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UNITY AND UNIFORMITY

IT is natural that, when any community has reached a certain stage of civilisation, those members of it whose life is too busy for thought or too complex for depth of inquiry in any one direction should come to trust more and more to the judgment of experts. It is also natural that, at the same time, for those who have the opportunity or the determination to think for themselves, these professional opinions should be less valued as they are seen to be inevitably narrow in proportion to their depth. The House of Commons recently refused to leave a technical subject to the investigation of experts unaided by laymen; and there were probably few outside who did not share the feeling of the House.

It is on this ground and on this principle that we propose to consider here the bearing of what has been called "Lord Halifax's Movement." The discussion of doctrine of all shades, from Commemoration to Transubstantiation, we shall leave to the Doctors; these are, indeed, whether intellectually or as matters of faith, questions of unsurpassed interest, but we do not think them fit, or even possible, subjects for public or unlearned argument. On the other hand, when those to whose learning we defer become in any sense leaders, and originate or head a movement involving the practical side of life, it is no longer possible for them to escape the criticism of laymen. To their actions we may legitimately apply a test for which no specialised knowledge is necessary; we may consider what is

the object which they have in view—whether it is a lawful one, and whether its pursuit by such methods is likely to bring good or evil to the community.

The ideal put forward in the present instance is one which must appeal to all who profess themselves Christians. Unity is an object which in itself needs no defence; we can but regret that it should need a special recommendation: it is a fundamental part of the institution of Christianity—of that power which “over against the divisions of race and continent raises still its witness to the possibility of a universal brotherhood.” Anything which tends towards disunion is here an element of failure; an act of secession is *prima facie* an act of treason, an act of exclusion is *prima facie* unconstitutional. This is not to say of secession or exclusion that they have never been justified; but there can be no dispute that they are courses which should be avoided by every possible means, and only thought of with all possible deliberation and humility. Yet to those who have read the reports of the speeches delivered at meetings of the English Church Union during the present year, it has not seemed clear that deliberation or humility have been characteristic of all the speakers; and we are left to hope that they may see cause to abandon their threatened policy of despair, which is certainly in striking contrast to Lord Halifax’s original object.

At the present moment it is still possible to say of the Church of England, upon an impartial survey, that her position is exceptionally strong, lying as it does midway between the exclusiveness of Rome and the individualism of Dissent. In the past she may appear to some to have gone too far, either in one or the other of these two opposite directions; but we are not now concerned with the past. Of the three views of the Church of Christ offered to the generation of men now living in this country, that presented by the Church of England certainly seems, in theory at least, to give the best combination of a strong corporate life with the widest principles of membership. Looking at the position from a national rather than a

sectarian point of view, we are convinced that the beneficial influence of the Church upon thought, her ability to attract and hold the most powerful and courageous minds, depends more than ever upon the maintenance of this combination. The clashing rocks between which her course is to be steered are described by Dr. Lock in his Essay (ix.) in *Lux Mundi*:

It is possible to overpress either side: the claims of the society may be urged to the detriment of the individual, the central organisation may crush out national life and give no scope for individual development, and so there arises the imperial absolutism of the mediæval Church. On the other hand, it is equally possible to exaggerate the claims of individualism, of independence, of freedom, and the result is division and disaster to the whole society: the individual is only anxious to save his own soul, and religion is claimed to be only a thing between a man and his God; common Church life becomes impossible.

These are no remote or imaginary difficulties, and with the rapid growth of the educated and intellectual class they tend more and more to constitute a real danger; men shrink from entering the strait which lies between two such opposing forces; at one moment it is this side, at another that, which they dread most. Lord Acton in his lecture on "The Study of History," after inquiring what is "the significant and central feature of the historic cycle before us," concludes with these words:

It has led to the superiority of politics over divinity in the life of nations, and terminates in the equal claim of every man to be unhindered by man in the fulfilment of duty to God—a doctrine laden with storm and havoc, which is the secret essence of the rights of man, and the indestructible soul of revolution.

There is no mistaking the force of this conclusion; it is more than logic; in the mere act of expression it has become an echo of the trumpet-call to which the armies of thought are marching. And yet man—at his highest—is Christian as he has perhaps never been Christian before, and in our belief he will still be Christian, in spite of all his rights and after all his revolutions. But, for the present at any rate, his temptation is to do violence to his natural affections and to stand outside

the Churches, for he has learned at the knees of science a noble fearlessness of truth, and he shrinks from donning a uniform which he feels he may possibly outgrow, even if it be not stiff enough to impede the free use of his powers at the present moment. So long as the choice offered appears to be one between truth and the Church, there will in this country and in the existing state of feeling be little or no hesitation. Such an assertion of the right of private judgment as is involved in this attitude may be excessive: it certainly implies a moral obligation to give to inquiry a greater amount of time and thought than is usual in these days, especially among the class of whom we are speaking; but it is, nevertheless, common and not unlikely to become more so, and to meet it with an equally direct assertion of authority, or to propose stricter and narrower terms of membership, would, in our judgment, be once more to rend the Church.

We say "the Church" advisedly, for we use the word in its primitive sense, and in our view the educated Christian Englishman, when he says that he prefers, or regrets, or is content to stand outside the Church, is generally speaking without a clear remembrance of what "the Church" in the primitive sense really is. No better dissertation on this subject has been put forward of late years than that contained in Dr. Lock's Essay from which we have already quoted. For him, and for those who can find no good reason for not agreeing with him, the Church is, first, "an organisation for the purpose of spiritual life; a universal brotherhood knit together to build up each of its members into holiness; 'the only great school of virtue existing.'" Secondly, it is "the school of truth as well as the school of virtue"; its function is to teach a philosophy which claims to explain sufficiently the relation of man to the universe. Thirdly, "the Church is the home of worship." "Worship is the Godward aspect of life—this the Church leads and organises."

Viewed thus as it were from a little distance and in outline only, it cannot be supposed that the Church offers a very

forbidding aspect to any man who is indeed a Christian; for Christianity undoubtedly includes a life, a philosophy, and a worship: so far the Church has been defined simply as the organisation of each of these, and in mere organisation there is nothing generally repellent. With regard to the first and simplest part of the definition above given, it may be said at once that no question whatever arises: the modern world, Christian and non-Christian, is in practical agreement as to the teaching of virtue and as to the type of the virtues to be taught; so that no man has here a reason for standing aloof. It is when we approach the questions of doctrine and worship that difficulties appear: granted the desirability of organisation, what form is it to take, and to what degree of spiritual bondage will it commit us? These are doubts which find little sympathy in the ardent partisan, but to the plain man considering the position and function of the Church in the life of society they seem more and more to demand a liberal attitude in those who meet them. We need here no leader who, like Gideon, will sift his army till none but the proved and enthusiastic remain: on the contrary, in this host numbers are a large part of success, and none are to be driven out or kept out, except in the last necessity. Bacon says well:

Men ought to take heede of rending God's Church by two kinds of controversies: the one is, when the matter of the point controverted is too small and light, not worth the heat and strife about it, kindled only by contradiction; for as it is noted by one of the Fathers, *Christ's coat indeed had no seame, but the Church's vesture was of divers colours*; whereupon he saith, *In veste varietas sit, scissura non sit*; they be two things, *Unity* and *Uniformity*. The other is, when the matter of the point controverted is great, but it is driven to an over-great subtilty and obscurity, so that it becometh a thing rather ingenious than substantiall.

He also notes in the same Essay that quarrels and divisions about religion were unknown to the heathen, and gives as the reason "because the religion of the heathen consisted rather in rites and ceremonies than in any constant belief." This will help us to explain the fact, which at first sight seems so dis-

credible, that the divisions of the Church are connected at least as closely with rites and ceremonies as with those points of controversy whose matter is great. There is more in worship than a mere external act or series of acts; otherwise, like the heathen, we should all be agreed. To some extent many of us are agreed. "Our worship," said the Bishop of Hereford at his Primary Visitation, "cannot be made too solemn or beautiful, so long as it is based upon the truth and is distinctly spiritual, and helps to purify the affections and desires, to invigorate the will, and to uplift the aspirations." This is not difficult of acceptance; but it is vain to go further and require that the same rites shall present the same aspect to every worshipper. This is impossible even with regard to the commonest objects of everyday life; as Pascal said, "*Nous supposons que tous les hommes conçoivent et sentent de la même sorte les objets qui se présentent à eux; mais nous le supposons bien gratuitement, car nous n'en avons aucune preuve.*" The greatest value of symbols is perhaps that they have not only more beauty but more various aspects than any form of words, however carefully and skilfully constructed; there are even times when they seem to offer a more immediate apprehension of truth than any method of thought. What they mean to others must to each one of us be for ever unknown; we have no evidence, and we must ask for none. In Utopia, where also, we are told, religion was not of one sort among all men, "nothing is seen or heard in the churches, but that seemeth to agree indifferently with them all. If there be a distinct kind of sacrifice peculiar to any several sect, that they execute at home in their own houses." In the literal sense this is, for obvious reasons, an impossible suggestion; and it would not be a very real unity which would be obtained in such a way. But there is for all men "a distinct kind of sacrifice" which they must "execute at home" in the dwelling of their own hearts, and the recognition of this truth should make it easier for them to agree in accepting the outward forms prescribed by the authorities of the Church, though

these forms may appear to some to go beyond, and to others to fall short of, what is desirable.

The question of doctrine is, theoretically at least, far more difficult and, one would think, far more likely to cause division. Practically, however, as we have said, it seems not to present so clear a line of cleavage as, either for its own sake, for its associations, or for its supposed implications, ritual unquestionably does. If any one doubts the truth of this, he has only to study the proceedings of the recent Round Table Conference at Fulham. Not only do these reveal a general nearness of agreement which is, to us at any rate, as welcome as it is unexpected, but it appears to be the fact that upon more than one occasion the Conference was within sight of a unanimous declaration. If anything could deepen the impression made upon the mind by this unperfected miracle, it is the knowledge that of the two propositions which brought it about one was put forward by Lord Halifax, and one was in its origin derived from Hooker.

Some have been eager to press upon us the recollection that the miracle was after all unperfected, and that in any event the agreement of a few, however representative, would not have had the practical effect of producing a corresponding unity among the many. We admit both propositions, but we do not see anything in them to diminish our sense of the importance of the event. The inferences we draw from what has happened are these: first, that it is only when the inquiry is narrowed down and centred upon one of the comparatively few great fundamental truths of which the Church is the guardian, that any degree of unity can reasonably be hoped for; secondly, that nevertheless there does exist deep down in men's hearts and understandings, and possibly hidden away even from their own consciousness, so much fundamental unity of belief, that any one forcing a policy of severance would be certainly driving out or abandoning many who, even when judged truly by his own standard, are not against the Church but for it; thirdly, that if it is so difficult and delicate a matter to bring into any state approaching unison a few men of clear insight and specially

trained powers of mind, it is vain to hope and unjust to demand of the untrained heterogeneous mass of men that they shall assent not merely to the simplicity of the Gospel, but to abstruse doctrines rigidly laid down in unfamiliar terms.

It follows, in our view, that no attempt should be made, rashly or on private initiative, to extend the sphere of the authoritative teaching of the Church; but that, on the contrary, full advantage should be taken of the principle that "the very fixity of the great central doctrines allows the Church to give a remarkable freedom to individual opinion on all other points." This is in accord with the view so strongly expressed in the "Ecclesiastical Polity"—

There is not the least contention and variance, but it blemisheth somewhat the unity that ought to be in the Church of Christ, which notwithstanding may have, not only without offence or breach of concord, her manifold varieties in Rites and Ceremonies of Religion, but also her strifes and contentions many times, and that about matters of no small importance; yea, her schisms, factions, and such other evils whereunto the body of The Church is subject, sound and sick remaining both of the same body, as long as both parts retain by outward profession that vital substance of truth, which maketh Christian Religion to differ from theirs which acknowledge not our Lord Jesus Christ the blessed Saviour of mankind.

In the passage immediately preceding this we have Hooker's view of the use of subtle or extended definitions as tests by which to narrow the circle of the Church. "If we go lower," he says, "we shall but add unto this certain casual and variable accidents, which are not properly of the being, but make only for the happier and better being, of the Church of God, either in deed or in men's opinions and conceits." Of such spiritual Gideons he declares, "They define not the Church by that which the Church essentially is, but by that wherein they imagine their own more perfect than the rest are."

The passages we have quoted are sufficient to show that our view, though it is taken from the standpoint of a mere layman, is at any rate not inconsistent with the opinions of some of the learned and devout. The layman desires fellowship as sincerely, in his degree, as the ecclesiastic or the eccle-

siastically minded ; he desires also, and most imperatively, truth or the right of free inquiry : he demands that the one desire shall not impede the fulfilment of the other. He sees the perpetual unfolding of the revelation of science, and in proportion as his faith is strong, he looks fearlessly for the evolution of religious truth. The Church is the guardian of the truth already committed to her keeping ; if she is to remain The Church she must never forget that truth, just because it is eternal, is no less changeable in aspect than unchangeable in substance. There is no such thing in nature as uniformity either of present time or of all times ; in all the millions of men in millions of years no two were ever alike ; to a thousand generations truth has worn a thousand different faces ; “to the same dawn none ever twice awoke.” Uniformity is not only not the same thing as unity, nor a possible road to it ; it is impossible in itself. It is not only impossible in itself, but if possible it would be the spiritual end of the race of man. The attempt to impose the appearance of it upon any body of men is a vain imagination which has led in the past to indefensible persecutions and the irremediable delay of human progress. The latter it is now happily powerless, in England at any rate, to accomplish, but it may lead, apparently, to results far enough from unity ; if not to exclusion, then to secession. At such a time “that voice had need continually to sound in men’s ears, *nolite exire*—‘go not out.’”

THE LITTLE ENGLANDER

THERE is an Eastern saying that "the stone which is fit for the wall will never be left in the way." This may be true of the operations of the Master builder, but it has not always been true of the work of Man the political mason. From the extermination of hostile tribes the ancient world progressed to the system called proscription, by which death or exile was allotted to the political opponents of a successful party. In our own day we are apparently still liable to the temptation to reject good material summarily because it is not yet squared to our hand : an unscientific and wasteful method of building. There is in a corner of our yard at the present moment a material which we have named "the Little Englander." We refuse to consider the possibility of permanently excluding any class or section of Englishmen from their share of influence in our national and Imperial life; of the Little Englander we hold that if the Empire cannot do with him as he is, nevertheless the Empire cannot do without him.

He has to a dispassionate observer two aspects; in the one he represents a political tradition that is definite, logical, and of proved value, in the other he is, partly at any rate, mythical, a fictitious personification of ideas which many ardent Imperialists conceive to be the antithesis of their own. For it is an almost universal habit of thought with men of any school of opinion to fortify their convictions and to stimulate their propagandist energy by the contemplation of a creed diametrically opposed

to that which they profess, and to attribute this creed, however hypothetical or obviously absurd it may be, to all their adversaries without distinction. The process appears to be inevitable, and as a rule is transparently honest, but it is nevertheless a serious obstacle to right thinking. For all their energy and earnestness, men who work on these lines advance matters but little. Instead of directing their efforts to the vital point, they waste them in grappling with a kind of phantom, which is little more than a shadow cast by their own opinions. They mistake a sort of abstract negative of what they themselves affirm for the affirmations of their opponents, and uselessly beat the air. The truth is that the creed of what is called the "Little England" party is no mere negation. Every creed that has been held, as that creed has been held, must be something more, and we shall do no good until by patient inquiry we can lay bare the affirmation which inspires it and see clearly how it may be opposed, if indeed we do not find it after all to be a friend in disguise.

Here the misapprehension is expressed in the nickname with which the party has been disfigured. It may be doubted whether any body of serious opinion has been more erroneously named than "Little Englandism." The political idea which underlies it is, as we have said, no new thing. It is as old as our idea of Empire, and is respectable no less from its age than from the authority of the statesmen who have found in it the mainspring of their action. From Burghley to Walpole, from Queen Elizabeth to Gladstone, many of the greatest and most powerful minds that have made England what she is have taken it as the basis of their policy. It is far too venerable and far too weightily held to be dismissed with a sneering epithet. If we will only bring ourselves to consider the thing seriously, we shall see that it has a distinct affirmative relation to the gravest problems of the new Empire, the problems which concern the position of the mother country in regard to the great federations that are growing up amongst her children; and surely the time has come for us to settle down, and with

all the light we can get from whatever source soberly to consider these vital problems as they multiply upon us.

For they do multiply. In our new complacency we talk pleasantly of how recent events have settled at least one of the great Imperial problems. That, no doubt, is true enough. But if we have cut off one of the Hydra's heads, those who look closely can see a dozen others growing in its place. The stricken field, as Lord Salisbury well said, cannot but bring irrevocable change. We have fought our first Imperial war, and the Empire can never be the same again. When the military system of the mother country proved inadequate, the Colonies came to her aid—not, as in the old days, reluctantly and to drive an enemy from their own doors, but with spontaneous enthusiasm for the Empire's sake. They suffered and made sacrifice for the shortcomings of the central army system, and now, if they were to claim a voice in its reorganisation, what are we to answer? Hitherto the mother country has done these things alone, and her children, absorbed in their own pursuits, have asked no questions. But now that they have stood by her in the gate of the city, the door of the council chamber cannot be closed against them. These are only indications of the difficulties that are springing up, but they suffice to point to the vast change that is coming. The old order of a sun and its satellites seems to be passing away, and we dimly see forming in its place a system of suns moving round each other. The problem of adapting the State to its new functions is daily increasing in intensity and reality. It is a problem no less vital than that with which Diocletian grappled when, with heroic knife, he unwittingly gave a death wound to the empire he tried to save. We must beware lest our surgery is equally at fault. The case cries for all the brain power which the country can produce. Amongst those we call "Little Englanders" there are still, as there always were, some of the deepest and most instructed political thinkers that are available for council, and it is sheer madness to let them any longer stand aloof with a fool's cap on their heads. They must

be brought into line with the Empire, lest in our need we lose the wisdom of those men—men, we believe, in whom still lives the old Imperial tradition.

What then is the affirmation to which these men cling? What is it that underlies the attitude which seems to many Imperialists so perverse, so incomprehensible, and even disloyal? What is the view of a healthy commonwealth which causes them to stand so sturdily in opposition to certain current conceptions of empire? The inquiry is overlaid with difficulty and prejudice bred of party strife—in a matter where there should be no party and no strife. This must first be thrown aside. If we are to understand the position of these men we, must approach it in sympathy and assume, for the time at least, that they are in aim, as they always maintain, as good Imperialists as ourselves; that they have the high interests of the Great Commonwealth seriously at heart, and that this is why they set themselves in opposition to the newer Imperialism. It would be useless to attempt the inquiry unless we can shake off the preoccupation that they are merely pusillanimous and afraid of responsibility. Such an accusation is really untenable. We must put clean away a popular notion that the one side are all nerveless cowards, or perversely blind, or desirous only of selfish ease, while the other are purely magnanimous and solely devoted to the good of the community. Let all that go back to the Sheol where the literature of elections is engendered. In these days no one can hope to judge between two parties in the State unless he starts with the assumption that both are fighting for the same ultimate end with different views of how it may be best attained.

In the present case the difference between the two schools is more than usually difficult to define. The question that confronts them is wholly new, and is, therefore, one in which imagination must play a prominent part. With most people the difference undoubtedly rests on a kind of sentiment or instinct. For the one side the expansion of the Empire is an exhilarating sign of health and stability; for the other it is

rather a cause of anxiety for the sufficiency of what it feeds on and the stability of that on which it is based. Each seems to conceive the situation metaphorically, but in each case there is a different simile underlying the metaphor. It is usually in this way that men who have no leisure or opportunity to study the complex facts of the case unconsciously shape their attitude to a great political question, and, consequently, it is in this way that we can often most surely reach their point of view. The term "Empire-builder" will give us the key. It is the name which we are accustomed to bestow as the highest praise a statesman can receive, and it is, probably, also the one which jars most harshly upon the sentiment of the "Little Englander." For it suggests a conception of the Empire which is foreign to his own. It seems to represent the Empire as an edifice that has been gradually added to—a farm-house, as it were, that by diligent and conscious effort has become a palace; and the Little Englander shrinks from the dangers that such a conception seems to involve. He hears every one who adds to the pile praised as one who has strengthened and improved the whole; yet he knows that to add a storey to a building is often to destroy it, unless it is certain that the foundations and the older walls will bear the new weight; and he knows that to add a wing wherever space may chance to offer is not always to increase the convenience or the beauty of what already existed. To him the metaphor is false and misleading. For him the Empire is no lifeless structure, but a living organism that is continually exerting a force of its own, and this force is for him the most serious matter to be reckoned with. He feels the gradual development of the Empire to be like the growth of a tree: the Great Commonwealth is a giant of the forest which grew while politicians slept, by the inherent vitality of the seed from which it sprang. He cannot regard it as the work of men consciously and deliberately laying stone to stone, knowing what they did, but as a thing that grew of itself in despite of statesmen and political theories. As Mommsen has pointed out, the Roman Senate found itself

committed to the conquest of half the known world before ever it had made up its mind whether such conquest were desirable or the reverse. And so our Little Englander sees the British Empire: as an organism that came into being and grew to its vast proportions in answer to the pressure of internal strength—a strength due to something of race, something of wise guiding, and much of happy circumstance. The seed, he will tell you, was good, and it fell into good ground, and so in due time the fowls of the air gathered in its branches.

In this way we come nearer to the affirmation upon which rests the creed of the serious "Little Englander." It is this: that the vital need of the Empire—the need that far outweighs every other—is the greatness of England. If we would name him fairly we should call him rather "Great Englander." For the cardinal article of his faith is this: that it is upon the greatness of England that the unity and vitality of the Empire ultimately rests. No doubt he fails to appreciate how a sober consciousness of Empire reacts upon the inherent greatness of the mother country, how it tends to lift her and render her more fit for the increasing greatness and increasing difficulty of the part she has to play. That aspect of the thing is obscured for him by a certain exuberant self-satisfaction which is certainly on the surface the most glaring effect, and which unhappily is the only effect, he can see. It is idle and demoralising, he will protest, continually to stand back to admire the greatness of your tree and glory in the rapid growth of its branches. To the old forester such exuberance must be tinged with anxiety. All he can see sets him wondering how long such vitality can last. He watches every new growth pruning-hook in hand. He searches every symptom of decay that tells of evil at the roots; and he would be ever at work to renew the exhausted soil and keep it fresh and fertile.

We know well that this view is narrow and limited. We know it is far from representing the whole philosophy of empire. But can we deny that there is in it an element of truth,

and can we be sure that of late we have not been forgetting it? Let us listen a moment to what some of these old foresters are saying. What was it, they ask, that immediately preceded this sudden awakening to the consciousness of empire? It was a period of unexampled prosperity and of almost unexampled popular interest in political and economical reforms at home. A steady and relentless determination to set our own house in order had resulted in laws that set commerce free and lifted the people to a sense of political responsibility. The result was an energy that could not be restrained. It pressed into the farthest corners of the earth, and England stood up the admiration of all Europe; and the men who did all this we should now brand as "Little Englanders." But in the face of these undoubted facts we cannot dismiss them so. We cannot ignore the presumption to which these facts give colour, and which the heirs of their opinions claim to-day. It only weakens our position to shut our eyes to it. Let us, then, look it in the face. The presumption which they claim to be the plain outcome of history is this—that so long as the soil is stirred with a vigorous political activity at home, so long as it is prepared with wise and liberal measures that sweep away particular interests for the good of the whole country, so long the Empire will flourish of itself. It is a presumption too well supported to be met by mere ridicule. We know that the mistake they make is to spring directly to the conclusion that it is best to go back to the old *laissez faire*. We feel instinctively that the organism has now grown too great to be left alone. The stupendous forces that have been set whirling in the world cry out for regulation, as they threaten to clash and bring destruction. But that is no reason why we should forget the source of their energy.

And here lies the danger: the Little Englander remembers what Rome became when her central political life was starved into nothingness, and the communal activity of her citizens was killed by doles and vast accumulations of capital. To

this we feel sure we can never fall. But that is not enough. We must not permit even a step on the downward road. If once we lose interest in these social and political reforms which alone can keep the body politic sweet and sound ; if we cease for one moment to strive against the fatal tendency of wealth to concentrate in the hands of the few, and of the lower classes to sink still lower, how can we tell what may happen ? If in the old days our colonies and dependencies clung to us with a long-suffering devotion, it is because they could regard the Old Country as a model to the world and to themselves, because they could be proud to be her children, and could look to her for temperate counsel and strong support. But if we fall behind other countries in wise and liberal laws, in sagacious education, in healthy commercial activity, how can we hope that the bond will not be weakened ? And worse still, if in these matters we fall behind our colonies themselves, as indeed we are already in danger of falling, what hope is there that the bond will not be broken ? No schemes of federation or customs union will avail to avert the catastrophe. It is idle to think of such artificial ties. They can never bind when the sentiment of respect is lost.

This, we take it, is what the Little Englander wishes to affirm. It is on this his creed is founded. True it is that he probably underestimates, and even ignores, the new political vigour which the growing consciousness of empire arouses, and the new commercial activity which its expansion nourishes. Yet, can we be sure that he is worth no attention when he warns us that, in fixing the attention of the people on Imperial questions, which for the most part are beyond their grasp, we are certainly dimming their interest in home matters, which touch them more nearly and are more within their intelligent comprehension ; and can we be sure the change is healthy ? If this tendency is indeed a danger, it is one that is real and growing. For it is not confined to the people. These high and engrossing Imperial questions that so fill the imagination and entice the intellect are not diminishing in magnitude or

attraction. We have already indicated how they are crowding upon us. Every year we see Parliament, and, still worse, the Ministers of the Crown, more and more absorbed by them. We see that, so long as the offices which deal with Imperial questions are filled by the master-minds of the Cabinet, there is little care who has the rest, where the spirit and the life-blood of the whole has to be watched and cherished. It is against this tendency that the Little Englander, for good or evil, is striving. He is earnest that the old country shall continue worthy of her children. His gospel is that empire, like charity, begins at home.

Few sober Imperialists will deny that there is room for such a man in the ranks. Many will even believe that his moderating influence is essential to a sound Imperial policy. It is for this reason, we say, that the Empire cannot do without the Little Englander. It is for this reason, we say, that he should be gathered in and not be suffered any longer to cry in the wilderness. It is in this way, and in this way alone, that there can be organised such a healthy force as that Liberal Imperialists are seeking to recreate in our shattered party system. Every man, no matter what his political creed, wishes them so far success: but by any process of secession or proscription it can never be achieved. Every man who cherishes the old Liberal traditions must be brought into line by persuasion, concession, or right understanding. The mis-called Little Englander must be of the army, or the army will be one battalion short. But before this can happen the Little Englander, too, has much to look to, and this is why we say that the Empire cannot do with him as he is. Amongst those who cry in the wilderness are too many who are so much amazed and confounded by the threatening dangers that they will not even look them in the face. They can only lament the neglect into which their own social ideals have fallen, and curse the Empire as the cause. It is the temper of a hasty child. The Empire is indeed the cause of the neglect; that cannot be denied, but they will not see that it is just what

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their own ideas have already achieved that is the main cause of the Empire's growth; that the moral force, the social health, the well-distributed prosperity which result from such endeavour as theirs, must in turn result in expansion. They must accept the fact and study the problems it entails as earnestly as they have hitherto studied the narrower problems of nationality. It is useless for them to turn their backs on it. They must join hands with their old comrades and try to make the best of it. No one denies that it is a burden, but it is a burden we have to bear and a burden we can lightly bear, if every capable man will put his shoulder under it, and not shrink from the task, however repellent he may feel it to be. Of all such shrinking from the inevitable the Little Englander must be purged before he can become again a force for good. If he would take the mote from the Imperialist eye, he must first remove the beam from his own. He must accept the fact of Empire for all the good that may come of it. He must try to feel the inspiration which has lifted men to so much self-sacrifice and so much heroic effort for the thing his understanding and his faith have yet to grasp. Then and not till then will the Little Englander be recognised for what in truth he would be, the Great Englander. Then and not till then can there be any hope that Liberalism can live again to do for the Empire what it has done for the Nation.

THE PROGRESS OF JAPAN

EUROPEANS, observing the sudden adoption by Japan of all the modern improvements of the West, from the most complex of State institutions down to the simplest pieces of mechanism, attribute this generally to a special aptitude for imitation inherent in the Japanese character and not developed to such an extent in other nations. On the other hand, the Japanese themselves for the most part believe it to be the result of their national superiority to those peoples who have been left behind by them in the path of progress.

But the faculty of imitation is not inherent in the Japanese in a higher degree than in other peoples. Men of great originality of mind are rarely found in any country; the rest merely study and adopt from what they have done, and this study and adoption are nothing else than imitation. What differentiates the case of Japan is the fact that, coming so late into contact with other nations, she has had to learn and adopt so much in so short a time. Moreover, even if we grant that the Japanese are endowed with an aptitude for imitation greater than that of other nations, yet this does not explain how it was brought into such full play.

The idea that Japan owes her progress to her superiority to those nations which are backward in adopting modern improvements is quite an excusable one; for in what country do we not find a similar patriotic self-conceit? Nevertheless, this view is not less misleading than the former. Let us take,

for instance, the case of the Chinese, who are considered the most unprogressive of nations, and try to realise the immense progress, both intellectual and material, that was made by them more than 2000 years ago, a progress of which we have ample evidence in their ancient literature, and in that old-world civilisation which they have preserved intact down to the present day. A people that was once so progressive cannot be naturally incapable of adopting the fruits of modern progress, and its backwardness must be attributed to other causes than inferiority.

There can be no doubt that the general character of a people is determined by the climatic and physical conditions of the land which it inhabits, and that, though isolated events are often due to a sudden impulsive movement which subsides as suddenly as it arose, yet the special character both of the people itself, and of any consecutive series of events in its history, is the result of the evolution of that people.

The recent progress of Japan, then, is neither the result of a sudden movement, nor of any special characteristic innate in the people, but is due to the special conditions which affected Japan—the most important of which are the following: The continuance of the Imperial dynasty in one line from prehistoric times to the present day; the existence of the system of feudalism; and the stimulus given by the highest authority in the State to the cultivation of Western knowledge 200 years ago.

Before entering upon the investigation of the main subject of this article, it is necessary to apprehend clearly the political system that was in force in the country before the revolution in 1868. So much, however, has been written about the Mikado, the Tycoon or Shogim, the Daimio and the Samurai, that it will be sufficient here merely to give a general outline of their history, so as to refresh the reader's memory and enable him to follow the train of thought developed in the following pages.

The Emperors (Mikado) of the present dynasty have been the *de jure* sovereigns of Japan since the legendary era, and

anciently the Emperors exercised absolute sway over the whole empire, a sway that was limited only by the defective state of the means of communication, which necessarily left a great deal to the discretionary powers of local and provisional chiefs. We have here the germ of that feudalism which grew to perfection in after years.

Towards the end of the seventh century the hereditary ministers of the State, the Fujiwara families, began to encroach upon the power of the Emperors, and from that time up to the date of the recent revolution (1868) the Emperors reigned but did not rule. During the latter half of the twelfth century these ministers, from their frequent altercations with the Emperors, and the civil wars caused by their long abuse of power, lost the influence they had so long enjoyed. A successful military chief, Yoritomo, now came forward to the support of the sovereign. This soldier conquered and subdued the turbulent local chiefs, and ousted the families of the hereditary ministers from their position. He, however, did not restore the real power to the Emperors, but arrogated it to himself by causing the Emperor to appoint him head of the feudal families and generalissimo (Shogun) of the Empire, the absolute control of the administration of the whole country being entrusted to him and to his heirs. This family of Shoguns, after ruling for several generations, abused in time its power, and caused civil wars, whereupon a new military chief came forward and, driving it from its position, arrogated the power to himself and his family. Thus, in like manner, one family succeeded another until, after the successive rule of several families, that of Tokugawa assumed power in 1603.

Although the military power of each chief who established his ascendancy was very great, it was always found necessary by him, in order to reduce the turbulent feudal lords to submission, to proclaim that he was supporting the cause of the Emperor against the presumptuous arrogance of the last holder of the position which he had abused. Not only was it politic for him to make this proclamation, but he himself perhaps

believed it to be the duty he owed to the principle of loyalty. For not only is the very antiquity of the Imperial line the cause of the awe and veneration entertained for the Emperor by his people, but the fact that, while he was looked upon as the source of all power in the State, he yet confined his activity to the bestowal of titles and honours, brought it about that, while he thus did not give the slightest cause for complaint, at the same time he earned a great deal of gratitude from what human vanity holds most dear. The Emperors, therefore, were held in most loyal adoration in all ages throughout the Empire. The maintenance of the Emperor was essential to the power of the Shoguns, and, his sovereignty acknowledged, the very aloofness of the monarch made it easy for them to appear, not as the usurpers they in fact were, but as trustees of the throne.

In fact, when a Shogun's heir succeeded his father, he was formally invested by the Emperor with the several offices held by him. So, too, it was at the instance of the Shoguns that fiefs were confirmed by the Emperor, by the conferring of appropriate ranks and honours, whenever feudal heirs succeeded their fathers.

The feudal system was developed to perfection under the administration of the Tokugawa family. The number of feudal lords (Daimio) exceeded three hundred. Their power was so evenly balanced, both among themselves and in comparison with that of the central government of the Shogun, that neither could encroach upon the other.

There were various grades of nobles. The greatest held as hereditary dominions two or three provinces with a total population of 1,500,000, or an average of 250 souls per square mile. Each had an annual revenue of about £500,000, with full power to raise it to an extent that was limited only by the resources and tractability of the people. The least enjoyed a fortune of about a hundredth part of that of the greatest. They all held in their own provinces the power of life and death; they organised their own governments, and maintained a proportionate military and naval force.

The government was carried on for these nobles by the vassals who held fiefs of them, and the relations of the two were rather those of master and servant than lord and liegeman. These vassals constituted the Samurai, and the more powerful members of this class owned larger estates than the lesser nobles, though their privileges were fewer. They had a voice, directly or indirectly, in the affairs of the provincial governments, and might be promoted either by the favour of their lords or by purely personal merit from a lower grade to a higher.

The number of families in this class, including those under the Shogun's rule, exceeded 400,000, comprising over 1,600,000 souls. It was this class that was in reality the depository of the educated intelligence and energy that kept up the vitality of the Empire for nearly eight hundred years, and it is not going beyond the truth to say that Japan under the feudal system was governed by the political opinion of the Samurai. When public opinion is mentioned in this article, it is the opinion of this class that is referred to, for the other classes—agricultural, commercial, industrial—were merely passive objects of the care of the Government. There were, indeed, isolated cases of individual members of these classes distinguishing themselves in the professions peculiar to the governing class, but such individuals were rare and were soon incorporated into the higher class.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, and at the beginning of the seventeenth, the political intrigues and interferences of the Jesuit missionaries became so audacious and obnoxious that the policy of the exclusion of the outside world seemed to be the only means of avoiding impending dangers. Accordingly, all the missionaries and converts were either expelled from the country or executed, and all intercourse with foreigners was prohibited under pain of death. The only exception to this prohibition was the permission given to the Dutch and the Chinese to carry on trade at Nagasaki under the strict surveillance of the Government. The preference shown to the Dutch was due to the fact that they were not of

the same religion as the Spaniards and Portuguese. Henceforth the idea was firmly rooted in the minds of every class in Japan that the admission of Europeans was tantamount to the admission and revival of Jesuitical intrigues and conspiracies, that would eventually expose the empire to unavoidable disasters. For a similar reason the study of the Western arts and sciences, as well as that of European printed and written books, was strictly prohibited, even the interpreters who transacted business with the Dutch being only allowed to learn the language by writing the pronunciation in Japanese phonetic characters. These measures for the prevention of the introduction of European knowledge were continued in full force until the year 1709, when an event occurred which may be considered seed sown in a fertile field, destined to grow into full luxuriance and to bear as its fruit the progress of Japan in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

In that year there arrived in one of the southern islands of Japan a missionary from Rome who called himself Johan Battista Sirota (or Silotta; the exact spelling is uncertain, as there is no sound corresponding to "l" in the Japanese phonetic alphabet), of Palermo. According to his own statement, he was sent by Pope Clement XII. to investigate the state of religion in Japan, with a view to the despatch of a nuncio to open up the country for the propagation of the Gospel. After having studied the Japanese language for five years at Rome, he had come over to Luzon in company with another missionary, named Thomas Tetoron, who was entrusted with a similar mission to Peking. In Luzon he met with many descendants of Japanese Christian exiles, and by their assistance improved his knowledge of Japan and of its languages. After having been thrice baffled by storms, he succeeded at last in reaching Japan. At that time the Shogunate of the Tokugawas was at the zenith of its power under the fifth Shogun of the family. Ara-i, one of the greatest scholars Japan has ever produced, was the Shogun's tutor and confidential adviser, and upon him devolved the task

of investigating and reporting on the purpose of this newcomer, who was intruding himself into Japan in spite of the most rigid prohibition.

In the course of this investigation, Ara-i was so much struck by the priest's encyclopædic knowledge that he is said to have tried to persuade him to abandon his attempt to propagate Christianity, and to put his secular knowledge at the service of the Japanese Government. Nothing, of course, could have been further from the missionary's thoughts than to adopt such a course, and, on his refusal, he was detained in captivity until his death, which occurred about six years later. During his detention he had converted two servants—a man and a woman—who attended on him.

Ara-i was so imbued with admiration of what he had learned from the missionary that henceforth he made the acquisition of Western knowledge the pursuit of his life. He collected information from the Dutch, who were in Nagasaki and came periodically to Yeddo (Tokio). He had written books for the enlightenment of the Shogun, especially on such subjects as geography and the constitution and history of foreign countries. His influence was, no doubt, very great in obtaining the withdrawal of the prohibition of the study of Dutch writings and of scientific and technical works. After this, several Shoguns in succession followed the course initiated by Ara-i, and appointed to the honourable posts those in whose houses were said to be preserved the secrets of those arts and sciences (astronomy, medicine, mathematics, gunnery, &c.) which had been originally learned by their forefathers from the Spaniards and Portuguese. At the same time the choicest spirits betook themselves to the study of the Dutch language, in order to acquire fresh knowledge from the perusal of the most recent publications. But the want of teachers and the scarcity of books were great impediments to progress, and only a few who were gifted with extraordinary perseverance and energy succeeded in attaining any measure of success. Yet, in the hundred years that followed the appearance of the

Roman missionary, the study of the Dutch language made considerable progress, and many translations of scientific and technical works were published and constantly read by the most advanced of the Samurai class. Their opinions had now begun to have some influence upon the thinking part of the community, and, as a consequence, indications of conflicting opinions on political subjects began to manifest themselves about this time.

