

25

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY
HENRY NEWBOLT

VOL. VI.
JANUARY—MARCH 1902

TORONTO
GEORGE N. MORANG & CO., LTD.
LONDON: JOHN MURRAY

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

	PAGE
Adam, The Death of	LAURENCE BINYON Feb. 171
An Episode	THE HON. MRS. WEDGWOOD Jan. 168
Art and the Public Money	ALEXANDER J. FINBERG Feb. 119
Asia, European Expansion in	MAJOR F. E. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.I.E. Feb. 17
Bacon, Mrs. Gallup and Francis	ANDREW LANG Feb. 146
Baconian Mare's Nest, The New	REV. FATHER H. THURSTON, S.J. Jan. 160
Botticelli, The Story of a Famous	HERBERT P. HORNE Feb. 133
British Commerce 1881-1900	J. HOLT SCHOOLING Jan. 40
British India, A Prosperous	MAJOR MALLESON, R.A. Mar. 50
British Industry and the Wage System	RALPH NEVILLE, K.C. Feb. 51
Burns, To Robert	ROBERT BRIDGES Mar. 157
Commerce, British, 1881-1900	J. HOLT SCHOOLING Jan. 40
Coronation Peetrages	J. HORACE ROUND Feb. 75
Danny, I.-III.	ALFRED OLLIVANT Mar. 164
Death of Adam, The	LAURENCE BINYON Feb. 171
Domestic Chaplain of the Medici, A	JANET ROSS Mar. 112
Education in the Navy. I.	JULIAN S. CORBETT Mar. 34
Endowed Stage, A Plea for an	T. STURGE MOORE Jan. 119
England and the Powers Mar. 1
England's Antiquated Finance	FREDERICK GREENWOOD Jan. 26
England, The Weekly Press in	ANON. Mar. 77
European Expansion in Asia	MAJOR F. E. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.I.E. Feb. 17
Evolution of Painting in England, The	HAVELOCK ELLIS Mar. 123
Finance, England's Antiquated	FREDERICK GREENWOOD Jan. 26
Food-Supply in the Napoleonic War, Our	J. HOLLAND ROSE Mar. 63
Gallup and Francis Bacon, Mrs.	ANDREW LANG Feb. 146
German Ally, Our	ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN Jan. 73
Germany, Trade and the Spade in	LAURIE MAGNUS Jan. 87
Hunting-Book, A Famous Mediæval. II.	W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN Jan. 147
India, A Prosperous British	MAJOR MALLESON, R.A. Mar. 50
In East Africa, Station Studies	"A BRITISH OFFICIAL" . Feb. 102, Mar. 97

	PAGE
Khan and his Son, The	MAKSIM GORKY Feb. 163
Language Question in South Africa, The	SIR ALEX. E. MILLER, K.C., C.S.I. Jan. 39
Lordliest Life on Earth, The Feb. 1
Medieval Hunting-Book, A Famous. II.	W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN Jan. 147
Medici, A Domestic Chaplain of the	JANET ROSS Mar. 112
Memories and Portraits Jan. 1
Museo di Villa Giulia, The Scandal of the	"AUDITOR" Feb. 78
Napoleonic War, Our Food Supply in the	J. HOLLAND ROSE Mar. 63
Navy, Education in the	JULIAN S. CORBETT Mar. 34
New Baconian Mare's Nest, The	REV. FATHER H. THURSTON, S.J. Jan. 160
Odyssey on the Stage, The	D. G. HOGARTH Mar. 142
On the Line Jan. 11, Feb. 7, Mar. 12
Our Food Supply in the Napoleonic War	J. HOLLAND ROSE Mar. 63
Our German Ally	ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN Jan. 73
Painting in England, The Evolution of	HAVELOCK ELLIS Mar. 123
Party Question, An Unconsidered	FREDERICK GREENWOOD Mar. 26
Peerages, Coronation	J. HORACE ROUND Feb. 65
Plea for an Endowed Stage, A	T. STURGE MOORE Jan. 119
Press in England, The Weekly	ANON. Mar. 77
Prosperous British India, A	MAJOR MALLESON, R.A. Mar. 50
Public-House Trusts	THE EARL OF CARLISLE Feb. 34
Public Money, Art and the	ALEXANDER J. FINBERG Feb. 119
Rationale of Vaccination, The	G. ARCHDALL REID, M.B., C.M., F.R.S.E. Jan. 103
Religio Pueri	REV. J. H. F. PEILE Jan. 132
Robert Burns, To	ROBERT BRIDGES Mar. 157
Scandal of the Museo di Villa Giulia, The	"AUDITOR" Feb. 78
Song of the Vine, The	B. PAUL NEUMAN Jan. 185
South Africa, The Language Question in	SIR ALEX. E. MILLER, K.C., C.S.I. Jan. 59
Station Studies: In East Africa	"A BRITISH OFFICIAL" Feb. 102, Mar. 97
Story of a Famous Botticelli, The	HERBERT P. HORNE Feb. 133
The Odyssey on the Stage	D. G. HOGARTH Mar. 142
To Robert Burns	ROBERT BRIDGES Mar. 157
Trade and the Spade in Germany	LAURIE MAGNUS Jan. 87
Unconsidered Party Question, An	FREDERICK GREENWOOD Mar. 26
Vaccination, The Rationale of	G. ARCHDALL REID, M.B., C.M., F.R.S.E. Jan. 103
Vine, The Song of the	B. PAUL NEUMAN Jan. 185
Wage-System, British Industry and the	RALPH NEVILLE, K.C. Feb. 51
Weekly Press in England, The	ANON. Mar. 77

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
"A BRITISH OFFICIAL"	Station Studies: In East Africa . . . Feb. 102
ANON.	The Weekly Press in England . . . Mar. 77
"AUDITOR"	The Scandal of the Museo di Villa Giulia Feb. 78
BAILLIE-GROHMAN, W. A.	A Famous Mediaeval Hunting-Book— II Jan. 117
BINYON, LAURENCE	The Death of Adam Feb. 171
BRIDGES, ROBERT	To Robert Burns Mar. 157
CARLISLE, THE EARL OF	Public-House Trusts Feb. 31
COLQUHOUN, ARCHIBALD R.	Our German Ally Jan. 73
CORBETT, JULIAN S.	Education in the Navy—I Mar. 34
EDITORIAL ARTICLES	England and the Powers Mar. 1 Lordliest Life on Earth, The . . . Feb. 1 Memories and Portraits Jan. 1 On the Line Jan. 11, Feb. 7, Mar. 12
ELLIS, HAVELOCK	The Evolution of Painting in England. Mar. 123
FINBERG, ALEXANDER J.	Art and the Public Money . . . Feb. 119
GORKY, MAKSIM	The Khan and his Son Feb. 163
GREENWOOD, FREDERICK	England's Antiquated Finance . . Jan. 26
GREENWOOD, FREDERICK	An Unconsidered Party Question . Mar. 26
HOGARTH, D. G.	The Odyssey on the Stage . . . Mar. 142
HORNE, HERBERT P.	The Story of a Famous Botticelli . Feb. 133
LANG, ANDREW	Mrs. Gallup and Francis Bacon . . Feb. 146
MAGNUS, LAURIE	Trade and the Spade in Germany . Jan. 87
MALLESON, MAJOR, R.A.	A Prosperous British India. . . Mar. 50
MILLER, SIR ALEX. E., K.C., C.S.I.	The Language Question in South Africa Jan. 59
MOORE, T. STURGE	A Plea for an Endowed Stage . . . Jan. 119
NEUMAN, B. PAUL	The Song of the Vine Jan. 185
NEVILLE, RALPH. K.C.	British Industry and the Wage System Feb. 51
OLLIVANT, ALFRED	Danny—I-III Mar. 164

	PAGE
PEILE, REV. J. H. F.	Religio Pueri Jan. 133
REID, G. ARCHDALL, M.B., C.M., F.R.S.E.	The Rationale of Vaccination . . . Jan. 103
ROSE, J. HOLLAND	Our Food-Supply in the Napoleonic War Mar. 63
ROSS, JANET	A Domestic Chaplain of the Medici . Mar. 112
ROUND, J. HORACE	Coronation Peerages Feb. 65
SCHOOLING, J. HOLT	British Commerce 1881-1900 . . . Jan. 40
THURSTON, REV. FATHER H., S.J. . . .	The New Baconian Mare's Nest . . Jan. 160
WEDGWOOD, HON. MRS.	An Episode Jan. 168
YOUNGHUSBAND, MAJOR F. E., C.I.E.	European Expansion in Asia . . . Feb. 17

MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS

IT is an old trouble, this difficulty of the portrait, and never commoner than in our own time. Of all the full-lengths, half-lengths, miniatures, studies, and family groups painted in England during these last two hundred years, how many have brought satisfaction to their first possessors? No other form of speculation is so attractive as the commissioning of a portrait, none could be more desperate: only a people like our own, with fond traditions and invincible hope, could be tempted year after year to try in undiminished numbers this unconscionable hazard. For it is a lottery in which a prize of any value is a thing almost unknown. You may indeed win a masterpiece for your money, but it is ten thousand to one that you miss the face you know, the look you most desired to have commemorated; or you may have the very features, staring photographically from the canvas, a portrait with every truth but that of art, an exposure rather than a revelation, a skeleton for your darkest cupboard: never the miracle, the life you loved, the beauty you believed in, seen with your eyes and recorded with the skill you lacked, but thought to hire and harness to your own purpose.

Yet we persevere, for we are driven by a mortal necessity. Since the things that are seen are temporal, man, to whom the forlornest hope is ever the dearest, must set himself to make them, after his own little measure, eternal: he will have his beloved, his great ones, at least as indestructible as paint or

marble, as unforgettable as the printed word. Something of them shall survive in definite material shape: he will not trust himself, he will have a record that shall both renew and outlast memory. What then shall be preserved, and how? The question is hard enough where merely private affections and a living subject are concerned; if we consider the dead, the princes of a great society or a great literature, we may well be confused with doubt. Must we and our descendants be content to see our heroes as it were by proxy, whole indeed and in the form and proportion of humanity, but perhaps a little larger than life and more splendid by reason of the "many-coloured glass" through which the painter sees his work? Or should we rather insist on a minute and manifold accuracy, and give up the unity of the figure in exchange for a chaos of fragments, some noble, some ignoble, but all within our reach to handle, weigh, and measure?

Happily the choice is not often thrust upon us: the decision is made by others or by accident: the great mass of the dead man's admirers are called to view a representation—portrait, bust or biography—on the making of which they have not been summoned to council, and as to the sufficiency of which they are but imperfectly qualified to judge. Some degree—a considerable degree—of accuracy is guaranteed, if the picture does not jar with the common memory; but this will be a general and not a particular likeness, and the nearer the subject to our own time the less satisfying a simple outline, however broad and well presented, is likely to appear. There will be an eagerness for more ample detail: there may even be a voice or two heard to say that studies or measurements exist which would fatally contradict the accepted portrait.

Such a voice, crying aloud in piercing tones, has lately disturbed the public peace: Mr. W. E. Henley has protested against the acceptance of the well-known portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson. Well known, because Mr. Graham Balfour's book is only nominally here in question: it is, on the critic's own showing, only a replica, an official copy, of a picture

already famous. "He has done his best," says Mr. Henley, "for the Stevenson of legend and his best for the Stevenson of life. So far as I can see, he does not distinguish the one from the other; his predilections are all with rumour and report; and if they be not, at least he can govern his tongue." We are not concerned then with Mr. Balfour so much as with the legend, the rumour and report, with which have been for many years not only our predilections, but the predilections of the better part of Britain and America.

To begin with, let us say plainly that we are not of those who deny the right of criticism or of protest altogether; those who talk about the rule *De mortuis* in a manner which would reduce all biography to a mere absurdity. "If a man is to write *A Paragyrick*," said Dr. Johnson, "he may keep vices out of sight; but if he proposes to write *A Life*, he must represent it really as it was." Mr. Henley comes forward with a claim which we respect, a claim to do a public service. We owe him a hearing for his evidence, painful or the reverse: only he must remember that he is not the only witness, and in case of conflict the main question, of the truth of what he says, will involve cross-examination: his qualifications, his manner, his motives, will all be held up to the light. If to dispassionate judges he should appear to be one who was incapacitated from criticising impartially on certain points, and should further be shown to have spoken neither in the right way nor for right reasons, his evidence may kick the beam when weighed against testimony not so reproachable.

Let us then hear Mr. Henley's statement: a little condensed, if he please, and rearranged; for speaking, as he evidently does, under strong excitement, he is somewhat voluble and chaotic. "I am oppressed," he says, "by the thought that here is Lewis Stevenson very much as he may well have wanted to be, but that here is not Lewis Stevenson at all. At any rate, here is not the Lewis Stevenson I knew." This is "a very feminine view of a very masculine creature." "For me there were two Stevensons: . . . the first I knew and loved, the

other I lost touch with, and, though I admired him, did not greatly esteem." He married, and became "somewhat stricken with respectability." He spoke of Jack Fletcher as "a dirty dog," and "I do not for one moment think he would have relished Fielding. . . . The Shorter Catechist, already detested by more than one, was fully revealed to me. . . . I do not love the Shorter Catechist in anybody, and I loved him less in Stevenson than anywhere that I have ever found him. He is too selfish and too self-righteous a beast for me. . . . At bottom, Stevenson was an excellent fellow. But he was . . . incessantly and passionately interested in Stevenson. He could not be in the same room with a mirror but he must invite its confidences every time he passed it. . . . No better histrion ever lived." Egoism such as his "is uneasy, troublesome, searching; it can do good, but not handsomely; it is uglier, because less dignified, than selfishness itself. . . . Mr. Balfour notes with tender admiration that, when Stevenson had quarrelled with anybody, he was always trying to do that person a service in secret . . . salving his conscience for a possible injustice, done in heat and apprehended too late for anything but a frank avowal and a complete apology; which in the circumstances the Shorter Catechist finds abhorrent, and therefore immoral. . . . And in the manner of his giving . . . the Anxious Egotist is characteristically and not pleasantly apparent. 'I hereby authorise you,' he writes, 'to pay, when necessary, £— to Z.; if I gave him more, it would only lead to his starting a gig and keeping a Pomeranian dog'; . . . it scarce becomes the lips of a man who had several kennels of Pomeranians, kept gigs innumerable." In Stevenson's world "the gigs and the Pomeranians went all one way; and that, despite all Stevenson's protestings, was not the way of Stevenson's *bénéficiaires*." He "ended by spending something between £4000 and £5000 a year. How he spent it Heaven and Mr. Baxter alone know. . . . I learn of his nameless prodigalities—and recall some instances of conduct in another vein." Then, he was a poor musician, "for at the best he

could never have been anything but . . . a plodder equally uninspired, uninteresting, and superfluous. . . . Also, was he 'a wit'? I do not think he was. . . . Come to him suddenly . . . and he was tame. . . . On occasion . . . he became a buffoon, and a buffoon to whom you could not show the door. . . . I have said nothing of Stevenson the artist . . . I have nothing to say. To tell the truth, his books are none of mine . . . I am not interested in remarks about morals . . . if I crave the enchantment of romance, I ask it of bigger men than he, and of bigger books than his." As for "the Henley-Stevenson plays," that is different. "In those days . . . we—I and Lewis—knew nothing" about plays. "All the same, it was a golden time." But "Stevenson's interest in other people's writing—writing well or writing ill—was small."

So far Mr. Henley himself as witness: but he adds three passages, none of them evidence. He thinks Stevenson's courage, though undoubted yet unworthy of praise; he asks (speaking, it would seem, of literary style), "is there not something to be said for the person who wrote that Stevenson always reminded him of a young man dressed the best he ever saw for the Burlington Arcade?" And he tells us that "there are people yet living (I am not one of them) who, knowing him intimately, have not hesitated to describe him in a word of three letters." The first of these remarks is a mere general opinion, on which we may say something later; the second and third are attempts, not very courageous, to drag in "what the soldier said"; to wound without incurring the penalty of striking. But, apart from these weaknesses, the charge is a direct and terrible one; it needs an answer more convincing than mere abuse.

We have claimed to cross-examine; the right is indisputable, the material is ample. But since Mr. Henley has for the moment left the court after delivering himself, we can only take note of certain admissions on his part, not insignificant, and set forth certain points on which, if he wished to convince us, he would have done well to make his own position clear beforehand.

First, we note the Titanic nature of Mr. Henley's self-confidence. The public, following certain authorities and its own recollections, conceives a picture of Stevenson; Mr. Balfour takes the same view; it is also the view which Stevenson took of himself. Mr. Henley will not have it. Has he forgotten that analysis of man into "three Johns"? Will there not be besides the world's Lewis (a thing of actions and appearances), Lewis's own Lewis (a thing of secrets and of aspirations), and behind them both the real Lewis, known only to his Maker? And in our attempt to shadow forth to ourselves something of that unapproachable reality, are we to regard only the outward Lewis, and not the inward at all? Granting, as we are prepared to grant, that the man's life was often inconsistent, full of acts which rudely jarred with his ideal, are we to believe that that ideal was no true part of him? Strictly, no doubt, we can hardly claim that we know what a man knows of his own character; but there are exceptional cases, and surely if a man ever let the world into his confidence, Stevenson did so, intentionally and unintentionally.

"Make-believe," says Mr. Henley. "No better histrion ever lived." Is this serious? Human nature is a various thing, but have we any record of a man, passionately interested in himself, who throughout his life was much before his fellows' eyes, and always acting a part which had no connection with any aspect of that self? Can we not guess something, even from the choice of clothes?

But, we are told, he did not act one part throughout; he changed: there were indeed two Stevensons, one before '87, one after; Mr. Henley loved the first, did not esteem the second. And then we have an admission: "My relation to him was that of a man with a grievance." Is a grievance, in Mr. Henley's opinion, a safe standpoint from which to judge of changes in the griever's character? That character changes, no doubt, to the grieved one's view; but is not this well-known phenomenon generally regarded by the rest of the world, who do not share the grievance, as a subjective illusion?

"This change," says Mr. Henley, "was visible to more than one before it was fully revealed to me." As the more than one are not called by name we will not stop to inquire whether they, too, had grievances. We will rather look into the nature of the alleged change. It is this. Stevenson, who had been a very masculine creature, became a Shorter Catechist, an Anxious Egotist, one who would do good unhand-somely; who, to salve his conscience for an injustice done by him, would give money in place of an apology; who, even in giving, would be mean enough to limit his gift. Have the cases here hinted at any connection with the grievance already mentioned? Did they, at any rate, occur within Mr. Henley's own experience? Did his view of Stevenson's manner of giving change at the same time as his view of the whole character—at the time, in fact, of the grievance?

Finally, Mr. Henley asks to be allowed to "live and die uninsulted, as we lived and died before Stevenson's books began to sell and his personality was a marketable thing." What was the nature of these insults, by whom offered, and to whom? and in what way did the launching of these insults coincide with Stevenson's success as an author and an earner of money? Is it possible that Mr. Henley wishes to contend—we can see no other way of taking his words—that the popularity of Stevenson's books with the public in some way constituted an insult to Mr. Henley and those whom he groups with himself under that mysterious "we"?

These are pregnant questions, and upon the answer to them hangs in a great measure our belief in Mr. Henley's credibility as an impartial witness. They arise so naturally, and indeed inevitably, out of a close consideration of his own words, that we can but wonder at his leaving his readers under the necessity of putting them. How much more convincing he would have made his evidence if he had prefaced it by a plain affirmation that in all this tangle of conflicting moralities his personal feelings were nowhere involved. We do not say that Mr. Henley could not make such a statement, or that he

cannot still make it: we do say that until he has given a satisfactory answer to the doubts which he has himself raised, the public has the right to consider the value of his evidence as seriously discounted.

Further—though this is less important—we believe that Mr. Henley would have been listened to with greater respect if he had refrained, in discussing Stevenson's wit, from using of his dead friend the word "buffoon" and those which follow it, and if, in speaking of Stevenson's music, he had not gone far out of his way to describe in harsh terms a hypothetical failure which Stevenson never risked. The words "uninspired, uninteresting and superfluous" seem less applicable to Stevenson's music than to a criticism of what it would have been under purely imaginary circumstances. It is in the same uninspired vein that Mr. Henley protests on his last page against "this crawling astonishment—this voluble admiration" with which the world praises Stevenson "for that, being a stricken man, he would live out his life." A shirtmaker who works to the last is more than his equal, says Mr. Henley. Surely this is less than fair. In praising Stevenson we do no wrong to other stout souls who die in harness; but he did more than struggle to the end for daily bread or for love of his work. Not merely at the moment of his death, but for years before, he stood as it were in the flame, playing the man, and speaking words of great encouragement to all who must suffer. The candle that he lit is not our only light of courage; it is not perhaps so bright as others in our history, but it is one which will not easily be put out, though all the dead man's friends stood round it blowing hot and cold.

Such then is Mr. Henley's case: the witnesses for the defence are many, but we need not call them, for they have given their evidence already, and Mr. Henley has himself admitted the competence of some at any rate among them. "Mr. Sidney Colvin," for example, "contributed to *The Dictionary of National Biography* a model summary of Stevenson's life and achievement." We may add that he also gave to the

world in the last sixteen pages of his "Introduction" to Stevenson's Letters a less summary but still more subtle and exhaustive account of Stevenson's character: an account which is much to the point here, for while it clashes with Mr. Henley's very little on points of fact, the result of the interpretation differs as cloudy opal from common soot. Now in a letter to the Press dated November 30, 1901, Mr. Colvin adds to his previous testimony these words:

Later on, when the present dust has died down, I shall have my last word to say. It will be that of both an earlier and a later friend of Stevenson's than Mr. Henley was, and one whose intimacy with him was at no time broken by misunderstanding. Meantime, the public will do wisely not to let the image they had previously formed of him from his books and his letters be disturbed.

This is our hope also, and our sole object in treating of a painful question in which we have no personal interest. It is no part of our case to defend one man of letters by attacking another: we have sought only to show that Mr. Henley's evidence is weakened by his own admission of a grievance, his own complaint of insults received but not specified, his own manifest prejudice and irrelevancy, which appear, to us at least, no less evident because mingled here and there with laudatory phrases which even "the worser spirit" has been unable to refuse. Whatever may have been the causes which prompted him to come forward on this occasion, we feel sure that one among them—and it is the one on which we prefer to dwell—is an erroneous idea of what the public estimate of Stevenson really is. Not one man or woman in a thousand, we venture to think, looks upon Stevenson as a second Shakespeare, or his books as superior to "Esmond" or "Pickwick"; not one in a thousand is under any temptation to regard him as "an angel clean from Heaven," not one but knows well enough that of his life, as of all lives, a great part "will never get written—even by me" as Mr. Henley says; but though we may agree that the unwritten and unwritable part is very possibly "the most interesting," we do not think the verdict of his fellow

men would ever pronounce it "the best." It has long since been noted that, in the analysis of character, love will sometimes give truer results than a more acid test: the English-speaking world loved Stevenson, of whom it sufficiently knows the best, and can sufficiently infer the worst: as to both best and worst it will probably continue to disagree with Mr. Henley.

ON THE LINE

The House with the Green Shutters. (Macqueen. 6s.)

—The mediæval foreigners who travelled in Scotland spoke of the Scots as an envious people. This feature of the national genius is illustrated by Mr. George Douglas's tale, "The House with the Green Shutters." The book takes a hold of the right reader with such vigour that he can hardly escape from the air of Barbie, and seems to be "an auld residenter" in that unholy rendering of Thrums. The Scot is of his nature a sentimentalist; he loves the tearful death-bed, the virtuous deed, the brave but breaking heart, the glinting burnie, the purple hills :

The auld Scottish kirk, and the bonnets blue,
The peppermint, the plate, the precentor, and the pew,
And to — wi' the Paip in the morning.

Mr. Douglas appears to be intent on showing quite another side of Scottish character than those depicted so tenderly by Mr. Barrie, so tearfully by Mr. Ian Maclaren, "sae rantingly" by Mr. Crockett. He gives us the envyings, jealousies, hatreds, and bitter wounding ironies of a small rural burgh just waking into commercial life. The Black Laird of Ormistoun saw "not two good men nor one good deed" in seven long years in Teviotdale. There are no good men and no good deeds in Barbie. We have here the tragedy of a dull, devilish, yet "Titanic" carrier, John Gourlay, of his slattern wife, his plain "dwining" daughter, and his neurotic son, one-tenth

of him genius, the rest all cowardice, conceit, and sensuality. The "bodies," the small tradesfolk, play the part of Chorus, and are rather more detestable than the protagonists in the green-shuttered House of Atreus. All this does not sound enticing, and the students at Edinburgh University are repulsive in their peculiar brutal way; yet the novel is, in a manner, attractive. Once embarked on it, you go on to the end, so unusual and original is the genius of the author, so intensely vivid is his power of presentation. The book is antagonistic to the endless romances of the briar-bush and the kailyard. Mr. Douglas can obviously enjoy and depict characters and scenes less detestable than those which here he has drawn so well. His is the work of a humorist who is also a scholar, and his next book ought to establish him in a rank of his own, for his first work is almost as rich in promise as in performance.

Sons of the Sword: A Romance of the Peninsular War. By Margaret L. Woods. (Heinemann. 6s.)—Mrs. Woods has chosen a period rich in romance. Her novel deals with the adventures of Angela Dillon—a light-hearted little British subject, detained with others of her fellow countrymen in France, by the orders of Napoleon. Her misfortunes force her to go on the stage and to proceed to places even less fitted to her fortunes. She is a sylph, half-child, half-woman, and even at the close of the book we are not yet sure if she has a soul. Perhaps the author's best passages are those that bring the horrors of war before our eyes, and the descent of the French by night on a small Spanish village is a powerful piece of writing. Mrs. Woods belongs to the scientific rather than to the poetic order of the tellers of romance. Her story depends on outline and accuracy more than on colour and atmosphere. You could have no greater contrast than that between "Sons of the Sword" and "The Fiery Dawn"—the poetic romance which Miss Coleridge has just given us. Miss Coleridge's method of creating truth is to mix it with fancy, and thus unite past and present. Mrs. Woods, in this story

at least, makes truth and reality synonymous and even in the wildest adventures her men and women keep their feet solidly planted in fact. Napoleon figures prominently in her pages and is, indeed, the Destiny of the drama ; but perhaps the time has come for the passing of a law against the appearance of the Bonaparte family in fiction. Mrs. Woods' Napoleon is of the revengeful, irritable sort, with the sweet, magnetic smile in which we cannot possibly believe. Sir John Moore, who is also introduced, has far more vitality. But, happily, the interest centres round the minor and unhistoric characters and there is no one who will not rejoice when Angela is finally rescued by her brother.

He that would not only hear but see **The Seven Lays of Marie de France**—(done into English by Edith Rickert. Nutt. 3s. net.)—let him walk with this charming little book in the Tapestry Court at South Kensington. There—if he stray long enough—if he read at once close and loose enough—he will be carried back into that strange within-doors world, without light, without air, without movement, in which the lady of the Middle Ages lived, to which her lord returned when he was weary of the battle, the chase and the tourney. The scentless flowers grow there ; the deer, the weasel and the falcon, creatures loved of the loom, disport themselves ; pale semblances of men and women, in gorgeous robes, labelled with knightly names, clasp their thin hands. There are no windows in this world ; we never see the sky, and “no birds sing.” Only a nightingale is ill-advised enough to do so—and a jealous husband kills him directly. The husbands are always jealous or else faithless ; the wives are faithless but not at all jealous. They are ever kind and loving to the beautiful ladies who supplant them in their lords' affections. When the lovers die, they are buried thus :

On this same day after dinner [it was “the feast of St. Aaron, which was celebrated in Caerleon and many other cities”], they went to the monastic buildings, and first of all to the chapter house. Here they found a great tomb covered with a spangled silk all bordered with costly gold embroidery. At the

head, at the feet, and at the sides were twenty lighted tapers, in candlesticks of fine gold. The censers, with which for great honour they clouded that tomb all day long, were made of amethyst.

Who was Marie de France? She was a fine lady who knew Latin, English and French. She dedicated her Lays to a "noble King," who may or may not have been Henry II. She translated Æsop's Fables for the benefit of "Count William," who may or may not have been William Longsword, son of Fair Rosamund. She seems to have lived at one time in or near Normandy, at another time over in England. Now and then she smiled at monasteries when she was young, but the smile vanished as she grew old. She says she worked hard, "waked many a night." She says those who were envious of her good work often slandered her. Very likely they did. Across the ages the tinkle of her laughter comes like the sound of the sea in a tiny shell. She had no need to fear her critics. Counts, barons, and knights greatly admired her rhyme, and "held it dear."

They love her writing so much, and take such pleasure in it, that they have it read and often copied. These lays are wont to please ladies, who listen to them with delight, for they are after their own hearts.

Erewhon Revisited. By Samuel Butler. (Grant Richards. 6s.)—The first thing to be said about Mr. Butler is the last thing that is ordinarily said about a contemporary author: he is original. He has something to say and he says it—with sincerity, with simplicity, with considerable subtlety. Readers of the first "Erewhon" will remember Mr. Higgs and his discovery of the Erewhonians. In "Erewhon Revisited" Higgs, after twenty-two years, goes back to Erewhon to find that he himself, since his departure, is worshipped as the divine child of the sun. His sayings have been distorted and added to, and what is now called Sunchildism is generally the exact opposite of all that he taught. He arrives *incognito*, just as a new temple is about to be dedicated to him, is present at the dedication and, unable to endure the lies he hears, interrupts

the preacher, Professor Hanky, and declares himself to be the Sunchild. His imprisonment and the results of his declaration fill the rest of the volume. If Mr. Higgs and his adventures had no inner meaning, they would still hold and absorb us, because, apart from his power of satire, Mr. Butler has the power of telling a story, and because Yram (Higgs' first love) and their son George are fascinating characters. But their creator makes no secret of his intentions and his allegory is as evident as it is biting. He possesses, indeed, an almost classical gift of irony and wields a sharp sword of wit, the more formidable that it is sheathed in a scabbard of amiability. Sometimes he compresses his sarcasm into an epigram, sometimes he allows it to become exuberant. Take, for instance, his description of the Mayor's guests, among whom was :

Dr. Downie, Professor of Logomachy, and perhaps the most subtle dialectician in Erewhon. He could say nothing in more words than any man of his generation. His text-book on the "Art of Obscuring Issues" had passed through ten or twelve editions, and was in the hands of all aspirants for academic distinction. He had earned a high reputation for sobriety of judgment by resolutely refusing to have definite views on any subject. So safe a man was he considered that while still quite young he had been appointed to the lucrative post of Thinker in Ordinary to the Royal Family.

Mr. Butler's wit often takes a graver form, as in the "parable about the wisdom of the children yet unborn, who, though they know so much, yet do not know as much as they think they do."

The unborn children in any city form a population apart, who talk with one another. . . . They have no knowledge, and cannot even conceive the existence of anything that is not such as they are themselves. Those who have been born are to them what the dead are to us. They can see no life in them, and know no more about them than they do of any stage in their own past development other than the one through which they are passing at the moment. They do not even know that their mothers are alive. . . . The great terror of their lives is the fear of birth—that they shall have to leave the only thing that they can think of as life, and enter upon a dark unknown which is to them tantamount to annihilation. . . . Some, indeed, among them have maintained that birth is not the death which they commonly deem it, but that there is a life beyond the womb of which they as yet know nothing, and which is a

million fold more truly life than anything they have yet been able even to imagine. But the greater number shake their yet unfashioned heads and say they have no evidence for this that will stand a moment's examination.

The fantastic and the poet are not incongruous; but the author of "Erewhon" presents the far rarer combination of the fantastic and the man of science. He is a sceptic who wishes to preserve religious ideals, but there is a spring, a freshness—if we may say so—about his scepticism which removes him from his fellow thinkers. An intellectual Quixote, he slashes with his sword of wit in the cause of Truth, though on his way he sometimes knocks down a household god or two. If, as he says in his preface, he belongs to the Broad Church, he should have added that his Church is so broad that it has no boundaries at all. His book is not intended for the orthodox or tender-minded, and they would do well not to read it. But the audience to which it does appeal will not easily forget it.

The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, 1745-1826. Edited by the Countess of Ilchester and Lord Stavorale. (Murray. 32s. net.) It would be hard to find better company than Lady Sarah Lennox, as her letters reveal her to us. She dominates now as she must have done then, and gives us one more proof that death does not exist for fascinating people. She resembles her own "Little Madame Fitz" for she is "like nothing but herself." Tender, brilliant, impressionable, constant, humorous, serious and full of loving courage, she was, perhaps, the most unworldly woman that ever lived in the great world. She seems, indeed, like some meteor that soon grew tired of coruscating and settled contentedly in the heavens as a fixed star. Born in 1745, she was the fourth daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond. The first Lord Holland, who had married her sister, was her uncle; Charles James Fox, four years her junior, was one of her nephews; Lord Edward Fitzgerald was another; she was the betrothed of George III.; she was the mother of the three great Napiers. In youth she lived at Holland House, and at fourteen she burst upon the town.

"Of course one thinks the people sensible that like one," she once wrote, and she had reason to think everybody sensible. Her boon companion, then as later, was the lifelong friend, to whom from her seventeenth to her seventy-third year nearly all her letters were addressed—Lady Susan Fox-Strangways (the daughter of Lord and Lady Ilchester, Lord Holland's brother and sister-in-law), almost as fascinating a woman as Lady Sarah herself. They went out together, "all bonneted and hooded up in public," to "giggle and laugh at the ridiculous people they saw," they discussed the Etonian, Charles James', Latin verses on Lady Susan; they acted tragedies and comedies, with "Charles as Anthony and the Copper Captain." At one moment Lady Sarah is deep in flirtation with her "Ajax," Lord Errol, at another she is deeper in the "Iliad." At fifteen she became engaged to George III., and in the middle of their engagement his betrothal to Princess Charlotte was announced. Lady Sarah, said Lord Holland, cared more for the death of her pet squirrel which occurred at the same time. "I did not love him and only liked him," she wrote, "nor did the title weigh anything with me." She never regretted the throne till the King went mad, when she thought she might have helped him by her devotion. But she often rejoiced she was not Queen, especially at the outbreak of the American war, because she could not have endured to be tied to one who promoted it.

At seventeen she married the handsome, horseracing Sir Charles Bunbury, but space fails to describe, first their happiness, then his repeated absences and Lord William Gordon's passion for her. She left home with Lord William in 1769, but misery of conscience and her friends' persuasions drove her from him and she returned to twelve years' retirement, with her brother, the Duke of Richmond, at Goodwood, in spite of Sir Charles' entreaties, even after their divorce, that she should marry him again. When she was thirty-six (in 1781) she became the wife of George Napier and at last found the real happiness of life—in London lodgings, with the husband

she adored and with five children on £500 a year. The children increased to nine; Colonel Napier's military career was precarious; she lost three daughters and the husband who was more than all; blindness and poverty came upon her; but she felt, enjoyed, understood to the end, measuring the issues of life with a deep and just appreciation. Directly she became poor she gave up "society" for "company," indeed her immense family was a world in itself.

Most of her relations were important in public affairs. "Let us talk," she once wrote, "about that incomprehensible thing, politicks." But for all the "incomprehensible," no one can give a better account of the state of Ireland, or more acutely discern the qualities of the men she came across.

I won't name my brother's politicks to you [she says] because I really do not understand them; but in my poor opinion he wants to *spin* sentiment, which does mighty well in *love*, but not in *politicks*, and he will try to be so very right that he will be *very wrong*.

She hated "Billy Pitt" as much as she loved Fox.

'Tis not possible to know him and not adore him [she writes] . . . Nothing but a supernatural *power* could, I think, make Charles the Guide of Administration, in spite of all the pains he takes to marr the genius that Providence gave him. I am so far from thinking he seeks greatness, that I am sure greatness pursues him into gaming-houses.

And later on: "I had rather be disappointed Sarah Napier than the Cormorant, Mrs. Bouverie, and I love Charles the better for being duped to the end of the chapter." That "end of the chapter" was spent with his wife and Lord Holland, "the Privy Council of his heart," as Lady Sarah calls them; and Mrs. Fox's simple account of her husband's last hours, published in the Appendix, is not the least moving page in these two absorbing volumes.

Lady Sarah confronted her blindness with serene gaiety. "Nor do I," she says, "dwell much on the charms of my cataract, tho' it is *just like the King's*." This was in 1806, two years after her husband's death. Her sons' glories and perils in

the Peninsular war came to give her fresh life. Their subsequent marriages made her last years sweet. "Instead of doating in my old age, I grow wiser by living with young people," she wrote. She had conquered happiness and she kept it to the end; it came in 1826, when she was eighty-one years old.

Lady Ilchester's charming and lucid Preface to the "Life and Letters" adds to our debt of gratitude to her. So do Lord Holland and Mr. Henry Napier's Memoirs of Lady Sarah with which the book begins. So last—and also first—do the beautifully reproduced portraits of which the book is full.

Letters of John Richard Green. Edited by Leslie Stephen. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)—Green's "Short History," if it has not "superseded Hume," has not been superseded, though Bright in his way and Gardiner in his have rehearsed the story of the English nation, and instructed and somewhat wearied their readers. Green never wearied us; and it is refreshing to be reminded, by the publication of his letters, of the indefatigable, unconquerable, cheery little hero, whose personality was as charming as his style, and his conversation as instructive and enlivening as his books, who worked as hard in an East End parish as in the field of history, who sacrificed to conscience the prospect of canonries and deaneries, who had no enemies but disease and a few critics, and whom every one loved that knew him.

Green was not exactly what is called a good letter-writer. He writes without premeditation and without thought of style; he is colloquial and condescends to slang; his facetiousness is sometimes tiresome, as facetiousness generally is; but now and then he warms into eloquence, and when he does so his writing has all the charm of his "Short History," with the added grace of an outburst of spontaneous feeling. Above all, he wrote as he felt and thought; and if he is too much occupied, for the ordinary reader, with questions of the crow-and-kite period, the virtues and vices—if they had any virtues—of the House of

Godwine and the Angevin Kings, we must remember that his chief correspondent was Freeman, and that it argues great detachment of mind to be able to write to Freeman letters so perfectly free from pedantry as these; and, we may add, no inconsiderable courage to take Freeman by the beard so familiarly as he does, and rate him severely (as Mr. Barlow did the bear) about intolerance, wearisome repetition, and want of taste.

The letters give a delightful impression of a perfectly sane mind, full of the enthusiasm of humanity (a phrase not yet stale in the sixties and seventies), devoted to duty, a splendid worker, combining in wholesome proportion the types of the energetic clergyman and the devoted student, precocious and universal in knowledge but never cumbered with learning; a perfect friend, a lover of children, never complaining of labour or the "long disease" of life, nor "looking over the edge of his work," and sighing for a Chair or a Stall. Some of this we might have guessed from the animation and brilliancy of "Little Book" as he lovingly calls it, and from what we have heard of the devotion of such friends as Freeman, Stubbs, Boyd Dawkins, and Bryce; but it comes out with new freshness and reality in this record of a life spent in struggling with illness but never yielding to depression, disappointment, or cares of money, a life supported and exalted by lofty feeling, the love of all beautiful things, and a faith in the goodness that orders the world, and the dignity of human life. "You are a vivid man, as vivid as lightning," Tennyson, who usually hit a nail on the head, said to him; and vividness is his characteristic, in history, in letter-writing, and in conversation. Never was there a scholar with less pretension, never a historian with fewer crotchets or less of dryasdust heaviness. Freeman on the right, Stubbs on the left, *das Weltkind in der Mitte* kept his cheerful path, neither worshipping indifferent heroes like the one, nor enveloped in sheepskins like the other.

Green, like Freeman and Kingsley, to whom he extended more toleration than his severer brethren, believed in the

interference of men and women in the course of history. He was not a scientific historian of the school of Ranke and Seeley. He believed in human beings as factors in the sum, as much as in tendencies and forces economical and social. In politics he was an ardent Radical and Democrat of the sensible sort; in religion, though in later years he seems to have lost courage, he believed much what Broad Church clergymen now believe without rebuke, thanks to the timely boldness of the "Seven against Christianity," Colenso, and Stanley.

