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HENRY NEWBOLT

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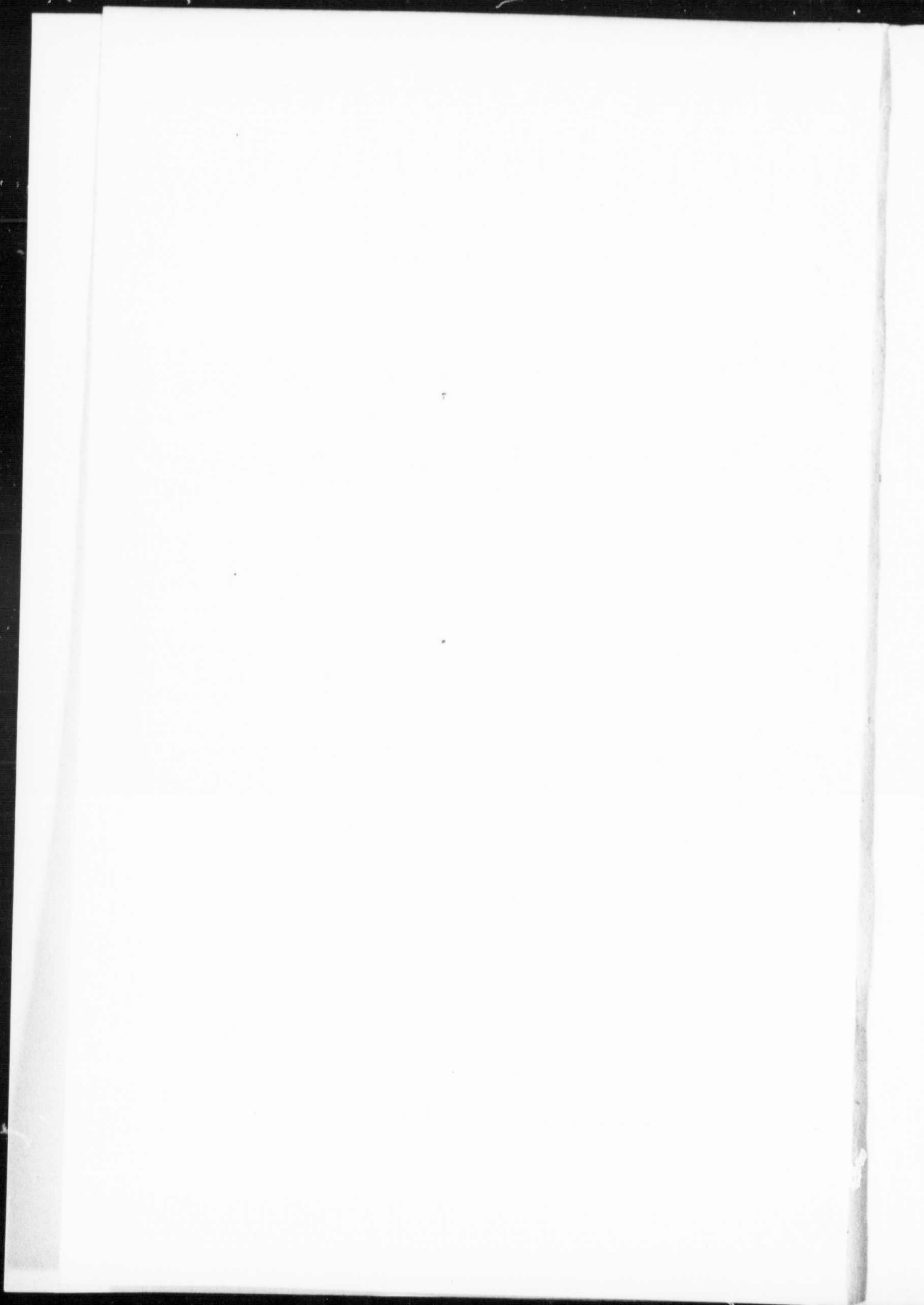

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THE GAME OF BRIDGE

"DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am glad to see that you take an interest in social questions, because there is one to which I wish to draw your attention. I am a little afraid you may not think it a very serious one when you find it is only concerned with a game of cards; but after all, if a thing is bad enough to spoil one's life, it is, to a woman at any rate, bad enough to be considered important. I am really not exaggerating when I say that this year my life has been entirely spoilt by Bridge: and when I say my life, I do not mean any selfish pleasure of my own, but the hopes and interests which are natural to every woman in my position. I have two daughters now growing up; I arranged that one of them should come out this year and one next. We are all three the greatest friends, and I have been looking forward for ever so long to taking them everywhere with me and sharing their enjoyment and success: for they are both pretty and happy-minded, and good at all the things that girls ought to do. Besides, though they are young and diffident, they have plenty of character and sense, and I feel sure that neither of them would be attracted by the wrong kind of man, so I had every reason to expect that things would go smoothly.

"In the way I have put it that sounds rather worldly, but it cannot be wrong to wish one's daughter a happy married life; the worldliness comes in when you put money and position first, and are willing to do anything to get them. I knew

that no girls would have better chances than mine, and I should very likely never have had to think about such things at all, if this mania for Bridge had not come to a climax just in time to ruin everything. We had hardly been up a week before I found that I had to decide betweeen Bridge and no Bridge. It did not seem a very momentous question at the time; we had all played a little at home, but none of my children are particularly given to cards, and to say 'no' would cause no disappointment and seemed to simplify matters. I don't repent it in the least; I have been convinced twenty times since then; but nothing could have been further from simplifying existence. To begin with, the dances were more ill-assorted than ever: what reasonable young man would dance when he could play Bridge? What pleasures can society give to compare with the combination of gambling, smoking, drinking, and lounging? Then dinners and everything else became practically parties for Bridge; after ten o'clock we found ourselves *de trop* in the houses of our best friends; we did not play, we were outsiders, and being outsiders is a part we have never before been asked to take. And it certainly is not a part that ought to be forced upon a girl like mine. What do you think of this for Bridge manners? One evening they were a player short at the last table, and when my daughter excused herself from joining them one man said—he had only known us a fortnight—'Oh! but you must: it is only Quakers and paupers that don't play Bridge.' Another day an extra smart aunt of mine, whom we call 'the Bernstein,' came in and congratulated me 'on the engagement.' No girl, she declared, could be allowed not to play Bridge unless she were already 'provided for.' This is not worse perhaps than the usual Bernstein witticism, but this time it stung because I felt the sickening truth at the bottom of it; and I was not much comforted, though I was pleased, by what followed. 'You'll never get on, you know,' she said to the child, 'unless you do as Rome does'; and the answer was 'That depends, Aunt B., upon what "getting on" means.'

"Now, Mr. Editor, you and I know quite well what 'getting

on' means, and that it is natural and right for girls to get on. What I want you to put plainly before people is the question whether this natural right should have such a price put upon it. It is all very well to talk of other kinds of fashion and the folly of being eccentric; but this is different; this is a real tyranny and has no object; it does not give one scope, or make life any more bright or varied, as dressing and dancing and acting do. It is as frivolous as anything could be, and deadly monotonous as well. In one house we stayed in, this August, the men began to play directly after breakfast, and one of them told me he had played for eighteen hours, only stopping for meals. Why should these people, who were sensible enough not long ago, now think a clever and beautiful girl a disagreeable member of society if she is not ready to spend her days on the same treadmill on which they waste their time? And is she to have no chance of a home of her own unless she degrades herself to their level? It is not too strong a word, for they *are* degraded by this game; they do worry over the money, though they say the stakes are trifling; and between that and the late hours their temper gives, and they become as vulgar as a set of Germans over their Skat. I have seen a girl of eighteen sneered into playing for higher points than she could afford, by a man old enough to be her father. I have heard of another accepting a loan from a man she hardly knew, to try and 'get back her own.' Another little friend of mine made mistakes and lost heavily; at the end of the rubber her partner muttered angrily the word 'swindle.' One of his opponents retorted, 'You've nothing to complain of; we cut.' And these are not such exceptions; they were all gentlemen once, and two of them belong to good old peerages that are supposed to mean something.

"I have said all that I can think of for the moment; I leave it to you to put my case as clearly as you can; it is every word true. Two more things I think you ought to know. I am not a bit strait-laced, or in any way squeamish about money matters; I sell my own dairy produce, and I can pay a dentist

his fee without an envelope. I only object to girls scrambling with men for the odd sovereign. The other thing is that I *have* talked to my husband. But he is too busy and too easy-going: he says sometimes that it is 'just an epidemic like any other; soon over,' and sometimes that 'evening parties are no loss at any rate.' Yesterday he was a little more sympathetic; he heard all I had to say, and did his best to cheer me. 'After all,' he said, 'your girl can only marry one man to start with; there'll be a dozen crazy enough when the time comes.' But that is putting my case far too low; I don't want them to be crazy, but only to give themselves a little time to think, and not sacrifice their best interests to a childish mania.

"Believe me, dear Mr. Editor, yours, &c.,

"A. B."

"Sir,—I propose to you an article upon 'Bridge in Health and Disease' for the next issue of the Monthly Review. It is a subject upon which nothing adequate has yet, to my knowledge, been put forward in public. I have given considerable attention to it, and I may fairly claim to be well qualified to discuss it, both as a student of the game and as a medical man in consulting practice. The line I should take would be to show the effect of Bridge (1) from the medical or sanative point of view, as a valuable nerve tonic and stimulant, especially in cases of habitual overwork, now so common among our politicians and professional classes, and during the period intervening between partial and complete recovery from accidents or operations or from maladies of a specifically depressing character, such as influenza or neurasthenia. (2) From the morbid or pathological point of view, as setting up in cases of excess a highly interesting variety of the degenerative processes so well described in Dr. Nordau's book.

"My argument would, of course, be illustrated by typical cases drawn from my own experience and given under the veil of initials. For instance, under my first head would be quoted the case of Sir J. D., an elderly man of fine physique,

but irritable temperament, whom I saw recently; he had inflicted a severe blow upon his left ankle with an iron golf club, while awkwardly placed in a chalk pit, and his ordinary medical attendant had advised that all card games should be given up during his confinement to his own room. I revoked this decision in favour of Bridge, and the distressing symptoms were relieved almost immediately; a rapid recovery followed. Under the second head I have a large table of very curious cases; Members of Parliament who have acquired an extraordinary distaste for their work, connoisseurs in wine who have lost their discrimination, phlegmatic subjects of both sexes who have developed either a febrile activity or a ferocity akin to that of more primitive races. Among certain social groups a true obsession has been observed, producing the characteristic slowness of intelligence and limitation of vocabulary. I could develop my thesis in about ten to fifteen thousand words, and let you have the MS. within a week.

"Awaiting your reply, I am, &c.,

"C. D."

"Dear Sir,—May I venture to ask if you would consider a paper by me on 'The Popularity of Bridge'? The extraordinary success of the game has been very generally remarked, and efforts have been made to create a prejudice against it by those who are always ready to decry anything new, and those who would abolish offhand everything that is capable of abuse. I wish to treat the matter in a more scientific spirit, and to show that a phenomenon such as the invention and universal adoption of Bridge in a country like England can only be the result and the index of a development of national life and character. Such developments are natural steps in the progress which we call evolution, and to contend against them is folly. It was inevitable that as our national civilisation widened, Ombre, the pastime of a coterie, should give way to Whist, the more serious recreation of the great middle class. Now that the reign of that class is over, and its principles, whether of high-and-

dry Conservatism or doctrinaire Liberalism, have disappeared into history, it was necessary and inevitable that a new game should be found for that aristocratic democracy which has become the governing factor in the State. It was evident *à priori* that such a game must be one capable of being played with even greater seriousness than its predecessor, while at the same time it must offer, in place of the monotony, the rigid principles and the limited results of Whist, the charm and discipline of variety, freedom of action, and possibilities of success worth adventuring for. We are at the beginning of a new era, we have awoke to find ourselves an empire, challenged by other empires to a contest in which we shall need all our skill, nerve and forethought. We are planning a new army and navy, a new education, a new outlook for British trade: we are to leave gilt-edged securities to the women and children, and to develop the world by our adventurous investments. Is it reasonable, is it scientifically possible that a nation in this stage should be content with a game in which every lead is dictated by a printed book and the choice of weapons irrevocably fixed by the turning up of a card? The principle of Whist was to make no mistakes and be content: the secret of Bridge is that even on a hand of spades you may declare 'no trumps.' Resource, responsibility, nerve, quickness to change front and turn difficulties into successes—these are the qualities required by Bridge and, in turn, produced by it. They are the virtues of the Liberal Imperialist, of the man to whom the future belongs.

"I have stated my view baldly and without attention to style; but I am enthusiastic in the matter, and will spare no pains, if you can allow me, say, fifteen pages of the Review, to do justice to my subject. May I suggest also that early publication is very desirable, in order that the public interest may be utilised while it is still fresh?

"Yours, &c.,

"E. F."

"My dear Sir,—Many thanks for your kind invitation; I have more than once thought that I should like to see something of mine in the Monthly Review, but I fear it will not in any case be upon the subject of Bridge. My feelings about it are not sufficiently defined: or rather I have two distinct minds. On the one hand, I play the game and like it; on the other hand, I know men—and women—who play it like wasters or monomaniacs, and I am too much in the set to say, without offence, what I must say if I write at all. May I suggest that the subject is admirably suitable for one of your editorials? It is not a question for a specialist, but rather for the impartial onlooker: and editors, whatever views they may take when in plain clothes, are acknowledged to put on the ermine of impartiality when they take their seat of office. Besides, I think every one resents being lectured by his fellow men, but no sane person minds an anonymous official sermon, even if he remembers the editor's name.

"One thing more. You suggested that before writing I should give you some idea of the line I intended to take. As I cannot write, my opinions on this subject are no longer of any account; but I venture to press one point upon you. I am, as I have said, myself a player of Bridge, and I cannot help rather resenting the indiscriminate abuse poured upon the game. It is too often the mere chagrin of people who won't trouble to learn anything new, or who don't care for cards at all, and are simply annoyed at seeing their friends occupied with a pursuit they can't share; just as to some people a man who reads is always 'a bookworm' or 'one of those literary fellows,' and a girl who fishes 'a fast sporting woman.' Of course there is often better ground for complaint than this; the thing *is* overdone; people become silly over it, and idle, and vulgar. But to abuse Bridge is irrelevant; it is not the game but the players that are in fault. What did these people do before Bridge was invented? The men played Poker or loafed; the women gossiped and read hypnotic novels; and when Bridge is forgotten they'll find other ways of seeing life

through the wrong end of the telescope—if they still exist, that is. If you are bent on reforming society (you have not said you are, but it is an editor's duty), I am sure you will do better, and get more support, if you go for the drunkard rather than the drink. It is stultifying to call a thing poison from which no moderate man ever got anything but good: and it gives annoyance. But I think you would have a very strong position if you argued that Bridge is an excellent recreation which, by reason of its attractiveness, has become, like other attractive things, a kind of touchstone by which to distinguish good metal from Brummagem; decent people go in for it with decency, the others show themselves to be dolts or riff-raff, which is generally what we know them for already. I admit there have been some unexpected revelations, but these only prove the searching efficacy of the test. So much the better, for now that we've taken such large premises and gone into business as an Empire we can't afford to go on politely treating all men as equals. The breed is no longer what it was in its younger days; then it produced, at the worst, a sprinkling of black sheep, who were duly kicked out and often came back with hard knocks to their credit; but now even our best families have taken to growing a kind of white elephant, a creature that eats and amuses himself and dabbles in differences at the bucket-shops. His proper place is in the ranks of the Imperial Yeomanry; 'instead of which' he plays Bridge and brings a fine game into discredit. I hope you will deal faithfully with him.

"Yours, &c.,

"G. H."

[*Private.*]

"Dear ——,—I wish I could do what you ask, but it is impossible, and I console myself by feeling very sure that the thing really cannot be done at all, by anybody. Between work without recreation, and amusement without cessation, there is no doubt a happy mean, and if you say so every one agrees and maintains that he is careful to keep to it. Who is the better

then? It would have to be said very well to be even amusing. If we were undergraduates we should do it in the form of a parody of the *Ethics*, and it would reach the outer world in a volume of Echoes from the *Oxford Magazine*. But we have 'gone down' too long, and Academic Wit is not Social Satire.

"To-night, after dinner, I talked the question over with the Bishop, with whom, as you may see from this paper, I am staying. You know what an admiration and affection I have always had for him. He is getting very fragile now and every time I see him I am afraid it may be the last; but he is more mellow and genial than ever, and talks of everything with so much grip and with such a living ease and warmth, that I feel like a mechanical toy beside him. Of course he takes a thoroughly clerical view, but he does it with perfect simplicity —he never had the vestige of a pulpit tone in his voice—and he makes you feel, at any rate while you are with him, that there is undoubtedly a life of the spirit as well as a life of the body and the intellect. We sat over the fire, after a wet day, and he told me some good stories; then I read him your letter (there was nothing impossible in it) and added a few amplifications: about Sigismonda for instance. 'Ah!' he said, 'I have read something like that before. "She which liveth in pleasure is dead, while she liveth."' Then he turned to a shelf and took down a volume of Stopford Brooke's 'Life of F. W. Robertson.'

> 'The last hour has been spent in examining a pile of letters . . . two anonymous—one of them from a young lady, defending fashionable society against my tirades; *these last I feel are worse than useless, and very impolitic.* Nevertheless, more and more, a life of amusement . . . seems to me in irreconcilable antagonism to Christianity, and more destructive to the higher spirit than even the mercantile life in its worst form.'

'Worse than useless and very impolitic,' he repeated, 'and yet you try to send me where you would not go yourself.' He always did see what was in our minds before we knew it ourselves. I defended: 'But *I* am not any one's pastor.' 'No,'

he said, 'or you would know that at sight of the pastoral staff they run nowadays—the goats, at any rate. Besides, I agree with Robertson; it is useless; Bridge will last the world out, perhaps outlast it.' I exclaimed. 'Well,' he said, 'I use the word generically; we do not know that there will be no amusements hereafter. We do know that if there are they will be unavailing there as here to span the great gulf between torment and peace. The search for distraction—*nimis avide consolationem quærere*—is the abandonment of happiness.' 'When you quote Thomas à Kempis,' I said, 'it always seems as if he had known and foreseen everything.' The Bishop smiled; he knew that I was trying to lead him, as I have done before, on to a favourite path, and he acquiesced, with just a twinkle by the way. 'Yes, I read the *Imitatio* as much for its practical wisdom as for its other greatnesses; Christianity is the best policy; put aside the other life, and the *Imitatio* is still your best guide for this world. What would your friends think of this? "Keep not that which may impede you, or rob you of liberty within yourself."' 'They might say that things can hardly impede a man who only wishes to sit still.' I cannot describe to you how delightfully this roused him; he sat up in his chair with eyes full of a kind of wondering excitement, like a child, and put out his hand. 'My dear boy,' he said, 'no man wishes to sit still, never, never; they are all searching; blindly or wisely they all seek to be filled—*ad æterna semper anhelant.* But some of them make mistakes; they drink of brackish springs and eat of Dead-sea apples. *Beati qui Deo vacare gestiunt, et ab omni impedimento sæculi se excutiunt.*'

"Then I made a most horrible false step; I reminded him of a sentence he used to quote years ago. I was thinking of some once reasonable people who are frittering themselves away over this foolish game, and I quite forgot that since then his own son had gone to the dogs. 'They whose works seemed commendable, have fallen to the lowest; and those who were used to partake the bread of angels, I have seen delighting

themselves with the husks that the swine did eat.' He looked more sad than I thought a man could look. 'Yes,' he said, 'and now it is prayer time.'

"It is very late; good night.

"Yours ever,

"J. K."

ON THE LINE

The Autobiography of a Journalist. By W. J. Stillman. (Grant Richards. 24*s.* net.)—Mr. Stillman, whose recent death has deprived the world of a strong and distinct personality, has achieved what few autobiographists achieve and has left behind him a real impression of himself—the frank portrait of a forcible man, half Puritan, half artist; a man of keen, absorbing intellect and unflinching integrity, who, throughout existence, believed himself to be guided by Providence in every step that he took. That faith remained to him when all other traces of his early religion (his people were primitive New Englanders of the "Seventh Day" sect) had long since vanished; and, as he implicitly acted on it, it gave him a security in his wildest adventures and most hairbreadth escapes that enabled him to regard and to recount them as mere matter-of-course. For Mr. Stillman's life was a romance; and it is a curious (is it also an American?) characteristic of his book that directly he approaches romance, he treats it as if it were science and writes it baldly, with an almost technical dryness. Many and different were the parts that he played, and he figured, in turn, as artist, politician, war-correspondent, traveller, excavator, writer, and the friend of great men. He was Consul in Crete and the supporter of the Christians during the terrible years (1866 to '68) of the war between Mussulmen and Christians; he was prominent in Montenegro in the revolt of 1876; he was equally important in Greek and in Italian affairs; he was

sent to America about the famous Parnell letter. After 1886, when he was appointed *Times* correspondent for Italy and Greece, his life became more settled and he took up his abode with his family in Rome; but his share in politics was as active, if more restricted than before, and his relations with Crispi make a very informing chapter.