But, owing to the prevalence of the feudal system, opinions suppressed in one part of the country were able to find supporters in another. Even in the capital itself, where all the feudal lords held large enclosures for their palaces and the houses of their followers, enjoying something like the privileges of exterritoriality, the persecuted opinions found shelter under the protection of some nobles who favoured them.

As where a despotic authority has exclusive control over the administration and religious organisation of a country, that authority does not brook any contradiction of its own views, and, if there is no rivalry of neighbouring nations, necessarily unifies the ideas of the whole nation, and suppresses all new opinions that may rise against the established ones, the new views that were springing into life in Japan would have perished at once, had it not been for the peculiar form of government existing at that time.

Measures for the suppression of the new views were, however, adopted in earnest by the central Government in or about the year 1836, when one Nieman, the captain of a Dutch merchantman, reported to the governor of Nagasaki that an Englishman named Morrison was preparing to visit the Bay of Yeddo, ostensibly to bring back some shipwrecked Japanese who had been saved by an English ship, but in reality to open the country to foreign trade. This report was kept as a State secret in the Government archives, but those persons who paid greatest attention to foreign affairs contrived to ascertain its purport.

These latter, fearing that those who were at the head of

affairs would, from ignorance of the world outside Japan, on Morrison's arrival, pursue the old policy of expelling foreign ships, thus "plunging Japan," to use the words of their own memorial, "into the calamity of being regarded as a common enemy by all the nations of the world," tried every means in their power to persuade the authorities to waive the old-established laws and receive Morrison in a friendly spirit. Morrison, however, never came, and the arguments employed by those persons were made by the opposite party a pretext for their accusation as disturbers of the peace of the country by spreading unfounded rumours and causing needless anxiety. Several of the accused were put in prison or executed, and many sought the protection of the feudal lords who had countenanced their views. The party of the conservatives, as it may be called, was still in a great majority, and all discussions about the treatment of foreigners and their ships were suppressed for a time, only to revive more vehemently shortly afterwards when the squadron of the United States under Commodore Perry steamed into the hitherto undisturbed waters of Yeddo Bay in 1853.

Previous to that time the English and Russians had frequently attempted to obtain admission to the country, but had always been refused, or even repelled by force. Coming, as they did, only to the more distant provinces, such as Yesso or Kiushiu, they did not make any impression on the central authorities collectively, but only a few enlightened individuals. But the boldness of the Americans in steaming straight into the Bay of Yeddo, close to the seat of government, took by surprise the central authorities, who were already not a little moved by the really forcible arguments of those they were persecuting in favour of the opening of the country. Standing between the clamorous majority, who simply upheld the old-established rule of exclusion, and the enlightened minority, whose opinions revived with increasing force under the new circumstances, the central authorities, as well as most of the provincial authorities (the governments of the nobles), already

demoralised by the long enjoyment of power, committed themselves to a vacillating policy.

On the one hand negotiating and signing treaties of commerce and friendship with the representatives of the European powers, who now began to arrive in succession, and on the other trying to conciliate the opposite party by proclaiming that they were only gaining time in order to make preparations for the successful execution of the old law of expulsion of foreigners, the central Government paid the natural penalty of their irresolute action. One difficulty followed another, until the Shogun lost more and more every day the confidence of both political parties.

At first each of the two different schools of political opinion attempted to prevail upon those who were in power to favour its own views in dealing with foreign affairs. Both parties became at length convinced that the Shogun's government, as well as those of the nobles, which, conducted with the precedents of ages and with the prestige of ancient military power, had been hitherto considered all-powerful in the management of internal affairs, were utterly inadequate to cope with the new national exigencies, and they felt the necessity of a radical reform of the system of government.

Meanwhile, some rash adherents of the anti-foreign party attempted to give effect to the policy they advocated by firing upon the foreign ships and by assassinating foreigners, but they were made to suffer a just retribution by the bombardment of Kagashima by the English in 1862, and that of Shimonoseki three years afterwards by the combined forces of the several countries.

In these short but decisive engagements the superiority of foreign arms was so plainly demonstrated to them that they began to realise the truth of the often-cited precept of Sonshi, the Chinese sage, that in order to carry on war successfully it is necessary to know the ability of the enemy as well as one's own. The anti-foreign party, therefore, with the exception of a few who still clung obstinately to their old views, turned

their attention to the investigation of things European. This could not fail to convince them of the folly and the impossibility of maintaining the policy of exclusion any longer, and the reconciliation of the two political opinions was the result. Since then, to obtain admittance to the family of nations on an equal footing was the most ardent desire and aim of all the intelligent classes of the nation.

A short civil war sufficed to overturn the old system of government, which had alienated the sympathies of the thinking classes. It was not difficult for the reformers to discover the person best fitted to assume the government after the revolution. The Imperial House, whose dynasty had continued in one line from pre-historic ages, having been always regarded with reverence and adoration by the whole nation, and being unaffected by the prejudice usually felt against all such as have been in the enjoyment of active power, stood out in all its fresh brilliancy capable of adapting itself to any requirement of the time.

Under the Emperor, supported by those statesmen whose intellectual superiority made them recognised leaders of the new Government, the two parties were amalgamated into one, and the modern progressive policy was definitely adopted in 1868. On March 14 in that year the Emperor, soon after his accession to the throne, proclaimed on oath the five principles that were to guide the Government newly established.

First.—Deliberative assemblies shall be established on a broad basis, in order that governmental measures may be adopted in accordance with public opinion (taken in broad sense).

Secondly.—The concord of all classes of society shall in all emergencies of the State be the first aim of the Government.

Thirdly.—Means shall be found for the furtherance of the lawful desires of all individuals without discrimination as to persons.

Fourthly.—All purposeless precedents and useless customs being discarded, justice and righteousness shall be the guide of all actions.

Fifthly.—Knowledge and learning shall be sought after throughout the whole world, in order that the status of the Empire of Japan may be raised ever higher and higher.

The very first care of the Imperial Government was to send at the State expense those persons who held or were to hold responsible posts in the Government to various countries of Europe and America in order to widen their views. These were soon followed by young students, who were sent out to complete their education in a regular manner at the colleges and universities abroad. At the same time colleges and schools were established in Japan, under European teachers and professors, to educate the youths in all branches of modern sciences and arts. A system of national education was established on a very wide basis, elementary schools being founded in every village, however small, in the country, where the young girls and boys were taught by the teachers trained in the normal schools. According to the last statistical report (December 3, 1897), the students of both sexes who attended the colleges and schools in that year numbered altogether 4,180,211, of whom 577,044 finished their course in the same year. About the latter end of the seventies the first set of graduates were sent out by the colleges, and they have been followed by increasing numbers every year. Some of the best were sent to Europe and America to complete their education, and most of them have returned with academic honours and distinctions. They have acquired during the last ten to twenty years great experience in their several branches of knowledge, and are now holding high positions in the country. That they are fully qualified for their professions is testified by the able manner in which they carry on the work committed to their care, and also by the publications in journals and magazines of the results of their investigations and researches on the special subjects they study.

In regard to the system of government, the most important measure was the establishment of deliberative assemblies of various grades in the villages, towns, and provinces respectively.

For many years past all of these have been found to work satisfactorily. Finally, the national assembly was summoned in 1890, in accordance with the constitution granted in the preceding year, by which political, civil, and religious liberties are guaranteed.

The administration of justice has been organised on the most enlightened models, and the laws, both civil and penal, have been codified.

Thus for more than thirty years the government and policy of Japan have been conducted strictly in accordance with the proclamations of the Emperor at the beginning of his reign, and still give every promise of continued improvement.

From this historical sketch of the recent progress of Japan it will not be difficult to perceive that it is not the result of passing fancy or individual caprice, but of the mental evolution of a nation which has been gradually progressing during the last two hundred years.

There is no danger, then, as there would be in the case of a sudden revolution or a temporary caprice, of a reaction that would cause the nation to fall back into its previous state. It will be a mistake to assume that the occasional manifestations of so-called "patriotic bias," which are common to all nations, are symptomatic of a deep-seated reactionary spirit.

Those who think that the Japan of to-day is the same as that of thirty or forty years ago, and that all her present civilisation is merely veneer and apish imitation, do a great wrong, not only to Japan herself but to humanity at large, for differences of colour, language, customs, and manners are but local and accidental, and there is no fundamental difference in human beings the world over. Where the conditions are favourable there is no reason why nations everywhere should not make as much progress as is possible. This is the true ideal of universal civilisation, and for it we must all combine to work.

HAYASHI.

RIGHT AND WRONG IN POLITICS

SOME time ago I was requested to sign a protest against the war in Africa. I declined upon an obvious ground. The protest argued in substance that the action of the English Government before the war had been criminal. That statement, it seemed to me, whether true or false, had become an anachronism. The question whether Mr. Chamberlain's treatment of the Boers had been immoral was for the time as obsolete as the question whether Pitt's declaration of war against the French in 1793 was justifiable. We had somehow got into a bog, and could only consider how to get out of it. Undoubtedly, if the guide who had led us should ask us to renew our confidence, the question of his previous conduct would be very much to the purpose. For the present we had simply to accept facts. It was idle to say that they ought not to have been facts. "What has been has been," as poets have remarked, and, as philosophers generally admit, the past is irrevocable. The folly or wickedness of bringing about a war does not alter the fact that a war, when once begun, has to be fought out; nor even prove that the victory of the wrong-doer may not be the most satisfactory solution of the question.

My friends, I believe, thought this reply very immoral. I only mention the particular case as an illustration of the general principle, and I admit that my principle may apparently sanction very immoral consequences. If the actions of a

statesman are to be condoned upon the simple ground that they are accomplished facts, we should be setting a very dangerous precedent. The virtue which says, "Don't pick pockets," but is ready, when the pocket is picked, to absolve the thief and accept the plunder, is very like hypocrisy. Such a principle, too, seems to sanction the doctrine that in politics we have nothing to do with morality. We are to be guided by immediate expediency, and therefore to recognise no permanent rights. A rule which ceases to apply on the simple ground that it has been broken cannot be a rule of much practical value. Unjust conduct to individuals does not cease to be unjust because the original action is now past recall; and the moral law which condemns a policy must condemn the position which has been created by the policy. It is surely desirable that moral considerations should affect our policy towards nations as well as individuals. The problems which are arising all over the world as it becomes more closely packed and distance ceases to separate are constantly giving fresh importance to a clear understanding. The growing keenness of competition tends to weaken the moral bonds which tie our hands in the contest, and it is desirable to consider their true nature.

International conflicts are one product of that "struggle for existence" which troubles many people by its apparent indifference to morality. The man of science deals simply with the facts. The words "right" and "wrong" have no intelligible application to the prehuman world; for prehuman is pre-moral. If the sea, which once harboured plesiosaurs, is now occupied by whales, it is not because the plesiosaur was a sinner, but because under new conditions he was a failure. But we find the struggle continuing between races of men who had moral qualities and therefore, it may be supposed, some claim upon the justice of their fellows. The man of flint-implements went out before the man who used iron; the aborigines of America and Australia have been extirpated by the Spaniard and the Englishman; and the same process is operative, however much the form of the contest may be modified, all over the world.

It underlies all the greatest movements of the day. The historian, so far as he aims at scientific methods, must consider such processes simply as facts. He must record impartially the series of events by which nations have grown and races succeeded, as the natural historian describes the changes which have substituted the modern horse for the hipparion. The victorious races may have won success by barbarous cruelty. The Saxon got rid of the Celt without paying any attention to the Sermon on the Mount. He succeeded not less, or possibly succeeded all the more, because he had never heard of that document. In later times war and conquest have laid the foundation of the most civilised races. We preach the Christian ethics, but we admit that in practice the code of the barbarian has answered better. The gospel according to Darwin seems in some versions to confirm this view, and we are invited more or less explicitly to get rid of our moral prejudices, and admit in theory what we have exemplified in practice, that war, covert or open, must always be the dominant factor in development. We cannot reconcile our moral convictions with success in the great world-struggle. If goodness leads to extinction, what is the use of being good?

The doctrine accepts, I think, some indisputable truths. It is idle to neglect facts. We have got to make the best of the actual world, however it came to be actual. The injustice to which the existing order owed its origin cannot determine the question of its present justice. Philosophers have denounced property in land because it originated in force. A man, it is urged, cannot transfer to others any rights which he does not himself possess, and therefore the original defect in the title can never be remedied. The estate which is now mine was, perhaps, taken by sheer force from some primitive savage; transmitted, according to unjust laws, to the descendants of the new proprietor; confiscated by a tyrannical Government and acquired by fraud at some later date. How can I derive a just claim from an accumulation of wrongs? At what point in this series of transactions does the title become a good one?

Lawyers have to admit prescription. The title becomes good when it has been unchallenged for a certain period. The practical necessity of such a rule is obvious. It is utterly impossible, in the first place, to trace the history. Then, if I could trace it, I could not say what was "right" at each period. The "good old rule," that he shall take who has the power, was once the moral rule. Later systems of inheritance, which now appear to be unjust, were long thought to be right. Must I apply the morality which I now hold to be right, or the morality which was accepted at the time? But, moreover, if all such problems could be solved, we could not redress the evil. I have acquired my property by perfectly innocent means. I have paid a fair price according to the existing law. To take it away from me then would be in any case to inflict an injury without compensation upon an innocent person. It would be as hard as to confiscate a sovereign which I have fairly earned, because on some previous occasion the same coin was stolen from a rightful owner. The "right" is not inherent in the thing possessed, and must be determined by the interests of the living, not by the history of the dead, whose rights have expired with them. This applies even more obviously to the questions between nations. Who are the rightful heirs of the tribes who once occupied the United States? The "last of the Mohicans" died long ago, and we cannot expropriate the present possessors of Massachusetts and hand it over to any rightful heir. No rightful heir exists. Obviously in such cases we have to consider the actual state of things, and to admit that the abstract right has vanished with the original owners. When a wrong cannot be redressed it ceases to have any bearing upon actual problems. Some disregard of this very obvious truth seems to be implied in many popular arguments. Philanthropists denounce existing arrangements because they were originally created by injustice. The division of Poland and the conquest of Ireland are pronounced unjust, and it is inferred that the independence of both should be restored. So far as the existing order actually involves injustice or bad government it is, of course, in

need of amendment; but to argue to the injustice of the present system from the bare fact that it originated in injustice would upset every order, and would not do any good to the people who were injured originally. Go far enough back, and at the origin of every political system you find either force and fraud or absurd doctrines as to the rightful grounds of action. The claims of a ruler were formerly treated as simply questions of private property. If a man descended from a certain person, and certain rules of succession were regarded as applicable, he had a right to be king, without the slightest reference to the wishes or interests of the subjects. If we granted all the statements of fact and law by which the English justified their attempts to conquer France, we should still regard the attempts as monstrously absurd and unjust. The "rights," which were established in conformity with the moral ideas of the time, to us appear to be scarcely more moral than those which were established by simple force. The whole question of whether the claims were morally right, or right upon the old moral assumptions, is therefore one for antiquaries, but has no significance on actual questions. We can only ask how the established order works now, and whether it is producing good or bad results.

The past right has expired. But the difficulty applies even to actual conflicts. Moralists have been denouncing conquerors time out of mind. Heroes, Pope tells us, are much the same,

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede :
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind.

Alexander and Charles XII. were moved by selfish ambition, and therefore their wars were simply wicked. The whole political movement is embodied in the conspicuous leader. Carlyle's hero-worship illustrates the case. He identified the rise of Prussia with Frederick. The cause and the man must, he thinks, be approved or condemned together. He must either justify a selfish ambition or condemn what he holds to

be a most desirable result. The difficulty arises from his failure to allow for the degree in which a great man is the product of the soil and the instrument of great movements. Napoleon is reported to have said, when he was accused of crimes, that he was the creature of circumstances. He simply "marched with the opinions of great masses and with events." True or false of Napoleon, the statement is to the point. The great man appreciates the real elements of strength. All great men, we have been told, are unscrupulous. They have an eye for facts which will not always fit in with established conventions. Half their greatness consists in a clear perception of what are the strongest passions that are really moving the world of to-day. They see that to gain power they must have those passions at their back. They represent the forces, moral or immoral, which are working the evolutionary process. They may be selfish and have low ambitions, even in a good cause. We may hold that the social evolution, whose instruments they are, is on the whole for the best, and that they are so far likely to be on the right side. Frederick may have been unscrupulous and selfish, but if the formation of a great German Power was desirable in the interests of the world, we must reckon him among the great, though the unintentional, benefactors of humanity. Undoubtedly the desire to be on the strongest side often goes with the inadequate appreciation of the strength of moral considerations which misleads the Napoleons and the Fredericks. I am not optimist enough to believe that all conquests have been right, or that they have not constantly led to disastrous results. We can only say that, when some great change is desirable in the interests of mankind, any one who can make himself the organ of change will be backed by a rightful demand and, so far, the great man will be moved by his selfish interests to take the side of advance or, as we call it, of an "evolution" in the right direction. Considering how much men are still governed, as they always have been governed, by blind instincts and hampered by erroneous conventions of morality, it is surely a matter for congratulation that our

leaders have not to be chosen exclusively from the virtuous and the scrupulous. It is as well for the good cause that it is often helped by the wicked.

The great statesman on this showing is inclined to be on the side of "evolution," and likely to be moral so far, and only so far, as the actual evolution is itself demanded by morality. It is also undeniable, however, that the struggle is very far from implying the steady and invariable victory of the right cause; that, even where the predominance of a race is desirable, it may be achieved at the cost of needless cruelty, leaving an indefinite legacy of oppression; and that, in some cases, a superior race may be crushed out by brute force, and, for the time, degeneration rather than improvement be the result. Philanthropists therefore aim at securing the general recognition of rights which shall at least minimise the discrepancy. The struggle for existence may be inevitable, but the warfare may be at least carried on by less brutal means, and the resort to arbitrary violence may be discouraged. So far as greater authority can be won for international law and nations be persuaded to settle their differences by arbitration, we can approximate to that most desirable consummation. Yet, it must be added, could such a result be obtained in spite of the obvious difficulties, it would not of itself secure the coincidence with moral aims and actual progress. No positive law can be absolutely coincident with the moral law. The existence of fixed laws is essential to civilisation. There must be some law of marriage, and yet in particular cases the law may sanction the cruellest domestic tyranny. The whole social machinery depends upon the possibility of making contracts to be enforced by law; and yet there will always be a Shylock who can use the law to extort the last drop of blood. The moral relations are so complex, and take into account so many indefinable and varying conditions, that the hard-and-fast rules of legislation can never be made precisely to conform to them. If international law could be made as cogent in practice as the laws which regulate the action of individuals, the result would be to stereotype not only incon-

venient but unjust relations. Treaties between nations are as necessary as contracts between individuals. But, as the world changes, the treaty which may have been advantageous at one period produces intolerable inconveniences at another. They cease in one generation to correspond to the actual needs of its descendants; and yet, from a legal point of view, they must be regarded as binding unless both parties consent to a change. Interests constantly grow up which had no existence at the time of the agreement, and no arbitration, bound, as it must be, by the purely legal aspect, could be satisfactory, for it could not take into account the really important questions. We have, again, experience enough of the difficulties which occur when two nations at different stages of growth are in close contact. The moralist, if he keeps to the merely legal aspect of things, will denounce the "lust of conquest" which leads to the absorption of less civilised States. Yet, in point of fact, the process may be not only inevitable and, so to speak, automatic, but really desirable on moral grounds. Vindication of undoubted rights by the stronger produces anarchy in the smaller: that involves protection, and protection passes insensibly into annexation. The selfishness of the dominant race may secure a good result for both. If, that is, we take into account the whole interests of the peoples concerned, it is desirable that the less civilised should pass under the control of the higher; and the admission of absolute and irrecoverable right to independence implies a neglect not only of the instinct which will in fact govern mankind, but of the moral considerations which make the change desirable. To annex a feebler State, however barbarous or demoralised its actual government, may be wrong from a quasi-legal point of view, but there are times when it is really demanded in the interests of the world at large. In that case, it is a mischievous scrupulosity which shrinks from doing right because the right course is also recommended by selfish motives.

This suggests the really difficult problem. If the weak should admit that he would be better for being conquered, no

difficulty would arise. But the normal case is the opposite. It may be desirable that a stupid and barbarous person should accept my supremacy, but he does not generally perceive the force of the argument, and I am very likely to assert the desirability upon entirely insufficient evidence. The plea, it may be inferred, is of so doubtful a nature that it should never be admitted. Even upon purely utilitarian grounds we must make some rules absolute, though in particular cases they are not beneficial. There are many cases in which I may accidentally be doing good by knocking out the brains of an innocent person; but the excuse would not be admitted as valid for a murder, either in law or morals. In the same way, we may hold that it should be a rule in international morality that a people should never be compelled to submit by sheer force. Government, according to the accepted formula, should invariably rest upon the consent of the people. That is a maxim sufficiently in accordance with accepted moral principles to be not beyond the possibility of insertion into the code which actually regulates the action of States. This rule, it is asserted (I do not argue as to the truth of the assertion), is being broken by England in the Transvaal and by the United States in the Philippines. In both cases it is, of course, asserted that, although the stronger Power is not acting from purely benevolent motives, it is still acting for the good of the annexed populations. It might be replied that such an argument, if not implying downright hypocrisy, is yet so open to suspicion that no attention should be paid to it; and that, in any case, while the benefit is doubtful, the admitted evil is undeniable and enormous.

To the conquered race the conquest must appear to mean the triumph of injustice. A parallel difficulty occurs in the case of individual morality. It is necessary to suppress conduct which is generally mischievous, even where it is dictated by motives which we approve. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, however, this difficulty does not arise, because the law is normally in accordance with the prevalent morality. But, in

the case of the international relations, there is not the same security for this desirable harmony. We hold that patriotism is a virtue. Even the most cosmopolitan of philosophers would admit it to be a virtue so far as it implies a keen interest in the society of which we form a part, and the public spirit which leads a man to promote the welfare of the body upon which he can really exercise some influence. As one of the main forces by which the most tolerable societies hitherto known among men had been built up, it has been of inestimable value. It measures the real vitality of a race. It cannot be weakened without weakening the mainspring of national progress. Its utility is proved by the survival of the races to which it has given vigour. It is the name of an instinct which has been useful to the possessors because it has enabled them to crowd out those in whom it was wanting. If it is in some aspects moral, it constantly leads to immoral conduct. It supposes the selfishness of a race, though not the selfishness of the individual. The patriotism of one has been normally in conflict with the patriotism of other peoples. It has led to great crimes as well as to most heroic actions. English patriotism supported the disastrous wars in France, and Englishmen still take a pride in Crecy and Agincourt, though they were victories won in an admittedly bad cause. But was the motive bad because it stimulated a lust for conquest or because it stimulated a lust for impracticable conquest? If the same force could have been directed to an effective conquest of Scotland and Ireland, we should by this time have forgotten the injustices and animosities and have regarded the process as we regard the Norman Conquest—as part of the struggle through which we had obtained a complete national unity. When the patriotic cause triumphs, we praise the patriots; when it has failed, we often think that they made a useless struggle against a desirable unification. The goodness, then, of the motive is no presumption for the wisdom of the aim. The great forces which we sum up as the patriotic spirit were necessary to the progress of civilisation. But they were very far from implying morality in the international relations. Some-

times they led to the most preposterous enterprises and the most disastrous despotism. Sometimes they have led to the evolution of the highest civilisation yet attained. The competition between nations has been not more moral than the competition between species, and once more all that can be said for it is that it has tended to promote the "survival of the fittest."

The application to the present needs no expansion. When the English population rejoiced over the relief of our garrisons it was impossible not to be impressed by the enthusiasm which bound together men of all ranks. An emotion shared by great masses is always impressive. But then we must equally respect the same spirit when manifested in the Transvaal. Patriotism in the Boer is as admirable as patriotism in the cockney. The direction which either should take was a mere accident of time and place. The Boers may be stupid and ignorant, and obey the lead of a selfish oligarchy. But is the average Briton a fair or competent judge? He, too, follows a blind instinct. Not one in a thousand knows enough of the case to form anything that can be called a real judgment. He goes for his country, right or wrong; and is neither acquainted with the relevant facts nor capable of reasoning about them if he could study them. Identify the nation with its rulers, and we may attribute to it a reasoned policy and discuss its grounds and their morality. But these are not the grounds which determine what is called "public opinion." That is the product, at the best, of sentiment or imagination, guided by tradition and prejudice, and accepting without criticism one-sided and ignorant statements of facts. Yet it is the force to which the statesman must appeal, and which he obeys on pretence of directing. Patriotism, then, is a virtue, so far as it implies harmonious relations within the nation itself; but, in regard to international relations, it is a neutral quality. It is as likely to prompt criminal as beneficent action, or it is only good for the world in so far as it is desirable that the toughest and strongest race should prevail. Yet to preach a purely cosmopolitan instead of a patriotic principle is idle: first, because

nobody will listen ; and, secondly, because the nation which did listen would be suppressed and would deserve suppression.

This has a very cynical sound. It is better, perhaps, to be cynical than hypocritical, and to avow openly the principles upon which, in any case, you are certain to act. The doctrine represents, once more, some undeniable aspects of the case. The struggle for existence means a permanent and inevitable condition of life. To abolish competition, were abolition possible, would be to arrest progress. Moreover, the force embodied in the competition is, and always must be, lamentably blind, and nations must be so far selfish that their own view of their own interests must control their conduct. How can we avoid the uncomfortable paradox which results ; admit that morality applies to relations between individuals, and that force is the only rule between communities ? Practically, perhaps, it is difficult to keep morality for home consumption. A spirit of fair play once encouraged affects our view even of foreigners. Civilisation has certainly stimulated reluctance to using the old barbarous methods, even against savages ; and we may plausibly invert the argument from the struggle for existence. If it be a "law of nature" that the weaker race dies out, we can leave nature to do her dirty work for us. Slaughter is demoralising to the slaughterer, and benevolent treatment may lead to the same conclusion. The weaker will be extinguished by a comfortable euthanasia instead of being stamped out. We can afford, it may be said, to use mild methods, because they lead to the same result by a cleaner path. The argument is perhaps a little awkward, but it raises the real problem. Is a race really weakened by acquiring some regard for the rights of others ? In barbarous times moral scruples might be a disadvantage. If you exterminate me whenever you can, I may have to exterminate you. Even a Quaker would have to carry a revolver in a land where revolvers settled all disputes, or there would soon be an end of Quakers. A possibility of good understanding is implied in morality, and reciprocity must not be "all on one side." But when the understanding is once formed, what is

best for all may become also best for each. The continent which had only room for thousands when every tribe took its neighbours' scalps has room for millions when they can keep the peace. The rule, "the more there is for you, the less for me," does not apply, for there may be more for everybody. Another obvious fallacy seems to vitiate the hasty argument from the struggle for existence. Nations, after all, are not selected as the kangaroos and rabbits in an Australian district, where it must be all rabbits or all kangaroos. Nations represent mainly superficial varieties of one race, and the improvements which win success are not transmitted by simple "heredity." If a beneficial variation occurs in the rabbit, he can only transmit it to his descendants to help them in the struggle. But a race improves its position by other than organic changes; by scientific discoveries or modifications in its social or religious ideas; and such changes are essentially transmissible to its rivals. It cannot, if it would, monopolise them and, therefore, must improve others in improving itself. Moreover, the improvement of others may be directly beneficial to it. The old free-traders were quite right in arguing that we gained instead of losing by the enrichment of our customers, though the argument is now too often forgotten. The civilisation of the world at large would improve the position of each race. We must give up the hope of clearing out all foreigners and making the whole world English; but the English race may improve by adaptation to others more quickly than it would by simple antagonism to others, because the whole position is improved. The struggle implies also mutual help, and, besides favouring the best races, enlarges enormously the whole sphere of human life in the planet. Now, only a patriotism of the "dog in the manger" kind would grudge the process which helps me on the ground that it does not tend to my exclusive possession of the world. I have my own patriotic prejudices, but I should be very sorry to anticipate a period in which the British should be the only type. Variety of type is good in itself. Even the dullest John Bull may surely wish that there should be a

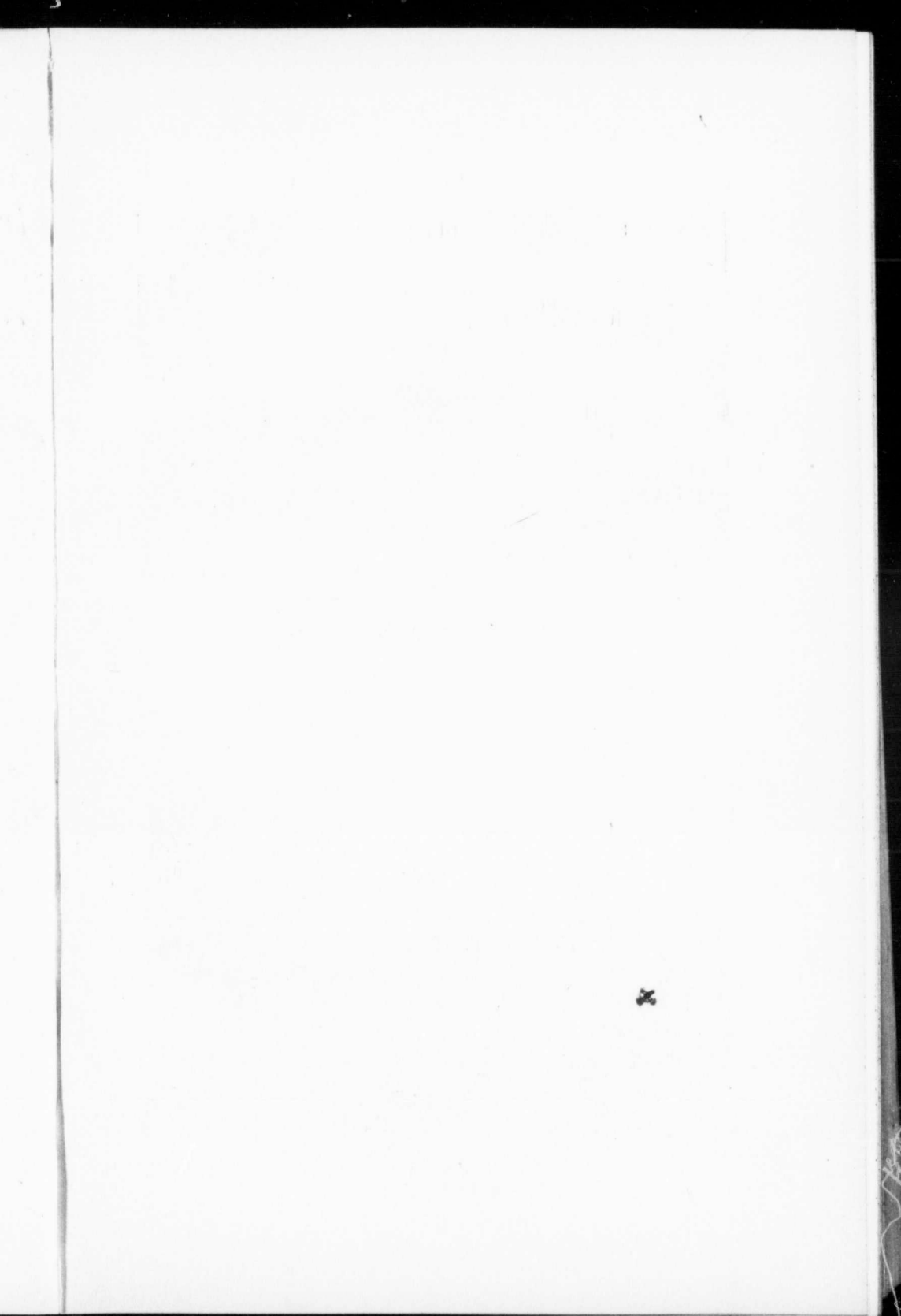
sprinkling of French and Germans up and down in the planet—especially as he cannot prevent it—and that some place should be left for the negro and the Chinaman. He has, we may hope, enough spirit of fair play to resign the impracticable hope of excluding all others, when he can win what is really attainable by taking his share in a general improvement.

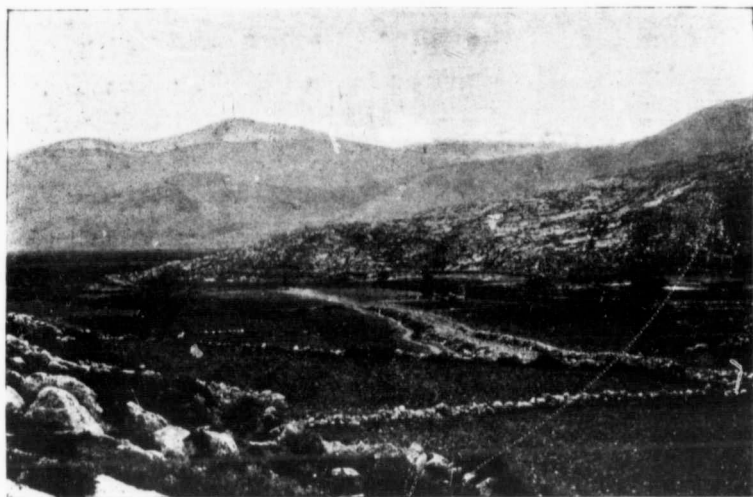
The inference from the struggle becomes immoral so far as it takes advantage of this misconception, and applies to men the formula which is applicable only to mutually incompatible races. A nation thrives by adapting itself to other races as well as to its physical environment. It profits, like an individual, by becoming tolerable to its neighbours. Nature gives prizes for good conduct as well as for mere athletic excellence. The competition cannot be annulled, but may be moralised. It may be a competition in good qualities and imply gentle treatment of the losers. If so, then the law which imposes regard for other men's rights is not only moral but attainable, and indeed simply recognises a most important condition of the welfare of a nation. The objection to government by sheer coercion seems to be an obvious corollary, and the only question is how far we should regard it as absolute, or whether, under any circumstances, its application must be limited by the admissions which we have made. I must be content to suggest my view by applying them to the problem from which I started. No rule of conduct, I have said, can entitle us to ignore facts, and the past cannot be altered. Arguments, therefore, which condemned the war could be applicable so far, but only so far, as the issue to be decided was unaltered. The issue, however, was vitally altered. It was no longer a question whether we should enforce certain demands, but whether the Transvaal should be suppressed or the English turned out of Africa. The right and wrong of the wider question could not be decided by the right and wrong of the preceding controversy. Assuming that we had been in the wrong, the far wider question was not thereby settled. Even if our claims had been unjust, we might be bound both by our interests and by

morality not to abandon our position, the right and wrong of which has come to involve a new set of considerations. Ahab may have behaved abominably to Naboth; but if Naboth raised a rebellion and called in the Philistines to right himself, it might still be the duty of a loyal Jew to put him down. Right and wrong are so mixed up in this world that an error or injustice in one part of the proceedings which has led to a conflict cannot decide the rights of the whole controversy. The protest, therefore, seemed to me to be unfairly simplifying the question by excluding the most relevant considerations. There was not simply condonation of the previous criminality. Let Mr. Chamberlain or President Kruger be condemned as heartily as you please, when their morality has to be considered. I only say that our decision about their conduct does not answer the essential question. We must accept the facts as they are, and the whole facts. Of course, if the war still appears immoral or inexpedient, it is a duty to say so. The fact that the protest was certain to be unavailing would not excuse us from the duty. That would not justify ourselves for yielding to "necessity," when the necessity meant that we could not help being tyrannical and unjust. The "necessity" for the moment must be recognised, but we may still try to arouse a better feeling; still it is desirable to remember the other fact upon which I have insisted. The war, like all wars, represents a conflict between blind instincts. The passions of the combatants have only an accidental relation to the morality of their conduct. The moralist likes to denounce national crimes, and has a right to give that name to wars which lead to oppressive and unjust systems of government. Still, he should remember that the great masses of men are inevitably acting without knowing the facts, and may be contributing to mischievous policy simply from entire ignorance and incapacity. It is unjust to accuse men at large of indulging "lust of conquest" or tyrannical impulses, when they are perhaps very good fellows, obeying a real sense of duty to their neighbours, though unfortunately never realising the conse-

quences visible from the other side of the question. Simply to call them bullies is to alienate them by a real injustice, when what they really need is enlightenment and an appeal to their real humanity and love of fair play. That, indeed, leads to the opposite, and now the most important, side of the question. I fully agree that the question of the justice of the previous proceedings is still relevant in its proper place. It is relevant in its bearing upon the future. Whatever happens, the belief that they have been unjustly treated will leave in our antagonists a bitter resentment of which it is desirable to understand the real force and meaning. The importance of conciliation, and of showing by our action that, if necessity has justified coercion, coercion is in itself a monstrous evil, and should be supplanted as soon as possible by a concession of rights to the conquered, is too obvious for me to expatiate upon the topic. Plenty of moral, eloquent, and competent people will no doubt enforce that doctrine. I only refer to it to explain that I am as far as possible from desiring to exclude moral considerations. My view is the opposite: but I have tried to define what is the aspect of the question in which they become relevant, and therefore to answer the charge of moral indifference suggested by a refusal to join in a thoroughly well-meant protest. It illustrates an artifice often, though quite unconsciously, adopted by moralists. Because it is wrong to quibble over a moral law, they tacitly modify the facts so as to make the application of the law unequivocal; because the instinct which opposes them is dull and stupid, they ignore the fact that it also involves a muddled and purblind recognition of real duties. The error is pardonable, for I admit that an appeal to morality is better than a cynical disavowal of morality. Still it is an error, and means an imperfect appreciation of the true grounds upon which a moral judgment must be formed.

LESLIE STEPHEN.





Lasithi, called by the old Cretans, Diète



Psychró

THE BIRTH CAVE OF ZEUS

ANCIENT logic accepted Immortality more easily than Eternity. Gods might be to all time, but not from all time; and, while Cretans were branded the liars of antiquity for showing on one hill the tomb of Zeus, no one doubted the divine birthplace which they pointed out on another.

The Greek held devoutly that somewhere on his own beautiful coasts his Father God had once been cradled; and an immemorial tradition, whose source he neither knew nor inquired, pointed to Crete. There were other stories indeed, one giving the honour to Arcadia; but those awful peaks which rose in pale morning and opalescent evening light out of the Southern Sea prevailed with ninety-nine out of a hundred Believers. In this belief, perhaps, the Hellenes showed some unconscious memory of their racial origin, or, at least, some tradition of an earlier civilisation, that had contributed to make their race what it was; but of that it seems they never knew as much as we may learn.

If he was sure of the island to which he owed his God, the Greek was not, however, in his latter days, so sure of the precise spot hallowed by the divine infancy. The God was certainly cradled in a cave, but there were two caves—one in the central peak of Ida, which looks west on Retimo and east on Candia, the other in a lower but still majestic easterly mountain, Lasithi, called by the old Cretans, Diète. Some who knew of this rival claim tried, like the Sicilian Diodorus,

to reconcile the local stories, making the babe, born on Dicte, be reared on Ida. But more voted for one or other hill, and those of the best authority for Dicte. There the momentous scene was placed by the oldest poet who relates the story of the Zeus-Genesis, the Greek Hesiod; there, too, by the great Latins, Lucretius and Virgil, to say nothing of lesser lights.

