601/B/281/2

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

No. 81. June: 1907.

TORONTO,
MORANG & Co. LIMITED.
LONDON:- JOHN MURRAY.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

JUNE 1907

	Page
THE PRESENT STRENGTH AND DISTRIBUTION OF THE FLEET——A NAVAL OFFICER	1
GREAT ACTING IN ENGLISH——ARTHUR SYMONS	12
IN PRAISE OF HIPPO THE SAGE——GILBERT COLERIDGE	18
LATEST LIGHTS ON SMALL HOLDINGS——FRANCIS A. CHANNING	26
SPINOZA: AN ESSAY——EMANUEL STERNHEIM	36
GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY—THE PALMERSTONS AND CAMBRIDGE HOUSE——G. S. STREET	51
THE ESSENCE OF HARDYISM——LINDSAY S. GARRETT	59
ART AS A FACTOR IN THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE——FELIX CLAY	68
IN A BORDER MINING-CAMP——F. W. ROLT	83
JOHN THURTELL'S SECOND TRIAL——WALTER FRITH	98
SKETCHES IN SOMALILAND——ARCTURUS	111
THE CONVERSION OF WESTMINSTER——EDWIN A. PRATT	125
VIRGIL'S DYING SOLILOQUY	141
SOME PRINCIPLES OF IMPERIAL TAXATION——MARCUS R. P. DORMAN	149
LAURENCE HOPE——JAMES FLECKER	164

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (MAY)

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION—X.

GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY—HARRIOT MELLON—G. S. STREET

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE—Mrs. E. M. SIMON

A PLEA FOR SHORTER NOVELS—BASIL TOZER

A FORGOTTEN POET: JOHN CLARE—ARTHUR SYMONS

THE POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF MR. HALDANE'S ARMY BILL —The EARL OF CARDIGAN

THE AMERICAN TRAMP—E. B. OSBORN

WANTED: MUSIC CRITICS—A. E. KEETON

SHOULD WOMEN EMIGRATE?—M. F-G.

A BUDGET OF ROMAN LETTERS: SENECA TO LUCILIUS—Professor THEOPHILUS D. HALL

Mr. SUTRO'S "MORALITY" PLAYS—ANTHONY L. ELLIS

DISCIPLINE IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS—A. R. ORAGE

VANISHING LONDON—ARTHUR P. NICHOLSON

THEY CALL IT PROGRESS—E. H. LLOYD

"MARCELLO": WOVEN FROM THE DIARIES OF THE LATE BARON DE MALORTIE—V. DE M.

A SONG OF THE VANQUISHED—S. GERTRUDE FORD

ON THE LINE

The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, *"Monthly Review,"* 50A *Albemarle Street, London, W.*

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

VOL. XXVII.

APRIL—JUNE 1907

MORANG & CO., LTD.
90 WELLINGTON STREET WEST
TORONTO
LONDON: JOHN MURRAY

Printed by BALLANTYNE & Co., LIMITED
Tavistock Street, London.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Author	Title	Month	PAGE
ANON	Virgil's Dying Soliloquy	June	141
ARCTURUS	Sketches in Somaliland	June	111
CARDIGAN	Political Significance of Mr. Haldane's Army Bill	May	63
CHANNING, F. A.	Latest Lights on Small Holdings	June	26
CLAY, FELIX	Art in the Struggle for Existence	June	68
COLERIDGE, GILBERT	In Praise of Hippo the Sage	June	18
DEWAR, G. A. B.	The Ruskin Copyright	April	43
DORMAN, MARCUS R. P.	Plea for Greater Portion of Gold to Paper	April	95
	Principles of Imperial Taxation	June	119
ELLIS, A. L.	Mr. Sutro's "Morality" Plays	May	116
FITZGIBBON, M.	Should Women Emigrate ?	May	99
FLECKER, JAMES	Laurence Hope	June	164
FRITH, WALTER	John Thurtell's Second Trial	June	98
FORD, S. G., MISS	Song of the Vanquished	May	172
GORKI, MAXIM	New York, The City of the Yellow Devil	April	1
HALL, PROFESSOR T. D.	A Budget of Roman Letters	May	106
HORWILL, H. W.	Leisurely America	April	137
"J."	Lord Milner in South Africa	April	54
GARRETT, L. S.	The Essence of Hardyism.	June	59
KEETON, A. E.	Wanted : Music Critics	May	89
LLOYD, E. H.	They Call it Progress	May	153
MACDONAGH, MICHAEL	Control of the Public Purse	April	21
MALORTIE, V. DE	Marcello	May	164
"NAVAL OFFICER"	Strength and Distribution of the Fleet	June	1

INDEX OF AUTHORS

			PAGE
NICHOLSON, A. P.	Vanishing London	May	142
O'BRIEN, R. BARRY	Ireland at Westminster	April	64
ON THE LINE		May	173
ORAGE, A. R.	Discipline in Elementary Schools	May	129
OSBORN, E. B.	The American Tramp	April	107
	The Colonial Premiers	May	75
PRATT, E. A.	The Conversion of Westminster	June	125
ROLT, F. W.	A Border Mining Camp	June	83
ROSS, JANET	Galileo in the Val D'Arno	April	123
RUSSELL, W. CLARK	The Plymouth Buccaneers	April	16
SIMON, MRS. E. M.	Women's Suffrage	May	22
STERNHEIM, E.	Spinoza	June	36
STREET, G. S.	Ghosts of Piccadilly	April 84, May 14, June	51
SYMONS, ARTHUR	A Forgotten Poet (John Clare)	May	45
	Great Acting in English	June	12
TOZER, BASIL	Cosmopolitanism and Humour	April	129
	A Plea for Shorter Novels	May	34
VAY DE VAYA AND LUSKOD, COUNT	Alien Immigration to U.S.A.	April	151
"X."	The Irish University Question	May	1

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

			PAGE
Acting in English, Great	ARTHUR SYMONS	June	12
Africa, Lord Milner in South	"J."	April	54
Alien Immigration to U.S.A.	MONSIGNOR COUNT VAY DE VAYA AND LUSKOD	April	151
America, Leisurely	H. W. HORWILL	April	137
American Tramp, The	E. B. OSBORN	May	75
Art as a Factor in the Struggle for Existence	FELIX CLAY	June	68
Border Mining-Camp, In a	F. W. ROLT	June	83
Budget of Roman Letters	PROFESSOR T. D. HALL	May	106
Clare, John, A Forgotten Poet	ARTHUR SYMONS	May	45
Colonial Premiers, The	E. B. OSBORN	April	107
Control of the Public Purse	MICHAEL MACDONAGH	April	21
Conversion of Westminster, The	E. A. PRATT	June	125
Cosmopolitanism and Humour	BASIL TOZER	April	129
Discipline in Elementary Schools	A. R. ORAGE	May	129
Essence of Hardyism, The	L. S. GARRETT	June	59
Fleet, Present Strength and Distribution of	"NAVAL OFFICER"	June	1
Forgotten Poet (John Clare)	ARTHUR SYMONS	May	45
Galileo in the Val D'Arno	JANET ROSS	April	123
Ghosts of Piccadilly	G. S. STREET	April 84, May 14, June	51
Great Acting in English	ARTHUR SYMONS	June	12
Hardyism, Essence of	L. S. GARRETT	June	59
Hippo the Sage, In Praise of	GILBERT COLERIDGE	June	18
Hope, Laurence	JAMES FLECKER	June	164
Ireland at Westminster	R. B. O'BRIEN	April	64
Irish University Question	"X."	May	1
John Thurtell's Second Trial	WALTER FRITH	June	98
Latest Lights on Small Holdings	F. A. CHANNING	June	26

Subject	Author		PAGE
Laurence Hope	JAMES FLECKER	June	164
Leisurely America	H. W. HORWILL	April	137
London, Vanishing	A. P. NICHOLSON	May	142
Lord Milner in South Africa	"J."	April	54
Marcello	V. de M.	May	164
Mr. Sutro's "Morality" Plays	A. L. ELLIS	May	116
Music Critics Wanted	A. E. KEETON	May	89
New York	MAXIM GORKI	April	1
On the Line		May	173
Piccadilly, Ghosts of	G. S. STREET	April 84, May 14, June	51
Plea for Shorter Novels	BASIL TOZER	May	34
Plymouth Buccaneers	W. CLARK RUSSELL	April	16
Political Significance of Mr. Haldane's Army Bill	EARL OF CARDIGAN	May	63
Praise of Hippo the Sage	GILBERT COLERIDGE	June	18
Present Strength and Distribution of the Fleet	"NAVAL OFFICER"	June	1
Principles of Imperial Taxation	MARCUS R. P. DORMAN	June	149
Ruskin Copyright, The	G. A. B. DEWAR	April	43
Should Women Emigrate?	M. FITZGIBBON	May	99
Small Holdings, Latest Lights on	F. W. CHANNING	June	26
Song of the Vanquished	S. GERTRUDE FORD	May	172
Spinoza	E. STERNHEIM	June	36
Taxation, Some Principles of Imperial	MARCUS R. P. DORMAN	June	149
They Call it Progress	E. H. LLOYD	May	153
Thurtell's Second Trial, John	WALTER FRITH	June	98
Vanishing London	A. P. NICHOLSON	May	142
Virgil's Dying Soliloquy	ANON	June	141

THE PRESENT STRENGTH AND DISTRIBUTION OF THE FLEET

FOR some months past, a more than usually heated controversy has been carried on in the Press over recent Admiralty policy, and the adequacy of the measures adopted to ensure that supremacy at sea so essential to our continued existence as a great Empire. Since the country was aroused in the autumn of 1888 by the startling disclosures in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the dangerous state of weakness into which the Fleet had been allowed to fall, the general public has come to realise what Sea-Power means, not only to us, but to other nations with ambitions at the present time as great or greater than our own, so that a far keener and more intelligent interest is now taken in naval matters than has probably ever been the case before. And the result of this awakening interest has been shown in the steady support accorded to the Admiralty since the introduction in 1899 of what is now generally known as the two-Power standard, not only by the leading men of both great parties in the State, but also by the great mass of public opinion, in all the steps which have been considered necessary to reach and maintain the standard aimed at, and this in spite of the great increase in the estimates which the carrying through of this policy has rendered necessary.

But while the Admiralty, since the introduction of the Naval Defence Act of 1889, has commanded—and, it must be

admitted, has fully deserved—the confidence of the country, which, up to quite recently, has been ungrudgingly reposed in it, there can be no question that at the present moment that confidence is decidedly somewhat weakened, and there is a vague feeling of anxiety abroad lest the interests of the Navy, of such vital importance as they are to the country, are being sacrificed to that ardent desire for economy, no matter at what cost, which is the marked characteristic of so large a section of the party now in power. The man in the street who has been following the recent controversy, although he may not know much, or for that matter anything of naval affairs himself, has yet been quite able to recognise that much of the sharp criticism to which the Admiralty policy has been subjected has come from responsible writers, evidently well acquainted with their subject, whose views cannot be ignored or put on one side as of no account. That this is so is clear to any one from the laborious efforts of the *Times*, and that section of the Press which supports the present Admiralty through thick and thin, to prove that the criticisms in question are without justification, and that all is for the best in the Navy in this best of all (Admiralty) worlds.

To the ordinary reader, the point of most interest in the controversy is that which centres round the all important question of the two-Power standard, and the effect on our striking power of the redistribution of the Fleet which is now in progress. We propose to deal with both of these questions briefly, and we will take that of the maintenance of the two-Power standard first.

The maintenance of the two-Power standard has now for many years been the recognised principle on which our naval policy, in the matter of construction, has been based. It has been assumed, and with reason, that it was a standard unreservedly accepted by all parties in the country, as representing the *minimum* below which it would be dangerous to allow the effective strength of the fleet to fall. If there is now a growing uneasiness that the Government, under pressure from some of

their supporters, may, in the so-called interests of economy, contemplate tampering with this standard, it is due to the utterances of certain Ministers themselves, and some of their supporters, in Parliament.[1] At its best, this so-called two-Power standard is only a rough method of computation, but it has the merit of a certain simplicity, and people who are interested in the matter can form a fairly good general idea for themselves as to how we stand, at least in the matter of numbers, relatively to other Powers.

But in estimating the real strength of our own and other fleets, something more than a mere counting of units is required. Armament, armour protection, homogeneity of squadrons, the general state of efficiency of the *personnel*, and the tactical training must all be taken into account. We certainly at present stand superior to any likely combination which can be brought against us. At the same time, it cannot be denied that, on more than one occasion in recent years, our building programme for the year has fallen below the two-Power standard, and there is certainly some reason for doubting whether we have that margin of reserve over the prescribed standard which the Russo-Japanese war showed to be so essential. In the first four months of the war, Togo lost two out of his six battleships—that is a third of his force—through their striking mines, and the floating-mine danger in any future war is one that we certainly cannot afford to ignore when framing our building programmes. Even a *Dreadnought*, although she might not be sunk by coming into contact with a mine, would almost certainly receive injuries which might place her *hors-de-combat* for weeks or possibly months.

Coming now rather more to details, we are faced with one of the difficulties which stand in the way when trying to estimate our true position as regards the two-Power standard, and that is to differentiate fairly between first- and second-class

[1] Since this article was written Lord Tweedmouth has announced in the House of Lords that the Government are determined to maintain the two-Power standard.

battleships, which is by no means so easy as it may appear, when we have to compare foreign types of ships with our own. In computing our own first-class battleships, we shall eliminate from the list the eight battleships of the *Royal Sovereign* class, with the *Renown*, *Barfleur*, and *Centurion*, since it is believed to be the intention of the Admiralty to practically withdraw them from active service, as being according to modern ideas obsolete. This leaves us built, completing, and building forty-four first-class ships, to which may be added two or, probably, three more, to be laid down during the present financial year, giving a total of forty-seven—as against twenty-two for France, including the six *Dreadnoughts*, the construction of which has been approved by the Chambers; twenty-four for Germany, including the four *Dreadnoughts* of this and last year's programme; and twenty-six for the United States, including two *Dreadnoughts* also to be laid down this year. From the above it will be seen that if Germany and the United States are taken together, we are not even up to the two-Power standard, or if we take France and Germany, we have only a margin of one ship over the standard. On the face of things, this position can hardly be called satisfactory, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that the reduction of one ship in last year's building programme, and the contemplated reduction of one, and possibly two, in this year's, has been sharply criticised.

If we, however, look more closely into matters, it will be seen that we really stand in a far more favourable position. Owing to the wise policy of former Admiralties in building groups of ships, our fleet has become fairly homogeneous, and in the eight ships of the *King Edward VII.* class and the eight of the *London*, with the nine *Majestics*, we have three groups of ships such as no other country can furnish. Turning to the ships building, we have those two powerful vessels, the *Lord Nelson* and *Agamemnon*, which fall little short in power to the *Dreadnought*, well on their way to completion, while we have the assurance of the Admiralty that the three new *Dreadnoughts*,

recently commenced, are to be pushed on and completed in two years, so that in 1909 we ought to have a practically homogeneous division of six *Dreadnoughts*, if we include, as we fairly may, the *Lord Nelson* and the *Agamemnon*, while, as far as can be seen at present, none of the French or German *Dreadnoughts* will be completed by that date. Presumably, also, in view of the curtailment of the building programme, as laid down in the "Cawdor Memorandum" of November, 1905, the Admiralty intend to complete for the future all battleships in two years from the date of laying down, which, provided there is no delay in the supplying of the armour and guns, there should be no difficulty in doing. Much, however, depends upon the Admiralty keeping to this resolution.

If we turn now to France, we find a very different state of things. Of the twenty-two first-class battleships with which we have credited her, there are still four of the *Patrie* class of the 1900 programme uncompleted; of these, two will be finished this autumn and the remaining two by the summer of next year. At the present time, since the loss of the *Jéna*, France has only twelve first-class battleships completed and ready for sea, and six of these are twelve years old or older, as against thirty-nine for this country, only some six of which are more than twelve years old; while of the six *Dreadnoughts* it is not certain whether a beginning has as yet been made with any of them, but in any case it is extremely unlikely that they will be completed before 1911, and possibly not before 1912, owing to the demoralised state of the dockyards, brought about by M. Pelletan, the late Socialist Minister of Marine, whose mischievous work it will take a long time to undo.

Germany, although far behind ourselves, is yet in a better position than France. She has followed our example and builds her ships in groups; thus of her twenty first-class battleships, if we exclude the four *Dreadnoughts*, she has four groups of five ships each, all of them, with two exceptions—the first two of the *Kaiser* class—being less than ten years old. Her active fleet, therefore, is composed of homogeneous

divisions. Of these ships, sixteen are completed and in service; of the remaining four, two will be finished this year and two next. But none of these ships are a match for the sixteen fine ships of our *King Edward VII.* and *London* classes, while the armament of the ten ships of the *Kaiser* and *Wittelsbach* classes is decidedly weak, carrying as they do only 9·4-inch guns for their heavy armament, as against the 12-inch guns of our ships. With regard to the four *Dreadnoughts* it is doubtful if more than one of them has yet been commenced, and if a start has been made with the others it has only been made during the last few weeks. According to the German programme two of these ships are to be laid down each year for the next nine years, and as they will probably not take more than three years to build, and may take less, by 1919 Germany will possess a fleet of eighteen of these ships. From the above data it will be seen that at the present time in ships completed we are well ahead of the two-Power standard, if we take France and Germany combined, and this superiority we shall maintain for the next three or four years; but by 1912 the balance will be turning against us if we allow ourselves to fall behind in construction, since by then France and Germany will have twelve *Dreadnoughts* completed between them. It is therefore clear that if we are to maintain the two-Power standard in this class of ships, we not only cannot afford to curtail any further our building programmes, but, on the contrary, we shall have to enlarge them in the near future, especially if we are to have the necessary margin in excess of that standard. The chief cause, in our opinion, of the recent sharp criticism of the Admiralty's building policy is the real fear that the Government, having once entered on a policy of curtailment of our building programmes, may yield to the strong pressure which undoubtedly will be brought to bear upon them by a certain section of their supporters, and carry that policy so far that our supremacy will be seriously endangered, and that then, as has happened before, it will be necessary, in order to retrieve our position, to rush through a panic

programme at a vastly increased cost, with the possible chance that it may be too late.

We think we have shown that no alarm need be felt as to our position at the present moment, whatever the future may bring forth. In all that goes to make up the fighting efficiency of a fleet we have reached a high standard. Thanks to improved weapons, improved mountings and appliances, and, above all, to the improved methods of training and the greater spirit of emulation which have been introduced during the last few years, never has the shooting of the fleet stood so high as it does now. And the same may be said of its tactical efficiency. For the last thirty years or so our battle-fleets have been commanded by men most of whom have been tacticians of the very highest order, and it is safe to say that in no other navy in the world have admirals and captains such unrivalled opportunities of learning to handle ships as in our own, for in no other navy is it as yet possible to assemble so large a number of ships for combined manœuvres as we have now been doing continually for many years past, nor have other countries so many battle-fleets at sea and under continuous training as we have. It is no disparagement of other navies to say that they could not produce such tactical leaders as the three Commanders-in-Chief of the fleets recently assembled at Lagos, viz., Admirals Sir A. K. Wilson, Lord C. Beresford and Sir W. May. The retirement of Sir A. Wilson, which has just taken place, is much to be regretted, and his consummate skill and ripe experience will be much missed, but fortunately the Navy is not a one-man service, and in Lord C. Beresford Sir Arthur has a worthy successor, who in a marked degree commands the confidence of every officer and man in the fleet.

We can only very briefly glance at the new scheme for the redistribution of the fleet, which, although introduced with a great flourish of trumpets by the Admiralty, has been met with even more hostile criticism than has the curtailment of the building programme. Now, as we think we have shown,

the Admiralty may, under the circumstances, be excused for considering that a temporary curtailing in the matter of new construction will do us no harm, but it is difficult to find any justification for the new Redistribution scheme.

We were informed recently in the Admiralty Memorandum that a new fleet is to be formed, to be called the Home Fleet; and that while the efficiency of existing fleets is to be fully maintained, the striking power of the Navy as a whole is to be increased. It was under Lord Walter Kerr, as First Sea Lord, that the first great strategical reorganisation of our fleet was carried through, and the formation of the first Home Fleet in 1901–02 out of the various First Reserve ships, as they were then called, was due to his initiative. The work of organising the new fleet was entrusted to and ably carried out by Admiral Sir G. Noel, at that time the Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves. In May 1903 Sir G. Noel was succeeded in the command by Sir A. Wilson, who was transferred from the command of the Channel Fleet, which he had been holding. This appointment showed the importance which the authorities were about to attach to the new fleet, and steps were at the same time taken to strengthen it by adding to its numbers and substituting newer ships, as they became available, for older ones. In the early part of 1905 further changes were made. The Home Fleet, with its strength raised to eleven battleships, was rechristened the Channel, the first Cruiser Squadron of six armoured cruisers being attached to it; Sir A. Wilson, now a full admiral, still retaining the command, and a vice-admiral being appointed as his second. At the same time, what had been the Channel Fleet was renamed the Atlantic Fleet, with a strength of eight battleships, and its base at Gibraltar, while the second Cruiser Squadron of six ships was also attached to it. The strength of the Mediterranean Fleet was at the same time fixed at eight battleships, with a Cruiser Squadron, and as the battleships were all sister-ships of the *London* class, while the Atlantic Fleet was made up of the *King Edward VII.*

class as the ships were completed, we had last autumn in those two fleets two magnificent homogeneous tactical units, while the Channel Fleet at the same date had been brought up to a strength of seventeen battleships.

But how do matters stand under the new scheme, which is to increase the effective "striking strength" of the Navy? The Channel Fleet has been deprived of three battleships, the Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets of two battleships each, thus destroying their efficiency as complete tactical units, while the strength of the First and Second Cruiser Squadrons has been reduced from six to four vessels each. In a word, the effective strength of our real "striking force," which consists of our sea-going, fully-manned fleets, has been reduced by seven battleships and four armoured cruisers! It is well known that we have far too many men as it is in barracks and reserve ships: officers and men must be trained at sea, if they are to become thoroughly effective, and since the reduction of our foreign stations there are none too many ships in which this training can be carried on, yet even this number is under the new scheme reduced, and yet more officers and men are being sent to deteriorate in home service.

In exchange for this reduction in our sea-going fleets we are to have the new Home Fleet, when it is constituted, to comprise, we are informed, 15 battleships, 14 new and swift armoured cruisers, 110 destroyers, with 50 torpedo-boats and 30 submarines, a force which on paper appears a very imposing one. In reality, in the new Home Fleet, instead of a homogeneous, fully-manned fleet, ready to go anywhere and to strike a blow, if required, at the shortest notice, we are to have a miscellaneous collection of ships, only six of which are to be fully manned, distributed between ports so far apart as Sheerness, Portsmouth, and Devonport, many of the vessels being admittedly in want of heavy repairs and at present in a state of comparative inefficiency. It is settled that the six fully-manned ships are to form the Sheerness division of the Fleet, with the *Dreadnought* as the flagship of the Vice-

Admiral in command, while the ships of the other divisions are to have nucleus crews on some sliding-scale system not yet made known. By the admission of the Admiralty the new fleet is to be exercised at sea for a far shorter period during the year than is the case with our regular sea-going fleets, and it is to be noted that while the Commanders-in-Chief of the Channel, Atlantic, and our other fleets live on board their flagships, the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, this new striking force, is to have his official residence on shore at Sheerness. To call a fleet thus constituted a "striking force" is a gross misuse of terms. No fleet under such conditions can be considered in a state of efficiency; time must be lost in mobilising and concentrating the other divisions, when every hour thus lost may be of paramount importance, and even, when concentrated, some time must elapse before the Admiral could have his fleet properly in hand and fit to meet an enemy. If in this unprepared state the new Home Fleet had to bear the brunt of a surprise attack from the homogeneous, faster and well-trained German Active Battle Fleet, it would have to fight under heavy disadvantages, which might well lead to disaster. The First Lord of the Admiralty and other responsible Ministers have been assuring the country that we shall always have plenty of warning, and that no Power would be mean or unfair enough to repeat the tactics of the Japanese Navy at Port Arthur; yet it is common knowledge in German official naval circles that if war is to come, it is hoped to score a great initial advantage by just such a surprise attack, and it would not take the new, fast and powerful German destroyers many hours to cross the North Sea from Emden, for instance, which is in process of being made an important torpedo-flotilla station.

The Channel Fleet is, or should be, our real striking force in home waters, yet, instead of being maintained at a strength of sixteen ships—two complete tactical units—like the German Active Battle Fleet, and supplied with a sufficient number of cruisers and destroyers, to enable the all-important training in

scouting and screening to be properly carried out, it has been deliberately weakened in battleships and cruisers, and left without a single destroyer, in order to form the new Home Fleet. And although it is known that the Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet will be in supreme command in war, he will have no control or be able to exercise any direction in the training of the new fleet, except during the short time when the fleets may be concentrated for grand manœuvres.

It is no wonder, under the circumstances, that the new scheme has met with the sharp criticism which it has; the Service in general regards it with dismay; it has been condemned by all foreign experts, the French critics being particularly outspoken in regard to it; and it sins against the teaching of history and strategy, which demands the concentration of forces in as few fleets as possible, instead of its dispersion.

Space will not allow us to deal with the equally important cruiser question and the protection of commerce, but we hope to have an opportunity of doing so on some future occasion.

A Naval Officer.

GREAT ACTING IN ENGLISH

GREAT acting in English is of a rarity so unparalleled that it requires some courage to proclaim it as a thing here actually in our midst. We have, at the present moment, no great native acting. We have actors and actresses of many useful and picturesque kinds of talent; one actress, an exception to every rule, in whom a rare and wandering genius comes and goes: I mean, of course, Mrs. Patrick Campbell. But we have not in our whole island two actors capable of giving so serious, so intelligent, so carefully finished, so vital an interpretation of Shakespeare, or indeed of rendering any form of poetic drama on the stage, as the Englishman and Englishwoman who have come to us from America, in the guise of Americans: Julia Marlowe and Edward Sothern. The coming of such marvellous guests into our midst is not a matter to be noted hastily, with the puzzled indifference of the journalist, in our daily papers. Its importance has to be affirmed, and not at all for the benefit of the public, which may be allowed to amuse itself after its own liking, but in mere honour towards greatness in art, which is the personal concern of those able to recognise it, and which it is their condemnation to overlook. Let us admit then that the mission of these two guests has been to show us what we have lost on our stage, and what we have forgotten in our Shakespeare.

It is in their rendering of *Romeo and Juliet* and of *Hamlet*

that these two actors have shown themselves at their greatest. And first of all I would note the extraordinary novelty and life which they give to each play as a whole, by their way of setting it in action. I have always felt that a play of Shakespeare, seen on the stage, should give one the same kind of impression as when one is assisting at "a solemn music." The rhythm of Shakespeare's art is not fundamentally different from that of Beethoven, and *Romeo and Juliet* is a suite, *Hamlet* a symphony. To act either of these plays, with whatever qualities of another kind, and to fail in producing this musical rhythm from beginning to end, is to fail in the very foundation. Here the music was unflawed; there were no digressions, no eccentricities, no sacrifice to the actor. This astonishing thing occurred: that a play was presented for its own sake, with reverence, not with ostentation; for Shakespeare's sake, not for the actor-manager's.

And from this intelligent, unostentatious way of giving Shakespeare there come to us, naturally, many lessons. Until I saw this performance of *Romeo and Juliet* I thought there was rhetoric in the play, as well as the natural poetry of drama. But I see that it only needs to be acted with genius and intelligence, and the poetry consumes the rhetoric. I never knew before that this play was so near to life, or that every beauty in it could be made so inevitably human. And that is because no one else has rendered, with so deep a truth, with so beautiful a fidelity, all that is passionate and desperate and an ecstatic agony in this tragic love which glorifies and destroys Juliet. In *Hamlet* I saw deeper meanings than I had ever seen in the play when it was acted. Mr. Sothern was the only quite sane Hamlet; his madness is all the outer covering of wisdom; there was nothing fantastic in his grave, subdued, powerful, and piteous representation, in which no symbol, no metaphysical Faust, no figment of a German brain, loomed before us, but a man, more to be pitied and not less to be honoured than any man on earth. I have seen romantic, tragic, exceptional Hamlets, the very bells on the cap of

"Fortune's fool." But at last I have seen the man himself, as Shakespeare saw him living, a gentleman as well as a philosopher, a nature of fundamental sincerity; no melancholy clown, but the greatest of all critics of life. And the play, with its melodrama and its lyrical ecstasy, moved before one's eyes like a religious service.

How is it that we get from the acting and management of these two actors a result which no one in England has ever been able to get? Well, in the first place, as I have said, they have the odd caprice of preferring Shakespeare to themselves; the odd conviction that fidelity to Shakespeare will give them the best chance of doing great things themselves. Nothing is accidental, everything obeys a single intention; and what, above all, obeys that intention is the quality of inspiration, which is never absent and never uncontrolled. Intention without the power of achievement is almost as lamentable a thing as achievement not directed by intention. Now here are two players in whom technique has been carried to a supreme point. There is no actor on our stage who can speak either English or verse as these two American actors can. It is in this preliminary technique, this power of using speech as one uses the notes of a musical instrument, that all possibility of great acting depends. Who is there that can give us, not the external gesture, but the inner meaning, of some beautiful and subtle passage in Shakespeare? One of our actors will give it sonorously, as rhetoric; and another eagerly, as passionate speech; but no one with the precise accent of a man who is speaking his thoughts, which is what Shakespeare makes his characters do when he puts his loveliest poetry into their mouths. Look at Mr. Sothern when he gives the soliloquy, "To be or not to be," which we are accustomed to hear spoken to the public in one or another of many rhetorical manners. Mr. Sothern's Hamlet curls himself up in a chair, exactly as sensitive reflective people do when they want to make their bodies comfortable before setting their minds to work; and he lets you overhear his

thoughts. Every soliloquy of Shakespeare is meant to be overheard, and just so casually. To render this on the stage requires, first, an understanding of what poetry is; next, a perfect capacity of producing by the sound and intonation of the voice the exact meaning of those words and cadences. Who is there on our stage who has completely mastered those two first requirements of acting? No one, now acting in English, except Julia Marlowe and Edward Sothern.

So far I have spoken only of those first requirements, those elementary principles of acting, which we ought to be able to take for granted; only, in England, we cannot. These once granted, the individual work of the actor begins, his power to create with the means at his disposal. And I would say that what these two players do is to give us, not the impression of fine imitations, but the impression of real people, who, when they speak in verse, seem to be speaking merely the language of their own hearts. They give us Hamlet or Juliet in the round, whereas with our actors we see no more than profiles, picturesque glimpses, and with what gaps between! gaps not even realised by the actor in his search for effect. The decorative Juliet of the stage we know, the lovely picture, the *ingénue*, the prattler of pretty phrases; but this mysterious tragic child, whom love has made wise in making her a woman, is unknown to us, outside Shakespeare, and perhaps even there. Mr. Sothern's Romeo has an exquisite passion, young and extravagant as a lover's, and is alive. But Miss Marlowe is not only lovely and pathetic as Juliet, she is Juliet. I would not say that Mr. Sothern's Hamlet is the only Hamlet, for there are still, no doubt, "points in Hamlet's soul unseized by the Germans yet." Yet what a Hamlet! how majestical, how simple, how much a poet and a gentleman! To what depth he suffers, how magnificently he interprets, in the crucifixion of his own soul, the main riddles of the universe! We know other Hamlets for their stride, their grandiloquent pathos; but this Hamlet for the intellect which is his destruction.

Miss Marlowe's Ophelia is not perhaps so great a triumph

as her Juliet, and merely for the reason that there is little in Ophelia but an image of some beautiful bright thing broken. Yet the mad scene will be remembered among all other renderings for its edged lightness, the quite simple poetry it makes of madness. It is tenderly troubling, never without "favour and prettiness"; it is, again, no decorative madness, but the spoiled brain of this particular woman, who has been so easily swayed from Hamlet to Polonius, willess, but with the desire to be loved and to be kind. She makes the rage and tenderness of Hamlet toward her a credible thing.

Miss Marlowe has played in London another Shakespearean part, that of Viola in *Twelfth Night*, which I have not seen. But I have seen her in a play which has succeeded with London audiences better than Shakespeare, a burlesque of American origin, called *When Knighthood was in Flower*, and here too I seemed to discern a lesson for the English stage. Even through the silly disguises of this inconceivable production, which pleased innocent London as it had pleased indifferent New York, one felt a certain lilt and go, a touch of nature among the fool's fabric of the melodrama, which set her far above our steady practitioners in the same art of sinking. And, above all, a sense of parody pierced through words and actions, commenting wittily on the nonsense of romance which so many were so willing to take seriously. She was a live thing, defiantly and gaily conscious of every absurdity with which she indulged the babyish tastes of one more public.