It is in his friendships, however, that Mr. Stillman is the most interesting. He was intimate with the Barbizon painters, with Ruskin, with Rossetti and his sister Christina, and with all the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; with Lowell, Emerson, the naturalist, Agassiz, and, more or less, for many years, with the leading statesmen in Italy, Greece and Turkey. Evidently he had the gift of gaining intimacy at once; he never seems to have loitered in the suburbs of conversation, but even though he were only five minutes with a person, and never saw him again, he got his inmost confidence directly. He must have possessed an electric power which drew men to speak to him of themselves. And when we read his vital little portraits of them we do not wonder at it; it is only true insight that can dictate the epithets which make people live before us. Take, for instance, his summary of Emerson, with whom, together with Lowell, and Agassiz, he roved in the Virgin Adirondack Forest:

> Emerson was too serene ever to be discourteous, and was capable of the hottest antagonism without rudeness, and the most intense indignation without quickening his speech, or raising his tone; grasping and exhausting with imaginative activity whatever object furnished him with matter for thought, and throwing to the rubbish-heap whatever was superficial; indifferent to form or polish if only he could find a diamond; revelling in mystery, and with eyes that penetrated like the X-ray through all obscurities, and found at the bottom of them what there was to find.

And here is his epitome of Gladstone, when he met him at Cortina:

> He had in him the Platonist, the Statesman, and the Theologian, of each enough for an ordinary man, and one crowded the other in action. The Platonist crowded the Statesman, and at certain dangerous moments, the broad humanitarian feeling overlooked the practical dangers of the critical juncture in which he had to act.

Mr. Stillman's amusing trip with the despotic Ruskin, his talks at Fontainebleau with Rousseau, make very good reading; but of that the reader will find no lack in either of the volumes before him.

Saint Francois d'Assisi et la Legende des trois compagnons. Arvède Barine. (Librairie Hachette et Cie., Paris. *3fr. 50c.*)—It would be difficult for a life of St. Francis to fail in charm, and Mdme. Arvède Barine is not the person to make it do so. Her pen has a singular graciousness; she is sweet without being insipid, and limpid without being shallow. She tells the life of the saint with a sunny happiness, a spiritual strength that she seems to have caught from him, as she writes. His life is still magnetic, as it was when he drew the crowds from the hill sides round Assisi. She includes in her volume her translation of "the legend of the three companions"—an account written of their beloved master by three of his disciples, and full of "la candeur et l'adorable gaucherie de ces hommes simples." New facts about him there are none for her to chronicle; but she writes his biography from one point of view, and measures him by his ideal of primitive, uncompromising Christianity, Nor does a new point of view matter. As long as men sin and suffer and religion strengthens them, so long will they read the story of the most human of saints—of the gay, fastidious young æsthete, first among the sparks of his city; of the visionary overcome by his call in the midst of the feast in his honour; of the small pale friar arriving at the Bishop's Palace to ask shelter for himself and the pet-lamb he was leading; of the Head of an Order, whose rope and ragged cowl subdued even Innocent III., in all his Papal splendour.

Oswald von Wolkenstein. By Signora Linda Villari. (Dent. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)—If the reader is disposed to make acquaintance with one of the last of the German Minnesingers, whose own life was as romantic as any of his poems, and at the same time to revisit in spirit some of the rock-fortresses of the Dolomitic

country of the Tyrol, he may be recommended to purchase Madame Villari's easily-read and attractive little volume.

The story takes us at first to the valleys which are dominated by the precipitous Schlern, and to the neighbourhood of quiet Castelruth. Here Oswald is born, a younger son of the knightly family of Wolkenstein. As a mere child he loses the sight of an eye by the discharge of an arrow from a cross-bow: he "lisps in numbers"; he starts off (at ten years old) on a crusade against the Pagans of Prussia and Lithuania. The Pagans are not extirpated, but the adventurous boy remains with his knightly comrades, or rather he remains with the knights for a time; then he joins a company of traders; he wanders through Europe and into the heart of Asia; he does not return to his home till he is twenty-five years of age, full-bearded and with gray locks in his hair.

Of his two loves, Sabina Jager and Margaret of Schwangau, the first the false Duessa, the second the gentle and trustful Una of his life, the tale is told by Oswald in his autobiographic verses, and well re-told by Madame Villari. Sabina, who has thrown him over for a rich and elderly citizen of Hall, entraps him to her castle and tortures him nearly to death. But Margaret, the child-wife, the poet's daughter married to a poet, is true to him through all his adversities, bears him seven children, and soothes at last his broken and somewhat querulous old age.

Besides this long and curious romance of Oswald's life, the reader, if he has ever visited Innsbruck, will find himself renewing with delight his acquaintance with some of the stalwart figures who guard the tomb of Maximilian, especially with Kaiser Sigismund *super grammaticam*, and with "Friedrich of the empty purse who gilt the golden roof." This latter, they will discover, is not the mere perpetrator of a foolish freak, but a strong-willed somewhat despotic ruler, whose successful struggle with his nobles, among whom Oswald fought, was one of the most important events in the history of the Tyrol.

Some Records of the Later Life of Harriet Countess Granville. By her Grand-daughter Susan H. Oldfield. (Longmans. 16*s*. net.)—To those who love their kind properly it will always be interesting to learn the favourite books, the favourite friends, even the favourite puddings of Mr. Jones, be he never so obscure a character. How much more interesting, then, to grow intimate with distinguished people and to keep company with those who have taken a part, passive or active, in the world's affairs. It is with such folk that the volume before us deals. Harriet Lady Granville, whose brilliant existence at Paris and whose published letters are already known to the public, was left a widow in 1846. She had before her sixteen years in which to sorrow for her loss, for she did not die till 1862. The wife of the French ambassador, the sister of the Duke of Devonshire and of Lady Carlisle, the mother of Lord Granville, who in 1851 succeeded Lord Palmerston as Minister for Foreign Affairs, she spent her life with interesting and important people. But she was one of those whose participation was passive, and she was a listener to the doers rather than an active influence in business or society. These relationships do not tell so much about her as the fact that she was the mother of Lady Georgina Fullerton, that pious great lady, and once fashionable novelist. In both women the religious element prevailed and gradually swamped all other interests except those of the hearth. Now and then, of course, there are pages about public life. The passages describing Louis Philippe's flight to England, and the effect of Napoleon III.'s *coup d'état* are the most amusing in the book, but they are only transitory, and "celestial politics" resume their sway. Mother and daughter were alike saints, in nothing so much, perhaps, as in their union. For Lady Georgina's conversion was never allowed, after the first shock, to make any difference between her and the profoundly evangelical countess. From her call in 1848 in the coastguard's hut at Bournemouth to the day of her death, Lady Granville's commonplace books are little more than a diary of religious

experience and a collection of spiritual extracts, from contemporary preachers, from past preachers, from hymn-writers, from letter-writers, from writers of all kinds. We cannot but regret that any lady, however high her soul or her rank, should have quoted so passionately from the poet, Montgomery; but, after all, this is merely a vagary of the taste (or rather the confusion of taste and morals) which belongs to the days of Albert the Good. The slight plethora of transcriptions is doubtless due to the filial piety of the editor, but then so are the seventeen portraits of Granvilles, Howards, and others that enrich the work. This is not the place to discuss whether books written by children and grandchildren should count among the "books that are no books." At all events, as in this case, they may be edifying human documents. Lady Granville was as catholic in spirit as Gordon and would willingly have been as poor. The world was not the worse for the fact that her charity was greater than her brilliance.

If **Bird Watching,** by Edmund Selous (Dent, 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is not a perfectly written book (the style being at times "something quite *per se* and in vain to describe") it is at any rate a very delightful one. The author begins by comparing life to "a vast melancholy ocean over which ships, more or less sorrow-laden, continually pass and ply, yet there lie here and there upon it isles of consolation. . . . One of these we may call Bird-Isle—the island of watching and being entertained by the habits and humours of birds—and upon this one . . . I will straightway land." Those who love birds will follow, and find the island full of strange noises and sights, and worthy, for its humours especially, of a place in the Rabelaisian geography. The "duel with ceremonies" of the stock-doves, on p. 40, and the nuptial poses of the Great Skua, opposite p. 100, and of the Great Plover, on p. 19, are perhaps the most exquisitely absurd of the pictures here given to show how birds can at times rival human beings in both conventional and awkward (not to say "sheepish") gestures. To many, even of

those whose home is in the country, these pictures and descriptions will come as a surprise. Some have not sufficient patience to catch wild creatures off guard; others belong to the class, hated of Mr. Selous, who must always be killing, and when they cannot, feel nothing but regret at the sight of any bird: "If I'd had a gun now!"

It is certain that this book will stimulate many bird-lovers to add to the notes collected by the author. There is plenty of room left for watchers; for instance, our knowledge of the language of rooks is still, in spite of the very creditable vocabulary given on pp. 299–300, far from complete, and the smaller birds are here all huddled into one chapter under the queer title of "Blackbirds, Nightingales, Sandmartins, &c." Our own first choice for an appendix or supplement would be the curlew, to which Mr. Selous gives only three pages; the raven and the eider-duck taking the remaining thirty of the chapter between them. His opportunities of watching curlews have evidently been limited; he has seen them only "beneath grey northern skies" and not on the warm Devon moors in May, where those who know how to find "the Long Stone" may hear instead of "a melancholy too-ee" or a sad "wail" from a "cheerless hollow," something far more characteristic of the old heroic West; a swift triple note, kyü-yü-yü, kyü-yü-yü, the perfect expression of the ecstacy of their motion as they sail and sweep like the *Revenge* herself; and then a softer double note of utter content, as they come slowly in from the high seas and drop to their moorings by the invisible nest.

It was well worth while to print the lecture which bears the name of **Schopenhauer,** by T. Bailey Saunders (Black, 1*s.* 6*d.* net), for it has just that combination of the lucidity of a good summary and the suggestiveness of a good conversation which is the virtue of a lecture, and enables it to give pleasure both to those who know already and those who are about to know the subject in hand. As for the matter, Schopenhauer is not to be dealt with in a paragraph, and we can only indicate the

line taken by the lecturer. When Mr. Saunders is speaking for himself he handles his philosopher from a decidedly critical point of view, but at the same time he sets forth the opinions he is to controvert with so much skill and insight that the result, intended or unintended, is to leave upon the reader an impression of their strength rather than their weakness. We are invited to look upon Schopenhauer as a kind of Shelley, a poet among philosophers, beating with luminous wings the void; but we are convinced, or remain convinced, that he was of all modern thinkers the one who had the keenest perception of life as it is. In his brilliant and impetuous attack he exposed himself no doubt to demonstrations on both his flanks, and his line did not always keep an even front; but when this century's battle ends he may still be found to be holding some of the main positions against which he advanced, though he may have sometimes failed to see the true strategic value of the points he gained. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Saunders himself would not be surprised at such a result.

In **The Archbishop and the Lady** (Smith. 6*s.*) Mrs. Crowninshield Schuyler introduces us to a new and agreeable form of criminal enterprise. Her villains leave little to be desired: a profligate and deformed French count, incidentally married to the statuesque heroine, and an unfrocked priest who has misappropriated the moneys of the Church to finance his wicked designs, are not unworthy actors in the horrible schemes which are sufficiently hinted at through the book, but not disclosed till the last chapters. The way of these transgressors is made suitably hard, and the difference between the characters of the stronger and weaker ruffians in their alarm and remorse is well drawn, and the fate which overtakes each is appropriate and satisfactory. The virtuous characters are less convincing. Quentin, the hero, is athletic and impassive, and throws the wicked priest over his head, when he proves troublesome, in the best style; but we could wish him less apt in overhearing conversations; and his flirta-

tion with that elderly charmer, the mother of the heroine, is almost unsavoury. This ingenious lady has forced her daughter Alixe, a stately *ingénue* of nineteen, into two loveless marriages before the story begins: first with an aged duke, who obligingly died immediately after signing the register, leaving his bride an enormous fortune, and second with the wicked count. The archbishop also flirts with the mother, and tries to persuade the daughter to enter a convent; but she resolves to give matrimony another chance, and all ends happily.

The poem which forms the principal part of Mr. George Meredith's volume, **A Reading of Life** (Constable. 6*s.*), and gives its name to the whole, consists of four parts. Two of these—the short introductory verses called "The Vital Choice," and the long poem, "The Test of Manhood," which concludes the series, have already appeared in the pages of this REVIEW and therefore need no further recommendation from us. They form the statement and the solution of the problem of man's life—his march from the wilderness of the beasts and the haunted night to the land of dawn:

> That quiet dawn was Reverence; whereof sprang
> Ethereal Beauty in full morning tide.
> Another sun had risen to clasp his bride:
> It was another earth unto him sang.
>
> Came Reverence from the Huntress on her heights?
> From the Persuader came it, in those vales
> Whereunto she melodiously invites,
> Her troops of eager servitors regales?

This is the question proposed, and it is here answered; the two intervening parts, "With the Huntress" and "With the Persuader," being no more than consummately beautiful amplifications—descriptive pieces inserted to prolong and heighten the effect, bas-reliefs set round the pedestal of the great work. Keats would have loved them:

> Huntress, arrowy to pursue
> In and out of woody glen,

> Under cliffs that tear the blue,
> Over torrent, over fen,
> She and forest, where she skims
> Feathery, darken and relume:
> Those are her white-lightning limbs
> Cleaving loads of leafy gloom.

The second, as befits the subject, is no longer Greek but Italian, painted rather than carved; it glows with the richness and colour of the Venetian:

> Be sure the ruddy hue is Love's: to woo
> Love's Fountain we must mount the ruddy hue.
> That is her garden's precept, seen where shines
> Her blood-flower, and its unsought neighbour pines.
> Daughter of light, the joyful light,
> She bids her couples face full East,
> Reflecting radiance, even when from her feast
> Their outstretched arms brown deserts disunite,
> The lion-haunted thickets hold apart.

Another fine poem, full of leaping flame,—and almost impenetrable gusts of smoke,--is the dialogue between Patience and Foresight. It adds to the Reading of Life Past a philosophy for life in the future:

> Ay, be we faithful to ourselves: despise
> Nought but the coward in us! . . .
> Advantage to the Many: that we name
> God's voice: have there the surety in our aim.

So comes the victory of the chieftain Mind.

> Who never yet of scattered lamps was born
> To speed a world, a marching world to warn,
> But sunward from the vivid Many springs,
> Counts Conquest but a step, and through disaster sings.

The same eternal antagonism which we find in "A Reading of Life" is dealt with, it is no dispraise of Mr. Meredith to say, not less admirably in Mr. T. Sturge Moore's dramatic poem, **Aphrodite against Artemis** (Unicorn Press, 2*s*. 6*d*. net). There is much that is Greek in Mr. Moore's way of

thought, much that is Elizabethan in his manner; but he so uses his inheritance as to make it quite his own, and the better for his using. "Aphrodite against Artemis" is a very different thing from the stilted imitations of which we have seen too much. Quite apart from its technical excellence, which is notable, it is a poem to read for pleasure, and carries its lesson, not obviously as a burden, but implicitly, as natural happenings do. There are many memorable lines and passages in this little tragedy, but they are the harder to quote as they are not purple patches, but follow naturally in their place, and lose by being snatched from it; but of Love, the theme of the whole, there are some brief pregnant sayings which will bear transplanting and remembering:

> Thou canst not love me, no, nor yet forgive
> Unless thou hast sense of my growing up.
> For love is just the summing up of us,
> It is the end of roving wild desire;
> Thence we begin to pile achievement—yea,
> And to afford real aid to those about.

And again:

> Love is worth more than manners; Love is wise,
> Is lenient, like old kings whose wives are dead;
> Smiles zealot virtue down, gives passion leave
> To err a little, for its vital worth.

That is what many men have thought about love, but no one has said it just that way before. The language of the dialogue is simple and apparently unstudied, free alike from curious archaism and crude modernity; and it seems to flow naturally into metre. The lyrics are delightful, they possess in a high degree that essential quality so wholly wanting in the literary lyric, the quality of fitness for singing. It is not fair to quote them in fragments, but the choruses of the huntsmen and the girls after the death of Hippolytus are specially commendable.

If it is the function of Tragedy to inspire pity and terror, Mr. Moore is a tragic poet; he moves us with Phædra's simple, vain attempt to win the sympathy of Hippolytus, and shakes us with her dreadful, half-unwilling death. But perhaps the

finest passage in the play is that in which he paints the fluctuations of feeling in the selfish soul of Theseus after he has found the dead body of the queen. There is not space to speak of the minor characters, all real and living; but Thoe, the rough old Amazon nurse, is a treasure.

In Mr. Moore's version it is Aphrodite who gets the last word, and this is foreshadowed by the character of Hippolytus, who is sullen and unlovable, and does not win our sympathy till the last scene, when he acquits his father, rather than forgives him, for his own piteous fate.

It is obvious, for several reasons, that the play cannot be presented on the stage as it stands; but this is only a reproach to a prurient age, sensitive to plain speaking and infinitely tolerant of suggestion. There is not a word nor a line in "Aphrodite against Artemis" which could not be profitably given before a fit and wholesome audience.

THE NAVY AT SCHOOL: A CORRECTION

TO the following letter from Lieut. Carlyon Bellairs we need only add that we are entirely responsible for the "high pressure" of which he speaks. There were only some ten days available between the return of Lieut. Bellairs from the manœuvres and the time at which the article we had requested him to write must be in our hands: but we thought it of importance that his criticisms should be placed before our readers without delay. The interest taken by the public in the Naval Manœuvres is always of a very evanescent character, and seemed likely to pass away even more quickly than usual this year. It is significant that of the two points on which Lieut. Bellairs now corrects himself, neither has, to our knowledge, drawn a reply from any of the numerous critics in service and other journals who have commented upon his article: and yet one of the two is a simple mistake of fact.—EDITOR.

"SIR,—In the article on 'The Navy at School,' which appeared in the MONTHLY REVIEW for September, it was stated by me that we have no naval attaché in Germany. I am happy to find that this statement is not correct, and that an able naval officer is watching developments and may be trusted to keep the Admiralty fully posted as to the acceleration of the German Naval Programme. This programme is to be completed, except for the replacement of old tonnage, by the year 1908

instead of 1916. If this is really the case it can only emphasise the warning that in an old-established navy like the British, it is in 1901 that we must legislate for 1908, for changes must be spread over a greater period of time than in smaller and newer navies.

"'The Navy at School' was written at high pressure in the days immediately succeeding the conclusion of the manœuvres. This haste is responsible for what closer consideration has convinced me to have been an unfair criticism of the scheme of those manœuvres. As a tactical and strategical exercise, and not as an indication of British naval policy, the scheme bears the impress of broad historical teaching, in that it laid down that X Fleet was to endeavour to obtain command of the sea with the *ultimate object* of destroying the enemy's trade. This is a clear recognition of the necessity of concentrating with the one definite object of winning command of the sea, after which X Fleet would be at liberty to do what it pleased. It is a serious criticism of Admiral Wilson's action in turning aside his destroyers to attack commerce that he weakened his concentration against the enemy. Such action could only be justified if it forced his opponent to disperse his forces in a greater degree, or if Admiral Wilson believed destroyers to be useless for their proper purpose. We all know Admiral Wilson to have the highest opinion of torpedo craft. One is therefore driven to the conclusion that he believed the material loss to British trade resulting from his tactics would cause his opponent to disperse his forces for the protection of that trade. This assumes that the concentration principle he found so useful for his cruisers was inapplicable to his destroyers, and such an assumption is I think at best a very doubtful one.

"I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

"CARLYON BELLAIRS."

PROFESSOR KOCH: THE PREVENTION AND CURE OF TUBERCULOSIS

"WE managed to live and enjoy life before we knew anything about germs and bacteria; why should we make such a fuss about them nowadays?" How often has such a statement been made, and the resulting question asked during the last ten or fifteen years, especially by those who ave watched, with a half-aroused interest, the efforts that have been made by medical men and others to hold in check the fearful scourge of pulmonary consumption and other tubercular diseases. In most cases the questioner appears to expect that his query will be so answered that he may go his way comforted by the suggestion that the ravages of bacteria are carried on only in the minds of faddists, and that the disease germ is but the creature of a disordered imagination. Some have gone so far as to hint that germs could play little or no part in setting up disease, as "*since they had been discovered almost all the diseases supposed to be produced by them had steadily decreased.*" Fortunately such methods of reasoning are not generally adopted, or the evidence that bacteria and disease are in no way related would be almost overwhelming.

Professor Koch, in his admirable address to the recent British Congress on Tuberculosis, said that it had set before itself a most difficult task, but one in which labour was most sure of its reward, when it undertook not only to bring

together all current information on the great subject with which it had set itself to deal, but to sift and classify that information in such fashion that it might be safely placed in the hands of others than experts.

So much has been written concerning tuberculosis in recent years that even "the man in the street" knows something about it. It may be well to mention, however, that as the result of Koch's inquiries the term tuberculosis now covers a wider series of pathological changes than it did twenty years ago; changes, however, which have this in common, that they are induced by a specific bacillus, a bacillus that, by proper methods, may be demonstrated in every tuberculous patch. In the adult human being the disease usually attacks the lungs, and is known as pulmonary consumption, or phthisis. Later the larynx or voice box and intestines may be affected, but usually secondarily to the disease of the lungs. In children, the intestines or the associated glands are often attacked (tabes mesenterica, or consumption of the bowels), though in them also not so commonly as the lungs. Tuberculosis of bone, of the membranes of the brain, of the brain substance itself, or of any organ of the body—the kidney, liver, skin, may also occur. In fact, it has been demonstrated that, given weakened or non-resistant tissues, the tubercle bacillus, gaining access to them through a wound, by the lymph vessels or by the blood vessels, sets up a diseased condition known as tuberculosis. In the lower animals, similar though not identical baccilli set up similar though not identical processes. In cattle the disease usually occurs in the lungs; and it is recognised that these organs are most frequently and first attacked, because, as in the human subject, the bacillus is usually inhaled with dust or dried excreta from other tuberculous patients. But any of the other organs may be affected. In the pig and the horse the spleen is frequently found to be the seat of primary infection. The bacillus from the human subject, especially that contained in expectorated matter, appears to be much less virulent in its attacks upon animals than is that obtained from the bovine animal, but

up to the present little doubt has been entertained as to the specific identity of the bacilli from the two sources: it has been assumed that the two are simply varieties of the same species, and that, therefore, the disease might be transmitted from one animal not only to others of the lower animals, but also to man. There can be no doubt that bovine tuberculosis can be transmitted to most of the lower animals, while there is equally little doubt that human tuberculosis is transmitted, though perhaps not so readily, to most of the smaller animals utilised for experimental purposes. These bacilli, in tubercular patches, long remained unrecognised because of the difficulty experienced in differentiating them under the microscope from the surrounding tissues. This difficulty was got over by Baumgarten and by Koch simultaneously, but the special staining method employed by the latter is now that generally used. The tubercle bacillus will grow only on special media and under special conditions, but Koch succeeded in overcoming all difficulties and in obtaining pure cultures of the bacillus (separating it from diseased tissues or excreta) with which to study its life history and to carry out inoculation and feeding experiments. Such shortly is an account of what we know of tuberculosis and the tubercle bacillus.