The unhistorical reader will skip a good many pages, but he will not wish to put the book down till he has come to the end, and he will be well rewarded for his trouble.

It would be impertinent to praise Mr. Stephen's editing. It is enough to say that the occasional notes give just as much help as is required, and of the right sort, and that the introductory chapters form, taken together, a little masterpiece of biography.

The title of Mr. Bernard Holland's book, *Imperium et Libertas*—(Arnold. 12s. 6*d.*)—sums up happily enough two great ideas which have been the keynote to the history of the foremost states of the world, and which were never more prominent than they are to-day. Confining himself to the concrete instances of the American colonies, of Canada, and of the United Kingdom, Mr. Holland traces in historical detail the growth of the conceptions of autonomy and imperial connection during the past two centuries, shows how the problem of reconciling the two has been dealt with, and with what results, and finally discusses the question of Imperial federation. How shall the Colonies contribute to the cost of the Empire and take part in its councils?

This large subject is treated with admirable lucidity and definiteness. Beginning with the American troubles before the War of Independence, it is made clear how strong and reasonable at that point of history and experience was the English claim to the right of taxation of the Colonies. It

required the eye of a statesman far ahead of his time to perceive the fatal defect in the case, namely, that the Americans had ceased to be Englishmen, barely conscious of the transformation as they were themselves. But the lesson of the struggle was taken to heart, and the constitutional history of Canada impressively illustrates the new phases of political opinion that eventually worked out salvation. The forced recognition of American Independence was followed by a long period of indifference to Colonial affairs. The Canadian crisis of 1838 found the Whig Premier, Lord John Russell, regarding the continuance of the connection with Canada as an open question dependent on certain contingencies. Bitter race hatred prevailed between the French and English. Everything on the Canadian side of the border was backward and lifeless in marked contrast to the flourishing American side. The picture became completely altered with the adoption of Lord Durham's bold reforms, including the principle of Ministerial responsibility to the Assembly, and with Lord Elgin's remarkable administration from 1847 to 1854. By his justice and fortitude Lord Elgin counteracted the movement towards annexation with the United States, and permanently secured the loyalty of the French. Hope and confidence in the future took the place of pessimism, and the doctrine of *laissez-faire* received a death-blow. With the federation of the provinces into the Canadian Dominion in 1867, Lord Durham's scheme was completed.

Fortifying his argument with the colonial example, Mr. Holland approaches the thorny question of Home Rule for the United Kingdom. He condemns both the Irish Home Rule Bills of 1883 and 1896 as hurriedly proposed and impracticable. But with much force and moderation he supports the case for the delegation of provincial business to legislative assemblies for England, Scotland, Ireland, and perhaps Wales.

Mr. Holland passes over well-trodden ground, but his treatment of the subject is fresh, original and suggestive. His

historical narrative, embodied in a singularly attractive style, brings out the salient features of involved transactions with vividness and accuracy. There is nothing of the dry constitutional lawyer about him, and his reasoning is constantly reinforced by appeals to facts and broad human nature. His essential fairness and freedom from party spirit will commend his book to readers of all shades of political opinion. It should do real service in informing public opinion on the great questions with which it deals.

The first volume of **The Oxford History of Music**—(Clarendon Press. 15s. net.)—amply fulfils the promise of the prospectus, which explains the scheme on which the whole history has been undertaken. The custom of dividing the periods of general history according to the reigns of various monarchs has happily been almost entirely given up, and children are no longer led to think that when George III. dies the lesson is over, and a new epoch begins to-morrow morning with the new chapter on George IV. The history of pictorial art has been often treated on more modern principles, but there seems to have been no attempt to write the history of music on any plan but that of a series of biographies of composers, a plan which must lead the average careless reader into the impression that because, for example, we finish reading about Haydn before we begin reading about Beethoven, therefore Haydn's work and career were all over before Beethoven was born. The scheme of the Oxford History, of which Mr. W. H. Hadow is the general editor—both Haydn and Beethoven are to be dealt with by him—is a far more scientific one than this merely biographical plan. The whole space from the earliest times down to the middle of the nineteenth century, has been divided into five great periods, each treated by a different writer. The first of these periods is to occupy two volumes, each of the rest only one; the first, or "Polyphonic Period," is in the hands of Professor Wooldridge, who is no less learned in the older music than he is in matters relating to the sister art of painting; it is

the first part of his work which is now before us, and it is mainly occupied with the close examination and explanation of the principles underlying the earliest specimens of concerted vocal music. The period is one in which many a historian has got hopelessly befogged; the early treatises, as Professor Wooldridge points out, rely in great measure upon their readers' assumed familiarity with a great part of practical music, and therefore much is left quite vague to the modern student. The careful scrutiny to which the treatises have been submitted, and the scholarly comparison of one with another has revealed certain things very remarkably, for one thing, that music which could be referred to some system of measure began in connection with the Church, far earlier than is generally supposed, and that the Reading *rota*, "Sumer is icumen in," is far from being an isolated specimen of antique music that can be appreciated by modern hearers. A most valuable discovery of compositions in various early forms hitherto only known by name, has been made in a MS. in the Laurentian Library at Florence, the contents of which are proved to be identical with those of a series of six volumes which formed part of the musical library of Notre Dame of Paris in the thirteenth century. The identity is proved by an account of the Notre Dame series given by the anonymous author of a treatise *De Mensuris et Discantu* in the British Museum. A series of examples of such things as *Organum purum*, *Organum triplex*, *Conductus quadruplex* appears at the end of Professor Wooldridge's volume, and most interesting they are. It is not easy to make clear how the book has changed the whole aspect of the older music; in the future, specimens of music may be found which may be exceedingly difficult to translate into modern notation, but the system explained in this book is undoubtedly the right one, and the contrast with the vague suppositions of the earlier historians is of the sharpest. The second volume of Professor Wooldridge's portion will not be brought out until after the appearance of some of the volumes dealing with later periods, such as Sir Hubert Parry's promised

treatise on the Monodic Period of the seventeenth century, the volume which is promised next. The book is printed and got up with all the care that we have a right to expect in a work of such importance as the first really scientific history of music the world has seen.

ENGLAND'S ANTIQUATED FINANCE

THE meeting of Parliament in January this year will not, it may be hoped, be its last meeting at that early date. That the session of the House of Commons ends too soon when it closes in August is more than we should say; but it certainly begins too late, and for times crowded with business and disturbed by many anxieties, the conventions of the House are governed too much by the convenience of lawyers who must attend the courts, business-men whose afternoons are claimed either by their head-clerks or Society, and sportsmen who believe in their hearts that England is nowhere better served or more nobly represented than in the hunting-field. It is not, however, to begin a general reform that Parliament is to meet on the 16th of this month, but to deal with a particular need. The expenses of the South African war have continued at a high rate many weeks beyond the margin allowed for them; the war-chest gapes, and of course must be supplied. The call was expected long before it was formally made, and the response will be all the readier because the decline in trade that was looked for seems kindly reluctant. But as so many angry questions can be raised upon a money-vote for the war, we may expect a medley of passionate conflict on the Chancellor's demand instead of the great and necessary debate for which it would be the right occasion.

Yet, courageous as he is, and careful as no other Chancellor

of the Exchequer has been to forewarn the country of its charges and liabilities, it is not unlikely that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach himself shrinks as yet from making a complete exposition of the change that has overtaken England's finance. He wants more money for a war which is enough for him that it is disappointing, becomes vexatious, has already cost an unthought-of number of millions, and still goes on. He may well think that these conditions, and the fact that in its most accessible and productive field taxation was carried very near to its limit last year, are troubles enough for his present occasions. It will hardly be possible for him to provide ways and means for the next fiscal year without opening to view the changed basis of our finance, and he may think no harm of putting off complete revelation and acknowledgment till the sabbath of the South African war arrives.

Yet we shall never get out of our confusions into good working order again until this same changed basis *is* acknowledged, and till all our policies and some of our habits are accommodated to it. Shortly stated, the difference is this. The national finance has passed through one set of conditions into another of a contrary description to which it is unfitted and unequal. For two generations or more our whole financial system, fiscal system, commercial system to a very great extent, rested on a presumption of peace. Not, of course, that the possibility of war was excluded at any time. But in the earlier years of this period we had the guarantee of a relative superiority of strength, an incomparable share of resource, a dominating prestige, and (therefore) an unequalled command of alliances. At a later date the presumption of peace was supported by a vast extension of trade, and favoured by the greatest of all the mistakes, many of them as they were, of philosophising England in the middle decades of the nineteenth century. This was the compound error of assuming as a blessed matter of certainty that the larger intercourse provided by steam would dissipate the animosity of nations, and that the appetite for commerce would banish war. Later, when these

and other such beliefs themselves began to pale, the presumption of peace maintained a trembling existence by taking in the idea of "splendid isolation." For by this time the upgrowth of pushing military States and of more than two or three ambitious navies where they were never dreamt of, had compelled England to renew her fleets. By so much the continuance of war on earth was acknowledged; but the fancy now was that, so panoplied, and yet quite withdrawn from all need and all desire of inclusion in the European system, Britain would serenely fill the round of her great destiny in an awed, unprovoked and unprovoking world. This, however, was not an illusion, like those others, which could be held without misgiving. It came too late to stay long, and went out of existence altogether at about the time of the Japanese-Chinese War. Then came the end of the presumption of peace. Every year since that time has shown more convincingly that a new age of conflict has begun in which every considerable Power in the world takes part or prepares to do so—a conflict which brings in Japanese and Chinese, calls out the great American States, and, so far from respecting England's splendid isolation, will have her for participant or victim as she may choose. It is a state of things in which the war that she is employed upon is but an accident, though an accident which, befalling at a most opportune-inopportune time, hastened the change and smoothed its way.

It would appear, indeed, from much of the controversial speaking and writing in England at present that a return to her old tranquillity is expected when the war is over, and South Africa is in the hands of its reconstructors. It is a vain expectation. The tranquil period was coming to an end when the war broke out. Its outbreak quickened the course of transition from one state of things to another, just as the sudden rise of Japan did more remarkably, and the Cuban expedition hardly less. Projects that were ready to start on all three occasions were put upon the road, and it is idle to suppose that so great and general a movement will be arrested when and

because the South African fight has come to a finish. The presumption of peace breaks down, with every fact, every theory, every dream that sustained it. That it was acted upon till these facts and theories and dreams gave way is, of course, no matter for regret. We have seen that there was a long season, most fruitful in opportunities of prospering, when it was quite safe and immensely profitable to build on the presumption of peace. As long as it remained a secure basis of conduct in public affairs it had no fault, except its aptitude for passing into a religion and being thought meritorious to all who held to it. Outlasting the thing itself, these superstitions did a deal of harm, and linger still to little good. But even though the seas swarmed with home-coming troop-ships from the Cape, no British statesman in his senses would build now upon a presumption of peace. Its foundations have gone. In a survey of the whole world mortal eye can hardly find a nation or a people that is not preparing offensively or defensively for an era of contention. We have now to go upon a presumption of war, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and all.

But Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is at the head of that department of State control which makes the least acknowledgment of this pregnant change. Recognising it more clearly, perhaps, than they choose to tell, the Governments (I say Governments because it is but fair to remember that a Liberal Administration did its part)—the Governments sanction great additions to the navy; and the ships being built, and the bills for them being sent in, Sir Michael pays the bills. Lord Wolseley's persistence brought about a certain strengthening of the army some time before it was unintentionally engulfed in South Africa; and the expense of that useful if insufficient improvement was defrayed by the Treasury—most likely without protest. Scores of millions have been provided for the actual operations of war extending over more than two years; and all this has been done under a financial system narrowed to suit perpetual peace conditions.

The Treasury still works by the machinery of Mr.

Gladstone's finance, which from the first included war only as a diminished and diminishing contingency. Not the most useful but the most remarkable thing about his first great Budget (1853) was a scheme for extinguishing income-tax, which demanded for its completion (the plan, I mean) unbroken peace for seven years certain, and of course for some years afterward if there was to be any enjoyment of its benefits. In the following year (1854) the Crimean War broke out, to the immediate destruction of Mr. Gladstone's scheme but not of his prepossessions. Mr. Sydney Buxton, his historian as financier, writes: "He was, perhaps, too much inclined to believe that, as he said in 1862, 'we have sown our wild oats long ago,' and that the national debt would never be again appreciably increased." To his fancy, the Crimean War was the last wild-oat sowing of any breadth, and he had some reason for thinking so in the effect which the blunders and failures of that war, the disgrace and the punishment of them in high places, had upon official minds. Personal dread of responsibility for war, and the worry, the distress, the reproach that attends upon what is often a leap in the dark, had a strongly deterrent effect on British ministers long after the campaign was closed that inspired it; and this was not altogether a bad thing at a time when England had very little to fear from aggression, and might be tempted by the consciousness of superior strength to aggress. But the same shrinking, as a like consequence of a similar cause, would be a very different thing for an England surrounded by the friendly Powers that we see about us, all willing to apply the "squeeze" to any extent that a war-weary Government is likely to endure.

Nothing of that sort, however, came into Mr. Gladstone's view in the sixties of the last century, when his political anticipations were embodied in our still-existing system of finance. Our wild oats had been sown; statesmanship had sickened of its wars of political strategy; commerce was in the way of abolishing all wars; and the financier could therefore go to work without much apprehension of those violent dis-

turbances which strained taxation and piled up mountains of debt. When a multitude of petty unremunerative imposts had been abolished, and their vexation with them, others might be removed to simplify the work of the Exchequer; and when that was done, yet other channels of revenue might be closed for high moral reasons. These may be described as reserve-sources, which in peace-time might be drawn upon for no more than would keep them open profitably, but capable in war-time of rendering a considerable yield by means that the people were accustomed to. There lay the provocation to cut them off: "means that the people are accustomed to." In a speech addressed to a wise purpose (in 1854) Mr. Gladstone said: "The expenses of a war are the moral check which it has pleased the Almighty to impose upon the ambition and the lust of conquest that are inherent in so many nations." If so, a people should not be used to reserve-sources of war expense; for thus the appointed check is weakened. Wherever they exist they ought to be abolished, so that the nation shall feel the shock as of a new and strange impost if those channels of taxation are ever re-opened to feed a war. So as to the people; but their Governments should be similarly put in check. For (to repeat what I have said once before) since it is much more difficult to impose new taxes or to reimpose abandoned ones than to increase such as the people are accustomed to, closing up the channels of indirect supply would discourage the thought in Tory minds, put off its beginnings, embarrass its consequences, and so assist the precious influences of Trade to abolish war altogether.

Such were the conditions and assumptions, all changed or destroyed, which shaped the financial system in use to-day. In its first work of extinguishing a multitude of small vexatious taxes it remains good; and if England stood in the same conditions now as then, and if the belief in Commerce as peace-angel had not been a total mistake, it would be good altogether still. But the conditions have entirely changed; the belief proves to have been the reverse of true; and the

complete inapplicability of the Gladstonian system of finance in our day appears from the fact that all provision for perilous wars of defence is absent. Inasmuch as it entered into the architecture of that system, Mr. Gladstone's idea of war seems to have been that England's position in the world made it for her a matter of choice, adventure, or at the worst of management. When he cuts off and otherwise embarrasses the supply of war expenses, he considers that he is aiding the operation of the moral checks appointed by Providence to cure passionate and aggressive impulses to war. He does not consider that he is also hampering the means of life-or-death defence against aggression, for that was nowhere in the prospect for England when he went to the Exchequer, and his theories forbade him to think of it as anything more than a perishing as well as an absent probability. And so we see that the foundations of his finance, or the main of them, have disappeared; a complete change of circumstance demands others such as he rejected; but still Sir Michael Hicks-Beach goes on upon his Gladstonian scheme of finance.

There are explanations of the fact, of course. We have named one in saying that the peace presumption passed into a religion, akin to which is the natural hesitation to act upon an appearance of changed conditions before they are well proved. It is a prudent hesitation, but I cannot help thinking that if politics were more a matter of business and less a matter of sentiment, it is a hesitation that would be ended by this time. Because the South African war has violently upset the national finance, there seems to be a common disposition to date our change of circumstances from two years since; and upon that, where that idea exists, it is reasonable to argue that two years of trouble with an exceptional event is not warrant enough for a financial revolution. But that is not the view that can be taken by anybody with a continuous interest in affairs and acquaintance with them. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's third war-budget, supposing it to be the last of the series, will bring him no nearer to a return to the peace budgets of a bygone day.

As we have already said, England had lived for several years before 1898 in a presumption of war which the fighting in South Africa does not fulfil and will not put an end to when it terminates. This war is an affair entirely independent of a complex situation of uncertainty, of menace, sprung from the creation of new desires, needs, impulses, ambitions in all the greater nations, of which we were fully aware when Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Kruger were only sparring in despatches. All that the war has to do with these wider troubles is to hasten their advance, deplete in some degree the treasury means of meeting them, sharpen the appetites of rivalry, and bring out the unfriendly *animus* of foreign peoples and Governments against this much too much-possessing empire.

But these consequences should determine the King's Government to put the country in a state of complete preparation to face the new future now begun; and this cannot be done with a financial programme framed upon assumptions of perpetual peace. It was laid out for peace budgets of the kind contemplated by Mr. Gladstone, and there can be no more of such budgets for an incalculable time, whether long or short by historical estimate. By no fault of her own—nor by any fault of her upstarting rivals, if it comes to that—England is in a state of war quite independently of the South African campaigning, and sure to outlast it. The multiplication of great States, each with a multiplication of domestic wants and “world-Power” cravings, and also with ever-multiplying ships and battalions to back their desires—these developments force England into a defensive position without choice and without power of avoidance; neither can she, by wish or will, limit the call it may make on her exertions and resources.

By that fact alone the unwisdom of still carrying on the financial government of the country by the choked and narrowed Gladstonian system is displayed. Fact it is, and, obviously, it signifies a state of things in which every convenient resource should be open, practised, freed as prudence dictates from the stoppage which may have been wholesome

enough against wars of aggression but are not against wars of defence. Time was when, looking tranquilly across the narrow seas, we could pity the continental peoples for that war or preparedness for war was the predominant consideration in taxation and national finance. Whether we choose to acknowledge it or not, that is now England's situation. Events undreamt of till lately have drawn her into what we used to call the mad competition of armaments—not as choosing to compete but on compulsion, and not with any freedom to compete under reserves and limitations. There is no saying, for example, that we will not go beyond a hundred or a hundred and fifty millions worth of defence. The cost of preparing adequately for defensive wars is beyond our powers of determination. It must be whatever is determined by the forces that threaten attack. Since we cannot regulate the armaments of hostile nations we must allow them to regulate ours, and to do so without any limit of cost except such as a just calculation may suggest, that economy of means may contrive or the sum of our resources impose. Read these truisms into the facts and portents of the time; make all allowance for the verdict of experience (unconfirmed in South Africa, however) that things usually turn out better than they promise; at the same time remember that a policy of concession is no lasting substitute for defence; consider also that if we are to be treated to a general "squeeze" we shall be no more able to choose the times of application than to measure beforehand the necessary means of resistance, and then say if it is reasonable to continue for twelve months longer a presumption-of-peace system of national finance.

It should not be surprising if the hostility of many Englishmen to the South African war, or rather the regret and apprehension it causes them, is occasioned by the advantage it gives to rising, crowding rivalries far more menacing than any at the Cape. And if this feeling becomes stronger as the war grows longer, it is not so much because of the leakage from the war-chest by what may be considered a by-channel, nor the

strain upon recruiting which may have other calls upon it, nor even the exhaustion of the first enthusiasm which carries a fighting people so far. What is feared, rather, is the wearing, worrying effect of such a war upon official personages—the engendering of a strong disposition before the end of it to endure almost any loss, make almost any concession, rather than take the risk of passing at once into another great conflict. It is not in human nature and a Constitutional Government to be free from such a disposition in such circumstances. It is insupposable that our foreign friends, who are human also, do not speculate on this effect and propose to trade upon it. They are even encouraged from England to do so, and that by some of her best Imperialists. See them, in the midst of our South African troubles, on their knees to the Czar for an impossible peace-agreement: what can be the Muscovite interpretation of such an attitude at such a time? Hear them declare England's satisfaction at the prospect when it is whispered that Russia intends to seize this excellent opportunity for planting herself on the Persian Gulf. What can be thought of such protestations in Russia (and in other countries) but that they are meant to forestall, by a display of pleased anticipation, "developments" which are felt to be irresistible? This is not the way to discourage the anticipated "squeeze," and we have no right to suppose that the Government takes to it, glad as any British Government would be of a long spell of tranquillity from this day forward if not too dearly bought. But even supposing England condemned for a time to a policy of concession (I do not say she is, but the conditions are such that the situation is conceivable), it must be carried on upon a changed footing or it will be a policy of concession for all time. So changed is the world we live in as a people that we can have no release from the obligation of concession, and again concession, unless by accepting the fate of the continental nations and becoming a militant Power such as we have pitied them for being. It must be the one choice or the other; and any man with an eye for affairs can see that what is in reality

the only choice cannot be declared too soon, or demonstrated rather.

And who is to do that if not Sir Michael Hicks-Beach? We speak of demonstration because nothing less should be aimed at, and no minister can go so near the mark as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. War secretaries announce great reforms and promise extraordinary vigour; the foreign Governments are unmoved. The Admiralty adds fleet to fleet; at the same time concession follows concession. The Foreign Secretary, the Prime Minister himself, might issue the loftiest speeches, the most resolute despatches, and were there half a dozen such in a month they would not equal in effect a forty-minute discourse from Sir Michael Hicks-Beach announcing that the fiscal arrangements of Great Britain are to be modified, and precisely why. Dull as our British wits may be (says Sir Michael), and apt as they are to be blinded by self-confidence, we cannot fail to understand such times as these. Though slow to speak of it, slow to act upon our perceptions, we see as others do the working of a mighty change in all the four quarters of the world, and we understand as well as others do that England cannot escape its touch, because the foundations of her empire are laid in all the four quarters of the world. It is a change that has already gone far enough to assure us that a long day of conflict has begun—a fight of attack for most other nations, a defensive fight for England. As such it is every man's business: even a part of his own domestic affairs. Therefore it can be thought no hardship that all Englishmen must prepare to take a larger share in the war-charges of the Empire, and to this end a fiscal system which has definitely changed its character must allow itself to be improved. Good for peace times, bad and even impossible for prolonged times of conflict, we must begin to modify it. Nothing like the existing balance of direct and indirect taxation can be maintained if resistance to the attack prepared by circumstance and our neighbours is to begin hopefully and continue sturdily. Sources of revenue which were closed

because they were not needed must be re-opened because they are needed, and because nobody in England is content that she should submit to the hustling and ousting appointed for her by the taller champions in the new struggle for empire.

Did Sir Michael Hicks-Beach speak in this tone when next he instructs the country in the state of its finances he would but anticipate the necessity of doing so, and meanwhile produce a better effect abroad than any other minister by any other sort of harangue. Possibly he may think as he goes through his accounts for Budget-night that the necessity of so speaking has already arrived. When he was similarly engaged last year it was thought that he would recognise that the time had come for "widening the bases of taxation" (quite a common phrase at that period), and the need of it was less apparent then than it is now. Under a far greater addition to debt than he calculated for, with a much enlarged bill to meet for civil expenses in South Africa (they constantly accumulate at home), we are moving into a year no less dark than that which we have just travelled through. Mr. Brodrick's army-reforms, or others more to the purpose, are as imperatively needed as before; every substantial reason for strengthening the navy becomes more impressive; and there are market-signs portentous of the inevitable time (for that is what a universal, science-aided competition for trade will come to), when the nations of the world will make a scanty living by buying each other's superfluous manufactures at a sacrifice. That Sir Michael Hicks-Beach can think of adding to the income tax in order to reduce debt, or that he can be content to carry this enhanced debt into a future so uncertain rather than revive some part of the supply that peace can do without, appears hardly credible. Yet we know that party-considerations will work upon even the best regulated Cabinets; we know that the economic doctrine which includes the suppression of indirect taxes remains a popular superstition feared by Tory Governments; and it is not known (or is not when this paper is written) that Liberals with Lord Rosebery's sense of the lurking troubles of the Empire are

willing to unseal the fountains of supply which Mr. Gladstone closed, or any of them. Therefore we must be prepared to forgive Sir Michael if on this occasion also he puts off the day for attempting any considerable draughts from indirect sources of taxation. But if that must be his course we should look to our most serviceably candid of Chancellors for a clear expository warning, uttered at length, that unless the whole prospect of the time is illusion, the day is at hand when the finance of the country must be accepted as on a war-footing, and as demanding the proper reforms.

And we would have him do more than this; for he is a man whom the country will listen to on such subjects as it will to no one else, and it terribly needs the further warning that the conditions which compel so great an enlargement of State expenditure call loudly for certain economies. The Prince of Wales, in a speech at the Guildhall, uttered a most effective word in that way; for as we stand in the world nowadays it is not only "business," it is patriotic work to amend the economies of the factory. There is no better politician in private life than the man who does so, and does it well; and it is certain that at a fortunate moment when most British manufacturers had got an inkling of that circumstance, those few words from the Prince's lips gave the good work a telling impetus. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach might do the same thing with another order of economies. Placing in clearer view the fact that our whole system of finance is subject to the imposition of great, imperative, and unmeasurable charges, the wisdom of restricting all controllable expenditure should be an easy argument. At present the universal practice seems to be exactly contrary *because* we are at war. Recklessness of expenditure on the war has not only an air of patriotism, of greatness, but actually has those qualities; and the air and the actuality together have brought out the state of mind in which prodigality appears high and glorious. That is seen everywhere, I think, in all public and private undertakings, in the display of society in its higher ranks, and probably in the

conduct of its lower ranks. We may almost take it for granted that the same spirit runs freely in most departments of the public service, and there is certainly no sign of a check upon the vast expenditure of municipalities. They borrow as gaily and spend as magnificently as ever—piling up, for purposes of use and benefit mostly, we must allow, but also for others which are luxurious or superfluous, millions of public debt under the gentle designation of local expenditure. In effect it is national debt, and it had risen at the close of 1899 to more than 276 millions, not far from half the amount of the National Debt of the United Kingdom in the same year. By this time probably a charge of 300 millions has accumulated in local loans, to be met as the King's taxes are, whatever the disturbance of trade, and whatever the demands of the Exchequer may be meanwhile. Take what view we may of the political outlook—and at any rate the actual addition to debt, an ascertained enhancement of current charges, are not matters of opinion—it should certainly teach the municipalities to withhold the borrowing hand till we see our way more clearly. And if, while urging this lesson, Sir Michael would preach to wealth the patriotism of moderating for a time its infectious habits of luxury and display, he might possibly fail in his first intention and yet find that his counsels had fallen by the wayside on more fruitful because more barren ground.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

BRITISH COMMERCE

1881-1900

SO many conflicting statements are constantly made with regard to the present condition of the foreign trade of the United Kingdom, that readers who desire to know the truth must be considerably puzzled where to find it.

For example. The author of "Drifting" says that we are going fast along the road to ruin: Lord Salisbury quotes the opinion of "the merchant pryncedom" to the effect that British commerce is quite healthy. One writer asserts that the Americans and the Germans are taking our foreign markets from us: another pooh-poohs the statement and says that the advance of our rivals from a very backward trading-position does good to them without harming us. British consuls are constantly sending reports to the Foreign Office directing attention to alleged defects in our commercial methods which, they say, enable our rivals to take our trade: other writers point to the signs of increased ease and comfort in the life of the people, and insist that never were we more prosperous than we are now. And so the strife goes on between statement and counter-statement: both—usually—made with sincerity, but both, too often, mixed with exaggeration, with misperception of the facts of the case, or with inaccuracy, due to inexperience in handling a very complex problem. Energy is wasted, and much doubt is created as to our true position.

The present account is in no sense controversial. The writer of it has no initial desire to prove anything. He desires

to state certain facts, truly and clearly, after having devoted more than one year to the examination of the trade-records of the United Kingdom and of the world's trading countries, and to the consideration of the whole matter. He is not inconsiderably guarded against error by the fact that, for more than twenty years, he has been accustomed professionally to handle many matters of actuarial or statistical complexity. These words, by way of justification for the present attempt to throw useful and truly focused light upon this important part of the nation's life—its foreign commerce.

The period chosen for observation consists of the twenty years 1881-1900. Writing late in the year 1901, the facts are not known beyond the year 1900, and a clear run of twenty years is chosen, without any selection of good or bad years (a common defect in many controversial statements), in order that the condensed results to be shown may rest upon a broad fact-base, and also because the commerce-extension of the United States may be said to date from about 1880.

A.—THE VALUE OF THE TOTAL IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF MERCHANDISE INTO AND FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM DURING 1881-1890 AND DURING 1891-1900.

Period.	Imports.	Exports.	Excess of Imports over Exports.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
1881-1890	3947	2970	977
1891-1900	4461	3005	1456
Increase during 1891-1900	514	35	—

The above exports include exports from the United Kingdom of foreign and colonial produce previously imported. They are termed "general exports," as distinct from "special exports," which mean exports of British produce only. No bullion is included.

The excess of imports over exports was 97·7 millions per year during 1881–1890, and 145·6 millions per year during 1891–1900. This largely increased “balance of trade” is regarded by some eminent economists as a sure measure of our prosperity, while other discriminating persons doubt the validity of this statement.

Much vagueness seems to exist in many minds as to how the great excess of imports is paid for. Our imports have for many years been paid for by the following things :

- (1) Our exports.
- (2) Our income from investments of British capital in foreign countries.
- (3) Our earnings as a sea-carrier.

Items (2) and (3) can only be approximately valued, and the large increase in our imports taken with the small increase in our exports causing the excess of imports to become larger and larger, many persons doubt whether we are still wholly paying for our imports by the three things named above, or whether a fourth way of payment has not become operative, namely :

- (4) By realisation of our foreign investments.

Here again, a really conclusive test cannot be applied. As regards the large increase in the excess of our imports over our exports, from and to the United States, there seems to be some reason to believe that these imports from the United States have been partly paid for by realisation of some British capital invested in American railways. But taking our imports as a whole, it is not probable that item (4) has become operative.

Of course, item (4) above is not a legitimate way of paying for our imports. It would mean—if operative—that our consumption of imports is partly paid for out of capital, and not as it should be wholly out of earnings. Sir Robert Giffen has often stated that we do not pay for our imports out of capital. This authority is of excellent quality

but, notwithstanding, there *is* a base of fact for the existence of reasonable doubt concerning the true meaning of the great and growing excess of our imports over our exports. The economic maxim that an excess of imports is a sure sign of prosperity is not universally true—the large excess of exports over imports in the United States is one notable contradiction—and, from the point of view of abstract consideration, the late Stanley Jevons wrote some luminous words concerning the unwisdom of assuming that what has been will continue to be.

Coming now to our exports of British produce—our special exports, with which we are more nearly concerned than with our general exports—the facts are as follow :

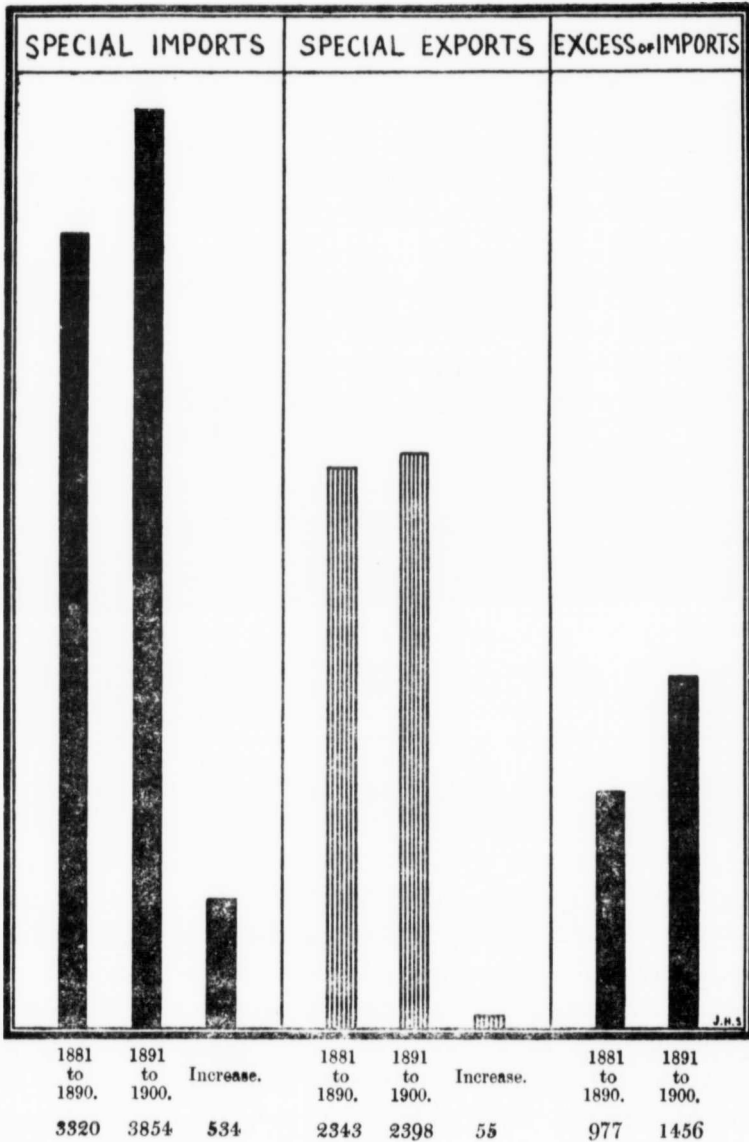
B.—THE VALUE OF THE SPECIAL IMPORTS AND SPECIAL EXPORTS INTO AND FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM DURING 1881-1890 AND DURING 1891-1900.

Merchandise. (No Bullion included.)

Period.	Special Imports.	Special Exports.	Excess of Special Imports over Special Exports.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
1881-1890 . . .	3320	2343	977
1891-1900 . . .	3854	2398	1456
Increase during 1891-1900	534	55	—

Special imports are imports for home consumption. They are not separately shown in British returns, and the above special imports have been obtained by deducting from the total imports in A the “re-exports”—as they are officially termed—namely, the exports of foreign and colonial goods previously imported.

Thus, statement B shows our imports for home consumption, and our exports of home production, the excess of imports over exports being the same as in statement A, for



The Value of the Special Imports and Special Exports into and from the United Kingdom during 1881-1890 and during 1891-1900. Stated in millions sterling. Special Imports are imports for home consumption; Special Exports are exports of British production.

the same thing has been deducted from both imports and exports, namely, the exports of foreign and colonial merchandise.

But the excess of imports in B is greater than in A, relatively to the exports. During 1881-1890, the yearly excess of special imports was 97·7 millions, as compared with 234·3 millions of special exports. During 1891-1900, the yearly excess of special imports was 145·6 millions, as compared with 239·8 millions of special exports.

Such an excess of imports is not approached by any other country. If it is indeed "the measure of our prosperity," then must we be most prosperous and increasingly prosperous. But if we suspect that an economic maxim is being unduly stretched in its application, then the above results do at least suggest that we may usefully look into the details of our special exports. An increase in special exports, from 2343 millions during 1881-1890 to 2398 millions during 1891-1900, is a yearly increase of only $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions per year; the corresponding increase in special imports being nearly $53\frac{1}{2}$ millions per year.

And there is one very important fact to be observed in regard to even this small increase in our special exports, namely, the great increase in the exports of coal. If we deduct from our special exports, the exports of coal, the results are as follow:

C.—THE VALUE OF THE SPECIAL EXPORTS FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Distinguishing Exports of Coal.

Period.	Special Exports. (See B.)	Exports of Coal.	Special Exports, not including Coal.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
1881-1890	2343	125	2218
1891-1900	2398	210	2188
Increase during 1891-1900	55	85	—
Decrease during 1891-1900	—	—	30

Thus, excluding coal, all our other special exports decreased by 30 millions during 1891-1900, as compared with 1881-1890; a yearly decrease of 3 millions in exports other than coal, against a yearly increase of $53\frac{1}{2}$ millions in special imports; our imports of coal being a negligible quantity.

We may bear in mind that coal is really a part of our national capital which cannot be replaced; our exports of coal are not in the same category as the exports of our industry. And all these exports (excluding coal) were worth to us 30 millions less during 1891-1900 than they were worth ten years previously.

This fact points to the existence of some weak places in our articles of exports. The alteration in the selling price of this or that article does not account for this decrease of 30 millions. Even if it did, the fact would remain that the exported results of our industry during 1891-1900 were worth to us 30 millions less than during 1881-1890, while our home-wants (special imports) cost us 534 millions more than they cost us in 1881-1890.

Indeed, and as regards this matter of alteration in selling price (whether the price rises or falls), we ought really to let this factor come into the account in place of trying to eliminate it, when we are comparing our imports and our exports and when we are comparing our foreign trade with that of other nations. In this connection, the alteration of the selling or the buying price of this or that article is one of the results of competition, and if we think carefully about this, we shall not improbably come to the conclusion that this factor of varying price ought to be retained, and not got rid of by the arbitrary economic device of "index numbers," &c. Persons who may still adhere to the plan of eliminating fluctuation in prices must bear in mind that our imports as well as our exports have fluctuated in price. And a comparison between the average price of our imports and the average price of our exports during 1881-1900, will not, it is suggested, be helpful in making out a strong case for those who are bent upon taking

a controversial view of this matter of British commerce. Moreover, as we use our exports as payment in part for our imports, the fact, that, as regards certain articles, we now make a larger quantity than in earlier years, but which larger quantity is of less money-value to us than the smaller quantity previously made, this fact does not help us in any way in the actual payment for our imports, many of which have also decreased in price.

In other words, if we are to adjust the selling-value of our exports in accordance with fluctuation in price, we must also adjust the buying-value of our imports in accordance with fluctuation in price. But, as stated, thoughtful consideration of the matter negatives the wisdom of any attempt at such adjustment, as tending to eliminate one of the salient factors of commercial competition.

If, on the other hand, we desire to examine the quantity of this or that article exported during different periods we must regard quantity only, and ignore all money values. This is a useful procedure, but it is not nearly so important in connection with a comparison of imports and exports, and as regards a comparison of international commerce, as a consideration of the actual value of this or that commodity to the nation who bought or sold it—letting that actual value receive the full influence of any alteration in the buying or the selling price.

Both investigations have been made for the purpose of this account. First, our special exports are shown in detail as regards their value to us as sellers; and second (in the Appendix), our special exports are shown in detail as regards the quantity we produced. The facts for the whole twenty years have been tabulated for each article of export with regard to both value and quantity.

D.—THE VALUE OF THE SPECIAL EXPORTS FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM, DURING 1881-1890 AND DURING 1891-1900.

Articles that Fell in Value.

Articles.	Export Value during 1881-1890.	Export Value during 1891-1900.	Fall during 1891-1900.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
Cotton manufactures, including yarn and twist	727·79	666·96	60·83
Metals: Iron and steel	267·92	238·77	29·15
Woollen and worsted manufactures, including yarn	235·29	212·05	23·24
Linen manufactures, including yarn	64·90	58·76	6·14
Leather, wrought and unwrought	40·07	38·51	1·56
Machinery: Steam engines	36·45	34·18	2·27
Metals: Copper, wrought and unwrought	33·12	30·33	2·79
Hardware and cutlery	32·43	20·95	11·48
Jute manufactures, including yarn	25·87	25·59	·28
Silk manufactures, including silk thrown, twist, and yarn	29·56	18·62	10·94
Earthen and china ware, including manufactures of clay	23·26	21·80	1·46
Haberdashery and millinery	28·62	15·43	13·19
Alkali	19·16	15·18	3·98
Beer and ale	17·40	16·10	1·30
Paper and pasteboard, other than hangings	14·12	13·64	·48
Oil, seed	15·41	11·17	4·24
Hats of all sorts	11·92	11·31	·61
Skins and furs	11·92	10·86	1·06
Glass of all sorts	10·46	8·77	1·69
Cement	9·69	7·33	2·36
Wool: Sheep and lambs'	9·20	7·57	1·63
Bags and sacks, empty	9·20	4·84	4·36
Sugar, refined	8·11	5·68	2·43
Furniture, cabinet and upholstery wares	6·89	5·63	1·26
Metals: Lead, pig, sheet, and pipe, and other manufactures	6·20	5·89	·31
Salt	5·88	5·09	·79
Umbrellas and parasols	5·56	5·11	·45
Metals: Tin, unwrought	5·18	4·92	·26
Bleaching materials	5·13	4·46	·67
Wood and timber, manufactured; staves and empty casks, and unenumerated	4·50	4·32	·16
Rags and other materials for paper	4·76	3·32	1·44
Wool: Flocks and rag-wool	3·91	3·48	·43

Articles that Fell in Value.—(continued.)