The familiar Greek tale, become at last more familiar to the West than the myths of its own primitive creeds, varies little in the authorities. Kronos, who is Time, King of Heaven, warned that a son shall cast him from his realm, determined to devour his male issue as soon as born. But Queen Rhea, wrathful and feeling her hour nigh, fled to Crete, and there was delivered of a boy, whom she hid in a cave on Mount Dicte, while the blind old God accepted a stone in place of his child, even as stones were accepted for mansions of godhead all over the Near East. The baby's whimperings were drowned by the clashing shields of faithful servants; or, as one story has it, by the routing of a fostering sow. In Hesiod's narrative all this event is connected expressly with the city of Lyttos. Thither the pregnant Queen was sent by the kindly Earth Mother at the first, and thence she set forth by night to lay her new-born babe on the neighbouring hill. That babe grew to be the Immortal One, before whom old Time himself was forced to bow, and in later days still resorted to his birth cave. For thither, as Lucian tells us in his best manner, he led the maiden Europa, flushed and half suspecting, and there the son, whom she conceived that day, sought his Father, when, another Moses, he would give a Law to the Cretans. While the Cretans waited above, so runs the story, Minos descended into the grot and, reappearing at last with the Code, gave out that he had it from the hands of Zeus himself.

Since such myths, credited as they were for very many centuries, must have had some local habitation, a primitive Cave-sanctuary was to be looked for in the *Lasithi massif*; and by preference near Lyttos, whose scattered ruin lies on a spur of the north-westernmost peak of the group of mountains.



The Hollow Lasithi Plain



The Hill-locked Floor drains to its North-western End

That imposing pyramidal hill, probably Hesiod's *Aigaion*, is still honoured with yearly pilgrimage and called by the Cretans the Lord's Mountain. But the upland fastnesses of Crete have not, these many centuries past, been any place for the scholarly explorer; and the Lasithi region, which excluded the Venetians and only once admitted the Turks in arms, has remained less known than any part of the classic world. Indeed, jealous and nervous officials on the coast, jealous and arrogant hillmen in the inner country, have kept most of Crete virgin soil to our own day.

Nothing, therefore, was heard in the outer world of any cavern in Dicte till less than twenty years ago. At last, in 1883, a report, reaching Candia, drew attention to a large double grotto, which shows as a black spot on the hillside above Psychró, a village of the inner Lasithi plain. It was said that shepherds, folding their flocks at night or storm time, had found strange objects in bronze and terra-cotta in the black bottom mould of that cavern. Their finding continued, and three years later the first archæologist came to the spot, Frederico Halbherr, of Gortynian fame, accompanied by Dr. Joseph Hazzidakis, who, as head of the Candiot *Sylogos*, held semi-official authority in the matter of antiquities. They were successful in recovering divers primitive objects from peasant hands, figurines of men and beasts, miniature double axes, knives and other weapons, and they even themselves scraped the earth before the cavern-mouth in hope of finding such an altar as stands without the Zeus grot on Ida. But inside the cave they saw that they could do little or nothing, so deep was the cumber of fallen rocks in its upper hall. What they had recovered, however, was so manifestly votive and of early period, that interest was everywhere awakened, and the cave was marked a prize for explorers in more peaceful days to come. Most scholars, who penetrated Crete in the troubled years that followed, contrived to pass a few hours in Psychró, buying what the natives grubbed up from time to time among the boulders; and two, Mr. A. J. Evans and

Mons. J. Demargne, essayed tentative excavations, whereby the first-named gained valuable evidence as to the stratification of the sacrificial deposit, and ascertained the original position of one notable object, purchased in the village. This was a steatite libation-table, inscribed with the group of hieroglyphic symbols, which first assured the finder that he was on the track of a hitherto unknown script.

The opportunity of scholars came at length with the liberation of the island, and the British lost no time in securing the concession of this cave. It fell, in the division of labour, to my own share, and as early in May 1900 as the Cretan climate will allow life in tents at an altitude of 3000 feet, I left Mr. Arthur Evans to his fortunate labours in the Knossian Palace of Minos, and betook myself to Psychró with a few trained men, stone-hammers, mining-bars, blasting powder, and the rest of a digger's plant.

The village proved complacent, nay enthusiastic. I had feared we might be made but little welcome, for with my work the local profits of illicit digging, enjoyed for years, would cease for ever. But Lasithi, like all Crete, was, before all things, minded to justify its new-won freedom in European eyes, and Psychró was not less sensible than any other Greek community would have been to the public attention that the dig would concentrate on its little self. Moreover, from week to week the Prince High Commissioner was expected on a visit to the cave, and lo! here was an opportune capitalist to make at his own charge the needful path and employ local labour. Ready money was short in the village, and tax-collectors proved not less insistent under the new flag than under the old.

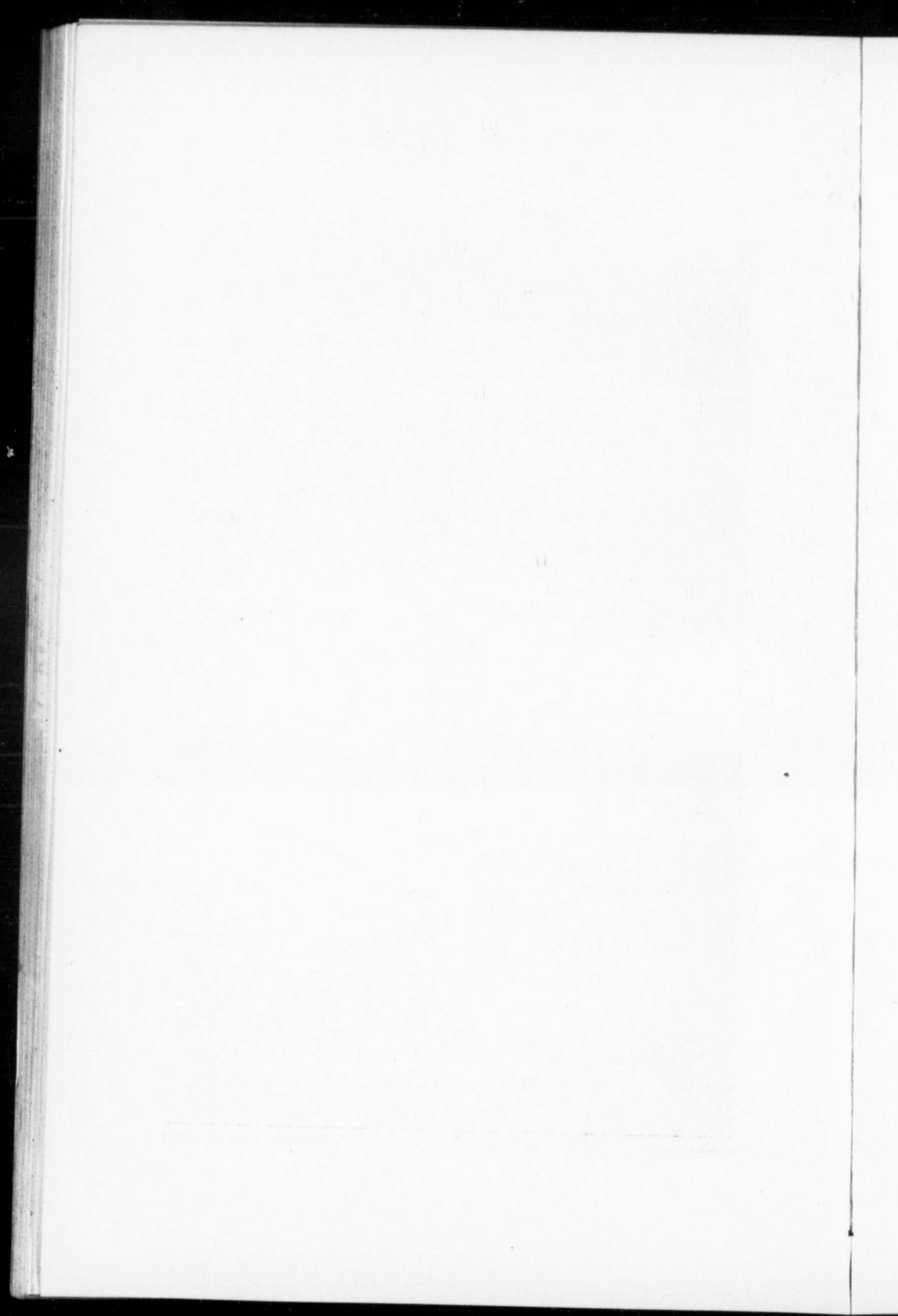
Workmen, therefore, came clamorous to enrol themselves, and on a stormy morning, when the hillside was swept alternately by clammy mists and by half-frozen showers, I had no lack of hands to make me a zigzag mule-track up the five hundred feet slope of rock. Knowing that this path would serve for the descent of the black cave mould, prized above all



A Zigzag Track up the Rock



A Practicable Way into the Cave



top-dressings by the farmers of the plain, the peasants finished it in less than a day. Then, while a camping-ground was being cut and embanked out before the yawning mouth, we began to blast a practicable way into the cave itself.

Here let it be understood that this great cavern is double. There is a shallow hall to right and an abysmal chasm to left, the last not matched in Crete for grandeur, nor unworthy of a place among the famous limestone grottoes of the world. The rock at first breaks down sheer, but as the light grows dim, takes an outward slope, and so falls steeply still for two hundred feet into an inky darkness. Having groped thus far, stand and burn a powerful flashlight. An icy pool spreads from your feet about the bases of fantastic stalactite columns on into the heart of the hill. Hall opens from hall with fretted roofs and the same black unruffled floor, doubling the torches you and your guides must bear. An impassable labyrinth before, where rock and water meet; behind and far above a spot of faintly luminous haze. Fit scene enough for Minos' mysterious colloquy with his father Zeus, and the after cult of a Chthonian god.

The water, that once filled the hollow Lasithi plain, has made both these cavernous recesses. To-day the hill-locked floor, evenly laid as a sand beach, drains at its north-western end, with suckings and gurglings, into a choked pit below a mighty impending cliff. What becomes of the waters thereafter no one knows. Perhaps they reappear in certain large springs which rise among the northern roots of the *massif*; perhaps they find their way to the surface again under the sea. But the alluvial basin, seen from above as a huge chess-board, has not always been exposed. Dry it has been, indeed, or nearly so, since very early Greek times, for "Geometric" tombs exist little above its level near Plata, one of the hamlets of the plain; but before that vague date the western outlet had not opened or was not sufficient for the issue of the waters. A lake, lapping the mountain flanks five hundred feet above, poured its overflow into the hill through this cave of Psychró,

making it a natural marvel, which might appeal to the superstition of primitive peasants. The objects found in it tell us within narrow limits of time when its various parts dried sufficiently for it to be used as a sanctuary, and when, no longer an outlet of the lake, it ceased to be a place of pious resort.

Our blasting charges made short work of the boulders in the upper hall, and luckily the threatening roof held good. Crowbars and stone-hammers finished the powder's work, and in four strenuous days we had not only made a path for laden men to go and come, but cleared a considerable surface of black mould under the farther wall. Then the real dig began, while preparations for further blasts went on, with incessant ringing of mining-bars. Indeed, what with this metallic din, reverberating from roof and walls, what with the heavy hanging fumes of recent explosions, and the mingled reek of hot unwashed humanity and chill newly-disturbed earth, no site could be more trying to a digger than that dim dripping cave. All soil had to be carried up the steep inclines out of the dark and sifted in the daylight, and to this operation and the washing of the blackened pottery was set a gang of women, as more patient in minute search and of less sophisticated temper.

Whenever possible, in all lands, I have mixed the sexes in this sort of work. The men labour the more willingly for the emulation of the women, and a variety is added, of no small value in operations, where the labourers must always be interested and alert, and boredom spells failure. The day, which otherwise might drag on in tired silence, goes merrily to the end in chatter and laughter, and the dig is accepted as a relief in monotonous lives, sought cheerfully at dawn and not willingly abandoned till late. Curiously enough, it is in Moslem lands that, as a master of labour, I have met with the least opposition from feminine prudery. The Beduin women of the northern, or Syrian, half tribe of Waled Aly, who have settled during the last fifty years on the mounds of Gaif in the Delta, came without a moment's hesitation to help their husbands and



Incessant Ringing of Mining Bars



A Gang of Women





Sisters, Cousins and Aunts



Lingering to Load Mules for the Gardens below

brothers dig out Naukratis. They even brought their babies, and more than one, on the first day, tried to carry a basket of earth on one shoulder, while a brown mite nestled at the breast, receiving a dose of sand in mouth and eyes as its mother unhandily tipped her load. When I forbade babies in arms next day, no one seemed to understand the why of the objection. Not to have had the women in that daily picture would have been great loss. Tattooed and unclean skins, grease-clogged wisps of hair and foul rags were amply atoned for by superb quality of eyes and teeth, and the exquisite refinement of feature and form, which is in these ancient gentlefolk of the Desert.

In Cyprus, Turkish mothers enlisted in our work, and their little girls, engaged more for the pleasure of the sight of them than anything else, turned the Paphian Temple into a riotous playground. But western Greek isles are bond-slaves to Mrs. Grundy. Melos could not be turned from its orientalism, and I feared a like failure in Crete; for there also to labour with strange men is a new thing. At first the Lasithi maidens were very coy, watching from a distance two girls, already trained at Knossos, diligent at their sieves. But, on the third morning, a more cosmopolitan villager, who had fought—or looted—as a volunteer on the French side in 1870, sent up an aged wife and daughter to help his son, and the ice was broken. The laughing mob brandished grain-sieves and demanded all to be written at once, and with their sisters, cousins, and aunts, who brought up the midday meal, they made the terrace before the cave the gayest spot in Lasithi.

The damp mould lay at the back of the hall from five to seven feet deep, mixed with strata of ashes and sherds, over a thick bed of yellow clay, laid long ago by water, and productive only of bones and scraps of the most primitive "Ægean" ware. The upper layers seemed to be the product of countless burned things, among which many unburned offerings had been laid or dropped in all periods from about the year 800 before our era back to a dim antiquity, roughly contemporary with

the twelfth dynasty of Egyptian Pharaohs. Wherever boulders had checked the village grubbers we found offerings broken and scattered. The objects were mainly in bronze—a model of a two-wheeled car, drawn by an ox and a ram yoked to its pole, and once, as the holes on its foot-plate prove, the vehicle of little bronze figurines; images of bulls, a knife of Mycenæan curve, whose handle ends in a human head of regular sharp profile, such as appears on the Knossian frescoes—a precious document for the history of Ægean art, and the determination of the Ægean type; long hair-pins with heavy ornate heads, such as were found in the Heræum of Argos; lance-points of several types, darts and many various knives; needles of wire, rudely twisted at the head to form the eye, rings, miniature circular votive shields, and fragments of divers sorts. With these lay hundreds of little plain earthenware cups, once depositories of food or incense offerings, and some objects in clay more valuable, if not more significant; for example, a mask with painted lips and eyebrows and lashes, such as has not been found yet among remains of the “Mycenæan” Age, and a great stoup, about which a red polyp twines, half stylised as mere pattern-motive—as fine a Mycenæan vase as exists; ivory ornaments from perished sword-hilts, bone articles of the toilet, small altar-like tables in steatite and limestone, inscribed with “symbols” of the obscure Cretan character, and, in the topmost strata, swords, knives, axes, bracelets, and so forth of iron, with remains of the earliest Hellenic pottery. These lay thickest about a rude block, built up of stones and three feet high, resting on the yellow clay, and no doubt an altar of burnt sacrifice.

The dark inner recess of this upper hall I left to the last, for the rock-roof was most unsound above it, and great detached fragments overhung perilously. When, however, it proved to be contained within a massive “Cyclopean” wall, and, therefore, to be a *Temenos*, as the later Greeks called a holy enclosure, there was no shirking the risk. And in the event nothing happened beyond sudden thunderous slides of rock

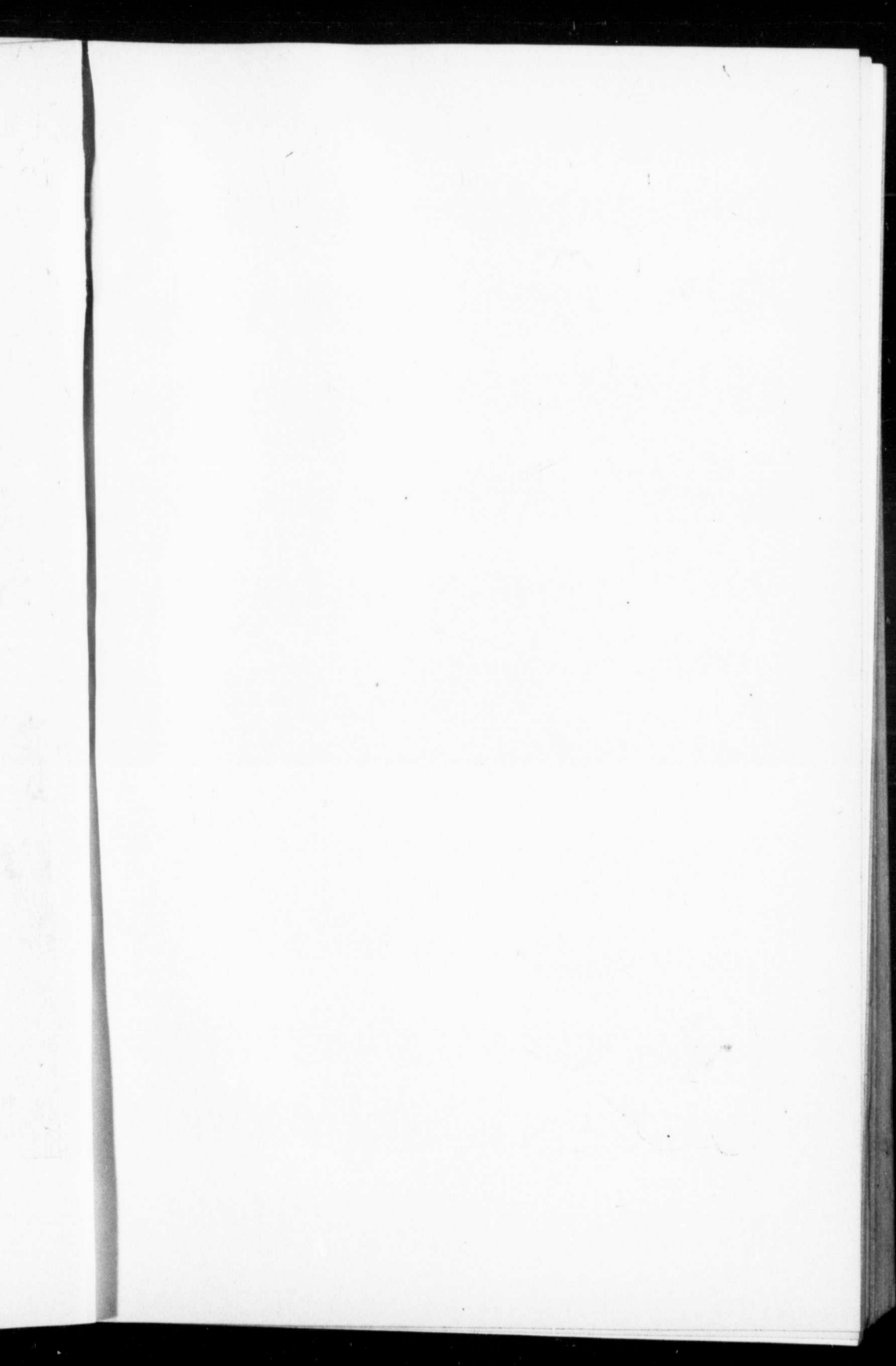


The Grotto as a Black Spot on the Hillside



Before the Cavern Mouth

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A Model of a Car



A Figurine in Clay



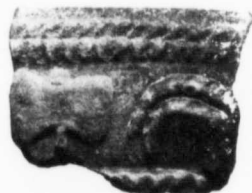
Painted Mycenaean
Ware



A Great Stoup



The Symbol of Zeus in Crete



Double Axe and Head of
a Wild Goat

and earth, which at first sent the scared diggers scampering for their lives, but soon came to be very lightly held. This sacrosanct area was soil untouched by the modern searcher, and extraordinarily prolific in broken vases, mostly of painted "Mycenæan" ware, while less rich in metal things. One kind of pottery which it yielded was new; fragments, that is, of large unpainted urns of fine clay, with ornament both moulded in high relief and incised. Embossed on these appeared the double battle-axe, which is that *labrys* from which the *Labyrinth* took its name, the symbol of Zeus in Crete and Caria; the head of a species of wild goat, still peculiar to Crete; rows of ox-masks; an altar laden with fruit; and other objects of more obscure interpretation. Moreover, not only these counterfeits, but the real skulls and bones of wild goats, of large deer, long since extinct in the island, of oxen, sheep, and swine, were turned up in enormous numbers, thickly encrusted with the petrified lime. These, no doubt, were once sacrificed to the God of this cave on Mount "Aigaion," the Goat Hill. From the back of the enclosure opened the mouths of funnels now choked with clay, but communicating, no doubt, with the lower halls and the water-channels in the heart of the hill, many of which, in their tortuous course, return under the upper grot.

To clear this upper hall had taken no more than a fortnight, and I gave it back to the fluttered bats and owls, well enough pleased on the whole. The altar and *temenos* had proved it a very holy place, in all likelihood no other than the Zeus Cave itself; and of the nature and date of the offerings made to the God there was evidence enough. I still hoped for a few objects from the *talus* in the lower halls, thrown down by clandestine diggers during the past fifteen years, but expected nothing new, for no native had ever found anything among the dark stalactite pillars beyond a few scraps of water-borne pottery.

The men clambered down, unwilling and not expectant, to their final task in the dank abyss, regretting the warm sunshine into which they could often emerge from the shallower upper

hall; and the girls moaned not a little at sight of the clammy mud in which they must now stand and search. It was not inspiring certainly, even in the upper part of that dark chasm, lighted by smoky petroleum flares. But all complaints presently ceased when first one and then another began to pick bronzes out of the earth-shoot. The earlier diggers, who had pitched this stuff over, must either have been most summary in their method of sifting, or have found an embarrassment of riches, for the lower *talus* was proportionately more prolific than any of the mould in the upper hall. Two objects were especially welcome among the handfuls of bronze that I gathered from time to time from the digging-line—one a little statuette of the god of Egyptian Thebes (Amen Ra), accepted long after by Greeks as Zeus Ammon, in fine work probably of the period of the later Rameses. How came he there? By the hand of an Egyptian or a Cretan devotee? The other was the first perfect miniature battle-axe—a *simulacrum* in almost pure copper—of the traditional weapon with which Zeus went out to war.

As, however, there was not room for all hands on this earth slope, a few of the best searchers were bidden examine the little "pockets" of lime-crusting mud which the water had left in cups and hollows of the lower stalactite floor. Here, too, they found blades and pins; and, working lower and lower into the darkness, till their distant lights showed like glow-worms to the men above, they reached at last the margin of the subterranean pool, and began to grope in the mud left exposed by the water as it recedes in summer time into the hill. So much did that slime yield that in the event we "washed" the floor of the chill pool itself, as far as might be done by dredging waist-deep. Here occurred many rude bronze statuettes, male and female, nude and draped, vicarious representatives of worshippers who would be especially remembered. They raise one hand to the head in salute of the god; the other they fold on the breast—easiest attitude to the early bronze artist. Here, again, were signet gems, mostly sards, engraved with animal figures in



Votive Axes

those conventional attitudes that former "Mycenæan" finds have made familiar. The most show wild goats, single or heraldically opposed, with the sacred *bethel* between; but one bears the hunting of a great bull. Here, too, lay rings, pins, blades, and needles by the score.

By this time more than half the gangs were splashing in the nether pool, eager for the special rewards given to lucky finders; and the tale of bronzes had already been doubled, when chance gave us a last and most singular discovery. A zealous proser, wishing to put both hands to his work, stuck his guttering candle into a slit of a stalactite column, and therein espied the edge of a bronze blade, wedged vertically. Fished out with the fire-tongs from the camp above, this proved a perfect "Mycenæan" knife. But, except by human agency, it could hardly have come into that crevice. The word was passed to leave mud-larking awhile and search the flutings of the colonnades which ran this way and that about the head of the pool; and men and girls dispersed themselves along the dark aisles, clambering above the water on the natural crockets and inequalities of the formation. Shouts from all sides announced quick success. Crevice after crevice was discovered to be stocked with blades, pins, tweezers, *fibulae*, and here and there a votive axe; often there were as many as ten objects to a niche. The most part slim fingers of the girls extracted readily enough; but to obtain others that the lights revealed it was necessary to smash the stalactite lips that in long ages had almost closed upon them; and in that process much was found that had been wholly hidden. For about four hours the rate of discovery was at least an object a minute, and most prolific were the columns at the head of the pool and a little lateral chamber opening to left; but above the height of a man nothing was found.

Here, then, after all, was the real Holy of Holies. In this most awful part of the sacred grotto it was held most profitable to dedicate, in niches made by Nature herself, objects fashioned expressly for the God's service, like the axes or statuettes, or

taken from the person of the worshipper, as the knives, pins, and rings. The fact does honour to primitive Cretan imagination. In these pillared halls of unknown extent and abysmal gloom undoubtedly was laid the scene of Minos' legendary converse with Zeus. For the lower grot suits admirably the story, as the rationalising Dionysius tells it—the primæval king leaving his people without and descending out of their sight, to reappear at last with the credit of having seen and talked with God himself. That here is the original Birth Cave of Zeus there can remain no shadow of doubt. The Cave on Ida, however rich it proved in offerings when explored some years ago, has no sanctuary approaching the mystery of this. Among holy caverns in the world, that of Psychró, in virtue of its lower halls, must stand alone.

Two days had passed in this strange search, and when nothing visible remained in the crevices, scrutinised twice and thrice, and no more bronzes could be dredged from the clammy bottom mud, I called off the workers, who were falling sick one after another of the unaccustomed humidity and chill. The treasure of Zeus was sorted and packed and sent down to the village on its way to Candia, and two days later we left silent and solitary the violated shrine of the God of Dicte.

The digger's life is a surfeit of surprises, but his imagination is seldom so curiously provoked. One seemed in that dim chasm to have come almost to sight and speech of the men before history. As we saw those pillared aisles, so the last worshipper who offered a token to Zeus saw them, three thousand years before. No later life had obliterated his tracks, and we followed them into the primæval world with such stirring of fancy as a Western traveller experiences in the Desert, that is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

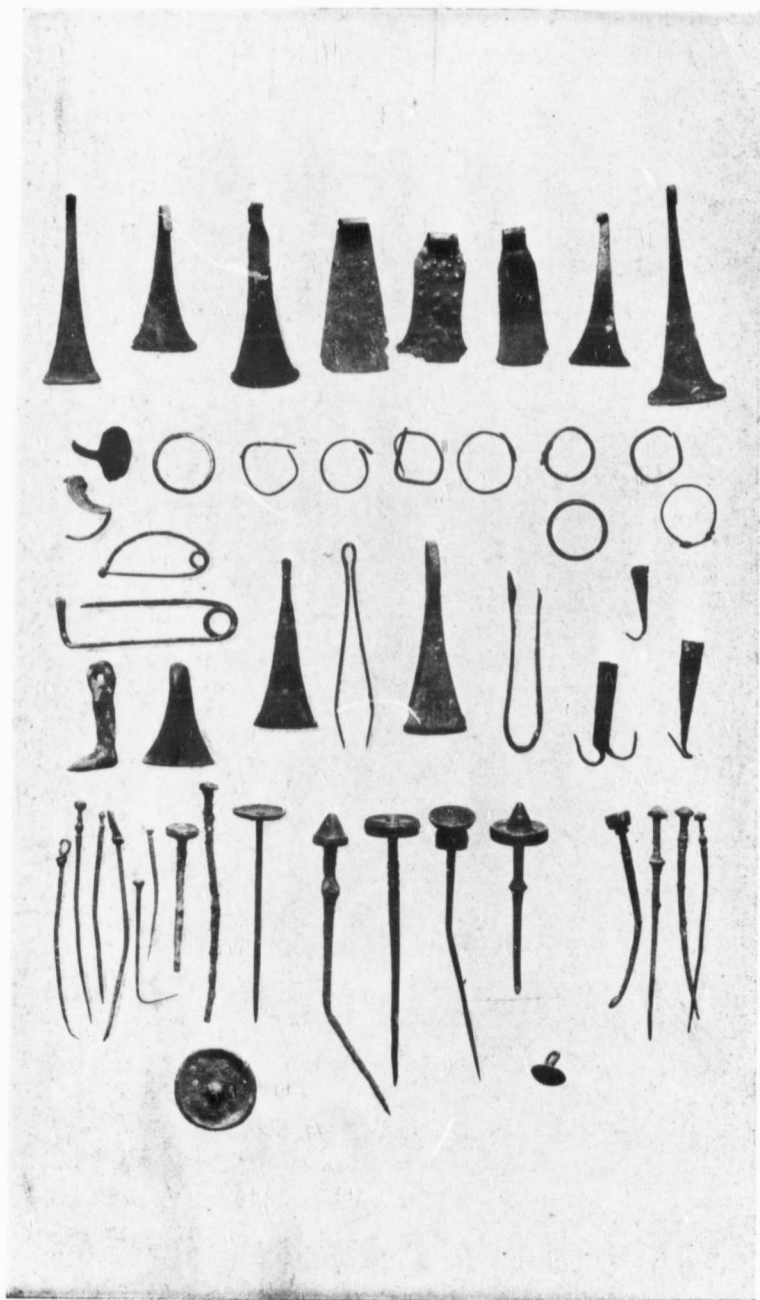
I have never struck a camp with sharper regret. The tents had been the pleasantest of abiding-places on that rocky shelf overlooking the vast Lasithi basin, chequered and girt about with hills. This sort of life is the cleanest and healthiest in the world, and the most peaceful. All day there went and

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Blades, Pins, Tweezers and Fibulae

came about one the handsome folk, who dealt as honourably with the stranger as he wished to deal with them, neither distrustful nor presumptuous, but frank with the mountain gentility. As the evening fell, they went laughing down the hill, not as released school-children, but lingering a little to exchange a word, to load mules with soil for the gardens below, and to snigger at the ribald chaff of the cook, whose varied and mendacious career included certain experiences of the burlesque stage in the purlieus of Galata. Then one was alone, free and irresponsible as a Beduin and far safer; for in the distressful isle of Crete, where every peasant has his tale of rapine and murder in his own or his father's time, was now no suspicion of fear. On some nights that scourge of a Cretan spring, the hot Libyan blast, would rush down unheralded from the higher gullies, and set the cook calling on the Virgin while his hot coals scurried across the terrace, and the overseer rushed, calling to witness, for the big powder tin; and half-a-dozen times it seemed we should go, tents and all, by the shortest way to the village, whose lights twinkled five hundred feet below. But poles and ropes held against the worst of the blasts, and far oftener the moon was riding in a cloudless heaven and the flags drooped motionless on their standards. So the night passed, and with the dawn the chatter was heard again, coming up round the shoulder of the hill.

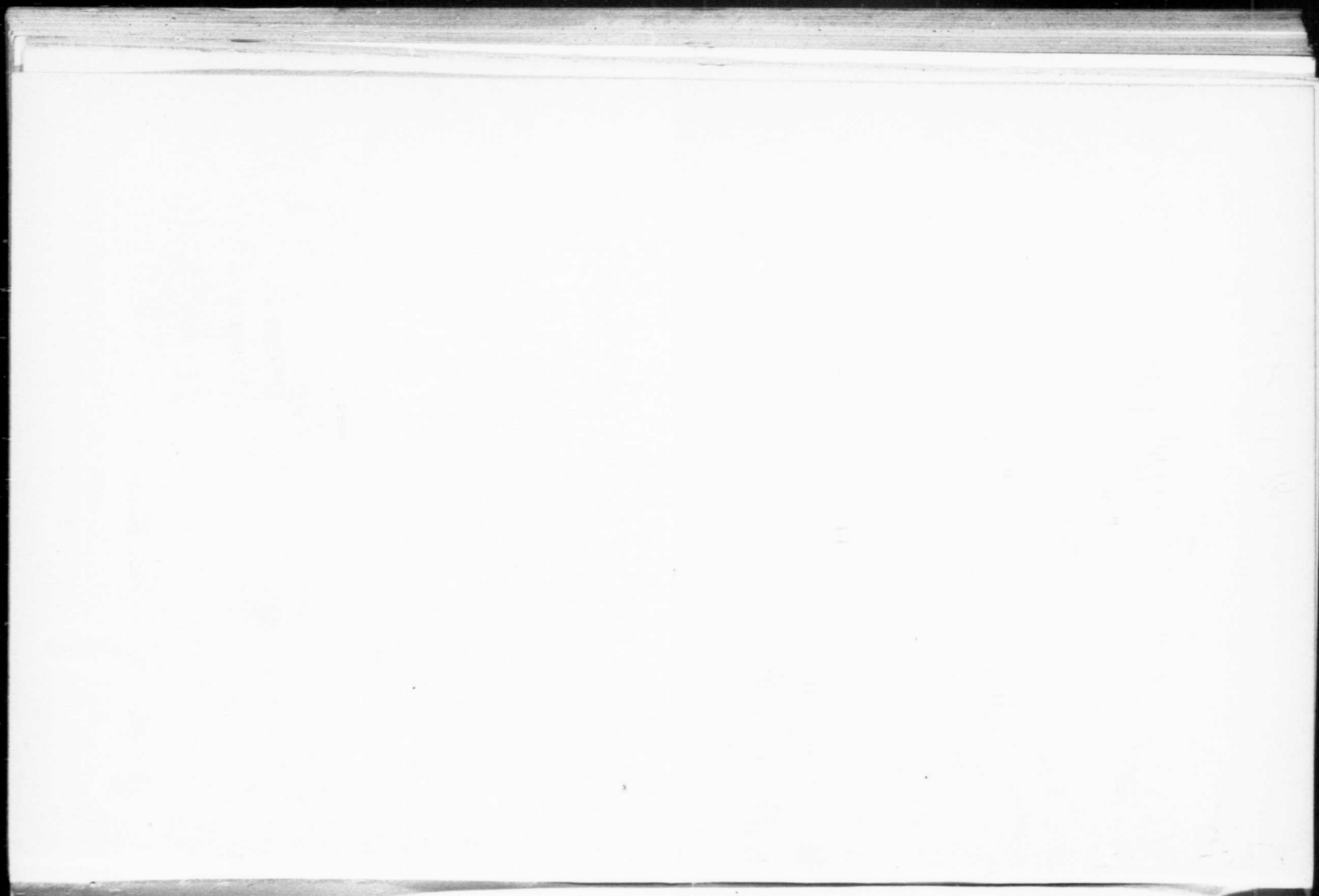
This is not, of course, to live Eastern life as an Eastern lives it. It is the Western, finding pleasure in a momentary return to simpler conditions, but still self-conscious in the presence of his fellow-men, and intolerant of an unfilled day; therefore, demanding intervals of privacy, and something to occupy hands and brain. The true Eastern, and the Western with the Eastern soul, like Burckhardt or Charles Doughty, empties his mind at will of all thought or desire and suffers the long hours with equal indifference, swaying on the camel's hump through a monotonous land, or crouching over a nomad's coffee fire, where the pauses of an hour are broken by a venerable aphorism or a more venerable riddle. Only such

may live as the people and with the people in any part of the Nearer East, even in Greece, where the restlessness of the West shows its earliest symptom in the aimless fingering of the rosary. But other Westerns, though they will not be of the people, like well enough to live beside them, a little apart, but in their simple and natural atmosphere. Simple children of nature are the Lasithiotes to-day. What they may become to-morrow, if the black coat and hard hat must clothe their bodies and the academic commonplaces of the New Hellenism possess their souls, I greatly fear. May the ring-fence of hills long preserve their present simplicity! It is the best I can wish Lasithi in requital of great goodwill.

D. G. HOGARTH.



Various Knives



COLONEL WILKS AND NAPOLEON

“**B**ERTRAND,” says Lord Rosebery, in describing the little circle that surrounded Napoleon at St. Helena, “Bertrand had an agreeable singularity: he wrote no book.” A scarred biographer will sympathise with Lord Rosebery’s sentiment, and any one can appreciate Bertrand’s self-control. The great prisoner offered a subject so enticing, and life on the island was so dull, that a man who could resist the temptation to write a book could probably have resisted anything. But Bertrand was not the only St. Anthony. There was another beside him—a man whose temptation was even greater than Bertrand’s. For not only had he exceptional opportunities of observation, but he was also a man of letters and might have been the first in the field.

This man was Colonel Mark Wilks, who was Governor of the island under the East India Company when Napoleon landed. In Lord Rosebery’s book he is so little noticed as even to have escaped with other minor characters the vigilance of the indexer. It is natural enough. Beyond the fact that Napoleon liked and respected him during the few months they were thrown together, little or nothing was known of his influence on the story. Indeed, the two men had but the slightest official relations with one another, for, since Wilks was merely a servant of the Company, it was thought better that, until Sir Hudson Lowe came out, Napoleon should remain

in the custody of the naval officer who brought him to the island. So admirable was the Colonel's reserve that it was not suspected that he had caught the prevailing epidemic of making notes, or that he had left behind him any account of what he thought of Napoleon and the behaviour of his suite. Yet so it was; and some at least of the material he prepared has come to light in the custody of his lineal representative, Sir Mark Wilks Collet, Bart., of St. Clere, by whose kind permission it is now, for the first time, printed below.

But before examining the contents of his papers we will try to get a grasp of the man's personality to help us. He was born in the Isle of Man about 1760, received a classical education, and was intended for the ministry; but eventually finding his bent in a different direction, he obtained a cadetship under the East India Company. Thenceforward his career was one eminently calculated to fit him for the delicate task which he was not allowed to undertake. Almost the whole of his service was spent in staff or political employ. He was military secretary to two Governors and one Commander-in-Chief, and was on General James Stuart's staff during his operations against Tippoo from 1790 to 1792. His last appointment had been that of Resident at Mysore, a post he held from 1802 to 1808. He was then invalided home, and set to work on his book, the first volume of which was published in 1810, under the title of "Historical Sketches of the South of India, in an attempt to trace the history of Mysore." Sir James Macintosh, who was then the greatest authority, though he never got his own history written, thought very highly of the book. He even claimed to be its sponsor, and pronounced it to be "the first example of a book on Indian history founded on a critical examination of testimony and probability, and from which the absurdities of fable and etymology are banished." He went so far as to say it marked an era in that branch of literature. Much of the praise was doubtless deserved, for the work was founded on an examination of the native archives to which Wilks had access as Resident at Mysore, while in the later stages he himself had

assisted at the making of the history he recorded. It was in the midst of these literary labours that he was called on to take over the Governorship of St. Helena, and in June 1813 he entered upon the duties of the office. He had thus been out some two years when Napoleon landed, and during that time had succeeded in winning the devotion of the islanders by his improvements in agriculture and by inducing the Company to ameliorate the system of land tenure. His interest in agriculture, science, and history comes out strongly in the notes of his conversations with Napoleon, and according to his obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, he was a Fellow of the Royal Society. His power of interesting the bored Emperor is equally clear, although they had to speak through an interpreter. On one occasion an English lady who was present declared that "Bonaparte became animated to excess, and appeared almost a supernatural being."