The personal appeal of Mr. Sothern and of Miss Marlowe is very different. In his manner of receiving applause there is something almost resentful, as if, being satisfied to do what he chooses to do, and in his own way, he were indifferent to the opinion of others. It is not the actor's attitude, but what a relief from the general subservience of that attitude! In Miss Marlowe there is something so young, warm and engaging, a way of giving herself wholly to the pleasure of pleasing, to which the footlights are scarcely a barrier. She does not startle you with sudden touches of genius, she fills and

gladdens you with a sense of the single human being whom she is representing. And there is her strange beauty, in which the mind and the senses have an equal part, and which is full of savour and grace, alive to the finger-tips. With these personal qualities I am here scarcely concerned. What I want to emphasise is the particular kind of lesson which this acting, so essentially English, though it comes to us as if set free by America, should have for all who are at all seriously considering the lamentable condition of our stage in the present day. We have nothing like it in England, nothing on the same level, no such honesty and capacity of art, no such worthy results. Are we capable of realising the difference? If not, Julia Marlowe and Edward Sothern will have come to England in vain.

Arthur Symons.

IN PRAISE OF HIPPO THE SAGE

THERE is nothing one hears stated more frequently than that the horse is the most stupid of animals, and if a thing be repeated often enough it will soon become a truism. There was a time when we talked of the solid earth and the everlasting hills, but Professor Milne has told us years ago that there is nothing so unstable as the crust of this world, and the geologists have disposed of the eternity of mountains. All other things being equal, the wrinkles of age cut faster into the face of a hill than into any other portion of the earth exposed to the weather.

The bare fact that the horse allowed himself to be slowly evolved from the hipparion, and to put away childish things in the shape of those sloppy toes one by one and cultivate a shapely hoof, shows conclusively that he had the sense to prefer the dry grass prairie to the wet swamp. But the paradise of the plain was not without its drawbacks, for he soon found a ruthless enemy in wild and hungry man, who, craftier than he, hunted him for food. A detestable kind of monkey, this man, who crawled in packs through the grass to leeward of him, wounded him with sharp flint arrows, and then chased him back with incredible speed into the swamps, where he might vainly long for his prehistoric toes again.

What was to be done to escape this fate? The only *modus vivendi* was to strike a peace, and this the horse saw clearly in his wisdom very early in his career, when he was beginning to

be tired of being eternally chased, outwitted, and eaten. Up till then every wild animal, with perhaps the exception of the dog, had refused to be tamed, and there are a great many still who are recalcitrant in spite of the efforts to make them perform at the Hippodrome. But one day a captive colt with some germs of wisdom in his head, said to itself, "I will see what kindness will do; I will humour the brute, even though he has killed my mother." The thing was done at once. An *entente cordiale* was established, with the happy result that the colt got food, and the satisfied claim of a horse's stomach is always a passport to better things.

And it was well that he did so, for where is the hipparion now? Left sticking in the mud whence he had not the wit to extricate himself. And who but naturalists are familiar with his name, or that of his tribal relatives, the eohippus, or the aurohippus? But the "man on the Clapham 'bus" would be argued an ignoramus if he had not heard something of the fame of "Stockwell" or "Eclipse."

Where is his living, but stupid, cousin, the tapir? Cultivating a want of imagination and a long nasal septum in solitary places, instead of having an army of grooms, stablemen, and "vets" to look after his temporal needs, and acres upon acres planted with goodly grain for his consumption.

Equus Caballus knew very well what he was about when he cultivated an alliance with Homo Sapiens. And, if we take the Jews for an example, it was only for warlike purposes, and not for the arts of peace, that the horse at first became the brave ally of man. He must indeed have enjoyed saying "Ha! ha!" among the trumpets, and pricked his ears as an old hunter does at the music of the covert side. Only on one occasion had horses been used for threshing before Solomon introduced them for farming from that wicked country, Egypt, and that was in a sporting kind of way, for they were driven in loose to trample down the grain on the threshing-floor. To be chased about an enclosure, and bury one's feet in piles of glorious grain, and not to be allowed to eat more than was good for one,

what a loathly occupation for a war-horse! Probably the threshing of Araunah the Jebusite was conducted on more scientific principles.

I have said that the horse is usually considered a stupid animal, but this I maintain is an erroneous opinion. During his long companionship with man he has developed a wisdom which he has the wisdom to conceal, on the same principle as the monkeys, who refuse to talk for fear they should be turned into helots. As a matter of fact, in moments of emergency he thinks quicker than most animals; he will be at the pains to step over a dog which happens to run across his path; and in the matter of knocking people down he is a great deal more careful than the motorist. In the portentous list of accidents said to be caused by horse-drawn vehicles all over the country, which list a long-suffering Home Secretary shrinks from making to satisfy the hungry curiosity of the automobilist, how many are due to the carelessness of drivers? Who is better able to take care of the drunken man than his quiet old pony in the ramshackle cart? His master may curse, he may rave, jerk and tug at the reins, and inflict blows without mercy, but the wise beast knows that he has a silly fool behind him with a skinful of poison, and safely takes his lumber home, where he will stand patiently beside the door till the sodden man rolls out of the cart.

Horsemanship is a noble art, but hard indeed to accomplish without the hearty co-operation of the horse. I remember well how, when a boy, an old white pony taught me to ride. She would trot merrily along for some time, and then with a sudden stop duck her head down, and of course I landed on the ground. While I was recovering from the shock, she would stand over me and sniff me, and I would be aware of a pair of kindly eyes regarding me with melancholy regret. They said plainly, "You little fool! Why don't you sit tighter? Lots of horses play you that trick," and then she stood patiently while I mounted again. I owe a great deal to that pony.

One of the marks of a horse's intelligence is its sense of dignity. Take a high-spirited horse, put him in a loose-box, and then set to work to laugh and jeer at him, and it will be strange if you do not at once see signs of irritation, if indeed he does not proceed to kick the place to pieces. On the other hand you may fool a dog to any extent, deck him out like a Merry Andrew, make him "die for the King" and smoke pipes, and he will rather enjoy the business. It will take a great deal to persuade me that performing horses at a circus, compelled to walk in unnatural attitudes by the aid of the necessary whip, and to go through absurd monkey tricks in order that a brass band may keep time with their movements, take any pride or pleasure in their acquired skill. The kind of thing a horse really enjoys is the unfastening of a gate and escaping free from his paddock; in this he proves himself no fool, and is only rivalled by the donkey. He is a born roamer, and the same primitive instinct which prompted his ancestor to escape from the confines of his swamp and invade fresh fields, supplies his mind quickly with expedients.

I saw a horse on a Surrey heath one summer afternoon. A man had brought his wife, a nurse, and several olive-branches in his dog-cart to have tea in the open. When first the horse, a spirited cob, was unharnessed, the sense of freedom made him a trifle restive, so his master walked him up and down, leading him by a halter. Finding this operation somewhat tedious, he bethought him of something to which he might hitch the beast. A stout gorse bush seemed the very thing, in truth the only thing, and to that he tied the horse, and then went to lie down in the heather and take his rest. In a short time the horse became bored with this tethering business. The first indication of irritation was his twitching tail; then he began going round and round in a circle as if he were being lunged. Then he took to tugging at the rope with his head. This he did again and again at various angles till at last he found the proper angle for undoing the knot, and then with a wrench got free. Did he run away? Not so. He quietly walked down a small

path which led to the road, browsing contentedly as he went. But his master was not asleep. He rose and followed him apologetically, for it is useless to approach a loose horse with haste or violence, and the beast let him come up quite close, then swerved his head away suddenly, avoiding the quick hand. The same thing happened over and over again, the game of bob-cherry being evidently more enjoyed by the horse than by the quiet, patient man. A man outwitted by a beast is not a dignified spectacle.

But no domesticated animal is really able to cope with the predatory sporting patience of man. To such a contest there is only one end. A tempting bit of fodder held out wheedlingly in the palm for the sixth time at length proved too much for the equine taste; it looked so much more tempting than moorland grass. An appeal to an animal's stomach is as potent as an appeal to a man's avarice, or a woman's vanity. He was caught at last. His master stroked him and soothed him as became a generous, and not a vengeful man. He called his son, a schoolboy who was oiling his bicycle, to hold the horse's head; this done, he produced a rope and, tenderly as a surgeon would bind up a wound, hobbled the horse by tying the two front legs together. All this while the animal pretended to be ignorant of what was being done to him; he knew that, if he were restive, he might get blows for his pains, for an outwitted man is sometimes dangerous. The master, like a hospital nurse, surveyed his bandage with satisfaction, and then went to seek his rest in the heather. When left alone, the poor horse drooped with disappointed ambition in every lineament, his ears dropped outward, his tail hung listlessly down, his knees went slack like an old and worn-out cab-horse. Never was a Pegasus such a miserable object; his progress became a series of heavy galumphs, a prolonged limp. Where are his gambols now? his curvettings and his high steps? Quite crestfallen! Nevertheless he continued to graze, edging away slowly down the path.

At last, he arrived at an open space behind a tall gorse

bush, where his master could no longer see him. Suddenly his ears pricked up, his tail lashed his side with long suppressed anger, he tugged one leg against the other, he reared up on his hind quarters trying to shake his forelegs free in a wild dance of rage. What a fool to struggle against the ingenuity of man! We shall see. He got further and further down the pathway, and gradually his limps seemed fewer and not so piteous, and his steps longer. At last, he settled down into a comfortable quiet trot which developed into a high stepping swing when he gained the high road. Nothing succeeds like success. But what made him persevere against that cruel and fast knot? Why, a piece of knowledge that he must have possessed all along. He knew that his master had tied him up with a granny, and not with a reefer. Is not that knowledge worth knowing? But his troubles were not yet over. The master, aroused by an exclamation from his wife, started up out of the heather, rubbed his eyes, stared for a second or so at the grey round rump just disappearing down the hill, got up with deliberation, seized on his son's bicycle and started in pursuit. One cannot credit poor Dobbin with universal sagacity, for it is plain he had forgotten that bicycle and the uses to which it might be put. He trotted away, showing his paces in pure joy, and scornfully kicking aside the dangling end of the halter. What fun to go down a road all by oneself without bit and harness, or a stupid man behind pulling you up when you want to go fast and whipping when you want to go slowly! This is freedom indeed! Suddenly he heard close to his heels as he approached a village the voice of his master pursuing him with shouts from the top of one of those horrid silent machines. He made up his mind then and there to shy at a bicycle for the rest of his life. A game of cricket was being played on the village green, but even the national pastime cannot compare to a good horse hunt. The cricketers all rushed into the road, and waved their arms. What can a poor horse do, when the whole world turns against him? Like a hunted fox he doubled down a side lane, and took refuge in

a farm-yard. There was something homelike and protective in a row of outhouses and fat ricks, and he knew it was useless to keep up this false idea of freedom. After all he had been born a domestic animal, and he might just as well be captured with dignity as be ignominiously run down in the open. And so, with a last kick and neigh, which said plainly, "You know I am only doing this for fun, and not from any vice," he came up to his master, nodding his head as though he were coming from the stable for the first time with every determination to be good. And so our friend Dobbin was led back a long mile to the dog-cart on the moor, unashamed, his ears and tail erect, apparently ignorant of the first principles of guile, and a first-class specimen of the goody-goody horse.

But the horse is not always so innocent, and occasionally shows a capacity for fine rage, as the following incident, which I have on good authority, will illustrate.

It was at a shooting party to which the sportsmen had driven in their motor-car. They drew it up by the roadside, leaving the smart young French chauffeur to take care of it. He stopped the engine, and, knowing that he had abundance of leisure before him, took his seat most comfortably in the front of the car, produced a newspaper and a big cigar, and settled down to spend many hours in pleasant idleness; moreover, the day was quiet, and the cigar was a good one, being a present from one of the sportsmen. The stillness of the air, broken only by the distant popping of the guns, seemed a delicious contrast to the recent noise and vibration of his machine. Even a chauffeur can sometimes enjoy the silence and solitude of the country. Everything combined to make his eyelids droop over the paper, and probably his dreaming thoughts sped away to sunny France and conjured up a beautiful vision of the smiling Annette, whom he had promised to wed when his earnings were sufficient for so great a venture. The cigar drooped between his lips, and finally went out. To him, as he slept, came a butcher's cart along the road. The horse was trotting, in the perfunctory way a

horse does when he goes through the same job every day, with the regular plod of a 'bus horse. Suddenly, to his wonder and delight, he saw the body of his enemy lying by the roadside, silent, cold, and helpless. With his ears laid back, and malice shining in the whites of his eyes, he got the bit between his teeth, and, in spite of the efforts of his driver, he "went for" that motor-car. "Take that—and that—and that!" and he battered and hammered on the machine with his hoofs to such a gay tune of revenge that in a few seconds damage was caused which ran into many pounds. As for the chauffeur, he was startled from dreams of Annette to the bitter realities of life, and with one bound he leapt from the car to avoid the pounding of furious hoofs. Alas! that cigar was never finished, for it fell from his lips into the ditch, and was never recovered.

And who shall say that there was not reason for this equine animosity against the motor? He must have recognised it as his rival, and feared to be superseded in the future. But rivals, like fools, have to be "suffered gladly" in this world, and it must be confessed that he is getting to be more philosophical now, for he merely says "Kismet" and passes on, paying no more attention to a motor than to a toad in the road. And yet they say the horse is stupid!

GILBERT COLERIDGE.

LATEST LIGHTS ON SMALL HOLDINGS

THERE is a delicate aroma of Small Holdings on the spring breeze. Are we in for a big season in this venture? There is a great show of blossom in the abundance of bright suggestions and rosy hopes. Will it be followed by a substantial crop of fruit?

The old Allotment Movement came with a rush twenty-five years ago. It was the natural concomitant of the county franchise. The labourer longed passionately for the vote, and longed also for the solid asset of a bit of the land he made rich by his toil. Why should he be a dumb chattel instead of a living factor in national life? Why should he be grudged a rood of soil, or be forced to pay four or five times the rent for it that the big farmer paid for his broad acres? Harnessed together the vote and the allotment dashed through the barriers and put the agricultural labourer on a new social and economic plane.

Allotments made life easier and more healthy. The clever and energetic got new chances of learning special methods of garden and farm work. Here and there such lessons have opened a new future for keen and industrious men. In many districts, too, the allotment has brought within reach the improved cottage at a minimum commercial rent. Everywhere the foothold on the land has been a step to self-reliance, strength of character, and better citizenship.

But the results, though good, have been restricted. Much more would have come of it all if there had been everywhere, beyond the allotment, some definite prospect of promotion to bigger allotments, still combined with work at a weekly wage, and then of moving up to the five or ten acre holding, with or without other employment, and then still further to the small farm out of which a living can be made.

The size of holdings at which this stage is reached must vary according to the branch of agriculture and the kind of produce. They range from the two to five or more acres devoted to fruit and flower-growing, which often give a fair living, to the somewhat larger market gardens, to the intermediate poultry or dairy farm, with or without pigs and bacon, and to mixed farming of the ordinary type, but on a miniature scale and by intensive methods.

The general absence of any such hope or incentive, except on the estates of a few thoughtful landowners, has thrown back the demand for allotments, which have nearly everywhere slightly diminished in number.

So, too, has deep disappointment and discouragement come from the total failure of the Small Holdings Act 1892, and from the lack of bold initiative on the part of parish councils, who, under the Act of 1894, had power to hire land by agreement and to divide it into holdings of any size, free of the limits imposed in the case of land hired by compulsion. Faith in a real future for the workers on the soil has faded slowly away. We are still confronted with the old problem. There is the same dreary outlook for tens of thousands in whose hearts there lingers the love for the simple joys, the beautiful scenes, the tender memories endeared to their deepest instincts by every association from earliest childhood. Before them lies nothing but the changeless life of toil, sometimes full of pleasant incidents and mitigations, but yet never pointing up and on to the higher rewards of human effort, and at the end the chilly and degrading sense of hopeless dependence.

And so the best of them drift away, while strength and

purpose and hope still run strong, lest it be too late. Can we wonder?

The figures are dispiriting to those who grasp what a robust, virile peasantry means to national destiny. A fall in the number of agricultural labourers of 117,000 between 1881 and 1891, has been followed by a fall of 177,000 between 1891 and 1901. The recent return of the Agricultural Holdings between 1 and 50 acres show that in England at any rate this depletion is steadily going forward. A few years back a million and a half—farmers, bailiffs, shepherds, labourers—were working on the land. Now there are scarce a million all told.

Part of this thinning out is due to unavoidable economies in the working of large farms, changes in crop rotations, and improved labour-saving machinery. The big farmer is neither cruel nor unpatriotic. Often in the bad times he has paid wages, as he has paid rents, out of his own capital from generous sense of fair play. But in the long run he is bound to make ends meet.

But if these are now in many districts the only economical conditions on which big farms can be run, there is an irresistible claim for the State to intervene, if intervention is possible by economic methods to secure for small men their chance of a living out of the soil by the side of the big men. If it is economically possible it will help big as well as small.

Why not? There is work to be done and profit to be earned. Of the immense imports of food products, some £60,000,000 to £70,000,000 represents the value of produce which could certainly be turned out on British soil and by British hands. Leaving aside special products like fruit and choice vegetables, the value of the staple articles of small culture, imported from foreign countries and from British colonies, butter, bacon, eggs, poultry, and cheese, has exactly doubled in fifteen years. Supposing our farmers, big and small, had been enterprising enough to intercept only that 100 per cent. increase, leaving imports at the level of fifteen years ago, it

would have meant that, for these articles alone, there would have been a sum of from £20,000,000 to £23,000,000 sterling annually to be distributed among our workers on the land. If you take a net average profit of about £75 a year from a small holding as a measure of the minimum that would almost certainly induce the right men to stick to the soil, instead of running off to the factory or the railway, this great addition to the floating wage-fund of the country might have been putting and keeping on the land anywhere between 100,000 and 200,000 small holders, adding nearly 25 per cent. to our rural population and vastly more to the range of rural prosperity by increased trade.

Is it economically worth the risk to stake public money taxes and rates, on such a venture?

The evidence of our recent Committee on Small Holdings gives fairly complete answers to such doubts. Success is amply illustrated in nearly every branch of the industry. Small holdings, rightly started and rightly worked, do pay well both the tenant and the owner of the land.

To take a few examples and begin with fruit. A village in sunny Hampshire has had its fortune made by the splitting up of 450 acres into 80 small holdings. A thin, sandy soil needing heavy manuring—given over a few years back to rabbits and rough sheep runs—is now highly cultivated, brings to the owner a fine rental, while the strawberries earn for the tenants an average net profit of £40 per acre. And individual small holders rise rapidly. A simple labourer who found it impossible to keep ten children on 16*s.* a week twelve years ago, mastered the new industry on a half-acre allotment, boldly took 2½ acres more, put all his time, brains, energies into the business. In ten years he had made money enough to buy a house for £300, and he now has 30 acres, with a range of glass, and an income incredible on his old footing.

The small holdings for raspberry growing near Blairgowrie are still more striking. Land that was let fifteen years

ago at £1 an acre is worth now from £7 to £10 an acre, and the capital values have risen in nearly equal proportion. The small men who have made money on isolated allotments have now been organised in a co-operative society which has readily commanded credit enough to buy a farm of 450 acres, now divided into small holdings and to expend no less than £4000 on buildings and equipments. These men believe in purchase, not tenancy, and the holdings are bought outright by ten annual payments of £6 an acre. The average net profit is put at over £30 an acre. The gross return ranges from £60 to £72 an acre, and about half of this goes to cost of production, leaving the other half net profit.

Here, too, comes the personal equation. The opportunity breeds the qualities which win success. An interesting old shoemaker at Blairgowrie told the Committee his simple story. Elbowed out of his hand-sewn boot work by machinery, he at last prevailed on the landlord to let him half an acre to work on. With what he made by intelligent cultivation and well-selected raspberry canes, in a few years he was able to buy 5 acres at £100 an acre, and then to rent 10 acres more at £10 a year per acre, and has now bought his 15 acres more at the Co-operative Farm. He had put up an excellent dormitory for the summer fruit pickers on his original small holding. He will need no Old Age Pension. He is growing old in plenty and with the loyal regard and respect of those about him for whom he has been a pioneer. The net profit this man earned from his first acre in nine years was £492, or at the rate of £54 each year.

The whole country cannot grow fruit, but there are plenty of other sound economic ventures. Of the poultry rearing and fattening in the Heathfield district in Sussex, Mr. Rew, of the Board of Agriculture, reporting to the Agriculture Commission a few years ago, gave the current version that "a hundred hens properly looked after will yield a larger return in twelve months than a hundred breeding ewes." On these farms, small and large, cows, oats, roots, pasture and chickens are run together,

each helping to make an excellent profit in combination, and eliminating waste of any product. He speaks of a thrifty labourer who has worked his way up to a tidy little farm of 27 acres. He rears 600 chickens a year, and collects other chickens each week for fattening. He has a large number of movable coops on a nine-acre field, an up-to-date range of fattening pens, five Jersey cows, a separator which helps to a satisfactory profit on butter, while the skim milk and the cereals he grows fatten off the chickens for the London market.

Of success in mixed and ordinary farming on small holdings ample illustrations came from several estates, notably those of Lord Harrowby, in Staffordshire and Gloucestershire, and of Lord Carrington, in Lincolnshire and Bucks. Lord Harrowby, who has had a first-class business training, encourages small holdings, has expended in a few years £80,000 on his estates, to a great extent in the equipment and adaptation of small holdings, and would spend more if public money were made more available on cheapened terms. He has never known a small holder in arrears with his rent, and says the best of them farm better, and pay their rent better than large farmers. He tells the Committee of a labourer from a brick-yard in Staffordshire, who was indolent over bricks, but who, given a fair trial on a seven-acre holding, showed such keenness for the work, that he has been promoted to a holding of thirteen acres with better buildings, and is easily able to pay 50*s*. an acre for land for which for neighbouring farmers are paying 30*s*. All these are mixed small holdings, largely pasture. In Gloucestershire, where there is more in the way of potatoes and market gardening mixed up with wheat and stock-rearing, there is an even keener demand, and men do well, paying 70*s*. to the big farmers 30*s*.

The story of Lord Carrington's allotments and small holdings specially demonstrates that a good system of allotments, coupled with the visible chance of getting on to bigger allotments and so to the small holding large enough for a living wage, stimulates demand, raises the whole standard of cultiva-

tion, and has evolved and will evolve the right type of man. These estates prove also that small holders started on the right lines, where they are men of energy, capital and the spirit of combination, can thrive in nearly all kinds of farming, and on nearly every soil. They prove, too, how some of the difficulties of equipping small holders, elsewhere found insurmountable, can be got over. Lord Carrington with his own money converts the buildings of some big farm into a group of divided homesteads for small holders, he adds convenient little dairies here and there to the more comfortable and well-placed cottages, and he builds excellent houses for £625 a pair. On the other hand, the Small Holdings Co-operative Association, which hires a farm from him, have found it possible to equip many of the new small holdings into which it is divided with suitable buildings, these buildings becoming in eighteen years the property of the landlord, purchased by eighteen instalments of deduction from the agreed rent. It all works smoothly and to the common profit, and the upshot is that these small holders are actually started in their work at a rent, to pay afair interest on these improvements and buildings, of only 5*s.* 9*d.* per acre more than the old farmer! That is excellent and sound business all round.

Knowledge, brains, industry, method, are the keys to an economic success attainable nearly anywhere under reasonable conditions. Clearly, co-operation both in the taking of the land, and, so far as is humanly possible, combined with the vigorous individualism which always lies at the root of all real success in agriculture—co-operation also in the working of groups of small holdings, will do most to reduce the cost of production to the economic minimum, and to build up gross and net profits to an economic maximum. Yes, co-operation is the true lever of the new order of things. Just as Denmark is the object-lesson. Critics say Englishmen and English ways will not fit into Danish moulds. True, but it is still more true that the Danes have succeeded just because they have borrowed from England our very best ideas, and instead of

going to sleep over them, have worked them out in a business-like fashion. The English Agricultural Societies and their shows taught the Danes how to turn bad stock into good, and how to transform scrappy, ill-churned, worse coloured stuff into the uniform, high-class, perfectly made butters which have captured the English markets.

Why not get our own ideas back again here, and with good interest?

To illustrate: Co-operative Creameries have done wonders for the Danes. Each of these creameries costs about £1200 to start and equip; the money is advanced by a bank on the joint guarantee of the members, who send in all the milk they produce. There are about 1100 of these now, with 150,000 members and 750,000 cows. Factories for bacon-curing are the natural sequel, the pigs consuming all the dairy waste at a profit. These are started and worked on the same terms. The egg societies earn a gross return double the cost of production. The small holder is relieved of the whole cost of collecting, grading, testing, packing, and exporting.

To securing the very best types of dairy stock, pigs, and poultry, they apply the true scientific method. Records are diligently kept. Poultry are only bred from hens with the maximum record of egg production. Similarly cows are tested by constant milk records. Even the bulls are selected on the milk records of their dams. By these means it is said that the milk production on the best managed farms has been raised by 100 gallons a cow per annum. Everything is thus standardised. Qualities and quantities are raised, cost of production minimised, waste eliminated. And every invention is brought into play. Your little Dane, with his forty acres, actually has his own telephone at 56*s*. a year, and thus has his finger at any minute on the pulse of the market in his own capital, and in London too! He nicks in with his produce at the right minute and scores his modest and continuous profit.

Why such machinery is not precisely as attainable and as workable in an English county passes comprehension. With

big centres of population at our doors, with a far better soil, co-operative organisation on lines like those of Denmark ought to secure a far higher range of profit.

Many big farmers talk contemptuously of small holdings as a fad, because they have seen more than one small man "sold up" in their neighbourhood. Starting with insufficient capital, with no credit, with bad stock, wretched apologies for buildings, and no connections, such a poor fellow has often tried to succeed by working three times as hard for about a third of the profit that rational combination, scientific methods, and proper equipment would have secured. Sometimes even then a stubborn hero of the soil works out his salvation against all odds. But, of course, too often pluck unaided is crushed out in the attempt to fight the collective power of highly organised foreign imports.

Given a rational start and rational machinery, success so far from being a visionary dream is approximately certain. The obstacles are plain enough, and are not insuperable. We are struggling slowly but surely to a true system of rural education. That will bring the open, the flexible, the trained mind of young men who, once taken with the fever, will work out with passionate enthusiasm the scientific methods on which success depends. Agricultural co-operation has already become a recognised item in the curriculum of the elementary school. The school gardens and the teachers who can teach, not from books but from things, are opening a new future in many counties. When we have good secondary schools in rural districts, where defunct and useless apologies for classics are replaced by modern scientific and practical instruction, and when we have admirable farm schools such as the Hampshire County Council have provided at Basing, and the Bedfordshire County Council, by the kindness of the Duke of Bedford, at Ridgmont, the son of the small farmer, the brighter lads in many a labourer's family, will get their chance, and grow into the type of workers the nation needs.

The Agricultural Organisation Society is month by month

gaining ground and spreading the light in the English counties, as Sir Horace Plunkett has done so admirably for Ireland.

To make the land freely available requires State money. Why should we be timid? The Committee of 1890 suggested that advances might be made up to five millions. It was not the fault of that Committee that no legislative machinery followed their report which could carry out their ideas. The present Committee supports the same idea, but names no limit. It is clear from the evidence, and from general information, that a very large proportion of landowners would welcome a real chance of extending small holdings on their estates if the thing can be done on economic lines, which will increase the return from the land in the interests of all concerned and of the nation at large.

This need not involve any general break up of the large farm system. Profitable small culture does not absorb vast areas. Some owners, more agents, and farmers will oppose this policy. An exaggerated if not misplaced fear as to restriction of hunting and shooting will deter, and deter without solid reason.

These problems are not all easy to solve. They have been shown to be beyond the power of local authorities in their broader aspect, though local authorities must still play some part in the evolution.

The operative idea which has come to the front, in order to get a real move onwards, is the creation of a Central Commission with full powers to provide land, and to arrive at the best arrangements for its use, by conciliatory methods, free from party spirit and the friction of local antagonism, to encourage all the means by which the thing can be made a success, and to facilitate and control the financing of this national venture.

FRANCIS A. CHANNING.

SPINOZA

AN ESSAY

THE great men whom the past has wronged receive at last Time's tardy recompense; and those of us who, like the present writer, belong to the people at whose hands Spinoza received treatment which, to say the least of it, is counter to the sentiment of this age, need not be loth to take a part in this meting out to him by posterity of his meed of praise. To me it presents the greatest reason for our doing so, but I will not labour the point but pass on.

This effort is neither a biographical sketch nor is it purely critical; in fact, to be quite frank, it is a eulogium, which my own liberal tendencies enable me to write, even without offering an apology.

After the mass of the Jews left Spain in exile, many of them remained and simulated the practice of devout Catholics, whilst in secret they preserved their allegiance to their ancestral religion. They occupied high places in the Church and State, and monks, prelates and bishops were counted in their ranks.

Ere long, the suspicions of the Inquisition were alarmed against these covert heretics, and their position became daily more perilous and insecure.

Some were condemned to the stake, others pined for years in dungeons; those that could find the means escaped, and sought in distant lands security and repose from persecution.

It was especially Holland whose enlightened policy offered an asylum to the fugitives, and thither accordingly in great numbers they directed their steps.

Their frugality, their thrift and enterprise, contributed not a little to build up the prosperity of the Dutch metropolis. If we regard ancestry and environment as the main factors of man's mental as of his physical constitution, we must allow that in the case of the refugee Jews who settled in Amsterdam those were not infelicitous. Born of Israel's mighty stock, nurtured in the ease and refinement of Moorish Spain, and tinctured with the independence and stolid aspirations of the Dutch, it is less surprising that yet another righteous branch should be raised unto David than that the fruition should not have been more abundant.

In the opening of the seventeenth century a considerable congregation of the Jews had collected in the city of Amsterdam. There in the year 1632, the child of Spanish emigrants, Benedict Spinoza was born. Of his childhood very little is known. At an early age he was initiated into the many difficulties of Hebrew lore, was instructed in the Hebrew grammar, and learned to read and translate the various writings of the Old Testament. He was taught to thread his way through the mazes of the Talmud, and its subtle discussions proved an admirable discipline in preparing him for the favourite pursuit of his after years. Lastly he was introduced to the study of the Jewish philosophers, among whom Maimonides and Ibn Ezra received his special attention.

Maimonides, one of the most profound thinkers of the Middle Ages, strove to harmonise the teachings of Aristotle with the doctrines of the Bible. Ibn Ezra, on the other hand, was a confirmed sceptic. In his biblical commentaries, he anticipates many noteworthy results of modern criticism, and his orthodoxy in regard to ceremonial and in other respects is open to the greatest doubt. Not that he was any the worse for the liberalism of his tendencies, but the fact is merely stated here as of importance in regard of what is to follow.

In all these different branches of theology the young Spinoza made rapid progress, and soon showed astounding proficiency.

He was the favourite of his instructors, and it was on all sides predicted by them that he would one day become one of the shining lights of the synagogue.

Not content, however, with this course of study, Spinoza addressed himself to the study of Latin literature, and with the assistance of certain contemporary experts, he soon became an accomplished classical scholar.

He also took up the study of geometry and physics, and acquired considerable skill in sketching, and in what is comprehensively termed the "Fine Arts."

His mind being thus stored with varied and systematic knowledge, he was well prepared to enter into the vast realm of metaphysical speculation, and here the works of René Descartes engaged his special attention. Descartes was a leader of a new school of thought upon the Continent, and was at the time considered extremely revolutionary.

His influence proved decisive in shaping Spinoza's career.

Another philosopher ought to be mentioned, as among those who determined the bias of Spinoza's mind.

This man was Bravo, who was among the earliest of the followers of Copernicus, who proclaimed the doctrine of the infinity of worlds. Bravo himself inculcated a species of pantheism, for which he was executed in Rome some thirty-two years before the birth of Spinoza.

By all these influences the mind of the young philosopher was widened beyond the sphere of his early education.

In the pursuit of truth he sought the society of congenial minds, and also found best that intellectual sympathy, of which he stood so sadly in need, among the cultivated Christians of that time.

From the high plane of thought which he had now reached the rights and practices of external religion dwindled

in importance, and the question of creed, for which the mass of men contend, appeared little and insignificant.

His absence from the worship of the synagogue now began to be marked, it was rumoured that he neglected the prescribed fasts, and he was openly charged with partaking of forbidden food.

At first he was treated with great leniency.

So high was his standing with the Rabbis, so impressed were they with his unique abilities, that they strove by every gentle means to win him back to his allegiance.

They admonished him, held out prospects of honour and emolument, it is even said that at last in despair of reclaiming him they offered him a considerable yearly pension, throughout life, as the purchase price of his silence.