Forty years ago "consumption" was looked upon as a hopelessly incurable disease. Doctors and patients alike regarded a diagnosis of pulmonary phthisis as practically corresponding to the sounding of a death knell, whilst, more serious still, it was considered to be absolutely non-preventible. A few enlightened individuals there were who, as the result of careful observation, had come to the conclusion that not only is consumption a preventible but also a curable disease. No accurate information as to the real nature of the disease had as yet been obtained, but the few were convinced that it was of a distinctly infectious nature. Professor Brouardel in his admirable address to the Congress made the interesting statement that Morgagni, the great morbid anatomist of the seventeenth century, declared that he feared to make a post-

mortem examination of the body of a patient who had succumbed to phthisis; and that he was not alone in this fear is evident from the fact that in Italy it was customary to burn the bedding of persons who had died from this disease in order to destroy any infectious material that had come from the patient and clung to the clothing.

In France, Villemin in 1865, and later Chauveau, and in Germany, Cohnheim and Salomonsen, demonstrated the infectious nature of the tubercular process; and in our own country much collateral evidence bearing on the same point was gradually collected.

That improved conditions of existence, better food, and general and personal hygiene were exerting a marked influence in preventing the spread of tuberculosis is evident on consideration of Dr. Tatham's statistics published in his supplement to the Fifty-fifth Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in England (and Wales), 1895, and again in the Sixty-second Annual Report, 1899, where we are informed that the aggregate mortality from tubercular diseases as a group has decreased almost continuously and uninterruptedly throughout the last four decennia (save one year), the rate having fallen from 3240 per million in the period 1861–70 to 1911 per million in 1899, whilst during almost the same period pulmonary phthisis accounted for a death rate of 2547 per million in 1859, and only 1336 in each million living in 1899. "In spite of this decline," says Dr. Tatham, "the aggregate death-roll from diseases of the tubercular group is still so heavy as to demand constant and watchful attention." How true this is may be gathered from the fact that in 1899 tubercular diseases in the aggregate accounted for 60,659 deaths in England and Wales alone, equal to 10·4 per cent. of the deaths from all causes. That we are not the only sufferers in this respect is evident from the statement that in France tuberculosis accounts for 150,000 deaths annually, or two and a half times as many as in England and Wales, whilst there are no fewer than "226,000 persons in Germany,

over fifteen years of age, who are so far gone in consumption that hospital treatment is necessary for them."[1]

In spite of all this improvement there still continued a very marked sense of hopelessness in regard to consumption up to twenty years ago, when Koch made his great discovery that in the diseased patches of tubercular patients, whether brute or human, there could be demonstrated bacilli which in the two sets of patients appeared, at first sight at any rate, to be identical. The morphological and cultural characters and staining reactions were so constant and so similar, and the pathological processes induced when these bacilli were inoculated into different animals were so much alike that certain minor differences were looked upon as being merely accidental or varietal—certainly not specific. Here was a great advance. If Koch was right there was now some hope of cutting at the very root of the disease. "No tubercle bacillus—no tuberculosis" brought hope to thousands. Predisposition to the disease might be present, but even a patient highly predisposed to the disease could not become tuberculous until he was infected by the specific tubercle producing bacillus. How much this meant to poor tuberculous humanity can only be understood by those who had passed through the hopeless process of seeing patients infected and snatched from their very hands by a disease which seemed to be as obscure in its origin as it was changing in its form. The tubercle bacillus now came in for special study. Is it transmitted directly from patient to patient? Under what conditions can it flourish outside the body? By what means and through what channels does it invade the body? and what are the reactions between the bacillus and the fluids and tissues when it has effected a lodgment in the body?

The first real advance made, as was pointed out by Koch in his recent address, was that heredity as a factor in the production and spread of tuberculosis may be practically ignored. Even before the life-history of the tubercle bacillus has been thoroughly followed out, those who have examined evidence

[1] Koch, quoting from the statistics of the German Imperial Office of Health.

on this point are satisfied that, though hereditary tuberculosis is not absolutely non-existent, it is nevertheless extremely rare, and we are at liberty in considering our practical measures "taken to combat tuberculosis" to leave this form of origination out of account. This was like awakening from a horrible dream. Hitherto the children of tuberculous parents had been looked upon as existing under an evil spell of great potency. By good fortune they might escape the disease, but a deadly fatalism prevailed. Doctors, patients, and friends were, as Brouardel pithily puts it, "lulled to sleep" by the formula of heredity, "which served as a pillow for idleness, and exempted them from investigating the origin of the mischief."

"No bacillus—no tuberculosis" was the formula that proved fatal to the theory of heredity, and in dealing the death-blow to this theory it put heart into thousands of those who have to deal with this scourge, and enabled them to offer comfort and encouragement to hundreds of thousands of those who would otherwise have folded their hands and cried "*Kismet*."

Professor Bang of Copenhagen has done good work in helping to prove that tuberculosis is not hereditary, and that good sound stock may be raised from tuberculous parents. He has done this in the case of cattle only; but what has been demonstrated in connection with one species may be accepted as true of another. If it is true of cattle, why should it not be true of man?

Taking a number of cattle suffering from tuberculosis, Bang isolated them on a farm, placing them under favourable hygienic conditions. The calves born of this stock were in turn isolated from their parents, and the milk given to them was all collected from cows with healthy udders, or if it came from unhealthy sources, was carefully sterilised. It was found that calves fed with this milk, if kept free from infection from other sources, remain quite free from tuberculosis, except in those cases in which, through affection of the womb of the mother, the bacilli can pass from the maternal tissues to those of the unborn calf.

Such an affection of the womb is of exceedingly infrequent occurrence, and hereditary, or rather congenital, tuberculosis is correspondingly rare. Thus, as the old tubercular stock dies off or is slaughtered, comparatively healthy stock is reared to take its place, and Bang is satisfied that could ideal conditions be obtained, tuberculosis could be eradicated from his experimental stock in a very short time, whilst even with a small pecuniary outlay, and the exercise of a few ordinary precautions, a healthy herd may gradually be reared.

Although human beings cannot be isolated and treated like cattle, it is still possible to do much to prevent the transmission of infected material from parent to child, as, arguing from analogy, we may assume that it is usually only after birth that the infection takes place. Further, although there is still much to be learnt concerning the life-history of the tubercle bacillus, Koch holds that we are already in a position to affirm that a patient is a dangerous centre of infection only so long as the disease is unrecognised, or so long as no proper precaution to destroy all tubercle bacilli (which are easily destroyed and rendered impotent to work harm) that may come away in the excreta, especially the sputum, of the tubercular patient are taken.

When a patient and those who come in contact with him can be brought to recognise that his expectoration may be the cause of a deadly disease (even more deadly perhaps than that from which the patient is suffering) to those around, and when the friends of the patient come to look upon such expectoration as poison, but a poison that can easily be collected and destroyed, then the patient is no longer a source of danger to his fellows, and one of the main channels of infection is at once blocked. It is unnecessary to follow Koch in his able argument that each infectious disease must, from a preventive point of view, be treated in accordance with our knowledge of the life-history of the casual agent—germ or bacillus. It is useless to quarantine plague patients—even those suffering from the pneumonic form of the disease—if rats, which are the great carriers of the

plague "infection" are allowed to run free amongst a healthy community; or to wage war against a cholera epidemic without attacking the bacillus in the excreta, and preventing their entrance, in an active form, into water that is apparently potable. All this is now accepted as proved in connection with the epidemic diseases. Further, there is now a remarkable agreement as to the main measures to be adopted in any campaign to be undertaken against tuberculosis.

England has for some time been in the forefront of the battle waged against consumption in its later stages; nay, even for patients in the earlier stages of the disease more has been done in our consumption hospitals than has been attempted in other countries, and all our foreign guests at the recent Congress were loud in their praises of these institutions. Indeed, Koch has been so strongly impressed by the results obtained in special consumption hospitals that he considers that much greater stress should be laid on the importance of providing ample and adequate hospital accommodation, with suitable nursing and treatment, than is at present done. Without in any way disparaging the efforts that are being made to provide sanatoria for those suffering from incipient phthisis, he contends that in any crusade against tuberculosis the first thing to be done is to trace, by enforcing notification, if necessary, all cases of tuberculosis, and especially all cases of pulmonary consumption. Those in need of special treatment and nursing should, he holds, be placed in hospital at once—or, if this be not advisable or possible, should be treated at home. In advanced cases there may be no hope of any "cure," but life may be prolonged and the last days of the patient made more comfortable, whilst, most important of all from the "preventive" standpoint, they are rendered innocuous as centres of infection. Housed in well-ventilated wards, they are trained to keep all expectorated material under observation until the infective bacilli contained in it can be rendered powerless for evil by the application of heat or some chemical germicide, and to sterilise everything to which these germs of

disease can be carried and in which they can be harboured even for a short time. Expectorated material in handkerchiefs, in vessels, or on clothing once treated with germicides is no longer harmful, and the phthisical patients from whom it comes are thus far less dangerous as centres of infection. A stay in a consumption hospital is never useless, even when the patient receives no permanent benefit from the treatment, if the necessity for observing the few simple rules insisted upon in the ward can be sufficiently strongly impressed upon the patient before he is discharged. He then carries away with him the conviction that he is a source of infection to his friends unless these rules are adhered to; consequently, in most cases, he adheres to them.

Koch, whilst strongly advocating the extension of our hospital system for phthisical patients, is in full accord with those who maintain that the time has now come for the provision of sanatoria for the rational treatment of phthisical patients in the early (curable) stages of the disease. Open air, good, suitable, and sufficient food, plenty of sleep, and strict attention to the general rules of health appear to be the main elements in this "rational" system. Of course various modifications are constantly being suggested, and sometimes there appears to be a danger that too great stress may be laid upon comparatively unimportant details; but so long as the main idea is adhered to good results may confidently be anticipated. It is said that 20 per cent. of the cases of incipient phthisis that are treated for three months in these sanatoria are "cured." Probably a much larger proportion of phthisical cases recover without going to sanatoria at all. That may be the case, and still sanatoria may be of great value. In the first place, three months is far too short a period in which to undo the mischief effected by a long course of unhealthy conditions, and to build up and make healthy weakened tissues and perverted functions. The healthy human body is singularly insusceptible to the attacks of the tubercle bacillus, and even when the bacillus has gained a temporary footing it may with very slight assistance be driven out

again, and every pathologist, now that his attention has been called to the matter, recognises that a large proportion of the aged patients who come under his observation have in early life suffered from some form or other of tuberculosis. Although only about 60,000 inhabitants of England and Wales died from tuberculosis last year, probably one-half of the patients who died from other diseases suffered or had suffered at some time or other from some form of tubercular disease. It is only as the conditions under which the patient was placed improved or deteriorated that he recovered or succumbed to tuberculosis. Sanatoria are places in which tuberculous patients may be kept under favourable conditions, in which the resistant powers of their tissues may be so reinforced and built up that the tubercle bacillus may be killed and the damaged tissue gradually removed, to be replaced by healthy scar tissue, just as damaged tissue is removed and the wound scars over after a superficial burn. It may take six months, or a year or more to undo the mischief effected during years in some cases, months or even weeks in others, but given the conditions that the general deterioration of tissue and function is not too great, the number of tubercle bacilli not overwhelming, and the local damage not too extensive, and the open-air treatment accompanied by good feeding and rest and the exhibition of a reasonable amount of common sense, "treatment" should prove efficacious. Consumption, in the advanced stage one of the most hopeless of all diseases, is in its incipient forms one of the most curable.

Professor Calmette, of Lille, recognising that amongst the working men in the large towns of the north of France much might be done in regard to the treatment of the early stages of tuberculosis, has started a dispensary scheme, under which working men may be examined when there is even a suspicion that they may be suffering from consumption. A chronic cough, a prolonged "cold," pallor, extreme weariness and weakness, and similar symptoms are taken as the basis of suspicion. A thorough physical examination of patients who suffer from these symptoms is made, and they are then treated according

to the results of this examination. This extension of the system of notification should be followed by excellent results, for, as above indicated, the earlier consumption can be attacked the better are the chances of obtaining a cure, and the drafting of patients in the very early stages of this disease to sanatoria would in a large proportion of cases be followed by immediate improvement. Indeed, for them the three-months term of treatment, or perhaps even a shorter period, would be ample. In any such system, however, sanatorium accommodation must be much less costly—to the patient—than it is at present, and one of the most difficult problems still to be solved is—How is such cheap sanatorium treatment to be obtained? Although it would be inadvisable to discuss this question here, it may be mentioned that in Germany the "business value" of the healthy individual is so fully recognised and considered, that the insurance companies give pecuniary assistance to those insured with them to enable them to obtain the benefit of the sanatorium treatment, and that even the State keeps its eye on this matter.

As in the case of hospital treatment, the value of sanatorium treatment should not be considered to end when the patient is discharged. During his term of residence he has become accustomed to fresh air—he no longer dreads it; he has been taught what to avoid and what to take in the matter of food and drink; he sees how necessary it is to get sufficient sleep, and has learnt how he may most easily and with the greatest certainty render harmless to those around him the infective matter that he expectorates. He now knows that he is a centre of infection so long as tubercle bacilli can be found in his sputa, and that he and his friends must do as the old Italians did—burn all infective material and cleanse and disinfect the rooms and clothing used by a phthisical patient; that overcrowding must, if possible, be avoided, and that where this is not possible air and light should be admitted through constantly open doors and windows. Little has been said about light, but every medical officer of health knows what an important factor this is in the prevention and cure of consump-

tion. Koch has demonstrated that the direct rays of the sun exert a most powerful bactericidal action upon the tubercle bacillus, as upon other disease-producing germs, whilst even strong diffused light appears to exert some slight modifying influence on these bacilli.

In regard to most of the questions hitherto considered, there may be slight differences of opinion as to details, but as to the main facts, and as to the general action to be taken in order to combat tuberculosis, there is practical unanimity. Now, however, we come to a point at which there is a parting of the ways.

As the result of his early experiments Koch came to the conclusion that tuberculosis, whether human or bovine, was really one and the same disease occurring in different species of animals. Virchow and Klein were not disposed to accept this view without question, but Koch's early theory that tuberculosis, whether in man or the lower animals, is in all cases caused by one specific tubercle bacillus, in which the differences are those of degree of activity rather than of kind for long prevailed, almost uncontradicted. Most observers, however, recognised that the bacillus of bovine tuberculosis is much more active than the bacillus met with in human tuberculosis, and that there may be some differences in size and form (as seen under the microscope), just as there are undoubtedly certain cultural peculiarities, the bovine form growing the more readily and luxuriantly on artificial nutrient media. Dr. Theobald Smith and others in America have consistently drawn attention to these differences, and now Koch himself has issued a manifesto in which he states that after carrying on a series of feeding and inoculation experiments on cattle—experiments which extended over a couple of years, and in which he was assisted by Professor Schütz of the Veterinary College of Berlin—he feels "justified in maintaining that human tuberculosis differs from bovine and cannot be transmitted to cattle."

Moreover, he gives his reasons for arriving at such a conclusion. Of nineteen animals that received either sputum

taken from tubercular patients—or bacilli isolated from such patients—into the alimentary canal or the air passages, under the skin, or into the abdominal cavity or the large vein of the neck, not a single animal developed tuberculosis, and the injected bacilli simply acted locally as would dead bacilli. On the other hand, cattle that received tubercle bacilli of bovine origin soon developed characteristic tuberculosis. The experiments on pigs were not so striking; nevertheless, as was to be expected, these animals were not so susceptible to the action of bacilli derived from human patients as they were to those from a bovine source. The results of these experiments are very startling, and backed by the authority of Professor Koch must receive careful attention. Unfortunately, up to the present but few experiments on the infection of cattle with human tuberculous matter have been made, but taking into consideration the small number of such experiments, the number of positive results obtained, *i.e.*, the number of cases in which tuberculosis has been artificially induced by the use of sputum from human tubercular patients is very considerable. Taking those that are most accessible and concerning which we have most information, we find that in 1888 Professor Crookshank reported to the Board of Agriculture that he had been able to produce "grapes" (tubercular nodules) on the living membrane of the wall of the abdominal cavity of a calf, by injecting sputum rich in tubercle bacilli, derived from a case of advanced pulmonary phthisis. The animal rapidly succumbed to "blood poisoning," and although the tubercular process could be traced as commencing at and spreading from the seat of inoculation, there were changes that could only have been brought about by microbes other than those that produce tuberculosis. In fact we have here a case of "mixed infection." This should certainly be borne in mind, as nowadays physicians and surgeons are strongly of opinion that it is only when the tissues are weakened that the tubercle bacillus has much chance of making a successful attack upon the tissues of the human body. The commencement of an attack of tuberculosis usually dates even in the

popular mind from some disturbance in the intestinal canal in children or from influenza, inflammation of the lung, or bronchitis in the adult. Alone the tubercle bacilli from the human source may be incapable of making good their attack upon the bovine animal, but with the aid of their auxiliaries, the blood-poisoning organisms, acting as an advance guard, they may induce typical tubercular lesions. This is a matter that must receive careful consideration.

In 1893 experiments on cattle were carried out by Professor Sidney Martin. The results of these experiments were embodied in the Appendix to the Report of the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis, published in 1895. Six calves were fed on tuberculous sputum. Two of them received each 440 c.c. of human sputum containing a large number of tubercle bacilli. One of them, 56 days from the commencement of the experiment, was found to be suffering from tuberculosis of the intestine and mesenteric glands, and in the tubercular areas tubercle bacilli could be demonstrated. The second calf, allowed to live for 138 days, when killed was found to be quite free from tubercle. The four other calves each received 70 c.c. of human sputum containing numerous tubercle bacilli. This material, as in the first case, was given mixed with the regular food, and at one meal. These calves were killed at intervals of 33, 63, 85, and 283 days from the commencement of the experiment. The first was very slightly tuberculous, the second and third had distinct tubercle nodules in the intestine, and from these nodules tubercle bacilli were recovered, whilst the fourth remained quite free from the disease. Dr. Martin points out that in similar experiments carried out with tubercular material of bovine origin, the disease came on more rapidly, and was much more extensive. Still, he maintains that in the affected animals the results obtained with human material, though less marked than those obtained with bovine material, were in all cases distinct, or, as he puts it, "sputum is not so infective to calves as bovine tuberculous material, since not only did one calf not take the disease, but the other calf in eight weeks showed only

a local lesion of the intestines and of the mesenteric glands, while in eight weeks after feeding with bovine tuberculous material, the disease has spread from the intestines and mesenteric glands to the lymphatic glands of the thorax and to the lungs." And again: "It is evident, therefore, that in the case of tuberculous sputum we are dealing with material which is less infective to calves than bovine tuberculous material. This lessened infectivity is possibly not only a question of dosage, but one of diminished activity of the tubercle bacillus in sputum as compared to its activity in the tuberculous lesion of the cow."

Leaving this aspect of the question it may now be pointed out that Koch states that the tuberculin made from human bacilli is apparently identical with that obtained from bovine bacilli, *i.e.*, the two act in exactly the same way when injected into tubercular cattle. This is most important if true. Again, the bovine tubercle bacillus is capable of infecting a large number of different species of animals. The same is true of the human tubercle bacillus, though—and in this my own experience is in accord with that of other observers—it is certainly a less active bacillus, producing lesions more slowly, though the final results may be equally marked and extensive. It would be contrary to all our experience in regard to the action of microbes if these two organisms, having so much in common and running so far closely parallel with each other, should diverge so absolutely at one point as they must necessarily do if Koch's theory is to be fully accepted. A second proposition put forward by Koch is that the bovine tubercle bacillus is almost harmless to the human subject, and is scarcely, if at all, transmissible to man. Without going into the evidence on which this proposition is based, it may be well to point out that many pathologists are prepared to join issue with the greatest of all authorities on tuberculosis on this point. The evidence on both sides is mostly of an exceedingly technical character and can only be dealt with by experts, who will have to weigh it most carefully, but certain cases reported

by Dr. Ravenal afford evidence that direct inoculation of bovine tuberculosis into the human subject may, undoubtedly, be made. Three of the assistants in his department became accidentally inoculated, one succumbing to the disease, and a culture of a tubercle bacillus having the character of the bovine bacillus being obtained from another. He mentions two other similar cases reported, one in 1888 and a second in 1898, and two others, perhaps open to some slight doubt, although the reporter, Dr. Hartzell of Pennsylvania "felt able to exclude with reasonable certainty any other source of infection." These cases of direct infection cannot be ignored. It may be that the bovine bacillus is less active for man, but on the other hand it may be even more virulent to the human subject than is the human bacillus itself. Professor Koch added another to the obligations laid by him upon the science of preventive medicine when he announced "It seems to me very desirable, however, that these experiments should be repeated elsewhere, in order that all doubt as to the correctness of my assertion may be removed. I wish only to add that, owing to the great importance of this matter, the German Government has appointed a commission to make further inquiries on the subject." Here we have the true scientific spirit and the loyal desire to get at the truth at all costs that should animate all who engage in this work. Should Koch be right a load of anxiety will be lifted from the minds of all concerned with the care of the health of the community, whilst should he be wrong the many experiments devised for the purpose of obtaining light on the matter must result in much added knowledge and in new methods for dealing with tuberculosis.