Articles.	Export Value during 1881-1890.	Export Value during 1891-1900.	Fall during 1891-1900.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
Stones and slates	3·65	3·53	·12
Musical instruments	2·19	1·82	·37
Clocks and watches	2·05	·83	1·22
Butter	1·78	·81	·97
Cheese	·54	·40	·14
Total of the above Articles that Fell	1740·09	1544·03	196·06 (A Fall)
Total of the Articles that Rose, <i>see</i> E	602·97	854·26	251·29 (A Rise)
Total Special Exports, <i>see</i> B	2343·06	2398·29	55·23 (A Rise)

The above articles are arranged in the order of their export value during 1881-1900. They include all the articles whose export value fell during 1891-1900, the total fall being 196 millions, or nearly 20 millions per year.

It should be noted that the results in D have been obtained by tabulating the export value of every article of export during the ten years 1881-1890, and during the ten years 1891-1900. This plan is much more stable as a fact-base than the more common and much quicker method of comparing two years only, separated by an interval of ten years. Here, for each article, we have the results for the whole twenty years 1881-1900.

The articles of special export that rose in value are as follow :

E.—THE VALUE OF THE SPECIAL EXPORTS FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM, DURING 1881-1890 AND DURING 1891-1900.

Articles that Rose in Value.

Articles.	Export Value during 1881-1890.	Export Value during 1891-1900.	Rise during 1891-1900.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
Coals, &c.	124·71	209·92	85·21
Machinery: Other than steam engines	85·87	119·93	34·06
Apparel and slops	42·14	47·73	5·59
Chemical products and preparations and dye-stuffs	23·53	34·28	10·75
Manures	19·08	21·62	2·54
Fish	17·83	22·05	4·22
Arms and ammunition	16·70	19·80	3·10
Painters' colours and materials	13·54	16·34	2·80
Spirits	9·62	16·85	7·23
Yarn, alpaca, and mohair, and other sorts unenumerated	10·73	15·56	4·83
Pickles, vinegar, sauces, and condiments	12·57	12·93	·36
Carriages & waggons, railway, & parts thereof	12·51	12·70	·19
Books, printed	11·92	13·28	1·36
Telegraphic wire and apparatus	12·52	12·62	·10
Caoutchouc, manufactures of	10·46	12·62	2·16
Implements and tools of industry	9·05	13·25	4·20
Medicines	9·18	10·81	1·63
Provisions not otherwise specified	9·46	9·82	·36
Stationery other than paper	8·79	9·24	·45
Oil and floor-cloth	6·57	9·34	2·77
Soap	4·74	7·40	2·66
Biscuits and bread	5·80	6·01	·21
Animals: Horses	5·45	6·34	·89
Grease, tallow, and animal fat	4·12	6·54	2·42
Corn	4·28	5·19	·91
Metals: Brass of all sorts	4·09	4·90	·81
Cordage and twine	4·20	4·36	·16
Plate and plated ware	3·55	3·77	·22
Clay, unmanufactured	2·14	3·66	1·52
Pictures	2·86	2·89	·03
Candles	1·91	3·56	1·65
Seeds of all sorts	2·31	2·71	·40
Metals: Zinc, wrought and unwrought	1·16	1·50	·34
Total of the above Articles that Rose	513·39	699·52	186·13
All other Articles that cannot be separately examined, not included in D or E	89·58	154·74	65·16 (A Rise)
Total of all Articles that Rose	602·97	854·26	251·29 (A Rise)
Total of all Articles that Fell, <i>see</i> D	1740·09	1544·03	196·06 (A Fall)
Total Special Exports, <i>see</i> B	2343·06	2398·29	55·23 (A Rise)

The group "All other articles that cannot be separately examined" includes articles of small value, and articles whose export value is not separately recorded during the whole period 1881-1900. This group also includes the value of "ships and boats (new) with their machinery" which, prior to 1899, were not included in the exports: the value of this item was 18 millions. Thus, the rise of 65 millions in this group, during 1891-1900, is over-stated to the extent of 18 millions. This over-statement of 18 millions in the rise in export value also applies to the rise of 55 millions in the total special exports, *see* B.

These Tables D and E show in condensed detail all the articles of our export trade; whose export value during 1881-1900 was 4741 millions. Of all these articles, there were thirteen whose export value during 1881-1900 exceeded 50 millions. Here is a statement of these thirteen leading articles, extracted from Tables D and E:

F.—THE THIRTEEN LEADING ARTICLES OF EXPORT,
1881-1900.

Articles (50 millions or more during 1881-1900).	Export Value during 1881-1900.	Fall during 1891-1900 as com- pared with 1881-1890.	Rise during 1891-1900 as com- pared with 1881-1890.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
Cotton manufactures and yarn	1394.75	60.83	—
Metals: Iron and steel	506.69	29.15	—
Woollen and worsted manufactures and yarn	447.34	23.24	—
Coals	334.63	—	85.21
Machinery: Other than steam engines	205.80	—	34.06
Linen manufactures and yarn	123.66	6.14	—
Apparel and slops	89.87	—	5.59
Leather, wrought and unwrought	78.58	1.56	—
Machinery: Steam engines	70.63	2.27	—
Metals: Copper, wrought and unwrought	63.45	2.79	—
Chemical products, &c.	57.81	—	10.75
Hardware and cutlery	53.38	11.48	—
Jute manufactures and yarn	51.46	2.8	—
Total of the above Thirteen Articles	3478.05	137.74	135.61
All other Articles	1263.30	58.32	115.68
Total Special Exports, 1881-1900, <i>see</i> B	4741.35	(Fall) 196.06	(Rise) 251.29
A rise of 55.23 millions.			

We see that nine of these thirteen leading articles fell, and that four rose in export value during 1891-1900. The largest rise or fall was the rise of 85 millions in coal, and we again note that but for this rise of 85 millions in coal, the rise of 55 millions in our total special exports would have been a fall of 30 millions in all exports other than coal.

But we have to consider also what the exports during 1891-1900 should have been had they advanced in accordance with the growth of the population of the United Kingdom. There is another gauge of "expected" exports, which is, perhaps, a better one than the population gauge, namely, the "expected" exports during 1891-1900, based upon the growth in imports of all other countries in the world during those ten years. If other countries, buyers, were not buying so largely from all sources during 1891-1900 as during 1881-1890, then we may reasonably expect to see our export trade flag during those ten years. For this purpose the imports of all nations of the world have been tabulated during two periods of ten years each. But first we apply the usual population test.

The population of the United Kingdom during 1891-1900 was 9 per cent. greater than during 1881-1890. Thus we "expect" a 9 per cent. rate of growth in the exports of 1891-1900 as compared with those of 1881-1890. Here are the results:

	Millions.
Actual special exports during 1891-1900, <i>see</i> B .	2398
"Expected" special exports during 1891-1900, based on the growth of our population . . .	2554
Shortage in British exports during 1891-1900 .	156

Thus, applying the common population gauge to our exports during 1891-1900, we find that there was a shortage of 156 millions—15.6 millions per year.

Coming now to the other test—the more valuable test obtained by tabulating all imports by all other countries from all sources during twenty years—the results are as follow:

	During 1880-1889.	During 1890-1899.	Increase in Imports during 1890-1899.
	Millions.	Millions.	Per cent.
Total imports of merchandise into all foreign countries from all sources	11,195	12,391	11
Total imports of merchandise into all British possessions from all sources	1,804	2,109	17

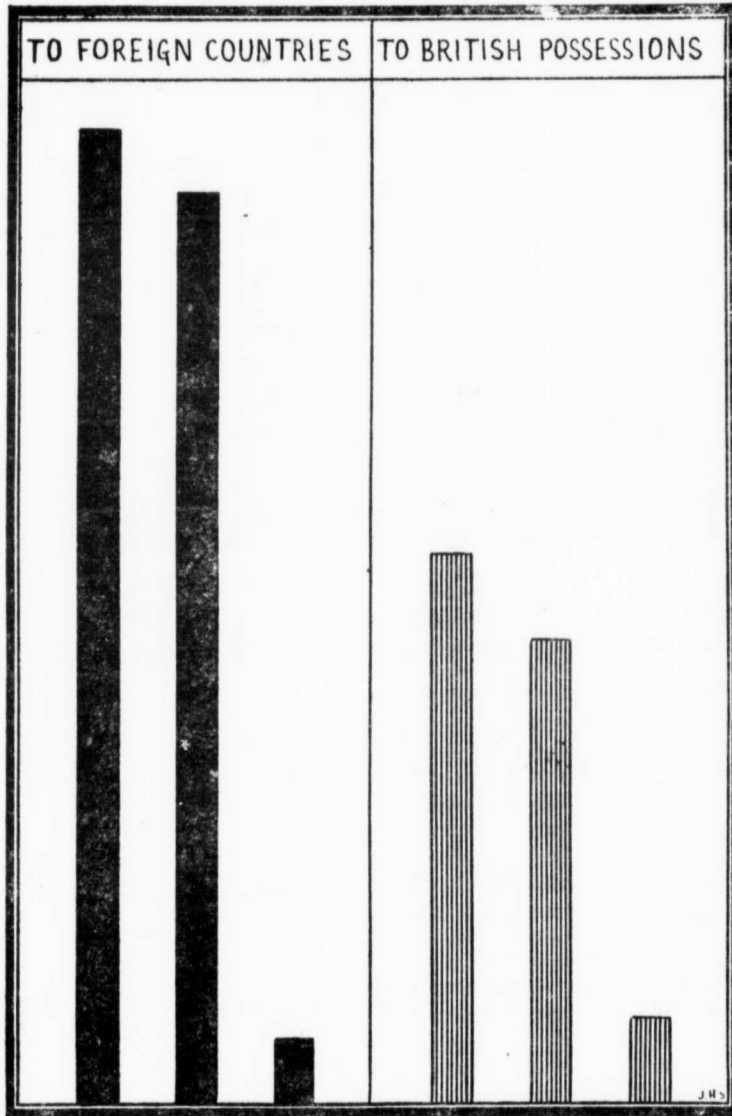
The above results relate to the twenty years 1880-1899, not to the twenty years 1881-1900. The reason of this is that the facts are not known for all countries for the year 1900, but this slight deviation is of no practical account. Imports of bullion and specie have been excluded.

We see that the buying-power of all foreign countries increased by 11 per cent. during the last ten years, and that the buying-power of all British possessions increased by 17 per cent. These percentages must now be applied to British exports during 1881-1890 in order to ascertain the "expected" British exports during 1891-1900, to foreign countries, and to British possessions respectively.

	To all Foreign Countries.	To all British Possessions.	Total Exports, 1891-1900.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
Actual special exports during 1891-1900 from the United Kingdom	1592	806	2398 ¹
"Expected" special exports during 1891-1900 from the United Kingdom, based on the growth of buying-power of all foreign countries and of all British possessions respectively	1700	950	2650
Shortage in British exports during 1891-1900	108	144	252

Thus, if we base our "expected" exports during 1891-1900 upon the rate of growth in the buying-power (imports) of the

¹ See Statement B.



The Expected Exports and the Actual Exports from the United Kingdom to Foreign Countries and to British Possessions during 1891-1900. Stated in millions sterling. The Expected Exports are based upon the growth in buying-power of all Foreign Countries and of all British Possessions [*i.e.*, upon the growth of their imports from all sources] during 1891-1900, as compared with 1881-1890.

rest of the world during the last ten years, we find that there was a shortage of 108 millions during 1891-1900 in our exports to All Foreign Countries, and a shortage of 144 millions in our exports to All British Possessions: a total shortage of 252 millions, or 25 millions per year.

The most notable feature in the above results is the very large shortage in our exports to British possessions. This is amply confirmed when the imports of each colony, &c., are examined separately: in nearly all British possessions the trade returns show an actual falling-off during the last ten years in purchases from the United Kingdom accompanied by an increase in purchases from all sources.

The comparison now shown between our exports and the world's imports casts a strong light upon the real condition of our export trade. No question of alteration in prices can come in, for in this world-comparison all nations are exposed to alteration in the buying or selling price of their articles of import or of export, and we obtain the evidence of the actual values of the world's imports and of our exports. The widely different rates of growth may be closely contrasted, thus:

During 1890-1899, as compared with	
1880-1889, the rate of increase in	
the imports	
Of all foreign countries was . . .	11 per cent. increase.
Of all British possessions was . . .	17 per cent. increase.
During 1891-1900, as compared with	
1881-1890, the rate of increase,	
or of decrease, in the special ex-	
ports of the United Kingdom	
To all foreign countries was . . .	4 per cent. increase.
To all British possessions was . . .	1 per cent. decrease.

Thus, while all foreign countries increased their purchases from all sources by 11 per cent., we increased our sales to them by only 4 per cent. All British possessions increased their purchases from all sources by 17 per cent., and our sales to them declined by 1 per cent. This is the net result of twenty years of trade.

The facts which have now been shown do not confirm the economic maxim that the excess of our imports over our exports is a sure measure of our prosperity in foreign trade. If they are looked at in the spirit with which they have been stated—without bias—these facts show that our export trade is weak: no other conclusion is possible.

We now come to an important issue. Many persons who rightly believe that our foreign trade is not prosperous, have jumped to the conclusion that we as a nation are in a parlous condition. To think this is to misperceive the meaning of facts, and this mistake has caused a large proportion of the conflicting statements referred to in the opening of this account. Two essentially different things have been confused—our foreign commerce and our internal trade.

In the first place, our foreign commerce is very small relatively to our internal trade. The proportions of the two cannot be exactly stated, but some years back Mulhall's estimate divided the whole trade of the United Kingdom thus:—

Internal trade	85 per cent.
Foreign commerce	15 „
	<hr/>
Total	100 „

There are many facts which go to prove that our internal trade has been prosperous. If it has been prosperous, this means that (say) 85 per cent. of our whole trade has been prosperous, as compared with 15 per cent. of our whole trade which has not been prosperous. This is to differentiate the two issues—not to confuse them.

With a prosperous internal trade, with vast accumulations of capital invested here and in foreign countries, many years may pass before we begin to feel any effect of a non-prosperous foreign commerce upon our material signs of well-being. It is absurd to take the panic view of our foreign commerce that is often expressed.

We are compelled to admit that our foreign commerce is not flourishing, but in the light of the explanation now

given, it becomes easy to see that we may still be quite prosperous as a whole. Our reserves of force are so great that there is time in front of us in which diligently to set about an improvement in our foreign commerce. Our energies may be more efficiently spent in this direction if we do now realise that our foreign commerce is weak. But as for the preposterous notion that we are on the road to ruin—that may be dismissed as a chimeræ bred out of a misperception of facts.

Hitherto this plain statement of facts has not been touched by any sentiment of optimism or of pessimism. But now that it is ended, we may rightly let a healthy and discerning optimism help us, in the full belief that we possess those qualities of mind and character which will enable us to put our foreign commerce into a sound condition. The dogged persistence of our race will serve us in this war of commerce as it has always served us in wars of blood. We may be slow to see realities, but when realities are driven home in us, our heavy energy quickens, the nation goes solidly at its goal—and reaches it.

J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

APPENDIX

SPECIAL EXPORTS FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM DURING 1881-1890,
AND DURING 1891-1900 (QUANTITIES ONLY).

Articles that Fell in Quantity Exported.

Articles.	Quantity Exported during 1881-1890.	Quantity Exported during 1891-1900.
Alkali (million cwt.)	64·8	51·2
Arms and ammunition:		
Firearms (small) (thousands)	2135·0	1392·0
Gunpowder (million lb.)	129·1	83·7
Bags and sacks, empty (millions)	458·4	272·4
Bleaching materials (million cwt.)	15·9	13·1
Butter (thousand cwt.)	284·9	145·2
Cement (million cwt.)	92·4	82·2
Cheese (thousand cwt.)	134·7	104·9
Cotton yarn (million lb.)	2546·5	2290·1

Articles that Fell in Quantity Exported.—(continued.)

Articles.	Quantity Exported during 1881-1890.	Quantity Exported during 1891-1900.
Cotton stockings and socks . . . (million pairs)	202·8	99·2
Glass: Plate (million sq. ft.)	38·2	19·0
Other sorts (thousand tons)	544·2	532·8
Hats (millions)	141·6	140·4
Leather: Tanned, unwrought . . . (thousand tons)	82·4	73·4
Linen piece goods (million yards)	1686·6	1664·8
Linen thread for sewing (million lb.)	26·9	21·8
Metals: Iron and steel (million tons)	38·5	32·1
Copper (thousand tons)	562·5	544·0
Pictures (thousands)	136·8	108·8
Salt (thousand tons)	8751·0	6665·0
Silk broad stuffs (million yards)	76·6	74·9
Skins and furs:		
Foreign, British dressed (millions)	41·1	39·8
Slates "	449·4	352·7
Stones, grindstones, &c. (thousand tons)	327·1	315·8
Sugar, refined "	455·3	430·6
Wool, flocks and ragwool (million lb.)	154·9	145·8
Woollen and worsted manufactures:		
Cloths, coatings, stuffs (million yards)	2436·1	1768·9
Flannels "	116·8	106·2
Blankets (millions)	27·3	23·1
Carpets and druggets (million yards)	113·7	84·6

The above are the articles of special exports that fell in quantity exported during 1891-1900 as compared with 1881-1890. The financial weight of these articles may be gauged from the following statement:

	Export Value in the year 1900. Millions.
Articles, as above, that fell in quantity exported during 1891-1900	71·1
Articles that rose in quantity exported during 1891-1900	123·0
Total	194·1
Articles that are not recorded by quantity, and whose fall or rise in quantity during 1891-1900 cannot be ascertained	97·1
Total special exports, 1900	291·2

About two-thirds of our special exports are recorded by quantity; many important articles cannot be so recorded. The whole of the machinery section is one of those that are recorded only by value.

THE LANGUAGE QUESTION IN SOUTH AFRICA

AMONG the questions which must engage the attention of the Government in the settlement to follow the conclusion of peace in South Africa, the official recognition of the dialect of the Dutch language spoken by the Boers must occupy a prominent place. It has already aroused considerable interest at home as shown in the discussion of the subject in the Press. Mr. Sydney Brooks, for example, in a recent article has put forward the view that "our next blunder in South Africa" will be the encouragement which he fears will be extended to the preservation of the Taal in the new colonies and Captain Mahan in the *National Review* for December writes of the end of the war :

I trust, however, that when that time comes, the Boer leaders and the Boer language will receive no recognition, save banishment, in the official organs of the Empire. A foreign tongue in Parliament and Courts of Law is a disintegrating influence which perpetuates race rivalry in its worst form. There is no single social or political environment so powerful as that of a common tongue.

It might perhaps be enough for those differing from such a view to urge that the policy of endeavouring to suppress the vernacular of the Boers is one which the British Government is "estopped" from adopting. During the negotiations that preceded the war, one of the points urged as imperative by Sir Alfred Milner, and peremptorily rejected by Mr. Krüger, was a stipulation that members of the Volksraad should be at liberty

to address the Raad in Dutch or English at their option ; and the refusal even to consider this point as open was—ostensibly at least—one of the most important of the differences which rendered the negotiations abortive. The precedent of Cape Colony was strongly pressed at that time in favour of the proposal, which was described in more than one of the despatches as “vital.” Under these circumstances it would seem impossible for us now to refuse to the Boers in the territory which they have lost, a liberty which we claimed as a natural right for ourselves in it while it was theirs.

But beyond and behind all this the expediency of suppressing the language of the conquered people seems to me opposed alike to the dictates of sound policy and the teaching of history. I am not concerned to vindicate the “insensate generosity and purblind sentimentality” complained of by the first of the writers already quoted, of which I admit we have shown only too much in the conduct of the present war ; and I heartily concur in welcoming the blindness which induced the Boer leaders to reject the terms of peace offered, and to leave us an opportunity of rectifying our blunders in the final settlement. But the particular point with which I am now concerned is not, I think, one of those blunders ; and it appears to me that the very instances adduced by Mr. Brooks, and by others who have discussed the subject, go far to disprove their case. As regards the attempted Russification of Finland, or the less harshly oppressive but equally arbitrary conduct of the Prussian Government in Posen, it is enough to say that high-handed measures of that nature, if sufficiently relentless, *may* succeed (as the Inquisition succeeded in Spain), but that, carried out under the limitations imposed by even the mildest forms of constitutional government, they are not only doomed to failure, but are an inevitable source of intestinal discord. The present state of Bohemia is an object-lesson on this point.

The case of Ireland is even more conclusive ; and I may be excused for examining it at some little length. It is admitted by the writer to whom I have referred above, that “a practical

identity of language has not prevented a bitter and lasting antipathy between ruler and ruled," but he goes on to question whether that antipathy would not have been greater, whether the Irish would not have been more hostile and had a yet keener sense of separateness, if Gaelic had been preserved as the national tongue; whether, in short, they do not know more about England and the English through being able to speak and read and write our tongue.

The last point may be conceded; but the earlier and more pertinent question is negatived by the dates, as well as by the general consensus of those who have studied the subject. It is, I believe, common ground even with writers of the most opposite tendencies, that the prohibition of the use of the Irish language by the Elizabethan reformers was one of the principal causes of the rejection of the reformed liturgy by the bulk of the Irish people (Norman and Keltic alike) with the consequent perpetuation of religious rather than racial animosity from which we have been suffering ever since. It does not seem possible to account otherwise for the remarkable manner in which the lines of political and religious cleavage in Ireland coincide with one another, and with the linguistic antecedents of the people. This, at least, is clear, that no such animosity existed in the Plantagenet period, and that its rise was synchronous, or nearly so, with the inauguration of the policy in question. *Post hoc ergo propter hoc* is not *always* unsound logic, and there are independent reasons for accepting the connection in the present instance. During the three hundred years, or thereabouts, that elapsed between the original invasion and Tyrone's rebellion, although the independent chieftains were always, of course, at feud with the conquerors—and for that matter with one another—the Keltic populations of the conquered districts lived in the greatest harmony with their Norman rulers, between whom and them a spirit of clanship had sprung up which has not entirely disappeared even among the dissensions of the present day.

And apart from this question of language it is not easy to account for the different reception of the Reformation (and

this is, as I have said, at the root of the Irish difficulty) in Scotland and in Ireland. The new doctrines were eagerly accepted by the Keltic populations of Wales and the Scottish Highlands, and as passionately rejected by the Kelts in Ireland—and not only by them, but also by the descendants of Norman conquerors and Danish settlers, whose congeners in their original homes were among the warmest champions of the change. Why? I can see no answer except the one. It was because the new doctrines appealed to one set of men in the language which they loved, and with which they were familiar, and were forced upon the others in a foreign, and to them meaningless, guise. At any rate this remarkable divergence cannot be accounted for either by racial differences, for none such existed, or by any substantial diversity in the political conditions of the time. If a considerable part of Ireland had been but recently reduced to submission, it was but a few years since the saying that “Forth bridles the wild Highlandman” had lost its forcible application; and the Saxons of the Lowlands were at least as obnoxious to the Gaels of Scotland as the English of the Pale to those of Ireland. Nay more; Ireland under the Anglo-Norman chiefs was rapidly becoming, not indeed Anglified, but assimilated; and although these chiefs themselves, under the “prepotent” influences of their Keltic surroundings, had in many ways become *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*, their loyalty to the Crown and the English connection (which is the point here) was never in question. It is true that, having been strongly attached to the Yorkist cause in the Wars of the Roses, they acquiesced but slowly and sullenly in the Government of Henry VII., and were only too ready to welcome the imposture of Perkin Warbeck; but even then they never dreamt of “breaking away,” and the memorable Act of Parliament deliberately designed to consolidate the Union was passed in that reign. That this was sought by way of vassalage, and not, as now, of partnership, had an important bearing on the subsequent history, but is foreign to our present purpose. Nor was this feeling confined to the Pale proper, or

even to the districts which, though outside the Pale, were subject to the influence of the Norman Lords. Tyrone and Tyrconnel, though still independent, were—at least in the next reign—not unwilling to “make their submission,” if only the O’Neils and O’Donnells could have been guaranteed the same measure of internal autonomy as was then, and for long afterwards, enjoyed by the McIntoshes, the McKenzies, and the McPhersons. Yet before the end of Elizabeth’s reign all Ireland was in flames, and although the rebellion was stamped out by measures very different from those now meted out to the rebels in Cape Colony, the hostility then generated has lasted to the present day, and has long outlasted, as might have been expected, the causes that originally produced it. Whence this widespread outburst of animosity, which extended, be it observed, even to the Fitzgeralds of Desmond the De Burgos of Clanrickard? That it arose contemporaneously, or nearly so, with the attempt to force the reformed ritual upon the people, and manifested itself, among other ways, in pronounced sympathy with Spain in her quarrel with Elizabeth, can be accounted for by religious fervour, but does not account for the existence of that fervour itself. And the Reformation, in its early stages, met with less opposition in Ireland than in England. All the bishops except two, and the great bulk of the clergy, conformed at once, apparently without any reluctance on the part of their flocks; and it was not until the proclamation was issued prohibiting the Gaelic services, and directing, with almost superhuman fatuity, that where English was not understood the service might be read in *Latin*, that there was any extensive manifestation of dissent from the new Order. It need hardly be said that English was then, to ninety-nine out of every hundred of the Irish people, an even more “unknown tongue” than Latin itself; or that, for all the information they conveyed, the services might as well have been read in Sanscrit as in either. What wonder then, that the people turned rather to the *unauthorised* priests who spoke to them words which they understood, than to those who

either could not, or dared not, address them in the only tongue they knew anything about.

The writer I have quoted seems to assume that but for the suppression of Gaelic the Irish people would not have been able to speak and read and write our tongue. But that was not the alternative; no one, so far as I know or believe, has ever suggested that Gaelic ought to have been then, or that Taal or Dutch ought to be now, made an exclusive language; the most vehement opponents of the Elizabethan policy never contended, nor do the advocates of the revival of Gaelic now contend, that the people ought not to be taught to speak and read and write English. In point of fact, the use of English as a vernacular in the west and north-west of Ireland has extended more rapidly during the last sixty years, since the revival of Keltic scholarship, than in the previous two centuries and upwards, during which the Irish language was practically tabooed. Within my own personal memory but few of the elders in the glens of Antrim could speak English with fluency, and the young people were for the most part bilingual; now there is not, I believe, a single person there who does not speak English preferentially, and it is the sole tongue of the great bulk of the population.

I have dwelt specially on the case of Ireland: first, because it is so precisely in point, and secondly, because it is pre-eminently one of those historical examples mentioned by Livy, *foedum inceptu, foedum exitu, quod vites*; but the argument to be adduced from it is considerably strengthened by the present troubles in Austria as between the Czechs and the Government. It is not too much to say that the people of Bohemia might have continued to submit to their existing disabilities (which are not so unsubstantial as some people seem to suppose) with patience, if without contentment, for many years to come, as they have done for so long in the past, if they had not been lashed into fury by the recent resistance to the recognition of their language on the part of the Germans. Nor do I doubt that the remarkable subsidence of

disaffection in Lower Canada, a disaffection which within the memory of men still living was a source of serious anxiety in this country, is greatly due to the equality of treatment granted to the French-speaking population in the matter of their language. Those who recollect the discussions which took place at the time when the federation was in contemplation will have no difficulty in accepting this view.

The case of Malta further supports my contention. I maintain, indeed, that the use of English ought always to have been admissible there, and that the Order in Council of March 1899 did no more in that respect than remove an indefensible monopoly; and even the supersession of Italian can be justified on the ground that Italian has no greater hold on the inhabitants than English itself. Even if the language so preferred had been the local vernacular, that would not have justified the preferential treatment accorded to it by Sir G. C. Lewis; the utmost that such a vernacular can reasonably look for is equality of treatment; but I fail to see how the admitted evils produced by one monopoly can furnish any ground for the imposition of another. Nor can any argument be deduced from the conduct of the United States. The foreign element there consists of voluntary immigrants, who must take the country of their adoption as they find it, and have no more right to carry with them their own language than any other of their home institutions. Let us wait and see how the United States will deal with the use of Spanish in the Philippines; it needs no prophet to foretell a great aggravation of their difficulties there in the highly improbable case of their refusing to recognise in their official dealings in the islands the only language that is "understood of the people."

So far I have considered this question in the light of history and precedent only, but the conclusions of *à priori* reasoning seem to me to point in the same direction. For this purpose, however, we must distinguish between three cases, which lie in essentially different planes, and are subject to

very different considerations—I mean the question of the language to be employed in the schools, law courts, Legislature, and Government offices of the South-African colonies. Whether it is or is not advisable to restrict the Legislature or the Government offices to the use of a single language is a question depending largely upon local or temporary considerations. It is certain that the language of the “predominant partner” will always, if left to itself, establish eventually its own supremacy—a result which could hardly be retarded, and would even presumably be accelerated, by the fact that that supremacy was due to economic causes merely, and not to any arbitrary enactment.¹ The case of the Legislative Council in India is directly in point. There it is admissible for any Native member to address the Council in Urdu if he pleases, though in such cases his speech would be recorded in an English translation, not in the original; and I believe that in the early history of the Council such speeches were not uncommon; but the practice has completely died out. During my tenure of office there no such speech was ever delivered, though I was more than once requested by members who could not speak English readily to read out their speeches for them, the MS. being supplied to me in an English translation which they had procured for themselves. When a man comes to feel that he is only wasting his time and energy in “speaking ten thousand words in an unknown tongue” he will not continue the practice, unless it is made a point of honour with him to do so by way of protest against a restriction which he feels to be oppressive. I recently had an opportunity of consulting on this point a gentleman who has been for some twenty years a member of the Dominion

¹ The case of the English language itself seems at first sight opposed to this view, but the Saxon (or rather, British) element was, in fact, the “prepotent” one in the England of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, just as the Keltic element was in Norman Ireland during the same period—the rulers were *viri nantes in gurgite vasto*. There is no similarity in the conditions of South Africa.

House of Commons in Canada. He said that by their constitution every question has to be put both in French and English, and that this involved a certain waste of time; and that all votes and proceedings were printed in both languages, which caused a slight increase in expenditure; that the right of addressing the House in French was not very extensively used, and was not, he thought, productive of serious inconvenience; though he added, rather to my surprise, that the practice was not on the decrease; the only practical effect of it, however, was that, as almost all the Quebec members understand English, while many of the others do not know French, speeches in the latter language failed somewhat—at least potentially—in influence. In my opinion, it is rather a pity that Mr. O'Donnell was not allowed to air his Gaelic in the House of Commons last Session; no harm would have been done beyond a little waste of not very valuable time, and any repetition of the performance would have been simply ridiculous; whereas the refusal to hear him has lent in certain quarters a sort of halo to the incident.

The case of the courts of law stands on a totally different footing. Advocacy, to be of any value at all, must be expressed in a language familiar to the judge or judges, and it must depend on the constitution of the particular tribunal what that language ought to be. In the case of the South African Colonies I "should be surprised to hear" that any one was appointed to a judicial office, however subordinate, to whom English was not familiar; yet there might well be cases there in which the power of addressing a jury—I presume there *will* be trial by jury there—in Dutch, or even in Taal, would be of the highest importance in the interests of justice. Here again it may be worth while to look at the example of India. In all the High Courts, and in the district courts, at least in the "Regulation Provinces,"¹ English is the accepted language of

¹ I have been told that in Oude, Urdu is the exclusive language of the courts, and that English barristers are liable to be silenced if they attempt to address the courts in English; but that the judges never take the objection

advocacy, though I know of no rule which would preclude a vakeel from the use of Urdu or Bengali except that he would know that his argument would be more likely to be effectual if delivered in English. Indeed, I have reason to believe that in up-country places this course is often adopted. But the evidence of witnesses is in every case taken and recorded in the local vernacular, unless the witness himself prefers to testify in English. That in cases of revision or appeal an English translation accompanies the record for the use of the superior court does not affect the present question. To require that English only should be recognised in the courts is sometimes productive of inconvenience even in England in the case of foreign witnesses, and I have more than once seen both judge and counsel considerably handicapped by the incompetence of an interpreter whom they were personally able, but officially forbidden, to correct; but in a country the majority of whose inhabitants are unfamiliar with the language it would constantly operate as a complete denial of justice. The same principle which produced the Maltese Order in Council in favour of English ought to be applied in favour of the local vernacular wherever there is a population of any appreciable magnitude who habitually use that tongue.

But whatever may be said in favour of the exclusion of local vernaculars from the Legislature and the courts of law, it would be nothing short of suicidal folly to exclude them from the schools. How can any one expect to teach a child anything, unless by explaining it to him in *the language in which he thinks?* The attempt to teach through the medium of a foreign tongue is *ignotum per ignotius*, and puts one in mind of the antiquated plan of teaching Latin in Latin, the latest embers of which were still smouldering in my own school-days. Here again we may usefully refer to our experience in India. The endeavour to teach English to Bengalees through the medium of English, only partially successful even at the Uni-
unless it is pressed by the adversary. I had no opportunity of verifying the statement,

versity, has, as I was informed, been practically abandoned, not only in the primary schools but throughout the province, with a partial exception in the case of Eurasians ; and this although a considerable and increasing minority of the pupils are able to understand, and even to express themselves to a certain extent in, English. On the other hand, English books are extensively read and eagerly sought for by the more advanced students, such as the members of the Chaitanya Library and other similar institutions, who have learned English as a foreign tongue, but who often show a knowledge of the language and an appreciation of its literature calculated to put to shame the average output even of our public schools.

Again, it is practically impossible to eradicate *brevi manu* the language of any people or district in favour of any other, however superior that other may be, either in the extent of its vogue, the character of its literature, or its general utility. Where anything of the sort is desired, the most direct (and the *only* rational) course is to introduce the wished-for language side by side with the other, and to trust that eventually through one or more bilingual generations the superior language will assert its superiority. This is the more feasible in South Africa, as the majority of the Dutch population is bilingual already. And such superiority, where it exists, will make itself felt all the more readily if adherence to the inferior tongue has not been made a point of national conscience. The latest reports from the annexed districts show that this is taking place already.

A recent writer in discussing this question urges three points he would have us bear in mind. First, "that the Boer Taal—a clipped and barren dialect, as useless outside South Africa as it is inadequate for the purposes of twentieth century speech inside—has no sound claim even in philology to be placed on an equality with a great literature and a great commerce." All the more reason for leaving the competing languages to fight out the battle on economic grounds alone, and all the more ground for confidence in the ultimate victory of the superior

tongue. Not that the extinction of a dialect can ever be a rapid process. For generations, perhaps for centuries to come, traces of Taal may linger in South Africa, as traces of Armorican and Basque are found to this day in Brittany and Northern Spain; but just as English has practically superseded Gaelic, in spite of its extensive and valuable literature, not only in Ireland but throughout the mainland of Scotland, and is steadily, if slowly, pushing on one side the vernaculars in all the principal towns in India, so we may reasonably expect that—given fair play—it will in due time assert its supremacy over Dutch and Taal in South Africa.

The second contention is that, “by allowing the dual system in Cape Colony, we have put a weapon of disaffection in the hands of the Afrikander Bond which they have deliberately used as an instrument of treason.” I see no ground for this assertion. It is indeed probable that so far as the Bond or some of its members have been guilty of treason (or sedition) they have used as their instrument the language most readily accessible to the understandings of their readers or hearers; but they would have done this in any case, and no official proscription of the language would have checked them in the least, unless, indeed, we had prohibited all printing and public speaking in the language—an excess of tyranny quite inconceivable on our part—and the only effect of such official proscription would have been that rather fewer of our *friends* might have been able to understand and expose the seditious utterances.

The third point is that “any settlement of the language question in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony to be complete should be made to apply also to Cape Colony.” In that I agree; and the fact that it would now be impracticable as well as tyrannical to retrace our steps in Cape Colony is a cogent—though not the most conclusive—argument against the course of action advocated in the article from which I have been quoting.

At the same time let me not be misunderstood. I am as

anxious as the writer of that article can be "to ensure the supremacy of our language by making it worth the while of the Boers to learn it"; but I think that we can do this better—more honestly, and even more rapidly—by not exciting deservedly or undeservedly a feeling of injustice or hardship in their minds.

I should be sorry to see any language—Taal, Dutch, Kaffir, or any other—given any privilege or preference over English anywhere. In the Legislature I do not doubt that the same causes which have produced the practical monopoly of English in India will operate similarly in South Africa; in the Government offices we should obviously require a competent knowledge of English in every officer not merely ministerial, and even then in all above the rank of clerk; in the courts, the records should naturally be kept in English, or where in Dutch, accompanied with an English translation, while every suitor or advocate should of course be at liberty, and should be encouraged, to address the court in English; in the schools we should make familiarity with English, both literary and colloquial, a *sine qua non* to the appointment of teacher in any school subsidised or recognised by Government, and should make English a necessary part of the curriculum of every such school and the medium of instruction to all children whose natural language it was, or whose parents desired it. And the success already attained by the English schools lately started in Orange River Colony shows how little we should have to fear failure in such a course of action. In fact it is already apparent that unless we ourselves provoke a recrudescence of the hostility to our language which was artificially produced by the Boer Government in the Transvaal, no difficulty will be met with in securing, almost at once, for the use of English in every corner of the Colonies, not merely equality but preference.

Our aim should be such a complete amalgamation of the contending races in South Africa as was effected between Norman and Saxon in England. That process took upwards of two hundred years; but does any sane man believe that it would

have been better or more speedily effected if the use of French had been given a monopoly by law? On the contrary, it had barely begun to make itself felt after the use of English had become common. The question is a vital one, both from its intrinsic importance, and the fact that a wrong step taken now may have far-reaching consequences, consequences that will last—as we see to our cost in Ireland—long after the error has been recognised and deplored, and the wrong step as far as may be retracted.

ALEXANDER E. MILLER.

OUR GERMAN ALLY

THE storm of vituperation of England which has recently swept across Europe, and apparently culminated in Germany, seems to have taken this country by surprise, and to have been received with a growing feeling of bewilderment, but there are very few people who would dissent from Lord Rosebery's statement that in the whole history of England "there is no parallel to the hatred and ill-will with which we are regarded almost unanimously by the peoples of Europe." Various causes are assigned for this state of affairs, but the majority of us have now settled down to the comfortable belief that it is our wealth, greatness, and power that alone excite envy and malice.

The extreme confusion of the public mind on the question of our relations with foreign Powers is only to be explained by our singular inacquaintance with foreign affairs, and the fatal habit of ignoring all unpleasant truths and refusing to recognise the changed conditions of the world. Were it not for this fatal blindness we should have realised for years past the steady growth of an anti-English feeling in Germany, and should not wake up suddenly to find ourselves confronted by a hostility which, despite all assertions to the contrary, extends to all classes and ranks of German society. It is no artificial movement, as we are assured by our statesmen, but embraces every rank and profession—the Press, the University, even the women, whose influence is considerable in a country which,

despite its pursuit of material wealth, is still largely governed by sentiment. As for the Press, it is a fact that at no time—not even during the most scurrilous attacks of the Paris Press—did the excesses of the Continental journals equal those of Germany in sustained depreciation of this country. Notwithstanding all this, we have been assured by our statesmen that the movement was artificial, and when this position became a little difficult of tenure we were told that the movement was one of those uncontrollable sporadic waves which are beyond the control of Governments, and that the Kaiser was friendly to us and the attitude of official Germany strictly correct.