In 1815 he was almost fifty-five years of age, and is thus described by the same lady, who was, we believe, Mrs. Young-husband, the accomplished wife of an officer in the 53rd regiment, then in garrison on the island: "He was," she writes, "a tall, handsome, venerable-looking man, with white curling locks and a courtier-like manner. . . . Never had the island of St. Helena, since its first possession by the English, been under the government of a man so enlightened, so judicious, so mild and affable, or so much beloved."

Such a man could hardly have stood in greater contrast to the officer who superseded him, and it is no wonder that when the troubles began to be felt many people thought, like the Duke of Wellington, that if Wilks had been retained there would have been a different story to tell. Sir Hudson Lowe, so far from being a polished scholar, or from having by his career acquired the tact and tone that was needed to deal with such men as Napoleon and his suite, was of just the stuff that went to make the old soldiers of fortune. The son of an army surgeon, he was born and bred in a barrack. He began soldiering, at the age of twelve, in a militia regiment, and the

bulk of his service had been spent abroad in making soldiers out of some of the wildest and most untamable material in Europe. In short, he was the typical officer of cosmopolitan auxiliaries, and such was his success that tact of some kind he must certainly have possessed, though doubtless he owed most to his stern discipline, his mastery of foreign languages, and his untiring devotion to hard work. In any case, he had earned for himself the reputation of a man singularly successful in dealing with foreigners, and had come to be regarded at headquarters as a kind of inspector-general of mercenaries. In 1814 he had served under Blücher, and, attended by a single Cossack, he had ridden across France to bring to London the first news of the fall of Paris. It was on this occasion that he was knighted. The following year he was again inspecting mercenaries in Holland, and, after serving a short time as Quartermaster-General on the Duke of Wellington's staff, he was sent off to the scene of his old successes in the Mediterranean. Here he distinguished himself by getting possession of Marseilles, and received a handsome testimonial from the citizens in acknowledgment of the humanity and skill he had displayed in saving the place from a sack. This was not the first time his "humanity" had attracted public attention, nor was it the last, for it was he who abolished slavery in St. Helena.

It is clear, then, that the man can have been no mere vulgar martinet. In the face of the reputation he had won, and the difficult tasks that were habitually committed to him, it would be hasty in the extreme to explain his behaviour to Napoleon in this way alone. Colonel Wilks's notes suggest a more reasonable explanation. But before we can understand the significance of what he records, we must see exactly what Lowe's position was when he took up his arduous duties. It is here perhaps that Lord Rosebery's careful study is least satisfactory. Nothing is more difficult for the most highly experienced historian than the effort of putting himself into the exact state of mind of the men about whom he writes. He has resolutely to shut his eyes to all they did not know, and

his judgment to every sentiment that was not a sentiment of the time. Everything that has happened since the events in question must be forgotten, or we are certain to do some injustice to men who could only shape their course by what was within their experience. It is to be feared that in this effort Lord Rosebery has not achieved his habitual success. We cannot feel with full confidence that he has entered with clear historical sympathy into the state of mind in which Lord Bathurst made the unhappy appointment, or in which Lowe received it. He has indeed given us plenty of evidence that in 1815 Napoleon was a man broken in health and spirit and no longer a power to be feared. This may be true. Yet we cannot forget that the man who is still the most commanding figure in Central Asia was long ago reported on in exactly the same way; and what, we may ask, would now be thought of the Indian Government if it had based its Afghan policy on the assumption that the Ameer's powers were exhausted? But, more than this, what Lord Rosebery has failed to give us is evidence that Lord Bathurst and his colleagues knew of Napoleon's condition, or that they ought to have known of it, or that, if they had known of it, the knowledge would have availed to outweigh the tremendous impression his personality could still enforce. We in these days have outgrown the oppression of his name, and can soberly consider evidence on the point; but in 1815 Napoleon was still an Alexander, a Tamburlane. He was still a force that could not be measured, a magician whose powers no man could pretend to have fathomed. They had tried to cage him once and had failed; and now Lord Bathurst found himself saddled with a repetition of the task from which every statesman in Europe shrank. If he exaggerated its difficulties, have we the right to deride him? How was he to bind the whirlwind? Every one knew the prisoner's capacity for subtle political influence and the tiger-like fascination of his gentler moods. Few had been able to match or resist him. How, then, could he be prevented from bringing his illusive powers to bear on the dangerous

forces that were still heaving with the storm, and where could be found a keeper who could be trusted to remain impervious to his charm? Which of us in Lord Bathurst's position would have left a courtly scholar like Wilks at the point of danger? Which of us would not have used such a man as Lowe if we had had him at hand? And which of us, called as Lowe was from the midst of the contending passions that surged round him at Marseilles, would not have gone out to the task oppressed and hardened by a sense of the intangible danger that had to be faced?

With this picture in our minds, and our eyes resolutely shut to the fact that Europe was going to settle down quietly, which nobody then knew, let us see how Lowe came to St. Helena. Lord Bathurst had made up his mind, and that very naturally, that the only way to make the situation safe was absolutely to isolate the demon of unrest, to prevent any kind of communication between him and the outer world except through the hands of the Governor. And Lowe must have felt that the only way to prevent himself from being gradually enticed from the execution of his orders was rigidly to pin himself to their strictest letter. It was stupid if you will, but it was exactly the kind of stupidity that at the close of the Cromwellian period had enabled a plain soldier of fortune to give peace and stability to England, after all the clever people had tried and failed. Such a rigid line as Lowe took up is not, of course, so simple as it looks. It is so easily brought to a *reductio ad absurdum*. As General Monk himself would have said, "He that follows duty too close on the heels is like to have his teeth kicked out." No one can have known this better than Napoleon and his suite, and few will doubt that they deliberately intended to manœuvre their victim into impossible positions. The wonder is that they did not entirely succeed. Lord Bathurst's chief mistake was that he had not thought of the danger. Probably he only considered, as any other man would have done in those days, that to set a custodian to match his arts against Napoleon's was the

height of folly. Blind unreasoning obedience to orders seemed the only sure defence. For this reason, there can be no doubt, Lowe was chosen, and in this spirit he came to St. Helena. That he meant well every one agrees. One of his first acts was to increase the exile's allowance, but, when it came to a question of the prisoner's isolation, he was from the first rough and overbearing. Lord Rosebery has found his suspicions unreasonable and difficult to account for. The importance of Colonel Wilks's testimony is that it goes far to explain Lowe's attitude. For we now know on unimpeachable evidence that the new governor's first experience on landing was that an attempt was being made to get behind his orders by tampering with his predecessor, as well as with the officer in command of the naval squadron.

Lowe landed on April 14, 1816, and on the 21st Wilks was to pay his farewell visit to Napoleon. The day before the visit took place Bertrand, to Wilks's surprise, called upon him and coolly asked whether he would take home a communication from Napoleon without letting Lowe see it. Wilks was at no pains to conceal his disgust, but before he could let Bertrand know fully what he thought of him, they were interrupted. He, of course, thought it necessary to inform Lowe what had taken place, and Lowe begged him, before seeing Napoleon the following day, to call on Bertrand "with a view," as he says, "of remonstrating with him on this kind of proceeding." This he did, but Bertrand was out. He saw Las Cases, however, and appears to have expressed himself with considerable freedom. "Amongst other arguments," he says, "I observed to him that if anything could possibly induce the officer charged with their custody to adopt measures of farther restraint, it would be their attempts at concealed communication." It is clear, therefore, that Wilks took the same serious view as Lowe did of these attempts, to which Lord Rosebery attaches so little importance. He seems, however, to have been quite unable to get Las Cases to admit his error, and, as he puts it, "a great deal of bad argument only terminated in the conclusion that

they would think differently in France." But this was not all. As soon as Wilks was shown in to Longwood Napoleon assailed him on the same subject, but the well-bred Colonel fenced so cleverly that no actual request was made. It was evident, however, that what Napoleon was bent on was to make a personal appeal to the Prince Regent behind the back of the Ministers, the thing of all others they wished to avoid; but so unresponsive was Wilks that all the Emperor could do was to taunt him on the way in which the English were losing their boasted independence of character, and to assure him that no French officer in his position would have any scruple in transmitting "a sealed letter from a prisoner to his sovereign." Wilks at once pointed out that this happened to be against express orders, but Napoleon refused to be convinced, and gave him to understand that in France it was considered nobler to follow your feelings than your orders. The conversation then wandered to corporal punishment in the British Services, of which Napoleon frequently spoke with disapproval, and then to Indian history, the Colonel's pet subject. This was one of his favourite tricks. "He possessed," wrote Captain Maitland, of the *Bellerophon*, "to a wonderful degree a facility in making a favourable impression upon those with whom he entered into conversation; this appeared to me to be accomplished by turning the subject to matters he supposed the person he was addressing was well acquainted with, and on which he could show himself to advantage." After preparing the ground by this subtle manœuvre, Napoleon returned to the charge by asking whether the oppressive system of excluding private ships from the island was to be continued. The Colonel, however, was still adamant, and Napoleon had to content himself with abusing the navy in a way that was hardly well-mannered. Wilks might well have resented his rudeness, but he was too much of a courtier to be angered, and they parted amicably.

All that had passed, both with Las Cases and Napoleon, was, of course, reported to Lowe, and thus he found himself at the very outset confronted with what was little short of a

declaration of war. On a matter which to both Wilks and Lowe seemed highly reprehensible and even insulting, the exiles were impenitent and plainly intended to have their way if they could. It can hardly be said, therefore, that the original provocation came from Lowe. No doubt, if he had been a man of Wilks's stamp, he would have treated the matter with greater skill and made less of it, but it must not be forgotten that in all probability he was chosen mainly because he was not a man of Wilks's stamp. That Lowe's suspicions afterwards grew exaggerated and excessive cannot be denied. Undoubtedly the responsibility of his position, the sense of the personality that was defying him, and the efforts that were continually made to break down his attitude of blind obedience, came to overweight his mind, and he behaved at times like a madman. None the less, in his blundering honest way, he did his duty as a good servant to England. It is also true that in some quarters his excesses may have made his country a laughing stock; he may have covered the policy of his masters with disgrace; but which of the Powers that left another to bear their burden shall cast the first stone?

This view of the unfortunate Lowe, which Wilks's notes recall, is no new one. It was held almost universally by our grandfathers, and expressed by them with the breezy heartiness of the time. Here, for instance, is how it appears in a popular "Treasury of Biography," which may be taken as a fair index of opinions held by what we now call "the man in the street":

For his conduct in this truly difficult and delicate matter Sir Hudson Lowe has been much abused by French writers, and we are sorry to say their abuse has been echoed in England by men who ought to have known better. . . . When to the stern sense of duty of a veteran soldier we add the vast additional sense of responsibility that must needs arise from the fact of the peace of Europe—nay, of the whole civilised world—being dependent on the safe custody of Napoleon, it is mere drivelling, to say no worse, to contend against the strictest fulfilment of the Governor's sworn duty.

We can afford to smile at such vehemence now, but it was different then. The old fires are burning out, and we no longer

speak of drivelling or whatever is worse. On the contrary, whether or not we are able to endorse fully Lord Rosebery's strictures, we can be intelligently grateful that he has shown the world once more how, for all their pride of race, Englishmen are not ashamed to sweep out an ugly corner in their history and confess their fault. Such things tend to heal the sores of nations, and if Lord Rosebery's work does somewhat in this direction, we may be sure that stout old Sir Hudson Lowe would be the last to complain.

A word remains to be said of the documents themselves. They relate, as will be seen, to two interviews with Napoleon, the first and the last that Wilks had of any importance. How many more took place is uncertain, but we know there was at least one other of which notes were taken. The officer's wife already referred to records that, while she was staying at the Governor's country house a short time before Lowe came out, she was asked to accompany to Longwood the beautiful Miss Wilks, whom her father was going to present to Napoleon. It was on this occasion that the Emperor "appeared almost as a supernatural being." But the subject of the conversation, which lasted two hours, remains untold. Both ladies were requested by Colonel Wilks to take notes of what they heard, and they did so independently. After the interview he took both sets of notes and never returned them. "Therefore," the lady concludes, "farther the deponent sayeth not." It will be seen that the Colonel records the presence of four ladies at his farewell visit, and this gives additional authority to the document, since the inference is that, as at the last interview, one or more of them took notes on the spot, from which Wilks afterwards refreshed his memory in making his own report.

With regard to the first interview, its main interest lies in Napoleon's remarks about India, which, it is believed, are found nowhere else. His cunning attempt to pervert history by trying to make the historian of Mysore believe he had received certain communications from Tippoo should be specially noted. The work of Lord Valentia, the travelling nobleman who

behaved so queerly about the presents, was published magnificently, in 1809, in three volumes, royal quarto. It was entitled "Voyages and Travels in India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia, and Egypt, in the years 1802-6." For the rest, the documents may now be left to speak for themselves.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

I

ST. HELENA, 21st January, 1816.

In a visit to Buonaparte yesterday, the conversation took a turn so different from the usual train of rapid imperial questions, that I have thought it worth the trouble to note the principal features. I had been indisposed with gout, and he commenced with asking whether there were any other remedy than patience; I adverted to the *eau medicinale* as affording immediate relief with dangerous consequences: such he said was the account he had heard of it, but he understood that I employed other means with some success; were they also unsafe? Regimen, I said, was among the best means, but I had also for the last two years and a half found small doses of magnesia combined with the citric acid an effectual, and I hoped a very safe, preventive against painful paroxysms.

B. Ah! you have faith in medical chemistry. I have always maintained in the institute that the application of chemistry to the living subject was altogether visionary: Medicine is not entitled to be classed as a science. It is a mere Babel, full of unintelligible confusion and incessant change: there are no principles: we see effects, but are ignorant of causes and their modes of operation.

W. Without doubt it was a visionary expectation that the laws of ordinary chemistry would apply to the living subject: and that the principle of life—the animal chemistry—of which we must perhaps be content to remain for ever ignorant, was to be reckoned as nothing. But although an absurd application of that science has been attempted, and medicine itself is

subject to the opprobrium of changing its fashions, it would be hard to degrade it from its rank as a science, because we cannot trace the connexion between cause and effect; a connexion of which we are equally ignorant in every other branch of human knowledge. Science is no more than an orderly arrangement of facts: and facts which invariably follow each other are distinguished as cause and effect, without our being able to explain the connexion between them. In this respect the facts in medicine may be multiplied and classed with the same advantage, although not with the same certainty, as in other sciences, from the varying nature of the living object, and the legitimate application of chemistry to medicine is merely to encrease the number of our facts.

B. Our opinions are not far removed from each other. I have less respect than you have for the quackery of medicine: its application to the laws of animal life is absurd and contradictory. Of the chemical agents themselves, there are some of which no intelligible explanation can be given. Electricity, light, heat, which we consider as properties of matter, are involved in darkness as profound as the connexion between mind and matter.

W. Of which we shall certainly never be better informed in this state of existence: but it is not altogether so hopeless to look for further illustrations of the nature of light, heat and electricity, and regarding these subtile agents it does not seem to be as yet determined whether we ought to consider them as mere properties of matter.

B. We had lately one of your chemists in France—I forget his name.

W. Davy?

B. The same. There is also another English chemist of great name—Candish.

W. Cavendish, perhaps.

B. That is the name. To which of the two do you give the preference?

W. They can scarcely be deemed cotemporaries, and

chemistry is so new as a science, and so rapidly progressive, that we ought to render great homage to the more early discoveries, of which some of importance belong to Cavendish. The combination of the two gases to produce water, afterwards so perfectly and beautifully exhibited by Lavoisier, was, I believe, first ascertained by Cavendish.

B. We do not admit his priority in that discovery: we claim to be the authors of the modern chemistry; but I believe your chemists of the present day are superior to ours.

W. I did not mean to claim a superiority for ours. There are great living names in France, in England, and in Sweden. My recollection may be wrong with regard to the experiment of Cavendish, and we willingly acknowledge Lavoisier and his coadjutors to be the fathers of modern chemistry.

B. I do not like their nomenclature. The chemical term "affinity" is objectionable. "Attraction" would be better, for Berthollet has shown that chemical combination depends on the amount of the mass presented.

W. I think both terms objectionable. "Affinity" because it is a fixed principle that substances which enter into chemical combination are necessarily dissimilar; and "attraction" because it is certainly of a very different nature from the Newtonian attraction, with which Berthollet's doctrine has a tendency to confound it. Davy, however, has shown the doctrine of Berthollet to be erroneous, and that all bodies which enter into chemical combination invariably combine in definite proportions, which are multiples or divisors of each other.¹

B. That is an important discovery. I am satisfied that you have at this day a few chemists superior to any in France. But the science is not equally diffused.

W. I conclude that your Polytechnic school has essentially increased this diffusion. In England our Universities are but just beginning to acknowledge its importance.

¹ N.B.—I omitted to state that they are also invariably in opposite states of electricity.

B. The Polytechnic school has produced six thousand chemists classed in the first order, besides an immense number of various degrees of pretension.

W. When science is directed by the hand of power its effects must necessarily be extensive.

B. D'Arcet has been in England to report on the state of your manufactures; he describes everything to be performed in profound ignorance of chemical principles, but with a degree of manual skill, dexterity, and finish which we cannot approach. Your steel is far superior to ours. Is that an accidental discovery?

W. Far from it. *Mushet*, to whom we are indebted for most of the late improvements, is a man of profound science, and has reduced to fixed principles the application of *carbon* for the conversion of iron into steel of all the various qualities required in the several manufactories.

B. [After some slight observations on *carbon*.] Your *carbon* (coal) gives you an advantage we cannot possess in France. But the high price of all the articles of prime necessity is a great disadvantage in the export of your manufactures.

W. High prices—taxes—war—that is the series of causes and effects. Our taxes at present operate as a dead weight on our heads and hands, but we hope for gradual relief.

B. Your manufacturers are emigrating fast to America, and so they are from France.

W. From England, certainly. I did not know they had been emigrating from France.

B. In great and increasing numbers.

W. That is destined to be a great country if it hold together.

B. In a century—or perhaps half a century—more, it will give a new character to the affairs of the world. *It has thriven upon our follies* [twice repeated with emphasis].

W. The follies of France and England, certainly; but the primitive folly and injustice of England. If her separation be an evil, it is one of our own creating.

B. It might have been postponed for a time, but sooner or later it would have happened. The boy must in time become a man. He must some time or other cease to sleep with his mother. Is such an event likely to happen with your Indian possessions?

W. It is scarcely possible, from the same causes, for we do not colonize in India.

B. And what is the explanation of your not colonizing? Is no one disposed to colonize? Does the climate oppose it? I have observed that after two generations in warm climates the physical powers of Europeans degenerate.

W. Many would be disposed to colonize, but all who could afford it would send the children to England in their 7th year as they now do: no climate can be more favorable to European children before that age, nor worse after it. But there is a law which prevents colonization, and by a separate operation promotes the permanency of our power. The East India Company has the exclusive honor of prohibiting all Englishmen from being the possessors of land in India. If this law did not exist our native subjects would be everywhere oppressed, and our European subjects by this time in rebellion. It is made a serious question whether our Eastern possessions do us any good. If we want to get rid of them we have only to colonize.

B. But how does it happen that the Indians are so *lache* as to allow you to remain; are they in intellect and physical powers no better than Africans?

W. I have little personal experience of the intellect of Africans: it is said to be respectable. I know that of the Hindoos to be equal to our own; the physical powers are certainly inferior to those of Europeans; but the courage of the military classes is of a high order.

B. Then do you reckon your sepoy troops equal to Europeans?

W. I think I have explained that in one respect they are inferior, in some others the best of them are, at least, equal; they

are more patient, and more tractable—in point of bravery, they may be described to have less active energy and more passive courage. But our sepoy's are degenerating, because we every day find it more and more difficult to get men of the higher classes to engage in our service, some points of importance, and many more belonging to the martinet (who is seldom a man of intellect) imposes restraints to which they will not submit.

It was difficult, and involved many appropriate questions with their answers in great detail, to make him understand why the lower classes in India, as well as in other countries, could not be made as good soldiers as the higher; and why the Bramins, while disliking our power, did not incite the people to drive us from India. It was explained that the Bramins, although like other priests, detesting whatever impeded their own march to temporal power and wealth, held the dogma that all religions proceeded from God, and were good for those to whom they were revealed. That the people felt strongly the superior mildness and justice of our Government: and still remembered the tyranny from which we had rescued them: that when these remembrances should abate or entirely pass away, the natural desire to be governed by themselves rather than by strangers might prevail, and if a great character should arise among them might also be successful. He was minute in his enquiries regarding the several classes and the manner in which their religious dogmas bore upon their political conduct, regarding their characteristic virtues and vices, and among the latter regarding some of which he has himself been accused. It was at this part of the conversation that he asked whether I had read Lord Valentia's work, intimating that he had himself seen it, and enquiring my opinion regarding its merits.

W. Its pretensions are not of a high order; it cannot be deemed a work of authority.

B. How! Are not his facts correct? Even if he be ill-informed, are we not to consider him as authority for what he saw?

W. For mere objects of vision I suppose we may; but he

approached his subject with so little previous information that he perpetually misrepresents, because he misapprehends, and we cannot reasonably expect much from a person who travels full speed through a country.¹

B. What was the political object of his mission to India? By whom and for what purpose was he deputed?

W. He came as a simple individual by licence of the East India Company, professedly to investigate the natural history of the country.

B. And did he go to the courts and make expensive presents in that pursuit? Is he a man of overgrown fortune, or what are we to understand by these presents?

W. That they were not his own.

B. You speak in enigmas—explain if there be no secret.

W. When he arrived at Calcutta, and stated to Lord Wellesley his wish to visit the different courts, his Lordship issued circular instructions for his being received by the Political Residents with the respect due to a British nobleman; ordering that he should be supplied at the public expence with whatever presents it might be deemed suitable for him to make, Lord Valentia having engaged that he would deposit with each Resident on the public account all the presents he should receive.

B. Is that a customary mode of proceeding? Is it not understood that you now refuse presents?

W. For ourselves most strictly. They have become at the courts a mere matter of form. The Residents are required to limit their annual presents to the value of what they annually receive: if the receipts be more they belong to the public: if less, the deficiency falls on the private purse of the Resident, unless he can obtain the sanction of Government for bringing it to account.

¹ N.B.—Of his attack on Bruce I know not what to say: he accuses that author of want of veracity in his surveys of the coasts of the Red Sea, whereas we know that in the Egyptian expedition our ships found Bruce to be their safest and best guide.

B. And all that is really observed ?

W. Religiously.

B. And did Lord Valentia deliver to the Residents the presents he received ?

W. I cannot answer in the affirmative ; because in some cases I know he did not.

B. In what cases ?

W. In my own. He seemed to be endeavouring to recollect my name in Lord Valentia, and I told him he would not find it there. I was, at the time of Lord Valentia's visit, with the Mysoor troops on the frontier for purposes connected with the Duke of Wellington's operations in Decan, and deputed a friend (Major Symons) to do the honours and attend Lord Valentia if he should wish to visit the Rajah.¹

B. Then you did not see him on that occasion.

W. I never saw him. I corresponded with him and Mr. Salt, on the subject of their several pursuits, and received their thanks for the satisfactory arrangements made for their conveyance and accommodation.

B. And did you understand that he paid much attention to natural history in his journey through Mysoor ?

W. Mr. Salt might. He remained to view the beautiful falls of the Cavery : Lord Valentia travelled past, shut up in a box (a palankeen).

The sciences and arts of India passed next in rapid review, and the mention of indigo brought us back to the subject of chemistry. "Arts and manufactures," said he, "are its legitimate province, and it is destined to make as great a revolution in the affairs of the world as that already accomplished by the magnet. Before the discoveries of Vasco de

¹ N.B.—Symons, in the simplicity of his heart, asked Lord Valentia for the presents he received from the Rajah. The suggestion was treated as a high indignity. The presents he gave were paid for *by me* and charged in the public account ; if the auditor had objected, a full explanation was ready. I was dissuaded by the D. of W. from making a formal report of the circumstance in the first instance.

Gama *pastel* was a valuable blue dye, and in France produced a considerable revenue to the State; it was supplanted by indigo, which at that period was found to be a better dye. Chemistry has restored the use of the European product, which is now prepared in France of a much better quality and lower price than the very best foreign indigo. *Sugar* is also now manufactured in France as good and as cheap from beet root (both red and white) as the best foreign sugar from the cane, and in 1814 a sufficiency was produced in France for the consumption of France." Observing an involuntary smile on my countenance he added: "I know that the idea has been ridiculed in England, and even in France it is but little understood or acknowledged: they fancy that the French sugar which they purchase is really imported from the West Indies, but I had the means of knowing the fact, and I also know that even in flavor they are not distinguishable from each other—latterly I made use of no other." I endeavoured to apologize for my smile by observing that "if they were still incredulous even in France, it was not wonderful that I should have been equally uninformed." He rested much on this part of the subject, which I think has been treated much in the same way in the *Moniteur*: he regretted that the dyeing woods were still an article of import, but distinctly stated his expectation that France would become independent of foreign imports of every description. The conversation had already occupied, as I afterwards found, upwards of an hour and a half; and although he continued it with great animation and without the slightest pause, I thought it right to say now a second time that I feared I had been occupying too much of his time, and prepared to take my leave, instead of asking, as I should if I had remained, whether this independence of foreign supply would not tend directly to the decay of his naval power.

Every part of the conversation was considerably expanded, and merely the heads are noted above. In the course of the discussions on India he asked a variety of questions regarding

the characters of Hyder and Tippoo, and the French troops who were in their service, which I answered without any reserve. He inquired whether I had seen his letter to Tippoo, to which I answered in the affirmative. He then asked whether I had seen Tippoo's letters to him, to which I replied that I did not know of the existence of such letters; if they did exist, the records were in the possession of our Government. I since find, from inspecting my notes, that Tippoo never received his letter, which was intercepted at Mocha, and there is reason to suppose that Tippoo never did write to him. His letter to Tippoo, beginning with, "You have already been informed of my arrival," is dated 7th Pluviose 7th year of the Republic, and these words may be understood to refer to a former letter; but if such letter had been received, or if Tippoo had written to him, we may conclude that Lord Mornington would not have failed to include letters so important in his collection of *Official documents* found at Seringapatam, and printed for the purpose of explaining and justifying the grounds of the war.

II

HEADS OF A CONVERSATION WITH
BUONAPARTE.

21st April, 1816.

On the day preceding my visit to take leave of Buonaparte, Bertrand called upon me.

Bertrand. As the former Governor of the island, and intimately acquainted with every locality connected with our situation, would there be any impropriety in asking you to take charge of a communication from the Emperor to your Government; or would you consider such a charge to be troublesome?

W. Far from troublesome; and I shall be very happy to take charge of any communication from General Buonaparte which may be committed to me for that purpose by Sir Hudson Lowe.

B. [*Looking confused.*] And not otherwise?

W. Certainly not. I am sorry you should think it necessary to propose to any person a deviation from the prescribed channel of communication; and very sorry that you should think it proper to make such a proposition to me.

There were several other persons in the room, and he was attempting some explanation when other visitors interrupted the conversation.

I had in the course of the day a communication with Sir Hudson Lowe on the subject, and before going to Buonaparte next day I called at Bertrand's (in conformity to Sir H. Lowe's particular request) with the view of remonstrating with him on this kind of proceeding. He had gone to the Admiral's: but I saw Las Cases, with whom circumstances had brought me into some degree of intimacy. Among other arguments I observed to him that if anything could possibly induce the officer charged with their custody to adopt measures of farther restraint it would be their attempts at concealed communication; that Sir Hudson Lowe was bound to transmit whatever representations Buonaparte might send, if even they conveyed complaints against himself; that if *B.* meant fairly, it was an unworthy distrust to seek for any other than the established channel of communication, or for the transmission of sealed papers, and as confidence usually generated confidence, so would distrust beget distrust, and all the unpleasant consequences which it involves. These observations led to a discussion of the question lately proposed to Sir G. Cockburn, whether he would transmit a sealed letter to the Prince Regent. Las Cases distinctly stated that the proposed letter contained no political matter, and had an exclusive reference to domestic affairs, of too much delicacy to be communicated to a third person. To which I could only reply, that neither the principles of the British Constitution, nor the nature of our relations to the State prisoner and to the powers of Europe respectively, could well admit of the Prince Regent holding

communications with General Buonaparte that were to be concealed from his responsible ministers: that the officer charged with the important trust of his custody must necessarily be considered as possessing the confidence of his sovereign, and if fit for his situation at all he was fit to be trusted with any communication however secret or delicate it might be. A great deal of bad argument only terminated in the conclusion that they would think otherwise in France; and after a short interval I was shown into Buonaparte. Four ladies were present during the conversation.

B. How fares the gout? I was sorry to hear of your late indisposition.

W. I am much obliged to you. I rejoice in being so much recovered as to be enabled to pay my respects to you before my departure from St. Helena.

B. You are about to embark for England, and I understand with mutual regret on your part and that of the islanders.

W. I have many motives for being pleased at returning to England, but they are certainly mixed with regret. The inhabitants have no pretension to brilliant talents or refined education, but I have found in them generally the better qualities of sincerity and probity.

B. In that respect I believe your conclusions to be just. You would be a bad channel for conveying my sentiments regarding the island; you would describe it as a Paradise—I as a Hell.

W. I hope to speak of men and things as I find them; and in describing St. Helena I should certainly not travel to either of these extremes.

B. Shall you see the Prince Regent on your return?

W. I hope to have the honor of paying my respects.

B. Do you wait upon him immediately on your arrival as a matter of duty?

W. No: as a matter of duty I wait on the ministers for Indian and Colonial affairs.

B. My ideas of your national character have lately under-

gone a considerable change. I see none of that bold independence of character which has been ascribed to the English. In your army and navy I recognize nothing but a blind and undistinguishing obedience, and a fear of your superiors greater than I have ever observed in nations the most stigmatized for servility.

W. We have no objection to the national imputation of being the most obedient soldiers in Europe: we are proud of being thought greatly afraid of violating our duties. In embracing the military profession we voluntarily relinquish a portion of our civil rights, and acknowledge in the one case the principle which in another we abhor—the doctrine of passive and unconditional obedience. See us in our brown coats, and I apprehend you will find no want of independence of character.

B. There is no man in France, for example, who, in charge of a prison or a *depôt*, would refuse to transmit a sealed letter from a prisoner to his sovereign.

W. Nor in England, perhaps, in ordinary cases, and where the orders did not require all such letters to be open.

B. In France men are actuated by their feelings. In a recent instance, Marshal Marmont, as the papers inform you, disobeyed his orders in favor of Madame Ney.

W. And incurred his sovereign's displeasure accordingly. Marshal Marmont would not have ventured on such a step under some of the governments which have existed in France.

B. I cannot consider obedience as a sentiment, after my knowledge of the cruel and horrible corporal punishments which you inflict, and some of which I had an opportunity to observe on board the *Northumberland*. Instead of liberal subordination and rational authority there is more the appearance of tyranny on one part and passive servility on the other.

W. If passive servility existed in the degree you suppose, severity would be unnecessary. Corporal punishment is a great, but, I fear, a necessary evil, unless, indeed, where shooting is substituted for flogging. Obedience is exacted for the purposes of discipline. The end must absolutely be attained, the means

depend on the quality of the materials, as well as the hand that moulds them. A late traveller informs us that the officers in charge of depôts for prisoners of war in France, consider one hundred English prisoners more difficult to manage than one thousand of any other nation: and in this hundred we should recognize three distinct characters—the Scotch, the English, and the Irish; ten of the last being as difficult to manage as fifty of the first, and I should distinctly say more difficult than a thousand Rajepoot sepoy.

B. I am entitled to pronounce from experience that every diversity of character may be managed without flogging. With the French I very rarely resorted to it. Before my day the character of the Italians was held to be impracticable for military purposes. I made them the very best soldiers in Europe. The Germans were held to be equally impracticable without the aid of the cane. Now the Germans whom I trained without the cane soon beat the Germans who were governed by dint of the cane.

W. I have no personal knowledge of the Italians: the Germans with whom I have served appeared to me to class with the Scotch as a tractable people: no person will deny that you discovered the means of making good soldiers of both. Timour announced as the first principle of government, that “he kept his subjects suspended between their hopes and their fears.”¹ The quantity of one will probably be in the inverse ratio of the other.

B. The difference resembles that of the Musselman and the Christian religion—mine was the Mohammedan paradise; yours the Christian hell—the one all hope; the other all fear.

W. But you know what manner of bridge leads to that paradise, and over what sort of gulf; there is extreme fear and extreme hope in your system as well as theirs.

B. But the hope is made to predominate.

W. Without the advantage of Mohammed's fatality or his

¹ He was much struck with this quotation and asked many questions regarding the work in which it is found.

paradise for martyrs. Temporal considerations gave a new character to your army: no person before you was ever enabled to infuse so large a portion of hope into the motives of human conduct; and where hope is brilliant, fear is an unnecessary apparatus.

B. Exclusively of the hope to which you allude, it was my object to substitute the point of honor for the terror of punishment; and it is there that your system is defective.

(After some further explanations.)

W. In my return to England is there any commission I can offer to execute for books, or any similar object?

B. I am much obliged, but I hope it will not be necessary to trouble you. I have been disappointed regarding some expected books which are necessary for the purposes of my history.

W. I understand they have been ordered, and will soon arrive. I am glad to hear you speak of your history. Would it be discreet to ask when it may be expected to appear?

B. Not soon. It will be voluminous; but at whatever time it may be finished it must be a posthumous publication. It will contain too many truths for the present time: one cannot always speak plain matter-of-fact to men's faces. I have seen men in their real and their assumed characters, and shall develop both—what they affect to be, and what they are when they think themselves unobserved. The world has yet much instruction to receive; it is still in its childhood.

W. It has been at school some thousands of years, and you have taught it some valuable lessons; and every successive year evinces that it has still much to learn. The short period of your life recorded by yourself will be equivalent to the experience of many centuries.

B. During the suspension of my history I have been learning English, and have looked into your work, which I expect soon to be able to read and understand. You are, I hope, completing it, and will soon come down to my correspondence with Tippoo.

W. I am approaching that period.

B. Is the oppressive system to be continued in this island of excluding private ships? What is the use of it? Where is the justice of admitting some and excluding others? Making a distinction between the ships of the Company and those of individual merchants.

W. I am not aware of any intention to change the present system. Looking merely to security it may, perhaps, be thought that we have done either too much or too little, while we admit any merchant ships or exclude any: but the question has other bearings unnecessary to discuss.

B. It is a barbarous arrangement. Lately a private ship was fired at to compel her to depart; and she nevertheless stood on; the master declaring that he would prefer being sunk to perishing for want of water.

W. I rather think you have been misinformed: cases of that kind are always exaggerated: before the existence of the causes for the present arrangements, any ship attempting to pass the batteries without observing the prescribed forms would be fired at.

B. It was not a battery but the *Northumberland*, and it accords with the *brusque* unfeeling conduct of that department of your service, which appears to me to be very ill administered.

W. Our navy is not noted among ourselves for peculiar gentleness of manner; but it has served our purposes tolerably well.

B. The system of both your army and navy in giving authority to boys and almost children over veterans, is radically faulty.

W. Nay, there I must take the liberty of quoting yourself against yourself. If we are not misinformed it was your constant practice to promote young officers over the heads of their seniors.

B. Uniformly, as the reward of merit and distinguished talents, and never otherwise.

W. A similar reason would be assigned for our promotions, but I dare not say that it would always be the true one. At the head of your own armies it will readily be admitted that your selections were generally good.

B. Say rather that your selections are made not for the merit of the individual, but the interest of his friends. I have studied your constitution; it is anything but a free and popular system. I can assure you that in the zenith of my power I was necessarily more influenced by public opinion in France than your statesmen usually appear to be in your boasted land of freedom. Your Government is a downright aristocracy.

W. So we sometimes hear from our Parliamentary opposition; but the same members change their tone when they have achieved their purpose of becoming themselves the ministers. Moderate and reflecting men rejoice at these conflicting opinions, which have a tendency to preserve the balance of the constitution. Our aristocracy only resembles the rest of mankind. It seems to be a pretty universal tendency in every country for public men to grasp the greatest quantity of power they can possibly get.

B. [*Smiling, and evidently understanding the remark to be applied to himself.*] I may admit that fact, without approving your civil or military system; the latter of which, even some among yourselves admit to be barbarous. It was lately proposed in Parliament to determine whether flogging was necessary. Parliament refused to entertain the question, and they did well. For there was a preliminary question which ought to have been decided, whether the punishers and the punished were of the same class of beings, that one should be universally exempt from the barbarities they inflict on the other, and whether there be an insuperable barrier between these classes which no merit can ever surmount.

W. There is no distinction of human beings more intelligible than that of the educated and uneducated. Your conscription placed in the ranks a large proportion of men qualified by education to rise to the highest command. Our

army is differently composed, our privates being generally uneducated; but it is an error to suppose that the barrier is insurmountable. I could in this little garrison present to you probably twenty commissioned officers who have risen from the ranks.

B. You are an excellent advocate for tyranny, contrary to your own practice. You can tell that both obedience and attachment can be secured without flogging.

W. I understand the allusion. It is true that in the first year of my government I diminished the number of corporal punishments one half, and that they have continued to decrease.

B. And yet the conduct of your men is said to be decidedly improved, and your Government to be applauded by all ranks.

W. I should nevertheless not approve the absolute prohibition of corporal punishments. You admit them to be occasionally necessary in the French service, and I contend for no more in the English. The best disciplined corps have always the least flogging.

The discussion had now continued near an hour, many minor observations being omitted, when, after some lighter conversation on other subjects, I proposed to take my leave, and he concluded with complimentary wishes for my health, an agreeable voyage, etc.

THE DRAG-NET OF COWLEY

IT is no paradox to say that, however strongly we believe in the permanent element in literature, literary reputations rise and fall independently of that element: or, at least, that that element may be there, and yet overlaid—so overlaid that the “Prince of Poets” to one generation may be to the next century only a Tithonus among the Immortals. It is such an Immortal that Lowell, in one of his essays, makes of Cowley. He does, indeed, call him “divine,” but the epithet is in a context of such unmistakable significance that it seems to say with Horace,

Adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema?

or to speak with English frankness—“Are there no limits to the conventions of literature?”