Spinoza himself was keenly alive to the gravity of his position. It had been fondly hoped that he would shed new lustre upon the religion of Israel. He would be accused of vile ingratitude for deserting his people. He saw before him the inevitable rupture that would cut him off for ever from friends and kinsmen, from dearest friends, and, aye, from all those near and dear to him. He has himself said of this time, that he saw on the one hand riches and honour, and all for which men strive, and on the other hand a sincere life, serenely true to itself.

Great was the commotion stirred up against him by the Jewish community of Amsterdam. One evening a fanatic assaulted him in the streets, and an attempt was made upon his life.

Fortunately the stroke of the assassin was successfully averted, but Spinoza felt that the city was no longer safe for him.

He fled, remaining in Holland, but for some time continually changing his locality, until he finally settled down in the Hague, where he remained until his death.

In the meantime the lenient spirit of the Jewish leaders had changed into stern, uncompromising severity.

Observe now how persecution breeds persecution. It had been the pride of Judaism from of old that within its pale the practice of religion was deemed more essential than the theory; that it permitted the widest divergence in matters of belief, and granted ample tolerance to all. But these Jews of Amsterdam, fresh from the dungeons and torture chambers of the Inquisition, had themselves imbibed the dark spirit of their oppressors.

Uriel D'Acosta they had driven to the verge of insanity and to a tragic death by their cruel bigotry.

And now the same methods were employed against a far wiser and greater and purer man than he.

On July 27, 1656, in the synagogue of Amsterdam, the sacred ark containing the scrolls of the law being kept open during the ceremony, the edict of excommunication was solemnly promulgated.

There is no need to recite it *in extenso;* suffice it to note that God's curse was asked to curse and imprecate Baruch de Spinoza, and that it contained the phrases—"Cursed be he by day and cursed by night, cursed when he lies down and cursed when he rises, cursed in his going forth and in his coming in," &c., &c.

Why? Because he had ventured to present the truth as it had appeared to him, refused to be coerced into submission by that favourite charge of "Treason against Tradition," because of which so many of the best men in Judaism have bowed down their heads in despair. Wisely has it been said that when religious expression finds its basis in fanaticism and superstition, it plunges men into abysses of despair and misery.

Is that scene in Amsterdam in 1656 unique? As a scene it may be; but as an expression of sentiments it had its precedents in every previous age, it has been an exemplar throughout following ages, and there are not wanting signs that the method of religious controversy which it represents has its advocates in this age of enlightened thought and progress, in this twentieth century, this present day. To-day, as in 1656,

to those who have but recently escaped from persecution, we have to look for exhibitions of intolerance and bigotry; alas! too, there are not wanting signs that England's atmosphere of liberty has not quite eradicated this fault from even some of its noblest sons who profess our faith.

When Spinoza heard of the anathema which had been pronounced upon him, he replied: "They compel me to do nothing which was not previously resolved upon."

He retired from the commerce of the world, he coveted solitude. Within his silent chamber he moved in a world of his own. There in twenty years of patient, passionless toil he built up the mighty edifice of his system.

It rises before us as if hewn from granite rock.

Its simplicity, its grandeur, its structural power have been the wonder of men throughout successive ages.

Needless to add, the cursory examination which I can offer is meagre and inadequate; accept it as an humble effort to present to you the essentials of the teachings of my subject.

Man's penetrating spirit seeks to penetrate to the heart of nature, would grasp the origin of things.

There is a mighty riddle, who will solve it?

Various attempts have been made. Pantheism is one. Spinoza was the great philosopher of Pantheism.

Beneath all diversity there is unity. In all of nature's myriad forms and changes there is a substance unchangeable. It is undivided, uncaused, the Absolute Infinite, God.

Thought and extension are its attributes; it is the One in All, the All in One. God is not matter, is not mind, is that deeper unity in which matter and mind are one; God or nature, Spinoza says. This is not the God of theology essentially. God is in the tree, in the stone, in the stars, in man. God does not live, nor labour for any purpose, but produces from the necessity of His being in endless variety, in ceaseless activity. He is the inner cause of all things, the ultimate reality, and all things are, as in their nature they partake of Him.

Man also is of God. The essence of man is in the mind. Man is a logical being. God alone owns truth ; in so far as man thinks truly and clearly he is a part of the infinite God. Logic is the basis of ethics.

Spinoza ignores sentiment, ignores art. Good and evil are but other names for useful and not useful.

But that alone is useful that we follow the necessary and universal law, seeking by the depths and reach of intellect to know and understand. Virtue is the pursuit of knowledge. There are three kinds of knowledge: the blurred perception of the senses, the light of the understanding, the intuition of intellect. The last is the highest.

Virtue is the sense of being; whatever heightens the joyous sensuousness of our active faculties is therefore good.

The wise man delights in the moderate enjoyment of pleasant food and drink, in the colour and loveliness of green trees, in the adornment of beautiful garments, in the rhythmic wave of ocean tide, in the sweet charm of music.

But our true being is to be found only in intellect; hence virtue, the joy of being, is the joy of thought, hence the bold assertion—that is moral which helps, and that is immoral which hinders, thought.

Man is a social being. As a drop is raised upward in the great ocean by the onflowing of the wave, so the individual mind is exalted by the communion with congenial minds moving in the same current.

'Tis thus that Spinoza deduces the social virtues.

Hate is evil at all times, for hate implies the isolation and the weakness of the power of reason.

We should reward hatred with love and restore the broken accord of intellect.

Love is the sense of kinship in the common search for reason's goal—wisdom.

That all men should so live and act together that they may form, as it were, one body and one mind, is the ideal of life.

Friendship, therefore, he prizes as the dearest of earth's

possessions, and wedlock he esteems holy because it secures the union of two souls joined together for the common search of truth.

We should be serene at all times and shun fear, which is weakness, and hope also, which is the child of desire, and haughtiness and humbleness, and remorse and pity, should we avoid. But in stillness and with collected power, should we possess our souls, obedient to the laws of mind that make our being, and helping when we help for reason's sake.

The passions keep us bound to passing phenomena.

When they become transparent to our reason, when we know their causes, then our nature conquers outward nature and we are masters, we are free.

Thus the emotional life is extinguished, the feelings lose their colour and vitality, become blank as " lines and surfaces," and man, freed from the constraints of passion, dwells in the pure realm of intellect, and in constant intercourse with the mind of God fulfils the purpose of his existence—to know and understand.

Against the blow of misfortune also reason steels us.

Sorrow is but the lurking suspicion that all might have been otherwise.

When we come to know that all things are by necessity we shall find tranquillity in yielding to the inevitable.

For so God works by necessity. For all things are in His hands as the clay which the potter takes and converts to vessels of diverse value, some to honour and some to disgrace.

And none shall rebuke Him, for all is necessity.

When the body passes away the mind does not wholly perish, but something remains that is infinite, an eternal modus dwelling in the depths of the eternal mind.

But though we knew not that something of the mind remained, yet were goodness and strength of soul to be sought above all else.

For who, foreseeing that he cannot always find a healthy nourishment, would therefore sate himself with deadly poison ?

or who, though he knew that the mind is not immortal, would therefore lead an empty life, devoid of reason's good and guidance? The wisdom of the wise and the freedom of the free is not in the aspect of death but of life.

Religion and piety lead us to follow the laws of necessity in the world where they are manifest, to dwell on the intellect of God, of God their fount and origin.

But I feel it impossible for me to enter further into the depths of this wonderful system.

We see a giant wrestling with Nature, seeking to wrest from her her secret.

Mysterious Nature baffles him, and the riddle is still unsolved.

That substance of which he speaks is no more than an abstraction of the mind, whose reality in the outward world he has failed to prove.

He has also erred in turning aside from the rich and manifold life of the emotions, for the emotions are not in themselves evil, but are the seminal principles of all virtue.

On pillars of intellect Spinoza reared his system.

Still, solemn, sublime like high mountains it towers upwards, but is devoid of colour and warmth, and even the momentary glare that even now and then starts up in his writings passes quietly away, as the flush of evening reddens the snowy mountains of Alpine ranges.

Spinoza's name marks a great advance in human history. He was a true man, no man more truly loved his teachings. If he describes the pursuit of knowledge as the highest virtue, he was himself a noble example of tireless devotion in that pursuit.

He was well versed in the natural sciences, skilful in the use of the microscope, and his contributions to the study of the inner life of man have earned him lasting recognition.

Of his technical knowledge there can be no more eloquent proof than in the fact that one of the most distinguished professors of physiology, Professor Johannes Mueller, has included

in his monumental work upon that subject the third division of Spinoza's ethics.

Religion, however, was Spinoza's favourite theme, that religion which is free from all passionate longings and averse from superstition of whatever kind, whether expressed in ceremonial or in dogma.

He was among the first rightly to advance arguments against the infallible authority of the Bible, and in the work in which he embodied his reasons and his arguments, he concluded with an eloquent and wonderful appeal for liberty of conscience and of speech.

How rightly does he urge that where liberty is curtailed, be it in politics or in belief, there hypocrisy and sham are bound to follow.

This was an exceedingly fine and noteworthy outburst, which came forth to astound the seventeenth century; and as is their wont in dealing with all reformers, theologians were bitter indeed in their denunciations.

Very few men whose works have become known have suffered as did Spinoza.

For half of his life he had to fight disease of body as well as to stand up against adverse circumstances, brought about by his devotion to liberty and truth.

But he has left a name in history which will not fade.

His people cast him out, Christianity attracted him not, he found a wider fellowship, for he belongs to all mankind.

Great hearts have throbbed a response to his teachings, and his words have influenced many a sorrowful heart.

This was not because he solved the riddle of the universe as it has been called (what mortal ever will?), but because he taught men to calm their fitful passions by the contemplation of the infinite laws in which we live and are.

For the remainder of this short essay I should like just to touch upon the chief topics of the "Tractate," "The Ethics," and "The Improvement of the Understanding," tracing, if I can, their influence upon modern thought and

poetry, and indicating their author's infinities and relationships in the progress of philosophy.

In the Theological and Political treatise he starts by opposing superstition to knowledge, and scouts the disparagement of reason, as though God had, as he expresses it, "turned away from the wise and written His decrees not in the mind of man, but in the entrails of beasts, or left them to be proclaimed by the inspiration and instincts of fools, lunatics, and birds."

He inquires, as so many have inquired after him, whether the Divine law, revealed through the prophets, is at variance or in harmony with that taught by the light of natural reason; and proceeds to discuss prophecy as "sure knowledge revealed by God to man."

It was here, too, that Spinoza clearly enunciates some of the salient features of Hebraic thought, accentuating the significance of the assertions of the Pentateuch in reference to his race. He disclaims the miraculous teaching attributed to "Christ."

Nature herself is God, he says. "Prophets," he tells us, "were men" endowed "with unusually vivid imaginations," not always with "unusually perfect minds"; but let no one disparage or think meanly of their prophecies or of imagination:

> Imagination is a sacred power,
> Imagination lofty and refined;
> 'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
> Of Faith, and round the sufferer's temple bind
> Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
> And do not shrink from Sorrow's keenest wind.

He next investigates the Divine Law, that which regards the highest good, the intellectual love of God; he identifies God and Nature, and discloses his pantheistic philosophy: "The invisible things are understood by the things that are made."

Keble admirably expresses the same conception when he says:

> Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin
> Forbids us to descry
> The mystic heaven and earth within,
> Plain as the sea and sky.

> Thou who hast given me eyes to see,
> And love this sight so fair,
> Give me a heart to find out Thee,
> And read Thee everywhere.

Of the ceremonial law he says it was temporal, contingent, modifiable, not eternal, absolute, unalterable; a man is to be known by his works and judged accordingly.

Ritual avails nothing in the absence of spiritual fruition. He justifies freedom of thought alike in religion and politics—especially in so far as individual right is concerned. Philosophy seeks truth, embracing good and evil alike. Faith seeks justice, charity, and piety. Therefore they are complements to each other, and in no way are they of necessity opposed.

The conception of the relative character of all law, and the doctrine that the readiest mode of repealing a bad law is to break it, belongs to a later day than Spinoza, and much of the basis of legislation has been more scientifically elaborated by the great philosopher, Herbert Spencer.

In his work on the "Improvement of Understanding," he classes under three heads the chief prizes for which men lay down their lives—Riches, Fame, and Sensual Pleasures.

He dilates upon their transient character, their enthralling power, and at the same time dissipating effect upon the mind; and after due circumspection he decides in favour of the careful study of moral philosophy as an essential of the happy life.

To endeavour to give a brief and yet lucid account of Spinoza's ethics is to attempt the impossible; they must be read, marked, learned and inwardly digested, first hand, and will repay the toil required so to do, and the resentment which the rigour of his geometrical method will most certainly at first sight arouse.

Lessing found in the ethics almost the whole of his philosophy, Goethe made their companionship the solace of his age.

Disavowing any attempt at summarisation, I may indicate some salient points.

Substance is infinite, eternal, self-existent, God Himself; whatsoever is, is in Him, without Him nothing can be. The power of the Deity is the equivalent of His essence. Consciousness of ideas is man's essence, not his substance. Spinoza discusses elaborately the eternal problem of causation.

He next deals with the emotions, and his definitions of the several passions are singularly precise, crisp, and logical. As I have before said, Mueller reproduces *in extenso* what he calls Spinoza's "masterly exposition." He proceeds to prove that love extends to the object which pleases what we love; and likewise with hate. We tend to justify what pleases ourselves or those we love; pleasure and pain are our goads to action; love seeks for reciprocation. When hate replaces love, or pain pleasure, in respect of the same object, the greater are the hate and the pain in proportion to the former love and pleasure.

> A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

The good is the useful. Utilitarianism is the only true ethical doctrine. To know God is the highest virtue.

That which is in harmony with our own nature is necessarily good; pleasure in itself is not bad, but good.

Evil is relative only; it has no real existence.

Passions occasion strife; reason can only result in harmony. God is passionless, without either pleasure or pain, since pleasure implies transition from a less to a greater perfection, whereas the essences of the Godhead are all perfect.

Imagination and memory Spinoza restricts to our corporeal existence, yet as each human exists, as an idea in God, this is immortal.

> Oh joy that in our embers
> Is something that doth live,
> That Nature yet remembers
> What was so fugitive.

Even, however, if we dare not with Shelley,

> Own that death itself may be
> Like all things else a mockery

—if immortality be a fraud (which it has not been shown to

be) we should still consider as of primary importance piety and religion.

And in fine he says: "Blessedness is not the reward of virtue, but virtue itself."

Coleridge brought Spinoza to England, where his work had been partly done by Hobbes, Hume and Berkeley, and the English poetry of the last century is redolent with his imaginings.

Wordsworth, above all others, has put his pantheism in noble verse, and with winged words has given Spinozism a wider circle. In his lines on Tintern Abbey, that most favourite spot, situated as it is in the valley laved by the waters of the sylvan Wye, he says:

For I have learned
To look on Nature not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity.
And I have felt
A Presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused;
Whose dwelling is the lightly setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of our thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From the green earth, of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In Nature and the language of the sense
The author of my present thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Shelley contemplated a translation of the Theological and Political Treatise of Spinoza, to which Byron was to append a life. But, unhappily, his life ended before the idea was half complete. Lewes, Maurice, Matthew Arnold and Froude

have more recently helped to bring Spinoza home to all who care to listen to him.

This atheist, as he has been erroneously called by scoffers, has led many a waverer to a true and noble conception of Nature and the Author of Nature; has quickened the commonplaces of the world into life and beauty; has made all life more worth living, all work more worth doing:

> A servant with this clause
> Makes drudgery divine;
> Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
> Makes that and th' action fine.

Since Spinoza, human knowledge has been much humbled as a consequence of its own advance, psychology has displaced autology in the disputations of philosophy: all knowledge is accounted relatively only, and a Creator has been considered past discovery:

> Veil after veil must lift, but there must be
> Veil after veil behind.

It has been my pleasant task to point out—how unfitly and inadequately I have done so none know better than myself—the footprints of Spinozism.

I have endeavoured to bring to the performance of my self-imposed task an open mind, liberal in tendency, it is true, but by no means accepting all that Spinoza thought without emendation and amplification, but inspired by a real sympathy for his undeserved suffering—alas, inflicted by misguided members of my own Faith—and feeling, too, that his influence has been a good one, whether or not one can admit all his doctrines.

> Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime;
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time:—
>
> Footprints that perhaps another,
> Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
> A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
> Seeing, shall take heart again.

EMANUEL STERNHEIM.

GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY

THE PALMERSTONS AND CAMBRIDGE HOUSE

WALKING along Piccadilly with my reader I stop him at number 94, the Naval and Military or "In and Out" Club, and pressing his arm with one emphatic hand I point with t'other through the open gate across the courtyard to the plain stone house, and here, says I to him, here, reader, for fifteen years lived an Englishman and Englishwoman than whom you may search history through to find two examples more satisfying, more splendidly and completely true, of our national type. Other dwellers in Piccadilly may or may not impress you more acutely. There's Emma Hart, and Byron, and old Q., and the great Duke; there's romance and passion, poetry and wickedness and military glory, matters in which from time to time we English have been great; but if you would reflect to what fine pass the quite ordinary qualities of our countrymen may arrive, how noble a show may come of mere genial tempers and solid understandings, stand here in front of Cambridge House and muse on the Palmerstons.

Before the reader does that, however, we must make our bow to chronology and attend a moment to Pam's predecessors in Cambridge House, of whom one was a great noble and another a royal duke, the third Earl of Egremont to wit and the Duke of Cambridge. The house was built for the Egremonts in 1760, or so, and had the honour, during the reign of the second Earl, of receiving John Wilkes after the

arrest of that firebrand for No. 45 of the *North Briton.* He had been arrested by the Earl's order, and the interview, we may be sure, was lively. Wilkes wrote an energetic account of the business to the Duke of Grafton from Paris. But this is only a brief incident, and Wilkes's ugly face, which, as he said, was only half an hour's handicap in the rivalries of love, is but a flash on the canvas. With the third Lord Egremont we may stay longer. It is true that his name belongs more to Petworth, that beautiful old place in Sussex, than to Piccadilly; it was there he lived almost entirely in his later life, practising that hospitality, at once casual, lordly and kindly, for which he was renowed. But in his younger days he had been a leader of London fashion, and this house in Piccadilly knew him at intervals through most of his long life.

George O'Brien Wyndham, who was born in 1751 and died in 1837, was a type of what a great English noble, with fine taste, much intelligence, sincere public spirit but little aptitude for party politics, can be in these latter days. Perhaps this does not amount to very much. Even in his time, and still more in ours, the position is something of an empty survival. "Your nobles," said the German professor to Harry Richmond, "are merely rich men." That may be nearly true, but it is not quite true. Enough flesh remains on the bones of a system that in its day was logical and efficient to make a wealthy noble potentially a more useful person than a bare representative of individualist success in making money. His direct beneficence—given our traditions—may be easier and more graceful and his example shines. Easy for him to be beneficent, but then, as it seems, it is easier still not to be. Lord Egremont, for instance, gave away £20,000 a year in charities. His income was £80,000 a year, and so of course he did not miss the money: the gift was less to him than if I gave away sixpence. Still he gave it, and might not have given it, and many a richer man has been honoured for smaller gifts. He was a magnificent and helpful friend of painters, who were at

home at Petworth, and whose works are now its distinction. In particular he cherished Turner. They agreed well, and naturally so, for there was in both the simplicity of life and of attitude to life which belongs to true art and true aristocracy. This simplicity shone at Petworth, where host and guests went their own way all day and met at dinner, at which Lord Egremont in the cordial—if rather dilatory—old fashion carved for each guest himself. In one matter, indeed, he fell short of a model nobleman, though convention was not outraged by his conduct so much then as it would be now: he was an avowed father without being a husband. He was not a rake; on the contrary, was an affectionately domestic man: his children lived with him and inherited all but his title after him; pity that circumstances left the relation short of complete fitness. His not marrying in early life made Horace Walpole describe him as a worthless young fellow: the fact was that he had been going to, but did not, marry Horace Walpole's niece. Pity, as I said, that in this matter he defied convention, but that he did so shows at least that his virtues of charity and kindness were his own, and not assumed in compliance with it.

On the monument in Petworth church to his predecessors, the Percies, is the inscription *Mortuis moriturus*. I hope that he thought of it, in any case he adopted it, and you may search wide for an inscription of a moral taste, so to say, so perfect and final. There was much to say of the Percies and himself, but in that place what was fitting to say was just that: they were dead, and he would die. I would trust the feeling for art in a man who felt that propriety. Lord Egremont, however, would not have been a type of "a great English noble" if the art of painting and the cherishing of painters had been all his interests. He was not energetic in politics, though he was ready to back his views with his purse. But to fill the popular ideal of his position (which takes little account of the arts) he was a good sportsman and, above all, a splendid patron of the Turf. Mr Theodore Cook, in his delightful history of that great institution, has much to say of Lord Egremont.

Take him all in all, then, he was a worthy possessor of a great Piccadilly house, and his name must be honoured as we stand before it.

The same may be said in a way of the royal duke who lived there afterwards (Lord Cholmondeley intervening) till 1850. The Duke of Cambridge was not conspicuous among the brothers of George IV., who went the pace so merrily as young men, and were so eccentric, laughable, and on the whole amiable as old ones. He was not clever, which perhaps was just as well, since the Duke of Cumberland who—with the slightly dubious exception of George himself—had the brains of that royal generation, was detested. All the stories of these royal dukes are of homely, innocent, individual oddities, the amusement of their society, which had little of the reverence for royalty now so fashionable. Those of the Duke of Cambridge are not remarkable. The best of them are of his conduct in church, where he was accustomed to give a cordial and audible support to the officiating clergyman. "Let us pray," said the clergyman: "By all means, by all means," said the Duke of Cambridge. On one commandment his comment would be, "Quite right, quite right, but very difficult sometimes"; and on another—I won't say which—"No, no, it was my brother Ernest did that." Rather a dear old gentleman, he should not be omitted from a talk about the house which bears his name, but there is little to say of him.

And now we come to the Palmerstons. I join them in my gossip, even as they were so thoroughly joined in life, for both were splendid examples, as I said, of our ordinary national type at its best. It may be that the spirit of Palmerston's policy lives here and there among our politicians, but his actual politics is dead, is as a wind that has blown by, so that the figure of the man, as a man, is the greater part that is left of him, and so his wife, as a woman, stands by his side in history, as in her way almost equally remarkable. The secret of both was in a vitality and cheerfulness that never so much as faltered. Hour after in the House of Commons the old man—

he was old when he comes into the story of Piccadilly—could attend to the dullest business, patient, business-like, polite. Hour after hour at the famous receptions at Cambridge House he could stand with a smile and kindly handshake for innumerable guests, repeating the handshake in forgetfulness now and then (it is recorded) as he grew older, but never flagging in cordiality. And so Lady Palmerston filled up her countless invitation cards with her own hand, and kept her visiting book, says Abraham Hayward, "as regularly as a merchant's ledger." But the formal part was the least of her tasks; she had to please all the good dull people when they came. "Her good nature," says Hayward again—and the tribute of the eulogy he wrote of her in the *Times* at her death is great, for it came from a critical temper—"her good nature was inexhaustible, nor was it ever known to give way under any extent of forwardness or tiresomeness . . . instead of interrupting or abruptly quitting wearisome or pushing visitors, she would listen till they ceased of their own accord, or were superseded and went away." All this must have been trying indeed to her, for she was the daughter of a clever house—sister to Lord Melbourne—and had lived all her life in a lively, well-bred and intimate society, a society which is most familiarly reflected, I think, in the letters of Harriet, Lady Granville. These are some of the best woman's letters in English, and they paint the best of the society which followed the generation of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, who was Lady Granville's mother: a society unaffected, conversible, given to jokes and games. To come from that to the entertaining of average Members of Parliament and their womenkind in droves must have been a discipline much more severe than the *rôle* of an ambassador's wife in Paris, which greatly tried the patience of Lady Granville. Nor did Lady Palmerston care for politics apart from personalities. She was her husband's invaluable ally, but only as another ear and mouth. When questions of politics were brought to her she made a careful note or sent at once for the great man. Devotion to him and his interests

was all her inspiration, and a good heart, good wits, good manners, and—one is glad to know—good health and digestion carried her through.

There had been stories about them—"old stories, my dear!"—in other days. She was the widow of Lord Cowper, and there was trouble about her second marriage. Palmerston was *volage* and gay, and was not (as a young man) called Cupid Palmerston for nothing. Her friends prophesied unhappiness. Lady Granville wrote:

> Lady Cowper has courage to face her angry children. I cannot say how much I blame them for telling what they feel, but I wonder she can encounter their antipathy. What a happy mother she might have been, and what an unhappy existence will she have, I fear! Her understanding never has been of the slightest use to her.

Well, well, the wisest of us are poor prophets. Her existence was most happy and her understanding exceeding useful, and her children came dearly to love Lord Pam.

He was a lovable man. A hearty, unaffected, easy, joyous man. Really a consummate type of good average qualities. Not interested in art or literature (which was easily forgiven him), but interested in almost everything else, a man of whom it was characteristic that he never passed a dish at table and played a bad game of billiards with infinite zest—loving much to win, and especially if his wife were looking on. The affection of his countrymen generally was won by their rough appreciation of this simple nature, perhaps almost as much as by their belief that he stood for England and the rights and dignity of England without compromise or exception. The respect and prestige he had in Parliament and among those who came in contact with him were founded above all on his absolute command of his business. He was like the late Lord Randolph Churchill in this, that being a pleasure-loving man, and having lived hard as a man of pleasure, when ambition sent him to business he gave himself wholly to it and lived hard as a man of business. He was something of a gourmet, yet when Parliament was sitting he dined at three, and but

for some tea at the House, touched nothing more till he came home to bed at one o'clock. As a result he knew what he was about when he rose to answer questions or make a speech, and he could express his knowledge lucidly and in that easy conversational tone which to Englishmen, and especially in the House, is most acceptable. Many an English statesman has been wrecked in public life from sheer inability to get on with his colleagues at close quarters: that of course was not the case with Palmerston; yet it is not true to say that the reverse was the case. People who were offended by downrightness and occasional brusquerie—timid and punctilious people like Lord John Russell—he scandalised. His success came not from any one quality, as was shrewdly remarked of him, but from an unusual combination of qualities—gaiety and sense, lucidity and fire—but he had the defects of those qualities too.

That reminds me that he had critics in private life and that I have been straying to the House of Commons from Cambridge House. His jollity and fun and laughter could grate on the fastidious. Henry Greville, for example, as fastidious, though not as articulate, a critic as his brother Charles, has recorded his exceptions.

> Although he was a most cordial and courteous host, he never struck me as an agreeable man; he was always good-humoured and ready to talk, but his style was too jocose and his jests were for the most part flat, and one felt in his society a constant disappointment that the conversation of a man who was playing so important and conspicuous a part in the world, and who must necessarily have so much to communicate, should be made up of puns and bad jokes, &c. &c.

The idea crosses one's mind that possibly Pam had not "much to communicate" to Mr. Henry Greville, and preferred to chaff him. Still, one knows too well that high spirits and empty jests—a mere expression of high spirits to the jester, like singing in his bath—may be a bore when one is not attuned to them, and no doubt Pam may so have sinned. I think, however, had I been there, that delight in an octogenarian vitality, in a humour and kindness which had survived so much

toil, so many rows in public, and so much zest of life in private, would have reconciled me to any number of puns and bad jokes.

Alas! I was not there. As I write of these ghosts in Piccadilly I strain my imagination to visualise them as they were. The help is all too little. Letters and diaries of contemporaries, however graphic and acute they may be, seem ever to leave out those simple, elementary things we seek. Familiar with appearances, and voices, and manners, they forget to describe them, or not having our interests in mind have no reason for the description. We are left guessing and inferring. Palmerston too, perhaps, died too lately for his *vie intime* to be easily at our service. I get a picture or two of him at Cambridge House from Lord Lorne, the present Duke of Argyll's book on him. One (sent to Lord Lorne by a correspondent) is of Palmerston in his work-room, standing at a high desk, "almost unapproachable from the fortification of office boxes piled around him." And then Lord Lorne, more careful than most biographers, gives us some details of his looks, and—yes—I can see him at the top of the staircase in Cambridge House, shaking hands with his guests, an upstanding figure, neither short nor tall, very neatly dressed, the head erect on the shoulders, framed with grey, short hair, brushed forward, and grey whiskers, greyer close to the cheek—the hair was black and the face round when he was "Cupid Palmerston." He whispers to one man an account of a famous prize fight which happened that day, not admitting that he was there, and greets another cordially for the second time, and I hear his jolly laugh as he repeats a bad pun to the disappointed Henry Greville.

G. S. Street.

THE ESSENCE OF HARDYISM

WHAT is known and "boomed" as realism is a multiform product. The public use of the term has become so indiscriminate that an author can afford to interpret it in practice according to his own convenience. Very much of what used to be punished by the opprobrious epithet of "melodrama" is now praised under the name of "realism." As no longer a guarantee of any property of *reality* in that to which it is applied, the term might be regarded merely as an interloper in the vocabulary of literature if it were not the cause of real mischief. But when it is applied to profanely sensational work by those whose sense of art in its purity is dull, it would be well if it lapsed altogether. For example, that scene in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," in which a woman burns a bible, was denominated "realistic," but the attribute did not help one to decide what the author meant by it, or to perceive that the world was any the richer from the literary point of view for its existence.

Mr. Hardy's realism, however, could not be of this order. He prepares no dramatic groundwork on which to construct "strong" scenes. The action of his pieces is generally slow, while the characters, instead of interpreting themselves, are diagnosed in periodic "asides" by the author. His realism resembles rather that of Zola. It is marked by laboured expatiation on that which is of no interest in itself and is unconnected with a sensational issue. If there can be misuse

of anything so indeterminate as realism, it is exemplified in "Far From the Madding Crowd." The work opens with an overloaded description of background which, instead of serving solely as a picturesque prelude to a progressive narrative, properly constituted of action and dialogue, initiates a series of descriptive digressions so numerous and so bulky as repeatedly to syncopate the narrative. The consequence is that what should have formed the backbone of the work is worn to a mere thread by the pressure of adventitious matter. This tragedy of construction is aggravated by the fact that the subordinate element in the interest of which it is wrought does not gain by the strangulation of the principal, owing to its being itself subjected to a treatment equally misguided. For the subjects applied to descriptive experiment have not been judiciously selected. They include trivialities, *e.g.* the sensations of a hand in groping for the handle of a door in the dark receive punctilious description. When first confronted with these misplaced emphases, the reader, unwarned of Mr. Hardy's eccentricities of style, and cherishing a contempt, nurtured by experience, for slovenly work, is moved to respect. He pays the closest attention, apprehending that the details emphasised have a significance which the plot will eventually unfold. But the expected catastrophe never comes off: *parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.* When later in the same work, the reader is indulged with a complete catalogue of the sensations by which the vicinity of a cow-house is to be ascertained at dusk, he realises that he need anticipate no respite from the effects of what has evidently become a mannerism over which the author has no control. In his treatment of Nature as a whole a prosaic thoroughness mars artistic effect. The theory of the impartiality of art is here misapplied. A faithful reproduction of Nature as she strikes the observer *must* include the subjective element. The human soul is not a microscope: it is a sensorium of poetic impression. Hence, a few luminous periods conceived with a poetic largeness that scorns mere descriptive exactitude, bringing the reader into communion

with the spirit of Nature rather than with its body would have better fulfilled the mission of art. As it is, Mr. Hardy's descriptions are truthful inventories of all that the eye can see in a given area, rather than faithful memorials of what the soul collects and harbours.

This *cacoethes describendi* finds kindred employment in extracting from facial phenomena psychical meanings of wonderful complexity. A momentary relaxation or tension of a muscle of a woman's face while her suitor is endeavouring to hold her in converse has an explanation wrested from the region of soul-disturbance. In attempting such work as this Mr. Hardy has overtaxed his powers. Let him convince us of his ability to describe the concrete with fidelity; when he has done that, we may listen to him concerning the abstract. In real life the vast majority of the motions of one's interlocutor have an evident connection with the subject of conversation, the character of the speaker and the mood of the moment, and novelists of inferior fame but superior ability to his are thankful to their genius if they can reproduce this relation with verisimilitude. Another defect for which the author's false methods are responsible is the dislocation of introspective writing. The usage of the great artists in fiction has laid down that the proper time for this is at those crises in the lives of the characters which from their nature so evoke the sympathy of the reader as to rouse his imagination to inquire what was their psychical attitude towards those crises. Not only does Mr. Hardy not wait for crises before bringing on his introspective writing, but he brings it on before any interest in the personality of the character as revealed by his actions and speech in his ordinary life has been elicited. One can feel no interest in an analysis of the sentiments of Farmer Oak or of Boldwood towards Bathsheba for the simple reason that one can feel no interest in those personages at all.