The attitude of the Kaiser and his Government must be considered later, but the contention that the lucubrations of the Press could not be controlled, or even influenced by him, is incredible to those who know anything of Germany. The Teutonic Press is not muzzled like that of Russia, but at the same time it by no means enjoys the liberty accorded to that of the United States, France or England. The licence allowed in the two Republics, where we see a Yellow Press and a Gutter Journalism rioting unchecked, is vastly greater than in this country, but the gulf between liberty of the Press as understood here and in Germany is even greater. If any one doubts the control exercised over the German Press by the Government, let him try to imagine the journals which abuse England bestowing a fifth part of such abuse on Russia, or even criticising their own Government in equally frank terms. Such a thing is unheard of, and no student of German journalism can fail to have noticed, synchronous with the attacks on England, the careful manipulation of public sentiment through the Press as regards France and Russia. It must be remembered that the attacks come from semi-official and reputable journals, and that, moreover, papers by naval and military officers continually appear demonstrating the practicability of an invasion of England, and advocating naval expansion as the necessary means for destroying the British command of the sea. It is as well to get rid of both these delusions—that the anti-British

feeling is artificially stimulated, and that it is an affair only of the Press and lower orders, and does not affect politicians. We have to face the fact of this antagonism—"this great smouldering and even sometimes flaming ill-will, full of contingent peril, if not of immediate danger," in Lord Rosebery's words—and it is the gravest mistake to impute this widespread feeling to no sounder basis than that of envy.

There are many reasons, little understood, why Germany should regard this country with feelings of antagonism. Ever since 1870 she has devoted herself with increasing energy to the development of her commerce, her industries, and latterly her sea-power. To forward these aims she embarked on a colonial policy—too late in the day to secure anything of really great value—first in Africa, then in the Pacific, and lastly in China. To support this policy she has yearly devoted an increasing attention to all questions connected with the sea; for, debarred from expansion on the continent of Europe, for the present at least, and with a large surplus population, she was compelled to look seawards. "Unsere Zukunft liegt auf dem Wasser" became the national cry. Unsuccessful in her acquisition of colonies, she has made enormous strides in her commerce and manufactures, and in a very short time will have been transformed from an agricultural into an industrial country. Already we find German shipbuilding-yards turning out the biggest and fastest Atlantic and Far Eastern steamers, Hamburg surpassing the shipping of London, the Atlantic trade passing into German hands, and British ocean steamer lines being transferred to them in the Far East. German foreign trade is greatly stimulated by the heavy subsidies granted to her shipping. The exact extent of the protection granted cannot be estimated, for it consists largely in protection afforded by exemption from payment of customs duties and by preferential railway rates. Under this system German foreign shipping in every quarter has been increasing by leaps and bounds. For instance, German exports to East Africa have increased in eight years nearly 500 per cent., and the

tonnage 600 per cent. ; while the North German Lloyd service to Asia increased in five years 250 per cent., and the Australian traffic is also rapidly increasing. The German companies are all thoroughly organised and work in the closest co-operation with their Government.

While making such material progress abroad, it must be remembered that internally Germany is passing through a severe industrial crisis. Much of the state of affairs is, no doubt, due to the artificially stimulated movement by which she has so rapidly been pushed into the ranks of manufacturing and industrial countries. The slump is the natural consequence of the boom, and may also be considered as part of the general depression which has swept over industrial Europe. It is a well-known phenomenon that such waves do occur without any tangible cause at different periods of Continental history.

The feeling of rivalry by which Germany, with her naval and commercial aspirations, has been actuated, has been rendered more acute by her successes and embittered by her financial difficulties, but the spark which fired the mine has undoubtedly been the long-protracted Boer war. During that war the anti-British feeling has increased from envy and rivalry to one of dislike and bitterness. Sentiment at first played a large part—a not unnatural sympathy with the weaker side—but had the war been brought to a speedy and brilliant conclusion we should have heard little of sentiment and a great deal of admiration for our prowess, as on the occasion of the Sudan campaign, when the German Press were loud in their laudations, and the Kaiser sent one of his famous telegrams to the successful commander. Nothing succeeds like success—nothing commands so much love and respect in international as in social life.

The misrepresentations of the South African War in the Continental Press have added fuel to the fire, and to the charge of incapacity has been added that of monstrosity, but the true reason for the torrent of abuse which has been poured out lies in the current belief among other nations that England has

lost her masterfulness. Rich still, and capable of a certain reckless daring, she fails to command the respect which is born of fear in the bosoms of those Powers who are her natural rivals. We have always earned for ourselves a measure of unpopularity by our airs of superiority—mental, moral and physical—and there is besides a deeply-rooted feeling in Germany, voiced even by such temperate statesmen as Von Brandt, that we have shown a most sordid selfishness and callous indifference to the interests of others in our international relations. There is a certain irony in this statement from the lips of German statesmen, but the effect on the people is the same as if it were altogether deserved, and there is a general impression that our foreign policy is as unscrupulous as it is opportunist.

To understand clearly the present position of Germany and other Powers as regards ourselves, it is necessary to give a brief retrospect of the past thirty years. The broad lines of European policy must be brought to mind and clearly held in view. The Triple Alliance, between Germany, Austria and Italy, inaugurated some dozen years after the Franco-German War—an alliance whose object was the protection of the central European States against Russia and France—has for many years past been losing its effectiveness. The reasons lie partly in the many differences of race, religion, and diverse interests which make Austro-Hungary a country “with two bodies, two wills and one head.” Only the consummate tact of the present Emperor could hold together this amalgamation of Slav, Teuton and Magyar. Already a weak partner in the Triple Alliance, with the death of the Emperor, who can foresee the result? The third, Italy, suffers also from internal dissension, and is in grave financial straits through the crushing military burdens imposed by the Alliance. The desperate adventure embarked on by Italy ended in disaster, and she is to-day an almost negligible quantity in the calculation of European forces. Meanwhile Germany was developing at an enormous pace, and becoming a great commercial and naval

Power. Russia, too, was consolidating herself and waxing more and more powerful. Advances made by France ended in 1891 in the long-desired *entente*, and it became apparent that the Triple Alliance was not a sufficient protection for Germany against two such powerful neighbours, one of these, too, animated by the desire for revenge. She was between the upper and nether millstone, and a secret understanding was therefore effected with Russia by Bismarck. There followed soon after a *rapprochement* between Austria and Russia, an evident necessity in view of the growing ambitions of Russia in the direction of the Balkan States. Italy was thus left isolated, and with her long sea-coast and her peculiar situation in Europe, and with grave political and financial difficulties, she has found it no easy matter to provide the necessary naval defence.

Friendly relations, if not active alliance, with Russia have been the keynote of German policy throughout the nineteenth century. It was the corner-stone of Bismarck's policy during the critical period when modern Germany was being made. Interrupted by the events of 1878, and subsequently revived, it underwent another shock on the death of Bismarck, to be restored only on the retirement of his successor, and cemented apparently on a firmer basis still by the arrangement between the three Powers after the Treaty of Shimonoseki. Across the Rhine the relations of Germany with her old enemy were improved, the old *revanche* feeling giving way to a less bitter spirit, a disposition cleverly manipulated on many occasions from Berlin. This new development was evidently necessary in view of the relations of Germany with Russia and the growing strength of the Franco-Russian alliance.

During the latter half of the nineteenth century, especially since 1870, which gave so powerful a position to Germany in Central Europe, the Continental Powers became infected with the rage for colonisation. They looked round the world, to find most of the white man's countries occupied, and even the better of the tropical regions, but in Africa, the Far East and

the Pacific there still remained certain fragments to be picked up. The scramble for Africa came first, then the Pacific, then China. Africa was soon parcelled out, the Pacific islands annexed, and in China the process of acquisition, though still in its infancy, is in active operation. The chief motives of colonisation—an overflow population and the need for new markets—added to the spirit of adventure which runs strong in the blood of the Anglo-Saxon, have carried him to all quarters of the globe, but different motives were also at work in the colonisation of Germany, Russia and France.

Germany and Russia have an overflow, and the former has been obliged to watch the assimilation of her best material by countries like the United States. France has a stationary population, and her colonisation is purely for political purposes. Russia was able to use her overflow for political purposes while giving them white men's countries to colonise. All three, however, followed the same policy of expansion, and were bound together by a thread of mutual interest, half defined, which was to prevent the further encroachments of the Power which had licked up already so much of the habitable globe.

Under such circumstances took place the Chino-Japanese War, and at its conclusion the common action of Russia, France, and Germany in evicting Japan from the Liao-tung peninsula made it evident that in the Far East, at all events, a new Triple Alliance was in force. This action of protecting China from Japan is considerably illuminated by the events that followed, in the course of which Russia obtained a firm hold on Manchuria, and Germany Kiaochau and a dominant position in Shantung, while France obtained her reward later on in the shape of concessions in Southern China. It is true that Great Britain joined in this not very reputable game of grab, but in every case her action was taken on the principle, of which we have heard so much, of "counter-strokes."

It will be remembered that not long after the expulsion of Japan from the Liao-tung peninsula by the action of the three Powers, with the tacit acquiescence of this country, there came

a bolt from the blue in the first days of 1896 in the shape of the famous Kaiser-Kruger telegram. The telegram aroused a great storm of indignation at the time, but after the explosion and the inevitable reaction there began to be apparent an increasing tendency on the part of our Government, supported by the Press generally, to lean more and more towards Germany, and the evident results of this policy were the acknowledgment of the German action at Kiaochau in 1897 (the first territorial acquisition in China made by any Power), the Anglo-German Agreement of 1898 regarding South Africa, and another in 1900 concerning China, or rather regarding the Yangtze Valley, as has since transpired. The first was meant as a check to Russia, and was the initial step taken by this country to make use of Germany as a buffer against Russia. The second was with the purpose of avoiding any interference, in which Germany might possibly participate, in South Africa—this in view of certain contingencies, for which a heavy price was probably paid. Within a year of that Agreement the misunderstanding between the Boer Republics and England culminated in war. From that time the attitude of the German Government has varied little; officially correct, public opinion has, to say the least of it, not been influenced in our favour, and the feeling against this country has grown in intensity as time went by. About a year later, in the autumn of 1900, England again found herself in a position—this time in the Far East—to need support from Germany, something more than mere abstention from joining in any active policy against us. We needed solid support against Russia, and thus the Anglo-German Agreement was concluded. In the sequel it appeared—what might have been foreseen all through—that Germany was not at all prepared to assume a position which would in any way antagonise Russia, and with a frankness so brutal that it must have been calculated, it was explained that the Agreement had no reference whatever to Russian claims in the north, which possessed no possible interest for Germany. At the same time, the whole conduct

of Waldersee in North China favoured Russia in a most marked degree, and finally it became clear that the result of the Agreement was merely to give Germany a reversionary claim to half the Yangtze Valley whenever the question of that region should arise, Germany meanwhile covertly supporting the diplomatic position of Russia in Manchuria, while England was vainly opposing the conclusion of a convention which would give the Czar that territory outright. So far did Germany go in this direction that Russia was actually encouraged to swallow Manchuria at one bite, but the *rôle* was overdone; encouragement from such a quarter enjoined a policy of extreme prudence, and thus was brought about the apparent retreat of Russia and nominal handing back of Manchuria to China under a new convention—signed or unsigned matters very little indeed.

In judging the conduct of Germany, and our own complaisance so far as she has been concerned, we must remember the sequence of events, which may be briefly recapitulated. In 1897 she obtained the acknowledgment by this country of her occupation of Kiaochau (the first active foreign aggression in China). In 1898 she obtained an agreement regarding Portuguese territory in South Africa, the character of which has never been made public though there is reason to believe that the price paid by this country was considerable. Finally, in 1900 came the agreement regarding China already described. This *aide-mémoire* will establish how extremely rapid was the conversion of this country, especially of the Government, from an attitude of extreme resentment and suspicion (after the telegram of 1896) to one of growing reliance, and eventually dependence on Germany.

Having roughly brought affairs up to date, and demonstrated that from a variety of causes, popular feeling in Germany is strong against Britain and Government support as bestowed by agreements worth exceedingly little, let us see what are the proposals for the future guidance of our relations with our German ally.

It is just now a favourite argument with a certain school

that a readjustment of our foreign relations is necessary, and that an opportunity offers itself in connection with recent developments in the Persian Gulf. In view of the conduct of Germany in the Far East despite her agreements with this country, and of the undisguised enmity displayed by her press and people towards this country, it is argued that we should seek to ally ourselves with Russia, and use her as a buffer against Germany, just as we recently attempted to utilise Germany against Russia. We are to transfer our insurance policies from the *Germania* to the *Rossia* company.

It is now said that Germany constitutes our great danger, and not Russia, as has hitherto been argued, and proposals have been appearing in favour of an understanding with the latter. The methods suggested by which that "consummation devoutly to be wished" may be obtained vary in detail, but all bear the same general character—that of yielding voluntarily in advance what Russia is supposed to want, viz., freedom of action in the Persian Gulf and tacit opposition on our part to the ambitions of Germany in that sphere.

In order to appreciate this proposal, let us see how affairs stand at present in what has hitherto been considered a British sphere. The trade of the Persian Gulf amounts to about five millions sterling, of which nearly three are British and Indian, the German share being some £38,000, and the Russian only about £570. Four-fifths of the tonnage is British, Germany and Russia possessing no shipping in this quarter. Although the present share of Germany in the trade is so small, she is determined to increase it, and with that end in view has for some years past been endeavouring to secure from Constantinople the concession for a railway from the Mediterranean to Baghdad, and thence to Busrah or Koweit, on the Persian Gulf. This very important line of communication between the Mediterranean and Indian Ocean, the principal section of the future Indo-European overland route, was taken up by German financiers, who are perfectly aware of the future value of this great world-highway.

It may be noted that this is one of the many routes which have been pioneered by Englishmen to be afterwards taken up by the Governments of foreign nations. Until lately the attitude of Britain towards Germany in this part of the world has been one of encouragement, and the connection of the proposed German line with the extension of the Indian system through Beluchistan and Southern Persia has been looked upon as desirable in itself, and affording at the same time an effective bar to Russian ambitions in the Gulf. Even if the junction of railways was not effected, it was argued that the presence of Germany would act as a hindrance to Russia.

As already pointed out, the underlying idea of the proposals now made is that, Germany being the greater danger, we should strike a bargain with Russia, just as hitherto, considering Russia our chief stumbling-block, we have turned to Germany. It is claimed as among the advantages of an agreement with Russia that the existing alliance between Russia and France would not be disturbed thereby, nor would an *entente* between Japan and Britain be in any way prevented. It is said that these proposals have been well received in Paris and Tokio. As regards the first contention it is difficult to pronounce judgment, but, so far as Japan is concerned, it must be remembered that it is not long since we tried to employ her as a buffer against Russia, and, in view of the necessary divergence of views on Far Eastern questions at St. Petersburg and Tokio, it would be an extremely delicate office for a self-elected intermediary to hold the balance. If Japan and Russia succeed in establishing a *modus vivendi* it will not be due to European intervention.

The points in the policy of Russia at the present time which give a favourable opportunity for a *rapprochement* with Britain are stated to be as follows. First: a desire for peace, in order to work out her railway and economic schemes. Of this it may be remarked that although it is perfectly true, Russia having swallowed so much that a short period of digestion is necessary, yet the peace of Russia in no way depends on us, nor are we in a position either to guarantee or disturb it. Secondly: access to

the sea on the Mediterranean and Persian Gulf. As regards the Mediterranean the question is extremely involved, other European Powers having equal interests there with ourselves, and in this sphere Russia will meet with active opposition from Germany and tacit opposition from France. In any case we are not in a position to forward materially the ambitions of Russia, even had we the desire to do so. There remains, therefore, the Persian Gulf question, and it is here that the suggested concessions are to be made, always, however, with certain restrictions to protect our own interests. The advocates for this policy declare that we shall be killing two birds with one stone in that we gain the quiescence of Russia at other sensitive spots where her empire is in contact with ours, while by inviting her to the Persian Gulf we checkmate the ambitions of Germany in that sphere.

It must be understood, however, that in granting Russia what she wants in the Persian Gulf it is out of the question to attach any stipulations to the "free hand" which we propose to give her, for it is clear that if she has railways they must be fortified, and the hinterland must fall consequently under her control.

What would be the advantage to Russia of such a concession on our part, and what should we gain by it?

It is maintained that the Persian Gulf is now the focus of all the dangers threatening us at the hands of Russia, that she has set her heart on this fresh outlet to the sun and sea, and that it is necessary for the economic development of her Central Asian possessions. If we yield to her in this matter, we are told, as has already been said, that we shall secure relief from pressure elsewhere—in the Far East, on the Afghan frontier, and so forth. It is not, however, very long since we were told that if we yielded in the Far East Russia would not press us elsewhere, since her one ambition was ice-free ports on the Pacific. Clearly it is not safe to base any argument on the limitations of Russia's ambitions. The advocates of this policy have never yet been able to advance any tenable reason for her desire to establish

herself on the Gulf *except a political one*. She has no trade, and no prospect of trade, except such as may ultimately be developed in the hinterland, but once she has run her lines south to the Gulf, and has established another Port Arthur there, she will be in a position to cut our communication between India and the Mediterranean—a matter of the gravest importance to this country. There are other considerations in connection with the defence of India which cannot be dealt with here.

The bribe which we are to offer Russia for the hypothetical advantage of her “non-pressure” in other parts of the globe involves, then, a sacrifice wholly out of proportion with the benefits to be received. It is, however, pointed out that it is merely proposed to make a virtue of necessity, since Russia intends to come down to the Gulf whether we will or no. This *pour-boire* policy is not one for a great Power. At the same time it is clear that we cannot apply the Monroe doctrine to the Gulf as the United States succeed in doing on the American continent. We cannot exclude other nations from a region which we decline to occupy or accept responsibility for. For these reasons I have continuously advocated the construction of an All British railway from the Mediterranean or from Egypt to India.

Having seen the breakdown of the argument in favour of an understanding with Russia to be bought by concessions, we are face to face with what seems a most unpleasant alternative, in that we cannot be friends with Russia, and Germany will not be friends with us! There is a great outcry about our friendless position, and a general indulgence in those hysterics which are becoming more and more frequent in the press and public life of this country.

We have lost prestige—it is a fact to be faced—and not merely in the streets and *cafés*, but in the *chancelleries* of Europe. It is true, however, that we are stronger than we were a few years back, because we have discovered our own weak points and have realised the importance of cementing our scattered Empire. The self-sufficient and lofty attitude

of the mother-country is a thing of the past, and the British dominions beyond the seas must in the future be taken into account in all considerations affecting the Empire. There is another element in the future of the world of which little notice has been taken in this discussion. The Power of the future is the United States, who, forced by her destiny into a foreign policy, must largely affect the movements of European and Asiatic Powers in the coming century. United to us by speech and kindred, she is also bound by ties of common interest and policy. At this stage of our career, when we are harassed at many points, it would be a fatal mistake to make any sacrifices to ensure the support of one Continental Power against another. Nor is our position, so far as they are concerned, one of immediate and pressing danger.

Russia, always active, is nevertheless financially embarrassed and has her hands full with famine, over-stimulation of her industries, railways and schemes of colonisation; Germany, in the throes of an industrial revolution, groans under an inflated militarism: both are honeycombed with Socialism.

It is only recently that Great Britain, departing from her traditional policy, which has been to avoid entangling alliances and keep outside the web of Continental politics, has begun to rely on foreign support, and the success of that experiment has not been of a character to encourage any further steps in this direction.

If we look well to our defences, reform our system of education, consolidate our empire and follow out a consistent and steady foreign policy, we need fear nothing from the bugbear of Continental combinations, and it is in this attitude of reform and self-reliance that our safety lies, and not in any opportunist manipulation of Continental rivalries. John Bull must wake up—not only from the somnolence of the past, but from his present nightmare of unworthy fears and imaginings.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

TRADE AND THE SPADE IN GERMANY

FOR many months the *Zolltarif Gesetz*, or the Customs Tariff Bill, has occupied the foreground of the political stage in Germany. The draft measure, which was published in the Prussian *Gazette* on July 26, 1901, consists of a dozen clauses. The rest of the 167 pages in the big Yellow Book that contains it are required for the detailed schedule of the new projected customs tariff. This list is divided into nineteen sections, with subsections, comprising, among other headings, products of field and forest, minerals, chemical products, leather and leathern wares, spun and woven goods, paper, glass, metals, machines, fire-arms, &c. The general effect of the Bill is to reverse the economic policy associated with the name of Count Caprivi. Its main provision is a heavy increase in the import duties on all kinds of cereals and on cattle, the alteration amounting in some cases to more than 300 per cent. Corresponding with this, the duties on manufacturers' raw materials are in some instances slightly reduced, while the export dues on their manufactured articles are increased, in many cases by as much as from 20 to 100 per cent. The purpose and effect of this double reform are obvious. It abolishes at a stroke the root-principle of the policy of commercial treaties. It substitutes a system of artificial protection for the system of an international division of labour, on which that policy depends. The Hungarian farmer, for example, has

been accustomed to sell his foodstuffs to Germany at comparatively low rates, and to buy in return cheap implements for his field and cheap toys for his children. Henceforward, under the new tariff, this mutual accommodation will cease. The German factory-hand will have to pay a higher price for his bread and his meat; his master, the manufacturer on a large scale, will command a higher price for the articles he makes. The East Elbian Junker will benefit by the change; German commerce all round will suffer.

The Tariff Bill, as it stands, was introduced into the Imperial Diet in the first week of December. Count von Bülow, the Chancellor, in opening the debate, made a diplomatic and conciliatory speech, and it was plainly the object of the Government bench to represent opposition to the measure as unpatriotic and anti-national. These tactics, cleverly employed, did not by any means succeed in gagging the leaders on the other side. Herr Eugen Richter, the spokesman of moderate Radicalism in Germany, delivered an effective philippic against the Bill, and the attack was sustained by other Cobdenite members, and by the chiefs of the Social Democrats, who represent the working-class interest. The opponents of the measure enjoyed the confidence of the support of vast masses of the population. More than three million signatures were obtained in less than a fortnight to a petition against the Bill. But, on the whole, the debate was disappointing. It was clearly in the nature of a skirmish preliminary to the crucial fight on the second reading. The measure, as drafted and approved by the Council of the Federated Governments, was referred on December 12 to a Parliamentary Committee of twenty-eight members, by whom its actual fate will be decided. Such a committee of the Imperial Diet is like the lion's cave in the fable—most of the footprints point in one direction. Bills have gone into committee, and have never come out again. Others, again, have emerged in so mutilated a condition that the authors of their being have not recognised them. In this purgatory, therefore, the new Customs Tariff Bill may be left

to the tender mercies of its judges. It is the alleged intention of the Opposition to dispute the measure clause by clause, and to avail itself of all the resources of obstruction till the Government is wearied out. If they persevere with this programme, the German Parliament will be discussing the Tariff Bill till well on towards the summer recess. The dislocation of trade will increase with the growing uncertainty as to the fate of the commercial treaties which expire at the close of next year; and the final shape of the measure will differ so considerably from the present draft that it is more profitable now to examine the circumstances of the legislation than the details of its features. For though the Bill is dated July 26, 1901, its origin is set further back. It is the climax of the long struggle between the moneyed and the landed interests, between industry and agriculture, between free-trade and protection, between trade and the spade, which, by whatever name we call it, will be found in one aspect or another to have dominated German home politics since the Franco-Prussian war. In a sense, it is a legacy of that war, and of the riot of speculation and the confusion of the old frugal standards for which the French indemnity was mainly responsible.

The actual trouble began with Prince Bismarck's dismissal in March 1890. Without going back too far into the politics previous to that date, it is an historical fact that the class from which Bismarck sprang never forgave him his personal promotion. The great Chancellor knew the heart of the Junkertum—of the old, proud, impoverished East Elbian squirearchy, the bulwark, in their own belief, of the Prussian Constitution, to whom the monarchy of Prussia was an object of worship, but the German Empire was at best a vulgar political expedient, who had fought and bled through two wars for fatherland and king, and who now had to sit apart and watch the scramble of the mobs of many cities for the cheap food which would further diminish the value of their ancestral fields. Or, perhaps, they joined in the rout, and were relieved of their savings by more expert speculators than themselves. Bismarck

knew them through and through, and a chance reflection from his pen in 1871 has a very real significance for the situation in 1902 :

It might be forgiven me [he wrote] that I had risen from country squire to minister, but the votes of money, and, perhaps, the princely title which I accepted so reluctantly, were never to be forgiven. The "Excellency" lay in the sphere of what is commonly attainable and prized ; the "Highness" excited the critics. I can sympathise with this feeling, because their criticism corresponded with my own.¹

Prince Bismarck's breach with the Conservatives, which lasted till his downfall in 1890, and has even outlived his death, helped to define the conflict between the rival interests of the State. For years the Junkers sowed in darkness. All the energies of Government were devoted to the needs of industry, through its various channels of educational reform, factory and labour legislation, steamship subsidies, and so forth. And when Count von Caprivi succeeded to Bismarck's mantle this tendency of national life was given permanent expression in the department of the Foreign Office. In 1891 commercial treaties, terminable on December 31, 1903, were concluded with the Dual Monarchy, Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium. Others followed rapidly. The chief difficulty was experienced in connection with the Russo-German treaty, which led to a tariff war, prolonged through 1893 to March 1894, when the agreement was finally signed. This was the last of a series binding the German Empire in a trading alliance with all the countries of Europe, with the exception of Portugal, and with the United States, the Argentine Republic, and other lands across the seas. So far, then, the Conservatives, cherishing the agrarian tradition, lost rather than gained by the retirement of the Junker Prince. In a memorandum issued by the German Government in connection with the first batch of treaties, it was expressly stated, in opposition to the economic policy of Prince Bismarck, that Germany was not an agricultural com-

¹ *Gedanken und Erinnerungen*. (From the first German edition.) Vol. ii. p. 145.

munity, but an *Industriestaat ersten Ranges*, a first-class industrial State; that she could not support her population on the produce of her own soil, and that she must pay for the additional foodstuffs and raw material that she required by the exportation of manufactures, thus asserting the principle of an international division of labour instead of building a Chinese wall between commercial state and state.¹

Caprivi fell a few years later, and was succeeded in turn by Prince von Hohenlohe; but before examining the effect of this change on the events that have led to the Tariff Bill, there are two accounts to be made up. In the first place, it is to be remarked that the *Junkertum* in actual numbers is an almost negligible fraction of the population of Germany. The big landowners in the empire, the men who cultivate more than 200 hektars (1 hektar = 2·471 acres) of arable or pasture land, are no more than 13,809 out of a population of nearly 53,000,000.² Or, if the calculation start with the owners of a

¹ The commercial treaties policy coincided undeniably—whether casually or not—with an increase in German exports. Taking the early years after their conclusion, the total value in marks of goods exported reached in

Marks.		Marks.	
1893 . . .	3,244,000,000	1895 . . .	3,424,000,000
1894 . . .	3,051,000,000	1896 . . .	3,753,000,000

The imports in 1896 reached a total of 4,557,000,000 m., against 4,134,000,000 m. in 1893. Again, taking the figures of these two years, we have the following comparative statistics of imports from Germany:

	1893.		1896.
	Marks.		Marks.
Great Britain . . .	673,000,000	...	715,000,000
Russia	184,000,000	...	364,000,000
Dual Monarchy . . .	420,000,000	...	477,000,000
Switzerland	187,000,000	...	243,000,000
Belgium	147,000,000	...	168,000,000

It should be added, in proof of the practical character of Count von Caprivi's legislation, that the number of persons actively engaged in commercial pursuits in Prussia rose by more than 50 per cent. between 1882 and 1895.

² These are the statistics of 1896. In 1903, when the commercial treaties expire, the population is estimated at 57 millions. The number of landowners may have likewise increased, but the ratio will hardly vary.

hundred hektars and upwards, they reach a total of 25,057, or less than .05 per cent. of the population. The friends of commercial Germany may justly ask if their interests are to be sacrificed to this small but noisy class. High duties on corn, and all legislative enactments for the protection of home-grown produce, positively injure three million German producers, who are obliged to buy as well as to sell; they are indifferent to about a million more, whose sales practically balance their purchases, and they are a distinct gain to less than fourteen thousand of those engaged in agricultural pursuits. It is consistent with the selfishness of human nature that these few thousand big landowners should be anxious to bring about an artificial rise of ground values for their personal advantage; and, politically speaking, many little landowners follow the lead of the big. But it would be wholly inconsistent with human nature if the aggregate of the rest of the population did not resist this artifice as an economic evil extremely injurious to German trade. Secondly, therefore, it is obvious that one must look elsewhere than at the numerical strength of the squirearchy for the secret of their political power. For, clearly, they are of opinion that this is their hour, and that Count von Bülow is their man. They waited through the *régimes* of Bismarck, Caprivi, and Hohenlohe, and now they have chosen to make their spring. If their judgment is correct—and they are past-masters as lobbyists—it is worth while to inquire into the causes of the Government's surrender. In a sense, it is no less. The Agrarian party does not speak in the name even of agricultural Germany. The interests of the Agrarians are as remote from those of the labourers on their farms as the interests of a big ironmaster from those of the village blacksmith. Now, after many years of enforced silence, the Agrarians speak for themselves; and the Tariff Bill which they are exacting undoes the work of those years, and sets aside a policy which has proved, in home affairs and in foreign relations, of incalculable benefit to the vast majority of the German-speaking race.

These causes of Agrarian predominance may be stated quite briefly. One decisive factor is Parliamentary necessity. Everything has to be paid for at last, and the Tariff Bill for the relief of the agricultural depression is the price—or a part of the price—which the Government is paying for the support of the Conservatives in their so-called *Weltpolitik*. Its various aspects are familiar enough. The colonies that want inhabitants, the ships that are still to be built, the waterways awaiting construction—no part of this policy of expansion would have been inaugurated successfully without the Conservative vote. The two wings of that party contain eighty-four members out of the total of three hundred and ninety-seven; or, if the tiny contingents from the anti-Semitic and Agrarian Leagues be added to their number, they account for about a quarter of the House. The Centre, or Roman Catholic deputies, just exceed another quarter, and can combine with the Conservatives to defeat the National Liberals, Radicals, and Social Democrats, together with the Poles and Alsatians and the rest of the free lances.¹ The loyalty of these two parties to the Government during recent years has been by no means in the nature of a

¹ Roughly speaking, the Imperial Diet is composed of about 100 Conservatives of all denominations, 100 members of the Clerical Centre, 56 Social Democrats, 48 National Liberals, 50 Radicals (moderate and advanced), and a few minor groups. Taking these figures, and comparing them with the official analysis of the electorate, the urgent need of a Redistribution Bill is at once apparent. There voted at the general election of

	1893.	1898.	
German Conservatives . . .	1,088,353	872,973	} 100 members <i>circa</i> .
German Imperialists . . .	438,435	331,538	
Anti-Semites . . .	263,861	242,046	
Agrarian League (founded 1895) . . .	—	121,374	
Centre . . .	1,468,501	1,454,278	100 " "
National Liberals . . .	996,980	975,543	48 " "
Radical Union . . .	258,481	194,945	} 50 " "
Radical Democrats . . .	666,439	553,740	
South-German Democrats . .	166,757	108,493	
Social Democrats . . .	1,786,738	2,105,305	56 " "

free gift. Besides the price of their allegiance, another cause is discovered in the fact that the Agrarian interest is supreme in the Prussian Diet. Prussia is, of course, the leading State in the German hegemony. The German Emperor is King of Prussia, the Imperial Chancellor is Minister-President of Prussia, and his Majesty's Government, with the best possible intentions, cannot neglect the feeling of the Parliament of the Monarchy in dealing with the Parliament of the Empire. The Prussian elections are still conducted on a limited property-franchise, thus precluding the possibility of a successful democratic attack on the monopoly of the landed interest, and the Conservative supremacy in the Prussian Chamber cannot but influence Count von Bülow along various lines of intrigue in his double Ministerial capacity. A third cause is to be found in the social position of the Agrarians. They are proud to represent the old traditions of Prussia, and the personal friends of the Emperor-King are chiefly recruited from their ranks. It will not be appropriate to dilate on this factor at length, but it may briefly be conjectured that when politics are discussed at the royal shooting-parties, the needs of agriculture assume a prominent place. Lastly, the whole situation is affected by the growth of Social Democracy. The figures quoted in the last foot-note show how absurdly disproportionate are the representatives of that party in the House to their supporters in the constituencies. The Redistribution Bill, which the changes in the population since 1871 have rendered so urgent, is constantly postponed to the fear that Parliament will be swamped by Social Democratic members, and the Agrarian reactionaries are able to cloak their selfish schemes in the convenient guise of an anti-Socialist campaign. One remembers the early attitude of the Emperor towards this problem. When a deputation of Westphalian coal-miners on strike waited on him in 1889, his Majesty told them: "I see in every Social Democrat an enemy of the Empire and the Fatherland. If, therefore, I mark that Social Democratic tendencies are mixed in this movement, I

shall step in with unrelenting sternness, and shall bring all my power—and it is great!—to bear down upon you.” The Imperial purple has never again been trailed so close to the grime of the workaday world, though the sound of the thunder—“and it is great!”—echoes more than once through the Emperor’s utterances. Regal history in Europe is not rich in scenes of this kind, but the point to be noted is that the Agrarians have ever been at pains to ferment his Majesty’s passion, and to keep his imagination at that picturesque pitch. It is probable that the Emperor exaggerates the importance of the Socialists. They are very far from being active revolutionaries, and if left alone, they would doubtless develop into a constitutional labour party. But their free criticism of the Monarchy is intolerable to a king by Divine right, and their influence and solidarity are actually cemented by the measures adopted against them. Recurring prosecutions on trivial charges of *lèse-majesté*, vexatious legislation against trade unionism and the workmen’s rights of speech, combined with the spurious prestige reflected from denunciations in high places, and, not least, the dialectic of their leaders and the activity of their spies in Government offices and in the Army, have made the Socialists a force which cannot be left out of account. The majority of German working men are Social Democrats; hence the Agrarians are supplied with an effective weapon, which they are clever enough to use in their campaign of agriculture *versus* industry.

At this point I return to the end of the Caprivi era. The Conservative reaction, aided by all these causes, was at the height of its disgust with the existing state of things when the author of the commercial treaty policy gave place to Prince von Hohenlohe. *Cunctando restituit rem.* The late Chancellor was a master of Fabian tactics. To watch the old man in the Diet reading his dry, bald statements from a half-sheet of note-paper was an object-lesson in that method. He was appointed as a stop-gap, and he served—to vary the simile—as a bridge between two epochs. It was his duty to keep things quiet,

and to stave off inconvenient questions, while the Emperor was developing his naval and colonial schemes. The cause did not yet want an orator. As soon as eloquence was required, Count von Bülow, the present Chancellor, was fetched from Rome to the Foreign Office. In the meanwhile Prince Hohenlohe's part was that of the bridegroom's friend. He had to mediate between the parties, and between them and the Emperor. If the anti-Jingoes felt inclined to say, "We don't want a sea-fight, we haven't got the ships, and our taxes are already too high to pay the money too"; if they sent the colonies after the fleet, protesting that the authorities did not possess the colonising instinct, it was the Chancellor's place to soothe the conscientious objector, and by a word here and a wink there to keep the arena still. This was the time of "sops" and bribes; the time, too, in which Anglophobia, adopted years ago by Prince Bismarck as a political engine against English influence at Court, and perfected by Treitschke, the national historian, was revived in the offices of the new Navy League as splendid propaganda for their cause. Later on, when the German Liberals, who had always been England's admirers, were weaned from their friendship by the Boer partisans on the Continent, the Anglophobe sentiment, as employed by the naval enthusiasts, became too general and too outspoken. There are signs in official circles of a fear of having gone too far in this process of educating the German taxpayer into a cheerful acquiescence in schemes for Imperial aggrandisement; but in the early days of the new German Anglophobia a strong antidote was required to correct the disease which went by the cumbrous name of *Reichsverdrossenheit*, or ennui of Empire. The anti-English campaign helped to supply this want. It was assisted, too, by the fact that England's best friends in Germany have always been found in the parties not in power. German Liberals looked to her as the home of the ideals and principles which they expected to put to the test if the Emperor Frederic had lived to reign; and German Socialists respected her as the kindly stepmother of their exiles, as the champion of liberty, and, perhaps, as the

executioner of Charles I. Dr. Leyds has destroyed a part of this tradition, but in speaking of German Anglophobia it is well to distinguish between its two varieties. There is, first, the manufactured article, contrived by Bismarck and Treitschke, and employed by the Government from time to time through its subtle agencies in the Press to promote political ends. And, secondly, there is the spontaneous sentiment due to the continental view of Mr. Chamberlain's policy of aggression, and of Great Britain's intolerance of the twin Republics struggling to be free. The two kinds may coalesce to outward seeming to-day in a common hatred and abuse, which the British public resents more deeply than it cares to show. But, obviously, there is a difference. Anglophobia as a political engine must be left to the discretion of its engineers, but Anglophobia as an article in the Liberal creed is a misgrowth of so recent a date that a practical protest is legitimate. We owe it to ourselves to assert the true meaning of the Boer war against the industrious calumnies circulated by Dr. Leyds and his mercenaries, and we owe it in a sense to the ancient friendship of German Liberals, to the men of the generation whose hopes withered on the Emperor Frederic's tomb, to be slow to take offence at their present misunderstanding. It is as rash to rebuke the thunder of Jove as to criticise a writer to the *Times*, but one may fairly ask if the Berlin correspondent of that newspaper does not accentuate the division between the two countries by failing to differentiate the invective of our enemies from the misapprehension of our friends. The right side can afford to be forbearing, and a campaign of Press recrimination, a competition of journalistic scores, is at once ungenerous and unnecessary. When German Liberalism returns to its admiration for British example, it should find ready forgiveness for its temporary aberration of judgment, and moral support in its fight against reaction at home—against the party, that is to say, which includes the Agrarians, the Anglophobes, and the Anti-Semites, and all the leagued foes of true liberty and progress.