But Cowley’s merits were overlaid long before this. A hundred and fifty years before Lowell the world had acquiesced in the familiar verdict pronounced by Pope:

Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit.
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric art;
But still I love the language of his heart.

Yet even here Pope qualifies his verdict, and from his day to our own admirers of Cowley have not been wanting. Addison, Johnson, Cowper, even Hallam, mingle praise with criticism: and of recent testimonies that of Archbishop Trench, in the notes to his delightful Anthology, has dealt out to Cowley the most generous justice. Nor is the remark of

Coleridge a thing to be forgotten, though he is speaking of defects. "Cowley and his school," he says, "were extravagant in fancy, but their language is plain and noble, whereas modern extravagance is all in the language, the thought being only too obvious."

Cowley's prose has, for more than two centuries, secured a consensus of approval from the critics; but in spite of the fact that the Pitt Press has had the courage to edit it as a school-book, "The Discourses by way of Essays in Prose and Verse" remain unknown to many who would appreciate them, and it seems best, before glancing at his poems, to dwell on the fuller personality there revealed to us in prose and verse. That personality is sufficiently emphasised by another phrase of Coleridge's. "Cowley's prose," he says, "is the prose of a first-class gentleman"; and though one may modestly resent the adjective as unworthy of the vocabulary of Coleridge, the description is graphically adequate. Noble thinking and noble feeling have gone to the making of this style; generosity and curiosity have alike informed it; and it is on these ingredients that this appreciative critic doubtless meant to dwell as well as on that combination of ease with strength, which is only possible to the well-bred man.

Merely to have a personality is to be original in some way, but Cowley's originality is beyond all dispute. Paradoxical as it may sound, this quality is as obvious in his translations as anywhere else. This was recognised in his own day. His love for the ancients was never slavish.

He, when he would like them appear,
Their garb but not their clothes would wear,

is what Denham says of him, and David Lloyd, the memoir-writer, puts it in prose even more strongly. "Greek and Latin authors were sublimated, not translated, by him, richer in his grasping, coherent, and great thoughts than in their own."

If this is extravagant praise, his rendering of the most familiar line in Horace goes some way towards justifying it.

Hence, ye profane, I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar, and the small.

Here we have an interpreter, not a translator, and what is more, an interpreter who is not at all disposed to hug his chains.

Of Cowley's prose there is little enough. The essays proper, most of them interspersed with verse, are only eleven in number. Besides these we have the prefaces to his comedy, to his "Six Books on Plants," and a general preface to the poems. If we add "The Vision of the Government of Oliver Cromwell," and the "Proposal for a College of Science" (published with the Essays) there is nothing more to mention. If the "Proposal" has not the form of the Essays, it is almost as full of entertainment. That temperament which can reconcile the attractions of the old and the new is delightfully illustrated. He is enthusiastically loyal to the traditions of literature, even while he is pouring contempt upon the pernicious partisanship by which the student of the classics often injures his cause. With him he has no patience. "Oh, true philosopher in a sense," he exclaims, "and contented with a very little!"

The most diverting of the College regulations are the fines levied on those professors who are uncivil to their colleagues. "The Toupinambaltians of Brazil eat no men but their enemies; while we Europeans, like so many pikes and sharks, prey upon anything that we can swallow." Even in our own day we seem to have heard of universities where the Toupinambaltians of Brazil might set an example of self-restraint to certain professors.

The College, in spite of its scientific character, encourages the study of ancient languages; but the literature is limited for the most part to natural history, Virgil even being approved on that ground, and Oppianus, author of two books on fishing, for the same reason. It is startling to hear that Scaliger "did not doubt to prefer Oppianus above Homer," but not so strange perhaps as that Scaliger should have survived this *jugement saugrenu*.

Of the progress of science Cowley speaks with an elation

rare in his day. "There is yet many a *terra incognita* behind to exercise our diligence; and let us exercise it never so much, we shall leave work enough too for our posterity." We are not to be content with our inheritance, but to add new and greater territories and to "consider by what means we are most likely to attain the ends of this virtuous covetousness."

This last phrase is a good example of the dignity which Cowley's prose can impart to what we should call a pamphlet. And here is another of a very different kind on the freaks of our reasoning faculty, which "will," he says, "without the guidance of sensible objects create nothing but deformed monsters or pretty, but impossible, mermaids."

The other piece which, without being an Essay, is included in the volume of Essays, is the discourse on that "prodigious" man, Oliver Cromwell. That it is of the nature of a declamation need not be denied, but it is hard to see how it can be described (by Dr. A. W. Ward)¹ as "an ambitious failure," or "rhetorically commonplace." Hazlitt thought it might be classed with the "masterpieces of the Greek and Latin Historians." It can scarcely be accurate to call the Devil (who, if not Cromwell himself, is made to pose as his patron) "commonplace." His fine cynical temper produces real rarities, both in prose and verse. "Was riches ever gotten by your golden mediocrities?" and later, in verse, ("Your style is much mended," says Cowley, to him, "since you wrote the oracles.")

'Tis godlike to be great, and as they say
A thousand years to God are but a day:
So to a man, when once the crown he wears,
The coronation day's more than a thousand years.

It may at least be said for these lines that Dryden thought them worthy of imitation. We may certainly commend the whole discourse to Carlyle's enemies: for there is no question that they will say that the Devil here holds a brief for Cromwell, as violent, if not as forcible, as Carlyle's own.

¹ Art. Cowley in "English Prose-writers," ed. Craik.

The first three of the Essays are really as autobiographical as the last, which he calls "Myself," though they do not contain what are generally called facts. There is no note of insincerity in his contempt of ambition, nor in his praises of solitude, even if it be true that he had more of it than he had bargained for. "God demands only a quit-rent, a seventh part of our time—man alone has the impudence to demand it all."

Cowley at least knew what this impudence would cost—his ambitious man does not. We may be very sure that he rightly appraised those who "to party give up what was meant for mankind"—who spoil their literature to make a failure in politics, and making a new sort of solitude for themselves, call it prosperity, if they dare not call it peace.

Such men will not, he says, "stop nor turn aside in the race for glory, no, not like Atalanta for golden apples!" and such a Hesperian fruit he himself did not look to find by the Asphaltic pool, where Ambition gathers hers. It is not with the mere necessities of dishonesty that he charges ambition. The loss of liberty it involves leaves virtue dull, and blunts friendship. All richness of individuality disappears in a mental atrophy. You may preserve your honesty, but you lose your true self in "a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, such as a wise man would tremble to think of." Amid "custom, business, crowds and formal decency," the give-and-take of the highest friendship has vanished.

But no part of his vigorous prose is comparable as a tribute to liberty with the verses at the close. They recall, if they were not suggested by, Milton's famous saying about the poet, "that his life must be a true poem."

If life should a well-ordered poem be,
In which he only hits the white
Who joins true profit with the best delight,
The more heroic strain let others take:
Mine the Pindaric way I'll make.

The matter shall be grave, the numbers loose and free.
 It shall not keep one settled pace of time,
 To the same tune it shall not always chime,
 Nor shall each day just to its neighbour rhyme.
 A thousand liberties it shall dispense,
 And yet shall manage all without offence
 Or to the sweetness of the sound or greatness of the sense.

Not every one can "warm both hands before the fire of life" but all of us in our dreams at least dispense a few hundreds of Cowley's thousand liberties, hoping we may not miss all "sweetness of sound," all "greatness of sense." For one day in the year, if but for one, we promise ourselves an Epicurean heaven—

Semota a nostris rebus sejunctaque longe.

These verses make it abundantly clear that Cowley never was in love with the monotony of a hermit's life. His solitude is most cautiously recommended. The personality which here emerges includes two things not often found together—a bright wit and a profound solemnity. "It is extraordinary how there is no one we love like ourselves, and yet we can never bear to be with ourselves." If we think of the many resorts at home and abroad peopled by egotists, of the many whose society we seek without caring for it, of the exaltation over long visiting-lists which can at best

Of the three hundred grant but three
 That promise real amity,

we shall perhaps find Cowley's reflections not yet out of date.

But we are not permitted to leave the subject so lightly. His quaint warnings suggest verities literally tremendous. The art and habit of thinking is very necessary for solitude. Have we got it? "Like speaking it depends on much practice." This truism, if it be a truism, may serve to supplement a saying of Goethe's which sometimes fits the popular story-teller of to-day—"When he reflects he is a child." He does not know how, he has never tried.

But Cowley's "noble censoriousness" has weightier utterances than these: "If the mind of the solitary man be possessed by any lust or passion, a man had better be in a fair than in a wood alone. They (at the fair he means) may, like petty thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets, but like robbers they use to strip and murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from men and to fall into the hands of Devils. 'Tis like the punishment of parricides among the Romans, to be sewed in a bag with a dog, an ape, and a serpent."

If Cowley praises obscurity, it is from no indifference to the value of a true good fame—though it does no good to the body that it accompanies, "it is an efficacious shadow, and like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others." Bacon has said that "those who enjoy fame need the opinion of others to think themselves happy." Cowley's seems a more fruitful saying. Envyng a good fame may stimulate us to work wonders with the stepping-stones of our dead selves. It is thus that we learn how for the simple elements of character public tributes are reserved when mere tortuous cleverness fails to secure them.

In a fine rendering of Seneca (the Latin is fine, but Cowley's English is finer), he forces on us the sharp antithesis between a public notice and self-knowledge:

To him, alas! to him I fear
The face of death will terrible appear
Who, in his life flattering his senseless pride
By being known to all the world beside,
Does not himself, when he is dying, know
Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go.

Cowley's great phrases, such as those which introduce St. Peter's shadow and "Atalanta and the golden apples," suggest a brief digression. Is it only the *laudator temporis acti* who thinks "the sentence" disappearing? Pater and Stevenson in their theory and practice showed how alive they were to its magnificent possibilities: but it would be hard now to

name any one who had studied it with the same success. Mr. George Meredith's aphorisms (if Mr. Morley will forgive us) are by no means equal, and there are ineffective pebbles even in the "Pilgrim's Scrip"; while as for some of the other novelists, it is pitiable to see what they make of such things. Here is a specimen which a recent anthologist has most cruelly placed by the side of the best that our literature can offer:—

"This family affection, how good and beautiful it is! Men and maids love, and after many years they may rise to this. It is the grand proof of the goodness in human nature, for it seems that the more we see of each other, the more we find that is loveable. If you would cease to dislike a man, try to get nearer his heart." What is to be said of the last sentence, except that it reads like an extract from Sir Barnes Newcome's lecture on the affections! We have only to recall Johnson's "domestic virtues, which the *dull* overlook and the gay despise," if we would understand the true gnomie ring for such themes. And the explanation of such failures is not far to seek. The English public, like the Roman, is practical, and welcomes preachers: and on every hand the poor duped novelist finds pressure put on him to satisfy the demand. Quite a good story-teller, who surely might be content with the rhapsodic gift, is thus forced to expose his weakness, corrupt his style, and, what is worst of all, corrupt the public for whom he writes one stage further. The demand comes from those who don't quite know what they want—the supply from those who don't quite know what they have to give.

The story-teller, till he has that behind him which Fielding and Thackeray, and in some degree George Eliot, had, would perhaps be wise to abandon *sententiousness* (the word ought to be capable of being used in a good sense)—and we may be sure that he will, as soon as the general public realises its disappointment and gives him a broad enough hint.

Scott is seldom aphoristic. He never permitted his great and varied powers to betray him, or ignored his limitations. The art of *finishing* he knew was not his.

But if the novelists fail us, can we not persuade other men of genius to cater for us instead? If we might only give them an audacious hint—Cowley's hint—that the gnomie art, like that of thinking, wants practice, but that its reward is as great as any that they propose to themselves! If we might only remind them that the reward is nothing less than this—to leave a sentence behind them that will be light and leading and solace to us common men—that will “pass into the blood and become native in the memory”!

Perhaps the most delightful of all Cowley's pieces are the two on agriculture and the garden. They are subjects which, to use his own phrase, have been less (of course in a carnival sense) “pelted with good sentences” in all ages than the other subjects of his *Essays*. There is something so like passion in his admiring devotion as to dissipate all doubts of his love of retirement. Indeed, the reason for such passion is patent enough. The field and the garden present to him, and to us as we listen to him, such inexhaustible sources of delight, that however sore and disappointed the ingratitude of the Court may have left him, he may be safely acquitted of any lurking regrets over the imposing society he had once known. He may have wished to be less short of friends—indeed, friends fit and few are expressly included in his idea of retirement—but his simple-minded affection for the country is not a thing of moods.

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain,

is his anticipation of Cowper's well-known sentiment, with an added touch of fierceness. It is even more effectively put in prose. “The three first men in the world were a gardener, a plowman, and a grazier, and if any object that the second of these was also a murderer, I desire he would consider that, as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession and turned builder.”

Agriculture has had many tributes from men of letters—none perhaps more significant than the very brief one in the

immortal preface to the "Vicar of Wakefield." Cowley makes the most of Virgil's authority in that "great and imperial poem." God, he says, answered both his prayers. "He made him one of the best philosophers and best of husbandmen, and to adorn and communicate both those faculties the best poet."

But even the best poet's best gardener, the Tarentine of the 4th Georgic, is eclipsed by a more famous name—the name of one who dwelt not by the Galesus, but by the Ilissus :

When Epicurus to the world had taught
That pleasure was the chiefest good
(And was perhaps i' the right if rightly understood),
He to his life his doctrines brought,
And in a garden's shade that sovereign pleasure taught.

Of Cowley's enthusiastic love of flowers the six books on Plants are pretty good evidence : and the preface to them has a passage, well worth quoting in this connection, if only for the Virgilian reminiscence. "I shall think it reputation enough for me to have my name carved on the bark of some trees, or (what is reckoned a royal prerogative) inscribed upon a few flowers."

The essay on the garden contains less prose than poetry, and of course Cowley justifies Dryden's criticism that "he cannot forgive himself a conceit"; but that fact cannot detract from the merit of the superb couplet on the apple :

The golden fruit that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiss.

There is at least nothing like a conceit in these verses to Evelyn and his wife :

In books and gardens thou hast placed aright
Thy noble innocent delight,
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refined and sweet :
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.
Oh, who would change those soft yet solid joys
For empty shows and senseless noise,

And all which rank ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous flowers, and are such poisonous
weeds?

These lines suggest the question whether in them is not to be found that language of Cowley's heart which never lost its charm for Pope; and, indeed, throughout the *Essays* Cowley's noble individuality seems to express itself in that "vehement love of retirement" which made Johnson a little sceptical. Tradition refers Pope's words to Cowley's "Mistress," and Swift's reference to him in the *Battle of the Books* implies that these poems were still favourites. It is certain, however, that what commends itself in Cowley to the readers he still has, is a certain language of humanity and an individuality of sentiment which is so indisputably the language of his heart, that we cannot wonder at its "vehemence." It is something of this kind that Dr. Ward seems to find in the *Essays* when he speaks of "that pleasant continuity which is one of the principal attractions of essays in Cowley's manner." In his sentiment about retirement, so far as that was necessary to the enjoyment of the country, there is certainly no breach of continuity.

There is something special, however, in these two essays which, perhaps, may be best brought out by some general considerations.

Cowper, who wished that he had known "Ingenious Cowley," thought of him as

Not unemployed, and finding rich amends
For a lost world in solitude and verse.

The epithet "rich" proves at least that Cowper did not share Johnson's scepticism.

But the "soft yet solid joys" of the farm and garden appeal to thousands who must enjoy solitude without verse. Though they cannot dig and might not be ashamed to beg sooner than reveal their incapacity with the spade, though they are not Cowleys or Evelyns, they would not demur to Cowley's ecstasies. Cowper and Goldsmith were poets, and may be

called exceptions ; yet Cowper was not a husbandman in any sense, and it certainly would have been rash to trust Goldsmith to do our gardening, in spite of his passion for Dutch bulbs. What is urged here as part of the Apologia for Cowley is that agriculture, in a sense, often stirs the ordinary man as it stirs the poets. Johnson may bid him clear his mind of cant, and he may be conscious that he is both unpractical and unpoetical, but he cannot resist the fascination of open-air life, and the instinct of its pursuits makes a powerful appeal to him. It is not merely the colour of the garden or the hedgerow—though of those who are indifferent to such solid joys it may truly be said—“Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.” It is not merely these. It is something which he feels, but cannot describe, something which nature or human nature has generated and which humane letters have fostered. The farmyard and the pasture, the haystack and the homestead, the orchard, the cornfield, and the hedgerow—all together call up the pleasantest visions of property and proprietorship to many of those whom nature never meant for husbandmen. It all belongs to that sort of possession they most covet. It introduces for them into nature that human element which is as necessary to them as to the poets, and to all the best poets, to Wordsworth no less than Pope. It holds for them every variety of association. It makes them feel what Virgil meant them to feel, the true glorification of labour, the *divini gloria ruris*, though in a sense these words do not strictly include.

All this they can see and feel in the field and the farmyard, and they have nothing but welcome for tributes such as Cowley's. They know, they do not think merely, that this is the language of his heart and theirs. In the temper of the husbandman they find the true temper ; he has a fount of sweet healthy sentiment which can never run dry or leave him less than content. While as for links with the past, is it not enough to be the torchbearer of traditions as patriarchal as those of Palestine and as imperial as those of Rome ?

Humanity gets its best setting in the open air, in the

"industry embrowned with toil"; and it is at these times, when nature is gratifying him with her generousities, that human nature says, even to the ordinary man, with a new accent and a gathered emphasis unheard in cities: "Sic fortis Etruria crevit."

It is sad to find Cowley strongly advising the poets to prune their works, when we think of all fate had in store for him because he would not prune enough. We may do something for him and for ourselves if we try not to prune exactly, but to pick out from his great over-growth of poetry what may worthily represent him, though it will no longer give him the rank of his Essays.

"Except for a few students like Lamb, it is in this century unread and unreadable." "The decline of Cowley's poetic reputation awaits no revival."¹ These judgments of competent modern critics have a dismal finality about them. Dryden was as severe in his way as the moderns, but he was more explicit. And if he accounts for Cowley's decaying or decayed popularity, he also suggests a way in which some readers may yet be found for him.

"He swept like a drag-net great and small"; in other words, he had no instinct of rejection. The bulk of what we might select from Cowley's drag-net would not be great, but it would include many things that no lover of poetry would care to forget. There are, for instance, three stanzas in the "Hymn to Light," "as satisfying to the ear as to the eye, of perfect grace and beauty." This is the verdict of Archbishop Trench, no ordinary critic.

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes
Is but thy several liveries.
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st.
Thy nimble pencil paints the landscape as thou goest.
A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st,
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st,
The virgin lilies in their white
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.
The violet, spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling bands;

¹ Humphrey Ward. "English Poets." Art. "Cowley."

On the gay tulip thou dost dote,
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and parti-coloured coat.

Hallam thought Cowley "had more genius than many who wrote better," but this despairing note is from a good writer as well as a good poet.

Sleep, sleep again, my lyre,
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire ;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie.

Sleep, sleep again, my lyre, and let thy master die.

Intelligence must never be the dominant faculty in poetry, but there are times when ingenuity is in place, and a description of wit by contraries may well be one of them.

Rather than all things wit, let none be there.
Several lights will not be seen
If there be nothing else between.
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' the sky,
If those be stars which paint the galaxy.

Cowley had the gnomie gift very strongly—the genius for single lines and phrases. No wonder that "his moral pleased" Pope. He has more than once stolen it to good purpose, adding more of that "pointed wit" which he wished to be thought to deprecate.

Here is one of Pope's thefts, with a Carlylean plural in it :

Vain weak-built isthmus that dost proudly rise
Up betwixt two eternities.

Pope's "isthmus of a middle state" was certainly inspired by this couplet.

Of the great pathetic line—of "pathos as aphorism," here is an example :

And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day.

The often quoted verses to his Cambridge friend—the

verses which helped to make of Cowley for Charles Lamb "a poet very dear to me"—have a reminiscence for Oxford men too, and suggest something of the associations of the Fyfield tree :

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day ?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two ?

But the personal note is almost as strong and more moving in another less familiar stanza :

Large was his soul, as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here ;
High as the place 'twas shortly in heaven to have,
But low and humble as his grave.
So high that all the virtues there did come,
As to the chiefest seat,
Conspicuous and great,
So low that for me too it made a room.

There is something here which is not born of the age of "prose and reason," but of the poetry of a great sorrow.

How powerfully and brilliantly he could write of the new scientific spirit may be seen from the Odes to Hobbes and Dr. Harvey. That to Hobbes is one of the much-criticised Pindarics. But no such straining as they exhibit could produce, or be produced by, that "greatness of sense" which Cowley desired for his life, and did not always desire in vain. The Pindaric twist is hardly noticeable in these powerful verses :

To walk in ruins like vain ghosts we love,
And with fond divining wands
To search among the dead
For treasures buried,
While still the liberal earth does hold
So many virgin mines of undiscovered gold.

Dr. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood ("man's Mæander!") at its beginning :

Before the untaught heart began to beat
Its tuneful march to vital heat.

So much for strong phrase; and here it is fitly married to strong verse; Harvey, he says, has got beyond his contemporaries:

Methinks in art's great circle others stand
 Locked up together hand in hand;
 Every one leads as he is led;
 The same bare path they tread,
 A dance like fairies, a fantastic round;
 But neither change their motion nor their ground.

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas." It is only from Literature that Science gets these wreaths, whose "eternal summer shall not fade," many as are the tributes she pays herself. But since Virgil's wreath she had received none like this of Cowley, nor can our own day match it:

Whoever would deposed Truth advance
 Into the throne usurped from it
 Must feel at first the blows of Ignorance
 And the sharp points of envious wit.
 So when, by various turns of the celestial dance,
 In many thousand years,
 A star so long unknown appears,
 Tho' heaven itself more beauteous by it grow,
 It troubles with alarm the world below,
 Does to the wise a star, to fools a meteor show.

We cannot think that any one will say of the passages here quoted that they deserve to be unread or are unreadable. There is always about Cowley at his best an energetic robustness, a fertile invention (alas, only too fertile!), and, though not always in Petronius' sense, a curious felicity. But the necessary rejections and exclusions are beyond the patience of an age of hurry; and till the drag-net is sifted for an anthology, Cowley will have to wait for his revival.

SIDNEY T. IRWIN.

BRAINS IN ARMS

OBJECT lessons have a good name as guides to knowledge. Their efficacy is supposed to lie in the pain or annoyance with which they impress their teaching. In order to avoid a repetition of such pain or annoyance, it is presumed that the pupil—more or less readily according to temperament—will develop funds of wisdom to which he has hitherto been a stranger, and probably a complacent stranger.

The object lessons of the Boer War have been forced upon us by many regrettable and tragic circumstances; and the British public, seizing upon these circumstances, has raised its voice to communicate much new-found wisdom to the lame, and the halt, and the blind who sit in high places. And doubtless the lame, and the halt, and the blind acknowledge the obligation.

But there is a class of lesson which is not an object lesson in the crude sense—that is to say, the event itself may not be sufficiently marked to produce the subsequent wisdom that we are all masters of. A calamity occurs, and the direct cause—obvious even 6000 miles away—is immediately swooped upon, picked up by a thousand irresponsible hands, and hailed upon the head of some prominent person, who wisely bows his stricken head before the righteous storm. And an obvious lesson is learned. And we are all much the better for it, and pat ourselves on the back, and abuse responsible people. But the indirect cause of the calamity, the little far-reaching

canker-worm that gnaws at the root of the unhappy business, gnaws on unheeded. The worthy public eye—trained only to focus landmarks—passes it lightly by. And so, while elementary wisdom is dispensed broadcast, the real remedy, as often as not, stands neglected on the shelf.

To descend from generalities to facts, it has been urged by many of the tutors of modern war-lessons that our officers should treat their profession in a more serious spirit, study the drill-book in their leisure moments, show a marked preference for regimentals over mufti, and talk "shop" with relish and enthusiasm. A suggestion such as this is clearly a corollary to some reflection on the present efficiency of our officers; and the suggestion, it must be admitted, has about it a practical workmanlike ring that will doubtless commend it to many. But in any who have had a personal and observant experience of soldiering, such simple recipes for efficiency will be apt to raise a smile. There is probably no regiment in the British service in which the type does not exist—the type, that is, that sheds its tunic with regret, that lingers lovingly about the orderly room, and sinks its heels out hunting; the type, in short, to whom the drill-book is a Bible, and a Bible every formula of which it holds at glib command. I have known men, the whole mainspring of whose lives was soldiering—not the sort of soldiering, indeed, that faces the grim problems of contending armies, but the buckram, rule-of-thumb soldiering that exudes from the red manuals issued by the War Office; but I have never known one of such men to shine above his fellows as a leader in the field.

The truth is that what is needed in every officer, from the very first to the very last, is not drill-book pedantry, that stumbling-block to initiative, but native intelligence, the god-like gift, in fact, of common-sense. The officer of the drill-sergeant type may shine luminously in parade movements, but for practical work he is useless. His genius evaporates outside the barrack square. The countless rubrics and dogmas of the text-books clog his brain at every turn, they

hamper his freedom of action and originality of thought. He would sooner not achieve an object at all than achieve it by uncanonical means. Even failure is in his eyes a lesser offence than success by methods that are not "laid down." And consequently failure is the morning and evening of his life; but failure brings with it neither self-condemnation nor chagrin, for he is proudly conscious of having in all things strictly conformed to the teaching of his Bible.

Therefore, above all things, let there be no propagation of the drill-sergeant, at least of the commissioned drill-sergeant that dines at mess. The genuine striped article, the prototype of the mistaken officer, is of course outside all criticism. He has been styled the mainstay of the British Army, and rightly too, for he fills a sphere of incalculable usefulness. My hand to him! But the question of the moment is not of sergeants, but of officers, and of their alleged shortcomings as strategists—I use the word in its conventional rather than in its strictly military sense.

It is said that though the invariable gallantry of British officers is a theme of European comment, that their subtlety and resourcefulness at times fall short of requirements, and the remedy suggested is a sterner application to the theory and practice of their profession. They are to read soldiering more, think soldiering more, and talk soldiering more, with the result that when we are hurled into sudden war, the officer will be fore-armed and equal to all emergencies. This is the argument, specious enough no doubt on the surface, but utterly futile when subjected to scrutiny. Soldiering, as we experience it in England, consists of a dreary round of stables, foot-drill, and orderly-room, interlarded with countless inspections of all the odds and ends that hang upon a soldier's back. How in the name of reason can the theoretical discussion, or practical study of such things, fit a man to cope with the emergencies of war—emergencies that obstinately refuse to conform to the provisions of any known text-book? The arbitrary enforcement of any such *régime* would not only fail in its intention,

but positively aggravate the existing evil. Let me make this clear.

When I was in the Army, I became more or less intimately acquainted, during one period or another, with the officers of some seven or eight cavalry regiments. There were in these regiments, taking one with another, quite a considerable number of officers who were pre-eminently leaders of men—full of resource, prompt in conception, daring in execution. To-day a glance at the Army List shows me that—with scarcely one exception—these men have drifted from the pursuit of arms into some other sphere of life, having—as they themselves explain when questioned—“had enough of soldiering.” When the same explanation has been given in a dozen separate instances, the reflection naturally arises that this perpetual leakage from our army of the very material we should try to keep there is little short of a national calamity. And on the top of the reflection comes the search for a remedy—a remedy, that is, that would put an end to such leakage, and induce men of alert intelligence to adopt the Army as a profession, and not merely as an experience. The search is a worthy search, in which all should join; but salvation will most assuredly not be found in the enforcement of pedantic soldiering on the lines suggested. In a diametrically opposite direction it might be found.

To serve up trite axioms as pearls of new-found wisdom is insulting to the intelligence of reader and writer alike; but the insult is at times unavoidable. In the present case, for instance, in order to follow out the desired line of reasoning, it is necessary to insist upon the fact that an effective remedy can only follow on a just appreciation of the cause of complaint.

The first search, then, must be for the causes that leave a man “tired of soldiering,” after six, eight, or ten years only of service. Here the search need be but short. It takes less than six years to drive home the lesson that a life spent in the inspection of polished buttons and pipe-clayed belts is not a career for a man of intelligence. In the daily routine of regi-

mental duties there is no scope for individual genius, and no prospect of advancement, except of an automatic advancement, dependent, not on brains, but on senility. The subaltern of seven years' standing calculates that, after some fifteen further years devoted to pipe-clayed trivialities of routine, he may at length, with a brain soddened by long disuse, attain to the command of his regiment. If he be a man of brilliant parts, he probably decides that the best years of his life can be more profitably employed in some more intellectual pursuit, and on the first reasonable pretext he sends in his papers. Those that are content to remain to the end, are—with of course notable exceptions—men whose aspirations rise no higher than the correct fitting of a sword-belt and a detailed knowledge of the Queen's Regulations. And to such material in due course the command of a regiment falls. And from such material, in still further course, are selected the generals on whose intelligence hangs the honour of the nation and the lives of thousands of men. And then, perhaps, in the decline of his powers, after a lifetime spent in the inspection of belts and buttons, such a general finds himself face to face with some gigantic problem before which the intellect of Zeus might well quail. And we wonder, forsooth, because he fails to solve it! Surely we are unreasonable. So long as we hold to the belief that the "fool of the family" is good enough for the Army, and continue to feed our regiments with such material, it is absurd to be surprised at these failures. Material such as this, even when pompous, and grey-haired, and crowned with a cocked hat, will maintain its main characteristic to the end; and to pit it against problems worthy of the highest intellect at the country's command is unfair. A real good fellow the "fool of the family" may be—generous, athletic, and conspicuously brave. But unhappily, bravery, though a sublime quality, and a quality which is the traditional heritage of every British officer from subaltern to Field Marshal, will not solve problems. It is doubtful even whether it is a common accompaniment to a high order of intellect; and it is more than doubtful whether, in excess, it is

a desirable quality in a modern general. What we want is intelligence. Anyone, upon emergency, can compel a sufficiency of brute courage, but intelligence is not to be compelled at the best of times, and less than ever upon emergency.

The problem then before us concerns the encouragement of a higher standard of intelligence among our officers. Stiff examinations are of little use. The bookworm, the "sap" of Eton, and the "swat" of Harrow, will, by stern application, rise superior to these, but it by no means follows that his intelligence in action is conspicuous. A Senior Classic need not necessarily be an emporium of practical common-sense. So, though examinations, within bounds, are useful, they are by no means infallible as a test of the kind of intelligence required. The passing of examinations is a knack, and many a soundly sensible man has either not got that knack, or lacks the gift of application to book-study that defeats examination papers.

As another means to the desired end Dr. Conan Doyle, and others, recommend the diet of "shop," regimentals, and drill-book, already alluded to. With the utmost confidence I venture to predict the total and disastrous failure of any such diet. Intelligence is essentially a native product. It can be trained and encouraged, but it cannot be created in a barren soil. A drill-book whose instruction is entirely based on the assumption that the enemy's movements are guided by a kindred drill-book cannot create the common-sense necessary to cope with the unexpected. Therefore, what we want in the first instance to work upon is common-sense, which is, in fact, but another name for native intelligence. The marked superiority, in the rough and tumble of warfare, of crude common-sense over unintelligent pedantry has surely been proved conspicuously, to our own confusion, by a hundred incidents of the recent war. It is even a question whether non-intelligence is not less harmful untrained than when stuffed with all the unbending dogmas of text-books.

Such reflections lead one, of course, within measurable

distance of a rude collision with the Staff College system, but for such collision I have little mind. The training of this much-abused institution may in itself be admirable; and the failure of Staff College men to shine conspicuously above their fellows may be attributable, not to the ill-effects of the training, but to the fact that it is not as a rule the best material in the Army that hankers after the official stamp of efficiency with which the Staff College sends its graduates out upon the world. There are naturally exceptions. But the Staff College is for the moment useful for my purpose, as affording a standing proof that no amount of training will make up for an original lack of intelligence.

So we are brought back once more to the crying need for intelligence as a raw material, and to the burning problem of how to supply that need. The task is far from hopeless.

No one will be likely to contest the point that, cheek by jowl with the "fools of families," a sufficient amount of native intelligence joins the army. The trouble is that, for reasons given above, it does not stay. It should be induced to stay. But such inducement will most emphatically not be found in the suggested double dose of drill-book, "shop," and regimentals. It is these very things, in fact, and nothing else, that drive intelligence into other paths of life. Active work in the field it can appreciate, and endure to any extent. Here is congenial work, offering free scope for real art, for independence of thought and action. In this work, too, lies the proper and distinctive function of the officer; it is this work that will devolve upon him in time of war, and it is on his efficiency, or otherwise, in this work that the issues of our campaigns depend. And war is, after all, the main object for which armies are intended. But degrees and diplomas without end in the trivialities of barrack routine will help him nothing when the dogs of war are barking at his heels. And intelligence recognises this, and revolts against the wasting of a lifetime in the digestion of such trifles. It recognises that there are in life higher issues than lie at the back of a burnished bit. That

bits should be burnished, and belts pipe-clayed, is of course very right and proper. None of us would willingly see Mr. Atkins sink to the slatternly level of his brother of France. Let us by all means still encourage stiff backs and inflated chests, and a general external spotlessness. Such things serve a purpose. But the work is the work of sergeants, and to sergeants it should be relegated, together with "stables" and other kindred functions. In short, if we are to attract the right stamp of officer into the Army, and keep him there, the service must be made more attractive. Here is the only nostrum that will work the cure. Pay must be increased; leave must be given to the utmost limit compatible with the discharge of regimental duty; and, above all, the rule-of-thumb duties of routine must be deputed to subordinates, and the education of the officer be in the direction of practical leadership.

If any proof be needed of the beneficial results that would immediately attend upon such reforms, there is one ready to hand in the case of the Brigade of Guards. Here we find officers of a high class not only joining freely, but also remaining as useful members of their profession to the end. And the cause of their so remaining is, without doubt, that the service is easier and more attractive, and the opportunities of leave infinitely greater than in the regiments of the line. And yet it can hardly be contended that, because of these amenities, the Guards' officer, when called upon, is a less capable leader of men than his counterpart of the line. Many might indeed hold the reverse to be the case. Therefore, in the name of all that is desirable, let the like amenities, and even greater ones, be extended to the line regiments, and we shall hear no more of the type of officers best fitted to cope with the emergencies of war having "had enough of soldiering" after six years of regimental experience. Let it, however, be clearly understood that it is not *because* of these amenities that the officer will necessarily be better, but because of the fact that except for these amenities, the officers we want would not be there. The

daily routine of a barrack square is not work for intelligence, and intelligence kicks against it, and makes its bow.

It is almost superfluous to point out that a further immense encouragement to intelligence would be given were promotion by selection instead of being strictly automatic. To a certain extent, of course, selection obtains at present among officers of higher rank, but only among such. Not a hair's-breadth will the captain or subaltern on home service advance along the path of pay or promotion, though a Napoleonic genius illuminates his every action. And so captain and subaltern, resignedly alive to this peculiarity of their profession, subdue Napoleonic instincts, and shuffle perfunctorily through the twenty years of barrack life that lead to glory. And who can blame them? In any and every profession a practical recognition of proficiency is the only real stimulus to work. Ambition, to keep alive, must have a tangible goal; and in early soldiering there is no goal, at least none that cannot be reached as readily by the perfunctory shuffle as by the fiery strides of red-hot ambition. And so ambition dies, and in its place comes a craving for leave and plain clothes.

Selection, of course, under certain circumstances, may spell nepotism; but, even so, an occasional miscarriage would be preferable to the dead stagnation of the present system. It is a risk which must be faced. But a point that must not be left to chance, or even to individual discretion, is the character of the work that is to qualify for selection. Here there must be no compromise. If a system of promotion by selection is to achieve the desired result, special advancement must only follow on a marked proficiency in the field, which is in fact the real business of soldiering, and not on drill-book pedantry, or exactitude in the dumbcrambo of parade movements. These things are of no practical value.

There was a certain colonel of my regiment who, as a leader of cavalry, was a born genius. His brilliant and exceptional genius was universally recognised by every officer and man in the Aldershot garrison at the time. During the summer

manceuvres, the side that had G. in command of its cavalry was absolutely certain to come out "on top." The thing became at last such a foregone conclusion as to destroy interest in the issues of these weekly battles. It was monotonous. G.'s side always won. It was my privilege to be constant galloper to this great commander, and the secret of his invariable success was revealed to me. Never flurried or excited, he would watch tranquilly for the blunder which, sooner or later, his opponents invariably made, and then, with one trenchant concise order, *which was never revoked*, he would strike a lightning blow. It was my lot too, during the same period, to gallop for many mighty men in cocked hats; and the contrast between G.'s methods of procedure and those of the others was more than remarkable. I have seen one distinguished man send a perforated column of four gallopers—of whom I was the rearmost—each with contradictory orders to the same commander! I have seen another, equally distinguished, describe figures of 8 at a gallop, screaming and gibbering the while like a curlew, and all because the unexpected had revealed itself in the enemy's movements. And this in time of peace, on the pastoral Fox Hills! And yet these men, who were doubtless heroes to all but their galloper, remain as bulwarks of the army, while G., in the full zenith of his genius, before the regiment had even left Aldershot, was allowed to pass out of the Army into private life, without a whisper of protest or remonstrance from those who regulate the wars of England. The man was worthy of *any* post, wedded to his profession, and in the prime of life, and yet this great soldier was lost to the nation, because his mind declined to focus itself on the hang of a sword-belt or the centralisation of a pouch! And so he was allowed to go; and I meet him now walking in smiling prosperity about town. But for twenty years past the country has been the poorer.

This is not an isolated case. Such criminal waste of the very best material has occurred repeatedly, and will continue to occur so long as the great plumed arbiters of efficiency smile

upon the nice adjustment and polish of trappings rather than upon skill in the handling of troops. The "spick and span" C.O. is labelled "smart," and sent off to command his thousand lives in South Africa, while the man of genius is waved aside because his pouch hangs under his left arm!

These facts are melancholy, but they are true. Prettiness in parade movements is the chief aim of all our military training. Take, for instance, the training of an ordinary private of Hussars. He is dressed, to start with, in the most unpractical clothes conceivable. His tunic is a masterpiece of uselessness, and his pantaloons so constructed that it takes him two minutes to mount his horse. When there, he is taught to bump in the saddle in a manner calculated to tire himself and his horse in the shortest possible time. He is taught to drop the snaffle, and hang tightly on to the curb, so as to hamper all freedom of motion on the part of his horse; and he is taught, when using his sword, to take all power and effect from the blow by cutting with a straight stiff arm. And all these things, not because they are good for the fighting of our enemies, but because they are pleasant to the eye of the gentleman in the cocked hat who sits at the saluting point. And to such meretricious teaching the intelligent officer is expected to lend himself, and yet retain in reserve his original intelligence. And the C.O. who presents his much-rehearsed marionette show in the prettiest fashion is himself crowned with feathers, and sent to rule the destinies of armies!