In "Far From the Madding Crowd" every requisite of artistic work is sacrificed on the altar of a futile realism. The "story" is worked into the fabric as if it signified nothing

more than an indispensable concession to precedent in construction. On the completion of ten or twelve chapters the reader finds himself, owing to frequent intrusions, in wrong places, of descriptive matter, possessed of information so slender anent the fortunes of the characters that, in a properly constructed novel, it would have been compassed without undue compression in the space of three. And that information has proved so destitute of freshness, vigour of treatment, or magnitude of conception, so barren of promise of mystery or of any other arresting force, that he is supremely indifferent to the subsequent fate of characters so wooden as Bathsheba, Farmer Oak, and Boldwood; is thankful to lay the book aside as provoking to weariness and vexation of spirit. How much more workmanlike was Wilkie Collins! His plot was a cerebral fact when its clothing was only *in posse*, and the first page of a novel of his marks entry upon the business of drawing the reader into the imbroglio. A tense atmosphere of imminent mystery breathes through every sentence and phrase of the opening chapters, carrying the reader past disclosure after disclosure till the *dénouement* is fully spent. With what impatience that master-craftsman would have viewed the workmanship displayed in "Far From the Madding Crowd," "The Woodlanders," and "Under the Greenwood Tree," and what diatribes on the state of literary criticism would have fallen from his lips on seeing their author estimated as the second novelist of the day may be readily imagined.

A novelist who has prepared for his work a very thin tissue of story should be aware that he thereby sets himself an unnecessarily severe task in the matter of characterisation. If he has unquestionable skill in the latter, it is well with him; he will be able to create figures having individualities so strongly marked that they can express themselves without being elicited by any dramatic conditions in their environment—in the walk and conversation of everyday life. Since it is a fact that such expression of individuality is possible in real life, it is possible in fiction in the ratio of an author's

ability to reproduce life by his art. But Mr. Hardy cannot dispense with the situations with which "story" would provide him. They are absolutely necessary to bring his characters into high relief. Now, "A Laodicean" has actually a story in it; hence an improved vitality in the characters. Nevertheless, the impotence of characterisation *pur et simple* which renders "Far From the Madding Crowd" so unreadable is transparent in the better-staged piece of "A Laodicean." Mr. Hardy cannot keep himself out of his own canvas. He is ever standing behind his puppet prompting its speech. In the former work the author exerts as painful an ingenuity in explaining the psychical significance of some laconic, lifeless utterance as is manifested by the admirers of Ibsen in their efforts to extract the "messages" from his plays. In the latter this infliction is, happily, dropped. But in neither work is Mr. Hardy successful in breathing the breath of spontaneous life into any of his figures: they all partake more or less of the atmosphere, the individuality, of Thomas Hardy. In "A Laodicean" there is a young lady of scarce more than twenty summers. She is not a product of Girton nor of Newnham; she has been used to a secluded life. These circumstances, however, do not prevent her from making correct use of the word "tergiversation" and employing sentences too long and well-studied for one of her age and sex.

An artist deficient in professional earnestness, reverence, and the ability that proceeds therefrom should avoid high subjects. In Woman, Mr. Hardy sees a theme that is both safe and promising—safe, because it is one in which philosophers have laid down no postulates carrying pretensions to finality—promising, because a mandate for a certain policy of treatment has already been received from his masters, the public. Nothing influences the sale of a novel so well as the exploitation of some popular preconception, especially when converted to vulgar amusement: "feminine inconsistency" is a popular preconception so converted. The application is obvious: work inconsistency and caprice with all the effects pertaining

to burlesque into your female characters and you do much to ensure the commercial success of your literary speculation.

Such is the spirit of the characterisation which the portrait of Bathsheba represents. As she is able to dispense with a steward and manage a farm left her by an uncle, the rational assumption is that she is a sober, practical woman; and as she rejects the suit of Farmer Oak, an honest and true man of her own station, for the sole satisfaction of exercising the right of her sex, the equally rational assumption is that she is a proud woman. But a woman having these for leading characteristics is not the woman to send a card bearing the words "MARRY ME" to Farmer Boldwood, a man with whom she is only on neighbourly terms. Prior to this there is nothing in her conduct or her character to indicate a *penchant* for practical joking. The author, usually so ready to blister his "copy" with psychical analyses where they are not wanted, offers no solution, credible or otherwise. Also, in real life a young lady answering to the description of Paula in the respects of breeding and education would have a soul above such inconsistencies of demeanour in her love affairs. The introspective habits of such a girl, promoting as they do self-discipline, would forbid it. And surely the public is tired of the flimsy barriers which the novelist of the day raises between his lovers for the sole object of suspending the issue of an attachment and thus prolonging the reader's interest in a novel in which he has no longer anything more to say. A man who paints life for the sake of the didactic value of a true picture of human nature in its more complex and less understood phases, and who is animated by a pure enthusiasm for the artistic achievement such work implies, could not descend to the proceedings just enumerated.

Mr. Hardy is the recipient of great confidence as an exponent of rusticity. It is difficult to perceive why, unless confidence placed in a writer is to be in the proportion of that writer's pretensions. In the first place, the claim that he expounds rustic character arrogates too much. A town-bred

reader is not in a position to deny that he faithfully reproduces the deportment, dress, locution, and other externals peculiar to West-country folk. His complaint is—and he desires no better—that the rustics are not *real* to him. Their life in the imagination is ephemeral as a dream, and considerably less vivid. But exposition implies more than mere reproduction. The claim challenges refutation, for it means that the author has discovered what these externals reveal concerning the attitude of the rustic mind towards life, and has contrived clearly and convincingly to communicate it to the reader. One writer on Mr. Hardy even goes so far as to attribute that author's success to his being "closely in touch with the thought of the day," which is marked by a tendency to suspect that, as in the days of Chaucer, "Piers Plowman knows a few of the truths that bishops and peers have forgotten." Philosophy and wit, when found in the brain of the rustic, are interdependent. One has only to state that Mr. Hardy has reproduced no vernacular wit ; and the absence of a vernacular philosophy is likewise understood. In "Far from the Madding Crowd" there is a gathering of yokels in a disused malthouse. This should have served as an excellent scene for a brief, bright interlude, relaxing the strain on the mind of following the fortunes of leading characters with intensity. But the term "interlude" as applied to the scene under consideration would be a misnomer: it is not that in its function, for one cannot conceive of a break in a tale which has shown no connected development: it is not that in its nature, for there is nothing in the least *playful* in it. These malthouse worthies are the sleepiest-headed set of rustics the present writer has ever met with in literature. Shakespeare's rustics are fellows "of infinite jest, of most exquisite fancy"; they rally each other with a brisk fire of *sales* which give immortality to their subsidiary parts. In Mr. Hardy's scene, just mentioned, "you're a very old man, malter" is the nearest approach to a pointed remark. If any person desirous of speculating to advantage in Mr. Hardy's

reputation, had produced a dramatised version of the "Madding Crowd" and sent it to the late Sir Henry Irving, it would have taxed even the ingenuity of that expert stage-manager so to stage the malthouse scene as to effect its salvation from the *fiasco* which the insipidity of its dialogue invites. If Mr. Hardy had really anything to reveal concerning rustic mode of thought this malthouse scene would assuredly have carried some instalment of the revelation. As it is, he who would study the Arcadian mind can learn more of it from "Adam Bede" through the utterances of Adam, Mr. Poyser, Seth, Bartle Massey and Dinah, than from the whole of the works of the Wessex novelist.

The kindred virtue of local atmosphere is ascribed to these productions. A writer in a contemporary says: "The figures of Hardy's novels move against a background of earth and sky, of moor and field as no other creatures have ever moved before." The writer of this appreciation has failed to see that in Mr. Hardy's false perspective earth and sky, moor and field, are not "background." Inferior nature is thrust into the foreground and caused to intercept the view of human nature. Figures of flesh and blood are seen as stationary boulders on the landscape. How little the view of nature obtained by means of this artificial prominence has been worth the sacrifice of the human may be gathered from what has been previously said respecting the Hardian treatment of nature. It should go without saying that it is by merit of treatment, not by the amount of space it occupies, that an author can hope to give to any subject prominence in the imagination of the reader. The strongest factor in giving the right atmosphere to a novel of country life is the communication to it of that which gives a sense of moral affinity between nature and human nature. But only an author who has himself felt that affinity can reproduce it, and even he may fail. It is an achievement of genius. The Brontë sisters have done it and it renders their work immortal. The imagination cannot rest till such moor and brake as saw

the emotions of Heathcliff, Robert Moore, "Cathy," and Shirley have been personally visited. The Deiran novelists appended no maps to their works, but their sites are literary landmarks respecting the identity of which it is worth while quarrelling with one's best friend.

Nothing that has been said in this article implies that Mr. Hardy's work is destitute of adventitious attraction. No lover of the fine arts, especially architecture, can rise from the perusal of "A Laodicean" without a sense of having derived pleasure. But he who adheres to the rational belief that fiction is the art of producing in literary form a convincing, beautiful, as well as instructive portrait of some selected phase of life must of necessity contemplate with disapprobation the disuse of the material conducive to these artistic effects. Lofty contempt for *technique* is a safe auspice for artistic failure, especially in these days. But to decide whether absence of *technique* and presence of *rococo* in the literary style of a work bid fair to win for it commercial success must be left to those who understand the book market—or *think* they do.

LINDSAY S. GARRETT.

ART AS A FACTOR IN THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE

THE question of the part played by the æsthetic sense in the struggle for existence owes its obscurity far less to any inherent difficulty of its own than to the perplexities caused by the effort to reconcile the far-reaching and important influence of Art with various theories based upon the assumption of its non-utilitarian character.

Savage tribes that have not yet learnt to provide themselves with the necessaries of life are yet found practising various forms of artistic activity; it seems hardly reasonable to suppose that they do it merely for the pleasure that it affords, as an outlet for their superfluous energy—an apotheosis of play. There are theories of Art by the score, but among all their complicated and intricate definitions the great majority agree only in the negation of the useful. Art must be spelt with a capital "A," and isolated from all relation to practical life; it is a purely auto-telic activity, a Selbstzweck, so that any work or performance that can be shown to have a utilitarian purpose or end must not be considered a genuine work of art.

This is partly a revolt against the misuse of the word art when meaning skill, but also, and to a greater extent, to the attempt to base a theory of art upon *a priori* principles deduced from general philosophical considerations. Beauty, we must believe, is a semi-transcendental reality, of which an ideal is formed in the mind from hints and fragments of the

beautiful actually perceived; this is then used as a measure or criterion of beautiful things, by the degree with which they approximate to the ideal standard. Art, then, is naturally the outcome of man's love of and desire for the beautiful; thus it had and has no further function than to satisfy that desire.

The psychology of the art emotion, too, is warped by the desire to support the art for art's sake theory; for although all the other feelings and emotions are traced to old and useful instincts, the æsthetic emotion is at once put on a different plane; as, for example, by M. Ribot in his valuable study on "The Psychology of the Emotions":

> While all the emotions hitherto enumerated have their origin and their *raison d'être* in the preservation of the individual as an individual, or as a social being, the æsthetic feeling, as we know, differs from the rest by the fact that the activity which produces it aims not at the accomplishment of a vital or social function, but at the mere pleasure of exercising itself.

Mr. Hobhouse, in his "Mind in Evolution," again, expresses the view that

> the analogue of art among the lower animals is play, in which imagination, if it can be said to exist, takes the concrete form of immediate frolicsome action.

If we are content to accept Art as the development and outcome of play considered as a purposeless activity, *cadit quæstio*, it is indeed a vain task to look for it as an important, or as any, factor in the struggle for existence.

Beauty has been defined as perfect fitness, and certain theories lay stress upon the essential connection of utility with æsthetic pleasure, but no suggestion is made as to the practical value to the individual of æsthetic sensibility in itself as conferring an advantage in the life struggle. The usual view is to regard it as an adjunct or by-product, not as a factor, and yet its deep emotional influence, its power of penetrating to the soul, seem to force the conclusion upon us that here, too, as in love, hate, or fear, it must draw its strength from some deep instinct deeply planted and firmly fixed, as only the long fight for life has power to do; that it must be possible to trace

back the æsthetic emotion to some instinctive activity, that subsequently, when refined and raised by the intellect, becomes the artistic spirit.

It is not uncommon to find æsthetic judgment attributed to animals and even to fishes and insects, but with an anthropomorphic interpretation that cannot be justified. In tracing the origin of our emotions from the instinctive cravings of animals we have to eliminate the intellectual factor by which the simple physiological impulses and needs are raised to the ideal regions of the higher life.

So that in any search for the primitive display of the art instinct it is of the greatest importance to keep as far as possible to the directions in which it is connected with utility, since, judging by analogy with other emotions, we should find that the further back it is traced the more prominent will the direct usefulness become, until in the animal world it would be shown in simple instinctive activities of immediate value to the performer; rather than as upon the play theory, to find it growing more and more useless and detached from the serious interests of life. In fact, the more we come to understand the meaning of the various performances of primitive races the more clearly it appears that there is a distinct purpose and object underlying what have been considered merely æsthetic or aimless amusements. It is indeed hardly reasonable to imagine that in the fierce stress of early existence great pains and trouble would be devoted to such forms and ceremonies if no advantage were expected to accrue.

To go back to the beginning, all æsthetic feeling is based primarily on like and dislike, so that the first question we are met with is the origin of our tastes. "Why we receive pleasure from some forms and not from others," said Ruskin, "is no more to be asked or answered than why we like sugar and dislike wormwood, The utmost subtlety of investigation will only lead to ultimate instincts and principles of human nature, for which no further reason can be given than the simple will of the Deity that we should be so created."

Grant Allen however, some thirty years ago, in his "Physiological Æsthetics," traced clearly the connection between colour and sound and the organs that perceive, showing that the actual mechanism in the eye and ear, by its sympathetic response to vibratory stimuli, falling on it with suitable intervals for recovery, would give rise to pleasurable feeling, and further, how harmonious rhythm causing enhancement of function would increase pleasure. In thus demonstrating the purely physical basis of our feeling for concord and discord, he showed that there was an obvious and direct explanation of our likes and dislikes; though why they come to be there and in those forms he does not pretend to tell us.

Æsthetic emotion is in common with other emotions primarily a simple physical sensation, manifested by certain involuntary bodily changes, often far too slight to be consciously distinguished; but in the gasp of admiration when brought before a work or scene of great beauty, in the deep thrill and the odd cutaneous shiver caused by music, we are actually aware of some alteration of bodily condition that precedes conscious appreciation. Persons whose senses are keen, and whose taste has not been spoilt, have a strong feeling whether a thing is good quite different to and apart from their intellectual judgment. "I always know," William Morris is reported to have said, "when a thing is good, as I feel warm across here," passing his hand over his waistcoat.

It is, then, in its simplest form a direct instinctive response through the organs of perception to the stimulus of rhythm, or a harmonious combination of colours, sound, form or idea, just as other external objects will awaken the feeling of fear, love, or desire for food. This being so we should expect to find a similar sense response in the lower animals to rhythm, colour, form and sound, and that this would be of use in the struggle for existence.

There is, I think, strong evidence that this is the case.

If we are to find among animals an emotional effect caused by combinations of bright colours, or rhythmical movements

and sounds, we shall find it exemplified best in connection with the emotional time of their life, *i.e.*, at the breeding season. In the Darwinian theory of the origin of secondary sexual characteristics, such as the bright plumage of birds, &c., the great stumbling-block has always been the necessity of attributing to the female a power of selection, in her ability to choose the strongest and most beautiful male, a difficulty that has led widely to the rejection of the theory in its crude form.

M. Hirn, in a very able discussion of the whole question, "The Origins of Art," states most clearly the objections to the selection theory, suggesting in conclusion that, in addition to the valuable part played by strongly-marked colouring as providing means of easy recognition, the bright points of colour and their shining lustre, accentuated by the rapid movement of the male bird, would have a strong effect, something akin, he suggests, to crystal gazing, in arousing an emotional excitement in the female, thus helping to overcome her coyness or reluctance. For, as is well known, the excitement of any one emotion tends to overflow and, awakening other feelings, to enhance all the emotional life. Interesting evidence of the almost hypnotic effect of bright points is shown in the twinkling mirrors used by lark catchers.

We may, I think, carry this a little further; if, as there is good ground for believing, the coyness and reluctance of the female is valuable and necessary for the preservation of purity of race, any means that helped a male of the right species to overcome this would be advantageous.

The beauty of the contrasted colours, notes of the song, or graceful actions of the male, would help to awaken the emotional side of the female, not because she consciously recognised that there was any superiority in strength or beauty, but because harmonious combination of colour, forms or sounds have in themselves, for reasons to be shortly considered, the same quality of arousing physical emotion as the sight of meat to a hungry man. In support of the unconscious nature of the effect of colours, &c., we should remember that the same

phenomena of secondary sexual characteristics are found in many insects and certain fish. If response to beauty in the shape of harmonious form, movement, colour or sound is a natural and deep-seated instinct, it is easy to see how its power of arousing emotion would come naturally to be made use of by the leader to stir up his men to action and bravery by poetry, music, and rhythmic dancing, as well as by the lover, as any emotion at once tends to inhibit the calculating reason in favour of impulsive action.

A few simple "tropisms" to which Professor Loeb has reduced most of the early instincts, appearing in answer to the all-pervading law of self-preservation, are the basis of all our intellectual life; proceeding from the simple to the complex as the conditions become wider and the needs of the organism more varied, until we reach the stage of man, who in his advance has raised them into the intellectual sphere, where, in their manifestations as "ideal instincts," it is hard indeed to recognise their lowly origin.

So we should expect to find the Art or Æsthetic feelings, with their wide application, their appeal to the senses on the one hand, and their lofty ideals and intellectual enjoyment on the other, based upon some simple instinct, at first purely necessary or useful.

M. Hirn, in his "Origins of Art," after a careful summary of previous writers, lays great stress on the necessary connection between art and utility; according to his idea, the art impulse is due to a felt need for expression, so that the speaker or creator by gaining the sympathy of others may enhance the strength of his own emotion, and thus it is undertaken with a purpose and has, at any rate, a secondary or derived utility. Here, again, we see art forms and beauty used as a means of arousing feelings, for quickening emotional life, and putting the spectator into a receptive mood, but no hint as to why beauty as such should enhance the influence of expression.

Granting then that Art is connected with, and based upon, utility of some kind, we should expect to find it, in its early

phases, useful in the simplest sense, an immediate aid to life, in the form of activities which would result in some improvement of the environment, to make it more suitable for the organism, or to render the organism better adapted to it. Such actions, for example, as the caddis making a covering, the beaver a home, the birds their nests, &c., at first automatic and instinctive, then conscious, would finally become the deliberate work of the mind. The impulse or instinct which drives animals to affect their environment is the basis from which arises in man the useful industries, some of which are in due course elevated into the fine arts. The workman becoming an artist will try to realise an ideal in his work, something which, transcending the merely immediate utility, shall touch a wider and a greater value, until the obviously useful is lost sight of in a remoter good, fixing in some plastic material a thought or feeling that may bear fruit for many generations.

An interesting and illustrative analogy may be drawn from the growth of the religious ideal. In fact, Religion and Art have so many points of close similarity that it is not difficult to maintain that they are parallel manifestations of the same motive: in their effort to read the meaning of the world, and to express and interpret the mystery of our life and surroundings.

Religion in its primitive stage was purely selfish, practical, and utilitarian; it represents the conscious effort of man to get on his side in the struggle powers believed to be stronger than human. The god had to be deceived by stratagem, bribed by sacrifice, persuaded by prayer, or overpowered by incantation, to work solely in the interests of the individual person or tribe; the whole relation was one of barter; the god had to earn his sacrifice, and demanded it as a right for service done; the whole idea of religion was *do ut des,* and it will be well for religion when this feeling finally disappears. The first beginning of religion was a conscious deliberate effort directly inspired by the struggle for existence. The man or tribe that

had the most correct knowledge of the meaning and purpose of the so-called higher powers, that is Nature, would obviously have an advantage. The early efforts at ornament, the drawings and pantomime so long considered as the product of superfluous activity, whiling away its leisure hour, and so begetting art, have now been clearly shown to have a purpose —far from play, they were done in deadly earnest, a matter believed to be of life and death; they were mystic signs and spells to avert some dangerous influence, or keep some powerful demon in useful subjection; or ideograms conveying information: however intrinsically valueless, their authors considered them useful to the point of necessity.

Here we see the beginning of that close and long lasting connection between Art and the outward expression of the religious feelings. It is hard indeed to separate them, whether we try to estimate a line of demarcation in these rude but significant figures and ornaments, or between the artistic emotion and religious enthusiasm in the magnificent Art of the Middle Ages. We may safely say that they together represent and register man's intellectual and moral advance, his effort to read the meaning of the world, to find a moral order in the universe and to show us how to live in harmony with it. For perceiving an order in the physical world, it is natural to conclude by analogy that there must also be order and law in the moral world. It is interesting, too, to note how continually Ruskin harps upon the intimate connection of Art and Morality, a province usually arrogated to herself by Religion.

When we see how the highest forms of religion have had to pass from the animism of the savage, through the rude anthropomorphism of early races, to reach the self-sacrificing beauty of the Christian ideal, the disinterested self-annihilation of the Oriental, and the self-effacement of the scientific metaphysician, we need feel nothing derogatory to Art in proposing some equally simple origin.

"Art," says G. Santeyana in his "Life of Reason," "is

that which, transcending the body, renders the world a more congenial stimulus to the soul." If we translate this from the ideal to the practical, from the spiritual to the material, may we not say that the prototype of Art is activity devoted to making the environment more suitable to the organism. The function of Art is to mould the external material into sympathy with the internal idea. As living beings we necessarily display activities towards other parts of the universe. These other portions then have a meaning for us; as we extend our view, we ask for a meaning in the whole.

Of all the factors that determined survival in the earliest stage suitability, or adaptability, to environment was the most important; a quicker reaction to external stimulus, a slight change in chemical composition, a chance movement that happened to produce an advantageous interaction between organism and the external world would at once help that individual and so tend to become stereotyped. The essence of living matter is movement, a ceaseless driving to activity, which seems to provide, as it were, the material upon which selection is to work; appearing in the human being in what Prof. Loeb calls "the instinct of workmanship," and perhaps more strongly in the misery of forced inaction which can amount to positive torture. Of these activities, blind, spontaneous, automatic, those that are useful are fixed by natural selection and so become reflex or instinctive, the action answering the stimulus as simply and surely as any other chemical reaction; but when the power of association and memory at length appear on the scene, and mind begins to interfere, so to speak, with the simple reaction and to use a power of direction and selection, a further influence seemed to be required to ensure due performance of activities which in themselves may have been inconvenient and the use not obvious, although necessary to race and individual preservation. If the due performance of function gave rise to a feeling of pleasure in the act itself, it would tend to be repeated for its own sake. We see this well illustrated in the sexual impulse, or desire for

food, where the immediate sense gratification is the aim sought for ; the means is substituted for the end and becomes itself the sought for goal. An exaggerated instance is seen in the miser, who cares nothing for the use of wealth in the mere joy of getting. In sport, too, it is the joy of the hunt, not the result, that is the stimulus. This is of great importance when considering certain forms of Art in which the means is pursued in preference to the end.

We see, then, in the struggle for existence, actions which tended to render the environment more suitable to the organism would become stereotyped into instincts, that their due performance in response to the appropriate stimulus would give rise to pleasure; the pleasure would then, as always, be projected outwards and considered a quality of the object causing it. It is, then, not difficult to imagine that any external object which had been made useful or was naturally adapted to, or which provided a harmonious interaction with, the organism would be, as such, pleasing or beautiful.

Since advantageous or pleasing things are naturally desired, we should get wishes or cravings, only to be appeased by attempts more or less successful to affect favourably the environment, or so to modify itself as to produce a harmonious interaction. In order to see how this would produce the faculty of appreciating and feeling beauty, we must disabuse our minds of the idea of abstract and immutable laws of harmony, or composition, or combinations of colour, the idea of which makes us wonder why a flower or a bird comes to be beautiful, or Nature so right æsthetically; it should be put the other way on—they are beautiful to us because they are natural, and our organs of perception have been evolved by one long effort to live in harmony with Nature, and harmony is beauty. We ought not to say that we like a thing because it is beautiful, but that it is beautiful because we like it. The law of the universe is balance, action and reaction, "systole and diastole." An organism developing in it, and moulded by

its conditions, must, necessarily for itself, be so formed as to correspond to this law, however concealed. Organisms replying to chemical stimulus so slight as to evade the utmost subtlety of our research would be no less sensitive to physical stimulus, if indeed there is any essential difference. The eye would by the force of circumstance be so evolved as to respond to balance or rhythm in colour, line or movement, the ear to feel the law of balance or harmony in sound, and thus as satisfactory, while disharmonies would, as such, cause discomfort because they would be contrary to all the conditions in which, and to meet which, our organs were evolved; since it is obvious that the particular form of our organs of perception is due simply to the conditions of environment. The eye and the ear, as perceiving objects further away, would be the most important powers, as they would enable dangers to be avoided for which the sense of touch would be too late, and so with their wider field would naturally form the basis of the more ideal instincts.

Unfortunately, want of space makes it impossible properly to develop the argument, but perhaps enough has been said to show that there is some ground for the assertion that the instinctive pleasure in harmony is due to the impelling need for suitability to environment, and so is of the utmost advantage to the organism, as giving information whether it was in harmony with its immediate surroundings, instead of having to prove it by merely living or dying. If now we take this blind craving which we may fairly call an instinct for conformity with Nature, or more shortly for harmony in its widest possible sense, we see it expressed at first in unconscious discomfort under unsuitable conditions, driving the organism to unceasing effort only relaxed if, and when, harmonious adjustment is again attained, when its normal activities can be freely exercised; then we see it reaching the stage in which mind and intellect come to the assistance in the efforts to gratify instinctive cravings, and definitely conceiving the aim for which search and effort are to be made. The desire for con-

formity with environment will not only impel us to make our surroundings suitable and beautiful, so that our perceptions may be harmonious, but the intellectual side will require ever more insistently her satisfaction, demanding a life that shall be spiritually and mentally in accord with the meaning of the universe. Our limited brain can only conceive ideas based upon felt experiences, but can carry these into an ideal world unhampered by time, or space, or refractory material, just as the abstractions of mathematics are based upon observed physical phenomena. So in Art, the mind realising the felt beauty of simple objects, and the power of rhythm, can combine portions of the external world of colour, form or sound, in novel combinations producing new and far more intense sensations of pleasure, but always guided and limited by the felt need for harmony.

But this pleasure sensation is not enough to make Art in its best and fullest sense; the intellect, the ideal instinct, must be satisfied: this demands a wider field; so Art must contain also some hint of the relation of Nature to man, harmonious relation between which is the unconscious spur of all our activity; we must feel that there is some suggestion that will help us to make life in some way clearer, truer, or better, and so to help us. "No Art," says Ruskin, "can be noble which is incapable of expressing thought"; every artist is consciously or unconsciously a philosopher. Art is the interpretation of environment. If there is a moral purpose in the universe, and we could understand it, and live in conformity with it, we should have attained perfect happiness. Religions have always offered this explanation, and have for ages been the acknowledged source of all information, and no doubt the absolute whole-hearted believer may find complete intellectual rest in a perfect harmony between himself and his god. But we no longer go to religion for actual knowledge. As Mr. Haldane, in the "Pathway to Reality," points out: "The immediate inspirations of Art and Religion give exquisite hints of the truth to all, but it is only the iron logic of philosophy that can,

after long striving, break through the bewildering incrustations of existence, and give some direct justification of the spiritual life." Through all religions runs, as a main current, the idea of perfect harmony between man and his environment. Particular forms of religion come to an end when they fail to meet the highest aspirations of their followers, but only to be revived in others more fitted to the growing intellect and knowledge, for the instinct is not weakened, even if it be expressed in the subtle metaphysics of the Hindoo, the ethical system of the agnostic, or the Utopian dream of the social reformer.

Beauty has been defined as truth, and truth beauty. "Rien n'est beau que le vrai," says Boileau, and this at least is so far true that the artist aiming at beauty is, though it may be unconsciously, aiming at truth. The sudden recognition of a truth gives rise to a feeling of emotion much akin to that caused by beauty: what Bagehot called "The emotion of conviction."

There is no need to suppose that any particular message must be consciously, or deliberately, the intention of the artist; he feels a sense of the mystery of life, a meaning in things, a beauty, or some suggestion of harmony, which he cannot express or even formulate; he tries to show us the thing as it appears to him, to let us see it through his eyes, so that we may at least share his feeling, and if his effort is successful he wakens the old instinctive cravings, and fills us with undefined longings, so that there grows a sense of a deeper meaning in life, a higher and a wider sphere than the mere everyday existence; the senses are quickened, and under the spur we succeed in combining portions of experience in some new untried way and find a connection or truth unthought of before. So a great work of art leaves us with a fuller, richer sense of life, it helps us a step on the way to self-realisation by its power as a "vehicle for intuition" of the world around us. "Beauty gives the best hint of ultimate good that we can get," and beauty, however defined, must be based upon harmony. The

need for harmony in the organism, and between the organism and its environment, is so obvious—and, indeed, life is impossible without a modicum, at least, of such harmony, while, according to Metchnikoff, all our ills are due to disharmonies—that it does not seem straining probability to suggest an instinct for harmony with environment. This instinct would then be the base of our emotion and the source of many cravings and desires as it became complicated by all the baffling impulses and feelings of fully developed life. Given such an instinct, it is not difficult to trace an imaginary sequence; always we see it engaged in its effort to get at one with Nature, to catch the meaning of its surroundings. When first it takes outward form it appears in the animism of the savage, in rude music, coarse and rough ornament, in idols and temples, strongly utilitarian; but even in its rudest forms it is impressed with a sense of a world not accessible to sense, hinting at its purpose, symbolising the mystery and the meaning behind the simplest object; always, whether in Religion or Art, representing the effort for the higher, offering the greatest good that can at the moment be conceived; growing more spiritual and ideal with the rise in moral standard. *Art, then, is the conceptualised stage of the effort to adapt the external world to the wants of the individual, and in its various manifestations represents the outward form of the craving for harmony born from the struggle for existence and only to be satisfied fully by complete knowledge of the relation of man to the universe.*

In many branches of Art, however, we see the usual phenomena of the end lost in the means. Skill in representation is of such importance that to many actively engaged in Art production, the entire energies are absorbed by technique, until it is forgotten that there is anything in Art beyond imitation, or perhaps sense gratification alone is aimed at. Both of these, according to the foregoing suggestions, have their place, and are indeed the forerunners of Art. In periods when there is no strong feeling, no new stirring of thought, Art the interpreter is apt to languish, and skill being the only thing left to aim at

usurps the first place; at the present time, indeed, we seem rather in a period of Art:

> When the great thought that slips the bounds of earth and sky
> Gives way to craftsmanship of hand and eye.

Perhaps the great advance in science and the newly awakened sympathy for social questions will express themselves in a new religion and a revived Art.

The real spur of Art is the instinctive craving to understand Self in Nature, to know the truth. We may for a time be overwhelmed and stunned by the greatness of the task, we may give up the quest and try to find rest for our soul in some emotionally satisfying religion, or passively accept the verdict of "ignorabimus," to let our art suggest to us only the mystery and glamour of the world, to accept the mystical in the place of intellectual effort; but this does not last, the old instinct reasserts itself, we see our evils are due to disharmony, we turn to science to help us, and her aid, though sure, seems slow. Religion and philosophy, metaphysics, each offers us a solution, and some find peace there; to all Art offers her solace, she is Nature's spokesman, and so we send the Artist back and back to Nature. If he cannot altogether show us the way, he can at least create an ideal world for us, in which we may catch a glimpse of pure and perfect harmony, a momentary resting-place in the never-ending struggle to get "in tune with the Infinite."

FELIX CLAY.

IN A BORDER MINING-CAMP

IT is generally supposed that after his thirtieth year, it is the bounden duty of a good citizen to settle down as soon as possible into the stereotyped decorum of middle age. I am happy to say that in my own case I have found this view of affairs to be quite incorrect. For at a time of my life several years later than the period which I have named, it was my happy lot to be spirited away by the wand of an irrepressibly humorous destiny, and dropped gently into a remote corner of the mountains of British North America, where a new and vigorous mining-camp was just springing into lusty life.

It will probably be assumed that the "Auri sacra fames" had something to do with my movements, but unluckily, perhaps, I was never conscious of having been stung by that particular gadfly, and, indeed, I think I may say that I drifted into Golden Gate more by accident than by design. However, I had not been there many hours before it struck me that unless I was much mistaken I was on the edge of a new and thoroughly original experience.