This, then, was the state of things at the beginning of the

Hohenlohe *régime*, and it soon became apparent that if the Imperial Chancellor was to prepare the way for the Navy Act, the China Mission, the Canals Bill, and the rest of the programme of expansion, he would have to offer a substantial price for the Conservative vote. His method of procedure was characteristic. The existing commercial treaties were the special object of Agrarian aversion, and they would have to be revised. Prince von Hohenlohe, therefore, in the true spirit of masterly inactivity, set the work of revision on foot fully six years before the treaties would expire. Or, rather, he committed the work to a special committee, which proved as useful to the German Government as any Royal Commission to the British in discouraging public curiosity. This committee, which took up its abode in the Imperial Department of the Interior, was appointed in November 1897, for the organisation of trade politics, and consisted of thirty members. Fifteen were Government nominees, and the Agricultural Council, the Commercial Diet, and the Central Association of Industrialists sent five delegates apiece. In the meantime the German Ministry was weeded of its Caprivi elements. In October 1897 Baron Marschall von Bieberstein succumbed to the intrigues of his opponents, and retired from the Foreign Office to the Embassy at the Sublime Porte. He was replaced by Herr (now Count) von Bülow, the present Imperial Chancellor, and Count von Posadowsky succeeded Herr von Bötticher at the Home Office. These changes were significant of the veering of the political pendulum, and their meaning was presently tested by an incident in the Prussian Chamber. On January 28, 1898, Count Limburg, a Protectionist landowner, asked the intentions of the Government towards the interests of agriculture. His interpellation took the form of a vote of no confidence in the foreign policy of the Empire, at least in the shape in which Baron Marschall had bequeathed it. Prussia, he said, was only concerned for the hopes of the Agrarians, but the Prussian Government could not count on the co-operation of the Imperial Departments,

and especially of the Imperial Foreign Office. To this direct challenge a reassuring reply was given. The Prussian Minister of Commerce stated that his Government was ready to revise its commercial policy in relation to foreign affairs, and to examine carefully how in these negotiations the interests of agriculture should and must be better looked after than had been the case hitherto. It was recognised at once that no Minister in Prussia would have ventured to make such a statement without the concurrence of the Foreign Office of the Empire. In other words, Count von Bülow declared himself, within three months of his appointment as Foreign Secretary, a champion of protection in favour of agricultural Prussia.¹

The Customs Tariff Bill, which is described by a leading German economist—Dr. Schäffle—as “nothing but an artificial means of raising the ground-values for the larger and the largest landed proprietors,” may be regarded from another point of view as an instance of Prussian Particularism. I have shown how the Agrarian interest dominates the Prussian Chamber, and how their influence reacts on Imperial affairs. Count von Bülow, as we now see, surrendered to it four years ago, and whatever pretence his Bill makes to aid industry as well as agriculture, it is, in fact, nothing more than the wresting of the foreign policy of the German Empire to suit the particular purpose of the majority in the Prussian House of Deputies. The failure of the Tariff Bill, as an Imperial measure, its complete detachment from the interests of the population as a whole, may fairly be tested by the results of the General Election of 1898. A great effort was made to turn the course of the election in the direction of a policy of coalition, and the authors of this movement, which first began

¹ “The Agrarian party is rubbing its hands to-day at the prospect of good times in store. Their home-grown produce will be artificially protected, and the excellent work which was done by Baron Marshall von Bieberstein and Herr von Bötticher for the sake of the mercantile majority will be put back by Herr von Bülow and Count Posadowsky, their successors, in deference to the East Elbian Junkers.” *Morning Post*, Jan. 30, 1898.

to be discussed in the early spring of that year as the *Politik der Sammlung*, published an organ of their own, called the *New Political Gazette*, which aimed "to represent and to reconcile the interests of all branches of national labour in town and in country." The responsible manager of the *Gazette*, and the wirepullers in the matter, were the members of Prince von Hohenlohe's special committee on trade politics, appointed, as has been seen, in the previous autumn. The limelight man was the late Herr von Miquel, then the efficient chief of the Prussian Department for Finance. The manifesto issued from this cave was signed, among others, by Prince Bismarck, and included the names of many leading men in industrial and agrarian circles—Counts von Arnim and von Ploetz, Baron von Stumm and Herr Krupp. But even at that date the combination was plainly not spontaneous. The coalition policy laid it down that party differences must be abandoned, and that only those candidates should be chosen for election to the Diet who were pledged to support, without reserve, a programme for the protection of national labour and impartial consideration for all branches of productive and industrial life. When this resolution was moved in committee there were many notable abstentions. Eleven members refused to sign, and in the list of names subsequently appended to the manifesto, the Centre and the majority of the National Liberals were wanting, while the Agrarian element conspicuously outweighed its partners in the triple league of national labour. And when things came to the polls, the *Politik der Sammlung* was nowhere. The Government had entirely failed to influence the country, or to persuade the weary taxpayer that the prosperity of the Empire depended on the relief of a handful of Prussian agriculturists. The Imperial Diet which was returned in July 1898 differed hardly at all in the distribution of parties from its immediate predecessor. It is more than probable that if a fresh election were held next month the prophecy of Herr Bebel, the Socialist leader, would be fulfilled, and so clear a mandate would be given against the Agrarian

designs that the Government would not dare to neglect it, although an adverse vote in the Diet has no power to turn out the Government. And this public attitude, be it added, has resisted the elaborate machinery set at work by the Hohenlohe committee to educate opinion, in which process of education we are bound to include an unsavoury monetary transaction—the twelve-thousand-marks episode, as it is called—between the Imperial Home Office and the Central Association of Industrialists.

This imperfect account of the political situation in Germany has left one aspect unrecorded. It is Count von Bülow's misfortune—a misfortune which might well have been foreseen—that the introduction of the Tariff Bill has coincided with a period of acute industrial depression. A corn-tax acts like an income-tax graduated in the wrong direction; and at the very moment when it is proposed to raise the price of bread, and to lower the standard of living for the vast majority of the populace, courts of inquiry are being held in Prussia and Saxony, and several of the minor States, with a view to devising means for the relief of the victims of the recoil from the commercial "boom." The Imperial budget, too, with its debt of nearly £150,000,000 sterling—it was about £36,000,000 at the beginning of the present reign—is a feature of the situation which must not be overlooked in considering the prospects of industrial Germany. The commercial treaties will expire within less than two years; the debates in Parliament on the Tariff Bill are likely to be protracted through the greater part of this year; and, meantime, the uncertainty of foreign countries, and of Russia over the border in especial, as to the future policy of Germany will add to the confusion and distress already prevailing in trade circles. In Germany's own interests it is to be hoped that the present ill-judged attempt to repudiate the Caprivi bequest will be abandoned by the Government. Count von Bülow's care to distinguish between the duty of the Federated Governments and the duty of the Imperial Diet lends this hope some

prospect of realisation. He has done his part in introducing the measure, and can brave the anger of the Agrarians if the Diet rejects it. This, so far as can be foreseen, is the safest way out of the predicament. At the best, it will be a Pyrrhic victory; the moral triumph lies with the Agrarians, and the reflection is not a good omen for the commercial recovery of Germany.

LAURIE MAGNUS.

THE RATIONALE OF VACCINATION

IT is now well established that the zymotic (*i.e.*, the "catching" or infectious) diseases are caused by various species of microbes, minute living organisms which find entrance into the body and multiply there. Many of these species are thoroughly well known. For instance, any competent bacteriologist is able to identify the microbes which produce diphtheria or consumption. Other species, for example those which give origin to measles or small-pox, are yet unknown. Possibly, for reasons to be stated, they never will be known.

Before a man falls ill of zymotic disease he is free from the microbes of it, as is proved by the fact that he does not infect his fellows. During his illness he swarms with the microbes, since he is then infective. After or during recovery he rids himself of his enemies, since he is no longer infective. Something banishes or destroys the microbes in his system. Recovery means, in fact, their banishment. A profound change befalls the sufferer. From being a soil in which the microbes flourish, his body becomes poisonous to them. At the least it becomes a soil in which they cannot exist. He *acquires immunity*. Every man has been infected with, and has recovered from, one or more zymotic diseases, if it be only common cold. He constantly hears of friends so infected. The phenomenon of recovery is therefore so common that it rarely excites wonder or speculation. There is no veil like the

veil of familiarity. Nevertheless, this wonderful phenomenon is of the greatest interest, as it certainly is of surpassing importance.

The human body, like that of all the higher plants and animals, is compounded of cells, microscopic particles, which are comparable to the microbes of disease, in that they are living organisms. They differ from the microbes of disease, however, in that they are mostly adherent together, and in that they take on special forms and functions. Thus, there are bone, muscle, skin, nerve, and many other kinds of cells. Not all of the cells are adherent. Blood cells, for instance, float freely in the blood stream. The red cells, which give to the blood its brilliant hue, show little signs of life; but the white cells, on the other hand, are endowed with powers of independent movement. They are able to pass through the walls of smaller and thinner vessels, and they, or varieties of them, may be found wandering in the tissues. When any part is injured, as by a cut, they crowd to the spot to affect its repair. Pus, or "matter," is a clear fluid rendered turbid by the multitudes of their dead—their dead which have perished in the discharge of duty.

The white blood cells and their kindred are the police and scavengers, the defensive army of the system. Their principal duty is destruction of invading microbes, whence their name of *phagocytes*. Thus, in the lungs of consumptive people many cells may be seen with tubercle bacilli enclosed within them. If the bacilli are digested and destroyed the sufferer recovers. If the phagocytes fail, and the bacilli are the victors, the infected person perishes. It is probable that each of us, especially if we be town-dwellers, is infected by tubercle bacilli on hundreds of occasions. Only in exceptional persons, and on exceptional occasions, do the bacilli get the upper hand. Speaking generally, before consumption can develop, the sufferer must be a susceptible person, that is, his phagocytes must be weak against the bacilli, he must be in depressed health, and he must get an unusually large dose of bacilli—

conditions which are apt to be fulfilled in poor and ill-ventilated houses.

But the struggle between the phagocytes and the microbes is not generally of this simple character. More often, in the earlier stages of the battle at least, the combatants do not come to hand grips, but carry on the fight at long range. Their weapons of destruction injure and kill at a distance. Thus, when the bacilli which cause tetanus or "lock-jaw" find entrance into the body, living phagocytes seem unable to approach them very closely. Something kills or paralyzes them, and as to the nature of that something it is not difficult to guess. The tetanus bacilli do not enter the blood stream and infect the whole body. They are usually limited to their point of entrance, often an insignificant cut or abrasion on the hand or foot. But the sufferer soon falls intensely ill. A virulent poison produced by the microbes invades his whole system and throws him into violent convulsions. It is that poison, highly concentrated in the neighbourhood of the bacilli, that prevents the approach of the phagocytes. When the illness has a fatal termination, the bacilli maintain their enemies, the phagocytes, at a distance to the end. If, on the contrary, the sufferer recovers, the bacilli themselves seem to be poisoned. They show signs of degeneration. Very soon the phagocytes which have acquired the power of tolerating the *toxins*—as the poisons produced by microbes are technically termed—approach and destroy bacilli. The same phenomenon may be observed in many other diseases.

It seems, then, that zymotic or microbial diseases may be divided roughly into two classes. In the one class the microbes produce no toxins; or, at any rate, if toxins are produced they are so feeble that the phagocytes are able to disregard them and at once ingest the bacilli. The struggle may then almost be termed a physical one, a contest in which personal prowess is the deciding factor. Such diseases, for example tuberculosis and leprosy, are always of prolonged duration. The sufferer is not made suddenly and violently ill

and perhaps quickly done to death by virulent toxins. He perishes more slowly, owing to the destruction of tissue caused by the irritating presence of the microbes. Above all, it is noteworthy that he never achieves that peculiar bodily state known as *acquired immunity*. In leprosy the microbes continue to multiply till the sufferer dies. Recovery from tuberculosis is frequent, especially when the patient is placed under improved hygienic and dietetic conditions; but it is as slow as the onset of the disease; and, as I say, it never confers immunity. A consumptive who has recovered remains as liable as ever to take the disease, and to take it in a form as severe.

In the other class the microbes produce toxins of greater or lesser virulence, in greater or lesser abundance, with greater or lesser speed. As a rule, the person infected falls ill rapidly, and the nature of his illness shows that it is due directly, not to the microbes, but to the toxins they produce. If he dies he dies manifestly of poisoning, and the end comes comparatively soon. If he recovers his recovery is also rapid, and thereafter, for a varying period, he is immune. He acquires that peculiar condition of body which renders him incapable of taking the disease—no matter to what extent he may be exposed to its influence—until he loses, if ever he does lose, the immunity. Speaking in general terms, the completeness of his immunity, as well as the speed with which he acquires it, is proportionate to the virulence of the toxins and the the quickness with which the microbes produce them. Thus, measles and influenza rapidly induce extreme illness, and are quickly recovered from. After ill-effects may linger, but the disease itself soon disappears. Did a man long remain as ill as measles makes him he could not survive. It is not known why immunity is so much more easily acquired against some diseases than against others; it is not known, for instance, why such a severe poisoning as that caused by measles should be so much more easily recovered from than that caused by scarlet fever. The duration of immunity also depends on factors that are nearly quite unknown. It is usually life-long in the case of some diseases

(*e.g.*, chicken-pox, whooping-cough, measles, and small-pox), but of shorter duration in others (*e.g.*, common cold, influenza, and diphtheria). We know only that it is dependent, to some extent, on the severity of the attack; the more severe the attack the more persistent being the immunity.

There are, then, two kinds of immunity—the inborn and the acquired. Inborn immunity prevents infection; acquired immunity prevents re-infection. In either case the microbes are destroyed on making entrance into the body. The writer has shown elsewhere¹ that both kinds of immunity have arisen in the human race through a process of natural selection. Different diseases in different countries have weeded out the weak against them from the races they have afflicted. Thus negroes have become particularly resistant to malaria, whereas Europeans have grown as resistant to consumption. When, as in the case of the latter disease, immunity cannot be acquired by the individual, natural selection has evolved a power of *resisting* infection. When, as in the case of measles, immunity can be acquired, natural selection has evolved a power of *recovering* from infection. Thus Englishmen, who have long been afflicted by measles, are as certainly infected but recover much more easily, than Polynesians, to whom the disease has only lately been introduced. It follows that immunity, whether inborn or acquired, against any disease does not imply immunity against any other. Englishmen are not more resistant against malaria for all their long experience of tuberculosis; negroes do not defy tuberculosis any the better for having fallen victims, for unnumbered generations, to malaria. He who has recovered from chicken-pox is as susceptible as ever to measles and scarlet fever.

What is the nature of acquired immunity? What precisely is the character of the change a man undergoes when, after being susceptible to a disease, he becomes through illness and recovery highly resistant to it? Many theories have been propounded. Pasteur supposed that the microbes of each

¹ "Alcoholism: A Study in Heredity." (Fisher Unwin.)

disease against which immunity may be acquired, find, every species of them, some special pabulum in the body on which they subsist, but on which no other species can subsist, and that when this special pabulum is exhausted they perish from starvation. In diseases against which acquired immunity is usually permanent—*e.g.*, small-pox—this pabulum, he supposed, is not usually renewed; but when immunity is not permanent—*e.g.*, in diphtheria—it is renewed, whereby the individual again becomes susceptible. Chauveau, on the other hand, supposed that acquired immunity arises because the waste products of the microbes are inimical to their own life, just as alcohol, for instance, is inimical to the yeast microbes which produce it from solutions of sugar; and therefore that when these waste products reach a certain percentage in the fluids of the infected person the microbes perish, as yeast perishes when alcohol reaches a certain percentage in a fermenting fluid. In diseases against which acquired immunity is permanent he supposed that the waste products are bottled up within the infected person, but they are eliminated after a time in diseases against which immunity is not permanent. Both these theories are negatived by the fact that the microbes of certain diseases—*e.g.*, anthrax—are able to flourish in blood drawn from animals that have acquired immunity against them.

Perhaps the doctrine most widely held, even at the present day, is to the effect that acquired immunity is due to the production within the infected person of substances which chemically antagonise or otherwise neutralise the toxins much in the same way as an acid is neutralised by a base, and which for that reason have been termed *anti-toxins*. By one set of authorities the anti-toxins are supposed to be elaborated by the infected person, by another set they are supposed to be produced by the microbes. Many facts have been thought to furnish evidence of the truth of the neutralisation theory. Some microbes, the diphtheria bacilli, for example, can be cultivated outside the body in broth or other nutrient media,

which then becomes intensely poisonous from the presence of toxins. A horse can be gradually habituated to having large quantities of this poisoned broth injected into him. Thereafter the clear fluid portion of his blood (the *serum*), when withdrawn from his body and separated from the more solid and deeply coloured clot, possesses remarkable properties. It is no longer poisonous, at any rate it is not poisonous if withdrawn from the horse after a sufficient interval of time. On the contrary, it possesses curative powers. If mixed with a given proportion of toxin it renders the latter harmless. If the toxin and the anti-toxin are injected simultaneously into different parts of an animal the same result follows, though in this case somewhat larger doses of anti-toxin are needed. Even when injected into an animal already diseased, and in which, therefore, the toxins are already present, it greatly tends to promote recovery. On this latter discovery is founded the celebrated serum treatment of diphtheria, which has saved so many lives.¹

The doctrine of chemical neutralisation has been very fruitful from a practical point of view. The men who formulated it and worked under its guidance are those who have built up our present splendid system of serum therapy, and who have thus robbed some death-dealing complaints of half their terrors. But a working hypothesis, untrue in itself, may occasionally lead to important practical results. There are, as it seems to me, insuperable objections to the theory of neutralisation.

Anti-toxins have been detected in the blood of an animal a few seconds after the injection of toxins. Polynesians who have had no previous experience of certain diseases (*e.g.*, measles) are capable of acquiring immunity against them.

¹ A friend of the writer constantly used diphtheria anti-toxin during eight years, and had two deaths from diphtheria. In both instances the anti-toxin was not used, the disease not being detected till after death. During an illness his practice was worked by a *locum tenens* who "did not believe" in anti-toxin, and would not use it. This gentleman chronicled five deaths from diphtheria in three months.

It is improbable in the last degree that the animal body is a species of magic bottle, instantly capable of producing at need highly complex chemical substances, the anti-toxins, which exactly neutralise other equally complex substances, the toxins, the right anti-toxin at the right time; or that each toxin contains, or is capable of being converted into, substances chemically antagonistic to itself and to no other toxin. If this happens it is a fact unique in nature. Nothing else like it is known to occur. Let us endeavour to formulate a hypothesis which is at once more probable and more in accordance with the rest of our experience.

The various vegetable poisons are in a real sense toxins. Like the microbial toxins, they protect the organisms producing them from other organisms to which they are liable to fall a prey. A smoker or an opium eater, if he begins with small doses, can inure himself to immensely larger doses—to doses great enough many times over to be deadly to a beginner. No one will venture to suggest that he owes his immunity to the formation of anti-toxins which chemically neutralise nicotine or opium. The case of arsenic, a mineral poison, is similar. In each instance the individual simply gets habituated to the poison. It is not necessary to explain, indeed it is beyond our powers to explain, how this habituation is brought about. We know only that it occurs; and we have no more reason to suppose that it is due to the formation of anti-toxins than we have to suppose that the habituation of the muscles of a trained athlete is due to the formation of a fatigue anti-toxin. We can only say in a very vague way that it is due to vital changes in the cells, that it is part of that general capacity of undergoing beneficial change by means of which living beings adapt themselves to changes of circumstances. Now, we have incontrovertible evidence that acquired immunity to diseases is due, to some extent at least, to a similar habituation to the toxins. If we inject doses of tetanus toxins into a horse at a certain very rapid rate, we are able to render his blood highly poisonous to other animals. At the same time he retains his

own health. Clearly, then, in this case, since the toxins are not neutralised, he owes his immunity to habituation.

However, it may be argued: All this does not impugn the doctrine of neutralisation. Habituation is possibly part of the phenomenon. It is true that an individual may become habituated to opium, nicotine, arsenic, or to a toxin, by the use of gradually increased doses. But the question of anti-toxin stands on a different plane. If we mix a small dose of opium or nicotine with a large dose, the latter is not thereby rendered less poisonous. We cannot cure a person poisoned with opium or nicotine by giving him additional small doses. But if we mix sufficient anti-toxin with toxin, we render it harmless. A dose of anti-toxin tends to cure a person suffering from the corresponding toxins. Clearly an anti-toxin is not a small dose of a toxin, but quite a different thing.

But let us go a little deeper. Pasteur killed rabbits suffering from rabies, and dried their spinal cords. His treatment for the cure of an infected person consisted in the injection into him of an emulsion from an old and thoroughly dried cord, was continued by injections from fresher and fresher cords, and ended by the injection of an emulsion from a cord that was fresh and intensely virulent. By this method he enabled many individuals who had been infected and would otherwise have perished, to acquire immunity. It is clear, since the anti-toxin is procurable from old and dried cords, not from those which are absolutely fresh, that the immunising substance is here produced in the dead and drying cords, not in the living infected animals from which the cords are taken. Moreover, did the living infected animal produce the anti-toxin it would survive, whereas it invariably perishes. In this case the anti-toxin is not produced by the vital actions of the cells, but arises in the absence of vital action in a dead thing. No doubt chemical changes do occur in a drying cord, but it would be strange if these resulted in the formation of substances antagonistic to the particular toxin and no other. The theory of chemical neutralisation is plainly at fault.

Another of Pasteur's experiments may afford some light. He submitted the microbes of anthrax to an abnormal degree of heat, and found that they gradually lost their virulence. Ordinary anthrax bacilli are very fatal to sheep, but Pasteur made the highly important discovery that if sheep were inoculated first with bacilli of little virulence, next with those of greater virulence, and lastly with those of great virulence, the animals could be rendered immune to bacilli of the greatest virulence. This result could be attained only by observing the steps of the process; an immediate passage from very weak to very strong bacilli resulted in the death of the sheep. Here again the theory of neutralisation breaks down utterly. The anthrax microbes are introduced alone or with an insignificant quantity of toxin. The "anti-toxins," whatever they may be, are elaborated within the sheep, and it is difficult to understand, if they are substances chemically antagonistic to the toxins, why they should be elaborated only when the animal has undergone Pasteur's treatment, and not at other times. The truth appears to be that just as heating the microbes of anthrax progressively weakens their toxins, so drying the cords of infected rabbits weakens the toxins of rabies contained in the cords. It is not that the toxins are diminished in quantity, but that they are altered in quality. Habituation to a weaker toxin places the individual in a position of advantage, from which he is able to become habituated to a stronger toxin more easily than he would otherwise have been. Progressive treatment enables him to resist the strongest toxins, and recover from a disease which without it would have been inevitably fatal.

Snake venom (a toxin) may be swallowed in enormous quantities, not only without ill-effects, but with the remarkable result that the individual is rendered immune to venom injected under the skin. The bushmen in South Africa make a practice of eating the poison glands of snakes, and are thus rendered immune to the bite. It is probable that the mongoose owes its safety to the same cause. In this case the

swallowed venom enters the blood in a digested and weakened condition, and thus supplies the stepping-stone. It has been found, if venom be altered by artificial means outside the body, it may, when injected under the skin of a person suffering from snake-bite, actually effect his recovery. Large quantities of "anti-venene" are kept ready in India and elsewhere for this purpose.

Now, the presumption is that all the so-called anti-toxins are weakened toxins. A phagocyte does not kill a microbe by tearing it to pieces or crushing it. It takes the microbe into its own substance and digests it. Digestion implies a digestive substance. We saw that during recovery from some diseases (e.g., diphtheria and pneumonia) the microbes begin to perish and disintegrate even before the phagocytes reach them. Something kills them—presumably the same digestive substance as kills the microbes which the phagocytes actually ingest. This substance is secreted by the phagocytes just as pepsin is secreted by the stomach cells. But pepsin digests not only snake-venom, but also the poison glands which produce the venom. In like manner it is probable that the digestive substance secreted by the phagocytes causes the gradual weakening and ultimate destruction of the toxins as well as the gradual disintegration of the microbes. It follows, if this view be true, that when an animal is recovering from a disease in which toxins are abundant, or when repeated doses of toxin are injected into him, there must be present in his blood, and in his serum when drawn off, first, the digestive substance, and, secondly, toxins in all stages of digestion.

Pasteur's treatment of rabies proves that a weakened toxin (*i.e.*, anti-toxin) may enable an animal to recover, may furnish a stepping-stone towards immunity, even when the animal is already diseased—that is, even when the virulent toxins are present in him. Here, then, is the explanation of the fact that while diphtheria anti-toxin may help a man to recover when poisoned by the virulent toxins of the disease, a small dose of opium or arsenic does not help a man when poisoned by a large

dose. A small dose of opium or arsenic merely adds to the effect of a large dose. It does not differ in kind from the latter. The two doses are merely different amounts of the same thing. But weaker toxins differ somewhat in kind from stronger toxins, and unless the latter are already so concentrated as to have destroyed the vitality of the cells (*e.g.*, in the later stages of fatal disease) the anti-toxins serve as stepping-stones towards habituation and recovery.

To sum up, acquired immunity against any disease is due to an habituation to the toxins of that disease. This result is brought about by the digestion of the toxins, so that there are present in the animal's blood toxins in all stages of attenuation, from those newly produced by the microbes, and extremely virulent, to those produced in the beginning of the disease, and now in a state of great enfeeblement. *Up that graduated scale the cells of the animal react till complete immunity is attained.* The serum treatment artificially supplies digestive substances, and, what is even more important, a scale of attenuated toxins.¹

We now reach the pith of our inquiry. We have seen that toxins may be artificially attenuated in various ways—by injecting them into a living and resistant animal, by submitting them to chemical change in a drying cord, by digesting them in the stomach, by subjecting the microbes producing them to abnormal heat, by cultivating them on non-living substances outside the body. One very important method of attenuation we have not yet touched on. The microbes of some diseases are capable of infecting more than one species of animal. Under the changed conditions—like anthrax bacilli under changed conditions of heat or nutrition—they generally, if not invariably, vary the virulence of their toxins. Thus, rabies is in

¹ The writer fears that, owing to the technical nature of the subject and to lack of space, he has not set forth his argument as fully or as convincingly as he might otherwise have done. He ventures therefore to refer readers who may be interested to his article on "Acquired Immunity" in the *Lancet* of September 11, 1897.

dogs a very deadly disease. If passed through a series of rabbits its severity is greatly exalted, and it is more quickly fatal. If passed through a series of monkeys it becomes so mild as no longer to be deadly. Human tuberculosis seems incapable of infecting cattle, whence Koch has drawn the hasty, but perhaps well-founded inference, that bovine tuberculosis is incapable of infecting human beings. Avian malaria seems equally incapable of infecting man. Less than a century ago, when small-pox was as common as measles in England, cow-pox was prevalent among cattle and horse-pox among horses. All three diseases have almost completely disappeared. Before the introduction of vaccination, so great was the terror inspired by small-pox, and so probable the chance of infection, that inoculation from the mild cases of the terrible disease had been practised to protect against severer cases. Jenner, who observed that dairymaids and others that had contracted cow-pox were immune to small-pox, thought that in the former he had discovered a very mild variety of the latter. His guess, if I may term it so, has been most amply confirmed. Repeated experiments have proved beyond all shadow of doubt that small-pox if passed through a series of calves becomes ordinary cow-pox, and lymph thus produced has been used on a large scale for vaccination. Vaccinia, therefore, is nothing other than attenuated small-pox. It is small-pox made so mild that it does not spread to susceptible people in the neighbourhood of the infected person, so mild that the microbes do not infect the whole body, but remain localised at the place of introduction. But the toxins—anti-toxins—enter the system and produce general immunity. One important fact must be noted, however. We saw that mild attacks of disease confer immunity less complete and lasting than severe attacks, that very mild attacks of anthrax do not confer immunity against severe attacks. It follows that the immunity conferred by vaccination is probably less complete and lasting than that conferred by virulent small-pox. Hence the necessity for periodical vaccination. Hence also the necessity for inducing

vaccinia of some degree of severity. Experience has proved that one "mark" is almost useless; whereas it has proved that four "marks," which induce a disease of fourfold severity, confer a degree of protection which, for a time at least, is amply sufficient for practical purposes.

The last century marked an advance in the treatment and prevention of disease greater by far than all that had been achieved during thousands of years previously. It was the age of the discovery of anæsthetics. But it is doubtful whether the discovery of chloroform and its allies has conferred, or will confer, a tithe of the benefits on humanity which the discovery of the microbic origin of disease, and all that has arisen from that discovery, confers. This great achievement also we owe to the "wonderful century." The whole rationale of modern sanitation, of the aseptic treatment of wounds, and what in general terms may be described as the serum treatment of infectious disease, depends on it. Jenner was in advance of his time. His discovery was empirical. None the less, it is the most important, as it was the first, of that great series of discoveries which shall keep the names of his successors, Pasteur and Lister, green and famous when the names of lesser men, princes, statesmen, and warriors are forgotten.

In the beginning of this article we classified zymotic diseases accordingly as it was, or was not, possible to acquire immunity against them. A different classification is also useful. Diseases are water- earth- or air-borne. Speaking generally, enteric fever and cholera are examples of water-borne diseases; tuberculosis, and probably diphtheria and leprosy, of earth-borne diseases; chicken-pox, whooping-cough, measles, scarlatina, influenza, common cold, and small-pox of air-borne diseases. Speaking again in general terms, the microbes of earth- and water-borne diseases are comparatively large and heavy, and can easily be seen through the microscope. The microbes of the air-borne diseases are exceedingly minute. Most of them lie beyond the ken of the highest powers of the microscope. Like the finest dust, they are wafted to con-

siderable distances, and unlike the microbes of earth- and water-borne diseases readily infect persons in the neighbourhood of a sufferer. We owe much to modern sanitation. It has immensely reduced the water-borne diseases. It has to some extent diminished the earth-borne diseases. But it has failed totally against air-borne diseases. It is possible to keep untainted our water supply, and to disinfect our houses. But we can neither keep untainted nor disinfect the air. Its volume is too vast, its flow too swift. As a consequence, with the sole exception of small-pox, every air-borne disease is as common as ever. Chicken-pox, whooping-cough, measles, influenza, and the rest still afflict us to the same extent as formerly. Nearly every individual is infected.

It is abundantly evident, then, that sanitation has not banished small-pox. A great many people contend that vaccination has not banished it. Let us, for the moment and for the sake of argument, grant that contention. It follows, since immunity against small-pox is acquired, not inborn, since so few of us have suffered from the disease, that practically the whole community is susceptible. Under these conditions, what has caused the almost complete disappearance of the disease? We are told isolation. The answer indicates surprising confusion of thought. We cannot isolate any one when every one is susceptible—at any rate, in the case of air-borne disease. The attendants of the sick themselves fall ill and spread the infection. Isolation is possible only when the great mass of the community is immune, when only the exceptional individual is capable of taking the disease. Under opposite conditions the pestilence spreads like a flame.

Measles and whooping-cough never cause national disaster in England. They are comparatively mild complaints. Year after year batches of young children fall ill of them. A few perish; the large majority acquire immunity, and in future years tend the sick and carry on the business of the community. When, however, measles and whooping-cough penetrate to a country where they were previously unknown, and where, as a

consequence, every one is susceptible, the calamity reaches the magnitude of a great national disaster. The sick are left untended, men abandon their avocations, the death-rate reaches enormous proportions; famine frequently follows. Thus, in 1749 30,000 natives perished of measles on the banks of the Amazon; in 1829 half the population perished in Astoria; more recently a quarter of the total inhabitants were swept away in the Fiji group. At the present time whooping-cough is depopulating New Guinea. What small-pox may be in a community protected neither by vaccination nor former disease, the following may help us to realise. When taken to the West Indies in 1507, whole tribes were exterminated. A few years later it quite depopulated San Domingo. In Mexico it destroyed three and a half millions of people. Prescott describes the epidemic as "sweeping over the land like fire over the prairies, smiting down prince and peasant, and leaving its path strewn with the dead bodies of the natives, who (in the strong language of a contemporary) perished in heaps like cattle stricken with murrain." In 1841 Mr. Catlin wrote of the United States:

"Thirty millions of white men are now scuffling for the goods and luxuries of life over the bones and ashes of twelve millions of red men, six millions of whom have fallen victims to small-pox." The Mississippi Valley was not colonised until after the introduction of vaccination. The vaccinated whites suffered little; the native tribes were exterminated.

By itself isolation has no greater power of controlling small-pox than the historic old lady with a broom had of sweeping back the Atlantic. In the absence of vaccination it would be worse than useless; far better a thousand times that small-pox should be endemic amongst us than that it should be epidemic. In the former case very many people would lose their lives, and practically the whole community would be disfigured. In the latter the very existence of the race would be menaced.

G. ARCHDALL REID.

A PLEA FOR AN ENDOWED STAGE

“**T**HE theatre is irresistible; organise the theatre!”

The theatre is irresistible, because its empire over life is bound to increase; the trend of events must force this conclusion on all who reflect; it becomes, then, a matter of national importance that the theatre should be tonic. Goody-goody moralists, who wish to confine the stage to the illustration of nursery ideals of virtue need no longer be reckoned with; their voices die away; but all who desire that life shall become increasingly worth living, all who grow more genial and better worth knowing, all vigorous and hopeful men, demand that every institution shall, if possible, dignify the life it serves. Can a war department be a source of dignity when it is forced hastily to try and catch up events or when its officials are constantly falling out of step? No; nor can a theatre brace the tone of public pleasures when all actors, except a few “stars,” live from hand to mouth or are turned into machines for no one’s good but that of a commercial speculator. Yet the long-run system means this, and is, perhaps, the most inhumane and stultifying exaction ever made from any class of artists.

Towards reform of the theatre every year we witness some effort or other: we are told that verse must be chanted, that scenery must be decorative or symbolical, that acting must be rhythmic or realistic. There are occasions, so it seems to me,

when each of these demands should be satisfied ; as now this beauty, now that, is sought out in the play chosen for performance ; but to restrict the stage to any one would be to set the history of the drama at defiance and to neglect the boundless variety of human moods. Again, we are told that plays must propose problems, or depict manners, or symbolise psychic developments ; and, on the other hand, that the only thing is to hit the public taste. Now, dramatists may be left to do as they like, for we can choose from among their works by the effect which they produce upon us : if it is powerful, the work is interesting ; if it has not only strength, but beauty, the work is good, at least for us.

The actor, not the dramatist, would seem essential. There are good plays ; even if never another were to be written, we have sufficient. Besides those of Shakespeare, many a good Elizabethan drama exists ; there is the comedy of Congreve, Goldsmith, and Sheridan, not to mention more dubious modern reputations or the translations of foreign classics ; but how few actors are there who are not conspicuously less satisfactory in proportion as the play approaches the first class ? I venture to think not one. All our best actors and actresses are most worth seeing in plays which are admittedly not of the first class. Yet this has not always been so, nor do I think it the result of any unusual dearth of talent or even genius ; but patently due to lack of organisation, lack of training, lack of clear and intelligent aim. Far be it from me to decry actors as a class ; the conditions of their life are not even principally of their own making. It rather seems to me vastly to their credit that, in spite of every disadvantage, they do so well. When one compares the possibilities of professional life in France or Germany with its possibilities here, one is amazed that the difference in worth, great as it is, is not far greater, and does not appear to be on the increase ; nay, rather their standards visibly lower toward our own. The fact is, we are still paying to-day for those stultifying puritan prejudices which so long isolated and impoverished our stage, so that, when the

conditions of modern life enlarged its scope, its organisation was found too stunted and weakly to cope with that new freedom, and it consequently was robbed at once of everything that had been achieved in the way of tradition and purpose. We must lay it at the door of our puritan forbears when we are too grossly shocked at something that it is fondly hoped may pass muster as a performance of Shakespeare; when Mr. Benson improves Hamlet with a shrimping-net, or Mr. Tree adds three dummies to Malvolio. Garrick, we know, dared to alter and even add to the text, and no doubt excuse is found both for him and our modern delinquents in public taste; only the taste of the town then was so much more coherent than that of the public now, that what it excused was at least better than silly.

It is the very greatest mistake for the artist to look upon the public as formulating demands, and it ends, like the politician dogging the man in the street, in humiliation. Does the most backward of successful managers suppose that the people dreamed beforehand of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, or that Sir Henry Irving found his public ready-made? Never has this been the case. These artists, these exceptional creators, seemed at first eccentric, appealed at first only to the few. By producing their several atmospheres they accustomed people to breathe in them, until their spell was rooted and the public taste was formed. Were there now a departure in scenery as novel as was Burne-Jones's art in painting, there is every reason to predict for it an immense future. The public does not dream of it, does not hope for it, will at first be disquieted by it, and perhaps a little antagonistic; but if it have genuine merit they will learn. We English seem always more than half conscious that we do not know; are very liable to be duped; and full of faith that our pleasures might be more effective, might be helpful, might really refine and recreate; only somehow they don't; unless it be the country holiday, none of them really does. But not only the public; the successful manager, even the professional critic might learn, and at all

events would in time be superseded, for there is nothing obviously eternal about our caterers or their friends. Yes, we have room for a great deal of success if only we can screw up a little courage.

A nation's intellectual amusements should be worthy to rank with its physical exercises and moral deportment. This would seem beyond controversy, yet on this head we, far more than rival Continental peoples, are still to seek. Hence we are, more than they, borrowers; more than they, needy. And let us not deceive ourselves. Not the best that is produced abroad is here imitated, much rather is it the worst; for the best required conditions for its creation which our caterers cannot command, and they are therefore forced to dish up what requires least preparation and has least worth.

The great and far-sighted critic with a quotation from whom I began, called, and called in vain, for organisation, for purpose, for dignity. "Let a school of dramatic elocution and declamation be instituted. It may surprise you to hear that elocution and declamation are things to be taught and learnt, and do not come by nature; but it is so. Your best and most serious actors (this is added with a smile) would have been better if in their youth they had learnt elocution." Thus he imagines the French actors, who, by their periodic visits, make us realise our unorganised and chaotic condition, to advise us.

It has become a commonplace of political acuteness to remark that in England, many great enterprises, which in other countries are undertaken by the State, are left to the individual or an association of unofficial effort. Let one or more of those mighty plutocrats to whom we are taught to look for such benefits, both by their former kindnesses and by our political leaders; let one of these, our most capable aids, endow a theatre on condition that that theatre produce so many times a year such a number of classical pieces of English drama, or of translations from the central masterpieces of foreign origin, out of which two classes it shall form the bulk of its repertory; and let there be joined to that theatre a school for young talent,

also endowed, where elocution, good manners and self-restraint may be taught, and the individual learn to subordinate personal ambition to the effect of the whole, without being harassed by irregular and precarious salary into a hand-to-mouth existence, deadly to all true dignity and delicacy.

With such a school in connection with it, a few years would probably see our theatre self-supporting,¹ and to ensure this, it should be controlled by stringent sumptuary laws, forbidding the ridiculous extravagance in mere gaudiness and display with which the mercenary manager attempts to make good his weakness in the more essential requisites of a performance. There should be a predetermined proportion between the outlay in salaries, that on scenery, costumes, &c., and the utmost to be netted from a full house, so that the nobler sides of a dramatic production should run no risk of being starved by the less noble.

An opportunity should also be provided at stated intervals for the production of such new dramas as may aim at a more than catchpenny popularity.

A few additional elucidations may perhaps help towards the comprehension of the above sketch. It is not desirable that the school, though endowed, should be made entirely free, but that such a system of scholarships be instituted as, with the salaries that the more advanced students would be able to draw from services rendered at public performances in the theatre, would enable even those who were almost entirely destitute of private resources to attain to eminence. Another chief part of the endowment would have to be devoted to retaining fees, by means of which the graduates of the school might be kept in touch with the institution, even when acting in the employment of other theatres; and could from time to time be recalled and immersed in the salutary and fortifying conditions which enabled them when young to emerge and

¹ By "self-supporting" I mean merely that the returns should be more than sufficient for current expenses, not that the endowment might produce dividends: far be it from me to insult our longed-for benefactor by suggesting that his kindness to the nation might in the end prove lucrative to himself.

attain eminence, at the same time setting before the actual students examples of matured and successful methods, and it may be even a warning against some contracted mannerism of a limiting and belittling nature. Not only those who are called star-artists should be thus retained, but those who have a special aptitude for secondary parts should, even in greater numbers, obtain this reward; and to provide for an adequate growth in this branch a certain percentage of the income should be yearly invested. In return for this constant and regular aid, of real moment even to the most successful in so hazardous a profession, those who received these retaining fees would be called upon to act at a fixed salary (whatever the sums they might actually be commanding elsewhere), at a certain number of performances annually, given under the conditions of the best performances, that is, of classical dramas.

Such a theatre, started under an enthusiastic but prudent head, determined never to venture on inordinate risks or to become the tool of any school or clique, would soon make its presence felt. Before a decade had slipped by other managers would jump at its well-trained and capable offspring; they would only be too glad to curtail their often perilous extravagance on tawdry show for a better proportioned outlay on reliable talent. If a provision were made, by which actors of reputation or the managers of suburban, provincial and colonial theatres could ally themselves with the mother institution and receive from it companies, single actors, or the help of instructors, on condition of agreeing to give a due number of classical performances in the year, that which is at present so perilously lacking to this nation, to this Empire, might within a score of years have been supplied by the munificence of a patriotic and enlightened man. For an institution which effected all that has here been suggested would necessarily exercise an immense influence both on the members of the profession and on the public taste. Dangers undoubtedly would be encountered, especially at first, though others might grow up under matured success; yet from dangers no human undertaking is exempt; diseases continually

threaten every living body, since every living organism necessarily contains the germs of many such; yet what have not prudence, foresight and enthusiasm done for the safeguarding of human life? and what may they not be expected to do for an institution calculated to minister so largely to human needs of the first importance, such as an adequate conception of manners and speech, and the facilitating of intercourse between the people and the minds of the greatest dramatists? How much the French have done with how much less! Should we not be ashamed that we, who are the richest of all European nations in dramatic literature, yet have done less with our immense wealth than they with their comparative poverty, less to refine and ennoble our common speech, our outward behaviour? All attempts hitherto have been ephemeral because they were under a necessity of becoming self-supporting from the outset, and had no reserve either of trained talent or of capital to enable them to deliberately realise their intentions, and so were hurried into a blind competition for mere popularity, or else expired without being able to follow up a praiseworthy start. In regard of the aim to be pursued, at present the need seems not, as is constantly done by our chief actors and dramatic writers, to lay stress on those words in "Hamlet" that "the end of playing, both at the first and now, was and is to hold as it were the mirror up to nature"—words which may be and are used to defend a prostrate realism—but rather those other words far too rarely cited from the same speech. "Use all gently, for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness"—words which surely prove that Shakespeare's "Hamlet" was not ignorant that beauty, harmony, proportion, are the ultimate aim of all arts. It is manifest that there are no actors now on the English stage, whatever their individual talent or genius, who can for a moment be supposed the equals of Mrs. Siddons, of Garrick or of Kean in elocution, which nevertheless must for ever remain the highest attainment of their art. Animals, indeed,

have some rudimentary aptness for gesture, but man alone is possessed of capacity for articulate speech and all that this has meant in the development of his mind and soul.