When the fighting machinery of the country ceases to compete with the ballets at the Empire and the Alhambra, the Army will also cease to be a refuge for the "fool of the family." And when intelligence is recognised and catered to in the Army, and not degraded by a surfeit of trivial routine work, there will be fewer occasions in our campaigns on which to deplore a wanton waste of gallant human lives.

ERNEST HAMILTON.

ON SOME BOER CHARACTERISTICS AND THE BURNING OF FARMS

THERE appears to be a certain amount of misconception in England as to the character of the Boers, due no doubt largely to the unfortunate habit to which some opponents of the war are addicted of depreciating the characteristics of Englishmen and exalting the Boer character at their expense. In the ardour of controversy the supporters of the national policy are, not unnaturally perhaps, inclined to attach undue importance to stories told to the discredit of the Boers, and to convince themselves and their countrymen that our enemies are deserving of no consideration at our hands. It may be remarked incidentally that the advocates of the Boer cause in England would gain a far more patient hearing for some of the really valuable suggestions which they may have to make as to our treatment of the Boers, if they would not cast discredit on their cause by their inability to see that Englishmen are not necessarily inferior to other nations.

There is another preliminary remark which is perhaps worth making, as it contains a truth generally lost sight of when two nations are engaged in war. It is often the case with nations as with individuals who quarrel, that neither side can be said to be absolutely in the wrong ; in fact, that both are in the right. This is especially the case in this war, where, apart from the

immediate and minor causes of hostilities, both the English and the Dutch out there felt that the uncertainty as to which was the master of the two white races in South Africa could not be allowed to continue. Vast as South Africa is, it is not large enough for two races so much intermingled as the English and Dutch are to have two different ideals of government existing side by side. If there were no Dutch in Cape Colony or Natal, and if there were no Englishmen in the Transvaal, the two Governments could exist together; but in the circumstances, a decision as to what is to be the real pattern of government and the real representative of Europe to the Kaffirs had to be made. Hence the war. It is quite beside the mark to wrangle as to whether the English by making certain demands, or the Boers by producing their ultimatum, brought on the war: if the preceding negotiations had been differently managed the war might conceivably have been postponed for a few years; but neither side would ever have rested until the question of Dutch or English supremacy had been brought to the test. We know we were right in waging this war; but the Dutch were equally right. It is true we are convinced that the form of government which we offer to South Africa is better than any which the Dutch could give, and we are convinced that in the long run this will be admitted by the civilised world, but we respect, or ought to respect, the Dutch the more for being quite unable to admit this at present.

It is the more necessary to keep the above point in mind, and to examine very carefully into the accusations of bad conduct brought against the Boers, because if we obtain a true idea of their character it may assist in determining not only how we can best fight them, but also how best govern them subsequently.

Now in England there is still a section of the British public, not so large perhaps a section as at the beginning of the war, who believe that the Boers can hardly be reckoned in the category of civilised enemies. The latter are accused of constantly disregarding the convention about the white flag in

battle, and of decorating their farm-houses with that emblem of neutrality in order to lure the unsuspecting yeomanry to their destruction. Vague stories are told about the ill-treatment dealt out to the British prisoners in their hands. They are said to be devoid of all honour because in some cases they rejoin their commandos after giving in their submission. The guerilla form of warfare with which they are now annoying us so effectually is contemptuously dismissed as mere brigandage; and they are called cowards because, though generally in smaller numbers than the English, they do not come out to be shot down in the open, but fight rearguard actions which delay our pursuit and allow them to escape and reappear on some other unprotected spot. Finally, the moral drawn is that the Boers behave like vermin and must be treated as such by being burnt out of all their lairs.

Now, though these opinions are undoubtedly held in England, they are not, I believe, those of the men who have been out in South Africa fighting the Boers and coming into contact with them. Perhaps it may be of some interest in this paper to give some of my impressions of the Boers, which are after all only those of the average man out there, and to suggest a few deductions which I drew from them.

First, as to their treatment of prisoners. Though not a prisoner myself, I was constantly coming across men who had been prisoners of the Boers at various times; and I think I may say that my informants were altogether fairly representative of all classes of soldiers in the British army. The unanimity in their accounts of the treatment given to them by the Boers was extraordinary, whether they had been going about the country at the heels of de Wet, or imprisoned at Waterval. Not a single prisoner I ever met had a complaint to make about the way in which he had been treated; they acknowledged that sometimes they were not sufficiently fed, but they always added that they had as much food as the Boers themselves. There is a story told of an English officer, one of de Wet's prisoners, who went up to the commandant to

complain that they were being almost starved: "Yes, I know," said de Wet; "we have been running it rather fine, but I intend to capture one of your convoys in a day or two, and then we shall all have a better allowance of food." At Fouriesburg I had a long conversation with a sergeant of the Canadian Mounted Rifles who had just been allowed to go free as the Boers could no longer afford to keep prisoners with them. He had almost nothing but praise for his captors; and the story he told me of his capture shows considerable mitigation of the horrors of the war. He belonged to a small force which, in the unaccountable way so common in this war, suddenly found itself surrounded by Boers. This particular Canadian was riding along when he saw an armed Boer blocking his path; he pulled out his revolver to have a shot at him, but just as he was pointing it his horse stumbled and he fell head over heels on to the ground. For the moment he was stunned, and the next thing of which he was aware was that the Boer was helping him on to his feet, saying in a good-humoured way to him, "Don't try and kill me; I don't want to kill you, but to give you a hand up." After this the first question the Boer asked him was, "Have you had any breakfast?" "No." "Well, here is something to eat," and he pulled a dough cake out of his pocket. When a prisoner this man had to follow the Boer commandos as they trekked rapidly across country to avoid the British pursuing armies: he and the other prisoners had nothing to do all day but to follow and to gather their own fuel (chiefly dry cow dung) on the way: in the evening the Boers would often come up in friendly fashion to their fire, ask them how they were getting on, and if they complained of hunger offer them cakes of their own manufacture. Of course there were sometimes rough specimens in the Boer ranks who attempted to treat them with brutality; but such men were the exception, and were never countenanced by their fellows. This account is typical of many I received from prisoners of the Boers, and they all unite in testifying that even in the most trying circumstances, when

the Boers were hard pressed for provisions themselves and were being so harried by the English troops that some trace of discourtesy or annoyance would have been intelligible if not excusable, they were always treated as an honourable foe expects to be treated. In one respect this testimony is all the more remarkable from a Canadian, as at one time it was said that the Boers showed particular animosity against their colonial prisoners, on the ground that the quarrel was none of theirs.

Here is an account of the state of things at Waterval when the prisoners were set free by the English: it is interesting, as it shows that the Boer gaolers did not behave like ill-conditioned tyrants, but seemed to have been on amicable terms with the prisoners. The "Tommy" who related his experiences to me, after describing the longing with which they looked out for the English troops, told with great humour of the alarm which their Boer guards exhibited when they heard that the English were in Pretoria, and of the naïve way in which they came up to consult him as to what they had better do.

On the last night, when the advance cavalry were supposed to be within a few miles, it must have been as good as a farce. "The corporal of the guard, Old Ginger, as we called 'im, 'cos 'e 'ad red 'air—'e was a good sort, 'e was—comes up to me and sez, 'Look 'ere, Bill, what the 'ell am I to do?—('e talked good English, 'e did)—I went the rounds just now and I found one of my sentries 'ad done a bunk, so I puts on the next man, and now e's gone and done a bunk too, . . . him.' 'Well,' sez I, 'if I was you I'd go round to the guard tent and put the first man you find on guard.' 'What good would that do?' sez 'e; 'e'd only scoot like the others.' 'Well,' sez I, 'I don't see what the 'ell you *are* to do, unless you goes on yerself'—and 'e did. 'E was a good chap, was Old Ginger."¹

The same Tommy told me that under the circumstances

¹ If the reader wishes to reproduce this story exactly as it was told me, he should supply the soldier's perpetual "epitheton ornans" before each substantive and adjective.

they had nothing to complain of at Waterval; it was naturally a cramped, wearisome existence, but the Boer gaolers, as the above story indicates, did not aggravate their misery by undue churlishness.

In my opinion, our men who were taken prisoners by the Boers were treated quite as well as we treat the Boer prisoners, and that is very well.

Of course, when one is fighting the inhabitants of a country it is rather difficult to enter very largely into such close relations with them as to be able to form a very complete estimate of their character. But I was lucky enough to have some chances of forming a partial one. In the Free State I was often sent to farms in search of provisions or forage. I generally found that wherever there were men on the farms they had fought against us, and were proud of the fact. But they seemed to bear no malice on that account, and if questioned whether they bore us a grudge would give such answers as "No; we know when we are beaten, and accept the inevitable," or, "No; you have only been doing your duty, just as we were doing ours." In the majority of farms, however, there were no males left, except occasionally very old men or quite young boys: in these the women generally received us with more sullen looks than the men, but the extraordinary hospitality and courtesy of the Boers to any one coming to their farms almost invariably caused them to unbend before the interview was over. We hardly ever left a farm, even where we had been conducting somewhat forced sales for the battery, without having coffee or a piece of bread or milk, all luxuries in that stricken country, offered to us by women who, a minute before, might have been weeping for a husband or a brother taken prisoner or killed, for all they knew. The result of our visits to these farms, in the Free State that is to say—of the Transvaal I cannot speak to the same extent—was certainly to increase our respect for the people. Both the men and the women, though feeling their defeat keenly, were dignified and courteous; they received soldiers, who were their enemies, as if

they were guests, but never gave the slightest indication that they wanted to appear to rejoice in the defeat of their own country. I remember going to a house near Fouriesburg, the most prosperous-looking farm I saw in South Africa, where the only people we saw, besides a voluble Scotch factor, delighted at seeing his own countrymen, were the two little daughters of the house, aged about thirteen and fifteen. The younger took the lead in everything, and, touched by our state of comparative destitution, extracted from her mother one of the few remaining pots of marmalade, which she let us have at a price which was cheap there, but would here be regarded as exorbitant. I asked her then what had become of her father and brother: "They have been fighting against you, of course," was her proud answer, "as was their duty."

Of Boer prisoners we saw a good number, as we were part of the force which escorted about 1500 of them from Fouriesburg to Winburg. They were certainly a most extraordinary and impressive crowd as they all filed past, some on horseback, some in light Cape carts, others driving bullock waggons or mule waggons. Not one of them was in uniform, but they were dressed in rough homely clothes, rather like poorer English farmers. They were of all ages: boys, not more than twelve or fourteen, men in the prime of life, unkempt and determined-looking, and greybeards fighting for their grandchildren. Some of them seemed rather sullen, but on the whole they took their adversity well, and from conversation we had with some of them they seemed to bear us no malice, but to regard us as honourable foes; a feeling which we reciprocated. Incidentally it may be mentioned that we found no confirmation in them of the popular opinion about the Boer distaste for water; in fact, they seemed to rush for a wash in a dirty cowpond with as much relish as we. But their most striking characteristic was their genuine piety. Every evening, when their camp fires were lit, they would sing in chorus psalms or hymns in praise of their Maker. One night especially I shall never forget. We and another battery were

camped on the brow of a ridge which was lit up by our fires ; on the plain below the camp-fires of the Boers and other troops were dotted about. Farther off, a long line of veldt-fire made the distance look like Eastbourne or Brighton seen from the sea at night. Suddenly out of the depth the majestic cry of these fifteen hundred voices rose up beyond us, to God, as they verily believe. Hypocrisy I have heard it called by some of the English settlers in South Africa. Well, I remember meeting at Pretoria a burly Englishman from Johannesburg who had joined some volunteer horse and was on Lord Roberts' body-guard. He was a shrewd business man, who, as I gathered from his talk, had not been unprosperous in his affairs, and his attitude struck me as rather characteristic of the attitude of English people out there to the Dutch. He professed in the strongest language his hatred of the Boers ; he said they were hypocrites and absolutely untrustworthy, and that they should be exterminated ; and yet almost in the same breath he remarked that if he were travelling about the country he would never dream of going for the night to an Englishman's house, where he could never be sure of a welcome, but he would go to a Boer's, who would entertain him with the frankest hospitality. The fact of the matter seems to be that the Boers are good business men, besides being really pious, and there is an unaccountable idea current among people of mean intellect that the two qualities are incompatible. And yet who would now talk of the Scotch as hypocrites, though their piety is as salient a feature of the race as their capacity for making a bargain. Hypocrites the great mass of the Boers certainly are not, any more than our own Puritans were. Hospitable they certainly are, and proud of their country in a way which wins the sympathy of those who are no less proud and willing to fight for theirs.

It would also be unjust to talk of the Boers as cowards because of their peculiar method of fighting. It must be remembered in the first place that, except at the very beginning of the war, they have almost always been in greatly inferior

numbers to the English troops opposed to them, so that it would be a suicidal policy for them to come into the open and fight pitched battles. Their only game really is to use the tactics they do: to harass us by coming up in force on our weak points, and when pursued by our armies to fight rear-guard actions, until their convoy and main body are out of reach. It is annoying, no doubt, for us never to be able to come up with them and to punish them effectively; but what else are they to do? As a matter of fact, when it pays them they do sometimes show an almost reckless courage. An instance of an act of daring of this character once came very near to being fatal to several of our guns. It was on the occasion of some fighting outside Lindley, when four guns of the 38th Battery and two C.I.V. guns stationed on a ridge were firing against a strong Boer position on a ridge opposite. Suddenly the 38th Battery found themselves exposed to a murderous fire from a party of about eighty Boers, who had crept up a maize-field and appeared over the brow of our position within fifty yards of our guns. This small party actually laid their hands on three of the 38th's guns and took away a tangent sight before they were driven back again by reinforcements of our men. The task of these men was no doubt made easier because the escort for our guns did not prove very effective; but they could not have expected this, and the fact does not detract from the bravery of their action. Indeed, an officer who witnessed the occurrence told me that in the English army every one of these men would have deserved the Victoria Cross. The Boers are certainly not cowards; they fight well the sort of warfare which does us most harm, and indeed, under a capable leader like de Wet, a good deal too well for us.

As to white flag incidents, there is no doubt that there have been instances of the misuse of the flag, but the general impression of those who have been in South Africa is that the instances are not nearly so numerous or so flagrant as they are believed to be in England. In the first place, a battle often

extends over many miles of country, and a white flag displayed in one corner of the field of battle is not necessarily a signal that the whole army wish to surrender. In the second place, it does sometimes happen—and there are even said to have been parallel cases in the English army—that of a band of fighters, one more chicken-hearted than the rest will put up his handkerchief, and that his comrades refuse to acknowledge this isolated confession of defeat. This cannot be called deliberate treachery.

There is, however, one charge brought against the Boers which is undoubtedly true—that in numberless cases they rejoin commandos after having given in their submission. But it must be remembered that it is very difficult for them to avoid doing this. Except along the main line of communication, the practice of the English is to send large forces to patrol or occupy districts for a time, and to take the submission of all the farmers whom they come across. In a great many cases the farmers are only too willing to come in; they are tired and hopeless about the fight, and would gladly accept English protection to be enabled to cultivate their farms in peace. So they submit; but then what happens? The English force goes away to some other district, leaving no protection for the farmers if they want to remain on their farms. Then up comes de Wet or some other Boer leader with his commando, and, literally in some cases, puts a pistol at the farmer's head and tells him to follow the commando on pain of being shot. What can the man do? He follows the commando; and the English perhaps come back again later, find he has gone, and burn his farm. Lindley, for example, has been taken and retaken by the English and Boers seven or eight times in this war. Bethlehem has been taken and deserted by the English; and Fouriesburg, near which we captured 4000 Boer prisoners in July, was the other day, according to the papers, proclaimed by Steyn to be his capital. In the Transvaal, at Warmbad, about seventy miles north of Pretoria, an old farmer told us that he had given in his submission, but that he was afraid we should

leave Warmbad, and then what protection would he have? And sure enough, a week or two later, we left Warmbad and made Pienaar's River station, about twenty-five miles farther south, our extreme northern position. Men who are exposed to such temptation in time of war can indeed hardly be called guilty of treachery.

The hard case of some of these Boers inevitably suggests the whole thorny question of farm-burning as a punishment for, or preventive of, further risings. If the news is true, in an apparently inspired communication to the *Times* of November 29, that the authorities seem to have begun to discountenance the practice, the question is no longer so acute; but there is no doubt that this method for suppressing disturbance has been largely adopted, and there is always a chance that it may again be resorted to.

It may certainly be assumed as an axiom that some such punishment is absolutely necessary where the occupants of farms have been detected red-handed in some gross act of treachery, such as firing on our troops while displaying the white flag, or secreting arms and ammunition after surrendering.

But the other two chief cases in which it has been done are more open to question :

(i) According to the terms of a proclamation by Lord Roberts, wherever the line of railway is cut all the farms within a radius of ten miles are to be held responsible and are liable to be burnt.

(ii) When a man has submitted to us and then rejoined a commando.

As to the question of justice : in the first case the people in the farms round the railway are not necessarily all favourable to such exploits as the cutting of the line, and it must have fallen hard on them to be punished for acts of which they had no active means of showing their disapproval ; in the second case also I think I have shown that there may be cases of real injustice. In both cases the people punished

would often not merit chastisement if they were sufficiently protected by us.

Then there is the question of policy. It is sometimes argued that from a military point of view it is necessary to destroy everything which would help to maintain the enemy in the field; and this argument is used to defend the action of generals who have burned farms in some parts without much discrimination as to the owner's guilt, and in fact have cleared whole districts. If it can be shown that such a course of action is likely to bring about a quicker pacification of the country, hardly any argument would be valid against it. But it seems to me that it is not only often unjust, but almost invariably impolitic. Instead of making the Boers tired of the struggle and eager to get peace, it makes them desperate. They see their wives and children carried away from their homes and their homes ruined, and they feel that there is nothing left worth submitting for. There is, for example, a story which if not true is *ben trovato*, that de Wet saw his own farm burned before his eyes, and swore that after that he would rather die than give up the struggle. An argument sometimes brought forward is that the Germans found this farm-burning a very effective method of quelling a similar sort of desultory fighting in 1871. But the cases are not at all parallel. The Germans were not intending to remain in France, and one effect of the guerilla warfare was if anything to prolong their occupation. On the other hand, these Boers know that the English mean to stay, and they imagine that by continued annoyance they may weaken us in our determination. And this is a point which we have to remember in waging our war: that we shall have to govern the country subsequently, and that the task will be none the easier if we find it a country of famine and smoking farms. Moreover, paradoxical as it may seem, the Boers are a people far more likely to settle down peaceably in the end if they have been thoroughly beaten by us in fair fight and even decimated in battle than if they are driven to desperation by such extreme

remedies as farm-burning, and have to live surrounded by reminders of their ruin. They are a people proud, and of extremely tenacious memory, and anything which they regard as injustice rankles with them far more than defeat in fair fight. Their memory of Slagter's Nek is an instance of this, and from my experience in Cape Colony, the Orange River Colony, and the Transvaal I should say that the inhabitants of the two latter colonies are better disposed to us and respect us more, just because they have been well beaten by us, than the disaffected Dutch in Cape Colony, who have a vague sense of grievance against us and have not fought us.

For these reasons, if an opinion may be ventured, the policy more lately initiated, of trying to stamp down this tiresome guerilla warfare by highly trained and swiftly moving bodies of mounted men, is far more hopeful than any amount of farm-burning.

BASIL WILLIAMS.

(Sometime Gunner in the C.I.V. Battery.)

MODERN VIEWS OF THE PICTS

THE first volume of Mr. Andrew Lang's "History of Scotland," issued in the beginning of the present year, has attracted that attention which the eminence of the author and the importance of his subject demanded ; and it has also, of course, evoked comment and criticism of various kinds. A book so comprehensive in its scope can hardly be expected to receive the entire approval of any one set of men whose particular studies are only treated as a single phase of the main theme. This the author fully recognises. "No general history, perhaps, can ever be written so as to satisfy specialists." "On the other hand," he adds, "specialists will never combine to write a general history;" and therein lies the complete justification of his work. One thing certain is that it would be hard to find a writer who unites in his own person so many qualifications for such a complex task ; and until the required syndicate of specialists is formed, this latest History of Scotland must remain the one History which regards its subject from the most numerous points of view.

Nevertheless, the author cannot seriously complain if on this side or on that the voice of the specialist is heard crying aloud in protest. And since, on one particular subject, he refers his readers to the works of the present writer, he need not be astonished if from this quarter also come the tones of dissent.

The objections about to be urged relate to some of the

very earliest passages in the book—those, namely, which touch upon the supposed origin of the Picts. At the sound of this name the unversed reader may start back in horror, with memories of *The Antiquary* and Sir Arthur Wardour and the controversialists of a century ago. But the world has advanced in some respects since those days, and among other things it has obtained fresh information with regard to the Picts.

Mr. Lang thus approaches this subject:—

The question now arises, Who were the Picts and who were the Scots? The old theories of the Teutonic origin of the Picts may be dismissed, and we may as well leave out of view the discussions concerning “Pechts’ houses,” with the notion that a dwarfish race—the “Pechts”—have become the fairies of legend. The “Pechts” of folk-lore, who are credited with great works, down to the building of Glasgow Cathedral, answer merely to the Cyclopes, the mythical builders of Tiryns and Mycenæ. The name Pecht or Pict hung in the popular memory, and any mysterious erection or unintelligible relic of prehistoric times was explained as a work of Pechts or of fairies. Myths unattached crystallised round the name, and the same story is told in Scotland of the last Pecht and in modern Greece of the fabulous *Drakos*. Casting all folk-lore aside, we briefly state the hypothesis of Mr. Skene.

This hypothesis, it is explained, is that the Picts “were mainly Gaelic Highlanders.” But in casting aside all folklore (if that be the term), Mr. Lang is departing very much from the course followed by Skene. What that writer points out is as follows:

According to the early Irish records, two separate races, or else one race under two separate names, formerly occupied the territory between the Rhine and the Elbe, and colonised parts of Scotland and Ireland. The two names denoting those people are (1) *Cruithné*, the Gaelic name for the Picts, and (2) *Tuatha De Danann*, more conveniently referred to in English by its Anglicised form of “the Dananns.” Regarded under the name of “Picts,” those immigrants from the Low Countries came first to Ireland, thereafter throwing out a branch into Scotland, “where they founded a kingdom which included, till the seventh century, the Picts of Ulster, and which was subverted in the ninth century by the Gaels.” Regarded as

“Dananns,” those immigrants from the Low Countries settled first in Scotland, and thence invaded Ireland, “where they drove out the Firbolg (an earlier race), to be subdued in their turn by the Gaels.” “These two tribes,” sums up Dr. Skene, “were thus the prior race in each country. Both must have been prior to the Low German population of the region between the Rhine and the Elbe. The Picts were the race prior to the Gaels in Scotland, and the *Tuatha De Danann* the prior colony to the Gaels in Ireland.”¹

It will be seen, then, that these traditional accounts, practically accepted by Skene, assert that the Picts, far from being “Gaelic Highlanders,” were originally non-Gaelic Lowlanders. That the former title may have gradually become applicable to their descendants is quite another affair. But, assuming the general correctness of the traditions cited, it is evident that all those Gaelic stories and ideas concerning the Picts and the Dananns which could reasonably be supposed to date back some ten or twelve centuries would refer to both Picts and Dananns as people altogether different from the Gaels.

Let us turn for a moment to the continental region whence the Picts are said to have come. “The low-lying coast of Holland and Germany extending from the Rhine to the Elbe” is spoken of in the ancient lore of the Gaelic monks as *Tír fo thuinn* or *Terra sub unda*, otherwise, The Land beneath the Waves,² an expression which in the popular mind has become confused with an actually submarine country. It is interesting to note what is remembered with regard to the aborigines of The Land beneath the Waves:

“The Fenlanders (a race dwelling in our country prior to the Kelts),” writes a student of Flemish tradition,³ “were little

¹ Page lxxvi. of Dr. Skene's Introduction to “The Book of the Dean of Lismore.” Edinburgh, 1862.

² Skene: *op. cit.*, “Additional Notes,” p. 148. Also Dr. Hayes O'Grady's *Silva Gadelica*, London and Edinburgh, 1892, pp. 303 and 603 of the English volume.

³ In the Flemish journal, *Ons Volksleven*, June 1895, p. 104.

but strong, dexterous, and good swimmers; they lived by hunting and fishing. Adam of Bremen in the eleventh century thus pictures their descendants or race: 'They had large heads, flat faces, flat noses, and large mouths. They lived in caves of the rocks, which they quitted in the night-time for the purpose of committing sanguinary outrages.' The Keltic people, and later those of German race, so tall and strong, could hardly look upon such little folk as human beings. They must have regarded them as strange mysterious creatures. And when these negroes, or Fenlanders, had lived for a long enough time hidden in their grottoes, for fear of the new people, especially when they at length fell into decay through poverty, or died out, they became changed in the imagination of the dreamy Germans into mysterious beings, a kind of ghosts or gods."

Alike to the historian and the ethnologist those dwarfish "Fenlanders" suggest many things; to consider which is outside of our present limits. One reflection, however, is specially apposite in this place. If Dr. Skene be correct in concluding that the Picts and the Dananns preceded the Gaels and the Germans in the British Isles and in the Low Countries, then the "Fenlanders" of the region last-named offer themselves as probable representatives of one or other of these races.

Mr. Lang is of opinion that "we may as well leave out of view the discussions concerning 'Pechts' houses,' with the notion that a dwarfish race—the Pechts—have become the fairies of legend." Here, again, he differs from Dr. Skene as to the duty of a historian. For the latter tells us much about the Dananns, looked at in this light, and relates how, after their conquest by the Gaels, they surrendered almost the whole surface of Ireland to their conquerors; and, "retaining only the green mounds, known by the name of *Sidh*, and then being made invisible by their enchantments, became the *Fir Sidhe* [*i.e.*, 'mound-men'] or Fairies, of Ireland."¹

¹ "Celtic Scotland," iii. pp. 106-7. See also p. 93 of the same volume, and pp. 178 and 220 of vol. i.

Thus, while Dr. Skene regards the Dananns as substantially quite historical, Mr. Lang assumes that they had no real existence, but were imaginary "sacred beings, called the *Sidhe*" (for the term *Sidhe* was indifferently applied to the green mounds and to the people associated with them). He points out, however, that in a passage describing a meeting between two Irish princesses and St. Patrick and his followers, "the ladies distinguish between the *Sidhe* and the gods"; although the evidence elsewhere makes him regard the two terms as synonymous. As a matter of fact, the Dananns—to employ the more historical name—were once looked up to as a superior, quasi-divine caste. In a Gaelic manuscript, which formerly belonged to the Argyllshire family of the McLauchlans of Kilbride, it is explained that the *Tuatha De Danann* were so called because they were men of science, and were, so to speak, "gods" (*dé*) in contradistinction to laymen, who were *andé*—i.e., "no gods."¹ And as gods they were actually worshipped. There is a passage in an early life of St. Patrick, alluded to by Mr. Lang, wherein it is stated that before the Saint preached Christianity in Ireland, "there was darkness upon the people of Erin: the people adored the *Sidhe*: they believed not the true godhead of the true Trinity." But the self-ascription of divine power and the honours due thereto is an immemorial trick of priestcraft; and a reference to another passage will make it evident that those men of the green mounds were, in more than one sense, of the earth, earthy.

The word *sidh* developed also the compound form *siabhra*, having the same twofold application as its root;² and an instance of its use will be seen in an ancient Irish manuscript which relates how Cormac Mac-Art, King of Ireland, was killed by "the *Siabhras*, i.e., the *Tuatha De Danann*, for they were

¹ *Silva Gadelica*, English volume, p. 522. Professor Rhys translates *Tuatha De Danann* as "the tribes of the goddess Danu or Donu."

² I would refer to my "Notes on the Word *Sidh*," in the *Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland*, December 1893.

called *Siabhras*.”¹ This deed they accomplished by means of *siabrad*, or enchantment. As the Gaelic word just used implies, magical power was identified with the *Siabhras*. For one of their most striking attributes was the possession of “druidic” knowledge, a term which probably can best be translated into modern language by such expressions as shamanism, hypnotism (inducing “the druidic sleep”), and perhaps a considerable amount of real scientific knowledge. To a great extent, then, their so-called magical power was not likely any greater than, or different from, the shamanism of the Lapps, who, down to the present century, were held to have such influence over the winds and the waves that they could raise tempests and allay them at will; a purely imaginary influence, but nevertheless believed in as real by men of other races as well as by themselves.² Now, the exact nature of the *siabrad* which caused the death of Cormac Mac-Art is explained to us in another account of the story: wherein we see how paltry a thing “druidism” or “magic” was in some of its phases. We are told that Cormac met his death at the house of Cletech on the Boyne, through “the enchantment (*siabrad*) which Mailgenn, the druid, practised upon him, after Cormac had turned against the druids, because he worshipped God rather than them.”³ This “enchantment” was very simple in its nature. A fish-bone had been designedly kneaded into some bread which was given to the king, and the bone stuck in his throat and choked him.⁴ That is an instance of the

¹ The passage quoted above occurs in the *Senchas na Relec*, or History of the Cemeteries. It does not, however, appear in the pages of the twelfth-century *Leabhar na h-Uidhre* (of which the *Senchas na Relec* forms a part), but in “a second copy of the same tract [*i.e.*, the *Senchas*] preserved in an ancient vellum manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, Class H. 3, 17.” (See p. 96 of Petrie’s “Round Towers.”)

² Mr Lang’s own remarks, at pp. 23–24 of his “History,” are practically to this effect.

³ Quoted by Dr. Whitley Stokes from the “Four Masters,” at p. 512 of “Folk Lore” (London, D. Nutt), December 1892.

⁴ See *Silva Gadelica*, p. 289 (English volume); also the eleventh- or

“enchantment,” “druidism,” or “*siabrad*” practised by the dreaded *Sidhe*; and it is one of several indications that the power of those pagan priests was based upon nothing higher than cunning deception and trickery.

The outstanding feature of the above story, however—the circumstance having the most direct bearing upon those remarks of Mr. Lang’s which have been last quoted—is the statement that Cormac was murdered by the pagan priests *because* he had become a convert to the new religion, “because he worshipped God *rather than them*.” That statement gives us the key to the true meaning of the passage already cited—that before the preaching of St. Patrick there was darkness upon the people of Erin, “the people adored the *Sidhe*.” What had roused the murderous hate of those heathen priests or druids (for the words are interchangeable)¹ was the fact that their sway was imperilled by the conversion of the king; and they felt themselves already beginning to slip from the exalted, semi-divine position which they had arrogated to themselves. Mr. Lang is quite right, or at least approximately right, in saying that “among the Picts sacred beings, some of whom were called the *Sidhe*, were adored;” but their sacredness was merely that of the witch-doctor and the medicine-man.

Although that version of the story of Cormac’s death which discloses to us the secret working of “enchantment” is so realistic as to be obviously true, it is interesting to linger for a moment over the poetical account given by Sir Samuel Ferguson in his “Lays of the Western Gael.” Here the prosaic but necessary fish-bone is quite lost sight of, and all the credit is given to the preliminary incantation and mystery.

twelfth-century manuscript *Leabhar na h-Uidhre*, fol. 41b, as quoted in Petrie’s “Round Towers,” pp. 96 and 98.

¹ It is known to every student of Gaelic that “druid” simply means *magus*, or “sorcerer”; and the idea of ever calling in question the existence of druids has been relegated to the limbo of dead errors. (See Skene’s “Celtic Scotland,” vol. ii. p. 107–119.)

We are told how the angry priests met in daily convocation and, with many heartfelt curses, turned the magic pebbles—the *clocha breca*, or speckled stones—from left to right, in order that their evil wishes might be duly fulfilled.

They loosed their curse against the king ;
 They cursed him in his flesh and bones ;
 And daily in their mystic ring
 They turn'd the maledictive stones,

Till, where at meat the monarch sate,
 Amid the revel and the wine,
 He choked upon the food he ate,
 At Sletty, southward of the Boyne.

It is noteworthy also that this Irish poet-antiquary attributes the wrath of the priests to Cormac's refusal to worship their idols. But this does not differ materially from the reason assigned in the "Four Masters." For it is a feature of priestcraft that the priest is ready to accept, if he does not invite, a share of the reverence due to his deity. In this instance the deity was the great wooden idol known as *Crom Cruach* that, all resplendent with ornamentation of gold and silver, stood in the plain of Moy Slacht, in County Cavan, surrounded by twelve lesser deities adorned with brass. And this is how Cormac spoke of them :

"Crom Cruach and his sub-gods twelve,"
 Said Cormac, "are but carven treene ;
 The axe that made them, haft or helve,
 Had worthier of our worship been.

"But He who made the tree to grow,
 And hid in earth the iron-stone,
 And made the man with mind to know
 The axe's use, is God alone."

Thus Cormac, King of Ireland, stands out as a true reformer, in exactly the same category as that ancient king of Judah who broke the brazen serpent that his people worshipped, declaring it to be nothing but a piece of brass, as, indeed, it was ; or, to come down to later times, like the Scottish

reformer, when he pronounced another image to be merely painted wood, and cast it as such into the waters of the Loire. So inborn in man is the tendency to fetish-worship, that each century—each generation even—needs its iconoclast; and Cormac MacArt was greatly needed in his day.

To return, however, to the main consideration. Looking back upon these various statements, we see that it is impossible for the true historian of Scotland to “leave out of view the discussions concerning ‘Pechts’ houses,’ with the notion that a dwarfish race—‘the Pechts’—have become the fairies of legend.” A century ago this might have been done, and was done. But the nineteenth century has witnessed a great advance in the study of early British history. Not only has Skene given us the fruits of his researches among ancient Gaelic records, but a host of Celtic scholars, in Ireland and on the Continent, have brought before the eyes of those who care to read their publications a mass of material, legendary and historical, relating to the past of the Gaelic peoples. Moreover, a parallel movement has been going on among archaeologists, and definite information with regard to the “Pechts’ houses” (to be presently referred to more fully) is accumulating. What is known about these two subjects is, as yet, confined to a few specialists; but they are subjects which no future historian worthy of the name can afford to ignore. Added to these, there is the consideration, which has a distinct bearing upon the present question, that many ethnologists recognise in the scattered groups of dwarf tribes, still surviving, the remnants of a very widespread population, the precursors of the taller races in Africa, and perhaps throughout the world.

The gist, then, of what has been cited in the foregoing pages is this. The pre-Celtic, pre-German inhabitants of the Low Countries were, according to Adam of Bremen, who wrote about the time of the Norman Conquest, a race of dwarfish “Fenlanders,” apparently of a type that ethnologists would describe as “Negrito-Mongoloid.” Owing to their nocturnal life and hidden dwellings, their effacement appears to

have been gradual, and the incoming races, whom at first they harassed, seem to have lived in dread of them long after they ceased to exist. Eventually, says a modern Flemish writer, "they became changed in the imagination of the dreamy Germans into mysterious beings, a kind of ghosts or gods."

Then, again, the early Gaelic chroniclers assert that the Gaels were preceded in Scotland and Ireland by two races coming from those same Low Countries. Of them, too, it is said that they lived in hidden habitations, that they also persecuted the newer race, and that ultimately they also became changed in the imagination of their successors "into mysterious beings, a kind of ghosts or gods." The coincidence is interesting, if it is nothing else.

But here it is necessary to say a few words with reference to what is the commonest English translation of one of the nicknames (*Fír Sidhe*) given to the Dananns. So much of poetic fancy lingers nowadays round the very name of "fairy" that it is difficult for modern people to realise that the word was still occasionally used in the most commonplace way only a few centuries ago. The late Mr. Herbert Hore has drawn attention to an instance of this in the sixteenth century. "John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, who relates his experiences in Kilkenny, in the reign of Queen Mary [of England], speaks of the wood-kerne who harassed his See lands as the Baron of Upper Ossory's 'fairies.' Is it possible," asks Mr. Hore, "that a dim tradition still connected the name and idea of fairies with attacks upon colonists? Their identity with the aborigines may be conceived from the old histories which describe the tragic end of Muirheartach, the first Christian king of Tara."¹

Another such instance is furnished from Wales, at exactly the same period. We are told that at that time the woods above Dinas Mowddwy, in Merionethshire, were haunted by a race of "red fairies," so distinguished by reason of their fiery red hair. Like the Picts of tradition, they had "long, strong arms," and like them, too, they dwelt in underground dens.

¹ *Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland*, June 1895, p. 120.

They appear to have used stone weapons, and to have been remarkable for their skill as archers, as well as for their swiftness and agility. They possessed a separate organisation and a chief of their own, and altogether they were a standing annoyance and terror to the neighbourhood. Sometimes they had the daring to make noon-day raids upon the farmers' herds of cattle, but they usually committed their ravages during the night time, effecting their entrance into the houses of the countryfolk by descending the chimneys. So much indeed was this their custom that scythes used to be fixed in the chimneys as a safeguard; and even so recently as the closing years of the eighteenth century the chimney of one farm-house at Dinas Mowddwy still retained the scythe-blades which had been placed there to keep out the "red fairies."¹ This, of course, was many generations after there was any sound reason for apprehending an incursion of those nocturnal marauders. In the sixteenth century, however, they were a dreaded reality. Finally, their civilised neighbours resolved to unite for their suppression. "To this end, a commission was granted to John Wynne ab Meredith of Gwedir, and Lewis Owen, one of the Barons of the Welsh Exchequer, and Vice-Chamberlain of North Wales. These gentlemen raised a body of men, and on Christmas Eve 1554 succeeded in securing, after considerable resistance, nearly a hundred of the robbers, on whom they inflicted chastisement the most summary and effectual, hanging them on the spot, and, as their commission authorised, without any previous trial."

Now, however it may conflict with the fancies of poets and artists, it is quite evident that those Welsh "fairies" of 1554 were very real tangible people—most unpleasantly real in the eyes of the surrounding population. As tangible and as real as those Picts or "Pechts" with whom they are associated in Scottish and Irish lore, written and oral.

The earliest Scottish writer, so far as I am aware, who speaks of the Picts as a small race living underground was a fifteenth-century Bishop of Orkney, Thomas Tulloch by name.

¹ See the *Scots Magazine* of 1823, pp. 424-6.

Among other things, Bishop Tulloch compiled a Latin account of Orkney (*De Orcadibus Insulis*) in the year 1448, and therein he states that the Picts inhabiting those islands at the time of Harald Haarfagr's invasion in the ninth century were "not much bigger than pigmies in stature," and that, although they built dwellings on the surface of the earth, they occasionally took refuge "in little houses underground." In his reference to the stature of the Picts, Tulloch may have meant that their average height was not lower than five feet. Modern ethnologists include as actual "pigmies" races whose stature does not fall much below that figure. Moreover, the term must often have been used with a good deal of laxity. Nevertheless, Tulloch's words can scarcely be held to indicate a race whose mean height exceeded five feet. Granting that they did not fall much below that standard, this would give them a superiority of several inches over that pigmy race whose remains in Switzerland have been carefully investigated by Professor Kollmann of Basel.