The town, so-called, was, it is true, not much more than a collection of ramshackle wooden shanties, hastily built, and dotted about at random on the slopes and terraces of a wild hillside, still for the most part covered with primæval forest. On every side frowned down upon it a desolation of mountains, torn by raging torrents into many a gloomy cañon and gorge, and surging up as far as the eye could reach, tier upon

tier, range beyond range, until their outlines faded into the blue mists of the horizon. The streets and alleys wandered aimlessly among upheavals of naked rock, and lost themselves in sudden yawning hollows and precipices. One day they were inches deep in thick white dust, the next they weltered in Manchurian-like morasses of mud, through the midst of which I recollect I used to plough with complete unconcern clad in long rubber duck-shooting waders, the flaps of which reached to the waist, a style of foot-gear which, by the bye, I can strongly recommend to any one who is anxious to cultivate chronic rheumatism.

When I wended my way to the house in the "suburbs" where I rented a room from some pleasant Irish friends, the path led by a devious route skirting an awe-inspiring mud-hole about half an acre in extent, across a small but unexpectedly vicious mountain torrent, and through a tangled thicket of dense under-brush, which on moonless nights was as dark as a wolf's throat, from whose depths I have often heard other belated night-hawks, like myself, bawling in vain for help and guidance.

But despite these and many other little inconveniences, Golden Gate was above all things a pre-eminently happy place. From dawn to dark and back again—for nobody took any particular notice of the times and seasons of day or night—hope reigned supreme in the breasts of the curious odds and ends of humanity who came hurrying from all quarters of the continent into this new Eldorado, and because they were all hopeful they were all good-humoured and merry beyond belief.

Among them there were of course large numbers—perhaps a majority—of solid decent citizens, but the people whom I found most interesting and in many ways most instructive did not by any manner of means belong to this class, being more or less men of broken fortunes, frontiersmen who loved adventure and hated a settled life, waifs and strays, the flotsam and jetsam of the ever-restless Border. It was a point of honour

never to inquire into any man's past record, nor to allow it to trouble his future chances of success, a charitable leniency which must have been very advantageous and convenient for certain of our prominent citizens, whose antecedents, had the truth been known, were somewhat varied and picturesque. Of course, a population of this kind, many of whom had a supreme contempt for the sober, peaceful ways of older and longer-settled communities, needed strong and dextrous management, and fortunately for us the administration of the law was in the hands of a masterful and masterly Warden of the Marches—in the person of Jack Dunkirk, the Mining Recorder, Chief of Police, and representative of all the local Executive power. To borrow language used of a far greater name, "Stark man he was . . . . and he loved the free prospector as if he had been his father." He was of great stature and strength, and when he strode along the streets in the morning, on his way to his office, the boys fell back in admiring and whispering groups, to let him pass, and I used to think that he looked like a modern manifestation of Jupiter Omnipotens condescending to earth among tribes of lesser mortals.

His fame and popularity were widespread, in fact he had at that period already won his way into myth and fable. I never heard of his going about armed, but he carried with him a strong and pliant cane which no doubt could become a terrible weapon when wielded by that mighty arm. His methods as policeman were distinguished by unconventionality and common-sense. Brawls and fights were of course matters of tolerably frequent occurrence in a community like ours, which devoted a great part of its spare time to drinking and gambling, and sometimes they were pretty savage affairs, in which biting of ears and gouging of eyes and such-like ferocities were not unknown. On an occasion of this kind often have I seen a ring formed in saloon or street and a rough-and-tumble fight in full swing. Suddenly a hush falls upon the crowd, the ranks divide, and in strides Chief of Police Jupiter Tonans, cane in hand, and stern authority upon his brow. He takes his place unchal-

lenged in the front, and watches the antagonists with silent and frowning attention. After a time their fury slackens, and they would fain have done, but Jupiter with an angry nod threatens them to proceed, and curtly announces that if they won't fight one another they will have to fight him. In such a dilemma only one choice can be made, and they fall to again with sinking hearts, until Jupiter decides that they have had enough punishment, that they won't be in a hurry to get to fighting again, and graciously intimates that they may now be permitted to stop. Then he walks unconcernedly away, amid all sorts of queer tributes from the bystanders, expressive of their admiration of the great man's personal prowess.

Many were the stories that used to circulate round lonely camp-fires or at saloon gatherings of the achievements of this redoubtable champion of law and order. Our town lay only a few miles inside the Canadian boundary line, and was, therefore, at once a happy hunting ground of Western "toughs" and "bad men" and "bunco-steerers" "from the other side," as we called the adjacent State of Washington. But from the very first these modern knights errant of the road seem to have recognised that in Jack Dunkirk they had met their master, and that it behoved them at least to assume airs of good behaviour, as soon as they found themselves on the British side of the forty-ninth parallel, which in these parts is the International Boundary Line. In their own country they were accustomed to take advantage of all sorts of laxities and imperfections in the administration of the law, and they waxed fat and rampant in their misdemeanours, in a community which is inclined to be easy-going and merciful, except on the rare occasions when it wakes up with a jerk, and handles its malefactors, while the fit lasts, with an energy that borders on the ferocious. This curious condition of affairs was brought home to me very forcibly some years ago by the following characteristic little episode: I started early one summer morning to ride from Bodie, a mining-camp in the Indian Reservation in Northern Washington, to Summit City, fifty miles

away across the border in British Columbia. At mid-day I stopped to eat and rest and bait my horse at a rough little village in a grove of cotton-wood trees, where a ferry boat runs across the Kettle river. There is a country store much frequented by prospectors and farmers, a building half hotel, half farmhouse, where you can get a very eatable meal; a large rambling collection of stables and barns, where the stage-coaches used to change horses, an Indian burying-ground where the Indians, who are Roman Catholics, come sometimes to pray; and the usual collection of loafers waiting about for the chance of a drink in the bar-room. After lunch I lit my pipe, and strolling over to the store, was soon the centre of a knot of friendly inhabitants, all eager to hear the latest news from Bodie, which was in those parts something of a metropolis of civilisation and society, though anywhere else it would have been reckoned a sorry enough spot. Remembering that "two things greater than all things are, the first is love and the second is war," I bethought me of the latest adventures of Mike Flaherty, "*the* bad man" of Bodie, who some years ago, after murdering a "pal" in cold blood, had broken jail, and escaped the hanging which he so richly deserved. So I told them how on the night before I left Bodie this abominable ruffian had violently and of pure wantonness assaulted a well-known mine foreman, who, I am happy to say, had retaliated with compound interest, and nearly beaten him to death with the butt-end of his "gun"—*Anglice*, revolver. My audience listened to this moving tale with bated breath, and there was no doubt that their sympathies were all on the right side, that they execrated Mike Flaherty and applauded the drastic methods of the mine foreman. But of the fact that the law had been outraged, and ought to be most promptly vindicated, they seemed not to have the least idea, and the discussion was finally summed up by a very respectable and intelligent-looking carpenter, who remarked with a deep sigh, that was almost a groan, "Ah! that's the way to treat them 'Bad Men'—smash 'em with an axe, or beat their heads in with a club."

And the crowd echoed their approval, "Yes, that's the only way to handle them 'Bad Men.'"

So having done what I could for the entertainment of the village, I saddled my horse and rode away, thinking as I rode of our method of handling "Bad Men" in British Columbia; of Cariboo, where, as I have been told, they once hanged eight men at one assize; of a famous late Chief Justice who condemned a man to death and, as no hangman was forthcoming, slipped with his own hands the noose round the criminal's neck; and last, but not least, of our own Jack Dunkirk, terror of marauders and bulwark of the law.

Personally I have a distinct preference for the methods of my own country, though I have no doubt that there is something to be said for the other point of view. At all events it is not surprising that the American "black-sheep," having been nurtured in so easy-going a community, felt a wholesome if somewhat superstitious dread of British justice as exhibited on the Canadian side of the Border. Our principal jail at that time was to be found in a little town in the interior of the province, some two or three hundred miles away from Golden Gate, and I have seen strong men (in their cups) howl and moan at the bare thought of being transported to this hateful Siberian stronghold. So it came about that Jack Dunkirk was to all American thugs and hoboes the very incarnation of the terrors of swift and even-handed justice, and I don't know whether they feared or admired him more. Once, so the story goes, at the very beginning of all things, there came gaily along the trail that leads across the Border into our mountains a very fine specimen of the Western "Bad Man," slung fore and aft with pistols, rifles and knives. So rode he jingling up into the hills until he was aware of a great one who, standing in his path, bade him hand over his weapons of offence and defence. For a moment surprise and fury held him dumb; then a light burst upon him, and he said meekly, "Say, pard, I guess you're Jack Dunkirk; if you are, you're welcome to them guns of mine."

One other story of his doings is so characteristic that I cannot leave it untold. A drunken "tough" with bellowings and howlings makes night hideous beneath the very windows of Jove's private mansion. The great man is aroused from his healthy slumbers, and emerges—a portentous apparition—clad only in boots and breeches and night-shirt. Once, nay twice his dreadful warning rings out into the night: "Sam Rogers, you shut your mouth; if I hear any more of your noise I'll kick you out of town and down the waggon road into the Wild Horse River."

Alas for human folly! Silence reigns for a few minutes. Then Sam Rogers forgets this awful threat, and is suddenly clutched, propelled most violently from behind, and bidden in a voice of thunder to leave the town and to tarry not upon his going, until he reach the aforesaid navigable stream, which at that time was the principal entrance into and exit from our remote mountains.

Oddly enough, there is a moral to this little tale! Sam Rogers seems to have abandoned his evil courses, for many years later—only the other day, in fact—is it not of record that he returned to Golden Gate from his violently enforced exile, and presented himself at the office of the great potentate at whose decree he had suffered banishment. There followed mutual recognition and hand-shakings and hearty goodwill all round.

Thus was Jack Dunkirk as policeman "illustrious and consummate," and as administrative officer he was even more admirable. From morning to night his office would be besieged by hordes of ignorant, dirty prospectors all intent upon recording their claims, registering transfers, passing over the counter greasy "notes" or "bills" in payment of fees, and conducting themselves like a jostling, crowded herd of half-wild steers. Amid this scene of confusion, in a very Babel of tongues—for many applicants were foreigners, Swedes, Danes, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians (known, of course, as "Dagoes"), who spoke English most imperfectly—the target

of endless importunities, towered the figure of the imperturbable Mining Recorder, now no longer the terror of "Bad Men," or the stern corrector of midnight brawlers, but the serene and unruffled guide, counsellor, and friend of innumerable ignorant, bewildered, grown-up children. My friend and one-time partner, "Cap" Carter, who was since drowned, or made believe that he was drowned, in the neighbouring Chinook Lakes, was not a good man nor a discriminating judge of fine points of character. But the sight of Jack Dunkirk in the Record Office was too much for him, and drew from him a fine, and almost involuntary, tribute of praise:

"By Gosh (says he), that feller's not human; he has all the damned fools in British Columbia buzzin' around him like a wasp's nest, and he never so much as says a cross word to none of 'em. I tell yer, mister, he ain't human!"

The main street of Golden Gate at the time of which I write was in itself a curious sight, and was filled by many curious people. The roadway was straight and very wide, but it was brought up short at one end by an abrupt and rugged mountain, and its course was impeded by a succession of ravines, alternating with huge piles of rock. On its south side it broke away into a deep and forbidding precipice, down which flung itself a most malodorous and pestilential open drain, which, descending from the upper portion of the town, cut right across the thoroughfare.

However, despite these and many other disadvantages, it was the centre and common meeting-place of the life of the community, and though you had to go elsewhere to find out the real truth about the mines upon which so much depended, on the main street you were sure to be amused with much characteristic conversation and gossip. The crowd that frequented it was good-tempered, hopeful, and enthusiastic, and the trade in mining shares, mineral claims, town lots, and strong drinks went on merrily all day long, and most of the night as well. The prospectors of course were there in full force, and a right good fellow the real, genuine prospector very

frequently is. In old days, before people began to ferret about all over the earth in search of the precious minerals, I suppose that the ancestors of the men who are now prospectors were outlaws in the forests, or sought "ferny hollows," like Chaucer's palmers, or shuffled round the country on pilgrimages, in fact were, as is the race of prospectors nowadays, roving spirits, who could not and would not be bound down to the treadmill of humdrum industry. And just as Adam Bell and Clym o' the Cleugh and William of Cloudeslee, were no doubt uncommonly agreeable gentlemen to meet, when you got upon intimate terms with them, so our prospectors were never-failing sources of amusement and wonder, and the better you knew them the more you liked them. Upon a tomb in one of the English cathedrals some enthusiastic hero-worshipper, in a burst of admiration, has celebrated the virtues of the departed with the words, "Oh! what men!" The phrase often recurs to me as I run over in my mind the collection of oddities and eccentricities with whom I came in contact in the streets of Golden Gate in those careless days.

There was old Tom Robson, a tough "Cousin Jack" from Cornwall, who had been prospecting and mining and timber-cruising in the West for many years. A very rough diamond indeed was he, as hard as nails and sturdy as an oak, so that in the coldest winter weather I have seen him lounging about in a snow-storm with nothing on under his coat but a low-cut woollen sweater, which left his brawny throat and neck and the upper part of his hairy chest naked and entirely unprotected. I watched him once roll down over a steep mountain-side mixed up helter-skelter with his fallen horse, and when I ran round to the bottom to pick up the fragments, I found him sitting in a thicket of brambles comparatively unharmed but for the fact that the wind had been temporarily beaten out of his dogged old carcase and that the blood was running from a cut upon his forehead. His battered, weather-beaten face presented such a fantastically ridiculons picture of furious blind rage and comical bewilderment that I thought of Falstaff

and Trinculo and all sorts of absurdities, and burst out laughing at him. For a moment he looked so angry that I thought he was going to punch my head; then I suppose he caught the humour of the situation, and fell to laughing loudly too. A great man he was in a rough-and-tumble fight —the more savage the better as far as he was concerned—and a terrible drunkard when the fit seized him. I need not say peace to his ashes, for no doubt he is still alive; in fact, I doubt whether so gentle a thing as death could kill him. A lawyer friend of mine once had to cross-examine him in court, and by way of starting pleasantly remarked: "Mr. Robson, I'm told that you're something of a fighting man!" Old Tom put his hand to his ear, being very hard of hearing, and bawled out. "Fighting man, did ye say: fighting man: you step outside with me for a minute and I'll show you whether I'm a fighting man or not!" He came of a long line of miners, and had a sort of natural scent for a prospect, though I never heard of his finding anything particularly good. But, perhaps, prospectors are like card-players, and luck favours the young and inexperienced among them.

As you strolled along the streets on a fine spring morning you would find yourself rubbing shoulders with many local celebrities who would greet you with great cordiality, and invite you to drink with them a great deal more often than was good for you, and to gamble with them all day long and all night too if you cared to do so.

Conversation, of course, never strayed very far from the all-absorbing subject of mines and prospecting, and incidentally you would soon be invited to buy shares in a newly-formed mining company, or acquire an interest in some mining claim of highly problematical value. Needless to say there were lots of sharks to be met with who were on the lookout for any greenhorn with money. But it is part of one's business in a mining-camp as elsewhere to learn whom to distrust and whom to cultivate, and it was no very hard matter to be hail-fellow-well-met with every one without getting too closely

involved with any particular schemer. The best plan in Golden Gate, as in most places, was to hold your tongue and let the people round you do the talking. They all had their own adventures to tell and were by no means slow about doing it, and while it was very probable that you would find something strange and interesting in their anecdotes, you could make up your mind once for all that they would not even pretend to be amused by yours. At all events, many a pleasant hour have I spent lounging about the streets, or in the bar-rooms, or sitting comfortably smoking beside a warm stove-fire, while bronzed, hatchet-faced Frank Launce described to us how he went prospecting forty years ago in the Arizona Mountains, when the Apache Indians were still an untamed tribe, and an intruder into their country carried his life in his hand every day; or Charlie Wilson, of the venerable grey locks and wild blue eyes, spoke dreamily of the wonderful "Lost Claim" of fabulous wealth which lies hidden high up in the Bitter Root Range, where he and his friends had sought for it in vain this many a year. Then, "with a whoop and with a holloa," Liverpool Jack would break in, and in a burst of confidence tell you: "Why, bless your heart, I've served in the British Army and the British Navy, and the American Army and the American Navy, and I'll be darned if a man can't have more fun in the British Army in a week than he can have in the American Army in a year!" I remember feeling myself thrilled with a glow of patriotic pride when I heard this somewhat ambiguous tribute to the merits of our most glorious national institution, and I have no doubt that "Liverpool Jack" had "sized" me up accurately, and had counted upon producing a favourable impression by his remark. He no doubt was by origin a Liverpool "Wharf Rat," but much foreign travel and many vagabond adventures had expanded him into a companionable enough ruffian. He decoyed me once to go with him to inspect a mineral claim which he wished me to buy, and I went, knowing full well that his glorious description of the property was a tissue of

impudent falsehoods, but reckoning also that I should be rewarded by hearing many quaint tales.

After several hours hard and hot riding, followed by a long and tedious scramble up a blazing sun-scorched rock slide, he paused upon a naked and barren granite bluff, and proclaimed triumphantly that we were now walking upon the ledge itself. "Ain't she a beauty," he kept repeating enthusiastically. "She's the biggest thing that ever happened! Ain't she a dandy!"

I sat down and groaned inwardly, and he must, I fear, have noticed that I was dejected and disappointed. But he would not admit defeat, and continued to expatiate on the glories of the ledge, even while I turned silently away and commenced the painful descent, too tired and disgusted to utter a word of expostulation or reproach. All the way home he tried to keep up my fainting spirits with ingenuous stories of love and war, reminding me for all the world of a dog who has done wrong and knows it, and tries to propitiate his lord and master with curvetings and gambols.

An eccentric personage of quite another variety, from whom I used to extract much innocent amusement, went by the name of "Highly Metalliferous Brown," and was the victim of a positive passion for laying down the law on geology, mineralogy and topics of a kindred nature. He was a very tall, rather striking-looking man, with black hair and dark eyes, and particularly long, well-shaped hands, with which he would trace imaginary diagrams in the air for the instruction of his audience, who, if I am to judge by myself, never had the faintest glimmering of an idea as to the drift of his disquisitions. It was his habit to discuss the geology of the "camp" with the voice and air of one crying in the wilderness—the fervour of the prophet mingled with the sullen discontent of the unappreciated genius. Geology at the best is a hard and abstruse subject, but as handled by "Highly Metalliferous Brown" the thing became a dark, weird, impenetrable mystery. In any other country, and under any other conditions, this man would have

been voted a bore of the first magnitude, and avoided like the plague, but here he was allowed to talk as much as he pleased, and though no one paid much attention to him, he was regarded more or less as a credit to the community, and a demonstrator of the unrivalled possibilities of the district. New comers and "tenderfeet" were always introduced to him with a view, I presume, to being put through a sort of matriculation, and as a means of inoculating them with some measure of his gloomy prophetic enthusiasm.

I have never heard a word as to the history of this strange creature, nor do I know whence he came nor whither he has gone. He turned up apparently from nowhere and vanished in due course as silently as he had come. But if he is still living I have no doubt that he is still following the same way of life, and like scores of other oddities, some of whom I have attempted briefly to describe, is spending the remainder of his years in drifting from one mining-camp to another, as fresh discoveries continue to be made in the wild sea of mountains that stretch from Lower California up through British Columbia into the frozen heart of Alaska.

Meantime, while we have been occupied in making the acquaintance of these and many other worthies, the street has been alive with a constant stream of mounted men going to and coming from the mining claims which have been staked out all over the mountains for who knows how many miles round the town. A glimpse at these horsemen and their surroundings will enable one to understand something of the daily life of the prospector and miner.

"Pete the Packer" goes by with his string of pack-horses tied each one to the tail of its predecessor, and loaded with a queer assortment of prospecting tools and requirements: boxes of dynamite, stoves, stove-pipes, anvils, hammers, long-lengths of miners' drill-steel, tents, sacks of flour, provisions of all kinds, piles of blankets, rough quilts and mattresses, and a hundred other odds and ends. All this equipment is to be transported to the lonely log-cabin that has been hewn out

under the great cedar-trees many weary miles away in some distant mountain range, where its owners will spend the long toilsome months striving with shaft and tunnel to wrest from the hard rocks the treasures that may perhaps repose within. Much skill is required, as may be supposed, to stow away such a quantity of incongruous and intractable articles upon the narrow frame-work of a "cayuse," or pack-pony's saddle, so to hang and adjust each load that its weight is evenly distributed on either side of the animal, and to fasten the whole with that most complicated and voluminous arrangement of ropes known as the "diamond hitch." I have often wondered how the method of loading of pack-horses in the mountains of the North-West compares with that in vogue in these islands before the era of wheeled traffic, but I have never seen any allusion to the subject, nor met any one who could throw any light upon it. The men accompanying the pack-trains, who were, of course, themselves nearly always mounted, wore red and blue shirts and curious blanket-coats cut somewhat in the style of Norfolk jackets, of parti-coloured design, that reminded one of the pictures in children's books of Joseph's coat of many colours. Sometimes, when I have been riding home in the evening down some steep-pitched mountain trail, I have caught sight far below me of the pack-train toiling painfully and slowly up the long inclines, the bright colours of the men's attire standing out in vivid contrast to the sombre grey rocks and the deep green masses of cedar, balsam, hemlock, and pine. A little later and a little higher up they will reach the night's camping-ground, where loads will be unpacked, tents pitched, and soon the smoke of their fires will begin to curl up in blue wreathes among the trees. There will they lay them down in peace and take their rest, in the deep silence of the hills, broken only by the muffled tread of the horses as they wander round the camp in search of fresh grazing, by the distant howl of the timber-wolf, or the shrieking bark of the coyote, and by the murmuring of the never far-distant streams, which mingles drowsily with the rustling of the night wind in

the trees. In the freshness of the early morning, before the sun has climbed above the jagged edges of the mountains, if you peep quietly out of your tent, you may chance to catch a glimpse of the lonely wandering caribou, or of the deer, browsing, secure and unalarmed, in the dewy forest glades.

F. W. Rolt.

JOHN THURTELL'S SECOND TRIAL

FOR John Thurtell, to be exact, there never was a second trial. By that time he was dead, having (in the apologetic phrase of the son whose father had similarly suffered) "fallen off a scaffold outside Newgate, talking to a clergyman." John had, in fact, already been hanged earlier in the year, on January 9, 1824, and at Hertford, not Newgate, for the atrocious murder near Elstree of Mr. Weare. But all through the second trial, which took place the following June before Lord Chief Justice Abbott and a special jury at Westminster, though by no means physically present in the dock (as he otherwise would have been) with his brother Thomas, spiritually one feels the menacing figure for ever hovering and contriving but a short distance overhead, in that murky atmosphere of betting-fraud and gambling, arson and murder, wherein—*dum vivus*—he appears to have found no difficulty in breathing. The sinister scheme, in short, for participation in which his unfortunate brother Thomas and John Borthwick Snowden were afterwards severally imprisoned in his Majesty's gaol of Newgate for the space of two years, was entirely John's. The other defendant, William Anderson, was acquitted, the jury taking the merciful view that he had probably been something in the nature of a cat's-paw.

In the course of the trial Mr. Barber Beaumont, managing director of the County Fire and Provident Life Offices in the

Quadrant (founded by him in 1806, and now amalgamated with the Alliance), the gentleman to whose fearless activity and perseverance the discovery of the plot to defraud his office was almost wholly due, observed in re-examination by Serjeant Wilde, afterwards Lord Truro, "I may add that I received this packet of threatening and abusive letters from John Thurtell." They were not received in evidence, and they have probably not been kept; but Mr. Beaumont's grandson, Captain Spencer Beaumont, still preserves the air-gun with which Thurtell proposed to carry out his threats. It is a curious weapon, apparently still brand new, and not unlike a very heavy, metallic, hollow walking-stick; and it was found by Upson, the Bow Street officer, in John's bedroom at his brother Thomas's public-house in the Haymarket. That from it Mr. Beaumont's life had often been in danger is clear from the accomplice Hunt's confession over the Weare business, wherein one of the gang is found genially observing of another projected assassination, of a man named Wood, whose sweetheart John Thurtell particularly admired and coveted: "D—— Wood; what's the use of killing him? Barber Beaumont is the man we want out of the way; why don't you do for him?" John Thurtell replied: "Never fear; he is booked. We shall have him safe enough, you may depend on it."

> The reason [Hunt goes on] why they wished Barber Beaumont to be destroyed was that they thought he was the only cause of the money not being paid by the fire office, and they feared he would urge the prosecution to be carried on for a conspiracy; and for several nights and days John Thurtell lay in wait for him with the air-gun charged, in the neighbourhood of the fire office. He generally took his station at the door of Mr. Ward's, the corner of Sherrard Street, and he set me to watch at the office door in order to ascertain at what hours Mr. Beaumont went in and out; if I discovered him I was to run and give notice to Thurtell which way he went, and he was to follow and shoot him. I, however, could never make out which was Mr. Beaumont, for I did not know his person until some one pointed him out to me at the inquest.

The inquest, no doubt, being that held on the murdered man Weare at Elstree, in November 1823.

As for the air-gun, Hunt says it "resembled a knotted walking-stick, and held no less than sixteen charges. It was let off by merely pressing one of the knots with the finger, and the only noise was a slight whizz, scarcely perceptible to any one who might happen to be on the spot."

Later, when they were engaged in planning the undoing of Mr. Weare, Probert said he was sure the air-gun would not kill any one on the spot, and John Thurtell replied, "I know that as well as you, Bill, or what the —— should I buy these *pops* for, if it was not because I would not trust to the air-gun?" and added, "I was a silly fool to go all the way to my friend Harper at Norwich to borrow it." Yet it must have been with singular relief and satisfaction that Mr. Barber Beaumont finally hung it up where it hangs to this day, over the handcuffs in which the miscreant was at last executed (in black kid gloves, by the way) for that terrible murder of which Thackeray chanted:

> They cut his throat from ear to ear,
> His brains they battered in;
> His name was Mr. William Weare,
> And he lived in Lyon's Inn.

Roguery does not seem to have been in the Thurtell blood, yet both John and Thomas had hopelessly failed in business, and both were uncertificated bankrupts. John was originally in the navy, as Mr. Justice Park, who tried him at Hertford for the murder, suspected; for when Probert (who turned King's evidence, and was afterwards, within a year, hanged for horse stealing) was in the witness-box he said that Thurtell had told him, "When I first shot him [Weare] he jumped out of the gig and ran like the devil, singing out that he would deliver all he had if I'd only spare his life." Whereupon Mr. Justice Park asked him, "Do you know if John Thurtell has been in the sea service?" Probert answered, "I don't know; I think I have heard him say so"; and the judge added, with a judicial acuteness which seems nowadays rare, "We know that singing out means crying out."

John Thurtell had, in fact, been not only in the navy, but in the army, in the German Legion with Wellington in Spain, where he is supposed to have distinguished himself at the storming of St. Sebastian. But the story he used to tell of his there stabbing a supplicating Polish officer, and afterwards finding a belt round the body containing 240 doubloons ("No bad morning's work, was it, Joe?" one of the police officers heard him say to Hunt when describing it), was probably only one of his common brutal boasts. It cannot, at any rate, have occurred at St. Sebastian, for the fortress fell in September 1813, whereas Captain McKinley, the naval officer called by Thurtell for the defence as a witness to character, deposed that he had been with him in the *Bellona* from 1812 to 1814, always behaving extremely well. But since 1814 the gallant captain added he had seen nothing of him. Perhaps the explanation is that Thurtell had been in the navy more than once, and in the army between times. He had certainly been wrecked in the Baltic when the line-of-battle ship *Defence* was lost, and he was one of only eleven survivors; and it was always understood he was in receipt of a lieutenant's half-pay for his services in Spain; but after 1814 nothing is known of his movements till he turned up again at Norwich, where he was born, and where his father, Alderman Thurtell, lived (mayor of the city, and of the highest respectability), to set up as a crape and bombazine manufacturer, failing therein disastrously in 1821.

In 1822 brother Thomas, a considerable farmer in the same county, promptly followed suit, and coming to London was ere long made manager of a public-house in the Haymarket, called the "Cock," for the benefit of and under the control of John, who by the elaborate fiction of a sham highway robbery had succeeded in carrying off some £1600 of his creditors' money. The venture was a failure, and by the end of the year Thomas was again in difficulties. Nor were John's circumstances any more flourishing. He was young (he was only thirty-two when he was hanged), he thought himself knowing,

and frequenting the society he did, at the notorious "Brown Bear" in Bow Street, Rexworthy's billiard rooms in Spring Gardens, and the "hells" in Pall Mall and Bury Street, was soon fleeced of nearly everything he had carried off with him from Norwich. There is a curious story of his being decoyed for a final fleecing down to Wade's Mill in Hertfordshire, where Hickman (the *Gasman*) and Martin were in training at "The Feathers" for a prize fight, and where his vanity was to be gratified by being allowed to assist in their preparation. He took with him a certain Miss D., the young lady who had accompanied him in his flight from Norwich. She is described as about twenty-two years old, of a fine full figure, and though at times conducting herself with great propriety, occasionally indulging in "vulgar anecdotes" which not even the presence of the other sex could restrain—not even that of the *Gasman*. She spoke much of Yarmouth, where it was believed (like Little Em'ly) she came from, and when not helping the landlord's sisters in the bar was for ever indulging in swinging. So strong was her passion for it that even the devoted Thurtell grew tired of pulling the rope for her, and in his place hired an old blind man, who often had to do it for hours together. At "The Feathers" John Thurtell stayed for about six weeks, still having apparently plenty of money, and there he was fleeced of the last of it at blind hookey, in the company of Captain Elliot (who afterwards shot himself), Baird (proprietor of a hazard table in Oxenden Street), and, among others equally disreputable, Mr. William Weare, the half owner of some *rouge et noir* and *roulette* establishments in King and Bury Streets. Weare it was, in fact, who relieved him of his last £300, doubtless by means of the loaded dice and false cards found in his carpet bag after the murder. Nor did Thurtell ever forget it, nor Weare's unfeeling speech when applied to later for the loan of five pounds: that he should do as he did, go a-thieving for it. When Weare was dead, lying in the pond on Probert's premises before removal to the other pond three miles off at

Elstree, where he was afterwards found, Thurtell and Probert strolled round it before breakfast, and Thurtell observed: "There lies the thief that robbed me of £300 and refused to lend me a five pound note. He is rightly served, and the country rid of a villain." No wonder John was known among his flash sporting friends as "Old Flare," or that two of them made a bet of a dozen of wine he would be hanged, as indeed he was, within three years.

By the autumn of 1822 John and Thomas were at their wits' end for money: it was then, in November, the idea of the fire occurred to them, and they took the premises in Watling Street, an upper part over a wine and spirit merchant's named Penny, at a rent of £80, none of which was ever paid, and proceeded at once to put it in the best shape for ignition. They employed a carpenter to fit it with counters to hold the pretended goods, specially ordering him to make everything cheaply of thin deal, to burn more briskly; and at the same time they directed him to construct a curious and unnecessary door at the foot of the stairs and to board up some of the windows, with the idea no doubt of hiding the fire from the neighbours until it had taken a sufficient hold on the flimsy woodwork. Very little hold was enough in those days to burn a house down, considering the general inefficiency of the fire brigade and their archaic tardiness in arriving and setting to work. Insurance was the next step, and that was soon effected, on December 22, 1822, in Mr. Barber Beaumont's office, for £2700; £2500 on the stock, the rest on imaginary household goods, plate, wine, and wearing apparel.

On January 26, 1823, the empty warehouse was fired, and along with three other houses burnt to the ground. But Mr. Barber Beaumont was suspicious. It is said he was warned of the plot by the irate Miss D., the fair swinger, whom by this time John Thurtell had deserted, and when Thomas Thurtell called on him to support the claim of £1913 worth of damage, he pressed him hard about the invoices; whereupon Thomas, says Mr. Beaumont, put his hand to his forehead and declared

his wife was dying, and that he would send his brother John. But though John came within an hour, and solemnly swore the goods had all been on the premises and all destroyed, and though Snowden produced other invoices, equally fraudulent, from accomplices at Leeds and Norwich, Mr. Beaumont was still dissatisfied, and acting on his advice the County Office refused to pay. The action on the policy that followed (tried, oddly enough, before Mr. Justice Park, who afterwards sentenced John to death at Hertford) was won by the Thurtells. But on November 10, 1823, Mr. Serjeant Taddy moved on Mr. Beaumont's behalf for a rule to show cause why the verdict for the plaintiff should not be set aside and a new trial granted, on the ground (which the discovery of Weare's murder meantime, on October 24, must have greatly strengthened) of gross fraud by John.