In the meantime, however, whilst the subject is under consideration, and where so much doubt exists, it would be worse than folly to relax any of the precautions now generally considered to be necessary or useful in the campaign that is being carried on against this terrible scourge of the higher latitudes of the temperate zone.

G. Sims Woodhead.

IS DISTRUST OF THE JESUITS REASONABLE?

"IF," says Father Gerard, in his plea for the Society to which he belongs, in the August number of this REVIEW, "the Jesuits are so blameless a race, how comes it that they have acquired so evil a name amongst so large a proportion of the peoples who know their name at all? . . . I must frankly confess that I have no answer to offer. Knowing what I do of my own knowledge concerning the Society, the idea formed of it by so many is amongst the most unintelligible of human phenomena." Perhaps it may be permitted to a Catholic layman, who is also a convert, to indicate some lines of the answer which Father Gerard confesses himself unable to give.

One may remark, to begin with, that Father Gerard rather exaggerates the feeling that the Jesuits inspire in the majority of mankind. A "mingled feeling of fear and loathing" for the Jesuits may doubtless be rightly attributed to the handful of educated fanatics like Mr. Conybeare and M. Yves Guyot, who bring reckless charges that cannot be proved and thereby play into the hands of the Society, or to the uneducated fanatics who still believe that Jesuits are engaged in the habitual practice of assassination and are accustomed to worm themselves into middle-class families in the disguise of housemaids. But ordinary people do not loathe the Jesuits, still less do they fear them; their feeling is rather one of discomfort shading off into dislike. The idea of fear and loathing is perhaps found not

altogether unattractive by the Jesuits themselves, since the fear may be taken as a tribute to their power and cleverness and the loathing as a tribute to their sanctity. Indeed, although Father Gerard wisely refrains from giving it, the usual explanation offered by the Jesuit apologist of the dislike which the Society excites is that the Jesuits are hated by the world because they are pre-eminently the followers of Christ. It might be pointed out that to be hated by the world is not necessarily a proof of sanctity; the world hates criminals, for instance, and mad dogs. But, as a matter of fact, the Jesuits are not hated by the world. Your wholly worldly person has, as a rule, a sneaking fondness for a Jesuit; and among Catholics there are no more attached clients of the Society than those who belong to the class which the late Mr. Laurence Oliphant happily described as the "worldly-holy."

It may possibly be asked why a layman and a convert of no very long standing should essay a task which a Jesuit ex-Provincial finds too much for him. And if, indeed, we must become Jesuits, as Father Gerard seems to suggest, before we can understand the Society, the case is hopeless. But it is, I think, possible to obtain materials for forming a judgment without taking any such extreme step. And a convert to Catholicism is perhaps better able to form a judgment than is a Protestant on the one hand or an old Catholic on the other. One does not, as a rule, inquire closely into that in or with which one has grown up; one takes it on the whole for granted, without going deeply into its nature. But the case of a man who comes freshly from the outside is different. To him many things are new and strange, matter for observation and inquiry, if he be blessed with average wits and an inquiring mind. Two generations ago what struck the convert most in his new environment were perhaps the external differences in ceremonial, in ritual, in all the outward observances of religion. But, in the case at least of a convert from High Anglicanism, that is not so at the present day. To him, as regards externals, the changes are few and

unimportant. For he has been accustomed to ceremonial and ritual observances; indeed to confession, fasting, and abstinence, to crucifixes and rosaries, and other things that to many Protestants constitute the most striking difference between Catholicism and Protestantism. His attention therefore—always assuming that he be ordinarily interested—is naturally directed to other matters. What more likely to attract his attention than the great Society which has played so large a part in the history of the Church during the last three centuries? In the majority of cases a convert begins with an admiration for the Jesuits; it is a mistake to imagine that the remains of Protestant prejudice will tend to make him dislike them; he is far more likely to embrace their cause with the ardour of a neophyte. Moreover, most High Anglicans rather admire the Jesuits than otherwise, regarding them as the typical Roman Catholics. Speaking for myself I can say that, until I became a Catholic, and for a short time after I became one, my feeling towards the Society was one of admiration. It was to a Jesuit Father that I went when I wished for advice in my doubts, and it was under his instruction that I decided on the step of entering the Church. If my feeling towards the Society of Jesus has since changed, experience and knowledge have changed it. I should add that circumstances placed me in a position to acquire more experience and knowledge of what may be called the inner workings of the Catholic body than are probably obtainable by most converts except in a very much longer time. An editor of a Catholic paper, if he be possessed of no more than average intelligence, has opportunities of making a fairly accurate diagnosis of the actual situation. My apology for these personal reminiscences must be found in the fact that they are necessary to explain my position, and that there is reason to believe that a large number of converts, as time goes on, experience much the same change in their feeling towards the Society of Jesus, whilst others become its ardent devotees; there are many who, like Cardinal Manning, come to regard it as one of the chief obstacles to the progress

of the Church. The convert finds that the latter class includes Catholics no less orthodox, no less religious, and certainly no less intelligent than those who compose the former class, and counts in its ranks some of the greatest names in the history of the Church during the last three centuries. This phenomenon, which is not mentioned by Father Gerard, is, after all, the most remarkable in connection with the Society of Jesus; namely, that the opposition to the Society has always been at least as strong among Catholics as among those outside the Church; indeed, it is among Catholics that the most effective opponents of the Society have been found, because they have understood the real situation. This it is which makes the position of the Society unique in the history of the Church; it is impossible to suppose that so constant a feeling, in which popes and saints have shared, has had no substantial cause. Remarkable as is the phenomenon to which I have referred, I cannot understand any intelligent Catholic finding it unintelligible, for the temper and spirit of the Society of Jesus are precisely those which make individuals disliked by their fellow creatures. The Society combines the qualities of a fussy, interfering woman with those of an officious detective officer. The one thing Jesuits never can do is to mind their own business and allow other people to mind theirs; they must, to use a homely phrase, have a finger in every pie. And it is not merely that they are interfering and inquisitive, but that they also love to rule and to domineer: a not surprising revenge of nature on those who have forfeited so completely their personal freedom. In the same spirit the Society seems not to be happy unless some of its members are always occupying a leading position and basking in the smiles of the great and the wealthy; and it grows restive at any activity on the part of Catholics that are independent of its influence. The Jesuits will not even brook indifference to their own attractions: no jealous woman ever felt the *spretae injuria formae* so keenly as does the Society of Jesus. Hence, throughout its history the Society has been an element of

discord in the Church; quarrels with the Dominicans in China and in Rome, with the Benedictines, whether as owners of property in Germany or as students in France, with the French Oratorians, with the English secular clergy, with bishops everywhere; these make up a large part of the history of the Society. Nor, while professing the most ardent devotion to the Holy See, have the Jesuits hesitated on occasion, when it suited their purpose, to flout the Pope himself, to disobey his commands, and even in one instance (though the Chinese Emperor alone appeared as the immediate agent) to cause his legate to be imprisoned, if not done to death. In all their quarrels the Jesuits were not, of course, in the wrong; in many they might have been right; but when one sees an individual constantly quarrelling with every one with whom he comes into contact, one draws the conclusion that he is the person most to blame. It is impossible not to draw the same conclusion from the history of the Society of Jesus, and it is easy to understand the petition presented to Louis XIV. so late as 1693 by the Municipal Council of Riom, in which his Majesty was implored never to allow the Jesuits to establish a school in the town, "afin de conserver tous les habitants de cette ville dans la paix, l'union et la concorde." The Society of Jesus has indeed been a stumbling-block and a rock of offence, not—as the Church must be—to the children of this world, but to the members of the Church of Christ.

In the burning question, as Father Gerard justly calls it, of the interference of the Jesuits in politics is to be found, no doubt, one of the chief causes of the suspicion which the Society has excited in statesmen and governments no less of Catholic than of Protestant countries. Father Gerard would have us believe that "if at any time any members of the Society have meddled with politics it has been in defiance of their duty, and a body commonly reproached with the absolute obedience it exacts, has been compromised by the disobedience of self-willed members." But it is a fact, not merely a reproach, that

the Society of Jesus exacts absolute obedience. In it is realised an autocracy as arbitrary and complete as could possibly be attained in this world. The system has great practical advantages; the Society of Jesus is probably the most efficient human machine that the world has ever known; but it is a machine, and its working never has been and never can be altered. Individual Jesuits have entertained illusions on that point, and they have been bitterly undeceived. One cannot have it both ways in this world, and the Society of Jesus cannot enjoy the advantages of a highly centralised and autocratic system without its corresponding disadvantages. One of those disadvantages is, that it cannot escape the responsibility for the action of its members. The Jesuits themselves show by their actions that they realise this fact. People often wonder why they defend such men as Persons or Garnett, for instance, instead of throwing them over and disclaiming responsibility for them, as any ordinary society in the twentieth century might disclaim responsibility for the action of its members in the sixteenth century. The answer is that, in the very nature of the case, the Jesuits cannot and dare not take such a course.

To attempt anything like a comprehensive account of Jesuit political action within the limits of an article would, of course, be impossible. And it may be admitted that the more democracy advances the more difficult it becomes for the Society to wield political power, at any rate directly. It can never exercise the same power in the republican France of to-day as it did in the France of the seventeenth century under a *grand monarque* with a Jesuit confessor and "une maitresse apostée par le Jésu." But any one who realises how carefully and successfully the training in Jesuit schools is directed towards securing a permanent influence and control over the pupils will understand the indirect influence exercised by the Jesuits in the politics of any country in which education is, to any considerable extent, in their hands. Perhaps, however, Jesuit influence in politics at the present time is most effectively exercised through the Holy See, over which the

control of the Society is considerable; that control comes from the power of the purse. By far the most wealthy of the religious orders (and its wealth is very great), the Society of Jesus has for a long time advanced large sums of money towards meeting the heavy expenses of the Papacy, naturally not without a *quid pro quo.* This is, in part at least, the explanation of certain tendencies of Vatican policy during the last few years, such as were exhibited in the violent attacks of the Vatican press on England. Those tendencies have been found unintelligible by people who do not understand that a Pope is not his own master and that the real supreme government of the Church is a bureaucracy.

As it is possible only to give instances of Jesuit political activity they may most conveniently be drawn from English history. Two recently published books—one written by a Catholic priest, the other by a Protestant layman—give together what is perhaps the most complete account in a reasonably concise form of the part played by the Jesuits in English politics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.[1] To my mind both Father Taunton and Major Hume have incidentally done a service to English Catholics; for the conclusion that any unprejudiced reader will draw from the facts that they have collected will be that on the Jesuits, not on English Catholics as a body, lies the responsibility for the plots and intrigues which brought about the permanence of the penal laws, and attached to the Catholic body for two centuries the stigma of disloyalty. There is not the smallest evidence that the men who directed these political schemes acted otherwise than in accordance with the mind of their superiors; the evidence is all the other way. Take, for instance, the case of Robert Persons: he was known throughout Europe as an active politician, and his career continued unchecked for sixteen years after the passing, by the Fifth General Congregation,

[1] "The History of the Jesuits in England," by the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton (London: Methuen & Co.). "Treason and Plot," by Martin A. S. Hume (London: Nisbet & Co.).

of the decree quoted by Father Gerard. Major Hume gives in his book an exhaustive account of the Jesuit plots after that date based on unimpeachable evidence. The fact is that, whether or not the authority of a General Congregation is supreme in theory, it was overruled in practice on this occasion by Aquaviva, the General of the Society, who showed his approval of his disobedient and self-willed son by appointing him Prefect of the Mission in England, and conferring upon him in 1606 (the very year in which Paul V. incorporated the "solemn injunction" of the General Congregation in a Bull) extraordinary powers in that capacity.[1] English Catholics have reason bitterly to regret the political action of the Jesuits under the guidance of Persons. By their attempt to subjugate England to Spain, the Jesuits placed English Catholics in the terrible position of being forced to choose between their country and their religion; by their intrigues against the proposals for the toleration of Catholics by the English Government, the Jesuits made an understanding between the Government and the Catholics impossible; only too many of those who went to the gallows were victims, in fact, of the political schemes of the Society of Jesus as much as of the penal laws. In the reign of James II. those schemes were renewed with equally disastrous results. The career of Edward Petre is hardly reconcilable with Father Gerard's theory. Petre was, for a short time, one of the most powerful influences in English politics, and there is ample evidence[2] to show that, far from being disobedient to his superiors, Petre was a tool in their hands. This member of a society prohibited by its supreme authority from interfering in politics, was made a Privy Councillor with the consent of his Provincial, and the General of the Society allowed him to hold the position. The authority to whom the Jesuits were indeed disobedient was the Pope, Innocent XI., who protested in vain against the advancement of Petre, and in vain urged

[1] "The History of the Jesuits in England," pp. 368–370.

[2] *Op. cit.* pp. 444–461.

James II. to wiser counsels than those given him by his Jesuit advisers.[1]

Perhaps the moral teaching and practice of the Society of Jesus have been even more potent factors in arousing the dislike both of Goverments and individuals than have been its political intrigues. Many of the numerous lax propositions condemned in 1679 by Innocent XI. were precisely those commonly found in the works of Jesuit moral theologians; and in spite of that condemnation the character of Jesuit moral theology remains, at least in practice, essentially what it was before. And it is the practice that is important. Protestant controversialists have wasted much time, ink, and paper in trying to prove that Jesuits teach the doctrine that any means are lawful to attain a just end; what really matters is the fact that Jesuits and those who are directed by them so often act as if they did in fact hold that doctrine, particularly where the supposed interests of religion are concerned. Nothing is more painful to a convert than the discovery that pious ecclesiastics, having no doubt "purified their intention," consider themselves able "safely" to act in a way which even the ordinary man of the world would consider dishonourable. This comes, I think, from the fact that the ordinary Jesuit teaching on the subject of truthfulness has great influence in the whole range of education. It is not, indeed, too much to say that the Jesuit teaching is the dominant teaching in the Catholic schools at the present time. This must ultimately have, and in fact has, its influence on the body at large, although there are schools where the Jesuit teaching on this subject is by no means adhered to. Nowhere, as Newman said, does one find such honest and straightforward men as are to be found among old Catholics, but this fact cannot blind one to the other side of the case. The discomfort exhibited by converts is not in the vast majority of cases due to doubts or difficulties about the Catholic faith, still less to even the faintest suspicion that they have been mistaken in taking the step; it arises from other and more common-

[1] "The History of the Jesuits in England," pp. 448–451.

place causes. In England, whatever chicanery and dishonesty there may be in business (and I am far from minimising the evil or the extent of commercial immorality), at least one can, in the great majority of cases, accept the word of an educated man in his private and personal relations. Accustomed as one is to such conditions one finds it disconcerting to deal with people (especially "religious" people) as to whom one may have to ask oneself such questions as "Does he really mean what he says?" "Is there anything behind it?" "Has he any ulterior motive?" and—in the case of a Jesuit, particularly if he professes "liberal" opinions and talks against his own Society—"Is he trying to draw me?" And the point is that this is the result, not of a natural untrustworthiness on the part of certain individuals, such as is common to all communities in some degree, but of the application of a carefully elaborated theory.

Any one who will take the trouble to look through a pamphlet by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J., published some time ago by the Catholic Truth Society,[1] will sufficiently understand the nature of this theory and its probable results. The pamphlet was intended as a vindication of Catholic moral theologians against the attacks, apparently neither particularly intelligent nor particularly accurate, of a well-known Nonconformist minister, and it may be taken as an authoritative statement in a popular form of Jesuit moral teaching. In Father Smith's treatment of the question whether it is ever permissible to depart from the truth is to be found the distorted conscience which lies at the root of the currently inadequate appreciation of the value of truthfulness in itself as a moral and religious virtue. I imagine that, as the *Spectator* put it in a passage quoted by Father Smith, "the healthy instincts of every human being endowed with a normal conscience" revolt against the morbid scrupulosity which will have it that it is never under any circumstances justifiable to depart

[1] "Dr. Horton on Catholic Truthfulness," by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. (London: Catholic Truth Society).

from the truth. It is probably just because Father Smith (following, so he tells us, the majority of moral theologians) starts with that absolute principle that he is led into subterfuges which must end in being fatal to native truthfulness and social confidence. For the application of the absolute principle admitting of no exception is so intolerable in practice that he is obliged to evade it, and scrupulosity, as is always the case, comes to much the same thing in the end as unscrupulousness. The extreme cases in which it is justifiable to lie are very rare, and are easily recognised by every healthy-minded person; his own conscience and common sense are quite sufficient guides. There may be a very exceptional case in which a man may have some difficulty in deciding whether he shall tell the truth or not, but even in such a case it is better that he should take the responsibility of deciding for himself. A man who, in an extreme case of necessity, takes the responsibility of telling a falsehood does not vitiate his moral sense even if he is not fully convinced that he is justified. He is in no danger of being led into habits of untruthfulness by such an action, and it is far better for his character to tell a straightforward lie than to palter with God and his conscience by using an equivocation. But a man who, fortified by a probable opinion of moral theologians, says "No" in reply to a question to which the truthful answer would be "Yes," meaning in his own mind "No, in so far as I have any information communicable to you," and salves his conscience by calling this an "equivocation," or a "customary restriction," is undermining the very foundations of truthfulness by refusing to recognise the fact that he is telling an untruth and deceiving his neighbour, and that the pretended ambiguity of his reply is a subterfuge. One who begins by playing tricks of that kind with himself under circumstances which he believes to justify him will drift into the habit of playing them when it is merely convenient, and blur in his own mind the distinction between truth and falsehood. What indeed is left if it be taught that "Yes" and "No" can be under any circumstances ambiguous replies? This is what Father

Smith teaches; he maintains that under certain circumstances the answer "No" may be an ambiguous phrase, capable of a truthful as well as of an untruthful interpretation. In nothing is the distortion of mind which leads to such teaching more apparent than in the analogies which Father Smith draws between real "customary restrictions" such as the reply, "Not at home" given by a servant to a caller, and the replies which are called "customary restrictions" by Jesuit theologians. Father Smith, for instance, holds with Pruner that a wife who has been guilty of unfaithfulness to her husband is justified in denying the fact if her husband questions her on the subject,[1] and this, forsooth, on the ground that her "No" would be a "customary restriction" in the same sense as the phrase "Not at home," in virtue of "the customary understanding between right-minded persons." He ignores the important distinction that the phrase "Not at home" used under one particular set of circumstances has a definite meaning not really ambiguous, and known to everybody, that everybody knows that it is used with that meaning, and therefore its use deceives nobody; whereas the denial of the wife in the case mentioned would deceive her husband (who could not possibly know whether she were using a "restriction" or not), and would be intended to do so. The teaching of Father Smith that a husband has no right to expect the truth from his wife in such a matter, and that she has a right to protect her "lawful secret," is sufficiently immoral and anti-social. After this it is not surprising to find Father Smith defending (though he declines to say whether or not he accepts it) the opinion of Diana that a man who has seduced a girl under promise of marriage is not bound to marry her if he is of much higher rank or much more wealthy than she.[2] Father Smith says that most wealthy English parents would act on this advice if their sons had involved themselves. Some probably would; but moral theology ought surely to have a higher standard than the man of the world.

[1] P. 43. [2] Pp. 50–51.

The strange thing is that the men who teach doctrines of this kind and teach others to act upon them are not in the least the monsters of iniquity that Exeter Hall imagines them; they are the very opposite. They are quite sincere and devout persons, some of them very amiable if not particularly clever. It is their misfortune and not their fault that they have received a training which prevents them from seeing straight. Most of the Jesuit subjects are taken from their own schools; they enter the novitiate when they are still in their teens; their training lasts for years; and when they emerge from the hothouse, at the age of from thirty to thirty-five, they are absolutely ignorant of the world, and, what is worse, have a ludicrously distorted idea of it. For the wickedness of the world and their exceeding happiness in having escaped from it have been impressed upon them with an exaggeration at once humorous and pathetic. Even the exceptional men, who have not been brought up at a Jesuit school, have to pass through the Jesuit schools of theology, and adopt as their own the teaching current in them. They start, therefore, with a low view of ordinary human nature and its possibilities, and a view which is essentially false. Jesuit moral theology is, at bottom, an attempt, not so much to raise humanity to the level of Christian morality, as to adapt morality to humanity as the Jesuits misunderstand it. It is impossible to judge the Jesuits by the same standards as other people, for they live in an environment of their own, an environment as far apart from that of ordinary society as if it were in another planet. It is the business of the Jesuit Superior to become acquainted, if possible, with even the most intimate thoughts of those under him, and it is the duty of every Jesuit to report to the Superior the words and actions of any of his brethren which can conduce towards that knowledge. From such a system one can only expect the results that in fact come from it. The mischief is that the Jesuits try to bring their environment with them into the Catholic body, and to some extent they succeed. And the Jesuit training results in intellectual no

less than in moral limitations. That training it is which has made Father Gerard incapable of answering the question which he himself puts, and has led him to support his case by arguments, the invalidity of which must be apparent to any intelligent person who has not had a Jesuit training. Of Father Gerard's own intelligence there can be no doubt; he is unquestionably one of the most able and most learned of the English Jesuits. There is no question either of his sincerity. How comes it, then, that he thinks that he can answer the charge brought against the Jesuits of interference in politics merely by quoting the opinion of a Jesuit Father in the seventeenth century (hardly an impartial witness), and a decree of a General Congregation at the end of the sixteenth century which he regards as being so conclusive as to need no comment? He is simply following the *a priori* and syllogistic method of reasoning which he has been trained to regard as the only safe one. His syllogism is perfect; the General Congregation is the supreme authority of the Society, and all the Jesuits are bound to obey its decrees; the General Congregation has decreed that Jesuits shall not interfere in politics; therefore Jesuits do not interfere in politics. The argument is logically unassailable; its only weakness is that it bears no relation to facts.