Sweet articulate words

Sweetly divided apart.

But we have actors of the first rank who cannot distinguish verse from prose; whose voice, at all great moments, is glad to lose itself behind an overdone pantomime, conscious of its inability to rule. All this is urged in order to explain why those implicated and concerned in maintaining the present fashion are, of necessity, disqualified for the direction of an institution whose aim is to renovate, restore and ennoble a fallen stage, and that for such a purpose, men whose experience has kindled in them a conception of the needed change and faith in its practicability are requisite. To cite former achievements dependent on the very conditions it is proposed to remove must tell rather against than for those who would succeed in an adventure like the present—an adventure, too, that need not stand or fall according to the success of its first managers, but might be handed over, should they fail, to others; and so on, till the right men were found.

Finally, should it be advanced that the public will fail; while pointing out that such an objection begs the whole question, and would establish an initial disbelief in the capacity of "the island race" to develop intellectually and through the refinement of its pleasures, we would urge in reply that there was every reason to believe the contrary. The acting of Shakespeare is avowedly very inferior to the acting of modern life drama; and yet, in spite of this inefficiency—which it is our object to remove—in spite of the long-run system which adds so immensely to the difficulty of finding a large enough public, certain plays of Shakespeare are still assured of success, though they have to compete against dramas appealing to every whim and passion of the moment—dramas better acted and more adequately mounted than his ever are. Their constant reappearance is alone sufficient proof of this.

The cynics who defend or praise the present degradation forget that every form of production has to create a demand for itself, and that, especially in the arts, it is remarkable how rarely what has proved eventually a great success has been so from the outset. The value of being in a position to hold on is realised by every merchant and manufacturer; but our theatres ignore this and are extravagant to ruin in their worship of immediate returns. You must have provided common-sense politics for some time before you will find an appreciation for common-sense policy in the air; you must provide good acting and tasteful scenery in order to create a desire for them; the bad is the best until something better is created. The bad is liked: yes; for there is nothing else to like, and human heads and hearts must act: the hungry revel in coarse and even revolting viands, but that is no proof that a long education would be needed to bring them to the appreciation of well-cooked and cleanly served meals. At first, no doubt, they might be shy and suspicious, but in the nature of things only at first. According to the length of time in which we have been accustomed to certain means for assisting the functions of life, is our uneasiness at changing them; but a more effective assistance gains upon us in time, and even when one less effective is imposed by some tyranny of the producer, or market, it degrades our standard with rapidity. The past century has indeed given us most convincing object-lessons on the rapidity with which æsthetic standards may be degraded: our houses, our furniture, our clothes, our books, everything that had or could have an æsthetic side, has suffered. Not only at home, but all the world over, we have seen the greed and haste of the commercial class obliterate and destroy whatever our civilisation had achieved in the way of beauty and distinction. They did not effect this of a set purpose, they had no distinct will save to grow rich; it was their machinery which they did not understand and could not control, that led the way; so that now their æsthetic state of mind resembles the moral condition of folk in a runaway

motor-car ; both the artist class who drive and the appreciative public that is driven feel a kind of panic that catches at any handle, hoping that it may prove a break or shut off steam ; oh, anything to slow down ; to live with things instead of seeing them exhibited in endless succession ! What a blessed relief it would be to know where one really was and that one might stop there ! Yet, think, how much worse must the æsthetic condition of our managers and professional critics be when they cry that the artist must be guided by his fellow travellers' feelings, not by what he sees or has learnt ; he must believe that those know best whose only occupation is holding on to their seats for grim life. "Oh yes," they say, "lovely scenery ! if you can't stop, don't run into anything !"

Except in modern life dramas, and not wholly excepting them, the present policy of our theatres is suicidal, because it not only makes no provision for the future, but is always lowering the standard in pursuit of an imaginary public taste. Anything new runs a chance of being disliked, but new things that enforce attention will win the public over in so far as they possess any real power of satisfying human cravings. Besides the craving for beauty, a well-acted play should feed the craving for intelligibility, that for strengthening the muscles and rendering supple the joints of social life, for the capacity of self-expression, eloquence and manners. I do not mean by directly preaching up these advantages, but by demonstrating them or by bringing home the tragic effects of their absence, under the control of a finely harmonised emotional excitement which shall create a purgation of the mental and moral system, by stimulating them to an ordered, graduated, and effectively terminated activity ; whereas the conditions that stimulate them in real life are, as a rule, chaotic, disjointed, and without any conclusion either for the intelligence or sympathy, while we enter on them or witness their operation under the disadvantage of every personal bias and preoccupation. There is one objection put forward by the professional critic and manager, and echoed widely among the public, which has a more solid

basis than the infatuated cowardice of the producer; which is that many works now recommended as high art are gloomy, morbid, and depressing. Those who are vigorous enough to desire to live, desire to be encouraged in living; and those who pursue an ideal even in a greater degree demand an atmosphere which inspires hope and enterprise; while to create something which tends to deny the utility or desirability of effort is to contradict oneself and frustrate the quickening power of one's own example. Here is Ibsen's capital mistake: he is too frequently savage, negative or sinister; though his art rivets attention, it flouts the intelligence and is meagre in response to the craving for beauty, while it decries as hopeless the development of sociability.¹ Therefore it fails, in spite of its mighty and formative energy. I have seen a performance of one of Shakespeare's tragedies fail, petrified by an actor's ignoble conceptions; but no reader of those tragedies ever felt the numbing influence of ignoble ideas about life. In the same way I have seen Ibsen's "Master Builder" lifted and made radiant by an actress's conception of a single character. If the actor be a hopeless, worried, anxious and bedevilled creature, how can he stand for Hamlet and Othello, whom tragic woes still leave with a superfluity of enterprise?

There is much to do; nothing can be more wholesome than a sense of the immensity of the task which our stage must either achieve or fail in. The repertory theatre is bound to come; it may in coming raise and establish a standard, or be merely a more solid venture than our present houses for exploiting ignorance and providing blind syrens for the blind. The repertory theatre with its more permanent establishment is needed in order to remove a social evil that waits on the threshold of the actor's career; and as actors become more numerous, wealthier, and more influential, it will be removed; but in order that its removal may serve the cause of art and

¹ Ibsen's earlier romantic dramas are for this reason perhaps his most satisfactory work, though he is unquestionably the greater master of his materials and methods in the dramas of modern life.

thus dignify our national life, more is needed; it will be necessary that the first repertorial theatre be raised to a standard and serve a purpose other than commercial.

In the meantime not a little may be done in a corner by a clique, the only power extant for the furtherance of art; yet nothing that can last will be effected without an endowment; the disease to be conquered has been too long established, and draws its strength too directly from timidity, stupidity, and greed,—passions always present, often prevalent. Authors and actors can prove, by experiments produced at the cost of enthusiasm and devotion, how vast the field is; this they are constantly attempting and succeeding in, but only an endowment with a well-thought-out organisation can, where the conditions are so complicated, render these efforts sufficient. An endowment is what is needed in the first place, for then let an effort in the direction indicated have as modest a commencement as may be, it will yet wax strong and finally conquer; and once the right road has been struck, what bounds need be set to our hopes, with a public avid, good-humoured, and indulgent to a degree which could be matched nowhere else; with a dramatic literature in many respects the richest in the world; with a race in which the actor's talent abounds, and in which geniuses of the first order have for upward of two centuries constantly reappeared to tread the stage; with the memory of a deceased school of elocution which only died out because it lacked an organisation capable of coping with the rapid growth of modern conditions; with everything except organisation and sufficient capital to make a solid start, what bounds need be set to the hopes of those "who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake"?

T. STURGE MOORE.

P.S.—Soon after I had written the above paper there was published in the *Nineteenth Century* an "Appeal" from a veteran actor urging the London County Council to provide a

national theatre. I cannot do better than refer my readers to this admirable essay which is enlivened by cascades of fact and anecdote, falling with fine effect; one tending to show how much better things were in the days before the tradition died out; another, how bad the state of affairs is nowadays; a third, how much more has been done for music and painting; a fourth, how far we are behindhand when compared with foreign countries, and so on. Much as I admire this vigorous appeal, I would like to suggest to Mr. Coleman and his readers, that to turn the actual actor into a sort of Terrestrial Paradise, as he suggests should be done, might prove an over-hasty remedy and lead that actor to suppose it was only his happiness which was desired, and not the raising of an art which he has hitherto been prevented from acquiring: premature prosperity is not, as a rule, good for human nature. That such a theatre should be made possible and held before him, and that he be enabled to work towards it, would appear to me the wiser course. Things that grow are better in many ways than ready-made things. Nowhere could an adequate model be found for a ready-made theatre answering our purpose; our conditions are too new. The way must be felt out; start at once, but don't start at the wrong end. Finally, I did not propose the State or even the County Council, because these bodies have so much on their hands waiting to be done; and though the County Council is comparatively young and vigorous, and presents certainly a more edifying spectacle than Westminster, yet a theatre ought to be a national, and not a London undertaking. Its seat should be in London, but it should aim at operating in a far wider field; therefore, if the Government is too effete and incapable to supply the nation's needs, let some generous friend or friends help in this as they have helped so often before.

RELIGIO PUERI

I MUST explain that the boy I speak of is the public school boy, whom I have studied with some pains and a great deal of pleasure, not the Board school variety, of which I am culpably ignorant. Perhaps I ought to apologise, in a democratic age, for applying the generic name to a class, and, what is even worse, to a Class: but I may plead in extenuation that the larger question has been rather fully dealt with of late, in the Press and elsewhere, by persons more competent than myself, and also by those who make up for their lack of information by the depth of their convictions: with the result of much darkening of counsel and loss of temper; so that a peaceable man may be excused, even applauded, if he refrains from publishing his views on religious instruction in elementary schools, with digressions on the kindred topics of Definite Church Teaching, our Protestant Heritage, Priestcraft, and Undenominationalism.

The subject of religion in the public schools is not in itself an unimportant one. If we believe, as many of us do believe in our hearts, that it is the fear of God which makes and keeps a nation great; and that the pressing questions of internal and external government which England has to answer, and answer right at her peril, can only be solved by Christian methods; then it concerns us all very nearly to inquire how far the means we are using tend to produce a God-fearing generation. The age we live in is notoriously an age of material standards

and low ideals. Everything is estimated with cynical frankness at its money value, The getting of wealth at all costs, and the spending of it on bodily comfort and pleasure, are recognised as the sufficient purpose and reward of life. Art and literature are not untainted. And the millionaire, instead of being regarded as a menace to civilised society, is exalted into a popular hero, and even oddly haloed as a kind of saint if he chooses to spend a fraction of his swollen treasure on pauperising his fellow creatures. Of course, this is only one side of the truth, and that side rather feverishly put. If it were the whole truth we should have to give up our belief in God, and withdraw decently from a world where there was no room for followers of the Sermon on the Mount; but we know that there are seven thousand in Israel who have not bowed the knee to Baal, and we are confident that this idolatry will pass as others have passed. Only, wherever this base material conception of life obtains, it is by its very nature more in evidence than the other side, and gets a fatal hold on the weak and the undecided and the unprepared. The true end of education is to-day more than ever not to impart information useful or other, but to keep alive the spiritual side of the nature, to fan the spark of divinity which informs the clay. It is not superfluous or uninteresting to inquire how far those who will be, if not the rulers, at least the leaders of England a few years hence are being equipped to face this modern spirit of evil—

Mammon, the least exalted spirit that fell
From heaven.

And if this is, as it seems to be, a question of national importance, there is still a class to whom it comes home more poignantly, as touching individual lives which are dearer to them than their own. All who have boys at public schools, all who have young sons who, in the course of time, will be naturally going to the father's old school, or for whom a school must be chosen—all these have a right to ask, they are all bound to ask, how far religion will be a factor in their boy's

life among his new surroundings, how far the thought of God will be a check to him and a support in the dangers and troubles and temptations of school-life. And in the first place, let me tell them plainly, it rests chiefly with the parents themselves. It is their duty to train their own children in morals and religion from the first; and if they neglect it, nothing can make up the loss. This sounds like a commonplace: but it is habitually disregarded in practice. No doubt there are many parents who are ready to sacrifice their leisure and their amusements, and to give themselves, not their money only, to their children: but, as a rule, people see more of their children in the drawing-room, and less of them in the nursery, than they did formerly; and the change is not for the better. The little boy is left to nurses, often rapidly changed, and nursery governesses, till, perhaps at eight years old, he is packed off to his private school, and his whole training, mental, moral and physical, is henceforth the business of the school-master. If he prospers, the parents' sense of duty to their offspring is covered by the terminal cheque; but if he is stupid, if he is ill, if he is naughty, they put it down at once to some defect in the school, often quite forgetting that no discipline and care there can neutralise a demoralising atmosphere at home. A boy home for the holidays is a privileged being, subject to nothing like the discipline of the child who lives at home. He is generally much with his elders, and it is the fashion nowadays to talk very freely before children: and if he sees that they are selfish and ill-tempered and mean; that they are careless of their religious duties (by which I mean far more than regular church-going) and of their duties to their dependents; that they consider being well off and having a good time as the really important thing; if he is encouraged to be pert and self-willed; it is not likely that any teaching he may get at school will convince him of the beauty of self-sacrifice and obedience. It may fairly be objected that it would be worse still for a boy to live all the year in a careless home: but my point is that parents, by handing over their

children at an early age to professional teachers and guardians, lose all sense of responsibility, and treat them in the holidays with an indulgence, and what is really an indifference, which quickly undermine the character that school-training is intended to give: whereas, if the father and mother felt that their son was really in their charge, they would discipline themselves not to offend his innocence, or risk his loving reverence: and both sides would have at least a chance of gaining that mutual knowledge which is the power to help, instead of the superficial intercourse which often leaves those who are nearest in blood strangers all their lives. Certainly, where it is possible, a boy's own parents are his best spiritual pastors and masters: his mother till he is five or six, his father and mother till he is old enough to think for himself and fend for himself in the wider world of a public school, guarded by a reasonable love for those he leaves behind, and duly warned by his father of the special dangers that will beset his first years at school.

But it is true that for many boys, some would say for most boys, this is a counsel of perfection. It seems to postulate ideal parents, and an ideal home: though I believe almost any parents could do more for their own children than the wisest and kindest stranger: the tie of natural affection gives them such a tremendous advantage to start with if they will only keep it. Still it may be granted that, in the present conditions, a good private school is the easiest way out of it for the parent, and at least the second best for the boy. Private schools abound, and seem to provide all that the most exacting can require. Boys are well taught, well fed and cared for in all respects with a patient zeal and kindness which cannot be reckoned in the bills.

The modern private school master is a very encouraging type; unselfish and conscientious, often wise and sympathetic, he has a strong influence for good at a very impressionable time. The great fault of these good private schools is that they tend to claim too much of a boy's life, and try to keep their pupils when they would be doing better at a public school: a fault surely pardonable if not inevitable. But it cannot be

too clearly understood that not all private schools are good. A little evil leaven easily leavens the whole foolish lump, and there are not the counterbalancing safeguards of a larger society to check the mischief. When the tone of a private school is not thoroughly sound and wholesome it is apt to be unspeakable. It must have happened once or twice to most public school masters of any standing to meet with a poor child who has come to his public school at fourteen, already thoroughly corrupt. It is an experience not easily forgotten; an experience which a man should not easily forget. But happily such melancholy instances are not common; though they are common enough, as most headmasters know, to be a source of constant anxiety, sometimes of serious trouble. Yet for most boys the time of test, the time when some resource of motive, some higher sanction is needed, comes at the public school. We who know something of school life from both sides; who have preserved in a measure the lively memory of our own days at school, which is a gift so necessary and yet, as it sometimes seems, so perishable; who as masters have watched many generations of boys come and pass and disappear, cannot but feel at times how great is the risk to which parents light-heartedly commit their sons.

We are honestly convinced that public school life is the best training for an English boy; that its little hardships, and far more serious temptations are part of the discipline needed to brace and strengthen his character, and to form a nice child into a wholesome sensible man. We know that the enormous power of boys who are for any reason leaders is very seldom misused for cruel or selfish ends; that in fact the system works well as a whole. And yet, when the thing is brought very near home to us; when we see the son of a dear friend, or it may be our own son, launched for the first time alone in a great school, full of hope and courage, pleasure-loving and a little reckless as a young creature should be, apt to be greedy of praise and notice from his school heroes, boy or master, and yet anxious on the whole to do right, and to be a credit and com-

fort to his dear home, we cannot help trembling a little. We remember the failures; the sudden and irrevocable extinction of proud hopes, or sadder still, perhaps, and more common, the gradual renunciation of high purpose, the lapse into selfishness and contented futility. We have seen it so often: the common sanctions, self-respect, ambition, love of praise, love of parents, losing their hold one after another, and fine characters, full of charm and possibilities for good, slipping down, very likely without scandal or any notable catastrophe, into moral decrepitude. We have seen it so often; and yet, to rebuke our want of faith, though we see it not, and cheerfully accept its results as normal, still more often the opposite miracle is in progress. Every year, every term, hundreds of boys, not story-book saints and heroes, but common ordinary schoolboys, are passing safely through what we call the usual temptations of school: of course the strain varies with temperament and circumstances; but whatever be the pressure, the boy has to meet it practically without help from outside; for from the nature of the case it is only by the rarest chance that the authorities, masters or sixth-form boys, know anything of the struggle till it is decided one way or the other; most often they never know of it. I have said deliberately that the happy issue is commoner than the other; for if it were not the public schools would be a chaos, or rather they would have perished long ago unlamented. No society can continue to exist unless the good outnumber and outweigh the wicked, if it were but by fifty-one to forty-nine in the hundred. But as a matter of fact the proportion is better than this, and schoolmasters may go on working, and parents sending their sons to school with a good heart.

But the question remains, what is the cause of the difference between these two classes—the boys who with many slips and stumbles are working steadily upwards, and the boys who are rushing or strolling downwards? Let us take a striking instance which is, happily, not uncommon: the case of a boy with all the apparent predisposition to compliance, strongly

attracted by pleasure, fearing greatly the ill-will of his companions, either from a love of popularity, or because he is naturally timid and submissive, who yet keeps straight when others give way before the very temptations which would seem to appeal most to his weakness. It is, as I say, a fairly common case in our experience, and unaccountable except on one hypothesis. One thing at least is clear; there is a determining factor which outweighs all ordinary motives of action. And this factor, I think, it is not unreasonable to call the Grace of God.

It is a common view, perhaps more widely held than expressed, that the average schoolboy is a kind of pleasing pagan: and that if he eats and sleeps and plays games and learns his lessons, he is doing all that can be reasonably expected of him. This theory carried out in action has led and will lead to very surprising results in the way of practical paganism; but it is a very natural result of a superficial acquaintance with the habits of boys, and of their impenetrable reticence on all serious subjects, of which I shall have to speak again. On the other hand there are conscientious persons, of whom I wish to speak with entire respect, who appear to think that boys should be, and may conveniently be made *religious* in the technical sense, minutely following out the details of a mediæval ritual, and submitting their souls to frequent inspection to see how they are prospering. It may be desirable: they may very well be right there, and I wrong; though it seems to me that there is danger both to reverence and manliness. But practicable it is not, for there is in boys an inexhaustible store of conservatism and passive resistance; and, in fact, the schools which have been founded on these lines, show a tendency to revert to the normal type in proportion to their general success.

The great majority of the distinguished scholars and able men who are to-day at the head of our great public schools, are equally removed from either extreme. They are profoundly convinced of the necessity of religion as an element in the life of a boy and of a school, and understand no less clearly that

this can best be attained without bringing young minds prematurely in contact with ecclesiastical disputes. They are fully alive to the pastoral side of a headmaster's duties, and they are loyally backed up by an increasing number of earnest assistant-masters in holy orders, and by the not less valuable help of truly Christian men who prefer for sufficient reasons to remain laymen. The results of the improved relation between masters and pupils, which has come about in the last fifty years, is nowhere more marked than in the school chapel and its worship. Compare the lot of the modern schoolboy with his grandfather's in this matter. Then, for all but a few schools, it was an aisle or a gallery in the parish church; long, old-fashioned services, whose tedium was relieved by frank misconduct and occasional punishment. Now a chapel is rightly considered among the first necessities for the equipment of a school, and in the services all care is taken to win and hold the attention of minds not irreverent, but easily tired and distracted; and as a result the chapel has come to be one of the centres of school life. Many boys now, far more than would readily confess it, really love the services and miss them in the holidays. Old boys, when they come back, must see the chapel, must worship there once more, though their college chapel knows them not, nor their parish church at home. And we cannot doubt that what is to some only a sentimental charm of memory, is to some also an abiding bond, the basis of a reasonable habit of devotion.

The effect of the ordinary Sunday and daily services on the religious character must be largely cumulative and unconscious, acting rather by force of long and sacred association than by any novelty of appeal; and there is always the danger of familiarity passing into indifference instead of love; for the school at large, chiefly when they are given, or choose to take, too little part in the singing and responding; for the choir, when too much is put on them, and the least idea creeps in that the service is a musical performance first and an act of worship second. For a school choir, though it is pleasing and in a sense

true to regard them as specially privileged to minister in the sanctuary, are really more or less sacrificed to the common good, exposed to peculiar risks of irreverence and hardness. These are few less edifying sights than a choir repeating the Lord's Prayer with their lips, while their hands and eyes are busy finding the chants for the Psalms; and this is only typical of the general religious attitude of choir boys and men where worship is subordinated to music. Hence follows the great importance of having a man of really Christian mind for choir master if it be possible: for it is only success, only the raising of the devotional tone of the school as a whole, that justifies the risk of having a chapel choir at all.

On the question of Holy Communion, I do not intend to speak at any length here. It is a matter so personal and sacred that general observations on it would be out of place. The Communion is the one voluntary service at school, so the attendance at it should be the best test of religious feeling. The number of communicants at most schools is all that could be desired. But when one sees, as I saw the other day, practically all the confirmed boys of a great school remain to kneel in turn before the Holy Table, delightful and touching as the sight was, it gave rise to thoughts not wholly comforting. The duty of "fencing the Tables," of explaining what is fitness and unfitness for approaching the Sacrament, is one which taxes all the wisdom and courage of the most experienced pastor; but it cannot, in honour, be shirked. I think no boy I ever knew would go to Communion with the deliberate intention of giving a false impression of his piety; but of those who went carelessly, or as a part of routine, or because they knew we liked to see them there, I fear there were some.

The sermon, like the service, has undergone great changes, mainly for the better. Much has been done to draw it down from the region of dull abstraction, and to meet boys on their own ground: perhaps too much; for what the Message loses in dignity it does not necessarily gain in effect. We profit nothing if we exchange the old high-and-dry convention for a

still more distressing convention of sanctified sprightliness which is supposed to appeal to the young. It is not given to every man to be a power in the pulpit; but so long as the Church of England takes it for granted that the gift of prophecy is conferred at ordination, all ordained colleagues must take their turn once a term at least: only for most of us the smooth stones from the brook are a safer equipment than the armour of Saul. Boys are the best listeners a preacher can have: so good that much preaching in school chapels spoils a man for general congregations. He is apt to be fidgeted by the bland inattention of parts of the average parish audience. But if they listen it does not necessarily follow that they are impressed. In fact they are the sharpest of critics, curiously discriminating, and quite merciless in their disapproval. They will discover and accept sincerity of purpose underlying almost any defects of style and delivery, especially from a man they know and trust; but anything pretentious, anything that rings false, is instantly noted and condemned. Boys hate being preached down to, and are quick to detect the condescension. Least of all do they tolerate the robust breezy preacher who addresses them as "fellows," and interlards his discourse with what he believes to be current school slang. They will listen to him with open-eyed attention; but when he has displayed the intimate acquaintance with the private life of his hearers which neither he nor any other adult possesses, he may rest assured that they think him an ass, and that his most striking phrases will circulate as humorous catch-words for the rest of the term. It is not often, to be sure, that the regular staff of a public school are guilty of such eccentricities in the pulpit: they come rather from well-meaning strangers who are anxious to exhibit their sympathy, and to get into touch with their audience; especially from the more or less authorised school Missioners who are allowed to appear in our school pulpits from time to time. I have the highest opinion of the good-will of these worthy gentlemen; but their methods are mistaken, and calculated to hinder more than they help. Revivalist methods

are not good for boys, and it is an error of policy to approach a public school as if it were an East-end slum or a heathen tribe. Serious-minded boys are annoyed and puzzled, and the unregenerate are openly derisive; at most one or two worthless lads are got hold of for a time, a poor compensation for the general unsettlement. If the religious life of a school is to be wholesome and progressive, the head master must be the centre and director of it. His position gives him a claim on the respect of the boys which they are not slow to allow. His sermons are looked forward to, and heard with more than ordinary care. A head master should make his preaching, as many do make it, a chief means of reaching and influencing boys of all ages. There are things to be said to the school which he can say, and they can hear, perhaps, at no other time. And in proportion as he is trusted, his words will gain influence, sober, deep, and lasting, the influence which shapes character, and inspires effort, and wins to renunciation.

We do not want emotional religion for our boys. We have all seen too much of the ready flood of tears, the passionate protestations of repentance and amendment, so heartfelt, so fleeting. Only schoolmasters fully know, and this is not the place to enlarge on it, how strong and dangerous the emotional nature is during part of the school age. It sounds odd in the light of popular conceptions, but what most boys need, for a time at least, is to be kept manly and wholesome and prosaic. The religion they want is not a religion of feeling and excitement, but a sane conviction of responsibility to God and man, a belief that what they do and say and think really matters, and has its results in their own lives and other lives. And this is hard to teach schoolboys because their life is full of conventions, and they are so largely protected from the consequences of their own actions. In a highly artificial society like a school many acts not wrong in themselves must be constituted offences against discipline, and visited with arbitrary punishment; and they are very properly looked on as wholly expiated and cancelled by that punishment. When a boy has been whipped

for smoking or going out of bounds, there is no more to be said: discipline has been vindicated: the account is squared. This we can all understand, and it is just and salutary. But the boy often fails to draw a distinction, and extends indulgence to a much wider circle of unlawful acts. In too many schools tradition justifies systematic shirking of work, cribbing, and lying to a master who is "engaged in the discharge of his official duties." In some schools it goes a good deal farther, and covers a considerable amount of cruelty and worse. It is the difficult part of the religious teacher to make boys see sin as sin, with its inevitable consequences, quite apart from the question of detection and punishment.

Again, in spite of all the virtues of a public school training, even because of its virtues, it does not tend to promote humility and unselfishness. From the time he is thirteen or less till he is twenty-three, it is taught as gospel to our young Englishman that he is a member of an exclusive and aristocratic guild, of which his own school and college are the crown and flower. This belief, like all *esprit de corps*, is most valuable if rightly directed, but it produces a form of selfishness, more subtle and harder to combat, because it is not individual but corporate selfishness, which compounds for total indifference to all without the pale by an exaggerated regard, mostly theoretical, for those within. In its higher manifestations it is a very noble feeling though narrow, in its lower there is no more vulgar class pride; and always it is likely to stunt the mental and moral growth unless it is checked by the more liberal spirit of Christianity. It is partly to inspire this wider feeling of responsibility that public school Missions have been founded in London and other towns, and the scheme is in many ways admirable. But it requires almost superhuman energy, tact, and enthusiasm in those who manage them to make them mean more to the average boy than a terminal sermon and one or more allowances withdrawn from more congenial expenditure. These missions have their use, their great use, rather as an outlet for the spirit of philanthropy

which has been fostered in other ways, and rests on a surer foundation than opportunity.

I do not think that these two feelings so alien to the natural *ethos* of youth and happiness, the sense of the seriousness of life, and the sense of the universal obligation of service, can be implanted except as the result of a rational belief in God. And when the result is present in an appreciable and increasing measure, we must be content to acknowledge the presence of the cause, and not attempt to pry too closely into its hidden workings. It is our duty to set the issues of life and death before boys with unflinching plainness at all times, and especially at Confirmation; but it is not well, if it were possible, for us to know what lies only between the individual soul and its Creator. All boys have a great reticence as to their deeper thoughts; and this reticence, though it may be carried to absurd and inconvenient lengths, is a sound and honourable instinct. We must respect it, and neither conclude that there are no deeper thoughts, nor resolve to unveil them at all hazards. Every schoolmaster has to learn that he is cut off from much of the private life of the boys who like him best; and those who care most understand soonest that this is inevitable and even desirable. But from time to time even religious confidences will come to the man who deserves them; possibly not from the boys he likes best, for it is perfect trust rather than intimacy which inspires them; and not always at the times and in the ways that he would choose. But if he can accept them loyally, and meet them not with coldness or platitude, but with understanding sympathy, it may be his happiness to give to a young soul in its trouble and loneliness the very help it needs. With long experience a man may learn even to invite such confidences, and to offer opportunities in ways perceived only by those who are ready for them. He may offer opportunities, but he must ever be on his guard against the temptation, strongest for the best men, of forcing them on the unwilling and the unready; for there failure is imminent, success fatal. It is bad enough when the timid are

scared into sullen silence or the indifferent exasperated into flippancy by such well-meant violence; but there is worse than this. Many a really devout boy resents the ill-timed attempt upon his soul's privacy with a feeling not far removed from outraged modesty; and the influence rudely grasped is lost for ever. And with minds of less delicacy and courage a reluctant capitulation may be followed by a kind of pleasure in communicating spiritual symptoms which must be cultivated if they are not there; and straightway a prig and a liar is in the making.

An important factor in the problem, which parents and teachers find it hard to realise, is that, in spite of the forces of heredity and environment, the boy is ultimately not A's son or B's pupil, but himself: he has a personality which is developing very fast in these years along lines which no human director can lay down for it. The difference between a boy at fourteen and the same boy two or three years later is striking—the one docile and receptive to a fault, living on approval, eager apparently to say and do what you tell him, and equally amenable, no doubt, to quite contrary influences as soon as he is out of your sight; the other proud and shy, impatient of control and suspicious of praise, liable to extremes of obstinacy and diffidence. It must be confessed that the young gentleman at this stage is often an enigma and a nuisance to his friends. But it is the part of a wise elder to be very patient, to interfere little and tactfully, even, it may be, to admit with sorrow that the day of his influence is at an end, and that the child he has led by the hand must henceforth walk alone or with other guides. It is as disagreeable as it is salutary for us to confess, even to ourselves, that the waters of Abana and Pharpar, which suit us so well, have lost their efficacy in the case of those we care for; but it is an experience which comes to most of us sooner or later. Every generation, every individual in some degree, has its own relations with God and the world, which are the best for it: and seem not the best to others whose conditions are different. The tragedy of Mr. Goodwin

and John Tempest will be played out again and again as long as the world lasts, wherever children are being trained up with care and affection.

But I am come in danger of lecturing on a subject which is chiefly interesting to those who least need instruction. No one who has not tried can really understand the difficulties; every one who has seriously taken the task in hand knows, better than I can tell him, that the way of the religious teacher is marked by failures and disappointments, by opportunities lost and opportunities misused: and he knows, too, that in spite of all there is progress, because God does better with us than we deserve.

I have tried to show that there is no short cut and royal road to making boys religious, and that to be in a hurry is to lose time. And this is not surprising if we consider that Christianity is essentially, not a system of ritual, not a moral code, not a theological formula, but a habit of mind, founded on a right conception of God, and determining the whole outlook on life and the world. I have tried too to show that boys are not naturally averse from religious impressions; that they are quick to discern and admire sincerity, so that genuine piety in man or boy wins their respect and influences them more than they know.

I think I am not an optimist. I realise the dark side of school life, the cruelty, the uncleanness, the dishonesty; and I know how much has yet to be done before our public schools are perfectly what they were meant to be, nurseries of godliness and good learning. But I believe that there exists in them the love and fear of God, not articulate for the most part, nor self-conscious, but with a living and growing force, and stronger than evil.

JAMES H. F. PEILE.

A FAMOUS MEDIÆVAL HUNTING-BOOK

II

WHEN lately dealing with Gaston de Foix's famous "La Chasse," the parent-work of our oldest English hunting-book, written five hundred years ago by the Plantagenet Prince Edward of York, we confined ourselves to those animals with which the English prince did not deal in his book, *i.e.*, those beasts of the chase and of prey which were not indigenous to Britain. In the present article we propose to deal with the subject of traps and snares which are also not touched upon in the "Master of Game," but which played a very important rôle in early days. Indeed, the origin and early history of trapping and snaring the beasts of the forest and field may well be said to be buried in remote antiquity. For self-protection, as well as for self-support, man's ingenuity in the invention of devices to destroy the wild beasts that shared with him the vast primæval forests was a matter of life and death.

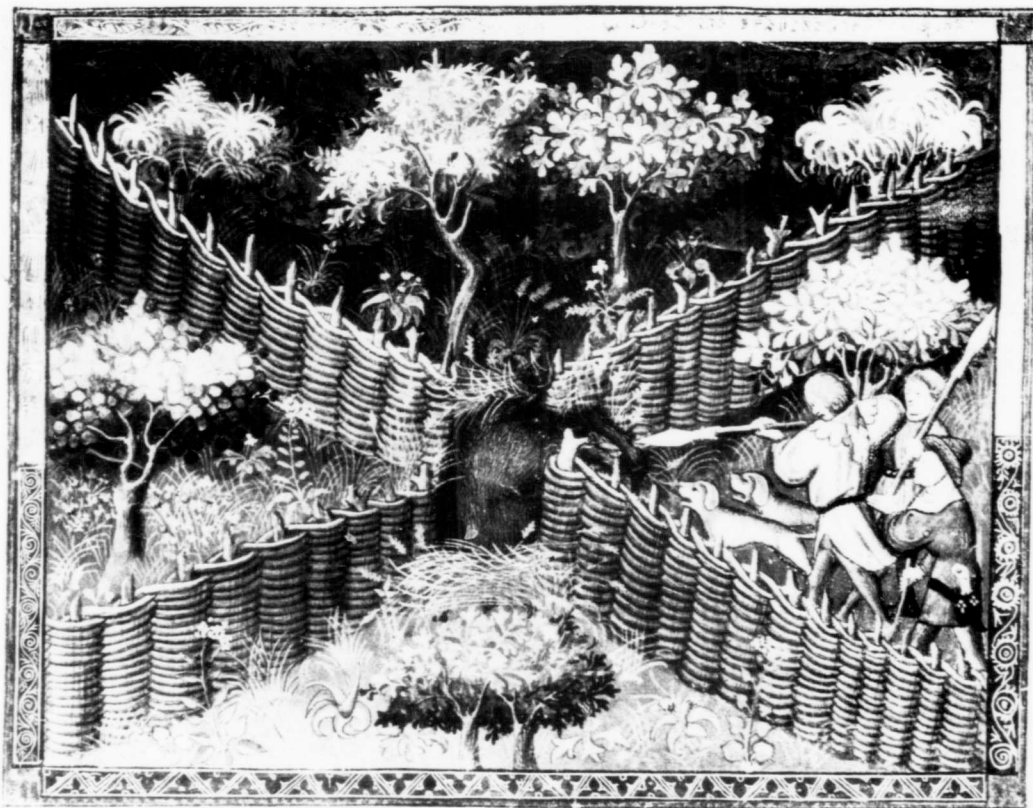
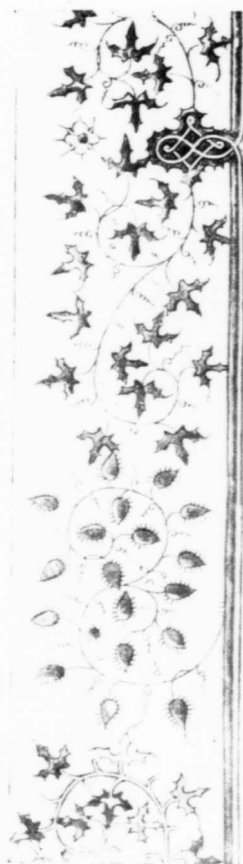
Scientific researches in this direction show that the mastodon and other prehistoric monsters seem to have fallen victims to these devices, for their remains have been found together with spear and arrow heads. Of course this does not prove that these gigantic pachyderms were bagged while in a state of untrammelled freedom; it would appear far more probable that they had first been rendered helpless by being entrapped in

pitfalls or in enclosures before they succumbed to the stone arrows of their pigmy pursuers.

The pitfall is the most ancient and simple kind of trap. It had but to be dug in the right place in the path used by the animal on his way from his lair to his food or to water, and then disguised by a covering of earth and grass or green boughs, to make it a deadly trap even for the most wary beast; and, indeed, it must have often been a case of the trapper trapped. Does not the Psalmist sing of his enemies being put to confusion: "He made a pit and digged it and is fallen into the ditch which he made." "They have prepared a net for my steps, they have digged a pit before me into the midst whereof they are fallen themselves"?

The pit originally scooped out with rude implements and covered with rough branches became later on more scientific in shape, wider at the bottom than at the top; the branches which covered it were laced together and formed a permanent lid, made in the manner of a hurdle, which was so hung and nicely balanced on swivels that when the beast stepped on it it tilted up, precipitating the victim into the pit and closing on him. Used in combination with fences of hurdles placed in the shape of a V or an X (at the base of the V and in the waist of the X) they made a deadly trap. A device of the latter kind, showing a wild boar going headlong into it, we see in our first illustration. The pit in this picture seems to have had no permanent lid, but its mouth was merely covered with grasses and branches. These pits for wild boar were directed by Count Gaston to be three fathoms deep. The fences led the driven animal to the pit much in the same manner that partridges are driven into a tunnel-net. Gaston favours the X-shaped fence, for, he says, if the animal sees a wider space again beyond the neck or waist he will run into it more readily, thinking he can get away when once beyond the narrow part.