Of course, it must be remembered that the Bishop of Orkney was speaking of a date six centuries anterior to his own time. The source of his information is not given. He may have been writing down a local tradition, or he may have been repeating a written statement by an earlier and presumably a Scandinavian chronicler. However this may be, he could have examined many of the "little underground houses" within his own diocese, of which several may yet be seen and inspected four hundred and fifty years after he wrote. It is to such structures that Mr. Lang refers when he speaks of "the mysterious subterranean *earth houses*, found from Berwickshire to Sutherland, and also in Iceland." "Some have conjectured," he adds (without endorsing the belief), "that the subterranean fairy-folk of old tales are a memory of earth-house people." In Wales, we have seen, those underground "fairies" were much more than a memory so recently as a century after Bishop Tulloch flourished; although a batch of them, to the number of one hundred, suddenly ceased to exist in the year 1554.

Earlier writers than Bishop Tulloch, however, have identified the Picts with the underground folk. Mention has been made of a certain "Kilbride MS.," now in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, wherein it is explained that the Dananns (*vel* Sidhe) were styled "gods" because they knew, or were supposed to know, more than other men. The date of that MS. does not appear to be ascertained, and therefore it may be no earlier than Tulloch's "Description of Orkney," although the reference in it about to be quoted seems to synchronise with those in other manuscripts which were written long before Tulloch's day. In this "Kilbride MS.," then, we read of a woman designated "Nar, the daughter of Lotan of Pictland." That the era of this Nar must be placed pretty far back is evident from the fact that she is referred to in "a folio vellum MS. in the Royal Irish Academy and the earliest non-ecclesiastical codex in Ireland," the transcriber of which died in the year 1106.¹ Of that portion of it from which I am about to quote, Dr. George Petrie gives as his opinion that, "judging from its language, its age must be referred to a period several centuries earlier than that in which its transcriber flourished."² Here, then, we read that the husband of this Pictish woman Nar chose as his burying-place the Cemetery of the Brugh (*Relec in Broga*), on the Boyne, "because his wife Nar was of the Tuatha Dea, and it was she solicited him that he should adopt Brugh as a burial-place for himself and his descendants," as the cemetery there had been for ages set apart for the nobles of her race.³

The term "Tuatha Dea," it may be necessary to explain, is a variant of "Tuatha De Danann"; and by that expression Nar is therefore described as one of the Dananns, Sidhe, or underground people about whom a good deal has now been said. Thus, in a passage which was written three centuries and a half

¹ Preface to *Silva Gadelica*, p. ix. The MS. in question is known as "The Book of the Dun Cow" (*Leabhar na h-Uidhre*).

² "Round Towers of Ireland"; Dublin, 1845, pp. 95-96.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 97 and 99.

(to take the lowest estimate) before Tulloch's *De Orcadibus Insulis*, we find that a Pictish woman was spoken of as one of the underground folk. It is obvious that the sources of the two parallel statements are quite different. One, written in 1443, records an Orkney belief then existent, whether founded on oral tradition or derived from an earlier chronicle. The other, dating from somewhere about the eleventh century (and perhaps from a period still more remote), is localised in Ireland. But both in effect state the same thing; that the Picts inhabited underground dwellings such as those referred to by Mr. Lang. Clearly our historian of the nineteenth century is at fault in "leaving out of view the discussions concerning 'Pechts' houses,' with the notion that a dwarfish race—the Pechts—have become the fairies of legend."

The two Gaelic manuscripts above cited are not the only ones which treat of this Pictish woman Nar. She figures again in the "Book of Ballymote," a compilation of the latter half of the fourteenth century, the accounts in which seem to be partly drawn from pre-existing manuscripts and partly from current tradition. Here her position is if possible more clearly defined still, for her designation is briefly "Nar out of the mounds [the *Sidhs*] or of Pictland."¹ Nor is this equation unique. The same alternative expression is used in denoting another Pictish woman. "In an ancient genealogy," observes the late Mr. Herbert Hore, "we read of a wife who was obtained from the mounds [the *Sidhs*] of the son of Scal Balbh, or King of Pictland."²

In a mere *précis* of the chief statements bearing upon this subject, which is all that our space permits, it is impossible to do justice to the various resultant inferences and questions that inevitably present themselves to every intelligent reader. The underground, half-underground, and above-ground structures of the "Pelagic" or "Cyclopean" type, many of which still

¹ *Silva Gadelica*, English volume, pp. 495 and 544.

² *Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland*, June 1895, p. 128.

exist in Scotland and Ireland, in spite of the huge wreckage and ruin caused by callous agriculturists, are a study in themselves. Most of them being unobtrusive and inconspicuous, so much so that one may sometimes pass within a few yards of them without being aware of their existence, these hidden dwellings have continued to remain unknown to the majority of people; and this, indeed, is the reason why the idea of a race living underground or in hollow mounds has come to be viewed as a myth. Wherever and whenever such dwellings had ceased for a long time to be occupied, the traditions relating to a subterranean people became more and more regarded as a figment of the rustic imagination, by those of the educated class. Obviously, to any one ignorant of the fact that certain hillocks are veritably "hollow," containing well-built rooms in their interior, a tradition which asserted that this or that mound had once been inhabited would seem absolute nonsense, requiring to be explained away in one fashion or another. But when one has realised, by reading or from personal investigation, that a race formerly existed whose habits were largely subterranean, the position is altogether changed. And it is this change of position that Mr. Lang has failed to comprehend in its full importance. He very justly compares the builders of the Scottish "Picts' houses" with those Cyclopes who are said to have built Mycenæ and Tiryns. But he ignores the significant fact that the architecture of the former class of structures is of the order known as "Cyclopean," of which perhaps the most striking feature is the primitive arch formed by approaching the opposing walls to one another by means of overlapping tiers, and not by the more daring and scientific method known to the Romans and other races of modern times. The unbiased visitor to such structures, whether in Western or in Southern Europe, would naturally conclude that they were the work of one race, or at least of one special confederacy of races. Thus, Mr. Lang's comparison is very sound, if it be assumed that he has in view the historical Cyclopes of Strabo and of many modern archaeologists. This, however, is not his view; and for

him the Cyclopes never existed except in popular myth, embalmed in Homeric fancy. Nevertheless, the authors of this special kind of architecture were indubitably real, whether they ought best to be described as Pelasgian, Cyclopean, or Pictish, and however far apart they may have been sundered, by time or distance.

Yet to Mr. Lang time and distance are of little importance in questions of archæology. Not once but often he has compared certain archaic features of these islands with others found as far away as Australia. In the volume under discussion, for example, he asserts (p. 20) that "of all poetry, that of the Australian natives is most akin to the Celtic." That is as it may be. But at least it is a healthy sign in a student of antiquity when he recognises the possibility of people of one common stock drifting in separate divisions to quite opposite corners of the earth. Even before the days of steam, this world was not a very large place. And, *à propos* of the special parallel just mentioned, it may be pointed out that in the Rev. Mr. Mathew's learned work, "Eaglehawk and Crow," known no doubt to Mr. Lang, who finds time to read everything, the origin of one section of the Australian natives is derived from the same stock as that of the Dravidians of Central India; and further, that Professor Huxley has assigned a like origin to a section of the British people, basing his conclusion partly on skeletal remains found in Caithness in 1865.¹ The Roman writers also describe some of our early islanders as dark-skinned people. So that, after all, Mr. Lang need not quarrel with the monk of Bremen's statement that the fen-lands of the Low Countries once contained a population of Negritoes, or with the tradition preserved in Mr. R. L. Stevenson's ballad of "Heather Ale," which says that the Picts were a swarthy, small-statured generation.

Nevertheless, in spite of the extensive survey of which he is capable, Mr. Lang seems to find an objection, on the ground of distance, in the fact that "the same story is told in Scotland

¹ See the *Journal of the Ethnological Society of London*, vol. ii. Nos. 2 and 4.

of the last Pecht, and in modern Greece of the fabulous *Drakos*." Of course, there never really was a "last Pecht." But the story about him is localised both in the extreme north of Scotland and in the extreme south; so that when we find a similar story localised in Greece, that merely means that the area is extended a little—not nearly so far as Australia. And the presumption is that all the versions relate to one type of man. A parallel instance is furnished by Wales and Greece. It has been noticed that in the sixteenth century the Welsh of a certain district used to put scythe-blades in their chimneys to keep out the plundering "fairies," who at that date were actual historical entities. But, as recently as 1790, a farmhouse of the neighbourhood still retained those protective blades; and very probably the farmer's family continued to think the precaution necessary, although the cave-dwelling robbers no longer existed to trouble them. Now, even at the present day, the natives of an island in the Ægean (of which at present I am unable to give the name) fix large knives in their chimneys for an exactly similar reason. That is to say, they continue to take this precaution although the need for doing so has passed away. *Because* it does not exist, Mr. Lang would infer a myth. But any one who knew the practical reason of the Welsh custom surviving in 1790 would draw a perfectly opposite inference, and would say that the Greek peasant had simply continued, like the Welshman, to act upon the defensive against a nocturnal enemy, long after there was any danger to apprehend.

As I have already said, anything like a full consideration of the questions involved in this theme is impossible within the present limits. It would be easy to point out superficial discrepancies in the traditional accounts of the Picts, Dananns, and others. But a closer study may show that what seem at first sight to be contradictions are not irreconcilable. The real objection to Mr. Lang's treatment of such matters is that it shows he has quite failed to realise their importance. His distinguished precursor, Skene, was a man cast in a narrower

mould, and it is more than twenty years since he wrote. Yet even Skene thought that those half-legendary accounts of the early races of Scotland were worthy of serious consideration by a Scottish historian; whereas his latest successor dismisses them as scarcely deserving of mention, in spite of the fact that he has devoted much time to the study of traditional lore, and that the interval of twenty years has afforded him the chance of a fuller knowledge of this particular subject. The new "History of Scotland" is rightly welcomed as differing from all others in the wideness of its scope. And yet it starts with as narrow an outlook as if it had been written fifty years ago. The earliest movements of a nation are of necessity obscured by the twilight of Time; but it is surely the first task of a historian to endeavour to pierce that gloom and trace the dim outlines of the figures that it veils. If Mr. Lang would seriously turn his attention to the question which he has temporarily waved aside, if he would bring to bear upon it the acumen, the energy, and the zeal that he can squander upon the tortuous schemings of some wretched spy, he would find, I venture to think, that he was helping to make clear an imperfectly understood epoch that is of far greater interest to humanity than any period of what is loosely thought of as the history of Scotland.

DAVID MACRITCHIE.

COVENTRY PATMORE¹

COVENTRY KERSEY DIGHTON PATMORE was born July 23, 1823. His great-grandmother—a Miss Maria Böckmann, or Baeckmann, sister of a fairly well-known German artist—married a Mr. John Stevens, bringing to the blood of a sound middle-class British family just that foreign strain which is often found to thicken, instead of diluting, its indigenous qualities and breed John Bulls of the burliest convictions and prejudices. Her daughter, Maria Clarissa Stevens, was born in 1761, married in 1783 Mr. Peter Patmore, a jeweller on Ludgate Hill, and died in her ninety-third year of a tumble down-stairs.

Peter and Maria Clarissa Patmore had one child, Peter George, and probably “spoiled” him. At an early age he refused to enter the family business, embarked on a literary career, and became a writer of some note, though he is only remembered now through his unhappy connection with the notorious duel between Mr. John Scott, editor of the *London Magazine*, and Mr. Christie, the friend of Lockhart. He married in 1822 a Miss Eliza Robertson. Coventry Patmore was the first-born of their four children.

The mother is presented to us as a dour and strait-laced woman, a Presbyterian with Puritanical views of life: the father as a vain, showy man, ill-balanced rather than ill-

¹ “Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore.” By Basil Champneys. 2 vols. London: George Bell & Sons, 1900.

intentioned—as appears clearly enough in the account of the duel and its consequences. Up to this point he had been something of a dandy in dress and opinions: he sobers down to a man who has erred, has righted himself—though not in the world's opinion—and is left nursing a grievance. Thirty-two years after the duel he is still preparing memoranda with a view to a public vindication of his conduct. Such men cannot bear the exceedingly bitter truth that the world, having summed them up justly or unjustly, has lost interest, but without forgetting its verdict. His friends seem to have been faithful to him, but (unless I misread his story) he and they must have felt that his literary career had “gone under.” Perhaps—it has happened to many a disappointed but not ignoble man—his hopes passed from himself to fasten the more eagerly on his clever eldest son. At any rate, he keeps our esteem as a devoted father and tender husband. He respected his wife's religious convictions, but had none of his own; disavowed all belief in the supernatural, and would not allow her to impart her views to the children. Young Coventry therefore from the first “could look for no sympathy from his father in those spiritual intuitions, religious aspirations, and vague yearnings after the ideal by which his early youth was haunted.” This apart, the two became close companions: the father proud of the boy, eager to indulge his wishes, fostering especially his literary tastes, and in the smallest details of conduct advising him anxiously, yet with frankness, as one secure of being understood.

The Patmores were in easy circumstances, and it was of his father's choice that Coventry spent his boyhood at home. At sixteen he entered a school—a branch of the Collège de France—at St. Germain, in order to improve his French; but did not like it, and returned after a year with an antipathy which lasted his lifetime and kept him consistently unjust towards anything a Frenchman might say or do. His father not only directed his reading, but encouraged a love of the theatre, and took him to visit his literary acquaintances. He was welcomed

by such *coteries* as the Basil Montagus' and the Procters', and formed friendships—with Monckton Milnes and Tennyson—afterwards valuable to him in many ways. Also he made the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt—in circumstances which he must be allowed to tell:

I (being, at seventeen or eighteen years of age, or perhaps younger, an admirer of the "Indicator" and "Rimini") set off with a letter from my father, an old friend of the poet, informing him of my ambition to see him. Arriving at his house, a very small one, in a small square somewhere in the extreme west, after a walk of some five or six miles, I was informed that the poet was at home, and asked to sit down until he came to me. This he did after I had waited in the little parlour at least two hours, when the door was opened and a most picturesque gentleman, with hair flowing nearly or quite to his shoulders, a beautiful velvet coat, and a Vandyke collar of lace about a foot deep, appeared, rubbing his hands and smiling ethereally, and saying, without a word of preface or notice of my having waited so long, "This is a beautiful world, Mr. Patmore!" I was so struck by this remark that it has eclipsed all memory of what occurred during the remainder of my visit.

The boy, in short, was meant by his proud father to be a "somebody," though along what line he was to attain distinction did not appear. He began to write verses: then a craze for science ousted the Muse, and his father fitted up a laboratory for him in a disused kitchen in the London house. For a time he blended his mathematical and scientific work with the study of philosophy, especially of Plato, and of theology, which had for some time been attracting him in spite of his parent. The scientific fit passed. He fell back on a close study of poetry. He conceived and laid aside a notion of taking orders in the English Church. His father proposed Cambridge. Then in 1842, "the publication of Tennyson's collected poems reawakened the poetic ambition which had for some time laid dormant," and the lad was taken to read before P. G. Patmore's literary allies such poems as he had written. The audience encouraged him, and his father urged him to write enough to fill a volume. This he did in some haste, and the little book was launched in 1844.

Of its contents I am only acquainted with those poems

which Patmore allowed to reappear in later collections; but these on the whole awaken no regret for the lost ones. Their author used afterwards to speak of them as trash and an object lesson in faults of style and subject. Yet on the whole the critics received them with respect, and there are lines and even whole stanzas in "The River" and the "Woodman's Daughter" (both written at sixteen) which unmistakably declare the poet. The scenery in the former is aptly and easily painted, and gives us an early assurance of a gift which Patmore afterwards hid somewhat obstinately, yet refined in secret, until, when we come to the Odes, we hardly know whether to admire more his penetrating vision for "natural" beauty or his classical economy in the use of it. Nor could a youth without the root of poetry in him have found so exquisite a phrase for girlhood as

The sweet age
When heaven's our side the lark.

But weak in choice of subject, and loose in their grip of it, these poems undoubtedly are. And (to anticipate a little) I find the same feebleness, poorly disguised by wayward abruptness and obscurity, in "Tamerton Church Tower." It would be false for me to pretend that, after several readings, I understand that poem, or even know precisely what it is all about. Now Patmore, in an essay on "Obscure Books," warns us against shirking or condemning an author merely because he is obscure: but in his essay on Blake he tells us with equal wisdom that "a sensible person can easily distinguish between that which he cannot understand and that in which there is nothing to be understood." I am far from saying that in the ill-told and apparently aimless story of "Tamerton Church Tower" there is nothing to be understood; but I certainly do not find the intelligible portion of it either so pleasant or so profitable as to awaken the smallest desire to explore the rest. It is, let me grant, a "noticeable" poem; but it is also a very callous one, and (worse than this) it treats of women with a short-sighted

vulgarity most singular to find in a young poet destined to become the singer of wedlock and married love.

But between the dates of these early poems and "Tamerton Church Tower" a great deal had happened. P. G. Patmore had been managing his own and his wife's property with less care or ability than he gave to advancing his son. To recover his position he began to speculate rashly in railway stock—in the fatal year '45. Soon the crash came, and he ran to his friend, the younger Hazlitt, for advice. "Hazlitt," he demanded, "what in God's name am I to do? I am in for a million." "Do?" returned Hazlitt. "Why, stay where you are; they know well enough you haven't got it." Patmore, however, quitted England, and the sons were left to fend for themselves.

Coventry appears to have done so most gamely. It was a severe test for a young man who had never known the want of money or missed the indulgence of a whim. But he and his younger brother Gurney contrived to subsist on writing for the magazines and translating. "He managed to scrape together some twenty-five shillings a week, often working for it, as he said, not less than sixteen hours a day." The strain lasted for fifteen months and his health was suffering, when Mr. Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton) came to the rescue and obtained for him the post of an assistant in the Library of the British Museum. (As a distinguished novelist quaintly put it to me soon after Lord Houghton's death, "If all the men whom Milnes helped were to choose the same moment and say, 'He was good to me,' this small world would send up a big shout.") In the British Museum Coventry Patmore worked from 1846 till the beginning of 1866, a shy man, holding himself aloof, diligent, though not specially qualified. In 1851 he came out of his shell for a time, and persuaded his colleagues at the Museum to start a rifle club. England at the time (the reader will remember the opening chapter of Mr. Meredith's "Beauchamp's Career") was suspicious of Louis Napoleon, and had been irritated, if not seriously alarmed, by the vapour-

ings of certain French colonels—"wide red breeches blown out by Fame"—in response to our criticism of their new sovereign. Ignoring the inalienable right of this island-race to advise its neighbours for their good, they so far forgot themselves as to advise us to mend our manners, in default of which, one general even promised to march on London with ten thousand men and teach us. Patmore, true citizen, followed up his practical essay in patriotism with a letter addressed to the *Times*. Tennyson took up the cry, and wrote and published in the same paper his "Riflemen, form." The Government at first, and as a matter of course, discouraged the rifle club experiments, but shortly afterwards issued a national appeal. The result was the Volunteer Movement, and of his share in it Patmore never ceased to be proud.

His first book of poems had attracted the notice and won the admiration of Rossetti and other Præ-Raphaelites—then a struggling brotherhood. In 1849 he made their acquaintance, sympathised in great measure with their aims, and helped them, not only by poetising in the *Germ*, but by enlisting his friend Ruskin to take up the cudgels and send to the *Times* his famous letters championing Millais and Holman Hunt. In this he did true service, and it rewarded him with some life-long friendships; but he never belonged to the Brotherhood. He nursed his own aims; and after a time, without any definite breach, he drifted away from his old associates.

He nursed his own aims; and now many circumstances united to give them shape, and bend his mind upon what he came to believe, and thereafter persistently believed, to be his true mission in the world. He had become a convinced Christian; and, like Milton, he "devoted" himself to improving the talent by which he felt he could best serve his Maker and his fellow men. He desired to write "*the poem of the day*," and to that end set himself down to master, by severe study, all the intricacies of the poetic art. Such devotion does not imply that the devotee has chosen his subject. Milton had prepared himself arduously for many years before discovering

his great theme. Patmore's early experiments had revealed—and he was conscious of it, perhaps—a peculiar fallibility in subject. But on May 17, 1847, and at the fortunate moment, he became engaged to Emily Augusta Andrews, and married her on September 11. In the exaltation of the married lover his theme was revealed to him. He was to be the Poet of Nuptial Love. He attempted nothing in haste. Long afterwards he could say of his work, and with perfect truth, "I have written little, but it is all my best: I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labour to make my words true." But his purpose never faltered. "Tamerton Church Tower" appeared in 1853; three parts of "The Angel in the House" ("The Betrothal," "The Espousal," and "Faithful for Ever") in 1854, 1856, 1860. In 1863, "The Victories of Love" brought to a close this, the most continuous poetic impulse of his life. The wise and amiable woman who had inspired and sustained it was dead, a year before.

I hinted just now that "Tamerton Church Tower,"—which Mr. Champneys, his friend and biographer, calls "a sort of preliminary canter"—was a most inauspicious performance. On second thoughts "inauspicious" is not the word. The wine was there, though turbid and even muddy. In the "Angel" it has been clarified by time and quiet thinking; the lees have settled; the liquor is drained off bright and pure. The one poem tells us little and tells it darkly; the other attempts far more, yet remains exquisitely perspicuous. The one has the capriciousness of imperfect insight; the other delivers a story rounded and complete. Its completeness is but the converse of Patmore's thoroughness in thinking out his subject; its perspicuity comes not only of clear apprehension but of sincere feeling. The "Angel" achieved popularity, and endeared itself to thousands who cared little for poetry as poetry; and any one who chooses can deride this popularity and discover unintelligent reasons for it. The poem dealt with emotions through which most of us pass at one time or another, and in passing

through which (as almost any breach of promise case will prove) the most prosaic of God's creatures finds a temporary solace in the Muse. Patmore looked into these emotions with clear eyes, but he spoke of them with a decency which was even more gratifying to a race accustomed to value decency above insight. British poetry contains (Heaven knows) much information about love, some of it really illuminating: but the language is frequently ill-regulated, and its authors have too often allowed their passions to run on unworthy objects, not to say hussies. What a relief, then, to come across an author who sings of love as "connected with the clergy"! What a comfort for the respectably betrothed to find their passions guaranteed by the daughter of an Anglican dean!

I have listened to such derisive attempts to account for the poem's popularity, and believe that they miss the truth. I believe that what actually won a way for it was its entire sincerity. The story is simple and pleasant, yet to persons unaccustomed to poetry I do not think the book can be easy reading. It contains (especially in the Preludes) a large amount of abstract thought. Patmore's Muse, when she *did* alight or tread the earth, was as yet (for I am speaking of the "Angel," not of the "Odes") apt to go flat-footedly; and an untrained reader dislikes and shirks abstract thought. By its strength the author's emotion lifts the reader over these difficulties; by its clearness of conviction it provides him with eyes. It achieves, and surely in its climax transmits, the true lover's thrill. And it leaves you with an after-taste of hours spent in company both amiable and profitable, an impression which I may liken to a memory of some sunny morning-room, fresh, habitable, and decorously gay with English flowers.

Patmore had convinced himself, and remained convinced, that nuptial love contains the key, for men and women, of spiritual truth; that, things which are unseen being apprehended from things which are seen, the love between man and woman is the true stair by which alone we can mount to an apprehension of the love of God. Extending this belief into

art and literature, he held that in nuptial love the painter and the poet must find the highest of all themes. I state this view of his not so much to contest it, as to point out some conditions imposed on it by the material and methods of art. We regard nuptial love at its best as peaceful, as normal, as a state in which two different natures with two separate wills acquiesce in equipoise. Now, no one has spoken more weightily than Patmore of the value of peace in art, of that restfulness which abides in the normal, in order, in law, and (subjectively) in obedience to law. But arts such as painting and poetry illustrate law by means of its exceptions, vindicate the normal by means of man's deflections from it, teach peace by bringing it triumphant out of conflict. They work, in short, by comparison and contrast. "Shakespeare," says Patmore, "evolves peace from the conflict of interests and passions to which the predominance and victory of a moral idea give unity. That idea is never embodied in any single conspicuous character, though it is usually allowed an unobtrusive expression in some subordinate personality, in order to afford a clue to the 'theme' of the whole harmony. Such theme-suggesting characters are, for example, the Friar in 'Romeo and Juliet,' and Kent in 'King Lear,' who represent and embody the law *from which all the other characters depart more or less, with proportionate disaster to themselves.*" In other words, the normal is art's standard and point of reference rather than its subject-matter. We test the other characters by Kent, but he is never our protagonist: we establish our theme by lessons drawn from those who are unlike Kent.

If this be true, then nuptial love, treated absolutely, is as poor a subject for art as, treated relatively, it is a good one; and poets and dramatists have been wise in building on its perturbations, keeping its normal calm in the background as a law by which to test the unhappiness or disaster of rebels. And therefore I cannot help thinking that, pleasant as we find it when Felix and Honoria arrive in port after their gentle agitations, Patmore would have found it extremely difficult to

build a poem on their subsequent bliss, and that with the "Victories of Love"—in which their happiness forms a point of rest—he discovered in the less complacent yoke of Frederick and Jane a far better subject, if he had only handled it well.

It is cast in the form of letters, supposed to pass between the principal characters and their confidants; and these letters run up and down the gamut of artifice, from the meanest trivialities of realism to "diction" in its remotest degrees; from

My dearest niece, I'm charm'd to hear
The scenery's fine at Windermere. . . .

to

Nature's infinite ostent
Of lovely flowers in wood and mead
That weet not whether any heed.

Reviewers did not omit to make merry over such lines as "My dearest niece, I'm charm'd to hear"; and undoubtedly too much prominence has been given to Patmore's feats in the Art of Sinking; but that he could be profoundly bathetic and serenely unconscious of bathos he demonstrated once and sufficiently for all time with his poem "The Rosy Bosom'd Hours"—

A florin to the willing guard
Secured, for half the way,
(He lock'd us in, ah, lucky-starr'd)
A curtain'd front coupé.

not only by writing it, but by allowing it to be included as a representative poem, in a little volume edited for popular use by Professor Henry Morley, and published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. in 1888. One word more about the "Angel" and "Victories of Love." I have always found it difficult to reconcile the deep and tender homage paid to woman in these poems, and notably in the lines beginning

Why, having won her, do I woo?

and ending—

Because her gay and lofty brows,
 When all is won that hope can ask,
 Reflect a light of hopeless snows
 That bright in virgin ether bask ;
 Because, though free of the outer court
 I am, this temple keeps its shrine
 Sacred to Heaven ; because, in short,
 She's not and never can be mine,

with the opinions on the natural subjection of woman persistently held by Patmore, and expounded in his prose essays. In them he never tires of scoffing at the view of women as man's equal, though dissimilar. She is the "weaker vessel," "the last and lowest of all spiritual creatures," made to be ruled and strictly ruled: "No right-minded woman would care a straw for her lover's adoration if she did not know that he knew that after all he was the true divinity"—with much more to the same effect. How, then, does man arrive at paying homage and reverence to that which is of so much less worth and dignity than he? Apparently by a magnificent act of condescension. "The myth of King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid is representative of the most perfect nuptial relationship." So in the poem "King Cophetua the First" Jove finds tiresomeness in "Juno's almost equal mind," and descends

On low and little Earth to seek
 That vessel infinitely weak
 (The abler for the infinite honour
 He hugely long'd to put upon her).

This condescension is, no doubt, mighty fine ; but when the lordly wooer begins to talk of "hopeless snows" and unscalable altitudes in the creature to whom he stoops, he is (*ex hypothesi*) uttering an untruth. The woman (I gather) knows it to be untrue and "an infatuation of love on the part of the giver." And this again is mighty pretty, and we gather (with just a tinge of regret) that when Felix sung so handsomely of Honoria's "hopeless snows," it was "only his fun,"

and Honoria knew it, and "there are few more damnable heresies than the doctrine of the equality of man and woman." Very well; but carry up this analogy, as Patmore did, and boldly apply it to divine love, and you are face to face with the idea of an infatuated God, a God who (consciously or unconsciously) abandons supreme strength and sanity for weakness and delusion in His passion for the elect soul and His pursuit of her. I believe I am uttering nothing here to which Patmore would not have subscribed. To him the Almighty was the Divine Lover depicted in the old ballad "*Quia Amore Languo*"—

I am true love that false was never;
 My sister, man's soul, I loved her thus.
 Because we would in no wise dis sever,
 I left my kingdom glorious.
 I purveyed her a palace full precious;
 She fled, I followed; I loved her so
 That I suffered this pain piteous,
Quia amore languo.

For me (if it be not immodest to obtrude my opinion on a question so much more serious than any which I set out to discuss) this philosophy of Patmore's replaces by a conscious make-believe the honesty I should require at the foot of the ascent, and at the summit robs the Almighty of that infinitely deep celestial peace towards which the wisest of Christians and heathens have lifted their eyes. But (to return to the small business of literary criticism) it is, I confess, a disappointment to discover that the exquisite homage paid to Honoria by her poet-husband was, after all, polite humbug. "Everybody knew what he meant in thus making a divinity of her," etc. Did everybody? I—alas!—for years understood him to be saying what he believed. Nor am I assured that Patmore knew everything about love when I read "*Amelia*" (which, with his rifle club, he reckoned his greatest achievement), and note the chill condescension beneath the exquisite phrasing of that idyll—so perfect in expression, so fundamentally selfish and patronising in its point of view. Nor, again, am I sure

that in chivalry he had hold of the right end of the stick, when I read "The Storm," and learn how he earned the thanks of his Beloved by running home in the rain, and *sending her "woman" with an umbrella!*

Emily Patmore died in the summer of 1862. The coincidence of the blow with the close of the long poetic task in which she had been at once his fount of inspiration, his model, and the practical nurse of his energies, seems to have thrown him off his balance. For the moment everything had come to an end. A widower, with a young family; a poet, with a task accomplished and no future one planned; a religious man caught in an interval of hesitation between two creeds—he felt that his hand had suddenly lost grasp of the old continuous threads, and that he must darkly fumble for new ones. He found two such in a new religion and a second wife. In 1864 he visited Rome, not without an *arrière pensée* that this visit might decide that plunge into the Roman Catholic Church towards which (and in spite of his wife's restraining hand) he had long been drifting. At Rome he made the acquaintance of a Miss Mary Byles, an English convert of Manning's. She became the confidante of his spiritual troubles, and in a short time he made her a proposal of marriage.

Miss Byles possessed a considerable fortune, but Patmore did not know this at the time. The knowledge, when imparted to him, almost broke off their engagement. But good sense triumphed, and when once Patmore had brought himself to accept his worldly good fortune, his patriarchal view of the relations between husband and wife obliged him to undertake cheerfully, and even enthusiastically, the management of his wife's property. He fully expected that his new marriage and change of religion would cost him many friends. It appears that they actually did; though the severest loss—the breach of his intimacy with Tennyson—can be accounted for by neither, and seems, on the evidence, to be wholly chargeable to Tennyson's discredit. In 1865 Patmore retired from the British Museum. In the following year an estate—Heron's

Ghyll—was bought in Sussex; Patmore became the complete man of business, and threw himself heart and soul into the task of converting the farmhouse into a healthy, habitable, and comely country residence, laying out and planting the grounds about it, farming the outlying three-hundred-odd acres, and generally improving the estate and enhancing its value. His wife, it is clear, behaved beautifully. One does not gather that hers was a happy life; but, though intensely reserved and “old maidish,” she won the affection of her husband’s children by sheer goodness, and faltered in duty neither towards them nor towards him. She could trust him as a judicious steward of the wealth she had brought, and he was happy. Says Mr. Champneys in a chapter of “Personal Recollections”:

It was evident that Patmore thoroughly and constantly enjoyed the relief from straitened means. No money was spared on the estate, though none was wasted. He freely indulged his taste for pet animals; kept as good a head of game on his property as it would hold, at a quite disproportionate cost; and among the smaller luxuries which he allowed himself was the lavish use of logs in the wood fires which were kept going in all but the hottest days. I can even now recall his tall figure striding into the drawing-room from his books or letters, taking up his characteristic position, the back against the mantelpiece, the tails of his velvet shooting-coat under his arms, a kind of shake and shiver, like that of one of his favourite Newfoundlandis just out of the water; the turn towards the fire, and the liberal piling on of logs, which was in no degree checked by a gentle reminder from his wife how much they cost him, a remonstrance which he met only by a tolerant smile. Then he would, as the fire burnt up, bask to his content, and one felt that the genial sense of easy circumstances was probably more of the essence of his enjoyment than physical warmth.

It would be hard to say precisely how these changed conditions of life affected his development as a poet. At first they seem to have deadened all impulse to write; but it revived, and in 1868 we find him printing the first instalment of the “Odes” for private circulation among his friends. The springs were loosened again, but the stream ran far less copiously than before. He had his own explanation for this: “Not to run before he is sent is the first duty of a poet, and that which all

living poets—except Barnes—forget. If this duty is religiously kept, a very little running may make the successful race, when the moment for starting comes." And again: "I am the only poet of this generation, except Barnes, who has steadily maintained a literary conscience." As Mr. Champneys more than once reminds us, Patmore was always optimistic about his own affairs; but in justice we must admit—I believe every thoughtful lover of poetry will admit—that the released spring, though a *fons tenuis*, yielded a diviner, if less popular, drink than in the gushing days of "The Angel in the House."

The Odes stole quietly upon the world, at intervals; and the world has been slow in awaking to the sense of its gain. Gradually, however, the opinion gains that we possess in them one of the rarest treasures of Victorian poetry. They are at once so pregnant and so poignant; clouded with thought, yet riven with flashes which penetrate so deeply into heaven, that even his sworn admirers were perplexed by them, hardly knowing what to make of writings so unexpectedly different from the "Angel," with its easy movement and pervasive everyday atmosphere. Also it must be owned that the Odes are of very unequal inspiration. Roughly, they fall into two classes, the one concerned with principles, the other with persons. And here we may bring the Odes and the Prose Writings under a common criticism. No writer of his generation had a clearer vision than Patmore for truth of principle: I had almost said a vision comparable with his. There are passages in the two little books, "Principle in Art" and "Religio Poetæ," which every young follower of art should commit to memory and bind for a phylactery on his forehead. But they jostle with passages of the ineptest criticism; for this seer into mysteries was constitutionally incapable of applying the principles he discovered, and of bringing either fair judgment or temperate language to bear upon men and their works. At one moment we are listening to words of most luminous wisdom on the value of rest in art. We turn the page, and read that nowa-

days "Novels and poems are read, understood, and talked about by young ladies *which Rochester would have blushed to be found reading*, and which Swift would have called indecent"—an overstatement which stifles by violence the small amount of truth it contains, since the persuasiveness of a blushing Rochester is lost in our instant sense of absurdity. So with the Odes.—It is well to begin by separating those which take hold of the doors of Heaven from those which exhaust themselves in constructive damnation of Mr. Gladstone. Somewhere and somehow Patmore had picked up a conception of himself as a stern unbending aristocrat, abandoned by the cowards of his order, but erect, mailed, and defiant among the ruins of that fairer England he and his had ruled so long for its good. The conception is dignified and picturesque, and one which it pleased him immensely to contemplate; but it has no discoverable basis in fact. Mr. Champneys, on being asked his opinion of Mr. Sargent's famous portrait (now hanging in the National Portrait Gallery), replied that if the picture had been extended downwards there must have appeared the handle of a whip. Patmore would then have been revealed as a sort of Southern planter on the point of thrashing his slaves and exclaiming, "You damned niggers!" It is, in fact, just such a portrait as Patmore invites us to draw from certain of the Odes.

But in the rest—in "Saint Valentine's Day," "Wind and Wave," "Winter," "The Day after To-morrow," "Tristitia," "The Azalea," "Departure," "The Toys," "If I Were Dead," "Tired Memory," and the "Psyche" Odes—we listen to a very different voice. He is the seer now, and his utterances pierce and shake as no others in our whole range of song since Wordsworth declined from his best. And because this assertion is likely to be challenged, and certain to be misunderstood, I hasten to avow my conviction that Tennyson and Browning, Arnold, Swinburne—yes, and Meredith—are more excellent poets than Patmore. He was a learned theorist in metre, but neither a gifted singer nor an expert one. He could tell us

most wisely that the language of poetry "should always seem to *feel*, though not to *suffer from*, the bonds of verse," and that metre never attains its noblest effects when it is altogether unproductive of "beautiful exorbitancies on the side of law." But these beautiful exorbitancies were not for him: his thoughts carried an exquisite sense of measure in speech and pause, but not their own music. His pace was ever the iambic. He called the metre of the Odes "catalectic," which may mean anything (except perhaps, "cataleptic") or nothing. "The system," says Mr. Champneys, "cannot be explained by analysis." In point of fact, there is no system at all, unless we call it system to break up the iambic line into irregular lengths according to the lift and fall of the poet's emotion. But music is something more than perfect measure; and though Patmore, in the Odes, paces, like Queen Elizabeth, "high and disposedly," he does not sing. Nor has he the steady, comprehensive poetical vision of the great ones I have named. He praises apprehension at the expense of comprehension, and upon apprehension he narrowed his aim. Yet now and then, beside his penetrating flashes, Browning's experimental psychology wears but a half-serious look, as of a clever game; Tennyson's "In Memoriam" keeps, indeed, its seriousness, but as the pathetic side of its inadequacy to its theme; while even the noble philosophies of Arnold and Meredith (though we return to them) are momentarily stunted in a glimpse of more tremendous heights.

The publication of the Odes (or, to give the volumes their titles, of "The Unknown Eros" and "Amelia"), in 1877-8, closed Patmore's career as a poet. Already he had moved from Heron's Ghyll to Hastings, and in 1891 he moved again to Lymington. To these later years, which he spent almost as a recluse, belong his prose writings, with their clear grasp of eternal principles and their indiscriminate ferocity against all contemporary hopes and strivings. His second wife died in 1880. In 1881 he married the lady who survives him, and by whose affectionate care much of the material of Mr. Champneys'

volumes has been collected. Patmore died on November 26, 1896, and was buried on December 1, robed in the habit of a tertiary of the order of St. Francis.

Biography, just now, is tied to an evil fashion in length; and I believe Mr. Champneys had all the requisite skill to write the ideal Life of Patmore in one volume of moderate size, using only the instructive letters, and reserving the "Autobiography," with the chapter of "Aphorisms and Extracts," for another small volume, to stand on the shelf beside "Religio Poetæ" and "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower." But, having granted the fashion, we must admire the combined honesty and delicacy with which he has performed his task. His portrait, to be sure, reveals none of those infernal experiences hinted at by Mr. Francis Thompson:

And lo! that hair
Is blanchèd with the travel-heats of hell.