The purpose of this article being to attempt an answer to the question asked and left unanswered by Father Gerard, it does not come within its scope to deal with the many good qualities which attract to the Jesuits the warm and sometimes unreasoning admiration of many Catholics. That they have such qualities must be apparent to every one; for without them they could never have excited such admiration nor gained such a position in the Church. For my part I recognise to the full the zeal and activity of the Jesuits, their marvellous organisation, their splendid work in the mission field, and the self-abnegation of many among them. Nor, although this is not the first time that I have drawn attention to the characteristics which, in my opinion, counterbalance those qualities, is

it any pleasure to me to do so. But, seeing and knowing on the one hand the workings of things inside the Church, and on the other hand the very general misunderstanding of them that prevails outside, I feel that, if Catholic matters are to be dealt with at all, they must be dealt with as they are and not be tricked out to make a brave show to the world. The misunderstanding on the part of the outside public is in large measure due to the fact that the public is misled by Catholics themselves, many of whom are given to what I cannot but consider a misapplication of the *disciplina arcani*. In the case of the Society of Jesus this is particularly noticeable. Some Catholics seem to look upon the Society as something sacrosanct and almost to identify it with the Church; a word that is not to its praise is denounced as something very near heresy, and criticism of the Society is apt to be met by abuse rather than by argument. In this connection a recent correspondence in the *Tablet* arising out of Father Taunton's book is instructive, and its moral can hardly be missed by a Catholic. If Major Hume has not been attacked in the same way it is because he, not being a Catholic, could not be touched by insinuations against his orthodoxy or aspersions on his religious character; and he would have to be met on equal ground in the open, not in the columns of a Catholic paper. These conditions are thoroughly bad for the Catholic body and even for the Jesuits themselves. Surrounded as they are by admiring devotees they cannot see themselves except in the magic mirror held up to them by their admirers; and Father Gerard's sheer inability to comprehend the objections felt by many to the Society, or to understand that distrust of it can be more than merely unreasonable, is only natural. Perhaps I may venture to start him on a line of thought which may lead him to some glimmering of the actual state of affairs. How comes it, to take a concrete instance, that while there is lamentation at the Jesuit exodus from France among the distinguished and restricted circles that surround the Society, most priests at least shrug their shoulders at it? The fact is that more and

more Catholics are beginning to think that the magnificently self-complacent boast of the Society needs modification: "le Jésuite coupe mais ne se coupe pas": it would, perhaps, be too much to say "le Jésuite ne coupe plus," but nowadays it certainly seems that if he "cuts" at all effectively it is at those who are of the household of faith. To sum up in a sentence: the question that arises in the minds of many Catholics is whether the Society, instead of being a strong tower of defence to the Church, is not rather on the whole, in spite of all that is to be said in its favour, an incubus and a hindrance to her work in the world.

ROBERT EDWARD DELL.

MANCHURIA IN TRANSFORMATION

A SECOND journey through Manchuria, up the Amur river and along the line of the Trans-Siberian railway, has given me opportunities for seeing how Russia is proceeding with the gigantic task she has set herself in the assimilation of such an enormous slice of new country in the Far East.

While the rest of the Powers have been endeavouring vainly to bring the Chinese Government to a full appreciation of the gravity of the position, Russia, looking round, saw a second great opportunity for pushing her own interests. The Primorsk province and Amuria were already hers, but their possession was rendered almost futile by the great wedge of Manchuria, through which, moreover, the railway to Vladivostock, and—still more important—the line to Port Arthur must pass. The story is too stale now to need repetition, but I may add that only one version reached me from authentic sources during my journey through the scene of the late disturbances, and that version runs briefly as follows. It was considered highly desirable that some opening should occur—should be engineered, if necessary—for the marching of a considerable Russian force into Manchuria. This being the case no one was surprised to hear of "attacks on the Manchurian railways," followed by reprisals and by the massacre of Blagovestchensk, which disgusted even the better class of Russians themselves. *Apropos* of this "official mistake," as it

is now termed, it may be noted that General Gribsky, on whom the blame was laid, and who was said to have acted under a misapprehension, received no punishment or reprimand, his recent removal to the Governorship of Archangel being the result of quite other shortcomings. The attention of Europe being directed to Russia's movements in Manchuria, diplomacy was called in to aid the sword, and at a convenient moment the Russo-Chinese Manchurian convention came to light. It is impossible to credit even the wily Muscovite with all the success his diplomacy sometimes meets: a good deal must be attributed to the fatuity of his opponents. On this occasion it was more than obvious that no one was in the position actively to prevent him from acquiring all the territory he wanted, but by putting pressure on China the Powers succeeded in inducing her to refuse ratification of the Convention, whereupon Russia, on the principle of "heads I win, tails you lose," was able to declare that if she could not have the safeguard of such a convention she must adopt strenuous measures to protect her interests and maintain order along her frontier.

It is well known that to maintain order on a frontier one must have peace beyond it, and in the disturbed and chaotic condition of Manchuria, where Russia had important railway interests to safeguard, this was no easy task. Russia has accomplished it to the best of her ability, and rather than leave it undone has neglected other interests, as I shall show presently. She has now over two hundred thousand men quartered in Trans-Baikalia, Amuria, the Primorsk province, and Manchuria; I may say that these figures were given me by Russian staff officers, and merely as details, not in any boastful spirit. Some slight idea of the nature of the Russian occupation of Manchuria may be gained from the fact that at Khabarovsk, when I passed through two months ago, there were no fewer than twenty-nine generals. The town, only a small village four years ago, is spreading rapidly, but the population, about 15,000, is almost entirely governmental and mainly military.

The whole place simply bristled with uniforms, the officers were quartered in every house, and were sleeping in every corner of the military club, some six or seven in the billiard-room.

Besides the military occupation, enormous sums are being spent on fortifications at Port Arthur and on building a huge harbour and town, with quays, breakwaters, and boulevards, at Dalny, or Talienwan, the future terminus of the Trans-Siberian railway, which, it may be added, is to be completed, even down to pleasure drives, before the population arrives, and the whole crowned by a strong fortress. The fleet in the Far East has also been increased, and is now to be found almost entirely in Chinese waters. A significant and curious fact is that, despite the recent massacres not only in Manchuria but to a smaller degree in the neighbourhood of Vladivostock, Chinese coolies are proceeding in large numbers to Southern Manchuria and to Port Arthur, where, by working under the Muscovites, they are actually assisting in the Russification of their own country.

Another significant circumstance is that Newchwang, a treaty port and the natural outlet for Western Manchuria, is still entirely under Russian domination. Although all the Powers are supposed to have equal rights there, and though Russia has no trade while Britain has three-fourths of the whole, the Russians have appointed their whilom consul as Administrator, and have taken upon themselves the entire burden of municipal government, quieting all objections with polite assurances, and buying acquiescence of the merchants by the improvements they are carrying out. There is no longer the slightest necessity for a military dictatorship in the place, as everything is perfectly quiet, and the whole affair can only be taken as a part of the scheme by which Russia is consolidating her position. Doubtless under pressure from all the Powers she might be induced to reconsider her position in Newchwang, and even to evacuate Manchuria (on paper), but she is taking steps which make her influence so permanent that such a renunciation would be merely nominal.

Meanwhile the collection of maritime revenues is to be carried on by Russo-Chinese officials—men lent from the Chinese Imperial customs, and trained by Sir Robert Hart, who will, nevertheless, wear Russian uniforms. For the present the collectors of inland revenues will be Chinese. At the same time some Chinese officials have been allowed in places to resume the administration of the country, but Russia exercises civil functions in the immediate neighbourhood of the entire railway line, and in all the principal cities and centres of trade. The Chinese officials who have been retained have been well drilled, and hold office at the pleasure of Russia. In large regions—for instance, between the Ussuri and Ninguta —not one Chinese official is to be found. Russian troops and Russian "railway guards" are everywhere. Russian passes are required to move about Manchuria, a Russian tax-collector is established on the Korean frontier, Russians are in charge of the naval docks and shipbuilding yards at Kirin. Russian bazaars are replacing the Chinese markets. The mining industry, formerly retained in their own hands by the Chinese Government, has passed entirely into those of Russian syndicates; land reclamation in the neighbourhood of the rivers is being carried out by Russian engineers; the large junk traffic on the Manchurian rivers is being replaced by Russian steamers and barges; enormous sums of money are being spent throughout Manchuria, and wages have risen from 50 to 100 per cent. So rapid, in fact, is the process of transformation that except in the outlying parts little remains of the old *régime*. Immense quantities of war materials and railway supplies are being poured into Manchuria through Talienwan and Port Arthur as well as Vladivostock, and so, by various means—not least of which is the pushing forward of the railways, to be described later—the Russification of Manchuria is going forward by leaps and bounds. Tactically the position of Russia is extremely strong, and it is now as impossible for her to abandon the country as it is for us to leave Egypt; indeed more so, for every Russian is pledged to, and believes firmly in,

the policy which has led them across Asia to the beautiful and fertile provinces of the East.

It has, however, been said more than once in late years that Russia has "bitten off as much as she can chew" for the present, and there is a good deal of ground for this belief. Notwithstanding the large numbers of colonists brought out every year, the vast provinces of Primorsk and Amuria are still untouched, although they offer both fertile land and salubrious climate. It cannot be supposed that Russians are blind to this; and it speaks much for their estimate of the importance of Manchuria that, notwithstanding the incomplete state of affairs in those almost virgin provinces, they have turned their attention and energies to the assimilation of yet another—and that the populated and historic cradle of the Manchu race.

I have said that, tactically, the Russians hold a strong position in Manchuria, but there are many weak points in their methods of conquest and assimilation, and although they have hitherto met no insuperable obstacles in their march across Asia, it must be remembered that when they have lopped off the outlying branches of the Chinese Empire they will be face to face with a problem of a different sort. There are already signs that they appreciate this, and are prepared for different tactics, but before discussing this point let me give some account of one of their weapons, as employed in the work of conquest and assimilation—the importation of colonists.

Along the Trans-Siberian line and down the Amur river has been streaming steadily, ever since the route was partially opened, an enormous number of immigrants, increasing year by year, until last year it reached a total of well over a quarter million. The magnitude of the task of settling such a number of families in the vast regions now open to them cannot be imagined by those who have always inhabited a thickly populated country.

The colonists selected for Eastern Siberia must be pure Russians—neither Finns, Poles, nor Germans are eligible. The chosen families must first be brought great distances in

Europe, and collected at places like Cheliabinsk, the border town between European and Asiatic Russia—whence begins their long pilgrimage to the Land of Promise. One passes many of these emigrant trains, loitering along the line, shunting on to sidings to allow the post trains to pass. The wooden compartments are not unlike the third class of workmen's trains in our own country, except that the seats are arranged in two tiers to provide more sleeping accommodation. Every family has its own big, dirty bundles of bedding, its pots and pans, and small household treasures. Hot water is provided free at all the stations, while milk, eggs, bread, and sometimes cooked meat can be bought from the peasants who come to the stations. Often there is a sort of wooden shed inside which a regular market is held. When Stretensk is reached, after an indefinite number of days—not unpleasant if it is good weather—the colonists are packed into barges, where they sleep like sardines, cook, eat, and carry on their domestic avocations in the scant privacy of compartments improvised with boxes and bundles. Some of these colonists may be Cossacks from the Caucasus, in charge of a captain, whose long black coat, glittering silver appointments, and array of murderous weapons make him a notable figure, even in a country of uniforms. Such a one we met who had just established a settlement in the Primorsk province. This man, of huge bulk and swashbuckling appearance, expressed much admiration for the country he had chosen for the land of his adoption, and, despite a patriotic weakness for the Caucasus, added to a strong contempt for all so-called Cossacks who did not hail from that part, acknowledged the superiority of the exquisite climate, fertile soil, and peaceful conditions to be found in the Far East of Russia.

The Government gives to each male colonist thirty *dessyatines* of land, so that a family of several sons becomes possessed of an enormous farm. Agricultural implements and cattle are also given, and an advance of money, nominally repayable in a term of years. Many of the settlers are simply dumped down at regular intervals along the Amur or its tributaries, on

spots selected by the General Staff. Here they have wood for the cutting, fish, and a small market for dairy produce which they sell to the boats passing up and down. The villages are at a considerable distance from each other; frequently there is no school within reach, for these are only found in the larger and older settlements, and the people, thus left without education or ennobling influence of any kind, relapse into a state of semi-barbarism. Many of the farms are inland, away from the river, but the majority of the settlers live in the little log villages clustered along the banks, of which one passes twenty or thirty a day. On Russian maps these villages make an imposing show, but in reality they are, compared to the vast area available for colonisation, but drops in the ocean. A wooden church painted white, with green roof and cupola, surrounded by a handful of roughly built log huts; large piles of chopped wood stacked ready for use, and a *débris* of waste timber everywhere—such are the settlements along the Amur. The inhabitants of these villages seldom rise above the exigencies of daily life—to procure milk, eggs, and fish, sow a little grain, chop down the nearest tree whenever they want wood, and enjoy their *vodka* to the strains of a broken accordion.

The very advantages of his new home over his old in fertility and salubrity of climate seem to sink the *moujik* in a slough of content—he knows nothing of the "divine discontent" which might raise him to even better things, for life, or rather existence, is easy. He lacks education which might develop his imagination, and he becomes a mere animal, warmed by the sun in summer and by the big log fire which costs nothing in winter.

Summer in Manchuria is a feast of Flora indeed. The season is short, and into it is packed a variety of blossoms, a richness of growth, which can hardly be equalled in any other climate. We know how, even on the Siberian steppe, the too brief summer brings out a perfect carpet of hardy flowers, but in well watered Manchuria, with its rivers, woods, valleys, and great alluvial plains, the season is a perfect riot of luxuriant

growth. Green fields stretch away to low purple hills on the horizon, and are dotted here and there with herds of cattle, while ugly little brown towns cluster in the shade of a few trees. The breeze across these verdant plains is laden with the fragrance of wild flowers, and within a few yards one may gather great bunches of lily of the valley, pink scented peonies, daisies white and yellow, with waving grasses, fragile trails of dog-roses, and many other sweet and homely flowers such as grow, only with less luxuriance, in our own hedgerows. Two crops of corn can be raised in one season, and cattle and horses thrive on the rich grass-lands.

As for the Russian towns on the Amur, they are as ugly as it is possible to make them, but after their fashion have some pretences to civilisation and comfort. Almost every one, for instance, can boast of at least one gramophone and one automatic organ!

Blagovestchensk, the most important town east of Irkutsk, has many large and well-built shops, two good hotels, and several fine churches. Its broad, straight streets, with their wooden *trottoirs* and the log-houses on either side, in all the ugliness of straight lines and white paint, must have presented a curious contrast to the crowded picturesque Chinese towns on the other bank, distinctly visible from the Russian side, and now reduced to ashes. The interior towns of Manchuria are purely Chinese, and very busy and prosperous, for as the Manchu aristocracy drifted south the energetic traders of Shantung pushed up north. The large towns are, however, somewhat scattered, and the intervening country much infested with bandits, who received a fresh impetus after the events at Pekin. This brigandage is Russia's great and certainly valid excuse, but she is taking steps rather out of proportion to the exigencies of the situation. To continue to speak of Manchuria as being in a state of war is absolutely inaccurate. There has never been any organised resistance, and that presumably is a necessary preliminary to a state of war. One hears nothing of this "war" on the spot. No engagements are reported and no

particular interest is shown in military circles, which are only exercised about relations with Japan.

The weak point in the whole system of Russian rule and administration in the East is that the movement is artificially stimulated. All the impetus comes from Government, which initiates, carries out, and subsidises everything. To take first the method of colonisation, which has already been briefly described. The colonist is selected, imported, and started in life by the Government, and, as I have said, those members of the Russian family who might have produced healthy competition by their superior knowledge and more enterprising character are excluded, and the big, lazy, fatalistic *moujik* is left to muddle on alone. The dead-aliveness of all the small settlements is one of their most striking characteristics. As one walks through them hardly a soul is to be seen, there is no sound of voices, and no sign of work or amusement. Until eight o'clock, indeed, no one gets out of bed, even in summer when the sun is up at four.

In the Primorsk province, wherever he is able, the settler hires a Korean coolie to do the work, although by so doing he eats into his profits and destroys any chance of improving his position. The very beauty of the climate and fertility of the soil are incentives to laziness—it is so easy to live, or rather to exist. The size of their farms, too, discourages them—it is impossible to cultivate such enormous areas. Added to all this is the fact that very inadequate provision has been made for education, and that many children never learn to read or write.

It is obvious, therefore, that although the Russians keep on importing people every year, they have not succeeded as yet in creating even the nucleus of a really prosperous and industrious agricultural population in these territories, and whether the experiment is successful or not in the long run there are many serious contingencies to be faced in the near future. The same system of paternal legislation has built a town, complete in every detail, at Dalny before there is a population to inhabit it. Of course, the Government means

to have a population at all costs, but the method of procedure is extraordinarily at variance with all recognised canons of colonisation.

A possibility which already causes much anxiety is that of an influx of Chinese, and even Japanese, into the territories under consideration. The results of such an influx cannot be doubted—they would entirely swamp and supersede the Russians by the force of their energy, perseverance, and adaptability. Russians are very much alive to this danger; hence the restrictions already placed on Chinese immigration, which are to be so strictly enforced that they will shortly exclude all Chinese from land ownership in Russian territory, and allow them only the right of petty trading in certain towns. Russia is prepared to go to great lengths in order to enforce these restrictions, but she has certainly a difficult task before her, for these are not merely small, detached tribes of warlike Central Asians who, once crushed, can never rise again. They are a homogeneous people, whose tenacity and persistence is unrivalled, and even the holocaust of Blagovestchensk, when between 3000 and 5000 perished in gruesome massacre ("went away," the Russians expressed it), has not prevented the return of Chinese merchants to that town in the short space of a few months. Rennenkampf's ruthless ride has left a track of burnt and blackened ruins where once were prosperous villages, but the Chinese are not to be crushed even by that. Back they swarm, like ants over the ruins, to resume their occupation of buying apparently in the dearest market and selling in the cheapest, and yet growing rich on the profits!

It is considerations such as these that cause thoughtful Russians misgivings as to the future. How long will their system of Asiatic conquest continue? How is the cost to be borne? How is the competition to be met? And if these doubts have force when applying to the Primorsk and Amur provinces, how much more so when Manchuria is in question?

Whatever may be the misgivings of the Russian Government as to these drawbacks in her programme of advance she has evidently felt, as has already been said, that Manchuria, at the present stage of affairs, must be grasped at all costs. To this end Primorsk and Amuria are being neglected; Vladivostock has been almost ruined by an attempt, by means of the imposition of the European-Russian tariff, to force trade with Manchuria through Dalny (Talienwan) which, it is hoped, is to cut out Newchwang; the river communications on the Amur are starved in order to feed the Sungari and other Manchurian tributaries; the fortification of Port Arthur and the improvement of the harbour of Dalny are nearly complete; lastly, the Manchurian railways are being pushed on regardless of cost in life or money. The route from Stretensk to Port Arthur on the one hand, and to Vladivostock on the other, *viâ* Tsitsihar, will be sufficiently completed this autumn to enable M. de Witte and Prince Hilkoff, at different times, to travel over the whole route, going one way and returning the other. "De Witte," said a Russian official, "will return from Peking to Petersburg *by Russian lines*"—a statement which, if not absolutely accurate, is sufficiently so to cause reflection. A tunnel remains to be completed through the Khingan range, and there is a gap of some 113 miles still unbridged and unlaid; here the Ministers will have to leave the train; were it not for this, the line, which will be provisionally open for traffic next year, would this autumn be completely practicable, and uninterrupted communication from the Baltic to the Pacific and the China Sea would be an accomplished fact.

While noting the lack of life and spirit among the colonists of the Amur river region, due largely to the mistakes of a paternal government, which has given them at once too much and too little, it is impossible to travel for a second time over the great line which year by year brings the East in closer touch with the West without being intensely struck with the progress made in Trans-Baikalia, and even more between Irkutsk and Europe, in the last two years. As we passed along from

point to point the different towns were celebrating the tenth anniversary of the visit of the Czar (then Czarevitch) to lay the first sod of the Trans-Siberian railway. It is almost inconceivable that in such a short space of time the route from Moscow to the Pacific should be practicable from end to end; that the Manchurian lines, begun only three years ago, should be nearly finished, and that hundreds of towns and villages should have been founded, of which some have already attained size and riches. Irkutsk, now within less than eight days of Moscow (two years ago the journey took ten and a half days) and three and a half from Stretensk—the navigation limit of the Amur, and close to the junction for the Manchurian railways—is one of the richest cities in all Russia. It contains splendid buildings, fine churches, a big theatre, colleges and schools, and the nucleus of an excellent museum. As one travels westward from this city the succession of villages is almost unbroken, until from Krasnoyarsk onwards to the Ural mountains one hardly ever loses sight of distant towns or villages sprung up round the wayside stations. Tomsk and Omsk, both situated on large rivers, have increased in size and importance—everywhere, indeed, there are visible signs of growth —and though much more might be done, especially in the way of agriculture, it cannot be denied that the Trans-Siberian has fully justified the expectations of its originators in opening up the country.