The new trial at the Common Pleas never took place, and in its stead, on June 1, 1824, five months after John's execution, Thomas Thurtell, Snowden, and Anderson found themselves indicted in the Court of King's Bench for conspiracy. One of the chief witnesses against them was a Mrs. Amanda Gwillin, who kept the lodging-house on Garlick Hill, where John Thurtell was living at the time of the fire, and where he had removed (from the Watling Street warehouse close by, where hitherto she had been sleeping) the woman, one Mary Dodson, who had taken the deserted Miss D.'s place. Neither Mrs. Gwillin nor her house bore a high character, and she had had John up before the Lord Mayor for violent assault, yet there doesn't seem any very great reason to doubt her story: that shortly before the fire, passing backwards and forwards outside the open door of the room where John and Mary Dodson were sitting waiting for their dinner, she heard the woman say, "If I were you, John Thurtell, I would sell all the goods and set the place on fire"; to which John, no doubt suspecting Mrs. Gwillin's proximity, made the loud and virtuous reply, "Now, Mary, don't talk so, for if such a thing were to happen, they might be ready to swear I set it on fire." It

was suspicious also, Mrs. Gwillin thought, that some ten days before the outbreak John had directed Mr. Gwillin to go to the warehouse and fetch away the coals, being unwilling apparently either to have Mary Dodson or the coals unnecessarily consumed. On the early Sunday morning of January 26, Mrs. Gwillin remembered opening the door to John when at last he came home at a quarter to five, and John asking her, "What are the rattles springing for?" though Mrs. Gwillin declared she could hear nothing of the sort. The news that the warehouse was actually burning was first brought by the washerwoman about nine, when she came with John's clean linen. But not even Mary Dodson could rouse him to show any interest in it. "Thurtell, the warehouse is on fire; get up, come, get up!" Mrs. Gwillin heard her say, all to no purpose. Later he asked his landlady to grease his boots for him (it was before the days of universal blacking), and not till then did he go out to inspect the damage, in quite an ordinary, unconcerned, leisurely, Sunday morning fashion.

If John Thurtell had lived to be tried, doubtless he would have provided an alibi; there was indeed one actually called on his behalf, if only to prove that, whatever else the charge might be, it was not a case of arson. Mr. Joseph Ensor provided it, for fourteen years a clerk in the Bank of England, and by this time clearly somewhat ashamed of his acquaintance with "Old Flare," the murderer.

> Yes [he says], on the Saturday night previous to the fire I saw him. It was by accident I met him; I had never an appointment with him in my life. . . . I saw him at Westminster Bridge, by Stangate Wharf, where I dined occasionally; he came there by accident. . . . I was dining there, at the Mitre Tavern, with a friend, and to the best of my recollection, about nine o'clock, Thurtell said he had an order for the opera, and asked me if I would accept the half of it; and as some part of my family were there, and it being a dreadful night, I accepted the offer, in order that I might bring them home.

So Mr. Joseph Ensor, respectable Bank of England clerk, and John Thurtell, fraudulent bankrupt and prospective murderer, went off to the opera together and stayed there till

it was over. The crowd was so great Mr. Ensor could see nothing of his family, a sister and a male cousin, and so could do nothing on that dreadful snowy Saturday night, as he intended, towards assisting them to a coach. Then, says he,

> I was going to separate from him, but I said, "As the night is so bad, and as I have no business to-morrow, I will wait till I get cool," and I offered to go to the "Cock." "No," says Thurtell, "I will take you to a better place; I will take you to the Saloon in Piccadilly."

At the Piccadilly Saloon, where now the Criterion stands, they stayed till half-past four, until Mr. Ensor said:

> "Let us try and get a coach, and I will pay for it, however much it may be," as I was inclined to go home to bed, and as the weather was bad. It was the most dreadful night I ever remember; there was snow half up the leg.

"And how far did you walk together?" Serjeant Vaughan asked him. Mr. Ensor replied, "We came down the Haymarket, and just as we got to the bottom we were going to part, and he said to me 'You had better go and take a bed at the warehouse,' and I said, 'No, I will go to my mother's'; and we accordingly parted at the King's Mews."

From the King's Mews, the site to-day of the National Gallery, Mr. Ensor went on down Whitehall alone, and remembers perfectly well hearing the Horse Guards' clock strike five as he passed it. The fact being, no doubt, that the clock struck *four*, Mr. Joseph Ensor's condition after nearly five hours of the Piccadilly Saloon sufficiently accounting for the superfluous imaginary stroke. As for Thurtell, he went off Citywards down the Strand through the heavy snow, and passing through Watling Street, as he must have done, on his way to his lodgings on Garlick Hill, where Mrs. Gwillin admitted him at a quarter to five, would have had just nice time to fire the warehouse first. What he meant by offering Mr. Ensor a bed in an empty warehouse, without sleeping accommodation of any kind (since the removal of Mary Dodson), is to say the least doubtful; was it possible he had thoughts of robbing and knocking him on the head? If he had, there

would have been little of the unfortunate bank clerk ever found, for the warehouse burnt like tinder, what with the flimsy woodwork and the specially selected wine and spirit merchant's stores below.

Under the acrid cross-examination of Mr. Scarlett, poor Mr. Ensor's respectable feathers grew rather ruffled. He couldn't recollect where he first met Thurtell. It was "at different houses where I have been in the habit of dining, or at houses where I take a glass of wine or grog; it was merely an accidental thing. I have always been very particular and very tenacious in forming an acquaintance with any young man." He would swear he hadn't dined a dozen times with him at the "Cock," except he came in by accident and took a chop; nor supped with him half a dozen times either. That is, "not with him. I have met him by accident." But he wouldn't swear he hadn't supped with him half a dozen times at his brother Thomas's house in the Haymarket. Well, if Mr. Scarlett must know, "I had met him frequently, but never supped with him till I asked who that gentleman was. The first time I ever saw him was at the Army and Navy coffee-house, kept by a person of the name of Grieves in Castle Street, Leicester Square."

"Did you ever meet him at any other public house or any other private house?" asked the persistent Mr. Scarlett. No answer from Mr. Joseph Ensor. "You hear the question," said the Lord Chief Justice; "did you ever meet him at any private house, or any public house of entertainment?" In answer to which Mr. Ensor falls back on his usual, "I have met him, my lord, by accident."

Evidently Mr. Joseph Ensor had had a lifelong lesson in being more than ever "particular and tenacious" (whatever that may have meant) both in forming his acquaintanceships and choosing his houses of entertainment, for before leaving the witness-box he took the opportunity of declaring, "I have not frequented the Army and Navy coffee-house since that time, or not for these fifteen or eighteen months past."

Perhaps the bank directors had had him up and given him a good talking to in the meantime.

Stranger even than John Thurtell's air-gun and handcuffs are some few of the gang's autograph letters, still in the possession of Mr. Barber Beaumont's descendants. Among them there are two from Joseph Hunt, the public singer and boot-blacking proprietor (condemned to death with Thurtell at Hertford, but afterwards reprieved and transported for life), the same who naïvely wondered whether his connection with the crime would injure him professionally, and who on the very night of the murder cheerfully sang Mrs. Probert a couple of songs after supper—the supper of pork chops Thurtell couldn't touch, feeling extremely unwell—with Weare at that moment lying dead in the Proberts' fish pond within fifty yards of them.

The first is written from Hertford Gaol, November 20, 1823, and directed to "Mr. Allen, at Mr. Doughty's, Solicitor, Temple, Fleet Street, London."

> Friend Allen [he writes], I have written a letter to Mr. Hall intreating him to send me some leagle adviser before the time gits too far advanced, as the Assizes begins on the 4th Dec., and to inform thoes gentleman who visits Mr. Hawkins of my unhappy *situation*, beaing totaly without a friend. I can assure you My Dear friend that what ever may be the opinian of my london friends my *consciance* is cleare.
>
> I feare no Evil
> I trust in heaven
> And defy the D—— (*sic*).
>
> I hope when you have received this you will make my case known to all my friends and let me here from you as soon as possiable. I think with the interest you have with Mr. D. you might git my breaf prepared and forward it to my counsel. Yours truly,
>
> Jos[H.] Hunt.
>
> P.S.—All letters sent to me are opend by the Govnor First.

The second letter is so much better spelt and written that one suspects the first was merely dictated to some illiterate turnkey. It is addressed to "Mr. Stringer, Victualler, Red Lion, Strand, opposite Somerset House," and though, to be

sure, in Hunt's defence there was no mention of any such thing, seems to foreshadow the concoction of some sort of alibi.

Dear and respected Friend [it runs], you have no doubt heard of the misunderstanding between me and the magistrates respecting Mr. Weare; you will I am sure remember my being at your house on the night in question, when I sold you some of my best blacking and afterwards gave you a ride in my gig along the Strand. I wish you would make this public, as it may serve your much injured friend Joseph Hunt.

P.S.—Don't think of writing to me, as all letters are opened. Don't believe anything you may hear to my prejudice. J. H.

But strangest human document of them all is the following, passionately underlined and written in what is clearly a highly educated hand. It is interesting, too, as showing the turmoil into which the sporting men and gamblers on the town were thrown by their friend Weare's murder, and the disclosures they feared in consequence.

Dear Joseph,

I know not how far I do right to direct to you where you are, but I am so truly miserable on your account and *former things*, that I really think I shall *make away with myself*—but my poor unfortunate family, O for God's sake Joe *do not allude to us* in your confession, *else you know all must out and how many poor creatures must suffer*, I tremble—we are all alarm at the West End, there is *no play anywhere*, save at *Mr B's*—and *Cha$^{s.}$* run away—I shall *keep out of sight*, it is a truly trying time for all of us. We wish you a safe delivery, but have very little hopes of any of you, tho' you must know it will not benefit *to implicate 40 more and involve them in your fate*. Keep close and show not too much levity and perhaps you may get over and then lead a new life as I mean to do. If you see *Mr Noyes* send me the duplicate and a few lines and I will give him some Silver for your immediate use, but for God Almighty's sake *say nothing of former businesses* as the public are already in a ferment. *Mr. N.* will find me after *eleven at B's*, being the only House of resort. Farewell, farewell, keep up your spirits, Dear Joe.

Yours, J. D.

The "*Cha$^{s.}$*" J. D. refers to as having "run away" was, says Mr. J. A. Beaumont (son and successor as managing director to the Mr. Barber Beaumont who founded the office), the author, he always understood, of John Thurtell's

written defence, read by him in the dock at Hertford with such amazing effect and energy. He was Mr. Charles ——, a very clever man, and one of the original dangerous Thurtell gang. Not only did he abscond, but (as the unhappy J. D. meant to do) he actually did turn over a new leaf, and in due time rose to be a respected and leading merchant in the City. So writes Mr. J. A. Beaumont, in a note on the letter dated June 13, 1885.

How often, in his quiet City office, Mr. Charles ——'s thoughts must have rushed back to the old gambling-hell days, when his friend Thurtell was winning and cursing and taunting the unlucky losers almost to madness! The story goes, indeed, that once in success he was so unbearably outrageous that they fell on him and kicked him and his winnings downstairs and out into the street.

So there is this consolation, at any rate, to be drawn from the dreadful story, that Mr. Charles —— turned over a new leaf, kept his resolution, and prospered; while even John Thurtell died well, absolutely undaunted, bowing "in a friendly manner" to some of the old sporting friends (among them, perhaps, the two who had betted on his fate) he recognised near him in the enormous crowd. And then, says the contemporary account, "All being now in readiness, Mr. Wilson, the Under Sheriff, drew close to the prisoner, and squeezing his hands, exclaimed, 'Thurtell, God Almighty bless you!' The prisoner, pressing his hands in return, responded, 'God bless you, sir!'"

And with these words, in peace and charity with all men, even the accomplices who had betrayed him, the murderer of Mr. Weare was launched into eternity.

WALTER FRITH.

SKETCHES IN SOMALILAND

A . . . . patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.

WITH the exception of those officers who are engaged in the difficult task of administration in what is essentially a nomad country, and excepting also a few buyers of hides in the markets of Aden and Berbera, Europeans are not much interested in the conditions of life in Somaliland. The country contains nothing which appeals to the material instincts of the business mind of Europe. No minerals have yet been discovered; there are no industries; agriculture does not exist; and, except in Berbera and a few coast villages, there are no settled communities. The desert, the wild scrub, and the scanty rainfall render village life impossible, and leave to the Somali tribes, whose origin and racial affinities are still obscure, no source of wealth save the natural increase of their flocks and herds. In fact, the country of the Somalis is too poor to attract the attention of the dwellers in richer lands.

To the present generation of British people, there is, nevertheless, one good reason why the name of Somaliland should stand out in strong relief among the other, wealthier and more satisfactory, portions of the Empire. The reason is by no means a pleasing one to the average Briton, who, short though his memory for past troubles may be, recalls with some bitterness the experiences of his troops in Somaliland; and the exploits of Mohammed Abdullah, the "Mad Mullah" of 1899, have

left an impression that is still vivid and perhaps painful. Three separately organised expeditions, culminating in the despatch of a force of seventeen thousand men from India, were necessary before the power of this Somali adventurer was broken. The effect then produced may yet prove to have been but temporary; and of the anxiety with which the movements of their troops were followed by the Government and British people there may be enough remembrance to arouse a desire for further knowledge of the country under the normal conditions of peace-time.

In spite, therefore, of the poorness of the province, and the small figure its commerce makes in the vast wealth of the Empire, there must be many who, for various reasons, feel a certain responsibility for, and consequent interest in, its welfare. Of these the greater number have never seen, nor are ever likely to see, any portion of the Protectorate. To such I address myself, and if they will accompany me, in imagination, for a few pages, I will attempt to show them, through my eyes, a small part of the country. There will be no scenes of heroic adventure; no hunting of lions or dangers of war; nothing more exciting than a glimpse of the land and its people.

To get to Somaliland it is usual for a European to go to Aden by mail-steamer, and thence by a local coasting vessel across the Gulf. Let us therefore suppose that we left Aden last night, and, on a fine October morning, are approaching Berbera. It is almost daybreak, and one may just distinguish on the southern horizon the shadowy loom of distant mountains. As darkness gives way to twilight, this dim outline resolves itself into rugged hills, upon whose eastern sides are now appearing the first touches of the dawn. A little later and we realise that these hills stand back some ten miles from the shore-line, and that a desert plain slopes gently to the sea, broken here and there by strange isolated hummocks, like islands in the ocean. The whole appearance of this part of the

coast suggests vividly to an imaginative mind that, speaking geologically, it has very recently risen from the sea. In imagination, one can still see the water washing round the barren stony islands and extending right up to the foot of the hills.

When the sun is well up, raising a shimmer of heat over sand and rock, and the cool fresh morning has gone, we round the end of the spit which forms Berbera harbour. Long, flat and yellow, it curves out from the main beach like the blade of a scythe; inside the reef there is a glassy stillness, hardly ruffled by the gentle breeze, and upon its outer edge the sea is lazily swelling in peaceful ripples.

The low-lying point is white with sea-birds and the water is alive with fish. Shoals of great bonita are fiercely pursuing myriads of small fry, breaking the calm surface with many a gleam and splash; gulls and terns, hovering, wheeling and screaming over the patch of sparkling eddies, join in the chase. Around and under the ship, rays and sharks glide like phantoms, while porpoises play and snort on either bow. All are scared at last by the rattle of the chain, when we take up our berth, as close as we may to the Commissioner's pier.

Between our anchorage and the town there is a forest of masts, and a similar gathering of picturesque Eastern craft occurs at this season of every year. For ages past, beyond the memory of man, and constant as the monsoon itself, these same types of ships have moored in Berbera Harbour. From the great *buggalow* of Muscat, with its high poop and windowed stern of richly carved, time-stained wood, down to that small double-ended *sambook*, whose crew are not altogether ignorant of the methods of gun-running, these types were specialised triumphs of the shipbuilder's art centuries ago, and have survived to the present day. The trade which they carry is not very large; there are dates from the Persian Gulf, and a business with Bombay in grain and general odds and ends, besides the passenger traffic and the skin export across the Gulf of Aden; but the modern coasting

steamer has cut deeply into whatever freights are to be had, and it is only by reason of the infinitesimal working expenses of the native sailing craft and the small volume of trade from each of the coast villages, that these beautiful relics of a bygone age continue to exist.

From the little that we know of the ancient history of this region, there is reason to believe that, in addition to the skins of sheep and goats, Somaliland once produced another commodity of real commercial value. If the "Arabia Aromatica" of the Romans was, as many suppose, the Somaliland of our times, it probably owed its Latin name to the frankincense trees which then, as now, flourished in large numbers along the crest of the Golis Mountains. The trade still exists, and a few native craft are engaged in it to this day; but the demand for frankincense in large quantities ceased with the disappearance of Pagan religions from Europe, and the ritual of modern times consumes but a small fraction of that which was burnt in the worship and invocation of the gods of Antiquity. The reign of Ashtaroth, Isis and Juno is over; no longer does the thick smoke curl upward in wreathed clouds from the altars of Paphos,

> . . . . ubi templum illi, centumque Sabaeo
> Ture calent arae, sertisque recentibus halant.

Somaliland is now one of the unprofitable provinces of the British Empire, retained only for the all-sufficient reason that its chief port, Berbera, the one secure harbour of that coast, lies close upon the flank of the Indian trade-route.

The population of Berbera varies according to the time of year. In the hot season, when the dreaded *Kherif* blows, and choking clouds of sand are swept along the shore, many natives leave the town for the hills; but now, in October, the beginning of the trading season, there may be thirty thousand people in the place. Like many Arab towns, it consists of a permanent nucleus of mud-brick houses surrounded by a wide and varying acreage of matting huts.

Facing the harbour are the white-washed Government

buildings, Custom House and Police quarters; and to the right, just clear of the houses, stands the new fresh-water tank, from which women and girls, in a ceaseless, chattering stream, take their daily supply in goat-skin bottles. Some of the aged widows round the tank are professional water-sellers, and will dispose of their burdens in the town at so much a cup; the other women are providing for their household wants.

The different tribes live, each in its own quarter, and every handicraft has its particular street. On one side of the main thoroughfare sit the tailors, crosslegged in front of their open shops, surrounded by the brightest colours in Manchester cottons, and buzzing away for dear life on a score of American sewing machines; in another row of tumble-down shanties the silversmiths ply their ancient trade, drawing out fine wire from pieces of silver, puffing the while with short blow-pipes at the glowing wood-ashes.

On a ridge to the south, outside the town, are the huts of the blacksmiths, who, the whole day long, squat round primitive anvils, hammering and filing at spearheads and swordblades. No weapons are allowed into the town itself. And on this side the ridge, between it and the town, is a great open space, where the caravan people tether their camels and pitch their black tents or *gurgis*. Here all the buying and selling goes on; sheep and goats are appraised or disparaged, with many prods in their poor little sides; and half-broken ponies are tried at full gallop along the hard beach. Groups of white-robed Somalis sit about the plain in circles, their long walking-sticks upright in the sand, while they gravely discuss the political situation, or the state of the skin market. To complete the picture, there is in the foreground the naked figure of a small child, seated on a pile of mats, cramming *jowari* stalks into the numbling mouths of half a dozen camels, whose crouching bodies radiate from him like the spokes of a wheel.

The Commissioner's house is near the beach, a mile away to the westward of the town, part of a group of yellow and white buildings, rendered pleasing to the eye by green

palms and a tall minaret; Somali sentries are at the gates, and a Union Jack flies over all.

Having made arrangements for a journey; in other words, procured some camels and a Somali soldier guide, I land one morning just before sunrise, and am met by Ali Said, my interpreter, who, with the soldier and three camels, is waiting at the head of the pier. For you, too, my reader, if you have accompanied me thus far, there is a mount; a ghost-camel, with all the strange mouthings and fearful paces of his kind; but I pray you, fear no discomfort on his back; you, like him, are a disembodied spirit, and will not suffer those pains which an old Somali told me had made him feel, after thirty years' jogging, "as though his flesh had long ago shaken from his bones, and all his blood had become mixed up." To mitigate these evils, I have two thick blankets folded between myself and the saddle. The camels are lying ready, and, after a few packings and adjustments, during which I notice that my beast is distinguised by a small bell and a head-stall of blue, red, and yellow wool, with long scarlet tassels, we mount. Reproachfully gurgling, after the manner of camels, they complain loudly, then with three great heaves they rise, and, led by the soldier, we move off at a jog-trot, soon leaving the beach, passing over the ridge by the great round tank, where incoming caravans water their animals, then past the Commissioner's house and away over the sandy plain.

The ground is still cumbered with *débris* of the camp of 1902; hoop iron, rusty tins, and the bleaching bones of dead camels lie everywhere; for a mile it is like a battlefield; after that the *débris* ceases and the skeletons are few and far between.

Though it is now broad daylight, there are yet a few minutes before the dazzling brightness of the sunrise, and we are enjoying the most exquisite moments of the day. The distant mountains are clear and sharp, the air is cool and sweet, and a marvellous silence reigns over the desert, broken only by the soft padding of the camels' feet and the gentle tinkle of the

bell. The few natives in sight are at their morning devotions. There, where they have slept, under the thorn-bush, behind the shelter of the hillock, or in the bottom of the dry water-course, the men of this country all pray at sunrise. Ablution, prayer, prostration. "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet."

All signs of the town are now left behind and our faces are set towards a low spur of rocky hill, which must be turned ere we can shape course for the Commissioner's camp, our destination to-day. A cleft in the Golis Mountains, that high range we saw when we first made the land from seaward, is the place where his tents are pitched. Beside the camp runs a small stream, which descends the gully in a series of fern-covered rocky pools, losing itself, at this time of year, in a green oasis on the plain beneath. It is a spot well known to the shepherds, for never, even in the worst droughts, have they gone in vain for water to the mountain spring. The natives call the place Armali.

We are not alone upon the road—if one of the many sandy tracks through the low scrub may be dignified by such a name—and, though no one appears to be travelling in our direction, quite a large number of small caravans pass us on the way down to Berbera.

Ali Said is an important man in these parts; voyaging as he does over the great sea, even as far as Suez or Bombay, he knows more than is ever dreamed of in the shepherd's hut. When a string of camels, laden with dried skins, meets us, the men of the caravan never fail to greet him, and, should they happen to be of his own tribe, there is a great giving and receiving of news.

The women are too busy, or perhaps too much under the stern laws of decorum, to take any part in these gossipings. In the open, wild country, where the Somali woman spends the greater part of her life as a shepherdess, she is usually quite ready to talk, but near the coast towns it is necessary to keep up a more distant demeanour, and in Berbera, the richer

natives copy the Arabs in secluding their wives. On a journey the woman's business is to lead the foremost camel of the string, to look after the loads, drive the flocks, and build the *gurgis* at the halting places.

The men walk along in groups, spear on shoulder, and on the left wrist a round, white oryx-hide shield, carefully protected from the dust of travel by a red-tasselled linen cover; they are most nice upon this point, as also with regard to their special fancy in spearheads; a young warrior must never be *démodé* with a spear of last year's pattern, or he will fall grievously in the estimation of his prospective bride. They have a great liking for amber; rosaries carried by most of the men are often made of it, and two large cubes of the same rich yellow substance are worn on a soft leather band round the neck. This amber is not a native product; it comes from the Baltic *viâ* Vienna.

The ornaments in which the women delight are necklaces and armlets of amber, or of curiously wrought silver, which latter is also made into heavy earrings and anklets; married women wear a blue cap or net over their hair, but for young girls the style is a thick fringe of glossy curls, parted in the middle and clustering at the sides and back. Men who are studying their personal appearance with a view to matrimony, take endless trouble to bleach their hair with lime, keeping it plastered over for days with a stiff paste, which, when finally washed off, leaves a bright straw colour instead of the natural black.

Generally speaking, the men are tall, thin and graceful; more so than the women, who are shorter and of sturdier proportions. Both sexes are, as a rule, jet black; but though many show a decided negro strain, the pure race seems quite different, possessing aquiline, sharply cut features; in some of the coast villages an Arab type prevails, with a brown skin and thick-set frame, and of these many are exceedingly handsome.

Following the custom of the country, we dismount at

about eight o'clock, and eat a frugal breakfast, under a shady acacia—a real branching, leafy tree, and a welcome landmark on the stony plain, for it would be impossible to halt elsewhere in this scorching heat. A cheroot, a little idle musing, and perchance a short nap are heavenly pleasures in the grateful shadow. The camels lie knee-haltered on the far side of the tree, sleepily blinking and lazily stretching their snake-like necks, to drag twigs from the nearest clump of thorn-bush. If you look closely at this plant, you will see that besides thorns it bears countless tiny succulent buttons, full of juice; how a camel manages to get a meal from such stuff is beyond my ken, but whole herds live on nothing else. Ali tells me that, during the expedition, many of the Indian camels died because they did not know what was good to eat in Somaliland, and ate poisonous plants which killed them in hundreds.

After an hour's rest we are off again, soon reaching the first range of foothills, well above sea-level, travelling over broken ground and across dry river beds; large trees are more frequent, mostly mimosa, with an occasional boxwood or cactus.

The wild animals now begin to show themselves; many troops of gazelles, gray, fawn and white, feeding on the young green shoots, furtively watch our approach; when they finally decide that we are dangerous they go off like the wind, with unimaginable grace. Every few paces a tiny creature, called by the Somalis a *dik-dik*, in form like a deer, but no larger than a rabbit, starts from underfoot and scurries away through the bushes.

On a ridge of rock, a quarter of a mile away, and showing against the sky-line like a gigantic cat, sits a striped hyæna, gray and black, licking his chops and watching us intently. He looks the personification of evil; and when carrion is scarce has often been known to seize a sleeping Somali, passing the night under a tree, and many a man has a deep scar in his cheek or arm from bites of these hideous brutes.

About noon, being now two thousand feet above the sea,

and twenty-eight miles from Berbera, we enter a more pastoral land. Among the scrubby trees of an acacia forest are flocks of sheep, fat-tailed, with black heads; also handsome little white goats, clean, active, and well cared for. According to Somali standards this bush country affords excellent pasture, consisting of young thorn shoots and almost invisible grass; girls of all ages tend the flocks, and though most of them are quite children, they are not in the least put out by the approach of a strange party. Ali, when questioned about this matter of their fearlessness, points, for answer, to a small knoll, some few hundred yards off, and there, sure enough, is the glint of a spearhead, as its owner turns in the sun; he is on the lookout for leopards, and he knows well enough that there is nothing else to fear on this side of the mountains.

We now leave the woodland, which is getting very dense, and descend into the flat, sandy bed of a dry water-course—a welcome change to the camels' spongy feet—leading in a meandering fashion, right up to the camp, for it is the channel down which the Armali spring pours a swirling torrent during the rains. The camels require no further urging, and set off at a quick jogging trot, a little trying after our long trek of thirty-five miles.

With many twists and turns, the river-bed ends at last in a green forest glade; half a dozen natives appear through a clearing in the trees; there is a smell of wood-smoke in the air, and then, at the end of a long grassy ride, the welcome row of white tents is actually in sight. Another few strides and we dismount, not a little weary, while the camels gurgle out their heartfelt thanks that the day's work is over.

A quiet walk round the camp and into the gorge, from whence springs the water, is enough exercise after the journey. The mountains tower overhead another two thousand feet, sheltering our tents from the sun in early morning and late afternoon. High up on the wooded hillside are scattered flocks, driven at sundown to a central zariba or *karia*, where they are fenced in for the night, behind an *abattis* of brush-

wood; fires are lighted before dark against the insatiable leopards and lions, which latter have slain several ponies lately. The blaze is kept up through the night by the old women of the community, who, between their vigils, creep into small *gurgis*, round the inner edge of the abattis; a position astutely allotted to them by the younger generation to ensure a good watch on the fire.

No one is allowed to shoot in the vicinity of the Armali spring, and consequently the animals are all excessively tame and confiding. In the late afternoon a lesser koodoo, gray, with white harness stripes, wanders close to the camp, standing at gaze within fifty yards; we pick up dozens of porcupine quills in the woods, and hear the porcs themselves rustling about after sunset; the wild undergrowth is full of badgers, dik-diks, partridges, and bustards, while in the trees are squirrels and many perching birds; very common among the last-named is the lesser hornbill, whose flight and plumage are, at first sight, suggestive of our homely magpie, though the illusion is completely dispelled by the first glimpse of his huge yellow beak. There are limits to the pleasure one feels at the excessive tameness of some of the animals; last night, for instance, a jackal came into the kitchen and ran off with half a gruyère cheese.

As night draws on, it grows chill, and the two camel blankets, backed up by a thick coat, are none too much on the bed for snugness; but what joy it is to feel real bracing cold after months in the Gulf of Aden, grilling and stewing, day in, day out, with never a change. Just before the last of the daylight has left the sky, and one feels that the night prowlers must be getting afoot, troops of deep-voiced, barking baboons come round the gully and curse the leopards, who dearly love monkey-flesh when they can get it; I rather suspect they curse the camp as well. The leopard occasionally replies with a noise like the cough of a horse. Little owls sit in the trees overhead and whistle us soothingly off to sleep—sleep sound and dreamless, born of weariness and contentment,

which lasts until we are awakened, at the first streak of daylight, by partridges calling all round the tent.

Next morning we climb the hills, landing upon a grass-covered plateau, where great cedars, sixty feet high, grow as in a park. A walk of four miles along the edge of the plateau, across wide stretches of grass, and through groves of box, acacia, and the candelabra-like giant euphorbia, brings us to the foot of another mountain terrace.

At this place, as we are admiring the view over the wide plain, which extends from far beneath us to the blue horizon in the North, there suddenly arises a great commotion and a hoarse chiding of baboons on the wooded talus, formed from the terrace at our backs; the undoubted cause of the uproar and the present cynosure of angry eyes is "Jack," the bull-terrier, whom they evidently think a dangerous beast, akin to a leopard. Calling him away, lest they should attack and tear him to pieces, I move over to scrutinise them closely. Among the branches of the trees, and peering through in my direction, is a large troop of the powerful gray kind, with dog-shaped heads; one or two of the old ones, quite snow-white and obviously the leaders, are fairly close to me, and I can see the wrinkles on grim, half human faces. In their company are a score or so of smaller brown baboons, whom a stranger might take for their young ones; but they are not the same kind, being adult baboons of another variety. I rather suspect this from their resemblance to a full grown tame one of my own, and, after supper, Ali tells us that from childhood he has been taught, and that all Somalis believe, that the small monkeys were impressed, long ages ago, as slaves to the larger and stronger species, which you, my reader, may believe or not, as you please.

Near the foot of this buttress of rock, our road, a well trodden native track, passes along a winding level path which is, without doubt, an ancient sea beach; the rounded, water-worn boulders, the blow holes and shell gravel prove it unmistakably, and testify with equal certainty that this moun-

tain terrace has once been a majestic cliff, standing up sheer from the loud-sounding sea. The structure is a fine grained limestone, from which boulders have split off and lie upon the ancient beach. Impelled by geological instincts, we crack open numbers of these fragments and find inside beautiful scallops, cockles, whelks and many other shells, as perfect as in life.

Here, as the hand of nature left it, is laid bare a clear-writ page of the world's vast record. These shells have lain in this limestone rock for untold ages; their denizens were born, lived and died in the depths of the sea, and all were silently buried by the softly falling accumulation of this immense sheet of sediment. Slowly and steadily some earth movement has been at work, raising the great plateau of Somaliland to its present position, and what was once the floor of the ocean is now six thousand feet above the level of its surface.

Before bed-time, in the warmth of the dinner tent, we discuss Somaliland politics, and hear the story of that wonderful person whom Europe still persists in calling the "Mad Mullah."

In 1896, Mohammed Abdullah, aged twenty-eight, returned from his Mecca pilgrimage to Aden. Like other Mullahs, he pursued the usual occupation of preaching and reading in the Mosque, living on the pious offerings of the faithful. In Aden he received a call, and went over to Berbera, where he preached a red-hot reformation and quarrelled with the other Mullahs, who publicly stated that he was mad. He then left Berbera, and, combining religious fervour with some well considered judgments in cases of tribal disputes—for in Somaliland, as in other Mohammedan countries, the Mullahs are the interpreters of the law—he collected many adherents from the most valiant of the Somali tribes. Since that time he has managed, by threatenings, by massacre and by plunder, to keep together a large force; he has fought with Abyssinia, with Great Britain, and with powerful Somali tribes; though many times defeated, he is to-day the head of a large following, and

the acknowledged ruler of the Nogal Valley; his caravans trade with Berbera, he has agents in Aden, and his position is fairly secure.

If ambition is madness, if astuteness combined with savage ferocity is madness, then Mohammed Abdullah is mad; but if not, never was the word mad so mis-applied. He, like many another great leader of the past, has known how to utilise religious fanaticism and worldly interest to attract men to his standard and to maintain his power over them.