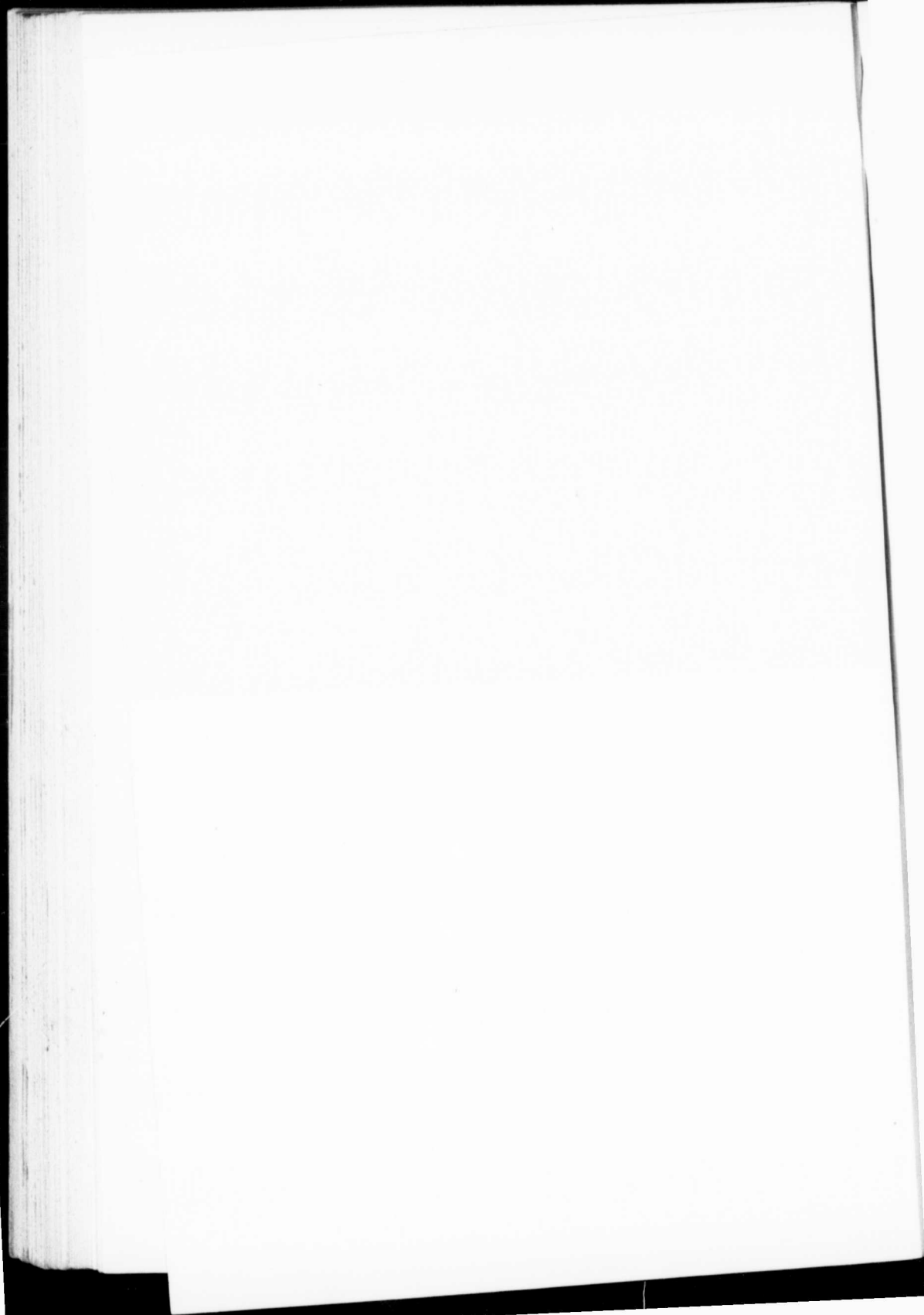
These hurdle fences were also one of the oldest hunting appurtenances of our Saxon forefathers; they were called *hayes* or *haia*. They were made of cut trees, much in the same



Cy apres deulse cōment on puet chacier sangliers & auts bestes aux folles

Hayes leading to pitfall for wild boar, as described in "La Chasse" by Gaston Comte de Foix (died 1391).

From a MS. in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, Paris.



manner that our stake-and-binder fences are constructed to-day, and formed permanent hedges. We read that they were to be made between the "dry and the green season," so that when the Spring comes they will be covered with leaves.

Thise holtis and thise hayis
That han in wynter dede ben and drye,
Revesten hem in greene, when that May is,¹

Thus they would not scare the game, and being made across or along some part of the forest, and high enough to prevent the escape of the beasts, they formed ever-ready permanent traps.

When hunting took place beaters noisily drove towards these *hayes*, blowing horns, shouting, and even sometimes beating drums and clashing cymbals as they pushed their way through the woods. Dogs of all kinds were used to chivy or harry the game, and men with spears and bows and arrows, or whatever represented the Mannlicher in those days, hid themselves in the neighbourhood of the *hayes*, which prevented the escape of the game. There were many of these *hayes* in England; more than seventy are mentioned in Doomsday Book; they were chiefly in Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Shropshire, and Cheshire. They occurred generally in groups of two, three, four and five, and even of seven, and were held by persons of all classes both in Church and State (Shirley's "Deer Parks," p. 12). As numerous quotations show, they were quite distinct from parks or chases.

Permission had to be obtained to make such hedges. The only one, the size of which is mentioned, is that of Donnelie, the modern Beldesert, in Warwickshire, which was half a mile long, and the same broad, and was appraised at thirty shillings value.

Deforestation and the diminution of game, as well as the more sporting instincts of the Normans, united to hasten the disuse and the disappearance of the Saxon *haia* in England.

¹ Chaucer, "Troilus," iii.

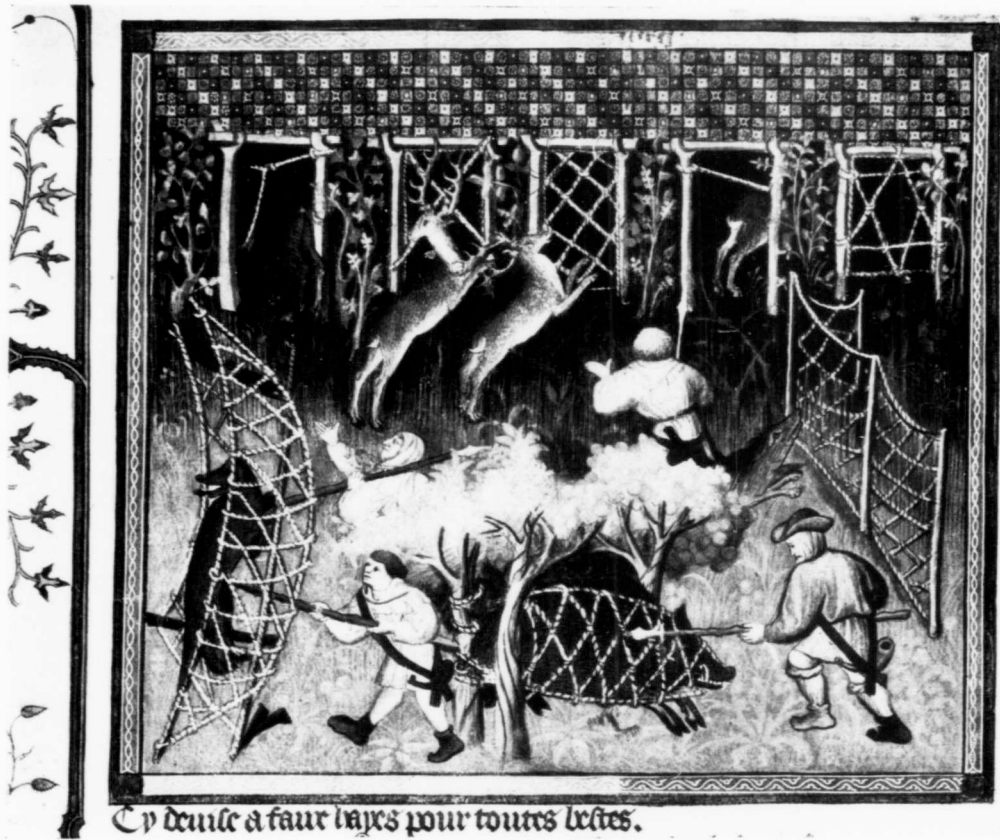
The Norman lords introduced into our islands the *chasse à courre* or *à la force*, "taking beasts by strength of running hounds," which is really the precursor of our modern hunting; and discouraged taking game "falsely," as one old author calls any kind of chase, aided by "nets, gins, or other harness." "Truly, I trow no good hunter would slay them so for no good" (*i.e.*, "for any consideration"), as Duke Edward of York quaintly puts it in his "Master of Game."

The word *hayes* has survived with us in the nets used in taking hares or rabbits, which, as Daniels tells us, should be forty yards in length and six feet deep.

On the Continent these ancient *hayes* were not only used as impediments to the flight of game, but in such a manner as to trap the game; openings were made at short intervals, and in these openings were placed nets and snares of all kinds, so that when the animals, scared at the noise behind them, came to the hedge they naturally made for the opening, and were there caught in the toils of a net or in a running noose. In order that the ropes of these snares might be less visible they were dyed green "with the juice of herbs, or brown with tannin from the tanners." Our second illustration gives us a good picture of various toils of this kind. Of course the openings were in reality farther apart, and the *hayes* more bushy and impregnable than the pretty conventional growth which our Gothic artist represents.

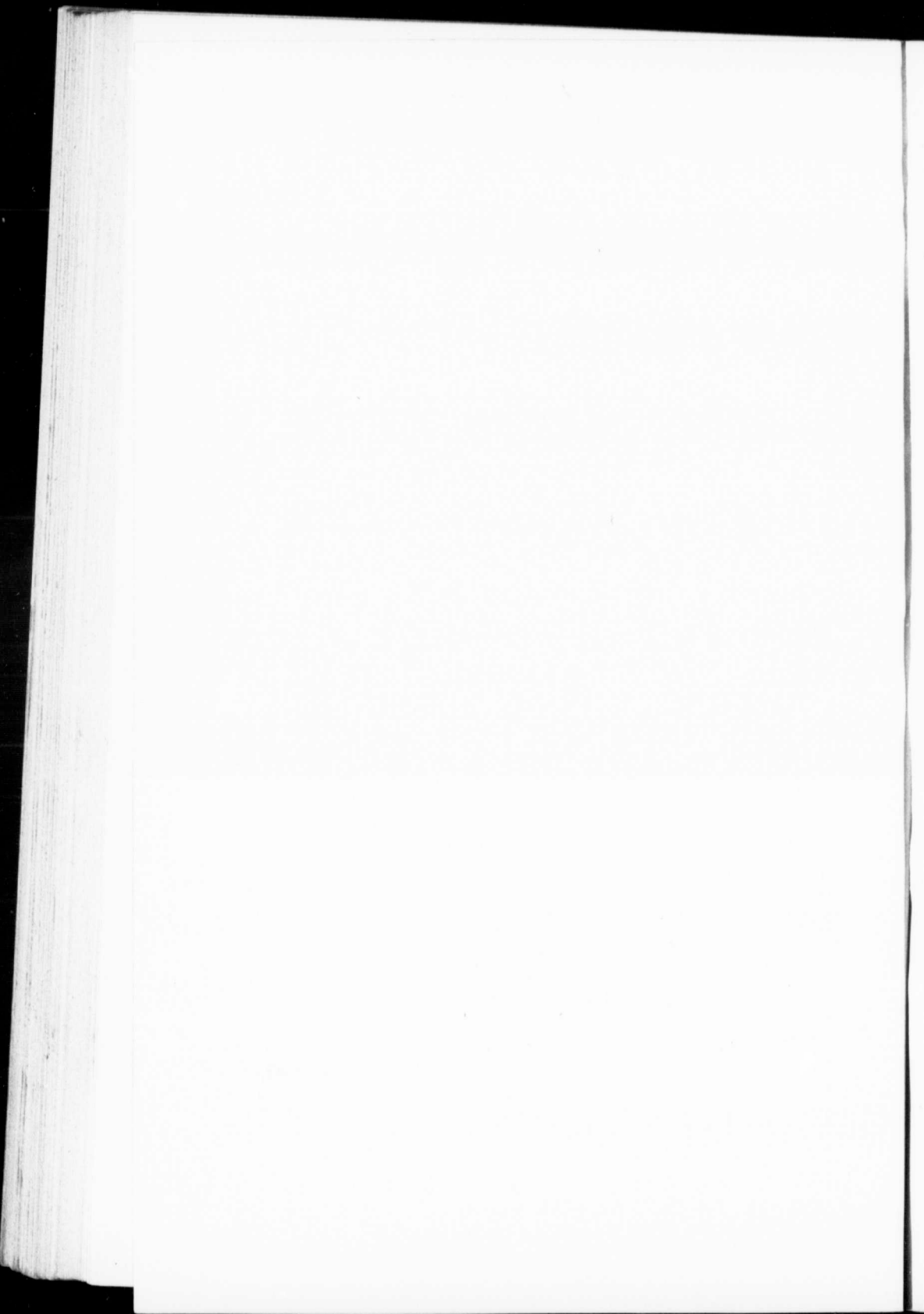
In the foreground we see a big boar taken in a purse-net and about to be despatched by his captor. As soon as the beast became entangled in it the man drew the cord which ran through the outer meshes of the net, and thus pulled it together like a purse-string.

It was this way of capturing animals that the prophet Isaiah had probably in his mind when he said: "Fear, and the pit, and the snare are upon thee, O inhabitant of the earth. And it shall come to pass, that he who fleeth from the noise of the fear shall fall into the pit, and he that cometh up out of the midst of the pit shall be taken in the snare."



Cy deuilc a faire hayes pour toutes bestes.

Net snares for trapping deer, boar, and wolves.



In "the noise of the fear" we have the beaters shouting in the wood driving the doomed beasts towards the snare.

Gesner relates an instance of an amusingly mixed bag being captured in a pitfall, *i.e.*, a woman, a fox, and a wolf. The three remained in the pit together all night, the wolf hurting neither of the other two.

Our third illustration shows the manufacture of these nets as it was carried on in the beginning of the fifteenth century, when these interesting pictures were drawn by a master-hand, probably by a contemporary of Jean Foucquet, Louis XI.'s famous illuminator. Eighty-six beautifully illuminated pictures illustrate what is decidedly the best existing copy of Count Gaston's classic "*La Chasse*." To judge by the works of Stradanus, the most prolific painter of sporting scenes of the following century, these net snares seem still to have been constantly used more than a century later, for Stradanus' celebrated series, *Venationes Ferarum, Avium, Piscium*, which was one of the most popular sporting picture-books of the day, was issued about the year 1570.

Gaston de Foix only speaks of the use of *hayes* in conjunction with these nets and with pitfalls, as does also his predecessor in French sporting literature, the author of *Le Roi Modus*. Their use without these snares, as introduced by the Saxons into England, was specifically a German custom, and survived in Germany in all its essentials, but with many *baroque* additions, to the end of the eighteenth century; indeed the use of cloth or canvas panels to direct the flight of the animals towards the stands of the sportsmen is to this day customary at some of the large battues at Continental courts.

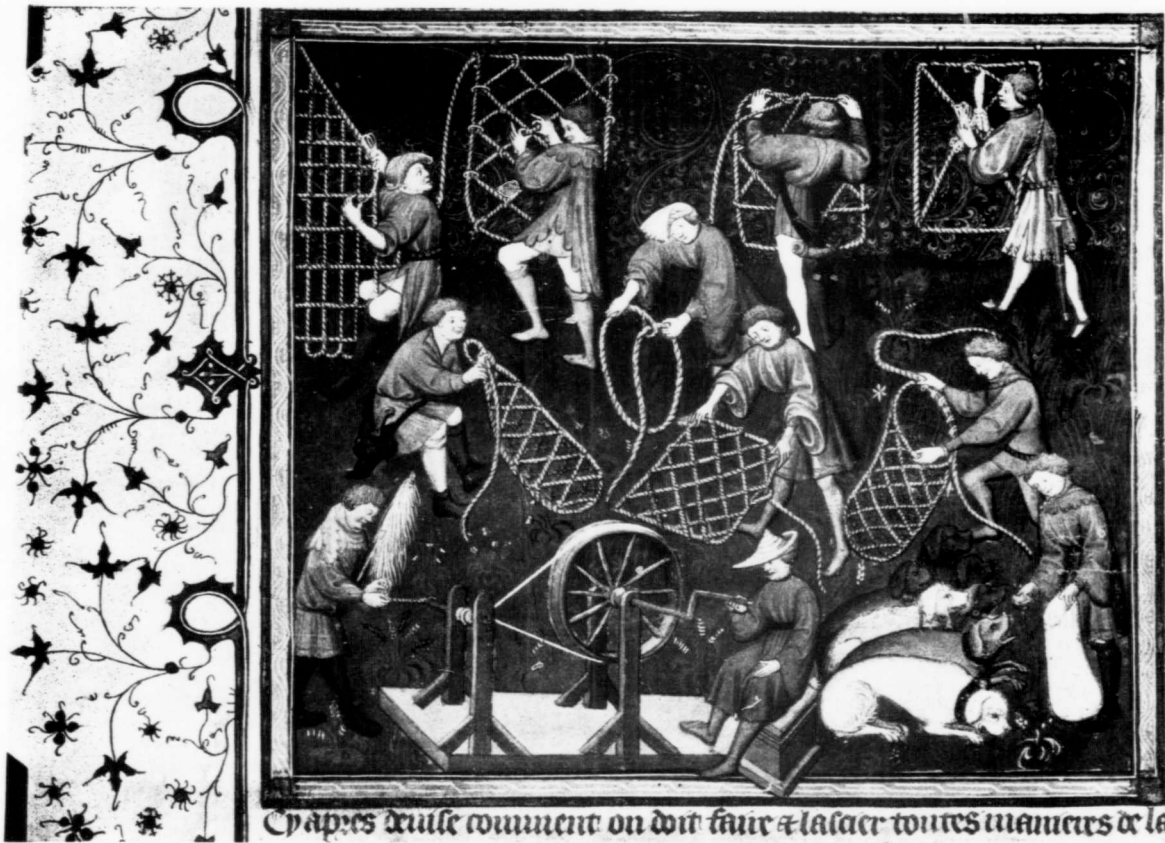
It would be difficult to say at what period exactly permanent *hayes* gave way to movable ones made of netting. Gaston, though he gives instructions how to make the former, says that those of rope are preferable, as they could be shifted according to the country where the hunting was to take place. The openings in these *hayes*, he says, should be two cubits wide and four cubits high, at least for stags, less of course for boar. The

net hung in the opening or in the path of the beast should trail on the ground two feet if it be for a boar, otherwise he would make his escape underneath it. For stags, a foot off the ground was considered the right way of hanging the net.

Near the *hayes*, about a stone's-throw off, the huntsmen were directed to hide themselves as best they could and holloa and clap their hands as soon as the game had passed them, so as to scare them into the toils. Or the sportsman, armed with bow and arrows or with a crossbow, would stand well hidden near the *hayes* and shoot the driven animals.

It is rather a pity that among the four-score illuminations from which our pictures are selected there is none showing us the construction of another kind of ancient contrivance for securing deer, *i.e.*, the *Saltatorium* or deer-leap. For although these traps, by which it was intended to beguile stags during the rutting time to enter enclosures by means of a leap down a steep bank of sufficient height to prevent their returning, were according to the ancient British forest laws in constant use, no pictures of these contrivances older than two centuries have survived either in England or abroad. One of the best is that of the *Hirsch Einsprung* engraved by Ridinger, the German artist, about one hundred and fifty years ago. These deer-leaps are still in use in Germany and Austria, and at the present moment an important law-suit is pending before Austrian courts of justice to decide whether Count B—— could legally erect a wire fence with deer-leaps by which means the stags of his neighbour, Prince C——, were to be induced to leave their usual haunts in order to seek the hinds in the adjoining forest of the Count, which happens to be a favourite resort of hinds.

In mediæval times land was often held, as every one knows, by the performance of various services connected with the chase, such as keeping horses, hounds, hawks, the making of nets, and the rendering of the tenants' own services in any capacity which might be required when the lord came to hunt in the neighbourhood. Besides the above, we find it frequently



Cy apres deulse comment on doit faire & lafacr toutes manieres de las.

How net snares were manufactured.



mentioned that "ropes" had to be kept, without, however, any reference to their particular use, except that they were to be brought to the chase. They were probably utilised for stretching nets "in that part where danger is," as the "Master of Game" puts it, viz., where deer were likely to get away across undesirable country or to water. Possibly some of these "ropes" were sewels, which were cords many hundred yards in length, to which bunches of feathers were tied at intervals of a couple of feet. The Germans called them "Federlappen"; they were drawn along the sides of the coverts to be driven. In parts of Germany the manufacture of these sewels was imposed solely upon the Jews.¹

The Boldon book, compiled in the year 1183, gives us some interesting facts concerning land tenures in England by onerous services of which the "Drengage tenure" was one. In Great Usworth "the dreng feeds a dog and a horse and attends the 'great hunt' (*Caza magna*) with two grey-hounds and five ropes." In Herington "the dreng feeds a dog and a horse, carts one tun of wine and a mill stone to Durham, he attends the 'great hunt' with two grey-hounds and five ropes and follows the pleas and goes on errands." In Urpeth "the dreng feeds a dog and a horse and attends the 'great hunt' with two grey-hounds and fifteen ropes." The juxtaposition of greyhounds

¹ Sewell, shewel, sewel, also schaile; in Mid. Eng. schawle, a scarecrow. "Anything hung up is called a sewel. And those are used most commonly to amaze a deare, and to make him refuse to passe wher they are hanged up" (Turbervile, 1575, p. 98). From Turbervile's day to the present one can trace the word "sewel" or "sewell." Why *sewin* is used in its stead in the "Encyclopædia of Sport" I do not know, unless it be spelt according to some local or provincial manner of pronouncing it. *Sewin* is certainly an uncouth corruption of a good old English word which has at least four centuries of use to support it. Sewels were much used by the ancients. They were made either of feathers or pieces of linen (*pinnatum, formido*)—see Gratius and Nemesius. The statement made in the "Encyclopædia of Sport" that "the original form has been much modified and improved in recent years" is without foundation. Reels very similar to those described in the above handbook were in use in Duke Casimir of Coburg's time three centuries ago.

and ropes suggests that in England the game was coursed within a complete or partial enclosure made by sewels.

We have wandered away from our original *hayes*, but the whole subject of these poaching contrivances is a large one, and the different methods of using them dovetailed into one another, sometimes in a confusing fashion. In Britain they seem to have been generally despised, and most sportsmen appear to have held the opinion that

It were not meet to send a huntsman out
Into the woods with net or gin or haye.

Speaking of gins and traps brings us to our fourth illustration, which shows us one of the many deadly devices for the destruction of larger beasts of prey. On the Continent, where these traps were in general use, bears and wolves committed incredible havoc, and against these formidable foes our neighbours in France and Germany had still to defend themselves at periods when in Britain the marten and the weasel and the fox were the only foes against which the English country dweller had to use gins and snares.

Certainly the use of the infamous spear-trap here represented could only be justified by the terrific depredations committed by Bruin in those early days. According to the weights that have come down to us in the diaries of mediæval sportsmen, bears must have attained proportions more like those of the formidable Grizzly than those of their puny descendants still roaming through the forest wilds of Eastern Europe, whose weight hardly ever exceeds four or five hundred pounds. To judge by the description of the "Dardier" given us by Gaston de Foix, it was a simple enough affair, working on the principle of the old-fashioned rat-trap. The place, be it orchard or vineyard or cattle-yard, which Bruin was in the habit of visiting was enclosed—probably with hurdles or *hayes*—with the exception of one small entrance. Here the harpoon-shaped "Dardier" was laid: "well stretched, and the iron of a spear very sharp and pointed and well tied to one of the cords of the

pole, an elbow long and half a foot wide, and a small cord which should be over the opening where the beast will enter and a clapper (weight) fastened to it just like a rat-trap. And when the beast would enter, he will touch it and unhinge it and the pole will come with its stiffness and go through his side." Gaston concludes his description thus: "I will say no more of this, for it is a villainous chase." This sentiment he repeats at the close of other chapters, in which he gives details of the various manners of taking beasts "by falseness." One can almost hear the sigh of disgust as he writes: "I will speak no more of this chase, for it is one pertaining to villains, to the common people, and to the peasants!"

Our own laws show that the taking of deer and other beasts by traps and gins was not unknown in Britain, and that such poaching had to be legislated against, but our literature on the subject gives few details about the devices favoured by the gentle poacher. Most authors seem to agree with the compiler of the well-known "Gentleman's Recreation" (1686), who says:

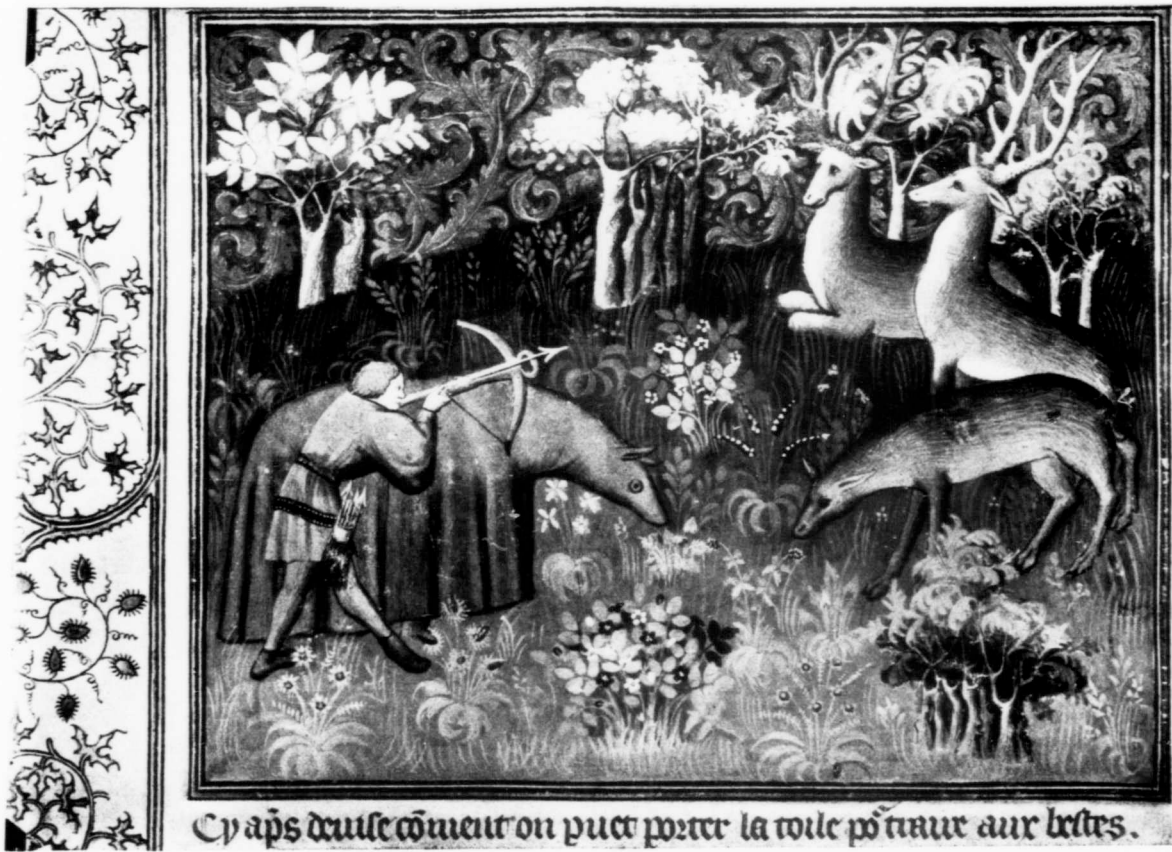
I should now proceed to show you several ways to take deer, both with the toils or nets and without, as also the manner of making them, but I forbear lest I should be thought to teach the art to steal venison; custom and the laws having so prevailed amongst us as to discountenance all ways of taking them, but by hunting them with dogs.

Although Blome wrote in the seventeenth century, illegal deer-hunting or rather deer-stealing seems to have been pursued vigorously until the latter half of the eighteenth century and was often followed by men of good standing. Of this Chafin's "Cranbourn Chase" gives several amusing anecdotes. The fine for poaching a deer was then £30, and this sum the respectable poacher kept in his pocket for instant use, so that he could repeat his sport the following night if he chose to venture, until an Act of Parliament made the second offence a felony. One of these gentlemen who was addicted to poetry and music besides being a strict churchman, one fine Sunday, on his way home from divine service, marked some deer going into a small

coppice. Laying his nooses, which appear to have been constantly in his pockets, he proceeded to move the deer towards the snares by gently throwing pebbles into the wood and soon had three of the primest deer hanging by their necks. Having dispatched them he climbed into an oak tree from which he had a good view of the neighbourhood, and taking his "Hudibras" out of his pocket passed a long afternoon with it till the shades of night enabled him to call his friends and remove their booty.

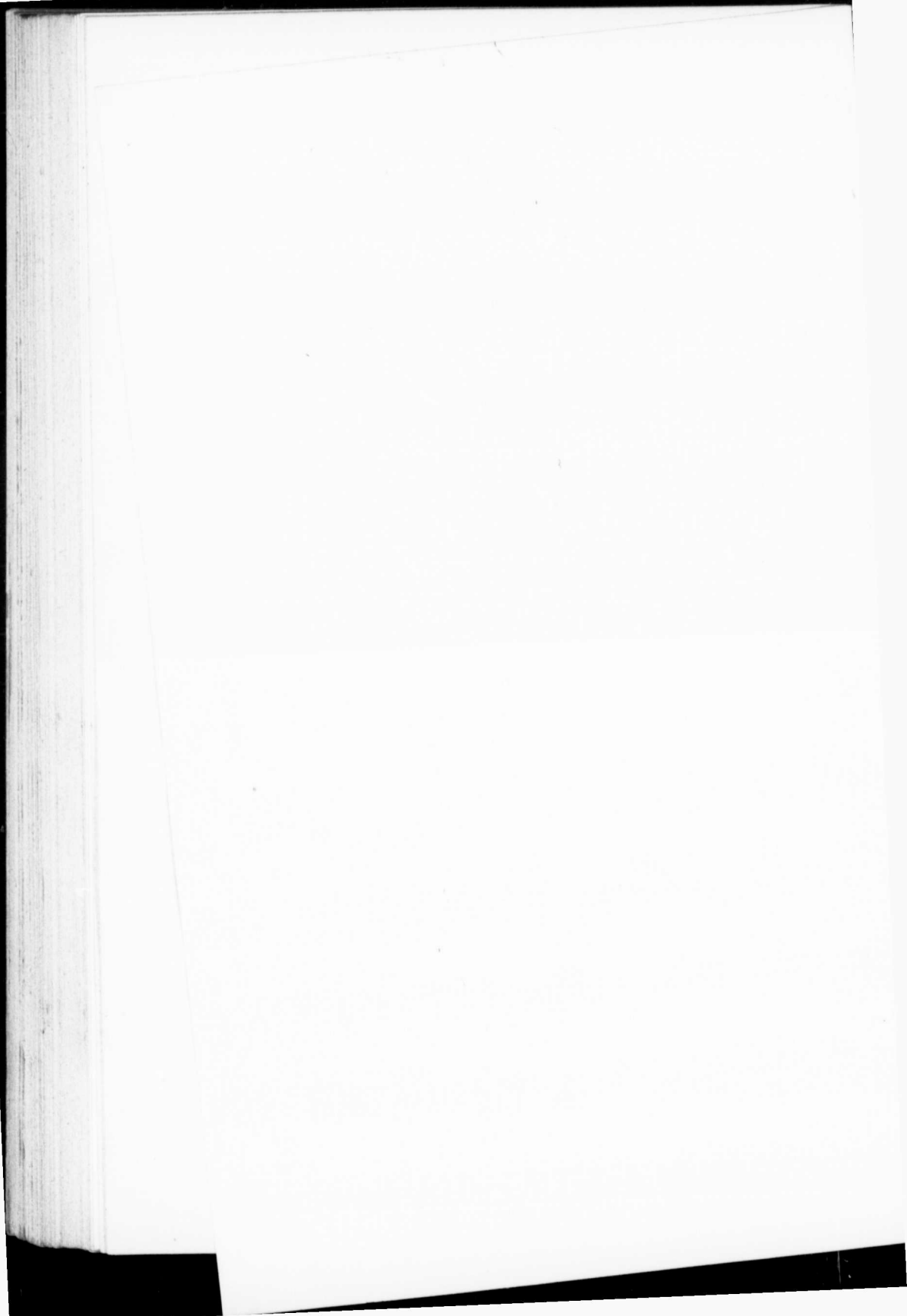
The "common folk," *i.e.*, persons not having a certain amount of land and money, were not allowed to have in their possession guns, bows, greyhounds or other dogs, ferrets, tramels, lowbells, or harepipes, or keep any deer-hayes or buck-stalls or other snares and engines to take game.

The same statute (H. VII. cap. 10, s. 19), enacting that "none shall stalk with any bush or beast to any deer except in his own park on pain to forfeit £10," brings us to the subject of our next illustration, which shows a somewhat primitively contrived stalking-horse. In this instance it consisted of a cloth cut and painted in imitation of a horse in the act of grazing. It was thrown over one or two attendants, and under cover of this contrivance, which was gradually moved nearer and nearer to the unsuspecting deer, the stalker got to within shooting distance. Stalking-cows made in the same manner, or painted on canvas screens that were stretched on laths, were also much used, as we see in several of Stradanus' prints. Oldest of all these stalking contrivances were the trained deer used by the Franks. According to their ancient laws, the killing of such a trained stag was punished by very heavy fines, doubly so if the owner could prove that he had actually killed wild deer with its aid. According to Blome and other writers of the seventeenth century, trained stalking-horses must have been constantly used in England, particularly by the wild-fowler. The latter made use of other artificial contrivances under the shelter of which he could approach his quarry, such as stalking-hedges and stalking-trees or bushes,



Cy aps deulse cōment on puet porter la toile pōtiaux aux bestes.

Deer-stalking with the stalking-horse.



but, as Blome remarks, "These dead Engines which carry not the shape of a living creature are not so useful to stalk with, for seeing a dead thing move will cause apprehension."

Our last illustration represents a way of approaching game as well known to-day in some parts of Europe as it was in the days of Count Gaston, who devotes a short chapter to the description of the "charrette" or stalking-cart. These carts are particularly effective in districts where game is accustomed to the sight of similar conveyances, and where the rumbling and creaking of their wheels are sounds frequently heard. Gaston is very particular in telling his readers that not only the horse, the cart and the driver, but also the sportsman inside the vehicle, must be decked out with branches and green twigs, and that both men should be dressed in clothes of green colour, while the cart-wheels should be tightened up in such a manner that they will creak more loudly, for this noise will attract the attention of the deer so that they will pay less heed to the real danger. The cart was driven slowly in circles, gradually narrowing round the herd, till it finally got close enough for the sportsman to let off his cross-bow. It would be interesting to know why Gaston advised the men to bedeck themselves with green boughs, for inasmuch as the wood-fellers and charcoal burners, to whose sight the deer had become familiar, were not so disguised, it would appear on the face of it that a bough-covered cart or man would sooner arouse the suspicion of game than the sight of individuals and vehicles such as they were accustomed to. In the modern use of the stalking-cart the sportsman wears a woodman's blouse or peasant's smock-frock, and the vehicles used for stalking are those which are in ordinary use, and which, therefore, do not arouse the deer's suspicion. Emperor William and many other German sportsmen annually kill hundreds of roebucks, fallow deer, and also red deer by using stalking-carts. Shirley, in his "Deer Parks," mentions that Lord Winchilsea used to shoot his fallow bucks in Eastwell Park by approaching them in a pony

carriage with due attention to the wind, but adds that this device will not succeed more than once or twice.

We have no space to enumerate the many other snares and traps described by this instructive French *veneur*. Some of them are as cruel as they are ingenious, and of all Count Gaston speaks unwillingly and with the disdain of a man who wishes above all to take his prey with *noblesse et gentillesse*.

In conclusion, it may be of interest to revert briefly to the eventful history of the manuscript copy of the Count's book from which our illustrations are taken, and which forms one of the treasures preserved in the "Bibliothèque Nationale" at Paris. The vellum codex bears on the outside cover the arms, emblazoned in ancient heraldic colours, of the Saint Vallier family, and, according to Lavallée, it was the property of Aymar of that ilk who married Louis XI.'s natural daughter, the mother of the famous Diane de Poitiers. It was probably as a consequence of the conspiracy of the Connétable de Bourbon in 1523, when Jean de Poitiers was sentenced to death—the monarch's respite reaching the condemned man as he was in the act of kneeling down to receive the death stroke—that this precious volume came into the possession of Francis I., who seems to have set great store by it, for we are told that two years later it formed part of the French king's personal baggage that accompanied him on his ill-fated expedition to Italy. When taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia, one of his captors, a burly *Landsknecht* of the doughty Tyrolese knight, George von Frundsberg (the real founder of infantry tactics), seized upon it as part of his loot. From him the Bishop of Trent bought it, and he, again, presented it to the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, and it probably formed part of the famous library in the castle of Ambras, near Innsbruck, of which so many contemporary travellers have left us admiring accounts. A lengthy Latin dedication inscribed on the fly-leaf of the codex gives these particulars, For one hundred and thirty years it remained in the possession of the Hapsburg princes, but in Turenne's time the fortunes

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Et apres deuis cōteit on puet mener la charrre pour traire aux bestes.

Deer-stalking in a stalking-cart.



of war, which had deprived France of this treasure, restored it once more to that country, the General Marquis de Vigneau presenting it in 1661 to Louis XIV.

By this monarch it was deposited in the Royal Library, where it would probably have remained had he not subsequently regretted his gift and demanded it back. It finally passed into the possession of his son, the Count of Toulouse. Subsequently it came into the hands of the Duke of Orleans and formed part, later on, of the private library of Louis Philippe. When the revolution of 1848 broke out it was at the Chateau of Neuilly, and when this castle was burnt by the populace it was saved from the burning building by a mere miracle. The singed cover and the spots of blood on one of the guards show what a close escape it had.

Were it endowed with speech, what tales could not that much-travelled MS. No. 616 tell us!

W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

THE NEW BACONIAN MARE'S NEST

CERTAINLY the author and the publishers of the "Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon" have reason to be grateful to Mr. W. H. Mallock. Mr. Mallock passes as a brilliant writer of quite normal sanity. While excelling in epigram, he has not usually shown any great attraction for paradox, and towards miraculous events generally his attitude has hitherto been strictly negative and non-committal. All the more surprising is it to find so hard-headed and cynical a critic not only wasting his own time but inviting other people to waste theirs¹ over an ingenious mystification—to use no harsher term—which is as extravagant in the demands it makes upon our historical credulity as it is unfounded in its assumptions and illogical in its methods.

In one respect, the general reader who is interested in this Bacon-Shakespeare controversy has cause to be grateful to Mr. Mallock for his recent article. The preface of Mrs. Gallup, the discoverer of the "bi-literal cipher," is by no means remarkable for its lucidity. On the other hand, Mr. Mallock has given an admirable exposition of the theory, which, in point of clearness leaves nothing to be desired. As he says very justly, the "bi-literal cipher" has two distinct recommendations. First, it was certainly known to Bacon himself, who explains it at length in his "De Augmentis." Secondly, it

¹ *The Nineteenth Century and After*, December 1901, pp. 920-935.

has nothing whatever to do with the text of the composition in which it is embodied. It leaves the poet or the playwright absolutely unfettered in his work. The cipher is only introduced as an afterthought when the book is already written. It is a pure matter of typography. By underlining a certain proportion of the letters in any sort of "copy" that is about to go to press, the contriver of the cipher indicates that these letters are to be set up in a character slightly differing from that in which the rest are printed. The compositor carries out his instructions, and by these alternations of two kinds of type a cipher is registered upon the printed page which interferes in no way with the text, but which conveys a secret message to those who have the wit to unravel it.

As I cannot assume that all my readers have seen Mr. Mallock's article, a few preliminary words of explanation are here necessary. It will be obvious that this bi-literal cipher essentially requires the employment of two distinct founts of type. For the purposes of that cipher the only thing to be considered about the letters is the fount of type to which they belong. They are the equivalents of the dot and dash of the Morse system. But the Baconian cipher differs from the Morse code in this, that while the most used letters of the alphabet are in the Morse code indicated by one or two symbols, a single dash, or dot and dash, in the Baconian code five symbols are uniformly used to convey each letter of the secret message. They may, perhaps, be most conveniently designated by noughts and crosses, each nought indicating a letter of fount I., each cross a letter of fount II. But the scheme will be most clearly understood from a tabular arrangement like the following :

A	B	C	D	E	F
ooooo	oooo+	ooo+o	oo++	oo+oo	oo++o
G	H	I	K	L	M
oo++o	oo+++	o+ooo	o+oo+	o+o+o	o+o++
N	O	P	Q	R	S
o++oo	o++o+	o+++o	o++++	+oooo	+ooo+
T	U	W	X	Y	Z
+ooo+	+oo++	+o+oo	+o++o	+o+o+	+o+++

Now a very simple illustration will suffice to show how the cipher is used. Let us suppose that an author desires to convey to posterity the message, "I, John Smith, wrote 'A Modern Antæus' and 'An Englishwoman's Love Letters.'" Embodying the information in the verses already composed to serve as an *envoi*, he would print them thus:

And Youth, I most bewail thee,
 Thy purpose was so great;
 But the foes that did assail thee
 Were stronger than thy fate,
 And thy heart it was so ruddy red
 That every archer knew
 Where he might best impale thee
 And drive his arrows through.