From Vladivostock to Moscow, in an almost unbroken line, first at some little distance, then closer, then in an uninterrupted stream, one sees the shaggy *moujik* and his flaxen-haired children. Not only has a band of steel been laid from West to East, but a human band of men who wear the same clothes, speak the same tongue, and bow down to the same God, as He is pictured on the same rude *icons*.

As for the amount of traffic passing over this line, I am not in a position to quote statistics, but the number of trains passed every day as one speeds along in the *train de luxe* is extraordinary, and every train is crowded. At Stretensk we

were told that this stream is continuous both coming east and going west, though chiefly the former, and that the steamer accommodation is quite inadequate to cope with it.

Few Russians question the wisdom of the policy which pushed eastward to the Pacific. This has provided Russia with superior white man's countries and ice-free ports, and thus a Greater Russia is expected to arise which will eventually dominate the whole Far East, firmly entrenched as she will be in a field eminently suitable for European expansion. All this has been accomplished only by the expenditure of colossal sums. There is no doubt that her financial embarrassments are severe, and these will be gravely accentuated by the famine now overshadowing sections of the country. These conditions are, however, no novelties to Russia, nor does her credit with France seem to be endangered by them. The question is now — and in answering this all those drawbacks I have enumerated must have weight—where is the limit of territorial expansion to be fixed? It is possible that the weakness of Russia may prove her strength, for if she realises the difficulties of her position and halts at the present juncture, remedying the defects in her system of colonisation, and perfecting her communications, she will be able, by the strength of her position in the Far East, to accomplish much more. I am inclined to think that this is the policy to be expected of her in the immediate future; but those who may see in her quiescent attitude the somnolence of satiety must remember that she has other weapons at her command besides those of direct and brutal aggression.

The moral influence of Russia over China has made enormous strides in the last few years, and is bound to increase. There remains the possibility, already mentioned, that the Chinese may turn the tables and swarm into Siberia; but it must not be forgotten that whereas the Russian, in coming from Europe, has found both a better country and a more clement climate, the Chinese as they move north must face the rigours of a climate unsuited to them. This would

not obviate an economic invasion of some force, but would probably prevent such a wholesale torrent of immigration as has been represented as likely to happen.

The integrity of China is one of the cardinal points in Russian policy, but it is an integrity which concerns merely the eighteen provinces. An eminent authority has assured us that all China needs is to be left alone, and that is exactly the opinion of Russia, who desires nothing better than to preserve that empire, denuded, however, of its outlying provinces, as a pliant vassal, who must be carefully guarded against the domination of any other Power. This is a very different "integrity" to that understood, for instance, by Britain, Japan, or the United States, who wish all Chinese territory to remain free and open to trade; different to the German idea, which lops off one province and dragoons another; different even to that of the minor European Powers, who are profiting by the general chaos to help to bleed the country to death. In other words Russia takes what suits her, and works for the integrity of what remains.

The Manchurian question being practically closed so far as the interests of any Powers save Russia and China herself are concerned, there remains the perennial affair of Korea, about which neither Japan nor Russia want to fight, though both feel that any overt act on the part of the other might compel them to do so. A great deal has been made out of the recent attempted dismissal of Dr. MacLeavy Brown from the post of Chief Commissioner of Customs, but, as a matter of fact, the interests of Great Britain are too intangible in Korea to be safeguarded by the presence of any British subject in an official capacity. We have seen the result, on a much larger scale, of regarding the presence of such an official as practically the be-all and end-all of our policy in China, while wider and broader issues were being sacrificed. It is of far greater importance as regards Korea to prevent, if possible, the countermining of Russia by means of a French or Belgian loan, and still more to assure Japan of our intentions as

regards her opposition to Russia in Korea. We cannot afford to see Russia established at another Port Arthur, whether at Masampho or elsewhere, on the peninsula dominating the Japan Sea. The question will be largely decided by loans and railways, as has already been the case in Manchuria.

Although I am not one of the sanguine beings who believe the mission of Russia to be that of opening large territories to the rest of the world and therefore increasing the prosperity of commercial nations like ourselves; although I am convinced that the exigencies of her position, as well as the traditions of her policy, bind her to a system of exclusion and self development, yet I cannot help feeling that if we as a nation could only grasp the situation, could realise, as Germans have realised, the opportunities afforded by this bringing of the East into close touch with the West, we might reap some benefits from the great changes wrought by the enterprise of Russia. Two years ago, in travelling across Siberia, I met one or two Englishmen. On this occasion I have not met with, or heard of, one. There are only two English firms to be met with in the 4000 miles between Vladivostock and European Russia. The English tongue is hardly known. At the same time there are four hundred Germans in Vladivostock, the principal firms throughout Siberia hail from the Fatherland, and German is the foreign language of commerce, just as French is that of society.

There are pieces to be picked up, too, in the realm of diplomacy if we can only realise Russia's strength and her weakness. Above all, let us not be led away, as before, by assurances. We ought to know by this time that, whatever Russia's virtues, we cannot rely implicitly on her words. We can count on one thing, that she will act for her own interests and not for ours; and having a clear understanding of what those interests are it must be our study to see how far they march with our own, and at what point we are really prepared to make a stand and to say: "Thus far but no farther!"

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF JAPAN

THAT Japan plays an ever increasing, an ever more formidable part in the unfolding drama of the world is a proposition to which no exception can nowadays properly be taken, yet forty years ago it seemed as improbable that she would become an influential factor in modern history as will, let us say, Korea or Siam in the near future. But while the prominent position now occupied by the "Island Empire" of the Far East is acknowledged on all hands, the mere speed with which she has achieved her place of pride and power has carried with it, as was perhaps only natural, a kind of penalty of a somewhat serious character. For the very suddenness and unexpectedness of Japan's amazing leap (as it must undoubtedly appear to most observers) into the family of great nations induced a suspicion that the revolution, which made so startling a thing possible, was superficial and not likely to be fruitful in permanent results. It was widely felt, and said, that the replacing of the old order in Japan by the new—the imposing of the West upon the East—was not a fundamental, an organic change, but was unreal, insincere, and as inexorably sterile as any other theatricality; at best, it was an experiment, the success of which was problematical in the extreme. And though the unanswerable, inescapable logic of events has tended to quiet the sceptical and to lay their doubts, still there are some who remain unconvinced, and who continue to murmur

that in the marvellously rapid westernisation of Japan not much more is to be seen than the nimbleness of the monkey and the imitativeness of the parrot.

Broadly speaking, there are two contradictory voices to be heard in England with regard to Japan: one in appreciation, the other deprecatory. One declares that Japan must be ranked amongst the Great Powers, both politically and commercially; but the other maintains she is not far from bankruptcy, and is drifting on to the black rocks of ruin. One dilates on the military and administrative capacity Japan has manifested in China and Korea during the last few years, and the importance of her place for preserving the balance of power in the Far East, particularly as a check on Russian aggrandisement, has a good deal to say on the size and proved efficiency of her army and navy, and points to the enormous internal development she has experienced since the accession of the reigning emperor. The other draws attention to the growth of taxation in Japan and the increase of her national debt; to the straining of her credit (from attempting too much) which results in reaction and depression (as shown recently by the failure of a number of banks); in the consequent comparatively low price of Japanese bonds in the markets of the world, as well as in the general stringency of money in Japan herself.

On the whole, the voice which predominates is that which is more favourable to Japan; enough, however, is heard of the other to engender a feeling of distrust—at all events, of timidity—in the movement of European and American capital towards Japan; and what is even more important from the high view-point of the peace of the world, to create a sense of uneasiness and insecurity with respect to the stability and political destiny of the Japanese empire. It must be admitted, too, that the actions and speeches of some of the Japanese in the Diet and elsewhere are responsible, to no small extent, for these uncomfortable ideas, and, further, that the recent resignation of the Marquis Ito, who is universally recognised as Japan's leading and most enlightened statesman, and his Cabinet, on

account of what was practically a defeat on the Budget, does not tend to make the situation better. The purpose of the present article is to state clearly the financial position of Japan —in a word, to answer the question, Is Japan solvent?

As a necessary preliminary, it must not be forgotten that Japan is in a state of transition—this, to a very great extent, is the key to the whole situation. In this connection there are three things to be noted:

(1) While the westernisation of Japan appears to most Europeans and Americans to have been very sudden, yet it must be borne in mind that the Japanese themselves assert it has not been particularly sudden, but is indeed the result (still uncompleted) of a long period of transition, which began as far back as 1709 and is not yet ended. In 1709, a certain Jesuist father, Sidotte by name, arrived in Japan on a mission from the Pope, and though the missionary was not well received at the Court of the Tycoon, it was he who first introduced western ideas influentially into Japan, and since his time they have never been absent from Japanese thought. But change was slow, very slow.

(2) The process of transition was enormously accelerated by the American expedition under the command of Commodore Perry in 1853–4, and by the Revolution some thirty-five years ago, which led to the disappearance of the Shogunate and the restoration to the Mikado of the full sovereignty of Japan. The most remarkable indications of the pace at which Japan was moving, as well as of the road along which she was travelling, were the granting of a Constitution by the Emperor and the inauguration of a system of responsible government. (And with the establishment of the Diet, as the Japanese Parliament is called, came also popular control of the finances of the country.)

(3) The war with China, the issue of which so astonished the world, has had a greater effect on Japan than any other event in her history. 1894–5 may be described correctly—bar grammar—as the *annus mirabilis* of Japan, which makes a

new date for her; all that has gone before is categorised as "ante-bellum," all that follows as "post-bellum." Something of the same sort was to be seen in the United States of America, where the struggle between the North and the South closed one epoch and began another—so much so that it was usual to say such and such an event happened "before the War," or "after the War," as the case might be. Japan's favourite new descriptive phrase is "post-bellum." I have lying before me a copy of the "Report on the Post-Bellum Financial Administration in Japan, 1896–1900," by Count Matsukata Masayoshi, and in it occur with considerable frequency such expressions as "post-bellum undertakings," "post-bellum national measures," and the like.

Since her victory over China Japan's progress has been in every way remarkable, but the process of transition still continues, and must continue for some time longer. Furthermore, the last six years have been not only a period of transition but of expansion; it is on account of this expansion that we are told Japan is bankrupt, or soon will be. Japan is accused—to put the matter in an expressive, if not a particularly beautiful, Americanism—of having bitten off more than she can chew. It is stated that the elation engendered by her easy triumph over China gave her a bad dose of "swelled head," which led her to embark on an ambitious programme far beyond her means or capacity. Is this true?

In the volume to which reference has already been made (the "Report on the Post-Bellum Financial Administration," written by Count Matsukata, formerly His Imperial Japanese Majesty's Minister of Finance in more than one Cabinet), there is a full presentation of all the facts in the case up to the Budget of 1900–1. In this book, which was printed at the Government Press, Tokyo, there is nothing of a controversial character; the Report is, what it purports to be, a plain straightforward statement of Japan's financial condition since the war and up to the present time. In many parts of this publication the English in which it is couched is often quaint

and not seldom faulty, but Japan's financial position is set forth clearly enough. What are the facts disclosed by Count Matsukata's Report?

The following, which is quoted verbatim from the Count's report, is given by way of preface:

The results of the Chino-Japanese war of 1894–5 have made it necessary for the Government to undertake so many new enterprises that the annual expenditures, which used to be about 80,000,000 *yen*,[1] rose suddenly to the sum of 200,000,000 *yen* in the Budget of 1896–7, and kept on increasing still further until for 1900–1 it stood at about 250,000,000 *yen*—an increase so sudden and so large, completely revolutionising the financial situation of the country. In drawing up the "post-bellum" financial measures, it has been the policy of the Government to aim at bringing about the economic growth of the country along with the financial, as the only policy destined to produce a lasting result. For this reason, while on the one hand the Government resorted to the increased taxation and to the public loan in order to obtain the increased revenue which was needed to meet a greatly expanded budget, on the other hand the coinage system was revised and the organs of monetary circulation were expanded, and other measures taken with the view to the industrial growth of the country.

It must at once be admitted that the increase in the expenditure of Japan is decidedly startling, and calls for explanation. In discussing the Budget for 1896–7, Count Matsukata himself characterises the greatness of the increase as an "astounding fact," and then proceeds to account for it:

That there should be greatly increased expenditures, such as, for instance, the increased expenditures for armament made necessary on account of the extension of the Empire, and the increased expenditures for various new undertakings for the settlement of affairs in the new territory, was, of course, quite unavoidable. But the authorities never lost sight, from the very start, of the fact that the financial measures in connection with "post-bellum" undertakings must go, in order to be permanently effective, hand in hand with the country's economic development. For this reason Viscount Watanabe, the Finance Minister of that time, laid great importance on the economic development of the country, and laboured hard to develop the country's resources, at the same time perfecting its means of defence. In the Budget for 1896–7, therefore, it will be noticed that, side by side with the items of expenditure

[1] 1 *yen* = 2*s*., 10,000,000 *yen* = £1,000,000 sterling.

for purposes of armament, there are other important items of expenditure for the improvement and extension of the means of communication, which always have a very close relation with the industrial growth of a country.

The Japanese statesman, after boldly admitting the "astounding fact" of the vast increase in the expenditure of his Government, goes on to give particulars of the "Post-Bellum Programme" which caused it, and this is, in effect, to justify it, at least, to some extent. The principal features of the Programme were: (*a*) the expansion of military and naval armaments; (*b*) the establishment of an Imperial University at Kioto; (*c*) the improvement for purposes of navigation of the Yodo and the Chikugo rivers, and the building of engineering works on the Oi, the Abukuma, the Shinano, and other rivers in order to check the devastation caused by floods; (*d*) the colonisation of Hokkaido; (*e*) the improvement of railway lines and the extension of the telephone service; (*f*) the establishment of experimental farms and of institutes for training in all branches of the silk industry; (*g*) the encouragement of foreign trade; and (*h*) the establishment of a Government iron foundry.

It will at once be seen that the Programme can be divided into two parts: one warlike, the other unwarlike; or, to take another classification, one unproductive, the other productive. In the former category are (*a*) and partly (*h*), in the latter (*b*), (*c*), (*d*), (*e*), (*f*), (*g*), and partly (*h*).

Interested as the British Empire is, both directly and indirectly, in the military and naval strength of Japan, there is no need to make any apology for going at some length into item (*a*) of the Programme. At the outset it may be stated that the armaments expansion scheme takes precedence over any of the other items by reason of the amount of money it involves as well as by the general largeness of its plans and scope. Two ledgers, as it were, were opened for this account: in one was entered what was designated the "ordinary" expenditure, in the other the "extraordinary." Under the former heading came the increased expenditure for the organisation of fresh

army corps; for various changes and reforms in the military system of the country generally; for a larger number of army schools; and so on. For 1896–7 the new charges on account of the army in this ledger reached only a total of 2,600,000 *yen*, but the sums to be spent in this manner were to increase annually until they came up to 14,000,0000 *yen*. In 1896–7 the sum of 770,000 *yen* appeared for the "ordinary" expenditure, under the Programme, for the navy, and this amount was to be increased annually, as in the case of the army, until it reached 7,000,000 *yen* (say in 1902–3).

The second ledger was a much bigger book, just about six or seven times the size of the other, and contained the details of an expenditure not far from 140,000,000 *yen*, made up as subjoined:

A. "Extraordinary" Expenditure, Military Expansion Scheme:

Construction of coast batteries	*yen* 14,071,893
Furnishing arms, repairs, &c. . . .	17,334,890
Manufacture of arms	8,486,766
Expansion of arsenals	2,949,107
Buildings	479,575
	43,322,231

B. "Extraordinary" Expenditure, Naval Expansion Scheme:

Construction of war-vessels	*yen* 47,154,576
Manufacture of arms	33,751,162
Building expenses	13,870,506
	94,776,244

The spending of these by no means inconsiderable sums was to be spread over a number of years—in some cases, five years, but I understand that all this part of the Programme practically has already been carried out, although it was hardly expected to be so till next year, or the year after.

With respect to (*h*) a sum of rather more than 4,000,000 *yen* was to be expended on a great iron foundry where Japan could get its own supply of iron castings for use in the Government dockyards and arsenals—a thing which would be absolutely necessary in time of war.

The "unwarlike" items may now be considered. For a new Imperial University, to be established at Kioto—the other is at Tokyo—200,000 *yen* was set aside. The various projects for riparian improvements (*c*) were estimated to absorb between 12,000,000 and 13,000,000 *yen*. The colonisation scheme for Hokkaido (*d*) included the building of a trunk line of railway, the making of drainage works, the building of dykes, &c., and was to cost about 1,500,000 *yen*. Then a large sum was provided for the improvement of the existing lines of railway (*e*) in Japan. It is instructive to read what Count Matsukata has to say when he comments on this expenditure:

> The traffic on the Government railways has been yearly on the increase, so that the old lines and carriages have come to be hardly sufficient for the daily need. It came seriously to be feared that should another war occur the military needs would monopolise these lines, excluding from them almost entirely the ordinary traffic. For this reason, it was decided to lay another track of railway, parallel with the old, on the Tokai-do, making this trunk line double-track throughout its entire length. It was also decided to make many necessary improvements in the accommodating capacities of station-buildings along the Tokai-do line, and also along the Shin-yetsu line, as well as to increase the number of carriages in use on these lines, so as to facilitate the conveyance of passengers and goods.

Hand in hand with these railway betterments went a scheme for the extension of the telephone service. The total amount required for both railways and telephones was a little under 40,000,000 *yen*, and the disbursement on these two accounts was to extend from 1896-7 to 1902-3. The sums set aside for items (*f*) and (*g*) of the Programme were small, their total being about 100,000 *yen*.

To summarise the Programme, as outlined in 1896-7:

The "warlike" part of the Programme (including the iron foundry) was to absorb 142,000,000 *yen;* the "unwarlike," 52,000,000. In terms of sterling, the whole amounted to about £19,500,000. Further, there has to be added to the "warlike" expenditure a sum increasing from 3,500,000 *yen* in 1896-7 to 21,000,000 in 1902—say 10,000,000 a year for six years, or 60,000,000 *yen* in all. The grand total, it will be seen, is

250,000,000 *yen*, or £25,000,000. These expenditures belong to what is known as the "First Period Expansion Programme."

The "Second Period Expansion Programme" was initiated in 1897-8. Again, the chief features were concerned with the expansion of the army and navy, but important measures looking to the economic development of the country were also outlined. Says Count Matsukata:

> As a sequence to the first period programme of military and naval expansion determined in 1896–7, the second period programme was adopted to be put into force from 1897–8. The second period expansion programme included works to be carried on in continuance of those under the first period programme, such as the construction of coast batteries, the building of barracks, the manufacture of arms, the making up of deficit in the funds set apart for the use of fire-arms factories in Tokyo and Osaka, and of Senju woollen-cloth manufactory.

And, as in the former Programme, the new expenditures were to be spread over a number of years, the time limit being 1905-6.

The gross expenditures for the military and naval parts of the Second Programme may now be given:

A. Military Expansion:	
Coast batteries	*yen* 6,460,520
Barracks and their furnishing	19,363,746
Manufacture of fire-arms	9,854,538
Making up deficits	2,679,790
	38,358,594
B. Naval Expansion:	
Construction of war-vessels	*yen* 78,893,399
Manufacture of arms	33,176,329
Various building purposes	6,254,990
	118,324,718

If these amounts be added to those under the First Programme (page 79), the following results are obtained:

Expansion of Japanese army, First Programme .	*yen* 43,322,231
" " " Second " . .	38,358,594
	81,680,825

Expansion of Japanese navy, First Programme .	.	*yen* 94,776,244
" " " Second " .	.	118,324,718
		213,100,962

Now, if we add to these figures the sums set aside for the iron foundry and also for the fire-arms factory at Shimose amounting in all to between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 *yen*, it will be seen that Japan's two Programmes for the expansion of her army and navy reach a total expenditure of (in round figures) 300,000,000 *yen*, or £30,000,000 sterling, not including those annually increasing amounts for both army and navy grouped under the heading of "ordinary" expenditures (page 81), the total of which I have estimated at 60,000,000 *yen*. Adding this last amount we get a grand total expenditure for army and navy expansion of 360,000,000 *yen*, or £36,000,000, under the First and Second Programmes together. But budgets subsequent to those of 1896-7, 1897-8, called for a good deal more money than had been allowed for in the original schemes. For example, the iron foundry instead of costing 4,000,000 *yen* has cost more than 10,000,000. And not only were there the original schemes to be carried out, but fresh ones had to be gone into. Thus "adequate defensive provisions" had to be made for the island of Tsushima and elsewhere. I think, therefore, I shall not be far wrong in putting Japan's expenditure for her army and navy expansion, consequent upon and subsequent to the war with China, at 400,000,000 *yen*, or £40,000,000.

The Second Programme, as well as the First Programme, has practically been carried out, though one of the battleships is not quite ready and the batteries may not in every case be completed. But, in brief, the money has been spent, and Japan is now in possession of an army and navy of which she is proud, and may well be proud.