That night I make arrangements for an early start, and, some two hours before the sun is up, we are steadily padding along in the silent darkness, over the soft sand of the water-course, on our return. Camels like travelling at night, and we too feel that it is good to get well on our way while the air is still cool and refreshing, before the sun comes to stupefy everything with his burning heat. And, moreover, there is the delightful Spirit of Contemplation possessing our souls, as we travel through the lonely stillness of the land, under the glittering arch of night, leaving the placid mountains behind us, and pressing forward to join once more in the struggle and dust of the daily round of work. Heat, weariness, and perhaps the pleasure and excitement of the unknown are before us, but above and around is the infinite beauty of starlight and peace.

ARCTURUS.

THE CONVERSION OF WESTMINSTER

HALF a century ago, before the making of Victoria Street, S.W., the City of Westminster, in addition to her glories, still had, almost within the shadow of the Abbey, a district stretching from the Thames to the borders of St. James's Park which was covered with narrow courts and filthy alleys, wherein dwelt a regular colony of criminals, outcasts, drunkards, tramps, and vagabonds in general.

The gathering together of this colony had been going on for many generations. It took root, no doubt, in those very early days when, before the first London Bridge was built, Thorney Island was a halting place for the travellers who, passing along Watling Street, crossed the Thames at this point, where the river stretched out so far across the low-lying ground that it could be readily forded. The colony grew when people began to cluster around the original Abbey buildings, and still more so when the Royal Palaces that once stood in Westminster brought together what was, for those days, a substantial population. But the greatest incentive to the growth of the vagabond colony was afforded by the setting up of Sanctuary in Westminster, which thus became a harbour of refuge for criminals and refugees from justice, who continued their nefarious practices as a means of gaining a livelihood. Still another cause was the establishment of so many spitals

and asylums that people were attracted to the locality from all the country round about.

So the slums of Westminster flourished through the centuries, and at no time, perhaps, was their condition more deplorable than was the case about fifty years ago, the worst place of all being the particular section which became known as "The Devil's Acre." It formed an extensive block of narrow thoroughfares situated between Dean Street, Peter Street, Tothill Street, and Strutton Ground, and included Orchard Street, St. Anne's Street, Old and New Pye Streets, Pear Street, Perkins' Rents, and Duck Lane. The last mentioned thoroughfare had formerly been a pleasant country lane, which led down to a duck-pond not far from Palmer's village, where there was a green on which, in the earliest part of the century, a maypole used to be set up. Orchard Street, where Oliver Cromwell once lived, was reminiscent of an orchard that was part of the Abbey grounds; while as late as 1832 there still stood in Tothill Fields, not far from the St. James's Park railway station of to-day, the pest-houses erected in the seventeenth century, in what was then open country, for the sufferers from the plague.

Fifty years ago the locality in question had, in addition to the streets mentioned, a large number of narrow passage-ways leading into small quadrangular courts, where the squalid, tumble-down houses were inhabited by characters of the worst possible description. The thoroughfare that still bore the name of Duck Lane had, for instance, lost its ducks and gained a notorious band of garroters instead. The Devil's Acre was, perhaps, more densely populated than any other area of the same dimensions in London. Almost every house was crowded with numerous families or multitudes of lodgers, and in no part of London was a greater degree of crime and guilt of all kinds to be found. So dangerous was it that the representatives of justice scarcely dared to venture there, even in regular parties.

Those, too, were the days when prize-fighting was the

favourite sport, when the rat-trap and the penny gaff had succeeded the maypole of Palmer's Village and the sports on the green—the days, indeed, when a man could gain a livelihood by frequenting a public-house and standing up to allow the customers to punch him in the face at a shilling a punch, or even sixpence in times of local financial depression. One such person, whose headquarters had been a public-house known as the "Rat Castle," because of the number of ratcatchers who went there, was still living in 1884, and bore abundant proof of his previous occupation, for his nose had been frequently broken, his jaws had been injured, and his teeth knocked out, while the last punch he received had destroyed one of his eyes. With that experience he retired from a business loathsome enough for any savage country in the world, got converted by a city missionary, and was enabled to find a better occupation in life than the one he had followed hitherto.

There were other parts of London bearing much the same character as the Devil's Acre of Westminster. They were tolerated for a time, but then a reforming spirit set in. Regent Street was constructed, and a great mass of houses which had been tenanted alike by the poor and the reprobate was swept away. The people thus dislodged flocked into the district of St. Giles, which got so bad that the reformer went to work again, clearing off a fresh lot of rookeries there, and making New Oxford Street. Again Respectability triumphed, and London was once more greatly improved; but, as no provision had been made for re-housing the ejected, they sought refuge in Westminster, and the Devil's Acre, which already had an excessive population, got so overcrowded and demoralised that it well deserved the description given of it as "a disgrace to civilisation"; though this was, in the circumstances, not altogether surprising, as the honest poor were, from want of proper accommodation, compelled to associate with the evildoers, and soon caught the contagion of profligacy themselves. The local magnates and the local authorities had known that

things were bad before. But it was alleged against the Dean and Chapter of those days—to whom a good part of the property belonged—that they felt no great concern in the matter, and that, when individuals proposed to construct better habitations, so many difficulties were thrown in their way that the idea was, as a rule, soon abandoned. Then at that same period the local authorities were mostly of the small shopkeeper class, and were not disposed to exert themselves so long as the rates were at a reasonable level. But when the rates began to assume alarming proportions, owing to the great influx of the poor, the local authorities rose to the occasion, Respectability again made her voice heard, and, in the result, the construction of Victoria Street was decreed—a street which, eighty feet in breadth, would cut right through the rookeries, and clear away a large proportion of the people living there. Other improvements followed, and poverty and vice once more got the order to "move on."

From the point of view alike of Parochial Government and of Respectability the idea was excellent. Not only was the increase of the poor-rate stopped by the fact that so many of the poor were driven out of the parish into Chelsea, Lambeth, or elsewhere, but space was provided for rows or blocks of mansions or other costly buildings, the rating of which brought in enormously increased sums for the parochial exchequer, while at the same time a squalid neighbourhood was converted into a "highly desirable" one. All this was certainly in favour of the improver, and also of London as a city. On the other hand, the "Westminster improvements," including the construction of the railway-stations at Victoria, involved, it was calculated, the dislodging in Westminster and the immediate neighbourhood of no fewer than 12,000 persons, these individuals being mostly left to find fresh accommodation for themselves as best they could. In this way those of the "low class" houses that were still left in Westminster became, if possible, more crowded than ever, and, although, by this time, the era of "model dwellings" had set in, these dwellings were

not only inadequate in number, but were designed for the "artisan" class rather than for the very poor, who had been the people mostly dislodged. These, driven from pillar to post, generally found their last resource in miserable lodgings where they had to pay more in proportion than was paid in the shape of rent by the dwellers in the mansions in the immediate neighbourhood. Such was the overcrowding that in some of the lodging-houses people of all ages and both sexes slept side by side along the floors of the rooms, either on straw or on the bare boards, and the supply of accommodation was so inadequate to meet the demand that in some of the houses the sleepers had to be half-timers. The first detachment—arrivals from the country, perhaps, or ordinary "travellers"—were allowed to "go to bed" early, but were aroused with the help of a stick and driven out at midnight, in order to make way for the thieves and burglars who then began to put in an appearance on their return from business. In one lodging-house in Westminster there slept every night a number of persons equal to the population of a small village, and the owner, who had formerly been a cobbler, made so much money out of this and a similar house in Whitechapel that he was able to live in the suburbs, send his children to a boarding-school, and drive about in his own carriage.

The London City Mission, which started operations in 1835, adopted Westminster as one of its first fields of labour, and that there was abundant scope for the missionary efforts of such an agency is shown by the following extract from an article published by *The Times* in 1835—the selfsame year—on the slums of London:

> It is in these wretched districts that herds of men and children, little removed from the savage state, are grouped. It is from these regions that the population of our gaols is supplied, and in these eddies of civilised society is gathered all the filth, the crime, the savage recklessness which is frequently carried to the Antipodes, and causes the sad and melancholy statement from New Zealand that the settlers have more to fear from the white man, their countryman, a member once of a refined state of society, than they have to dread from the savage and the cannibal.

In the same way the personal risks to those who laboured in these eddies of civilised society at home were not much less than those incurred by persons who went to the avowedly uncivilised countries across the seas. The missionaries who started operations in Westminster practically took their lives in their hands, for one of them who had by patient and determined effort gathered together a class in a little meeting-room, was one day knocked down in a court and trampled on by a company of roughs, with the result that he died after six months' intense suffering. Others were forcibly ejected, and a number got typhus fever, small pox or other diseases, or else broke down in nerve and health under the strain, and became complete wrecks.

It was Andrew Walker who really began the good work of endeavouring to reform the Devil's Acre. He was a Scotsman, and had been brought up to the occupation of a gardener. He came to London to work in that capacity, and one day in the year 1837, or thereabouts, as he was walking through Westminster, he lost his way in the labyrinth of lanes and alleys, and wandered about there for an hour before he could find his way out. The sights he witnessed shocked him so much that he declared to himself, "By Heaven's help I will give up my life to the hope that I may prosper in a better gardening than that of tulips and mignonette!" He offered his services to the London City Mission, had the Devil's Acre assigned to him, and laboured there for sixteen years.

His advent to the district marked the beginning of a moral reform which was none the less certain because, like many another such reform, it attracted very little attention at first. But the efforts of this pioneer of Westminster missionaries became known to one who was more familiar with the various phases of London life than anyone else of his time, and that was Charles Dickens. So it came about that Andrew Walker and the Devil's Acre formed the subject of an article in *Household Words* for June 13, 1857, which well deserves the attention of those who may wish to study the social conditions prevailing

in the Metropolis during the earlier years of the Victorian era. The class of people among whom Andrew Walker laboured is well indicated by the following extract from the article in question:

Among eight hundred social pariahs with whom he came in contact there were some who had been in prison thirty or forty times, and he has known men return to their favourite haunts after being twice or even thrice transported. In the seven hundred densely peopled rooms that formed the district there were five hundred without a page of Bible in them; nor were there, when he first visited the place, any schools or means of any kind employed tomend the manners of the people. A clause in the leases of houses held under the Dean and Chapter expressly stipulated that they should not be used as places of worship unless in connection with the Church of England; whole streets of them, however, and the houses of one entire square, were used as stews of vice. One, also, was a cock-pit in which a brown bear was kept for worrying on Sundays, and where the dog Billy killed his tale of rats to delight an attentive congregation. . . . There, upon Sunday evenings, was a Dean and Chapter's house found that would serve as the training establishment for pickpockets, and give room for the notorious Doll, with a sort of judge and jury club to follow, by which young thieves were taught the best means of behaving and defending themselves in courts of justice. There were to be found whole houses full of various attires: one room containing decent widow's weeds; one, uniforms of our military and naval heroes; one, wooden egs and arms and bandages, by help of which, for the trifling sum of two shillings a day, thieves could procure the means of attracting public sympathy. Children in any quantity were to be had from the same traders at ninepence a day per head, to represent a starving family. If these were hired of their own parents instead of at the agency the commission for their use was sixpence a head only. In the Devil's Acre, also, men maintained schools of boys for the purpose of sending them out pickpocketing for their master's benefit, or to assist housebreakers in getting into dwellings.

In the third year of Mr. Walker's ministry the captain of the thieves, who had been looked up to for counsel and advice in all cases of emergency, and who had many a time raised among his friends subscriptions for a criminal's defence, fell sick and died. Two mourning coaches and twelve cabs full of bereaved vagabonds followed the hearse to this man's grave in a popular cemetery.

The shifts and contrivances by which Mr. Walker's parishioners managed to elude justice were worthy of a Russian diplomatist, and their domestic arrangements in trapdoors and shifting panels rivalled in mystery even Udolpho. One gentleman who had made counterfeit coin for years, had his door filled from top to bottom with sharp-pointed nails to prevent any pushing

against it from the outside. Another had two steps of his stairs hung upon hinges, and used those stairs as the door into his bedroom.

Soon after Walker started on his labours he found that an old woman named Cunningham had gathered around her a number of poor children in a stable in Old Pye Street, and was herself giving them such instruction as she could. He took Lord Ashley, afterwards seventh Lord Shaftesbury, to the place, with the result that that friend of the poor collected £30 in the House of Commons for fitting up the stable as a ragged-school.

The first regular teacher of the school, when it was re-opened in its improved conditions, on April 14, 1839, was a tinker whose services had been enlisted under somewhat singular circumstances. Mr. Walker found him in a little hut down a back court in the Devil's Acre, and asked if he had a Bible. The man answered "Yes" (he had received one in a distribution of Bibles by the Mission), but he accompanied his reply with such a torrent of oaths that Mr. Walker asked, "What sort of religion do you learn from it that lets you swear so?" The tinker responded, "Religion! Oh, you shall see my religion if you're not off!" and he then opened a door, whistled in two great dogs, and cried out, "There, that's my religion!" But the missionary stood his ground, renewed his visits, and gradually brought about so thorough a change in the man's character that the tinker became in due course a ragged-school teacher. There were soon forty children gathered together in the school, some of whom were in such a deplorable state when admitted that they seemed to be almost dying of starvation, while the whole of them presented an appearance of the cruellest neglect and ill-treatment.

In those days, in fact, the children attending ragged schools had been previously trained in nothing but crime, and Lord Shaftesbury, in one of his letters, tells the following significant story on this point:

Fourteen or fifteen boys presented themselves one Sunday evening, and sat down to their lessons; but as the clock struck they all rose and left, with

the exception of one, who lagged behind. The master took him by the arm and said; "You must remain, the lesson is not over." The reply was: "We must go to business." The master inquired "What business?" "Why, don't you see it's eight o'clock? *We must go and catch them as they come out of the chapels.*"

Walker started a second school for elder children, and also what was called "The Ragged Dormitory and Colonial School of Industry," where lads were trained for a colonial life; but in 1853 he resigned his post as city missionary, and started the Wellington Industrial School at Clapham.

With Walker's disappearance from the Devil's Acre the mission work there began to decline, and soon afterwards an appeal was made to Miss Adeline Cooper to come to the rescue of one of the schools, known as the Pear Street School, the result being that she started then on a philanthropic work which was to engage her chief energies for a period of no less than thirty years.

Finding the institution sadly crippled for want of funds Miss Cooper organised a polytechnic bazaar, which realised £400; but difficulties arose as to the tenancy of the existing school, and, with the approval of Lord Shaftesbury, Miss Cooper resolved on starting a fresh one, renting temporarily, for this purpose, two small cottages in a blind alley in Old Pye Street, known as Simon's Buildings. One of these cottages was next door to a noted thieves' receiving-house, and when Miss Cooper went to the school in the morning she could hear the neighbours busily engaged in breaking up the silver which formed the proceeds of the previous night's robberies. The new school was so well patronised that Miss Cooper soon had to look around for better accommodation, and this she found in the "One Tun" public-house, which was thenceforward to give its name to the mission.

For a period of two hundred years the "One Tun" had been a recognised headquarters for thieves and other evildoers. Many a crime had been hatched there, while Old Pye Street, in which it stood, was of such evil repute that when, on one

occasion, no fewer than forty constables marched into it in order to arrest a thief, they speedily marched out of it again, owing to the determined attitude of the local residents. But at the time in question—1858—the "One Tun" stood vacant, owing to the fact that the last tenant had disappeared without paying the rent, and had carried off everything that could be conveniently removed. If, Miss Cooper thought, she could only secure these premises for the purposes of her ragged school, she would not only get better accommodation, but would put a stop to the evils with which the place had been so long associated. She first of all arranged for a public meeting, which was held in the skittle-alley of the "One Tun," to consider the project, and over this meeting Lord Ashley presided. The idea of taking the place being approved, Miss Cooper next advertised an appeal for funds, and thereupon *Punch* published the following sympathetic note:

> The settlement which Miss Cooper and her benevolent friends have thus effected on the Devil's Acre will, it may be hoped, lead to the ultimate and perhaps the speedy reconquest of the whole territory, and its speedy appropriation from the devil, who has occupied it for so long a time, in spite, if not with the concurrence, of the neighbouring Dean and Chapter. To dispossess the place of the devil, however, money is required for building and other expenses incidental to the operations. The cost will be £400. Of this all has been raised but £35. Who will give £35 to exorcise the devil from the vicinity of Westminster Abbey?

A sum of £500 was raised (this being in addition to the amount previously obtained by means of the bazaar) and the desired transformation of the "One Tun" was speedily effected, a lease of the premises for twenty-one years being secured. The best testimony to the previous history of the buildings was afforded by the discovery, behind one of the walls, in the course of the alterations, of nearly a bushel of counterfeit gold and silver coins. On the old skittle ground, where burglars, footpads, and their associates had once relieved the tedium of their leisure hours, an excellent schoolroom was built. The innovation was in no way approved by the thieves and their friends the receivers. They got very angry, and told Miss

Cooper that if she did not "clear out" she would soon be driven out by force. She kept on, however, all the same, and soon not only was she tolerated but many acts of kindness were shown to her by the people.

So the "One Tun" Ragged School was duly started on its career of usefulness among the deplorably neglected children of Devil's Acre, and before long Miss Cooper was trying to reach the parents as well. She began to hold mothers' meetings, and then, seeing the results of excessive drinking among the costers and others living in the locality, she set on foot a temperance movement. One day when she was endeavouring to persuade a navvy to give up the beer of which he was much too fond the man answered, "It is all very well well of you to talk like that. But what about your wine?" She replied, "I will give up my wine if you will give up your beer," and he at once agreed. Thereupon Miss Cooper signed the pledge, the navvy following her example. It was in this way she became a teetotaller, and she used to say that, although she saw no harm in the moderate use of stimulants, she did not think it right to ask people who were badly fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed and exposed to all sorts of weather, to give up drinking unless she herself, who had every comfort, did the same. When, however, she tried to get the male adults to come to the school in the evenings they replied that they were too old to go to school, but "they would think it over"—which they generally did in the next public-house. So she resolved to establish for the men a costermongers' club which would be quite distinct from the ragged school, and afford them the luxury of a comfortable, well lighted room, where they could spend their evenings and be thoroughly at their ease. With the help of her financial supporters she had just such a room as this built in 1860, on a piece of vacant ground in Duck Lane, and about 120 men gave their names at once as members.

The place represented the first attempt ever made in London in the way of what was essentially a club for working

men as distinct from a mechanics' institute. It was opened every evening from six o'clock to half-past ten; newspapers, periodicals, draughts and chess were supplied; coffee and ginger-beer were sold at cost price, educational classes were held three times a week, and lectures were given every fortnight to members and their families, while the terms of membership were fixed at only one halfpenny a week. An hour's religious service was held every Sunday, a penny bank was opened, and within the first six months a "labour loan society" had been started. Following all this came a temperance society, with a sick benefit fund attached, and, in 1862, a Barrow Club, by means of which the costers were enabled to obtain barrows of their own on easy terms, instead of having to hire them.

The reformation of the Devil's Acre had thus been started in real earnest, and the tone of the locality began to be very different from that suggested in the article published by Charles Dickens. But the land on which the club stood, in Duck Lane, was wanted for improvements, and in 1865 Miss Cooper got notice to quit. With the help, however, of the Marquis of Westminster, a way was found out of the financial difficulties that now presented themselves in the provision of new premises, and it was resolved to start with a scheme still more ambitious than those that had gone before.

It had, indeed, been found that something more was wanted by the struggling poor of the Devil's Acre than simply a place where they could spend their evenings. The movement in favour of model dwellings for the working classes was making headway, and a large number of old houses, together with many of the courts situate in Old Pye Street, were swept away to make room for such dwellings. But only persons in regular work, or receiving regular wages, were to be accepted as tenants, and for this reason, as well as because of the comparatively high scale of rents charged, the costermongers, charwomen and others who had been turned out of the old houses could not hope to be received into the new ones.

Miss Cooper resolved to erect in Old Pye Street a block of buildings which would not only serve the purposes of a new club but also supply tenements of one, two, or three rooms, at the lowest possible rental, for as many of the ejected families as could be accommodated in them. These buildings were duly opened in July 1866, and the sixty-one separate tenements were all occupied within the course of twenty-four hours.

The Working Men's Club, re-opened in the Westminster Buildings, was continued there until 1874, when it was abandoned owing to the dishonesty of a succession of officials, and a youths' institute was opened instead. Then in 1879 the lease of the "One Tun" expired, and the Ragged School was also transferred to the Westminster Buildings.

In the meantime—that is to say, in 1872—Miss Adeline Cooper had married Mr. John Barker Harrison, an artist who frequently exhibited at the Royal Academy, and was himself an earnest worker for the mission. He died in 1879.

Whether in her single or married life, or in the days of her widowhood, the thoughts, time and energies of the heroine of the Devil's Acre were devoted to the prosperity of the One Tun Mission. She went to the rooms almost every day from her house in Eton Terrace—certainly five days out of the seven—and she would go fearlessly down Duck Lane at ten o'clock on a Saturday night at a period when no solitary policeman would have ventured there; though, without her knowing it, she was generally followed at a short distance, on her return home, by some young man belonging to the mission, who was ready to rush to her protection in case she should be molested. Happily no such incident ever occurred. The power and influence she exercised over the turbulent spirits around her were, indeed, remarkable. The secret of her success lay, perhaps, in her true womanliness. Her patience was unbounded, and the most provoking incidents never disturbed her equanimity, while the soft penetrating tones of her voice, the expression of her face, and the absolute gentleness

of her manner exercised a wonderful *taming* influence alike over young and old. It was a phase of human character altogether new to people who had never before known what gentleness was. So, as this Una in real life went too and fro among them, she not only passed with perfect safety, but spread around her an influence that led them to think of better things than those which had previously filled their minds. She had, perhaps, the defect of her qualities, for she would see no wrong in persons she had once trusted, and in this way she was in several instances shamefully imposed upon. But, on the other hand, this perfect confidence had a great deal to do with her power of bringing out the good qualities of those she wished to influence, and against a few impostors or dishonest officials could be put hundreds, if not thousands, of children and adults whose lives were brightened, and who were themselves made different beings, as the result of her kindly influence.

She had, of course, many helpers, and first and foremost among them must be put Lord Shaftesbury, who took the chair at nearly all the annual meetings. Then there was Mr. Joseph Payne, Deputy-Assistant Judge at the Middlesex Sessions, and Lord Shaftesbury's constant friend and supporter at Ragged School meetings. He became especially famous for the poetical "tail-pieces" which he would compose on the platform while others were speaking and give at the end of his own remarks, some two thousand four hundred of such "tail-pieces" being attributed to him at the time of his death in 1870. Another active supporter was George Cruikshank, who, so late as 1876, presided in full health and vigour at the annual school meeting, though he was then eighty-four years of age; and among still other helpers must be mentioned Sir Robert Carden—who prided himself on having been almost the first donor—and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

But the prime mover in the whole mission, with its ragged-school, its clubs, its model dwellings, and its various other agencies for good, was the founder herself, and the high degree

of success attained in bringing about a condition of comparative civilisation among the heathen of the Devil's Acre was beyond all doubt.

The end of Mrs. Barker Harrison's devoted labours for the poor of Westminster came on August 20, 1888, when she was seized with a sudden and, as it proved, fatal fit of apoplexy while she sat writing her annual report. By this time, however, the hardest part of the work involved in the conversion of Westminster had been accomplished. It had been clearly shown, and the world at large was at last well disposed to believe, that for the raising up of "herds of men, women, and children who were little removed from the savage state," and for the purification of "the filth, the crime, the savage recklessness" spoken of by *The Times* in 1835, there were remedies more effectual than had hitherto been discovered by the official representatives of that Society which felt outraged by the continued existence of such conditions. Society, as such, had atoned for its own defective arrangements in regard to police protection and other such matters by imposing on law-breakers the heaviest penalties for even minor offences. Transportation was so much in vogue about the year 1834 that criminals were being sent across the seas—many of them for thefts or misdemeanours for which a short term of imprisonment would now be imposed—at the rate of five thousand per annum; while juvenile offenders were systematically imprisoned with adult criminals, whose evil ways they speedily acquired, so that the gaols became high schools for thieves where there was never any lack either of professors to teach or of students to be taught. As for the local authorities, their chief idea of reforming a neighbourhood at the period in question was to pull down the "low-class" houses and construct broad streets, with lofty mansions and handsome shops and offices, in their place, leaving poor and reprobate alike to crowd into some other district where they could remain until the same process was gone through there. In 1864 a poor woman living in Pye Street suggested a very effective method

of dealing with those two classes of people in Westminster. It was that the authorities should "dig a hole and bury them all." Instead of that the local authorities tolerated their continued existence, but could do little more than adopt the very simple policy of the policeman who rouses up homeless sleepers with the imperative cry of "Now then, move on! You can't stop here!" though where they are to move on to is a problem he does not attempt to solve.

Into this system the pioneers in question introduced innovations of which, up to those days, neither justice nor local administration seemed to have thought. The people who dwelt in the "eddies of civilised society" might be, and might well remain, "little removed from the savage state," so long as the only remedies brought to bear upon them were transportation on the one hand, and a "move on" policy on the other. But the practical philanthropists who penetrated and worked in these dangerous quarters of London found them to be inhabited by people who, men, women and children, were human beings after all, and capable of progress if treated as human beings. In this way the persevering efforts and the warm hearts of a little group of active workers achieved results which, at the time in question, might have been looked for in vain from the merely repressive action of the official representatives of "law and order"; and the story of the work they did, and the moral reformation they brought about, is a chapter in the social progress of London that may, perhaps, be thought well worth preserving.

EDWIN A. PRATT.

VIRGIL'S DYING SOLILOQUY

PREFATORY NOTE

VIRGIL died, as is well known, at Brindisi, where he had landed a few days before in a critical state, on a return voyage from Greece. He gave directions that he should be buried near Naples, on the road to Puteoli, and he left an epitaph to be inscribed upon his tomb·

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope: cecini pascua, rura, duces.

These directions were carried out. His tomb became a shrine, to which lovers of his verse, especially his poetical followers, Silius Italicus and Statius, and others, made pilgrimages.

An old and charming story, preserved in some Latin lines formerly sung at Mantua in the Mass of St. Paul, relates that the "Apostle of the Gentiles" in the course of his famous journey to Rome, when, as we learn from the narrative in the Acts, he disembarked at Puteoli, and was met by the brethren there, was conducted to the neighbouring tomb of Virgil, and wept because he had come too late to convert this beautiful soul, by Christian tradition ever regarded as "naturally Christian," to the new and true faith.

The lines, the original of which will be found in Comparetti's "Virgilio nel Medio Evo," chapter vii., may be thus rendered:

To Maro's mound the way they led:
The Apostle raining o'er the dead
    The true and tender tear;
Alive, he said, hadst thou been found,
How high a saint I here had crown'd,
    Thou poet without peer!

SCENE: BRUNDISIUM.

Persons: VIRGIL. EROS, his secretary.

VIRGIL *speaks.*

NOW help me all high thoughts and all ye gods,
To make my soul, and cleanse me ere my hour,
From something of the soilure of this world,
Corporeal grossness, folly and sin that creep
Into the spirit's grain and clog and grime
With earthy residue the soul's pure essence,
That sparkle from the Divine element
Whose flamelet flickers in this lamp of flesh:
So fitter grow after brief purgatory,
Entrance to find to those Elysian fields,
With their green pleasaunces and ampler air,
And walk the lucent lawns of Paradise
Wearing the white wreath of the justified,
In that choice company of exalted ghosts,
Warriors, for fatherland who fought and fell,
Priests of pure life through all their earthly day,
Leal bards, lips worthy of the laurelled god,
Minds whose invention gives a grace to life,
Or service merits memory among men.
There shall I rest nor weary of my rest;
Haply among the shadows one will come,
No shade, but from the living and the light,
Some hero loved of Heaven like them of old,
Some bard of mine own land and mine own tongue,
And I shall show him all our life below
And he shall tell me of the life above,
How grows the realm of Rome, how wags the world,
Who sits in Cæsar's chair, who in the Senate,
What white-robed Pontiff quaffs the costly grape,
Who tread Suburra, who the Sacred Way,
How echo Quirinal and Vatican,
What loves, what hates, what hopes, for human kind;

Whether at length that golden age hath dawned
That once my prescient youth divined and sang,
Scarce knowing what I sang, or what I meant,
Of the Maid Mother and the Heavenly Babe.
So I shall dream the quiet eras by,
And when the thousand-spokèd wheel whose rays
Are years, full circling, brings me to that brink
Where the Oblivious River lapsing mirrors
The slumbrous leafage of the silent land,
Too deeply I'll not taste his drowsy drench;
I would not all forget this life I lived
Prosperous under Cæsar's mounting star,
But keep some hint for my millennial morn;
How strange 'twill be to learn to live again,
Perchance to sing again, perchance to find—
For lucky verses last a thousand years—
Some scraps of mine own music living too
The task and model of barbarian schools,
And con again the half-remembered lore—
Echoing the echoes of my former being.

Nay, what am I, to centre in myself,
And dream of other lives ere this be done,
That was so poorly lived, so void, so vain?
For while great Cæsar thundered conquering down
Euphrates' giant gorges, like a god,
Winning the nations to acclaim his law
With love, and practising the path to heaven,
Me in that hour indulgent Naples nursed
'Mid smooth pursuits of unheroic ease,
Chanting the plowman's toil, the breeder's art,
Soft hymenaeals of the vine and elm,
Or lays of the hive-heroes musical
As their own murmur in the luscious lime,
A sheltered bard and scarce more strenuous
Than when a boy by Mincius' brink I roved

Mocking the shepherd's note or bold to sing
Of Tityrus 'neath the broad and beechen shade.

Yet, O Apollo, witness, 'twas constraint
Of heavenly passion led me in your train
To be your priest and with the Muses move
Rapt by the sacred secret of your rites,
And colour of your mystic pageantry,
Flush'd faces of the faithful, holy things
Held high in reverent hands, rose-blossomed rods,
And slender swaying lilies pure and tall!
The poet's life may oft seem indolent,
Inactive, uneventful, self-absorbed,
But he must gain the mastery of his art
Like other craftsmen by unsparing toil
And steel himself to suffer, if he would see
Fair offspring of his travail of the soul,
Or skill to ken, what only quiet may,
For still the Muses haunt the brooding mind,
In noontide meditation, watch of night,
The one in many that makes the many one,
Something that underlies our rainbow dreams,
The pattern of the web of all the world.

And I too in my shy sequestered life
Have suffered, and known many and mighty haps,
Persons, events, and watched in signal scenes
The tragi-comedy of history,
Brawls, feuds, strifes, plots, traps, stabs, intrigues, revolts,
Intestine agony, civil and foreign war,
Rule of the basest, murder of the best,
Famine and rapine, and 'mid sign and portent
The universe convulsed, and East and West
In immemorial duel ranged once more
Disturb and drench with blood and havoc new
The bleaching bones of their old battlefields;

Or in their galleons on the churning surge,
Like mountain-islands from their base unmooring,
Borne on to shock and sink with all their hosts.
Weltering years of chaos, kings and queens,
Consuls and senates, orator, warrior, pontiff,
Censor and tribunes with their raucous raff,
Swept down the ensanguined tides of destiny,
Till all was changed and our strong ancient state
That chased the kings, like Plato's Commonwealth,
Found in one wisest head, a king once more.
Fain had I lived a little longer, seen
The Empire orb itself around the sun
Of Cæsar's princedom, fain had striven to sing
Somewhat that might have helped it to this end,
Some word to weld the world, and link together
Its present to its past and far to near,
Spreading from Thulé to Taprobané
One happy realm and rule, the "Roman Peace:"
I fear it may not be, "*Apollo's priest,*
Nor righteousness nor ribbon of his god
Availed to shelter in that stress of fate,"
I take the omen, I submit and leave
My theme a legacy to luckier lips.

A poet's course cut short, one Epic less,
What larger loss than if a linnet ceased?
What difference in their warbling, bard or bird,
Catullus or the sparrow, Heraclitus,
Or the sweet nightingales his verses echo,
If death end all? But, if we live again,
Yet only live this little life again,
What serves, my soul, this tedious barren round,
Serpent-like still, recurrent on itself?
What means it, the Sphinx-riddle set to man,
Life's paradox of proud deeds writ in tears?
Have infinite time and space no God, no goal,

Finite or infinite, to which we tend,
Thro' test and trial of a hundred haps,
And nature's ever new experiment
In all the eras of aeonian change?