All this and more comes from some young man's pride
 Of power to see,—in failure and mistake,
 Relinquishment, disgrace, on every side—]

The decipherment will be readily apprehended by any one who gives it a moment's thought. In place of noughts the printer has used roman type, in place of the crosses italic type. We take the letters five at a time and interpret them:

[And Yo] is simply o+ooo or I
 [uth I m] is also o+ooo or I
 [ost be] is o++o+ or O
 [wail t] is oo+++ or H
 [hee Th] is o++oo or N
 [y purp] is +ooo+ or S
 [ose wa] is o+o++ or M
 [s so gr] is o+ooo or I
 [eat Bu] is +oo+o or T
 [t the f] is oo+++ or H and so on.

So far all is delightfully simple and straightforward. Of course in the example given above the mixture of two fonts of type so entirely dissimilar as italic and roman is unsightly, and could not fail to attract the attention of the most unobservant, but it would not be difficult, as Mr. Mallock has shown by an actual specimen, to find two sets of characters which experts would distinguish with more or less facility, but

which would not appear conspicuous to an eye that was untrained. Now this, according to Mrs. Gallup, is exactly what the italic portions of the first folio of Shakespeare, the "Novum Organum," and many other Baconian volumes reveal to her experienced gaze. She has read their secrets, and published them to the world. I have no intention of troubling the reader with any lengthy account of these revelations, simply because I believe them to be as arrant nonsense as lunatic ever dreamed. Suffice it to say that, according to the supposed cipher, Francis Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester, born in lawful wedlock, and, therefore, as Bacon believed, heir to the English throne. Essex was his younger brother, the offspring of the same union. Bacon was, of course, the author of "the Shakespeare plays," as well as of many other works of genius produced at this period and published under different "pen-names."¹ He wrote other poems besides, amongst others a translation of Homer, which, for some inexplicable reason, he bequeathed to posterity only in his biliteral cipher.

Mr. Mallock does not shut his eyes to the improbabilities with which the story bristles. But after "weeks of study" devoted to Mrs. Gallup's facsimiles he seems to have convinced himself of the reality of the two founts of italic type, and he believes that "the multiplied coincidences" revealed in testing his own impressions and comparing them with those of Mrs. Gallup cannot be the work of chance. That there might easily be two or more founts of type mixed in a particular piece of press work (the result, perhaps of buying up the stocks of retiring master-printers, which being old and nearly of a size were not worth the trouble of keeping apart), may be readily conceded, though it would by no means follow that because two founts of type were found mixed the existence of the cipher was proved. Nevertheless, the question of fact regarding the two supposed founts of type is undoubtedly of

¹ This is supposed to be Bacon's own word, used in his cipher. I should be curious to know if any early authority can be quoted for such a compound.

the highest importance, and one very naturally asks why Mrs. Gallup, before the second edition of her book appeared, has not cleared it up by invoking expert opinion to pronounce upon the question. The simple explanation seems to be, so far as I have had the opportunity of judging, that all the really competent judges of typography are absolutely sceptical as to her double fount.

My own researches in this matter have centred round one definite book, not the folio Shakespeare, but the first edition of Bacon's "*Novum Organum*," which issued from the press of John Bill in 1620. It is almost entirely printed in large italic type. From this book Mrs. Gallup derives her principal set of facsimiles, and she does for these what she does not do for all the others—that is to say, she takes a page, classifies the letters as belonging to the first fount or second fount, brackets them in their groups of five and prints her interpretation underneath. Clearly if the evidence for the two distinct founts were to be manifest anywhere, we should naturally expect to find it here in the large type which Mrs. Gallup selected for her facsimiles. Now, while examining this, I have also examined three or four other contemporary volumes produced by the same printer, notably the "*De Suprema Potestate Regia*" of Robert Abbot, Bishop of Salisbury, 1619; "*The Judgment of the Synod holden at Dort*," 1619; and the second part of the "*De Republica Ecclesiastica*" of Marc Antonio de Dominis, 1620. To my eye, having the books side by side before me, the prefaces of these volumes are printed in identically the same italic type as that used for the "*Novum Organum*," exhibiting the same irregularities and peculiarities. Would Mrs. Gallup maintain that here also Francis Bacon had succeeded in introducing a cipher message for posterity? On the other hand when I submitted a page of the "*Novum Organum*" itself to one of the British Museum officials, whose expert knowledge of typography is famous throughout Europe, he scouted the idea of its being printed from two founts of type. "It is a pure delusion," he told me, "if it is not a fraud."

Of course such a verdict is but an expression of individual

opinion, and is capable, Mr. Mallock might contend, of being retracted on more mature examination. But what I wish principally to call attention to here is a difficulty which strikes at the very principle of the biliteral cipher, and the neglect to notice which constitutes to my mind a very suspicious feature in Mrs. Gallup's volume. Either Mrs. Gallup is so utterly ignorant of matters typographical that she has never adverted to the existence of the numberless "tied" or combination letters of which I am about to speak; or else, being aware of the difficulty, she has deliberately turned her eyes from it, because it is hopelessly inconsistent with her theory.

The whole system of the biliteral cipher as expounded by Bacon himself in the "De Augmentis" proceeds upon the assumption that a separate printed character is used for each letter. Any letter may be taken from either of the two founts of type, and assuming that there is a real distinction between the two founts, the hidden meaning can be deciphered without difficulty by any one who possesses the secret. But suppose that in the text to be printed we meet the combination *fi* or *fl*, such a word for instance as *find* or *flood*, it will sometimes happen that to express the cipher the *f* ought to belong to one fount, and the letter which follows it to the other. Now even in modern printing, as the reader will be aware, *fi* and *fl* are not printed by two separable types, but by one "tied-letter." The curl of the *f* would interfere with the dot of the *i* or the upright of the *l*, and so it is found convenient to cast the two letters together in one character *fi* or *fl*. Similarly, tied-letters are also used for the combinations *ffl* and *ffi*, as in *baffle* or *efficient*. Now, when printing a biliteral cipher, if these combinations occur, and if the letters ought all to belong to the same fount, there is of course no difficulty. But when the first should belong to one fount and the second to another, the only thing to do is to print them separately *fi*. Consequently, if any attempt were really made to set up a long cipher according to the Baconian biliteral system, the existence of such a cipher would betray itself every now and again by departing from ordinary usage in the printing of these tied-letters.

Instead of *fi* we should occasionally find *fi*, instead of *ff* we should find *ff*, instead of *ffl* or *ffi* we should have *ffl* or *ffi*. And sure enough, even in the very short specimen which Mr. Mallock has set up from two similar italic founts, we find in the second line *signific* instead of *signifie*, for the *t* has to belong to one fount and the *i* to another. On the other hand, in the word *difference*, which occurs in the same passage, the two *f*'s both belonging to the same fount are represented by the ordinary tied-letter *ff*.

We turn, then, with very considerable interest to our Baconian cipher text, either to Mrs. Gallup's facsimiles, or still better to the original first edition of the "Novum Organum," and look for tied letters. There is no difficulty in finding them, for they swarm. Of all the varieties of type which could possibly be employed, the most disadvantageous for such a cipher as that which Bacon invented was precisely the italic used in his day, for at that period no less than ten or twelve combinations were almost invariably represented by tied letters. There was *ct*, and *st*, and *sp*, and *ss*, and *si*, and *ll*, and *as*, and *is*, and *us*, and, of course, the *e*, the *fi*, and the *fl*, to which we are accustomed. Supposing that these tied letters or diphthongs had been used in the cipher, to count only as one symbol, whether + or o, there would, of course, on the two founts theory have been no difficulty; but, fortunately or unfortunately, Mrs. Gallup in publishing her detailed interpretation has put that solution out of court. There are no less than *ninety* tied letters in the page and a half of the facsimile which she interprets at length, the letters so tied form more than one-twelfth of the whole, and in every case she gives a cipher value o or + to *both* members of each tied letter. Thus in four instances of such a combination as *ct* (*ct*), which not only to me but to the trained experience of the Museum experts appear to be absolutely one and the same type wherever it occurs, Mrs. Gallup attributes, in turn, just as she finds it convenient, the symbolic value o o, o +, + o, + +. Nay, more, while there are un-

doubtedly two forms of *ss* and two of *st*, according as the long or short form of the *s* was used, we do not even there find that the short *s* was confined to one fount and the long *s* to another. There are four long double *s*'s which Mrs. Gallup deciphers respectively as $\circ\circ$, $\circ+$, $+ \circ$ and $++$, and three short double *s*'s, which are rendered as $++$, $+ \circ$ and $\circ\circ$. If there were any logical basis behind Mrs. Gallup's system of interpretation she would have to assume that the compositor who printed Bacon's "Novum Organum" had to select from eight different varieties of tied double *s*, eight different varieties of tied *st*, from four founts of *si*, *sp*, *ct*, *is*, *as*, *us*, *æ*, *ll*, *ji*, *fl*,¹ &c., besides, of course, the complete double fount of ordinary single letters. Will any one familiar with the practical work of a printing office be persuaded to believe that great and important books were being set up in this style during a period of twenty years by nearly all the principal printers of London?

For, to pass over the numberless difficulties suggested by the historical data of Mrs. Gallup's pretended cipher-text, by its modern vocabulary occasionally flavoured with Americanisms, by the absence of any true Elizabethan quality in its style, I would ask in conclusion how the notion of secrecy is in any way consistent with the story which the cipher tells. Not only does Bacon seem to have taken half the poets and playwrights of London into his confidence with regard to his authorship, but almost every important printer in the City was employed at one time or other to print some of this mysterious cipher-italic, which must have set the whole staff of compositors agog with curiosity, and if it were to be accurately printed, where accuracy was all-important, must have needed an unparalleled number of proofs and revises which could hardly have been entrusted to any other hand than that of the contriver himself.

HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

¹ The triple tied letters on account of the larger number of combinations would of course have been worse, but I do not find them in the type of the "Novum Organum."

AN EPISODE

From the Autobiography of Pedro Gonzaga, Ship's Captain in the Fleet of His Portuguese Majesty, John IV.

IT was in the year of salvation 1635, that, having baffled such a storm as might well have sunk our small vessel, the lookout in the bows cried, that he saw land, for the second time since we left the port of Lisbon.

We had parted company with our consort some days before, and, seeing nothing of her since, conceived her to have gone under in the tempest, for, though a larger brig than ours, yet she was more unwieldy to handle, and suffered more severely from the buffeting of rough weather.

Well, when the first man cried "Land" (though his voice, it is true, was so weak that he called twice ere we heard him), all the crew made shift to get forwards and behold it with their own eyes; some crawling on hands and knees, so far were they gone in disease; some hauling themselves along by the cordage; all tumbling about like drunk men, save only the Padre and myself, who could walk boldly, being still untouched by the sickness.

And when the dim, grey line on the horizon met our sight, a cheer went up that was like the ghost of a seamew's call; and they that had been at death's door found in them a new spark of life: and one, old Alphonso, that had been lying wild-eyed and speechless by the mast for twelve hours past, leapt upright

and, pointing to his blackened mouth, fell prone again and stirred no more.

As we came on into a wide bay, the skies lightened, and there, before us, rose a mountain, the strangest ever mine eyes beheld. Its base was clothed in mist, and the precipitous summit hung in the air like a quivering opal gleaming blue and purple in the morning light. The top thereof was as flat as though the peak had been shorn off by a giant's sword, and behind it the deep sky stood like a solid wall of sapphire. Clouds like rivers dropped earthwards in the furrows of its sides, and between us and it the blue sea gently heaved and sparkled. And to the West lay a longer, lower hill.

So presently we dropped anchor, and with much ado lowered a boat to row ashore; and on each side of us as we went flopped great cormorants, or dipped with their long, unwholesome necks from off boulders of rock, "like demons fishing for the souls of men," quoth the Padre, and signed himself.

At that, and at his awe-struck face, I fell a-laughing. "Eh, Father," said I, "if more of your fraternity came to sea, the priesthood would be a wiser one; there's many a thing we rough sailors could teach them."

"Boast not, my son," replied the Padre, "for even by such journeying is the understanding of the laity puffed up, and they fall into the sin of Galileo Galilei."

"And who is this same Galileo?" said I.

"One that with his vain wits set at naught the order of the firmament," he answered; "but, by the mercy of the Saints, his faith has been re-established, and he has retracted his error against the Church."

As he spoke the tide lifted us and bore us up on to the sandy beach.

There was no sign nor sound of any living creature in all the expanse of sand. Only a little stream made music as it ran trickling through it to the sea. Which, when the men saw, they fell down beside it, thrusting in their heads and lapping it up with their tongues—for we had been waterless some three

days—and plucking the green grass that grew alongside to devour it. And there we laid Enriquez Dias, the captain, vomiting and groaning, for he was brought very low.

Then the rest of us consulted what course was next to take; and it was agreed, that we should spend that day and night on shore, and after—if our consort should not arrive—that we should tarry there a week for her, and should run up a flag on a spur of the hill, that she might see it as she went by; and, if after a week she still came not, that we should take on board fresh water and continue our way towards the Indies.

Then I ordered that we must needs have a fire—both to scare any wild beast that, seeing our weakness, might attack us, and also to cook whatever flesh we might kill. And seeing that the most part were too weary or sick for work, I said that two should scatter to search for driftwood, and that I myself would go as far as the skirts of the wood which grew thickly on the sides of the two mountains. Thereupon three more of the men, plucking up heart, hung lines out over the boat, and began to fish, baiting their hooks with pieces of gaudy cloth cut from the linings of their cloaks.

So, leaving the rest nibbling like cattle at the fresh herbage, and the Padre tending the Captain, I set out towards the wooded gorge that leads between the hills, following a narrow goat-track that ran up the slope.

By now it was late afternoon, but hot and bright, so that I forgot the shortness of the days, and after travelling some distance (for my journey's end showed nearer than it was) I was surprised by a sudden dropping in the light, and—looking up—saw the sun about to melt away behind the long hill on my right, and the hill itself standing out black against the sky, for all the world like one of those monster sphinxes that they tell of in the Egyptian desert; and in the East already was one bright star.

It was gruesome work, walking all alone by twilight in that strange country, but I had no mind to go back without the firewood: so I shouldered my axe, and taking a last look

at the camp below, struck up into the belt of undergrowth. And as I went, I hummed a tune, to keep myself in heart. There were thorn bushes in numbers, awkward to handle for clothes and hands but excellent kindling, and many other strange shrubs, such as I knew not elsewhere—the new growing up among the rotting old ones, to all appearance untouched since the making of the earth.

By the time I had roped together as much as could be carried, the night was fully fallen, and only a faint glimmering showed where the sea lay, a couple of miles distant. So shouldering the load, I set off as quickly as I might, back again as I thought—though in that uncertain light it was hard to tell whether one went up or down.

The whole wood seemed full of sounds, and presently I altogether ceased my own whistling, for dread lest a noise should come upon me unnoticed. The thorns caught at my clothes, and stones started beneath my feet; and once I dropped my bundle in a panic, for a long, grey snake whisked by just in front with a shrill hiss. Once or twice, too, I heard what sounded like a lion's roar—that is, I imagined it to be a lion, never having heard one, but only by description.

Whether it was because of my hurry, or from the haziness of the starlight, after I had walked a good space without getting out from the undergrowth, I came to a rise in the ground, and saw that I must have mistaken the direction, for there—on the left—was the glimmering horizon, and on the right another similar to it; and I could not guess of the two which was the beach I had left. In front was a steep cliff of the hill, full of strange growths, and thick blacknesses, and echoings among the monstrous stones. And suddenly, through the other babel, there came to my ears the speech of men, though in strange, barbarous syllables; and in the hollow among the rocks I perceived the red embers of a fire.

Boldness is an ill-substitute for discretion in uncouth places, so as caution prompted I crouched on the ground to see without being seen.

There round about the fire were squatted twenty as hideous, puny men, as ever frolicked in a nightmare. Indeed, I pray it be not blasphemy to call such creatures human. They seemed scarce half my size (though I myself am not tall), but broad and squat, with long, apish arms. Their black hair curled close in greasy masses, like a dog's coat; their skin resembled the earth they sat upon, and they had no decency in the covering of their bodies, which bulged like sacks. The shadows from the uncertain fire leaped and mocked behind them. In the middle stood an earthenware pitcher, whence came the steam of meat, and first one, then another dipped his fingers in, and sucked them, and laughed like a child.

The smell of the food was enough to draw a man as hungry as I, and though the savages looked disgusting enough, still, when I had noticed how small and foolish they were, methought that with my axe I should be a match for the whole crowd of them. So, laying down my bundle, I took a step towards them; and thereupon they were all on their feet in a second, and swarmed round me like so many monkeys.

So I made signs to them that I wanted a share of their meal, and took a place amongst them in the circle; and those nearest me began fingering my clothes, plucking at the buttons, and feeling the stuff; all of which I bore with as much dignity and forbearance as might be, not being willing to quarrel with them.

And one that I took to be a sort of king among them patted me on the shoulder with great heartiness several times, and pointing to a certain place among the cliffs above, jabbered something of which I could make neither head nor tail; so I just nodded to pacify him, and kept my eye all the while on the cooling jar.

Presently, when the meat was sodden enough, one of the women lifted off the lid, and each one took two bits of stick, with which he helped himself from the contents, passing the pot round until it reached me; and I, seizing a stick, copied their fashion, and speared out a fine, fat, white morsel. I

popped a bit into my mouth, and wondered what it might be, for it was neither beef nor mutton, but more savoury and tender. Just then, I saw the greasy old king watching me, rolling the whites of his eyes, and grinning with his big teeth; and suddenly a shuddering cold sweat broke out on me, for I recalled all the horrible things I had heard of savage men and their ways, of prisoners taken in battle being done to death by torment, and after devoured, and the flesh of new-born babes being served up in that hellish cookery.

In a moment it came over me that these black folk were man-eaters, and that I was partaking in some horrible orgy. I never stopped to reason or reckon consequences, but springing back, spat out what was in my mouth, and with a kick of my foot sent the whole pot and its contents fizzling into the fire.

You never saw anything so angry as those savages when they beheld the whole of their supper frying among the cinders. They yelled, they danced about, they shook their little javelins in my face. For my part, I caught up the wood-axe, and swung it round my head, thinking that unless I showed good fight there was a chance that I myself should go to furnish their next pot. Seeing my fierce attitude, the savages retreated a little further off, but still brandishing their weapons and chattering, and some picked up stones and threw them.

What might have been the issue I cannot tell, but that into the midst of all this hubbub walked a new-comer, as though he had risen out of the stones above us. I then understood why the chief had patted me, and pointed to that quarter; for this man was a European and tall, and from his cast of features I judged him a Spaniard or a Portuguese like myself, only his hair and beard had grown wild, and for clothing he was but little better off than the savages, save for a tattered shirt tied round his middle, and a sheepskin that hung around his shoulders. In his hand he carried an old rusty fire-arm, and I saw that his right leg bowed outward, and that he limped as he went.

"What is the matter?" he said to me in the Spanish language; and then turning to the blacks, he shouted something in their own tongue, at which they stopped their commotion.

When I had explained the matter to him with some vehemence, for I was still quaking at thought of that unnatural meal, he burst out a-laughing, so that he could scarcely speak. When his breath returned, he said, still shaking his sides: "Alas, señor, those poor blacks of mine! You have spoiled the buck that they spent all day catching, and now they risk to go supperless, and perchance dinnerless, for a buck is not so easily brought down with toy arrows."

"A buck, was it?" said I, somewhat ashamed.

"Aye," said he, "and a buck that you know not in Portugal; one with long hind limbs hoofed like the devil, and forelimbs like a praying monk; very tasty babe's flesh, in truth!"

"I see no jest in it," replied I, surlily, "since there goes all hope of supper."

"True," replied he, "and I must make your excuses to these good folk in a form that will reach their comprehension."

"Tut," said I, "they are but heathen savages, I do not find it seemly to abase myself to them."

"Still," said he, "for expediency, if not for courtesy, I must make your peace." And advancing towards them, he delivered an harangue in their gibberish which seemed to satisfy them, for they laid down their weapons; and two of them, going to a spot he indicated, fetched back a dried smoked haunch, upon which they fell, and paid no more heed to us.

"Now," said the stranger, "if you will follow me, I will show you how the first men housed themselves, and give you as good fare as you destroyed."

So saying, he stepped on in front, and with great agility, for all his lameness, led me upwards by a path I could not see, among bushes and boulders of rock, till my feet were aching, and my heart bursting; then stopping at the base of a

precipice, he rounded a boulder and brought me into a firelit cave or fissure in the rock.

"This," said he, "is home," and fell to preparing a supper of meat and coarse meal.

Meanwhile, I looked at the cave, and wondered at what the firelight showed. At the back was a bed of blankets and skins, neatly disposed on a seaman's locker. In the centre, on another chest, stood a huge round globe, whereon were figured the outlines of divers countries. Other instruments and charts lay about of which I knew not the use, but guessed them to be such as astrologers employ in the casting of horoscopes. Hides of animals were strewn on the floor, and gave forth a musty odour.

The walls of the dwelling were most curious of a'1, being rudely painted with all manner of foreign or fabulous beasts: unicorns, and monstrous turtles, elephants, and others.

When supper was ready, my host summoned me to the fire; and whilst we were eating, he asked me much of whence and how I came, and of the wars and policies of the divers kingdoms of Europe, and what sovereigns were now reigning.

And when I had satisfied him on these matters at length, and on many others whereof he questioned me, it came into my mind to ask him about himself, where he was reared, and how he came to dwell among these wild people in a wild country?

"I am of Castilian lineage by the male side," said he. "My father's mother was the only child of a burgher of Amsterdam, and he himself married an Arabian maiden from the south. Finding me inept at the use of arms, and that no pains could teach me to sit a horse—whereas my elder brother supported well the family pride—my parents resolved to make a priest of me. At fifteen, therefore, I was sent to the Netherlands, to my granddame's friends. I studied at Amsterdam, at Leyden, and later at Jena, Paris, and Valencia, and in six years became a stranger to my home and kindred. Then came a letter, offering me my small patrimony on the day I should

enter the priesthood. Thereupon, I had myself transformed with all speed into Father Gregorius, and was fortunate enough to obtain a chaplaincy in the house of a noble lord of kin to the Duke of Savoy. My paternal dowry went to procure books and instruments, for I was already deeply versed in the study of the heavens. Some trouble was caused me by the follies of the vulgar, who endowed me with the ill-repute of a sorcerer, and set their dogs and children upon me in the street; but my lord countenanced me, and I feared them not. Ten years later, I completed the work which has been my bane—though of rights it should bring me the highest honour: for in it I have conclusively argued, against the authority of the ancients, that matter subsisteth not, save by eternal motion, and that this universe is but a system of ever circling balls among the thousand other worlds that journey yonder." (He pointed skywards.) "The same year, I gave an exposition at Barcelona, in which I defended my thesis against many scholars of great repute. But my pride was short-lived; a statement, logically deduced, incurred the censure of the Church, my work was proscribed and burnt, and my lord—who could no longer uphold me—surrendered me into the hands of my ecclesiastical superior, and he to his godly fraternity." He paused, gnawing fiercely at his fingers; and I drew back from him a little, for a man who has been in the hands of the Holy Inquisition is scarcely good company for a plain sailor in a lonely night.

"Since that time," continued he, smiling grimly, and pointing to his distorted limb, "I walk lame. Then a friend made his way in to me and said: 'There are other places than this, and lands greater than Spain, where a man still can watch the sky in peace. I have fitted out a little ship, and have placed in it all that remains of your possessions, and together we will venture; at worst the ocean gives a peaceful death.' Then he left me instructions and tools, bribing the warder heavily with money; and the next night we made good our way together to the coast and went on board. And after some

peril from storms, we reached the Moorish coast, where I took leave of my friend.

"Since then I have been in strange places and among strange people, and have endured many hardships and dangers from heat and thirst and wild beasts, yet I found nothing but was better than what I left behind. And now, five years ago, I reached this southernmost cape and have seen no white face till yours to-day, nor do I desire to see any others."

He sat as he spoke, chin on hand, at the mouth of the cave, leaning forward, with his face upturned; and as he concluded his tale, the first streak of the moon came slantwise, and cast his lean shadow on the ground. Lifting his hand for silence, he drew out some tablets and made an entry, then, turning to me, asked the day of the year.

"It is the night of June 16," I answered.

He smacked his hand upon the tablets, laughing like a child. "Right," said he, "and yet a new proof that my theorem is the true one. I lost my tally of days during a sickness, and for three years have had no guide but the stars, and my knowledge has not erred. See here," he went on, lifting the lid of the chest whereon his bedding lay, and dragging forth roll after roll of parchment, "here lies what would shake modern science to its base, and burn half Europe for heresy."

He looked like the fiend himself, with his limping gait and glittering eyes, and I could not refrain from a shiver to think in what company I found myself. Suddenly, as though he read my thoughts, the flame in his eyes died, and turning to me, he said like any other man:

"You are spent and in more need of sleep than talk; the hour is late; see, the Lion's Head already has hidden Alpha Crucis."

"A lion," cried I, feeling for my hatchet.

He laughed. "Look yonder!" and stepping out, I saw—aglow with the moon, while the mountain behind us lay in shade—the opposite hill take on the shape of a great lion,

stretched out, with his flanks tapering towards the sea-shore and his head upon his paws, watching the inner land. Methought I could almost behold his great chin wagging.

“Surely this is a bewitched land,” I cried, crossing myself.

“Maybe,” said the astrologer gravely. “There is a tale told,” he continued, “that yonder, far north, lies the country Eldorado, and the land whence the Queen of Sheba levied her gifts for Solomon, after which time the treasure was hidden, and that the lion keeps guard over it, and slays all those that go on the search. So the black people say—or so I dreamed it.”

He drew from his sheepskin a little shining nugget and handed it to me. “Gold from the land of Ophir,” he said.

Below us, in the hollow, I could see the savages sleeping round their fire, so many black ants on the ground; and, hesitating somewhat (for I dealt more warily with him now that I knew what manner of man he was), I asked the stranger how he fared among this swinish tribe, and how he had come to make himself so respected by them? “Truly,” I said, “before you appeared I thought they would make a meal of me, and I marvelled how your presence subdued them.” “They are harmless folk,” he answered, “though hideous. I lived peaceably enough amongst them until some slave-trading Arabs, landing, captured and killed several of a neighbouring tribe. At any time I have but to bring out my talisman.” He pointed to the pistol.

“But how have you balls and powder sufficient?” I cried, thinking, however, that a man so leagued with the evil one might procure such ammunition easily enough. He smiled again: “I had a pinch of powder and one shot left, and with that I had the fortune to hit a hawk sitting; since then, at the first scowling face, I have but to point the muzzle and it is enough.”

“They are unpleasant vermin all the same,” said I, “and might easily become dangerous,” and I pointed him out where they lay sprawling in the moonlight: “I am half-minded to

step down while they are still asleep, and quietly put a few of them beyond further mischief."

"Would you murder them in their sleep?" cried he.

"They are no better than beasts," said I, wondering at his show of passion. He frowned at me as though he were of a truth angry; then, changing his tone, said, as if the matter were indifferent: "They are as easily roused as hares, and you could scarce despatch one before the whole herd would be upon you; better leave it as it is." And so saying, he drew me back into the cave, and showing where I could sleep, wished me somewhat curtly "good-night," and laid himself also down.

When I rose next morning from my bed of skins, my host was already awake, dressing some fish upon his fire. By the light of day his appearance was not so wild as overnight, and all objects had lost their supernatural aspect. The mist clung about the crannies of the rocks, the black men's herds were lowing on the hill slopes, and gaudy-coloured flowers sprang all about my feet, shining in the sun. By the door of the cave stood a mighty tall tree with dark green foliage.

The astrologer led me to where a heap of brushwood lay, knotted together with ropes of grass. "You shall not return empty-handed," said he, "and now I will set you on your road back. But first, let me say this much: I came hither to escape my fellows, and had you not been in trouble, you had never seen my face. You are welcome to what I have done, but I desire neither to be seen nor known any more, and so, God speed you."

He pointed out a track which would bring me, he said, to the shore, and in less than an hour's walking I reached the camp.

The Padre and a few others were busied round a new-made grave, and showed joy at seeing me, for they thought I had fallen a prey to wild animals. The captain had died during the night, and no sooner was he gone, and myself found missing, than many of the crew grew mutinous, hauling down

the signal flag, and threatening that they would not put to sea for at least a month, and mayhap not at all. However, they were but sick, weak creatures, and I had little difficulty in making the two ringleaders prisoners, when I dealt with them in such a fashion that the rest were thereafter very zealous with their submission.

This matter finished, I and the Padre sat by the fire at some little distance from the rest, eating our breakfast and discoursing pleasantly. And I related to him my adventures of the night before, so far as concerned the savages and my sleeping in a painted cave; but of the astrologer I as yet said nothing, being still in two minds with regard to him.

Then the Padre, seeing me debating in my own thoughts, asked me what I was pondering? So I put a case to him, and said: "Father, you are a holy man, and understand the subtleties of religion better than a plain fellow such as I. Tell me, what do you hold as to the faith which should be used in dealings with heretics?"

"My son," quoth he, "no compact can be binding which is not made under the sanction of the church. Heretics are outcast from the church, therefore with such there can be no faithful dealings."

"Then," said I, "suppose an heretic escaped from the jurisdiction of the Church to disclose his hiding-place to another under pledge of secrecy, would the pledge not be binding?"

"There is no profane oath," replied the Padre, "which sacred authority cannot undo; and he that conceals an heretic from the officers of religion commits a twofold sin: he trusts away from another the means of salvation, and he as certainly casts his own soul to hell."

At that, my mind was set quite at ease; and without more ado I told him of the white man on the mountain, and of the many suspicious appearances which had perturbed me.

On hearing my tale the Padre waved his hands up and down many times in silence. At last he said: "Truly, my son, you did well to suspect this devil's handiwork; and, as

for this erring soul of whom you speak, well it is for him and for you that you concealed nothing; for though his mind be at present too greatly darkened to heed persuasion, yet—by the mercy of heaven—we will perforce constrain him back into the light.”

And after we had talked a little longer, and laid our plans, we separated to the day's work.

When a week was gone by, and the ship was scraped and caulked, and refitted as best might be to pursue her voyage—the men being, moreover, somewhat restored with the fresh herbs and meat—having still no tidings of our consort, I ordered sail to be set with the next morning's tide. That same day I took three picked men with me, carrying striped stuffs and gew-gaws, that I might win over the black tribe if possible, and induce them to barter some of their live-stock, wherewith to re-victual our vessel at least so far as Madagascar. For, since a foolish dispute with some of our people about the price of an ox, the savages had driven off their herds beyond the mountain, where they were not easily approached.

The priest accompanied us, for the journey had, as he said, a second object, with a view to the catching of souls.

When we had come to the summit of the neck of land that links the two hills, whence one looks over on to the farther sea, I ordered the three men to wait hidden and listen for the signal of a whistle. And we two climbed up on the left towards whereabouts I deemed the astrologer's dwelling to be concealed. It was no easy matter to find a path which I had trodden but once, and that downwards, more especially through a density of thorn bushes and shrubs whereof each was twin brother to his fellow. But after much stumbling and some wrong twists, my eye fell on the landmark of the tall tree, and aiming for it as silently as might be, we came to the mouth of the den.

I had no inclination to face my host at that time, fearing that his misguided mind would not do my purpose justice in

the matter. So I waited behind, while the priest, holding his crucifix on high, entered the half-darkness of the cave.

From the noise of something overthrown I judged that the stranger sprang up, startled at his entrance. Then followed the Padre's "Benedicite," to which the other replied in the harsh voice of one in deadly terror, demanding what he did there?

"My son," said the priest, "I am come to save that which was lost."

"You are mistaken," answered the stranger's voice, "there are none such here."

Then came a pause before the priest asked, clearly and sternly: "My son, what is your name?"

"My name," cried the other, the quaver in his voice louder, as though he had approached the opening, "my name is long dead."

"Art thou," said the Padre solemnly, "art thou not, miserable man, that most misguided and damnable recreant, formerly known as Father Gregorius of Suza?"

Thereat, with a kind of scream, the other shouted out: "Away with you, away with you, begone for your life!"

I know not what menacing action he made, but the Padre, who was ever a man of peace, came hurrying out again with a pale countenance, and the stranger after him. Then I thought it time to intervene, and stepped up beside them.

At the sight of me the stranger's face grew yet darker, and he cast me a glance like a dagger.

"My friend," said I soothingly, advancing, "listen to reason, and come willingly with us for the peace of your own soul and the greater advantage of your body. We are two men here, and as many more below as I choose to summon. Come with us you must, by goodwill or by force, for we are resolved to have you on board when our ship sails to-morrow."

This speech, I thought, was framed with much temperance and discretion, but the stranger waxed wilder than ever at it. "I had as lief go into hell's mouth as follow you," he cried. "Be advised, and leave me in quiet, for I have the means here to defend myself against half a hundred." And snatching up

the old pistol which he had before showed me, he made as though priming and loading it, and presenting it full at the priest, bade us again depart. At this the Padre, invoking both the greater and the lesser saints, made again for the open; but I called him back, crying: "He has no powder nor shot." Whereupon, "Judas!" shouted the stranger, and straightway hurled the heavy pistol at my head (which, by a special providence, missed me, and shattered instead his own astrolabe). But I, paying him no heed, went out and whistled thrice on my fingers, waving my hat; and presently my three fellows came running up from below.

We had some pains to secure him, albeit he was unarmed, for he made a good fight, using whatever of his heathenish instruments came to hand in self-defence, and miscalling us all the while, myself especially, in terms that it is needless to repeat. However, when we had him once bound, he became suddenly quiet, and lay like a log, nor would he answer a word, neither for threats nor persuasion.

So we left him awhile with one man to guard him, and having effected a bargain with the blacks, came down the mountain again, driving our purchase before us, and bearing the astrologer like a sack, for for nothing could he be prevailed upon to walk.

We ransacked, too, his den; and brought away all his devilish tools and the great rolls of parchment, covered over with signs and incantations, all of which the Padre burnt solemnly that evening at the camp fire. Still our prisoner made no sign—only, as the parchment curled and blackened under the flame, he lifted up his head, and said: "So one fool destroys the work of a thousand wise men." But being chidden, and bid remember what sort of an end he should himself make, he let his face fall again and said no more.

The following day, with a fresh westerly breeze, we up-anchored and away, the crew being returned to duty with a good hope, and I right glad to be on the high seas once more and quit of that bewitched land.

Rain-clouds drifted over the mountain as we sped away, and the sea-gulls circled, crying, overhead; while the men sang together as they hauled at the ropes.

Only the astrologer lay in the bottom of the ship, without speaking or eating, and turning a deaf ear to the sailors' gibes and to the exhortations of the Padre.

But on the third day, when we were well out to sea, at dawn there was a hue and cry; for in the prisoner's sleeping place, where he should have been, lay his rope-bonds, cut through as with a knife; but he himself was gone and nowhere to be found in the ship.

The two guards that slept beside him vowed that no mortal man could have given them the slip; which made the sailors all declare that he must have escaped by the aid of magic. The Padre, too, somewhat encouraged this view, making it the theme of one of his most powerful sermons, showing by what devices Satan ever assists his own.

But, with all deference to that holy man, I opine that he cut himself free in the night by means of the boatswain's knife (which was found lying near the spot) and jumped overboard; being more bold to suffer the terrors of the other world than the judgment that awaited him in this.

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THE SONG OF THE VINE

DREARY in the purlieus of the city,
Stands the court wherein the ancient houses
Lean, like tottering drunkards, one towards the other.

Overhead, the mighty orb of splendour
Striding pitiless across the heavens,
Not a cloud to veil him, Lord of the ascendant.

Grimy are the cobbles of the courtyard,
Black the buildings with the dirt of ages,
Keen the nauseating odours of corruption.

In the attic of the craziest dwelling,
Where the broken pane lets in the foulness,
Stand, and sit, and squat, the sweater and the sweated.

Hour by hour they toil as once in Egypt,
"Ah," you say, "no Moses now to whisper,
Freedom, and the land that flows with milk and honey!"

Stay : in yonder corner by the window,
Sits the dark-eyed, pale, black-bearded greener
Whom the Gentile boys have nicknamed "Barmy
Judas."

He a Moses too, but bred in Vilna,
 Poorest of the poor, and very sickly,
 Yet his grandsire—so the story runs—a Rabbi.

And to him the other slaves of mammon
 Pay such homage as their straits allow them,
 Asking only in return one cherished favour.

When the needle stops awhile for supper,
 First they push the jug to him, their poet,
 Coaxing: "Sing us once again that song thou knowest."

"Which?" he asks, as if indeed he knew not;
 Then he lifts his eyes and, swaying gently,
 Croons the song Halévy taught him in his slumber.

*O vine, vine, vine,
 Beautiful, spreading, fruitful vine,
 Sing of the vine with the thousand branches!*

The seed was flung when the world was young,
 But no man marked it lie,
 For it fell on the sod where the cattle trod,
 Withered, and hard, and dry.
 Then a wind arose in the land,
 And covered it over with sand,
 And the dews of heaven were fain
 To rest on that spot, and the rain,
 And the seed slept safe and sound
 Within the ground.

Was it touch or word? For something stirred
 In the heart of the buried seed,
 And out of the gloom of its dreary tomb,
 Like a dungeon-captive freed,

Lifting her hands on high,
For light, and the sun, and the sky,
Apparelled in the sheen
Of delicate, virginal green,
Like a jewel from the mine,
Uprose the vine.

Now while the shoot was tender of root,
And only a handbreadth high,
The Lord of the land, as the paths He scanned,
Marked her with loving eye.
"Little wild vine," he said,
"Thou shalt yet lift up thine head,
And breathe a perfumed air
In a garden large and fair,
In a rich and fertile ground
Where springs abound."

In the burning south, the land of drouth,
Is the garden Heart's Delight,
But, fed by rills from the ancient hills,
It smiles in the sun's despite.
Its portals open wide,
One on the restless tide,
One on the hills that frown
From under their snowy crown,
Two look out on the sand
Of desert land.

There night and day the soft winds play,
There cooling shadows fall,
There, long years through, the wilding grew
Till she waxed both strong and tall.
Her roots spread far and wide,
She lifted her head in pride,

Beneath her gracious shade
 The children laughed and played
 And rich on every shoot
 Hung purple fruit.

*O vine, vine, vine,
 Tell of the evil worm that pierced
 The roots of the vine with the thousand branches.*

Now far and wide, on every side,
 The vine had gathered fame,
 When one black night to Heart's Delight
 An evil creature came,
 A noisome, creeping thing,
 Armed with a deadly sting,
 The gardeners marked it not
 Invade the sacred spot,
 But all too soon they found
 Death in the ground.

Ah, woe is me! For who could see
 Such piteous wreck, nor mourn?
 The leafy crown all sere and brown,
 The strength and beauty shorn,
 Ay, even Heart's Delight
 Itself, a sorry sight,
 Its walls of square-hewn stone
 Utterly overthrown,
 While thorn and sand o'erspread
 Path, border, bed.

*O vine, vine, vine,
 Sing of the hope in the heart of a man,
 And of life that was hid in the heart of a vine!*

But this I tell, for I know it well,
The vine that ye thought was dead,
In the heart of her there is life astir,
Again she shall lift her head,
Through weed, and briar, and bush
The slender stem shall push,
After the kindly sun
The eager tendrils run,
And purple clusters pour
Their wine once more.

Then shall we who have longed to see
The time of her coming forth,
Raise the song of the glad and strong,
As we march from the dreary north
Back to the land we love
With the heart of the homing dove,
The land of lily and rose,
Of cedar, and mountain snows,
Of rivers and water-springs,
And all good things.

Here he pauses, eager voices crying,
"It is well. Now stop. Sing not the last one."
But impatiently he frowns, and sings the louder.

Halévy spoke, in the vision that broke
On my sleep that Sabbath night,
"The nations too, shall join with the Jew,
And come unto Heart's Delight.
Its walls shall be built again,
And after the latter rain
The flowers shall spring once more,
And the oak and sycamore.
Its gates shall be opened wide
As of old, on every side,

And, like brethren, hand in hand,
Shall they who have hated, stand,
And share the cup of festal wine
Under the shade of the risen vine."

*O vine, vine, vine,
Sing, O sing the day of the vine,
And the day of the Lord of the vineyard!*

B. PAUL NEUMAN.

*In commemoration of the meeting of the Zionist Congress,
December 1901.*