It does not seem to me necessary to offer any defence of the "warlike" part of Japan's Post-Bellum Programmes. In the judgment of the Mikado, himself a peace-loving Prince, and of his most trusted statesmen, such as Ito and Yamagata,

Japan's safety absolutely demanded these great increases in her national expenditure. And it must be remembered that though she was victorious over China there followed hard on the close of the war an event which she could not but consider sinister and full of menace—the combination (perhaps the most overwhelming the world has ever witnessed) of Russia, France, and Germany, requiring from her the retrocession to China of the Liaotung Peninsula. Under irresistible pressure, as it might well be termed, she did retrocede the Liaotung, the political destiny of which is now pretty clear to everybody; but the retrocession taught her a lesson she is not likely to forget, and that lesson was that she must be strong, and being strong would be respected. Therefore, she immediately set about strengthening herself. Nor do I see how Japan can be blamed for acting in this manner, provided always that in this military and naval expansion of hers she is not going beyond her means.

As a matter of fact, these vast additions to the effectiveness of Japan as a War Power have not cost the Japanese much; it is China, and not Japan, that has mainly borne the burden. It is from the indemnity received from the Chinese after the war that these great expenditures have been principally defrayed.

The indemnity received by Japan from China as a result of the war of 1894–5 consisted of the war indemnity proper of 200,000,000 taels, the indemnity for the retrocession of the Liaotung Peninsula amounting to 30,000,000 taels, and an annual payment of 500,000 taels during the temporary occupation of Wei-hai-wei. In Japanese money the total amount received from China was 355,980,363 *yen*, and large portions of this sum were used in the open market so profitably that there was a gain upon it of nearly 10,000,000 *yen*, thus making the amount at the credit of the indemnity fund 365,529,067 *yen*. With the exception of 20,000,000 set aside for the use of the Imperial Household, 30,000,000 for the "War-vessels and Torpedo-boat Replenishing Fund," 10,000,000 for the

"Calamities Reserve Fund," and 10,000,000 for the "Education Fund," the Chinese Indemnity paid for far the largest part of the military and naval expansion Programmes.

The "Second Period Expansion Programme," besides vastly increasing Japan's war-power, by no means neglected the economic development of the Empire. Thus, fresh legations and consulates were established. Various measures for the promotion of higher education were adopted. Subsidies were given to the cities of Nagasaki and Osaka for harbour works. A great deal was done with respect to colonisation, railways, and other projects for the improvement and development of Hokkaido. New banks of the State-aided description were founded, including the Industrial Bank of Japan. Help of a substantial character was extended to the Formosan Railway Company. And so on.

The different "unwarlike" post-bellum undertakings of Japan called for far larger sums of money than she had been wont to have in her treasury. She proposed to meet the deficiency, which must result from carrying out her programmes, in two ways: by increased taxation, and by borrowing both in her own market and in Europe.

It is sometimes said that Japan is over-taxing herself, and that it is this in combination with other things which is now making for her financial ruin. Here I may be permitted to quote what the correspondent of the *Times* in Japan (Captain Brinkley, I think) wrote to his newspaper under date Tokyo, April 24. He says:

> An idea frequently expressed by European and American journals, that the (Japanese) nation is overtaxed, is not borne out by scrutiny. It is quite true that the State raises a revenue of 201,000,000 *yen* now, whereas it was content with 85,000,000 ten years ago, and these figures seem to warrant the common assertion that the people's burdens have been more than doubled in a decade. But several corrections have to be applied. In the first place, the ordinary revenue of Japan includes the gross receipts from Government undertakings and properties, such as posts, telegraphs, railways, forests, and various factories. These receipts constitute a naturally expanding factor, and thus an item which superficial observers class among the people's burdens is really an

evidence of growing prosperity. That it is an item of considerable importance will be evident from the fact that, whereas this source of revenue stood at only 8,000,000 *yen* in 1891, it now represents approximately 47,000,000 *yen*. To put the matter shortly, the income now raised by actual taxation is not 201,000,000 *yen*, but only 135,000,000; and even to the latter figure two important qualifications must be applied before it is taken as a basis of comparison. The first correction relates to *saké* (rice beer). Ten years ago this, the one intoxicant of Japan, yielded only 15,000,000 *yen* to the State. To-day it yields 55,000,000. Such an increase seems immense, but in practice the *saké* tax is scarcely felt by the nation. It is an impost no one need pay unless he can afford the luxury of drinking *saké*, and the best judges are of opinion that the limit of taxation has not been nearly reached in the case of this article. Here, then, we have a difference of 40,000,000 *yen*. In fact, the increased revenue derived from *saké* pays the increased cost of armaments expansion. The second correction relates to Custom dues. These, under the old tariff, yielded only 4,000,000 *yen* ten years ago, whereas they now yield nearly 16,000,000. *Saké* and import duties thus account for 52,000,000 *yen* of the increased revenue, and we arrive at the conclusion that the nation's direct taxes instead of being doubled in ten years, as is commonly asserted, have only risen from 53,000,000 *yen* to 83,000,000, an increase of less than 60 per cent.

The *Times* correspondent in Tokyo understands Japan certainly as well as, almost certainly better than, any other European in the Far East, and his statement may be received with every confidence. Direct taxation,[1] he tells us, now amounts to 83,000,000 *yen*. The population of the Japanese Empire (including Formosa) is probably to-day nearer 50,000,000 than 40,000,000. Put thus nakedly, it will be seen that in proportion to population direct taxation in Japan cannot be deemed excessive. And, further, it may be mentioned that the incidence of taxation is so graduated that it presses but lightly on the lower orders, the result being, as the *Times* correspondent declares, that at no period of their history have the masses been in such easy circumstances as they are at the present time.

So, then, the charge that in carrying out her great schemes of expansion Japan is taxing herself to death may be summarily

[1] I am informed that in the 83,000,000 *yen* are included some indirect taxes.

dismissed, the fact being that a limit to her tax-paying capacity has not been reached.

The second way by which Japan proposed to meet the deficiency in her treasury was by raising loans either in Japan or abroad. Here, it must at once be admitted, Japan has experienced a difficulty, and the political crisis of the present year, by which the Government of Marquis Ito fell, was brought about more or less directly by this very circumstance.

Japan's national debt now stands at a little over 500,000,000 *yen*, or £50,000,000 sterling—that is, *per capita* of population, a trifle over one pound sterling, which, it will surely be conceded, is no very onerous burden for a nation like Japan. By far the largest portion of her national debt Japan carries herself in the shape of "local" or "domestic" loans, bearing comparatively low rates of interest. Now, every one acquainted with the Far East knows that rates of interest rule very high out there, and that "cheap money," in our sense of the phrase, is not to be had. The Finance Ministers of Japan have found it increasingly difficult year by year (at the moment, pretty well impossible) to sell their Government bonds to their own people because of the relatively low rate of interest these bonds bear. Besides, money, for the time being, is scarce in Japan, and the rates of interest in the open market are very high.

Why is money so scarce, and therefore dear, in Japan?

The answer is, that apart from the Chinese Indemnity (spent, as has been stated, on the army and navy) Japan has received no influx of capital from either Europe or America. The Japanese have sunk the bulk of their floating cash in various enterprises, which have absorbed hundreds of millions of *yen*; as regards most of the capital required for the establishment of the many and great undertakings which the last forty years have seen, Japan has practically been self-supplying. As a natural consequence, "she now finds herself" writes the *Times* correspondent in the article already referred to,

not only debarred from undertaking numerous other enterprises which would be lucrative, but also compelled to work many of her existing enterprises with ruinously expensive working capital. Investments which sound almost incredible in English ears go a-begging in Japan. Railways offer preferential stock at 10 per cent. to complete their construction; wealthy corporations are willing to sell 6 per cent. bonds at a considerable discount for the building of waterworks, and banks of the highest class gladly pay 7 per cent. on fixed deposits for six months.

Yet, the same authority assures us, nothing suggests that the people are suffering from impecuniosity. House building, garden making, social entertainments, and all the normal indications of affluence are visible everywhere. The truth is, that Japan in reality, notwithstanding these temporary financial troubles, grows richer and more prosperous as a nation every year; but, to obtain more quickly full advantage of her position, she needs to obtain foreign capital. Perhaps nothing shows more the rapid strides Japan has made than the simple statement of the fact that the subsidy annually given by the Government for aiding navigation companies has gone up from 1,000,000 to 5,000,000 *yen* during the last five years.

Another factor in the financial condition of Japan is the appreciation of gold and the corresponding depression in silver. Steps have been taken to place Japan on a gold basis, but, of course, a change of this kind is not effected without some jar. It is important, however, to mention that Japan is definitely committed to a gold standard.

Yet another feature in the situation is to be seen in the proportion Japan's exports bear to her imports; at present, the difference between them has been greatly reduced, but, on the whole, the balance for the last few years has been heavily against her, as the following table will show:

	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899
Imports	138,000,000	180,000,000	261,000,000	324,000,000	220,000,000
Exports	136,000,000	118,000,000	163,000,000	166,000,000	214,000,000

Not a few Japanese contend that this state of things is disastrous to their country, and no doubt it would be if

indefinitely prolonged. But the answer, generally, is that the imports have been chiefly made up of machinery, &c., by means of which the resources of Japan, many of them still latent, will be developed, with the most profitable results.

I do not see how any one who considers carefully the facts I have brought together in this article can say Japan is near bankruptcy. What is true is that she needs foreign capital; given that, her prosperity will be great indeed; while, at the worst, the continued absence of foreign capital can do nothing more than keep her back for a time. Improvements and betterments of various kinds may have to be deferred and postponed, as has been the case this year, but Japan is "all right."

ROBERT MACHRAY.

LONDON, JAPANESE LEGATION,
July 31, 1901.

DEAR MR. MACHRAY,

I have read your article on the "Financial Condition of Japan" with great interest. The conclusions you have arrived at, being based on unimpeachable authority, will fully dispel any erroneous impression that may have been previously made in the minds of the public by the rumours and reports originated by partial and superficial observations of affairs in the Far East.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

HAYASHI.

NOTES ON MOROCCO

NATIONALLY we have often had to pay dearly for our ignorance. Countries of which we know little and care less suddenly become politically important. Then maps are hastily published, old travels are in request at the libraries, dusty consular reports are fished out of pigeonholes, badly pronounced names are bandied about in conversation, and "people" are galvanised into something which simulates interest for a few weeks or even months if the situation is sufficiently acute. Morocco has, however, just failed to become interesting. "Wolf" has been cried so long regarding the designs of France that nobody pays any attention, not even when a French army was known to be within three days of the "Holy city" of Tafilet. If any one suggests that France, having been permitted to absorb this dying empire, would undoubtedly recruit her army from its splendid fighting material, and might menace our position in Egypt and our right-of-way in the Mediterranean, acquiring, as she would, one of the pillars of Hercules, the cry is raised of "Pessimist" and "Alarmist." The wakening may come any day, and it will be a rude one.

Leaving, however, the political aspects of what will one day be known as "the Morocco Question" with the remark that of the Powers, France and Spain alone are interested in the acquisition of North-west African territory, and that the possession of a key to the Mediterranean is worthy of the ambition of the former Power, I should like to call attention to some of the factors in the present condition of Morocco

which are to be taken into account in any estimate of her probable future. They are not new, but they are forgotten; and I offer them as among the most interesting of the impressions made upon me in a recent ride of 1000 miles through the country, in the course of which I visited the northern and southern Capitals, the Holy city of Wazan, the coast cities, many of the agricultural and pastoral districts of the interior, and journeyed among the Berbers of the Atlas Mountains as far as the Castle of Glowa on the southern slope of the Pass of the same name on the road from the capital to Tafilet.

Among the foremost is that the Sultan has no power whatever over much of the empire which is nominally under his rule—that he cannot collect taxes, punish crime, appoint officials, secure the safety of goods and travellers, or even pass himself, though with 30,000 men, from Morocco city to Fez by a direct route. It is out of this condition of no-rule that the present difficulty with Spain has arisen. While I was in Wazan recently, some mountaineers abducted a Spanish girl and her young brother and carried them off to the mountains, where neither Sultan nor Grand Shereef has any authority. The girl was sold to be trained as a dancing girl, and her captors refused to give her up except under conditions which no self-respecting power could accept. It is in vain to demand of Morocco a daily indemnity till she is restored, and stronger measures, such as are talked about, are not likely to alter what is really the gist of the situation, that the Sultan has no power over the mountain tribes. In their lawlessness and his powerlessness there are inflammable materials enough for a blaze at any moment. Practically there is no government at all in a great part of Morocco.

The insecurity has of late considerably increased, and is increasing—from Rabat northwards. Some of the roads are absolutely "closed," others are only kept partially open by armed men, while life and property are absolutely insecure. On the route from Fez to Tangier, which I have just traversed, caravans even of large size and well armed are daily attacked, and the goods and mules carried off to the mountains; and I owed my

immunity from robbery to the vague dread which the marauders have of the consequences of molesting Europeans. The sheep and cattle of villages on the same route (even of a village belonging to the Grand Shereef of Wazan, whose religious position ought to have secured the safety of his property) are being seized daily; life is of no account, and shepherds, herdmen, and harvesters, pursue their avocations armed with long guns and swords for defence. The state of lawlessness greatly resembles that which I witnessed in Armenia a few years ago, only that in the Moorish case the depredators are preying on their co-religionists. There is, by all accounts, native and Christian, a growing unrest, which has increased since the present vizier, el Menebhi, came into power, owing to the drastic measures which he has taken to rid himself of rivals, actual or possible—to general dissatisfaction with the *régime* and the inactivity of the Sultan, and with the time spent by him on such "frivolous innovations" as photography, fireworks, cycling, and European dramatic *troupes*, to the neglect of his regal duties. The tribes are fighting each other, the predatory mountaineers are increasing in audacity, and are looting and marauding unchecked; every official is living in dread of sudden deposition, confiscation of his property, and confinement in a dungeon or worse, while the peasants groan under official exactions which leave them with only enough to keep body and soul together, many villages being left without a single animal for agricultural work. The fertile plain between Dimnat and Morocco city is studded with great towered castles of mud concrete, once imposing, now fast crumbling into ruin, which were the dwellings of kaïds and other rich men, many of whom have been thrown into prison by the Court in the hope of extracting large sums by way of ransom, but whose offers, or those of their friends for them, have not satisfied the rapacious expectations which had been formed. At Fez, the northern capital, which for wealth, trade, aristocratic families, learning, and energy, may be regarded as the Empire city, discontent is strong. The Sultan ought to be in residence there now; but the date of his leaving Morocco city, constantly altered during

the last eighteen months, is still uncertain, greatly, it is believed, owing to the influence of el Menebhi, the Moorish envoy to King Edward VII., who, though a "great man" in the southern capital, would be a "small" one in Fez, where he was a private soldier, thankful to go official errands for two or three pesetas. It is a grievance that no Fez man has anything of a position in the Government among the many recent changes. Discontent in Fez is not to be altogether despised; for were it possible for Orientals to trust each other sufficiently to combine for a common object, the fall of the dynasty, of which Moors speak freely, might be accelerated by Fez money and intrigue, and the hatching of a plot to place another than Abdul Aziz on the Shereefian throne. Probably the Sultan's greatest safeguard is his sacred character as a lineal descendant of the Prophet, and head of the Church.

Another impression produced on the stranger is that of the singular variety of races, and mixture of races which are assembled under the crimson flag of Morocco. The Berber of the mountains, with his narrow head, somewhat classic features, tan complexion, and lithe, active form—conquered only to a very limited extent either by Roman or Arab—retains definite racial characteristics, while the Arab of the plains, if of fairly pure blood, is in the cities deadly white, flabby, anæmic, and fat, and in the country swarthy and lean. But it is rare to find even a small village composed wholly of pure-bred Arabs. It is estimated that from 2500 to 3000 slaves, mostly girls, enter Morocco from the Soudan annually; the admixture of black blood is obvious everywhere, and the Arab, stained in skin and coarsened in feature, has lost, and is losing, the race characteristics which he brought with him from Asia, including the energy of conquest, and the creative genius which endowed Morocco with once beautiful buildings, now falling into unchecked decay. Traces of the Soudan are general, from glossy blackness to the singular pallor of the octoroon, and the harems of the rich are full of negresses and coloured children. I am inclined to agree with M. de la Martinière, the French consul-general, who has studied the subject carefully, that

much of the intellectual deterioration and decay of the Arab race in Morocco, and much of the sensuality and brutal passion which disfigures it, are due to the enormous and continual infusion of African blood.

The Jew occupies a totally different position from the negro in Morocco. Ubiquitous, irrepressible, in business dominating the coast towns; in Fez, Mequinez, and Morocco city making himself felt, his numbers estimated at a quarter of a million, he never amalgamates with those who of necessity tolerate him, or swerves by one hair's breadth from his Hebrew customs or from his exclusive devotion to the Old Testament and the Talmud. His rigid observance of the fourth commandment, from which nothing can tempt him, is stronger even than his passion for gain; but the people "dwell alone," and are not "reckoned among the nations." They count for nothing in Moorish politics; but being the usurers, bankers, and skilled craftsmen of the community, they are indispensable to its existence, and are, on the whole, let alone. The men and women are alike handsome, and everywhere the Barbary Jew has the unmistakable characteristics of his race stamped upon him. Everywhere there are synagogues, the Hebrew ritual, and synagogue schools, and in some cities there are very efficient high schools both for boys and girls, organised by the Israelitish Alliance. In the lofty villages of the Atlas, fairly flourishing Jewish colonies of ancient origin are found, each one with its rabbi and synagogue, its small industries, its trade in dates with Tafilet, its separate quarter, its unrivalled filth, and its protective gate.

The Berber mountaineers are a purer and finer race than the Arabs, though on the Tafilet road the contamination of black blood is evident in some of the sheikhs, notably in the Khalifa of Glawa. The Berbers are energetic, warlike, and hospitable; fanatical Moslems, though most lax in religious observances; given to blood feuds, tribal fighting, and manly games, and loving war above all other pastimes. The women, except those of the highest class, are not secluded or veiled, and have some influence in their villages. In striking contrast

with the neglect of the Arabs of the plains to utilise for irrigation purposes the water supplies which Nature has placed within their reach, the Berbers, by carefully constructed channels, bring water from the higher levels and distribute it among their fields. In the Atlas range, stony and arid as it is, every valley is terraced for cultivation up to a great height; fine walnut trees abound, the stones picked off the land are utilised for retaining walls, and heavy grain crops, kept free from weeds, testify to the energy and persevering industry of the cultivators.

Travelling in the Atlas nominally as the Sultan's guest, I was hospitably received in the castles of the Berber sheikhs and khalifas, and witnessed a life which, though lived on a larger scale, resembles greatly that of the mediæval barons of our border castles. The fortress of the hereditary Kaïd of Glowa, the richest and most powerful of the chiefs who are tributary to the Sultan, is a huge, double-towered pile of stone on a height, with high walls enclosing the large area on which it stands. It is provisioned for a considerable term, and contains, besides 500 human beings, great wealth in slaves, flocks, herds, mules, horses, asses, arms, and ammunition. The stir through the daylight hours is ceaseless. The courts are always full of men and asses bringing in grain and forage, of slaves of all degrees of blackness hurrying on various errands, of armed horsemen dashing in and out on official business, of litigants and suppliants, of opposing parties seeking the settlement of their disputes, while couriers from Tafilet, bringing news of the French who were within three days of the Tafilet oasis, added excitement to the hubbub. The Khalifa, a young man with much coloured blood, charming in appearance and manner, is general, ruler, and judge, with the responsibility of all decisions great and small, formal and informal, resting upon him. He is ceaselessly appealed to, and on him rests at present the difficult duty of preventing any friction or collision between his tribesmen and the French; his brother, the Kaïd, being in command at Tafilet, the holy city, the cradle of the present dynasty, for the same purpose.

There, as well as at the Castle of Zarktan and elsewhere, the khalifas spoke most energetically and with apparent frankness of their own and Berber feeling towards the French, whom they regard as their bitter enemies, and whom they are burning to fight, while they are furious with the Sultan for holding them back. "The French are seeking their own graves," said the young Khalifa of Glowa, drawing himself to his full height, and fingering longingly the trigger of his richly decorated gun. "My tribe has five divisions, and each can put into the field 1200 men, all good shots. Victory must be ours," he said. "What are their quick-firing guns? Allah is on our side, and he is stronger than they, and we will force them back into the waterless desert," and so on, every fighting man talking in the same strain, and speaking fiercely of the inaction to which the Berbers are compelled. Reports, doubtless much exaggerated, were daily brought in by passing refugees, who said they had fled into Tafilet from the brutal treatment they had received from the French in the neighbourhood of Igli, Figuig, and Tuat; that there were 18,000 of them, all destitute, and that they had asked the Tafilet tribes to help them, but in consequence of stringent orders from the Sultan they had refused to do so, for the Government had warned them that if they molest the French the Sultan will lead an army against themselves, and has solemnly assured them that if they render obedience, the French will not encroach upon them. In spite, however, of the war fever, and the effervescence of the Berbers and their khalifas, I believe that things will remain *in statu quo* for some time, especially as the Riff difficulty with France has been settled by the payment of an indemnity.

In any forecast of the future of Morocco the race question must bulk largely, for the population of the empire is composed of races which have only an accidental cohesion and a common bond in Islam, and between which an innate antagonism exists, with divergent and often clashing interests. This common religion is, and must remain, at once the bond and the curse of Morocco, and the most formidable obstacle in the way of its progress, chaining all thought in the fetters of the

seventh century, steeping its votaries in the most intolerant bigotry and the narrowest conceit, and encouraging a fanaticism which regards with approval and admiration the delirious excesses of the Aissawa and the Hamdusha.