He has told the story with such frankness as a man of good breeding allows himself when handling the intimacies of a dead friend. Barring an unnecessary piece of gossip about Cardinal Manning, we could wish nothing away. Mr. Champneys would probably be the first to allow that the whole of the story has not been presented; nor does it need to be presented. We have in these two volumes, and in Patmore's writings (themselves sufficiently intimate), as much as we need to know. Lastly, the printer and publishers have emulated the biographer in erecting this worthy monument to a man who could say fearlessly, "I have respected posterity; and should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me."

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER X

BEHOLD THE HEIR

ADDIE TRISTRAM died with all her old uncommonness. Death was to her an end more fully than it is to most: had she been herself responsible for it, she could hardly have thought less of any possible consequences. And it was to her such a beginning as it can seldom seem. She had been living in anticipation of dying, but in a sense utterly remote from that contemplation of their latter end which is enjoined on the pious. So that, together with an acquiescence so complete as almost to justify her son in calling it joyful, there was an expectation, nearly an excitement—save that the tired body failed to second the mind. She might have shown remorse, both for her own acts and for the position in which she was leaving Harry; she fell in with the view he had always maintained with her, that all these things had come about somehow, had produced a certain state of affairs, and must be made to seem as if they had done nothing of the sort. During the last day or two she was delirious at intervals; as a precaution Harry was with her then, instead of the nurse. The measure was superfluous; there was nothing on Lady Tristram's mind,

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and when she spoke unconsciously, she spoke of trifles. The few final hours found her conscious and intelligent, although very weak. Just at the end a curious idea got hold of her. She was a little distressed that the Gainsboroughs were not there; she whispered her feeling to Harry apologetically, well remembering his objection to that branch of the family, and his disinclination to have them or any of them at Blent. "Cecily ought to be here," she murmured. Harry started a little; he was not accustomed in his own mind to concede Cecily any rights. His mother's fear of offending him by the suggestion was very obvious. "She'd come after you, you see, if——" she said once or twice. There did not pass between them a word of acknowledgment that Cecily ought to come before him. Yet he was left wondering whether that idea, so scorned before, had not won its way to her with some sudden strength—as though an instinct for the true heir made itself felt in spite of all her resolution and all her prejudices, and forced her to do something towards recognising the claims which they were both determined to thwart.

The barest hint of this kind would have raised Harry's suspicion and anger a few weeks before; the new mood which Mina Zabriska had marked in him made him take it quietly now, and even affectionately. For this Addie Tristram was grateful; she had always the rare grace of seeming surprised at her own power over men. It was no less in keeping with her character and her life that the feeling she suffered under, and manifested, was very easily appeased. Harry promised to ask the Gainsboroughs to her funeral. Addie Tristram's conscientious scruples were entirely laid to rest; with a sigh of peace she settled herself to die. It was the feudal feeling, Harry decided, which insisted that the family must not be ignored; it did not deny their humble position, or the gulf that separated them from the succession. Yet he was vaguely vexed, even while he agreed to what she wanted.

So she passed away in the full tide of the darkness of night. The doctor had left her some hours before, the nurse

had been sent to bed, for there was nothing that could be done. Harry was alone with her; he kissed her when she was dead, and stood many minutes by her, looking from her to the picture of her that hung on the wall. A strange loneliness was on him, a loneliness which there seemed nobody to solace. He had said that Blent would not be much without his mother. That was not quite right; it was much, but different. She had carried away with her the atmosphere of the place, the essence of the life that he had lived there with her. Who would make that the same to him again? Suddenly he recollected that in four days he was to ask Janie Iver for her answer. Say a week now, for the funeral would enforce or excuse so much postponement. Janie Iver would not give him back the life or the atmosphere. A description of how he felt, had it been related to him a year ago, would have appeared an absurdity. Yet these crowding unexpected thoughts made not a hair's-breadth of difference in what he purposed. It was only that he became aware of an irreparable change of scene; there was to be no change in his action. He was Tristram of Blent now—that he must and would remain. But it was not the same Blent, and did not seem as though it could be again. So much of the poetry had gone out of it with Addie Tristram.

After he had left her room, he walked through the house, carrying a shaded candle in his hand along the dark corridors of shining oak. He bent his steps towards the long gallery which filled all the upper floor of the left wing. Here were the Valhalla and the treasure-house of the Tristrams, the pictures of ancestors, the cases of precious things which the ancestors had amassed. At the end of this gallery Addie Tristram had used to sit when she was well, in a large high-backed arm-chair by the big window that commanded the gardens and the river. He flung the window open and stood looking out. The wind swished in the trees and the Blent washed along leisurely. A beautiful stillness was about him. It was as though she were by his side, her fair head resting

against the old brocade cover of the arm-chair, her eyes wandering in delighted employment round the room she had loved so well. Who should sit there next? As he looked now at the room, now out into the night, his eyes filled suddenly with tears; the love of the place came back to him, his pride in it lived again; he would keep it not only because it was his, but because it had been hers before him. His blood spoke strong in him. Suddenly he smiled. It was at the thought that all this belonged in law to Miss Cecily Gainsborough—the house, the gallery, the pictures, the treasures, the very chair where Addie Tristram had used to sit. Every stick and stone about the place was Cecily Gainsborough's, ay, and the bed of the Blent from shore to shore. He had nothing at all—according to law.

Well, the law must have some honour, some recognition at all events. The Gainsboroughs should, as he had promised, be asked to the funeral. They should be invited with all honour and most formally, in the name of Tristram of Blent—which by-the-bye was, according to law, also Miss Cecily Gainsborough's. Harry had no name according to law; no more than he had houses or pictures or treasures, any stick or stone, or the smallest heritage in the bed of the Blent. He had been son to the mistress of it all; she was gone and he was nobody—according to law. It was after all, a reasonable concession that his mother had urged on him; the Gainsboroughs ought to be asked to the funeral. The last of his vexation on this score died away into a sense of grim amusement at Addie Tristram's wish and his own appreciation of it. He had no sense of danger: Tristram had succeeded to Tristram; all was well.

Little inclined to sleep, he went down into the garden presently, lit his cigar, and strolled on to the bridge. The night had grown clearer and some stars showed in the sky; it was nearly one o'clock. He had stood where he was only a few moments when to his surprise he heard the sound of a horse's hoofs on the road from Blentmouth. Thinking the

doctor, who often did his rounds in the saddle, might have returned, he crossed the bridge, opened the gate, and stood on the highroad. The rider came up in a few minutes and drew rein at the sight of his figure, but, as Harry did not move, made as though he would ride on again with no more than the customary country salute of "Good-night."

"Who is it?" asked Harry, peering through the darkness.

"Me—Bob Broadley," was the answer.

"You're late."

"I've been at the Club at Blentmouth. The Cricket Club's Annual Dinner, you know."

"Ah, I forgot."

Bob, come to a standstill, was taking the opportunity of lighting his pipe. This done, he looked up at the house and back to Harry rather timidly.

"Lady Tristram——?" he began.

"My mother has been dead something above an hour," said Harry.

After a moment Bob dismounted and threw his reins over the gatepost.

"I'm sorry, Tristram," he said, holding out his hand. "Lady Tristram was always very kind to me. Indeed, she was that to everybody." He paused a moment and then went on slowly. "It must seem strange to you. Why, I remember when my father died I felt—besides the sorrow, you know—sort of lost at coming into my bit of land at Mingham. But you——" Harry could see his head turn as he looked over the demesne of Blent and struggled to give some expression to the thoughts which his companion's position suggested. The circumstances of this meeting made for sincerity and openness; they were always Bob's characteristics. Harry too was in such a mood that he liked Bob to stay and talk a little.

They fell into talk with more ease and naturalness than they had recently achieved together, getting back to the friendliness of boyhood, although Bob still spoke as to one greater than himself, and infused a little deference into his

manner. But they came to nothing intimate till Bob had declared that he must be on his way and was about to mount his horse.

"As soon as I begin to have people here, I hope you'll come often," said Harry cordially. "Naturally we shall be a little more lively than we've been able to be of late, and I shall hope to see all my friends."

He did not instantly understand the hesitation in Bob's manner as he answered, "You're very kind. I—I shall like to come."

"Blent must do its duty," Harry pursued.

Bob turned back to him, leaving his horse again. "Yes, I'll come. I hope I know how to take a licking, Tristram." He held out his hand.

"A licking?" Both the word and the gesture seemed to surprise Harry Tristram.

"Oh, you know what I mean. You're engaged to her, aren't you? Or as good as, anyhow? I don't want to ask questions——"

"Not even as good as, yet," answered Harry slowly.

"Of course you know what I feel. Everybody knows that, though I've never talked about it—even to her."

"Why not to her? Isn't that rather usual in such cases?" Harry was smiling now.

"It would only worry her. What chance should I have?"

"Well, I don't agree with being too humble."

"Oh, I don't know that I'm humble. Perhaps I think myself as good a man as you. But"—he laughed a little—"I'm Broadley of Mingham, not Tristram of Blent."

"I see. That's it? And our friend the Major?"

"I shouldn't so much mind having a turn-up with the Major."

"But Tristram of Blent is—is too much?"

"It's not your fault; you can't help it," smiled Bob. "You're born to it and——" He ended with a shrug.

"You're very fond of her?" Harry asked, frowning a little.

"I've been in love with her all my life—ever since they came to Seaview. Fairholme wasn't dreamed of then."

He spoke of Fairholme with a touch of bitterness which he hastened to correct by adding—"Of course I'm glad of their good luck."

"You mean, if it were Seaview still and not Fairholme——?"

"No, I don't. I've no business to think anything of the sort, and I don't think it," Bob interposed quickly. "You asked me a question, and I answered it. I'm not in a position to know anything about you, and I'm not going to say anything."

"A good many reasons enter into a marriage sometimes," remarked Harry.

"Yes, with people like you. I know that."

His renewed reference to Harry's position brought another frown to Harry's face, but it was the frown of thoughtfulness, not of anger.

"I can't quarrel with the way of the world, and I'm sure if it does come off you'll be good to her."

"You think I don't care about her—about her herself?"

"I don't know, I tell you. I don't want to know. I suppose you like her."

"Yes, I like her." He took the word from Bob, and made no attempt to alter or to amplify it.

Bob was mounting now; the hour was late for him to be abroad, and work waited him in the morning.

"Good-night, Tristram," he said, as he settled in his saddle.

"Good-night. And, Bob, if by any chance it doesn't come off with me, you have that turn-up with the Major!"

"Well, I don't like the idea of a foreign chap coming down and—— But, mind you, Duplay's a very superior fellow. He knows the deuce of a lot."

"Thinks he does, anyhow," said Harry, smiling again.

"Good-night, old fellow!" he called after Bob in a very friendly voice, as horse and rider disappeared up the road.

"I must go to bed, I suppose," he muttered, as he returned to the bridge and stood leaning on the parapet. He yawned, not in weariness, but in a reaction from the excitement of the last few days. His emotional mood had passed for the time at all events; it was succeeded by an apathy that was dull without being restful. And in its general effect the interview with Bob was vaguely vexatious in spite of its cordial character. It left with him a notion which he rejected but could not quite get rid of—the notion that he was taking, or (if all were known) would be thought to be taking, an unfair advantage. Bob had said he was born to it and that he could not help it. If that had indeed been so in the fullest possible sense, would he have had the notion that irritated him now? Yes, he told himself; but the answer did not quite convince. Still the annoyance was no more than a restless suggestion of something not quite satisfactory in his position, and worth mentioning only as the first such feeling he had ever had. It did not trouble him seriously. He smoked another cigar on the bridge, and then went into the house and to bed. As he undressed it occurred to him (and the idea gave him both pleasure and amusement) that he had made a sort of alliance with Bob against Duplay, although it would come into operation only under circumstances which were very unlikely to happen.

The blinds drawn at Blent next morning told Mina what had happened, and the hour of eleven found her at a Committee Meeting at Miss Swinkerton's, which she certainly would not have attended otherwise. As it was, she wanted to talk and to hear, and the gathering afforded a chance. Mrs. Iver was there, and Mrs. Trumbler, the Vicar's wife, a meek woman, rather ousted from her proper position by the energy of Miss Swinkerton: she was to manage the Bible-reading department, which was not nearly so responsible a task as conducting the savings-bank, and did not involve anything like the same amount of supervision of other people's affairs. Mrs.

Trumbler felt, however, that on matters of morals she had a claim to speak *jure mariti*.

"It is so sad!" she murmured. "And Mr. Trumbler found he could do so little! He came home quite distressed."

"I'm told she wasn't the least sensible of her position," observed Miss S., with what looked rather like satisfaction.

"Didn't she know she was dying?" asked Mina, who had established her footing by a hypocritical show of interest in the cottage-gardens.

"Oh yes, she knew she was dying, my dear," said Miss S. What poor Lady Tristram might have known, but apparently had not, was left to an obvious inference.

"She was very kind," remarked Mrs. Iver. "Not exactly actively, you know, but if you happened to come across her." She rose as she spoke and bade Miss S. farewell. That lady did not try to detain her, and the moment the door had closed behind her remarked:

"Of course Mrs. Iver feels in a delicate position, and can't say anything about Lady Tristram; but from what I hear she never realised the peculiarity of her position. No" (this to Mrs. Trumbler), "I mean in the neighbourhood, Mrs. Trumbler. And the young man is just the same. But I should have liked to hear that Mr. Trumbler thought it came home to her at the last."

Mr. Trumbler's wife shook her head gently.

"Well, now we shall see, I suppose," Miss S. pursued. "The engagement is to be made public directly after the funeral."

Mina almost started at this authoritative announcement.

"And I suppose they'll be married as soon as they decently can. I'm glad for Janie Iver's sake—not that I like him, the little I've seen of him."

"We never see him," said Mrs. Trumbler.

"Not at church, anyhow," added Miss S. incisively. "Perhaps he'll remember what's due to his position now."

"Are you sure they're engaged?" asked Mina.

Miss S. looked at her with a smile. "Certain, my dear."

"How?" asked Mina. Mrs. Trumbler stared at her in surprised rebuke.

"When I make a mistake it will be time to ask questions," observed Miss S. with dignity. "For the present you may take what I say. I can wait to be proved right, Madame Zabriska."

"I've no doubt you're right; only I thought Janie would have told me," said Mina: she had no wish to quarrel with Miss S.

"Janie Iver's very secretive, my dear. She always was. I used to talk to Mrs. Iver about it when she was a little girl. And in your case——" Miss S.'s smile could only refer to the circumstance that Mina was Major Duplay's niece; the Major's manœuvres had not escaped Miss S.'s eye. "Of course the funeral will be very quiet," Miss S. continued. "That avoids so many difficulties. The people who would come and the people who wouldn't—and all that, you know."

"There are always so many questions about funerals," sighed Mrs. Trumbler.

"I hate funerals," said Mina. "I'm going to be cremated."

"That may be very well abroad, my dear," said Miss S. tolerantly, "but you couldn't here. The question is, will Janie Iver go—and if she does, where will she walk?"

"Oh, I should hardly think she'd go, if it's not announced, you know," said Mrs. Trumble.

"It's sometimes done, and I'm told she would walk just behind the family."

Mina left the two ladies debating this point of etiquette, Miss S. showing some deference to Mrs. Trumbler's experience in this particular department, but professing to be fortified in her own view by the opinion of an undertaker with a wide connection. She reflected, as she got into her pony carriage, that it is impossible even to die without affording a good deal of pleasure to other people—surely a fortunate feature of the world!

On her way home she stopped to leave cards at Blent, and was not surprised when Harry Tristram came out of his study, having seen her through the window, and greeted her.

"Send your trap home and walk up the hill with me," he suggested, and she fell in with his wish very readily. They crossed the foot-bridge together.

"I've just been writing to ask my relations to the funeral," he said. "At my mother's wish, not mine. Only two of them—and I never saw them in my life."

"I shouldn't think you'd cultivate your relations much."

"No. But Cecily Gainsborough ought to come, I suppose. She's my heir."

Mina turned to him with a gesture of interest or surprise.

"Your heir?" she said. "You mean——?"

"I mean that if I died without having any children, she'd succeed me. She'd be Lady Tristram in her own right, as my mother was." He faced round and looked at Blent. "She's never been to the place or seen it yet," he added.

"How intensely interested she'll be!"

"I don't see why she should," said Harry rather crossly. "It's a great bore having her here at all, and if I'm barely civil to her that's all I shall manage. They won't stay more than a few days, I suppose." After a second he went on. "Her mother wouldn't know my mother, though after her death the father wanted to be reconciled."

"Is that why you dislike them so?"

"How do you know I dislike them?" he asked, seeming surprised.

"It's pretty evident, isn't it? And it would be a good reason for disliking the mother, anyhow."

"But not the daughter?"

"No, and you seem to dislike the daughter, too—which isn't fair."

"Oh, I take the family in the lump. And I don't know that what we've been talking of has anything to do with it."

He did not seem inclined to talk more about the Gainsboroughs, though his frown told her that something distasteful was still in his thoughts. What he had said was enough to rouse in her a great interest and curiosity about this girl who was his heir. Questions and rights attracted her mind very little till they came to mean people; then she was keen on the track of the human side of the matter. The girl whom he chose to call his heir was really the owner of Blent!

"Are you going to ask us to the funeral?" she said.

"I'm not going to ask anybody. The churchyard is free; they can come if they like."

"I shall come. Shall you dislike my coming?"

"Oh no." He was undisguisedly indifferent and almost bored.

"And then I shall see Cecily Gainsborough."

"Have a good look at her. You'll not have another chance—at Blent, anyhow. She'll never come here again."

She looked at him in wonder, in a sort of fear.

"How hard you are sometimes," she said. "The poor girl's done nothing to you."

He shook his head impatiently and came to a stand on the road.

"You're going back? Good-bye, Lord Tristram."

"I'm not called that till after the funeral," he told her, looking as suspicious as he had in the earliest days of their acquaintance.

"And will you let me go on living at Merrion—or coming every summer, anyhow?"

"Do you think of coming again?"

"I want to," she answered with some nervousness in her manner.

"And Major Duplay?" He smiled slightly.

"I don't know whether he would want. Should you object?"

"Oh no," said Harry, again with the weary indifference that seemed to have fastened on him now.

"I've been gossiping," she said, "with Mrs. Trumbler and Miss Swinkerton."

"Good Lord!"

"Miss Swinkerton says your engagement to Janie will be announced directly after the funeral."

"And Major Duplay says that directly it's announced——!"

"You don't mean to tell me anything about it?"

"Really I don't see why I should. Well, if you like—I want to marry her."

Mina had really known this well for a long while, yet she did not like to hear it. She had been spinning fancies about the man; what he had in his mind for himself was very prosaic. At least it seemed so to her—though she would have appreciated the dramatic side of it, had he told her of his idea of living with the big cheque by him.

"I can't help thinking that somehow you'll do something more exciting than that."

"She won't marry me?" He was not looking at her, and he spoke rather absently.

"I don't suppose she'll refuse you, but—no, I've just a feeling. I can't explain."

"A feeling? What feeling?" He was irritable, but his attention was caught again.

"That something more's waiting for you."

"That it's my business to go on affording you amusement perhaps?"

Mina glanced at him: he was smiling; he had become good-tempered.

"Oh, I don't expect you to do it for that reason, but if you do it——"

"Do what?" he asked, laughing outright.

"I don't know. But if you do, I shall be there to see—looking so hard at you, Mr. Tristram." She paused, and then added, "I should like Cecily Gainsborough to come into it too."

"Confound Cecily Gainsborough! Good-bye," said Harry.

He left with her two main impressions: the first was that he had not the least love for the girl whom he meant to marry; the second that he hardly cared to deny to her that he hated Cecily Gainsborough because she was the owner of Blent.

"All the same," she thought, "I suppose he'll marry Janie, and I'm certain he'll keep Blent." Yet he seemed to take no pleasure in his prospects, and just at this moment not much in his possessions. Mina was puzzled, but did not go so far wrong as to conceive him conscience-stricken. She concluded that she must wait for light.

CHAPTER XI

A PHANTOM BY THE POOL

IN a quiet little street running between the Fulham and the King's Roads, in a row of small houses not yet improved out of existence, there was one house smallest of all, with the smallest front, the smallest back, and the smallest garden. The whole thing was almost impossibly small, a peculiarity properly reflected in the rent which Mr. Gainsborough paid to the firm of Sloyd, Sloyd & Gurney for the fag-end of a long lease. He did some professional work for Sloyds from time to time, and that member of the firm who had let Merrion Lodge to Mina Zabriska was on friendly terms with him; so that perhaps the rent was a little lower still than it would have been otherwise: even trifling reductions counted as important things in the Gainsborough budget. Being thus small, the house was naturally full; the three people who lived there were themselves enough to account for that. But it was also unnaturally full by reason of Mr. Gainsborough's habit of acquiring old furniture of no value, and new bric-a-brac whose worth could be expressed only by minus signs. These things flooded floors and walls, and overflowed on to the strip of gravel behind. From time to time many of them disappeared;

there were periodical revolts on Cecily's part, resulting in clearances : the gaps were soon made good by a fresh influx of the absolutely undesirable. When Sloyd came he looked round with a professional despair that there was not a thing in the place which would fetch a sovereign! Such is the end of seeking beauty on an empty purse : some find a pathos in it, but it is more generally regarded as a folly in the seeker, a wrong to his dependants, and a nuisance to his friends.

In no other way could Gainsborough—Melton John Gainsborough, Architect—be called a nuisance, unless by Harry Tristram's capricious pleasure. For he was very unobtrusive, small like his house, lean like his purse, shabby as his furniture, humbler than his bric-a-brac. He asked very little of the world : it gave him half, and he did not complain. He was never proud of anything, but he was gratified by his honourable descent and by his alliance with the Tristrams. The family instinct was very strong in him. Among the rubbish he bought somebody else's pedigree was often to be found. His wife's hung framed on the wall (ending with "Adelaide Louisa Aimée" in large letters for one branch, and "Cecily" in small for the other); his own was the constant subject of unprofitable searchings in county histories—one aspect of his remarkable genius for the unremunerative in all its respectable forms. He worked very hard, and gave the impression of doing nothing—and the impression perhaps possessed the higher form of truth. Anyhow, while he and his had (thanks to a very small property which came with the late Mrs. Gainsborough) always just enough to eat, they had always just not enough of anything else ; short commons were the rule.

And now they were going to Blent. Sloyd, calling on a matter of business, and pleasantly excusing his intrusion by the payment of some fees, had heard about it from Gainsborough. "This'll just take us to Blent!" the little gentleman had observed with satisfaction, as he waved the slip of paper. Sloyd knew Blent and could take an interest ; he described it, raising his voice so that it travelled beyond the room and

reached the hammock in the garden where Cecily lay. She liked a hammock, and her father could not stand china figures and vases on it, so that it secured her where to lay her head. Gainsborough was very fussy over the news: a deeper but quieter excitement glowed in Cecily's eyes as, listening to Sloyd, she feigned to pay no heed. She had designs on the cheque. Beauty unadorned may mean several things; but moralists cannot be right in twisting the commendation of it into a eulogium on threadbare frocks. She must have a funeral frock.

Sloyd came to the door which opened on the garden, and greeted her. He was as smart as usual, his tie a new creation, his hat mirroring the sun. Cecily was shabby from necessity, and somewhat touzled from lolling in the hammock. She looked up at him, smiling in a lazy amusement.

"Do you ever wear the same hat twice?" she asked.

"Must have a good hat in my profession, Miss Gainsborough. You never know where you'll be sent for. The Duchess of This, or Lady That, loses her money at cards—or the Earl drops a bit at Newmarket—must let the house for the season—sends off for me—mustn't catch me in an old hat!"

"Yes, I see."

"Besides, you may say what you like, but a gentleman ought to wear a good hat. It stamps him, Miss Gainsborough."

"Yours positively illuminates you. I could find the way by you on the darkest night."

"With just a leetle touch of oil——" he admitted cautiously, not quite sure how far she was serious in the admiration her eyes seemed to express. "What have you been doing with yourself?" he asked, breaking off after his sufficient confession.

"I've been drawing up advertisements of my own accomplishments." She sat up suddenly. "Oh, why didn't I ask you to help me? You'd have made me sound eligible and

desirable, and handsome and spacious, and all the rest of it. And I found nothing at all to say !”

“What are you advertising for ?”

“Somebody who knows less French than I do. But I shall wait till we come back now.” She yawned a little. “I don’t in the least want to earn my living, you know,” she added candidly, “and there’s no way I could honestly. I don’t really know any French at all.”

Sloyd regarded her with mingled pleasure and pain. His taste was for more robust beauty and more striking raiment, and she—no, she was not neat. Yet he decided that she would, as he put it, pay for dressing ; she wanted some process analogous to the thorough repair which he loved to see applied to old houses. Then she would be attractive—not his sort, of course, but still attractive.

“I wonder if you’ll meet Madame Zabriska, the lady I let Merrion Lodge to, and the gentleman with her, her uncle ?”

“I expect not. My cousin invites us for the funeral. It’s on Saturday. I suppose we shall stay the Sunday, that’s all. And I don’t suppose we shall see anybody to speak to anyhow.” Her air was very careless ; the whole thing was represented as rather a bore.

“You should make a longer visit—I’m sure his lordship will be delighted to have you, and it’s a charming neighbourhood ; a very desirable neighbourhood indeed.”

“I daresay. But desirable things don’t generally come our way, Mr. Sloyd, or at any rate not much of them.”

“It’s pretty odd to think it’d all be yours if—if anything happened to Lord Tristram.” His tone showed a mixture of amusement and awe. She was what he saw—she might become My Lady ! The incongruity reached his sense of humour, while her proximity to a noble status nearly made him take off his hat.

“It may be pretty odd,” she said indolently, “but it doesn’t do me much good, does it ?”

This last remark summed up the attitude which Cecily had

always adopted about Blent, and she chose to maintain it now that she was at last to see Blent. Probably her father's family instinct had driven her into an insincere opposition, or she did not consider it dignified to show interest in relatives who had shown none to her. She had never been asked to Blent. If she was asked now it was as a duty; as a duty she would go. Harry did not monopolise the Tristram blood or the Tristram pride. But this attitude was not very comprehensible to her present companion. As a personal taste, Mr. Sloyd would have liked to be connected, however remotely, with the aristocracy; and if he had been, would have let his social circle hear a good deal about it: even a business connection was something, and suffered no loss of importance in his practised hands.

Yet in her heart she was on fire with an excitement which Sloyd would have wondered at, and which made her father's fussy nervousness seem absurd. At last she was to see with her eyes the things she had always heard of. She was to see Blent. Addie Tristram, indeed, she could no longer see; that had always been denied to her, and the loss was irreparable. But even the dead Lady Tristram she would soon be able to realise far better than she had yet done; she would put her into her surroundings. And Harry would be there, the cousin who had never been cousinly, the young man whom she did not know, and who was a factor of such importance in her life. She had dreams in abundance about the expedition, and it was in vain that reason said, "It'll be all over in three days. Then back to the little house and the need for that advertisement!" Luckily this sort of suggestion, made by reason, never sounds probable, however well reason proves to us that it must come to pass. Cecily was sure that at last—ah, at last!—a change in life had come. Life had been always so very much the same; changes generally need money, and money had not been hers. Knowledge usually needs money too, and of the kinds of life outside her own narrow sphere she was very ignorant. Beautiful things also need money; of them she had seen and enjoyed very little; only the parodies came to the small house in the

small road. All these things joined to make her feel that a great moment was at hand: she might and did deride herself, but the feeling was there; and at last she admitted it to her father when she said with a little laugh:

"I don't suppose anybody ever was so excited over a funeral before!"

But perhaps there was ignorance in that remark too. It has been seen, for instance, that Miss Swinkerton and her friends could be very excited, although they had not the excuse of youth, of dreams, or of any kinship with the Tristrams.

"It's begun!" Cecily said to herself when, three days afterwards, they got out of their third-class carriage and got into the landau that waited for them. The footman, touching his hat, asked if Miss Gainsborough had brought a maid. ("The maid," not "A maid," was the form of reference familiar to Miss Gainsborough.) Her father was in new black, she was in new black; the two trunks had been well polished, and the seats of the landau were very soft.

"They don't use the Fitzhubert crest, I observe," remarked Gainsborough. "Only the Tristram fox. Did you notice it on the harness?"

"I was gazing with all my eyes at the coronet on the panel," she answered, laughing.

A tall and angular lady came up and spoke to the footman, as he was about to mount the box.

"At two on Saturday, Miss," they heard him reply. Miss Swinkerton nodded, and walked slowly past the carriage, giving the occupants a leisurely stare. Of course Miss S. had known the time of the funeral quite well; now her intimates would be made equally well acquainted with the appearance of the visitors.

Blent was in full beauty that summer evening, and the girl sat in entranced silence as they drove by the river and came where the old house stood. The blinds were down, the escutcheon, with the Tristram fox again, above the door in the central tower. They were ushered into the library.

Gainsborough's eyes ran over the books with a longing envious glance; his daughter turned to the window, to look at the Blent and up to Merrion. A funny remembrance of Sloyd crossed her mind, and she smiled. Had she already so caught the air of the place that Sloyd seemed to her both remote and very plebeian? Turning her head, she saw the left wing with the row of windows that lighted the Long Gallery: she had never seen such a room in a private house, and thought there must be several rooms in that wing. A manservant brought in tea, and told them that Mr. Tristram was engaged in pressing business and begged to be excused: dinner would be at 8.15. Disappointed at her host's invisibility, she gave her father tea with a languid air. The little man was nervous and excited; he walked the carpet carefully; but soon he pounced on a book—a county history—and sat down with it. After a few minutes' idleness Cecily rose, strolled into the hall, and thence out into the garden. The hush of the house had become oppressive to her.

Yes, everything was very beautiful; she felt that again, and drank it in, indulging her thirst so long unsatisfied. She had seen larger places, such palaces as all the folk of London are allowed to see. The present scene was new. And in the room above lay Addie Tristram in her coffin—the lovely strange woman of whom her mother had told her. She would not see Lady Tristram, but she seemed now to see all her life and to be able to picture her, to understand why she did the things they talked of, and what manner of woman she had been. She wandered to the little bridge. The stream below was the Blent! Geographies might treat the rivulet with scanty notice and with poor respect; to her it was Jordan—the sacred river. Might not its god have been ancestor to all the Tristrams? In such a place as this one could have many such fancies; they would come to feed the mind and make it grow, to transform it into something that could appreciate poetry. A big rose-tree climbed the wall of the right wing. Who had picked its blossoms and through how many years? Its flowers

must often have adorned Addie Tristram's unsurpassed loveliness. After the years of short commons there came this bountiful feast to her soul. She felt herself a Tristram. A turn of chance might have made all this her own. Her breath seemed to stop as she thought of this. The idea now was far different from what it had sounded when Sloyd gave it utterance in the tiny strip of garden behind the tiny house, and she had greeted it with scorn and a mocking smile. She did not want all this for her own; but she did want—how she wanted!—to be allowed to stop and look at it, to stay long enough to make it part of her and have it to carry back with her to her home between the King's Road and the Fulham Road in London.

She crossed the bridge and walked up the valley. Twenty minutes brought her to the Pool. It opened on her with a new surprise. The sun had just left it, and its darkness was touched by mystery. The steep wooded bank opposite cast a dull heavy shadow across half the surface; the low lapping of water sounded like somebody whispering old secrets that she seemed half to hear, garrulous histories of the dead—the dead whose blood was in her veins—old glories, old scandals, old trifles all mixed together, all of great importance in the valley of the Blent. Who cares about such things in London, about anybody's family or anybody himself? There is no time for such things in London. It is very different in the valley of the Blent, when the sun is low and the cry of a bird makes a sound too shrill to be welcome.

Turning by chance to look up the road towards Mingham, she saw a man coming down the hill. He was sauntering idly along, beating the grass by the roadside with his stick. Suddenly he stopped short, put his hand above his eyes, and gave her a long look; he seemed to start. Then he began to walk towards her with a rapid eager stride. She turned away and strolled along by the Pool on her way to Blent Hall. But he would not be denied: his tread came nearer; he overtook her and halted almost by her side, raising his hat and gazing with

uncompromising straightness in her face. She knew him at once; he must be Harry Tristram. Was lounging about the roads his pressing business?

"I beg your pardon," he said, with a curious appearance of agitation. "I am Harry Tristram, and you must be——?"

"Cecily Gainsborough," said she with a distant manner, inclined to be offended that their meeting should be by accident. Why had he not received his guests if he had nothing to do but lounge about the roads?

"Yes, I was sure. The moment I thought, I was sure." He took no heed of her manner, engrossed in some pre-occupation of his own. "At first I was startled." He smiled now, as he offered her his hand. Then he recollected. "You must forgive me for being out. I have been hard at work all day, and the craving for the evening was on me. I went out without thinking."

"They said you were engaged on pressing business."

"They lied for me. I forgot to leave any message. I'm not generally discourteous."

His apology disarmed her and made her resentment seem petty.

"How could you think of us at such a time? It's good of you to have us at all."

"My mother wanted you to come." He added no welcome of his own. "You never saw her, did you?" he asked a moment later.

Cecily shook her head. She was rather confused by the steady gaze of his eyes. Did Cousin Harry always stare at people as hard as that? Yet it was not exactly a stare; it was too thoughtful, too ruminative, too unconscious for that.

"Let's walk back together. You've had a look at the place already perhaps?"

"It's very beautiful."

"Yes," he assented absently, as they began to walk.

If she did not stare, still she used her eyes, curiously studying his face with its suggestion of strength and that somehow

rather inconsistent hint of sensitiveness. He was gloomy; that was just now only proper. She saw something that puzzled her: Mina Zabriska could have told her what it was, but she herself did not succeed in identifying Harry's watching look. She was merely puzzled at a certain shade of expression in the eyes. She had not seen it at the first moment, but it was there now as he turned to her from time to time while they sauntered along.

"That's Merrion, our dower-house. But it's let now to a funny little woman, Madame Zabriska. She's rather a friend of mine, but her uncle, who lives with her, doesn't like me." He smiled as he spoke of the Major. "She's very much interested in you."

"In me? Has she heard of me?"

"She hears of most things. She's as sharp as a needle. I like her, though."

He said no more till they were back in the garden; then he proposed that they should sit down on the seat by the river.

"My mother used to sit here often," he said. "She always loved to see the sun go down from the garden. She didn't read or do anything; she just sat watching."

"Thinking?" Cecily suggested.

"Well, hardly. Letting thoughts happen if they wanted to, perhaps. She was always rather—rather passive about things, you know. They took hold of her if—well, as I say, if they wanted to." He turned to her quickly as he asked, "Are you at all like that?"

"I believe I'm only just beginning to find out that I'm anything or like anything. And anyhow, I'm quite different from what I was yesterday."

"From yesterday?"

"Yes. Just by coming here, I think."

"That's what I mean! Things do take hold of you, then?"

"This place does apparently," she answered, laughing, as

she leant back on the seat, throwing her arm behind her and resting her head on it. She caught him looking at her again with marked and almost startled intensity. He was rather strange, with his alternations of apparent forgetfulness and this embarrassing scrutiny.

"Tell me about yourself," he asked, or rather commanded, so brusque and direct was the request.

She told him about the small house and the small life she had led in it, even about the furniture and the bric-a-brac, confessing to her occasional clearances and the deception she had to practise on her father about them. He was very silent, but he was a good listener. Soon he began to smoke, and did not ask leave. This might be rudeness, but seemed a rather cousinly sort of rudeness, and was readily forgiven.

"And suddenly I come to all this!" she murmured. Then with a start she added, "But I'm forgetting your mother's death and what you must feel, and chattering about myself!"

"I asked you to talk about yourself. Is it such a great change to come here?"

"Immense! To come here even for a day! Immense!" She waved her hand a moment, and found him following it with his eyes as it moved.

"You don't look," he said slowly, "as if it was any change at all."

"What do you mean?" she asked, interested in what he seemed to suggest.

"You fit in," he murmured, looking up at the house—at the window of Addie Tristram's room. "And you're very poor?" he asked.

"Yes. And you——?"

"Oh, I'm not rich as such things go. The estate has fallen in value very much, you know. But——". He broke off, frowning a little. "Still, we're comfortable enough," he resumed.

"I should think so. You'd always have it to look at, anyhow. What did you think I should be like?"

"Anything in the world but what you are."

The tone was at once too sincere and too absent for a compliment. Cecily knew herself not to be plain; but he was referring to something else than that.

"In fact, I hardly thought of you as an individual at all. You were the Gainsboroughs."

"And you didn't like the Gainsboroughs?" she cried in a flash of intuition.

"No, I didn't," he admitted.

"Why not?"

"A prejudice," answered Harry Tristram after a pause.

She crossed her legs, sticking one foot out in front of her and looking at it thoughtfully. He followed the movement and slowly broke into a smile; it was followed by an impatient shrug. With the feminine instinct she pushed her gown lower down, half over the foot. Harry laughed. She looked up, blushing and inclined to be angry,

"Oh, it wasn't that," he said, laughing again rather contemptuously. "But——" He rose, took some paces along the lawn, and then, coming back, stood beside her, staring at the Blent and frowning rather formidably.

"Did you see me when I first saw you by the Pool?" he asked in a moment.

"Yes. How you hurried after me!"

Another pause followed, Harry's frown giving way to a smile, but a perplexed and reluctant one. Cecily watched him with puzzled interest—still sitting with her foot stuck out in front of her and her head resting on the bend of her arm: her eyes looked upwards, and her lips were just parted.

"Have I been staring at you?" he inquired abruptly.

"Well, yes, you have," she answered, laughing. "But a strange cousin expects to be examined rather carefully. Do I pass muster among the Tristrams? Or am I all the hated Gainsborough?"

He looked at her again and earnestly. She met the

look without lowering her eyes or altering her position in any particular.

“It’s too absurd!” he declared, half fretful, half amused. “Your features aren’t so very much alike—except the eyes—they are—and your hair’s darker. But you move and carry yourself and turn your head as she did. And that position you’re in now—why I’ve seen her in it a thousand times! Your arm there and your foot stuck out——”

His voice grew louder as he went on, his petulant amusement giving way to an agitation imperfectly suppressed.

“What do you mean?” she asked, catching excitement from him.

“Why, my mother. That’s her attitude, and your walk’s her walk, and your voice her voice. You’re her—all over! Why, when I saw you by the Pool just now, a hundred yards off, strolling on the bank——”

“Yes?” she half whispered. “You started, didn’t you?”

“Yes, I started. I thought for a moment I saw my mother’s ghost. I thought my mother had come back to Blent. And it is—you!”

He threw out his hands in a gesture of what seemed despair.

(To be continued.)