This wistful world our sadly splendid home,
Ocean and earth and heaven, the giant sun,
And the moon's glittering globe and all the stars,
What are they and whence come they, by what hand,
By what force fashioned? atoms fortuitously
Conglomerate, they say, the subtle Grecians,
And he who followed, trenchant son of Rome,
A dust of atoms driven in endless dance,
Like links to like, and round and round they whirl
Awhile, then wearying seek new partnership:
So Love and Hate are stewards of the ball,
But over all Necessity is lord,
Necessity, what is Necessity?
Natural Law, Necessity, high names
For what we know, yet know not, order noted
In our brief span of sense, and stretched beyond
Our senses' scope: long searching, long perpending,
Two ultimates, two only can I find,
Matter and Mind, matter imperishable
In its prime elements, but ever mutable.
Mutable matter—is the mind as mutable?
Hath it invisible atoms of its own,
Doth it too sunder and reshape itself,
Or doth it only dress itself anew,
With form on form thro' cycles of creation?
In ooze, and sand, in crystal of the rock,
In sponge or coral, weed of sea or shore,
In branch and bloom, in fish or fowl or brute,
In man, himself first brute and barbarous,
Fiery and dour as old Deucalion's flint,
Then scaling into law and art and song

And civic life of Athens or of Rome,
Hero and saint, poet and lawgiver,
Half men, half gods, last into Gods themselves,
Ay, into Gods, for what, I say, are Gods?
Are they not mind, are they not mutable,
Many and multiform, some small, some great
The powers unseen that lead us in and out,
The godlets of the cradle and the go-cart,
Good-fellows of the cupboard and the hearth,
Naiad and Nymph, Dryad and Oread,
Fairy and Faun by fountain, hill, and tree,
Immortal are they or rather semi-immortal?
The Hamadryad withers with the oak,
Old Xanthus pined when the flame parched his wave;
The guardian sprite that throned in each man's planet
Sways him from birth, passes too with his passing,
And they, the high, the august, the Gods of Heaven,
Mavors, Minerva, Jove Capitoline,
A stronger life, a longer life, is theirs,
Yet they too haply have their period.
Dodona and Delphi and Hammon are half dumb,
"Saturn is gone, Saturn will come again."
Are they not manifestations manifold
Of one sole mind in all things immanent?
One mind? why not one God, higher than all,
In whom we live and move and have our being,
"And are his offspring," as Aratus told?
Is this the truth, is this the ultimate,
One unknown God, Father and Lord of things?
'Twas this, this, this, I ever yearned to learn,
And meant to give my life to probe and try,
Groping and feeling if haply I might find him,
Who if He is, is sure not far away,
But in this world I now shall never know,
Perchance had never known, perchance shall know
On that Elysian plain, now only stand

Like those starved spirits that by Cocytus' wave
Crane from the marge and ever pray to ferry,
With passionate palms forth-flung, to the farther shore.

And yet O God Unknown, why all unknown?
Couldst thou not come, or send some harbinger
With human lips, to tell us who thou art?
Maybe even now thine angel is on his way
Star-led, or with the sunlight from the East:
For me too late, but let him seek my grave,
And in my cold ear speak his embassage
Twice, thrice, as those who call upon the dead,
And lay my ghost that fain had found the faith,
Unquiet else and craving still return. [EROS *enters*

Eros, if I should die now in Brundisium,
'Twere best you burn my body here, but bring
My ashes home to sweet Parthenope:
There, on the road to Puteoli, I have chosen
My resting-place, I love the antique use
That sets our tombs beside the traveller's way,
Where as we walk they mind us we are all
Pilgrims upon a further dimmer path:
There build beneath the brow my sepulchre,
And on my marble carve this epitaph,
"FIELDS · FLOCKS · AND · CHIEFS · I · SANG · MANTUA · GAVE
ME · BIRTH · CALABRIA · DEATH · NAPLES · A · GRAVE;"
So haply shall some sympathetic spirit
Light the pale lamp, and with blue violets
Wreathe my white stone, and on the ledges lay
The laurel that I loved and not disgraced,
Or sit upon my grassy mound, and sing
A lulling requiem to my slumbering soul.[1]

[1] Maroneique sedens in margine templi
Sumo animum et magni tumulis adcanto magistri.
Statius, *Silvae*, iv. 4, 54.

SOME PRINCIPLES OF IMPERIAL TAXATION

I

AFTER the announcement of the Budget and the meeting of the Imperial Conference the time is singularly opportune for examining the whole question of Imperial Taxation, more especially in the light of the numerous facts, theories and arguments which have been advanced during the last few years, and to see whether it is possible to deduce any definite principles which would be compatible with sound economic laws and also satisfy public opinion.

The first point that stands out clearly is that no attempt has ever been made to ensure that each person should pay his share to the revenue in mathematical proportion to his means. On the contrary, it has always been arranged that the burden of direct taxation should fall most heavily on the shoulders of those best able to bear it, and that the highest duties should be levied on those substances which were not necessaries. Although no one can doubt the wisdom and justice of this method, it is open to some serious objections as at present applied, and these will appear as we analyse in detail the usual methods of framing Budgets.

Taxes have also been imposed or removed in the past with the direct idea of aiding either individual industries or the trade of the country as a whole. The system has varied from

the most extreme form of protective duties to the admission of everything free except those articles which we cannot produce ourselves. Nearly all the industries of the country have at various times been affected by tariff laws, sometimes in the manner which was hoped for and expected, and sometimes not, but there are so many other factors always acting which influence trade, that it is never easy to say what part of the ultimate result was due to any given tax.

At present no attempt is made to aid trade by any tariff arrangement. No particular industry is helped by a tax on imported foreign manufactures, and only those foreign substances are taxed which cannot be produced at home. The central principle of the present system has been to admit both all competing manufactures and all necessary food free, but it is now no longer possible to apply it. Duties are therefore placed on necessary food as well as on alcoholic drinks and tobacco.

The method of levying imperial taxation at present can be classified as:

(1) Taxes on necessary food of universal consumption;

(2) Taxes on a few luxuries of great but not universal consumption; and

(3) Taxes on property exacted not in mathematical proportion, but increasing according to its extent.

Under the first principle sugar and tea are taxed, and yield in round figures 8 per cent.; under the second, alcoholic drinks and tobacco yield 32 per cent.; and under the third, direct taxation yields 32 per cent. of the total revenue. The remainder is derived from the profits of State trading and from various miscellaneous licences and stamps.

The rich pay every kind of tax, but the poor only contribute to those imposed on necessities, alcohol, and tobacco, and in this way some rough approximation is made of the burden to the strength of the individual. Formerly the indirect taxes were spread over a great number of commodities, but Mr. Gladstone concentrated them on a few. In

1853 he abolished the duty on 123 articles and reduced it on 133, and also provided for the abolition of the Income Tax, which was to take place in 1860. But the Crimean War upset his schemes for a time. Afterwards he abolished the duties on butter, cheese, oranges, tallow, and on many other minor articles. Since then the practice has been to confine taxation to a few necessities and luxuries. The advantage is that the taxes are easily and cheaply collected, and the disadvantage is that by a very little self-denial an individual can practically evade taxation altogether.

Although such a system is therefore not economically sound, there is much to be said in its favour when the highest taxes are placed on alcoholic drinks. Many, indeed, argue that if a man denies himself a bottle of whisky he deserves not only to save the 2*s.* which is the value of the commodity, but the 1*s.* 6*d.* also which he would have paid to the revenue. If we analyse this example further it becomes apparent that when a man expends 3*s.* 6*d.* on a bottle of whisky he is in reality paying for the liquor and also for the privilege of being part proprietor of an army, navy, and civil service. He denies himself the whisky and saves his 3*s.* 6*d.*, but he still enjoys all the privileges of being protected and governed, and now without paying for them.

This may be desirable in the case of whisky, but the same reasoning applies to tea or sugar. It may be argued that a person should be rewarded for being abstemious even in the consumption of tea or sugar, but the fact remains that the revenue has to be raised and that what is gained by one is paid by another, although each has an equal voice in spending it. The gouty person, for example, who is forbidden alcoholic drinks and sugar has a large proportion of his taxes paid for him by others. This is obviously no more rational than that a man should be excused Income Tax because he happens to be deaf or short-sighted. The disadvantage of confining taxation to a few articles which may happen to be necessities or luxuries to some, but are poison to others, is therefore

obvious. It simply means that some pay less and others pay more than their fair share to the revenue according to their means.

The present method of raising money by direct taxation on property is regulated according to its extent either by a sliding scale or by allowing arbitrary abatements. The direct taxes are the Income, Land and House Taxes and the Legacy and Estate Duties.

When the Income Tax was first imposed by Mr. Pitt in 1798 a higher rate was charged on large than on small incomes. The scale commenced at £60 on which $\frac{1}{120}$ or 10*s*. was charged, and continued to increase in proportion up to £200, on and above which sum 10 per cent. was levied. The owner of £600 per annum did not pay, therefore, ten times as much as the one who possessed £60, but 120 times the amount. The sliding scale has been superseded by a fixed charge on all incomes, but abatement is granted on those under £700, and this year a remission of taxation is to be allowed on all earned incomes up to £2000.

The Income Tax has always been regarded as a war tax by which an easily estimated amount of revenue could be raised at once without disorganising any trade. All the greatest political economists have been opposed to its maintenance at a high level during times of peace because thereby its utility as an emergency tax is impaired. The fact that Mr. Asquith has been compelled to leave it at 1*s*. is therefore further proof of the bankrupt condition of his resources.

It is difficult also to discover either the object or the justice of the new resolution to allow an abatement of 3*d*. on earned incomes under £2000. It is irrational in the extreme to make a person pay the full tax on what he has earned and invested as a provision for his old age and to allow him an abatement on what he earns but spends. Again, it is absolutely impossible to estimate with any approach to accuracy what proportion a man who works his own capital ought to pay in full and what at the lower rate. An enormous amount

of extra-inquisitorial work will be necessary, and the amount to be remitted and divided among the great majority of Income Taxpayers is estimated to be only £1,250,000. The only result, therefore, will be a great deal of inconvenience and extra work and only a small gain to the individual taxpayer.

Legacy Duties are imposed on all estates over £100 in value, but this tax is not arranged on a mathematical basis. When first imposed in 1795 an attempt was made to cause it to appear as little harsh as possible by arranging that when the property passed to widows and children it was not levied, and when to others it varied from 2 per cent. if brothers or sisters succeeded, to 6 per cent. if blood strangers benefited. This principle is still maintained in a modified way.

Estate Duty, on the other hand, is levied in all cases equally on the basis of a sliding scale rising with the value of the property. These duties have the disadvantage that they can easily be evaded. Like the Income Tax, they are undoubtedly direct taxes on the owners of property.

The Land Tax, on the other hand, is a direct charge on the land, and although it is paid by the owner it cannot be said to come entirely from his pocket. The rent paid for land is influenced by many factors; such as its situation in a town or country, the quality of the soil, the proximity of markets, and tithe and tax charges, which may be summed up in the terms utility value minus charges. If the Land Tax were removed the landlord, the tenant, or the general consumer of produce might one or all benefit. It is, therefore, impossible to point to any one individual and say the burden of the tax falls altogether upon him. The same argument applies to the House Duty, which may be paid partly by the landlord, by the tenant, or even by the lodgers in case of boarding and apartment houses. But the subject of the incidence of taxation cannot be pursued further here, and it is only introduced in order to show how difficult it is to discover who pays even a property tax.

No definite principles govern the method in vogue for raising the remainder of the revenue. The income from the Crown

Lands is a voluntary surrender by the Crown of what used to be, and indeed technically is, still the private property of the Sovereign. It is handed over to the State by each Sovereign on his succession. The revenue from the Post Office and Telegraph Service is the result of successful State trading. Although objection may be made on principle to this form of trading, the service is far too vast and important to be undertaken by a private company. The charges within the United Kingdom are not high, but the conveyance of letters and telegrams abroad is so costly as to be detrimental to all kinds of foreign trade. It would seem to be sound policy to cheapen this service even if it means sacrificing some revenue.

The largest item of the Licence Duties is paid by publicans, and this is likely to decrease as a result of legislation and the general growth of temperance. The other licences are levied on various forms of luxuries, and on certain professions and trades chosen arbitrarily. Under the heading Stamps are included several charges made on various forms of deeds, contracts, assurances, and certificates. No principle governs their character and extent. Most of the Licence Duties were formerly paid into the Local Taxation Accounts, but it has been decided this year that they should be paid first into the Exchequer, and afterwards divided and sent to their ultimate destination.

Is this system likely to be sufficient and suitable in the future? Mr. Asquith does not think we have reached "the limit or anything like the limit of our possible taxation." In theory perhaps not, for it is possible to impose a 10*s.* Income Tax, or a 15*s.* in the £1 Estate Duty. But in practice, an Income Tax of 1*s.* in times of peace is so unpopular that a Government which imposed it habitually would not be likely to have a prolonged lease of life. Many people already evade the Estate and Succession Duties, and the higher they are raised the greater will be the number who will do so in the future. The Land Tax is steadily falling, and the House Duty does not show signs of rapidly increasing in productiveness. It is

therefore difficult to see how more revenue can be raised by direct taxation.

The outlook is not more hopeful if we turn to indirect taxation. The bulk of this is paid by alcoholic drinks, but as the nation is undoubtedly becoming more temperate, the returns from this source cannot be expected to increase in proportion to the population. There is no particular reason why people should drink more tea or smoke more, and nothing, therefore, remains but sugar. Mr. Asquith has already expressed a desire to lower or remove the tax on this commodity, so it seems that he will be forced to find new sources of revenue to carry on the ordinary work of Government, and that if he attempts such a great social reform as old age pensions, those sources will have to be very numerous.

It is obvious, therefore, that great changes in the whole system of taxation will have to be effected in the course of the next few years.

II

Among the many and diverse shades of opinion on the best manner of raising revenue expressed during the last few years, the following general points of agreement may be discovered: (1) That property should pay taxes increasing in proportion to its extent. (2) That it is undesirable to increase the cost of simple living. (3) That such luxuries as alcohol and tobacco, which are deleterious, should be taxed as highly as possible without decreasing their productivity. (4) That all raw products should be admitted free. (5) That no individual industries should be bolstered up, but that the trade of the country generally should be aided by the tariff laws. But public opinion has not yet decided as to the method and relative extent to which these principles should be applied. Having pointed out the weakness of the present system, we now propose to endeavour to discover such general principles as are most suitable to the present needs of the country, and so most likely to meet with general acceptance.

It is a matter of opinion to what extent indirect taxation should be applied, but there can be no doubt both that an Income Tax at 1*s*. in times of peace is too high, and that there is no possibility of reducing it to any great extent under the present system. Under a reformed system it should be possible to keep it at 6*d*. during peace. If any differentiation is made at all according to the sources of incomes much can be said in favour of taxing those derived from property held abroad at a higher rate. It cannot be denied that a large amount of capital is now invested in foreign countries more profitably than it could be here, owing to the free importation of foreign produce and manufactures. The income spent in this country benefits a certain section of people, but if the capital were also employed here occupation would be found for many more. The fact that there are unemployed shows indeed that more capital is needed, and one way to attract it is to give a preference on the Income Tax to home-made incomes. Another way is to aid trade generally by tariff laws, but this subject will be discussed later.

The Estate and Succession Duties were originally imposed when Mr. Pitt could find no other sources of revenue, and they have been raised whenever succeeding Chancellors of the Exchequer have been in a similar unfortunate position. It would be much fairer to make a distinction between the productive and unproductive property which is inherited than between earned and unearned incomes. It seems illogical that personal property of such a nature that it can yield no income nor appreciate in value with age—such as household furniture and most works of art—should pay as highly as capital invested in a good paying business. Family portraits and heirlooms have little value in the open market, and this is certainly paid over and over again in the course of a few generations. Heirs to real property have the privilege of paying the duties by instalments extending over eight years. The realisation of large sums of money from certain businesses is often also very difficult without disorganising their

working. The same treatment might therefore be afforded to the heirs of those forms of property. The general maxim of Adam Smith that "every tax ought to be levied at the time or in the manner most likely to be convenient for the contributors to pay it" should still be remembered even by those who have not such respect for private property as had that great economist. But these taxes will never be sound ones as they are so easily evaded.

Reasons have been given why a greater revenue cannot be expected either from direct or indirect taxation imposed on the present system. It seems to the writer that the former already contributes a fair share, and it is therefore to indirect taxation that we must look to meet the growing needs of the country. Other commodities must be taxed, and it is necessary to discover on what principles they should be chosen. It is perfectly obvious that the greater the number chosen the smaller will be the necessary taxes, the more evenly the burden will be spread over the whole community and the less trade will be disorganised. On the other hand, the greater the bulk in which they are imported or produced the cheaper is the cost of collection. For these reasons the first principle of indirect taxation may be stated to be:

(1) The basis of taxation should be as broad as practicable.

It is now almost universally recognised that it is an advantage to impose necessary taxation in such a manner as to help the trade of the country. There are many opinions as to the best method of doing this; but all are agreed that no duties should be placed on those substances which are necessarily imported as raw materials for use in industries. This also may be stated as a principle.

(2) Raw materials should be admitted free.

Taxes on commodities which cannot be produced in this country and consequently must be imported, such as tea, coffee, sugar, wine, and tobacco, are partly paid by the foreign producer which is an advantage to the consumer, but the taxes themselves are of no aid to British trade. In spite of this

fact it may be desirable to impose duties on such substances as wine and spirits because they are pure luxuries, and also on tobacco because it is a luxury of universal consumption. Tea, on the other hand, is practically a necessity, and it is a purely foreign product. The tax on that beverage therefore has no advantage at all. Again, the tax on sugar is absolutely unjustifiable, for it is a raw material; it is one of the most necessary of all food-stuffs, and it is purely a foreign product. Coffee, cocoa, currants, figs and raisins are also purely foreign products, so that the tax on them does not benefit producers in this country.

On the other hand, practically all the ingredients required in the manufacture of beer and whisky can be grown in this country, and if they are, the whole of the tax is paid by the consumers and those engaged in the trade. Large quantities of hops and barley are imported, but as these are admitted free, the foreign producer does not contribute to the revenue at all, while the home grower is driven from the market. In this way the trade of the country is injured. A tax on an industry carried on entirely at home is, therefore, a dead charge on the community, and when excise charges are made without corresponding custom duties home producers suffer doubly. As beer and whisky are pure luxuries, a tax may still be advisable, for the reasons that it is on wine and tobacco. But it would be better for trade if part of it were collected at the ports on foreign hops and barley.

It is clear, therefore, that taxes both on purely foreign and purely local products are of no benefit to trade, but that if commodities are taxed which can be produced both here and abroad the industries here are benefited. The third principle can thus be formulated

(3) Commodities which can be produced both at home and abroad may be taxed, but purely foreign or home products should be spared unless there be some strong reason for acting otherwise.

It will be observed that all the articles which now con-

tribute to the Customs and Excise offend against this principle. There are, however, good reasons in spite of this fact to justify the taxes on alcoholic drinks and tobacco.

It is next necessary to determine the extent to which taxes should be levied. To be just to every one no tax should enable a home producer or manufacturer to obtain greater profits than he did before it was levied. In other words, imported commodities should not be taxed so highly that the prices of similar ones produced at home are raised. If they are, the consumers have to pay the increased price on both home and foreign products, but only the proceeds of the tax levied at the ports is received by the Treasury. These principles can thus be formulated:

(4) No tax on an imported commodity should be so high as to raise the price of a similar one produced here.

(5) All the increased price of the imported article, less cost of collection, should go towards revenue.

In practice we know that a slight tax as a rule does not increase the price of the home-made article, for so many other factors are working at the same time that its effect is not felt. On the other hand, a high tax becomes the most important factor. It is, therefore, reasonable to expect that if a tax of £1 per ton were levied on German heavy steel rails, for example, which cost here about £6 15*s.* per ton, the British manufacturers could raise their prices and still compete successfully with their foreign rivals. This would be protection of a home industry which no economist or politician favours, for it would mean that the cost of railways and tramways would be increased without corresponding benefit to the revenue. On the other hand, if the tax were 10*s.* per ton, the price of the foreign rails might be raised a little, but not sufficiently to enable British manufacturers in practice to increase their profits appreciably. The question will naturally be asked, How, then, would the tax benefit the home trade? The answer is simple. It would enable the manufacturer to compete on fair terms with goods landed at or below cost price.

The same argument applies to all commodities, whether manufactured or not. But as the duties must be small and the revenue to be raised by indirect means is large, it is necessary that a large number of articles should be taxed. This brings us again to the first principle that the basis of taxation must be broad. The whole reasoning to this point may be stated as a general principle:

(6) As much of the revenue as possible should be collected at the ports, but the taxes should be so numerous and so small as to help trade generally without protecting any particular industries.

So far the question of taxation has been considered chiefly from the point of view of the producer and consumer in the home market, and the principles suggested have been those for organising a defensive system against foreign aggression. But a nation which exists chiefly by its manufactures must also not only maintain but constantly increase the size of its foreign markets. At present this can only be done by manufacturing such superior articles that foreigners insist upon buying them in spite of the heavy charges placed upon them when they are landed. But the strain is very great and is felt by all. Not only does the capitalist often have to work hard for little or no profit, but the wages of labour cannot be increased in anything like the proportion which the increased skill merits. It is not a simple contest between skill and hard work on both sides, for the British people are heavily weighted by foreign tariffs before they enter the arena. The problem is, therefore, how to persuade foreign countries to reduce their tariffs, and the solution is not difficult. A bargain can easily be made on the basis of reciprocal treatment. To-day a tax on imported completely manufactured articles which compete in the home market would be welcomed by the great majority of all classes, and the extent of this could easily be made to vary according to the tariff imposed on British goods by each foreign country. The principle may be thus stated:

(7) Imported completely manufactured articles may be

taxed in proportion to the tariffs of the country whence they come, provided that the prices of the home-made similar articles are not raised.

But imported partially manufactured articles, or those which serve as raw products for further manufacture, such as pig iron, afford occupation and a chance of profitable employment of capital. The problem thus becomes complicated. It is manifestly impossible to estimate with any degree of accuracy how much labour and capital is lying idle owing to the importation of pig iron which might have been made in this country. Or whether the increased demand for capital and labour to convert the imported pig iron into manufactured metals is equal to, greater than, or less than that displaced. But it is perfectly clear that while capital and labour seek occupation in this country, a greater part of every stage of manufacture could be profitably carried on. The principle may, therefore, be formulated:

(8) Partially manufactured articles, or those which serve as raw products for further manufacture, may be taxed if there is sufficient capital and labour available to produce them in this country.

It is absolutely certain that if foreign countries lowered their tariffs they also would become better customers. That they would be induced to do so by a tax on their manufactures varying with the height of their tariffs is obvious, for they would all naturally wish to keep their best market as open as possible. That this could be done without raising the prices of home-made articles is also apparent, for a glance at the list of imported manufactures shows that the great majority could be produced here. There are plenty of metals, and, unfortunately, plenty of unemployed who might work upon them if £22,000,000 worth of manufactured metals were not imported. A very large proportion of the yarns and textile fabrics which are imported to the value of £37,000,000 each year could be manufactured here profitably. There is no reason whatever why machinery, cutlery and hardware worth £8,000,000 should

be imported duty free. Nor is it advisable in the interests of trade to allow manufactured leather to enter the country to an equal extent without a tax. Imported earthenware, glass, paper, and many other manufactured goods could also be made to contribute to the revenue with advantage. The amount so raised could then be utilised in reducing the taxes on such necessary food as cannot be produced here. A tax of 10 per cent. on foreign manufactures would bring in more than £11,000,000, which would permit of the removal of the sugar and most of the tea taxes.

But it is obvious that if more of the articles now imported were manufactured in this country the proceeds from these duties would be diminished. Again, it is probable that negotiations for reciprocal treatment would be so successful that it would be desirable to lower the 10 per cent. in some cases. When this happened, the cause of Free Trade would be considerably advanced, and all British industries would benefit. If, on the contrary, the foreign tariffs were not reduced, then the 10 per cent. would be retained, and it would be possible to remove some of the other taxes. In either case the people of this conntry would benefit. At present, not only are they heavily taxed on the necessities of life, but they are also severely handicapped in foreign markets. If trade became freer they would make more profits, and the cost of living would be decreased. The Revenue must be raised, and each must bear part of the burden, but it is obviously desirable to levy the taxes in such a way as to benefit the country as much as possible.

The opinions of the Colonial Prime Ministers have been clearly stated, and there is no longer any excuse for not knowing or understanding the desires of the Colonies. It is, therefore, unnecessary to do more here than to point out how the principles stated above would be applied if the preference already given by the Colonies were returned. The basis of taxation would be broadened by the inclusion within it of imported manufactures and such commodities as can be pro-

duced both here and abroad, in both cases with a preference to Colonial products. The tax on sugar would be removed, and no other raw material would be taxed. No tax would be imposed large enough to raise the price of commodities produced in this country, and the increased price of foreign produce would all be received by the Treasury.

Dutiable food-stuffs and tobacco are now imported from the Colonies to the value of over £11,000,000 per annum, and a preference could be given on them without altering the present system at all. Again, the imports of manufactured goods from the Colonies are valued at nearly £16,000,000, and if these were admitted free as at present, but a tax of 10 per cent. were levied on foreign manufactures, another preference would be given. As the total value of the imports from the Colonies is £127,000,000, it is clear that these measures alone would give a preference on 22 per cent. of that amount. It must, however, be clearly understood that this article deals only with principles, and that the figures quoted are only given to illustrate how they could be applied. The present system of taxation has not only been tried and found wanting, but is now shown to be insufficient and unsuitable by its official supporters. A new one must, therefore, be substituted, which will satisfy as far as possible the desire of the great majority to defend the home and open up foreign markets and to strengthen the ties of Empire.

Marcus R. P. Dorman.

LAURENCE HOPE

LAURENCE HOPE has succeeded where most modern poets have failed, older and greater than this woman who died so young. She has created for herself a world of admirers, a multitude of initiants—a Public. Therefore she is bound to fascinate those who diligently inquire into the modern mind, and who love to grasp the elusive psychology of the present. Nor will this essay refer to metre, style, and phrase, except so far as these subtleties exemplify the character and ideals of this curiously sincere poetess. Other Muses of to-day are widely loved, Imperial Muses, worthy of all respect; but there is as little mystery about their attractions as doubt of their divinity. It is harder to account for nine impressions of "The Garden of Kama." An outworn Byronism, a desperately sentimental affection for the sonorous names of the fantastic East, can partly explain this popularity; nor can we overlook a half-scandalous appetite for free speech. But the true cause must be sought in the nature of the feminine—in the appreciation of Laurence Hope by her sex.

With all allowance be it said, we have never before had an English poet who was a woman. The wise are beginning to observe that Mrs. Browning hardly ever wrote a line that was structurally good; the veiled majesty and demure sorrow of Christina Rossetti proclaim her a recluse and a devotee. Alone has the authoress of "The Garden of Kama" set down for us with unflinching truth and vigour a woman's point of view.

And the expression of this view is so rare as to be extremely precious. The famous women of prose and poetry have been of two main types. They have been given force without grace, or grace without force. We adore, but would not marry, Clytemnestra; we love, but do not fear, Desdemona. As far as failure was possible for him, Shakespeare's women are failures, or at any rate half-truths. Terrible women are for him wicked, almost masculine creatures—Goneril, Regan, Lady Macbeth. His gentler women, his Portias and Olivias, have not really an individuality or power of their own, but rather a whimsical humour in lieu thereof, charming but not profound. Perhaps Whitman, perhaps Swinburne, have come nearer to the truth; but only woman can reveal her Self.

It is immediately necessary to reassure those who suspect that the tremendous error—some would say insult—is intended of imagining all women to be the wild untrammelled creatures of impulse, the primitive and savage beings that Laurence Hope would have them to be, at all events in India. It would be as ridiculously unjust as to judge men from the types of Don Juan or Vautrin. Yet perhaps more of her sex sympathise with this elemental Muse of the whirlwind than would ever care to own or be able to realise the slightest affinity. Nor, again, is our poetess artist enough to give us a perfect presentation, or wide-minded enough to give us a complete one. But she has left us hopeful for the literature of the future—hopeful that she has made it easier for women to come into their heritage, and that these rough Atellane commencements may lead to nobler success than woman's old docility and clever imitation of male writers could ever have achieved.

Laurence Hope, then, is a sincere but imperfect artist; and this is no uncommon combination. How often may one not observe that certain crude verses, sadly marred by parodies of great and famous lines—verses where the expression of the thought is abrupt and obscure, yet whose precipices are sometimes visited by a gleam of atoning fancy—seem to ring more true than exquisite phrase and swelling harmony? Thus it is

that ingenuous youth, if it be compounded of the true spirit of revolution, will ever prefer "The City of Dreadful Night" to "Paradise Lost," and will continue in the same sort of predilection till overtaken by that age of ice when rhetoric is an abhorrence, metre a study, wisdom a delight.

And if ingenuous youth be seeking sincerity rather than poetry, he may not have gone far from the path. In the throes of despair or passion the almost involuntary whispers of an imaginative mind are stray echoes of phrases we have loved, grotesquely blended with the stage-worn rhetoric of the occasion. Yet to imagine that these literal and personal transcriptions, however earnest, are likely to be valuable as literature is an obvious error. When the faculties of a writer are so concentrated, so technically supreme, that the sensations cannot become vilified by borrowed or inadequate or inharmonious language, then are worthy poems of experience written not less sincere and far more splendid.

Now, page after page of Laurence Hope's poetry is marred by lilts and jangling tunes and passages of sentimental prettiness that, so far from breathing of the East, savour of that most Occidental invention, the music-hall; so that she who knew the East so well can here remind us of nothing more sublime than that factitious Orient represented by the decorations on a Turkish bath. The most serious of feminine failings, that of taking prettiness for beauty and petulance for passion, spoils about two-thirds of her work. Though she makes some not unpleasant experiments in new metres, she is sadly failing in the most elementary knowledge of verse-structure, and she never attains to the stern and austere beauty of self-restraint. Yet take lines such as these:

> They say that Love is a light thing,
> A foolish thing and a slight thing,
> A ripe fruit rotten at core:
> They speak in this futile fashion
> To me who am racked with passion,
> Tormented beyond compassion
> For ever and ever more.

The true lover of the art, confronted with this straightforward verse, should not let speculations about the weak rhyme or some possible imitation of Swinburne interfere with his admiration and pleasure. Even the last of the lines, a succession of weak syllables at which most versifiers would shudder, has a curious fitness to the rest. And very often the glow of passion transfuses lead into gold. The following short poem must be quoted as an example. It is the best written and at the same time the most individual of her lyrics:

> I am not sure, if I knew the truth,
>   What his case or crime might be;
> I only know that he pleaded Youth—
>   A beautiful, golden plea.
>
> Youth, with its sunlit, passionate eyes,
>   Its roseate, velvet skin—
> A plea to cancel a thousand lies
>   Or a thousand nights of sin.
>
> The men who judged him were old and grey,
>   Their eyes and their senses dim;
> He brought the light of a warm spring day
>   To the court-house bare and grim.
>
> Could he plead in a lovelier way?
>   His judges acquitted him.

Here is a perfection indeed, a matchless lotus of the East, a new and entrancing fragrance. Here too is the whole philosophy of woman. These two lines explain the hatred of German thinkers for any but the Gretchen type of maiden. This explains why women appear to some as mad revolutionaries, to others as the type of incorrigible reaction. No English judge would have been so gracious and picturesque as these legendary greybeards. "Shall the delicate machinery of our law, complicated yearly for the protection of society, be upset because the young lady is in love?" But this poem becomes through its fine achievement the vehicle of something far deeper than a petulant or irritating sentimentality. The

quality of the thought is deepened by its expression, and is more than a mere outburst of woman's illogical mind.

Women have often been credited by men with an intuition of moral worth. Is it not rather an intuition of beauty, in inferior cases an intuition of prettiness, that they possess, depending for its value on a dark, unexplored connection between outward and inward loveliness ?

Besides the illogical and ardent cult of beauty, besides the passionate sensuality that it accompanies and suggests, the other startling characteristic of such women as Laurence Hope loves to describe is the passivity that accompanies their passions and is in love with the most relentless brute force:

> Over the rocks he would swing me, to and fro,
> Where the white surf foamed a thousand feet below,
> Would smile and murmur, "I will not loose thee—quite."
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> He pinned my lower lip to the lip above,
> " Lest thou in thy absence utter words of love."
> With pointed shells he pricked on my breast his name,
> "That thou may'st keep the stamp of thy love and shame."

And it is indeed a curious ideal of manhood set before us in two earlier lines of the same poem, for she says of this same desert prince:

> Strange and sweet were the ways where his fancy trod,
> A panther's fierceness linked to dreams of a god.

Poems like this may justly be called hysterical, but even granted that the hysteria is due to the strain and turbulence of modern life, yet does it arise from old innate convictions; it is not mania, but exaggeration.

James Flecker.