feet.

Robin was still laughing by the door.

"Oh!" he cried, "it was mighty laffable!—me thinkin' him was Her, and him thinkin' me was She."

"I don't know about the laughableness," said the Laird, "I know you gave me a fair turn," and he cleared his throat. "If you were as good at catching Her as Danny at resurrecting their corpses," said he, "I for one'd be a pleased man."

"I have catch'd Her," said Robin, "as good as."

The Laird eyed him grimly.

"You have tried traps and failed," he said. "You have tried sitting for Her with a gun—and failed. What will you try next—before you fail?"

"I will try poison," said Robin, smacking his lips. "And I will not fail."

The Laird hearkened darkly.

"And what of Danny?" he asked.

"He and me, we will lay it together," said Robin, "and I will tell him and he will ken, who is as clever by far as any Christian of us all."

"Have a care then!" ordered the Laird. "I'll have no playing with poisons, mind."

Robin turned sourly.

"With regard to playing," he said, "it has been shown to me that the folk in the village are thinking they will have a fine playing when you are not still among them."

"Indeed!" said the Laird, lost in thought.

"They are saying you are wearing away," the old man continued, "and I was not denying it; and that the day of your death will be a day of Jubilee in Hepburn."

The Laird came back from thought.

"They do not cherish me in Hepburn then?" he asked.

"They'd vomit ye if they could," said Robin.

"Nor you?" asked the Laird.

"Nor me!" Robin admitted with sleek complacency. "I have put the terror on them fine."

"Now tell me," said the Laird, "think you there is any one of them would dare to do a hurt to Danny for love of me," said the Laird, "or of you."

"If they dared do what they would do," Robin replied, "nor you, nor me, nor Danny here, would be long in this flesh I'se uphold."

"They dare not," said the Laird. "I know them, as my fathers knew their fathers."

"I kenna," said Robin, "there's many would dare do to-day what not a buckie of them a' would have dared dream a year or two since."

"Any above all?" asked the Laird.

"Certainly so," said Robin; "Simon Ogg above a'."

"Simon Ogg!" said the Laird. "When is the lad coming to see me?"

"He is not coming," said Robin.

"Why not?" sharply.

"He says if your Honour would murder him, you must go to him, he winna come to you."

"Murder him?" said the Laird harshly; "what should he think I want to murder him for?"

"Because he is saying you murdered his daddie and minnie, and that it will be his turn next, and because of his minnie's last word."

"Her last word!" said the Laird alert. "What was that?"

"Just that if he didna kill your Honour, your Honour would be after killing him," said Robin. 'And who kills Danny, kills the Laird,' she whispers with her last breath, and straight she put the Black Ban on ye and died."

"Did she say that?" asked the Laird, suddenly roused.

"So they are saying in Hepburn," Robin replied.

"Who was it put ye to this poisoning?" asked the Laird harshly.

"I put myself to it," said Robin.

The Laird leaned forward.

"Answer me now! Had Simon Ogg any hand in this, or has he not?"

"A-weel," said Robin, a little cowed, "maybe him and me together a bit."

The Laird sat back.

"To-morrow, the Sabbath," he said; "Monday I will see Simon Ogg."

LXXI

ROBIN SOWS

All that Sabbath evening Robin and Danny worked together secretly in the birch-woods, and all along the burn where at night passes the traffic of the moors. And ever and anon in some hidden likely place the old man paused as one who sows; then he turned to Danny and spoke, and the little knight listened shrewdly and understood as the other expounded to him that the seed he sowed was the seed of the Tree of Death.

In the hallowed calm of evening the two came down together from off the hill; and at the brae-foot the Woman met them.

"And what bloodiness and slaughter have you been up to on this holy day?" she asked, with ill-boding face.

"We have been after the work of the Lord, on this day of the Lord," said Robin.

The Woman eyed him darkly.

"How do you call that work?" she asked.

"Mortifying the flesh," said Robin.

"Whose flesh?" asked the Woman.

"Hers," said Robin, "for it was shown to me in a dream that She would defile this day with Her murders and abominations, and it is not well," said the good old man, "that such as profane this day should go scathless."

"It is *not* well," said the Woman, ominous-eyed.

"And so," continued Robin, "I, having my Message, set forth blithely. And I do think she will be like to take home with Her this night a comfort that will gar Her mind the Lord's Day for aye and for ever."

The Woman was long silent. "So sure as you have defiled the Lord's Day, so sure you will have brought ill upon this House!" she cried at last, scowling on him.

(*To be continued.*)