In addition to the broad features of racial distinction which mark Berber from Arab, an important element of the position is the sharp division of both races into tribes. In actual but much overlooked fact, the native population of the empire is almost altogether tribal, each tribe being closely welded by tradition, intermarriage, custom, common interests in lands and pasturage, common wrongs, and a measure of tribal government.

The nomadic pastoral tribes, dwellers in brown tents pitched in circles, and migrating at short intervals with their flocks and herds, are rigidly ruled by their sheiks and headmen. The agricultural tribes, living largely in bee-hive houses built of reeds, are also under the sway of their headmen in local matters, and all are entitled to a certain amount of autonomy. Some of the tribes are large, rich, and powerful, and successfully defy the Government, being able to render impossible even the passage of armed forces through a great extent of country. The Beni Hassan and Zemmur tribes can each put from 5000 to 6000 horsemen into the field. The more powerful tribes, such as the two latter, are frequently fighting each other, and their belligerent habits are a great obstacle in the way of internal trade. Tribal feeling is very strong, and even dwellers in the cities are linked by acknowledged ties of blood with their pastoral and agricultural brethren.

Much as I had heard and read of the misgovernment of Morocco, I was not prepared to find the reality far worse than had been reported, or for the remarkable consensus of opinion among Arabs, Jews, and Europeans as to the infamies of the administration with which the country is cursed. Alike in the trading cities of the coast and the interior, and in the clusters of reed huts or brown tents which are the permanent or migratory dwellings of the agricultural and pastoral populations, the same tales are told, and *told truthfully*, of intolerable exactions at the pleasure of the kaïds and their

underlings, of the absolute insecurity of the earnings of labour, of the restrictions placed upon trade, and the prohibition of the movement of grain from districts where there is an abundant harvest to those in which a bad yield is producing severe scarcity; of the confiscation of crops by the kaïds, of the right liberally exercised by them of throwing their enemies and all men rich enough to be worth robbing into dungeons, and leaving them to rot to death; of the growing insecurity of property, of the crimes done in the Sultan's name, of the enormous bribes necessary for the carrying of legal or business matters through fiscal or judicial hands, and of innumerable other wrongs, all of which they contend have increased in intensity since the vigorous hands of Mulai Hassan ceased to hold the reins of power, and since the present Sultan was emancipated from what was practically close imprisonment by the death of the strong Vizier, who had been all-powerful since the death of his father. It is claimed that some of these evils, specially the throwing of rich and powerful men into dungeons, have been accentuated since el Menebhi became Vizier.

No peasant is so ignorant as to be unaware of the circumstances which make his position all but intolerable; and even the women, in spite of their timidity with foreign men, make such remarks to them as "The Government is like a fire burning into us." It is useless to disguise the fact that the Court, rich as it is, is always greedy of money, and is absolutely unscrupulous as to how it obtains it. It sells offices to rich men who are willing to pay heavily for lucrative posts, *i.e.*, for fair chances for extortion. It deprives them of office without rendering a reason, confiscates their property, and throws them into dungeons. It appropriates the property of every kaïd at his death. It exacts costly official presents, and has the prison ready for those whose gifts are unsatisfactory. It allows rich aspirants to governorships to buy out the actual occupants, making huge profits by the transaction. This example in the highest quarter is so closely imitated by officials of all grades, that with the people "official" and "robber" have come to be synonymous terms.

The kaïds, having paid enormously for posts which are not salaried, and being authorised to collect the Imperial taxation, to throw men into prison who are likely to be squeezeable sponges, and who have very fair prospects of ending their own days in dungeons, "make hay while the sun shines." Of every three dollars of legitimate taxation it is estimated that only one reaches the Treasury. In addition to the large sums gained by this process of subtraction, they make forced requisitions and raise forced loans, of which the lender seldom receives principal or interest. Their spies report to them any one who is supposed to have money or goods; an interview is arranged, and the kaïd demands a large share. If the owner is contumacious he is thrown into one of those prisons, the horrors of which are well known in England, either till he dies or emerges a broken and impoverished man. No list of prisoners is kept. Most of them are not criminals at all, but men possessed of property which may be squeezed out of them, or whose friends are able to pay a heavy ransom. Many of the unjustly incarcerated only survive a few weeks or months; some become lunatics, and many more would lose their reason were it not for the fatalism which is a feature of their creed, an absolute resignation—of the completeness of which we have no conception—to what is believed to be the Divine will.

Each kaïd has a prison, frequently on his own premises. In a prison in the courtyard of the kaïd of one of the central provinces, part of which is a dungeon formed by roofing over a stone quarry, I saw ninety-five men crowded together, many of them heavily shackled, most of whom were there because they had possessions enough to excite the cupidity of a rapacious tyrant.

Since the Earl and Countess of Meath, Miss Hanbury, and Mr. H. Gurney made their hideous revelations of the horrors of Moorish prisons, and the efforts, chiefly of the British Minister, Sir A. Nicolson, have improved the condition of the prisons in Tangier, stringent orders have been issued by the Government to the effect that no European is to be admitted into a Moorish prison. It has been hoped that foreign

representations have led to the abolition of the fiendish tortures which were practised and to certain reforms, but I do not believe this to be the case, except where, as in Tangier, foreign officials are on the alert.

Instances of the practice of brutal cruelties were told to me on good authority while I was in Southern Morocco, as occurring during my visit, and the following admits of no question. A high Court official was reported, truly or falsely, as having spoken disparagingly of the Sultan, and an order was signed for him to be thrown into the Mogador prison. Before leaving Morocco city the palm of the culprit's hand was deeply gashed with two cross cuts, and a stone was inserted in the intersection, the hand being afterwards stitched up in a piece of raw hide, the shrinking of which produces great agony. Mercifully, gangrene supervened, and the victim died on the road to Mogador. The infliction of this punishment, either by placing a stone or salt and quicklime in the gashed palm, renders the hand useless for life. It is, however, *the prison system as a whole* which demands the reprobation of all civilised nations, and an emphatic condemnation of its infamies, and it would be superfluous to write further of the dark and fetid dungeons in which thousands of innocent men live and die; of cold and hunger; of starving, naked captives clothed only with the iron chains and collars which fasten them to the walls; of prisoners slowly done to death or swept off by typhus the offspring of starvation and indescribable filth; of prisoners forgotten and perishing in chains and darkness; of guiltless men paying for the soldiers who seize them, for the gaolers who keep them, for the chains they wear, for the bolting on of their heavy ankle irons, and for their lodging in these foul dens, often incurring "prison bills" which neither they nor their friends are able to pay, some who would otherwise go free remaining in captivity for the debt.

The result of gross injustice and official rapacity is seen in the poverty of a country of great natural capabilities, in the stagnation of all enterprise, and the abandonment of former industries. I mention only two—ship-building and horse-breeding. Few horses worth anything can now be bought in

Morocco. The mares are execrable, and their progeny are soft, weedy, narrow-chested, goose-backed brutes, without stamina and weak in the hind quarters—for no man will go to the trouble and expense of breeding animals which, if they show any good points, are pounced upon by the kaïds. It is out of the universal practice of official robbery and the rapacity of a Court which, under the young Sultan, gives itself to frivolous expenditure on costly trifles[1] that the well-known system of "protection" has grown up, and at this time it may be safely assumed that, whenever a Moor is making money in trade or by other legitimate means, and is not afraid to keep a large stock of expensive goods, ride valuable mules, make frequent purchases for his harem, and live comfortably, he has "protection papers," which have been granted him by a European Power or by Brazil or America. To procure such papers, which protect them from the infamous rapacity of their own administration, and secure to them some of the rights possessed by the subjects of the Powers issuing them, Moors will do almost anything. France is using this fact to strengthen her influence in Morocco. In the early part of June the northern roads are thronged with harvesters on their way to reap the harvests of Algeria and Tunis. A number of these men annually enlist in the French army for a time, at the expiration of which they receive "protection papers," and France, by this method, is accumulating a drilled force in Morocco.

Projects of reform are talked about, more with the view of disarming English criticism and of depriving the Powers of a plausible excuse for intervention in the internal affairs of the empire than with any intention of improving the condition of the people. It must be remembered by the sanguine that all Moorish officials, and specially the man who at present is all-powerful, have "vested interests" in things as they are, *i.e.*, in

[1] Among these may be classed two photographic cameras just made for his Majesty by Messrs. Adams & Co., of Charing Cross Road, the one costing 2000 guineas, in which every particle of metal is 18-carat gold, the other costing £900, in which the metal work is solid silver, the actual instruments being simply Adams' well-known "De Luxe" cameras.

sustaining infamies of administration which are without a parallel on earth, and that the young Sultan is altogether in their power, not one of the influences which surround him, except that of Kaïd Sir Harry Maclean, being in favour of righteousness. The following are the most noteworthy features of the reforms which have been suggested.

The idea is to begin with an experiment in two provinces, by appointing a sufficiently salaried governor to each for one year, who, if successful, is to be eligible for re-appointment. Such governors are to collect taxes and give receipts for them, keeping counterfoils of all sums received. They are to be responsible for the administration of justice and for the good order of their districts, and are to compel the people to cultivate all land within their boundaries. It is suggested that if the poverty of the peasantry renders this impossible, funds for the purpose shall be advanced by the Government on condition that it receives one half of the crop. Governors are to furnish the Government with lists of prisoners, and particulars of each case. Inspectors appointed by the Court are to visit the experimental districts annually and are to furnish reports, giving the population of villages, the extent of village land under cultivation, the number of cattle, the state of the prisons, and complaints made by the people. A duplicate of this report is to be furnished to the heads of tribes, and any inaccuracy will, upon the evidence of twelve elders, be sufficient to lead to proceedings against the inspector. Any kaïd, inspector, or other official tampering with the administration of justice, or taking bribes, is to be liable to 2000 lashes or ten years imprisonment! The practice of one kaïd buying out another is to be abolished. In addition, it is suggested that the country be supplied with roads, bridges, and telegraphs; that the army be reorganised and made strong enough to support the Sultan's authority; that foreign residents bear their fair share of taxation, and that mixed tribunals be instituted for the trial of European criminals.

It will be obvious to those who know the system of government, that this project of reform leaves the worst evils untouched.

There can be no real remedy for the woes of Morocco which does not lay "the axe to the root of the tree," *i.e.*, to the irresponsible power of the Court, and which does not aim at the destruction of the present accursed system of mal-administration, *root and branch.* As opposed to officialism in general, with its "vested interests" bound up with corruption, there is but one man who runs straight, and who undoubtedly desires reform and the good of the people—Kaïd, Sir H. de Vere Maclean, for twenty-five years instructor of infantry to the Moorish army. His charming personality has won the affection of the Sultan, and such influence as he has is in favour of reform; but on the other side are powerful officials, vested interests, tradition, custom, ancient grooves of misgovernment which have the sanctity of antiquity, and a total lack of honest men. Morocco can never be reformed from within, and any measure of amelioration of her disgraceful and deplorable condition must be carried out by men brought up in other schools than those of Moorish tradition.

It is quite possible that the Moorish Envoy, the Grand Vizier, el Menebhi, may have been induced while in England to promise certain reforms. Powerful intrigues against him were made in his absence, and his return was only just in time to avert his downfall. There are now two parties at Court, led respectively by el Menebhi and el Gharnit, the acting Vizier during the Envoy's absence, and these share the principal posts. Probably, if it be a genuine condition of things, el Menebhi will not be long in weeding out his opponents, when he will have a chance of showing the stuff he is made of. It may, however, be merely a situation designedly contrived to afford plausible reasons for not carrying out any reforms which may have been urged upon him in Europe.

ISABELLA L. BISHOP.

CHILDREN'S WORKSHOPS IN SWEDEN

THE Swedish Arbetsstugor, Children's Workshops or Homes of Industry, will repay much careful consideration. The system has been designed as a supplement to the ordinary elementary school system of the country, and owes its origin, like almost every other social movement in Sweden or elsewhere, to private initiative.

The object of the Arbetsstugor is threefold:

First: To take charge of poor children, or of children whose parents, engaged in factories or elsewhere during the day, are unable to supervise them. The hope is thus to save young children from the dangers of the street, particularly from the temptation to spend the hours in which they are not at school in begging or casual street trading.

Secondly: To inspire early in a child a love of work, to equip the child with manual dexterity, and to put it in the way of gaining an honest living later on by steady application to some regular trade or occupation.

Thirdly: To supplement pedagogic influences and discipline by a discipline and by influences analogous to those to be found in a thoroughly good working-class home.

The movement began in Denmark and in Finland, thence it spread to Norway and Sweden; from Sweden, where it has reached its highest development, it bids fair to make its way into Russia and France. The extraordinary vitality of the

movement in Sweden is attested by the following figures: The first children's workroom in Stockholm was opened in 1886. There are now 39 in Sweden generally, 12 of them being in Stockholm alone. The number of children in attendance at these 12 amounts to 1500. Considering that the total number of children in attendance at the public elementary schools of the city does not much exceed 27,000, the proportion of these who also frequent the workrooms is astonishingly high. The session is for the six winter months. The age of the children admitted is from seven to fourteen years. The elementary school teachers play a useful part in selecting the children who shall be invited to attend the workrooms. They pick out the poorest, or those whom they know to be neglected by their parents. The number of scholars in each home of industry varies from 60 to 200. The younger children, those from seven to ten years of age, work from 11 to 1, and are given their dinner; they attend the ordinary elementary school in the afternoon. The elder children, those from ten to fourteen years of age, come to the home of industry from 5 to 7 in the evening three times a week, and get their supper there. A certain number of children, whose home circumstances entitle them to special regard, stay at the home of industry from 1 to 7.30 in the evening. They have their dinner there, do any home lessons set at school, play in the open air, have two hours manual work at various occupations, and get their supper. The meals are a reward for work done.

The homes of industry are directed without fee by ladies of the leisured class, but they are assisted by salaried female teachers, and so far as regards the trades by skilled artisans.

The cost of the homes is trifling. Each one receives at its foundation, to defray the cost of installation, a sum of from 700 to 1400 francs from a fund raised as a memorial to the well-known Swedish Member of Parliament and Publicist, Lars Hierta. The cost of maintenance is defrayed by public grants, by gifts and by the sale of children's work. The Municipal Council of Stockholm gives an annual grant of about 23,000

francs, and the parochial authorities generally give the buildings free of charge and a small subvention. The mean cost per head for each child comes to about twenty francs a year. This covers disbursements for the salaries of teachers and artisans, the cost of materials, light, heating and food. A central committee holds the management of the different homes together, but each home has its local committee. The homes work quite independently of one another; each has, within limits, its special characteristics, and follows its own lines of development; a healthy rivalry between them is thus secured.

The occupations practised are numerous and varied; they include tailoring, dressmaking, shoemaking, cobbling, mending of clothes, weaving, plaiting and basket-making in innumerable forms, brush-making, mat-making, carpentry, cabinet-making, woodcarving, work in metal, toys, small ornaments for Christmas-trees, and so on.

The executive of the central committee is always on the look-out for fresh models. Sweden itself furnishes a great variety of excellent models for articles in wood and basket-work, but models are welcomed from any source. Persons interested in the work are constantly picking up little articles which they find on their travels through the Continent, and sending them to the Central Museum established in her own house by Fru Hierta-Retzius, the foundress of the Swedish Arbetsstugor and President of the Executive Committee. A good illustration of what has been done in this direction has been the introduction of South Italian models into Sweden by the Arbetsstugor. The attention of Fru Hierta-Retzius, when travelling in Sicily, was attracted by the serviceable and artistic work in twisted palm leaves—*e.g.*, the plaited chair bottoms, to be found there. She learnt how to manipulate raphia in a similar way, with the result that through the medium of the homes of industry these charming southern patterns promise to become acclimatised in the North.

Two important functions of the Central Committee at Stockholm remain to be noticed. All the Arbetsstugor in the

Swedish provinces send up an annual report to the Central Committee, and throughout the year the President Fru Retzius keeps up a constant correspondence. Further, a six-weeks course of instruction for teachers (voluntary and paid) is held every autumn. This is gratuitous; teachers from Finland, Denmark, and Norway, as well as from provincial towns in Sweden, are welcome, and take full advantage of the invitation. There is thus a constant interchange of ideas and experiences going on, and fresh energy from time to time circulates like blood through the whole system.

Such is a brief statement of the objects, methods, and characteristics of this flourishing movement. It is worth while considering it seriously in connection with three important questions now more prominently before the British public than they have ever been:

(*a*) Are there any limits to the extent to which pedagogy pure and simple, generally accepted as capable of indefinite extension in the sphere of reading, writing, and arithmetic, may usefully be applied to discipline and manual training?

(*b*) To what extent is the labour of young children, outside school hours, to be tolerated?

(*c*) What is the value of the so-called American methods in education, to which so much prominence has been given by the Paris Exhibition, and by the writings of Mr. Charles D. Leland and Mr. Liberty Tadd, the Elisha on whom Mr. Leland's mantle seems to have fallen?

With regard to (*a*) it is impossible not to see in the Arbetsstugor of Sweden a revolt against the tendency to place the whole of a child's life "under the ferule of the pedagogue." This is shown in four particular points which come most strikingly before any one who has the opportunity of studying these homes of industry on the spot.

First of all, in the management of them. This is purely voluntary. There is no bureaucratic paraphernalia. Aids are welcomed which are abhorrent to the straitest sect of educational Pharisee; not even the bazaar is disdained. Withal the

movement is directed with such energy and intelligence that there is surprisingly little that is amateurish in the style in which the work is done.

Next, as regards the buildings occupied. These, as has been pointed out above, are generally granted by parochial authorities rent free. What sort of buildings are they? In many cases they are tumble-down old buildings situated in some quarter which is about to be demolished. The best possible provision is made for light, ventilation, and warmth, and overcrowding is guarded against, but the simplicity and homeliness of the rooms in which the children's work is done are welcomed as among the most valuable influences of the system. The children feel at home; they are not seated at single desks or dual desks, they are seated on ordinary chairs or benches, and have in front of them or beside them ordinary tables. Many of the rooms are small. The premises consist either of large barn-like rooms or of a rabbit warren of little rooms, as snug as a child could desire. There is no glazed brick to be seen anywhere; there are no maps on the walls, no hideous tables of diagrams of weights and measures printed and coloured in Germany. It is recognised that hygienic conditions are not limited to the province of the sanitary engineer, that, in fact, provided a child feels happier and more at home, he may be more healthily seated on a bench without any support for his back, and in a room with a fluffy wall paper, than in an apartment with glazed walls and fitted with a patent seat, on the construction of which the most careful attention to height and angles has been lavished.

Then, again, take the method of teaching and working. This brings up the extremely difficult question now agitating a good many minds, whether it is better for the teaching of trades to have your pedagogue equipped with a superficial trade qualification or your artisan with an elementary teaching qualification. The Swedish home of industry seems to have settled the matter in the most sensible way by securing the advantages of both; the Sloyd classes of the ordinary elementary schools provide your pedagogue with the superficial trade

qualification; so in the Arbetsstugor let the skilled artisan have a chance. The notion is that, as the pedagogue in teaching may hope to acquire more and more skill as a workman, so the artisan, in showing boys actually how to make articles, will gradually acquire the capacity of teaching. This last contention the Arbetsstugor claim, and with reason, to have made good. It is interesting that it should be recognised in Sweden, from which country undoubtedly came the great impetus to manual instruction classes in elementary schools at home, that Sloyd or manual instruction is valuable so far as it goes, but does not, as a matter of fact, go as far as people hoped when it was introduced; that though it does to a certain extent relieve the intellectual pressure of the merely literary side of the school curriculum, familiarise the child to a limited extent with the use of tools, and cultivate the faculty of observation, it does not give manual dexterity nor does it inculcate industry. The time given to it is too short, and the conditions of exactness, &c., required so stringent that the work done is painfully slow. The child is too much harassed with the fear of making mistakes to work rapidly. In these Swedish homes of industry the child learns as much by watching the skilled workman as in any other way; he is asked to work at what he likes to work at, and is encouraged to work with the utmost rapidity. It is no surprise to any one acquainted with the work done in Industrial Schools at home to find that even at cobbling young boys in Sweden work with a relish. One of the simplest forms in which dexterity and the delight in dexterity is shown, both in Industrial Schools at home and in the Arbetsstugor of Sweden, is in the making of small boxes and baskets, match-boxes for example at home, chip baskets in Sweden. The pleasure of making match-boxes by the dozen in a few minutes with sharp nervous movements is not an exalted one perhaps, but is a functional enjoyment just as intelligible as the delight of fast pedalling along a level, however uninteresting, road.

Lastly, as regards the discipline. There is no compulsion on the children to attend; there is no bribe even in the meal

which they have earned by their own exertions. As a privilege some of the elder children are allowed to take work home, and are paid a small sum for such work; the children must volunteer, and then may obtain the privilege as a reward. There is no straining after the "order" to be found in the large public elementary school. In many of the Arbetsstugor no attempt is made to keep the children sitting absolutely still; they can even change their seats as they please if there are vacant places. The object of the ladies managing the homes of industry is to make the children feel at home. It must not be supposed from all this that there is any feud between public elementary schools and Arbetsstugor. The Arbetsstugor are not rivals to the elementary schools; they simply seek to supplement them. Each may fail to appreciate to the full the limitations and possibilities of the other, but each is sufficiently satisfied that good within limits is being done by methods not exactly its own to secure cordial co-operation.

(*b*) With regard to the important question of employment of children outside school hours, the experience of the Swedish homes of industry goes to show that, so far from prohibiting the employment of children outside school hours, such employment ought not merely to be tolerated, but positively encouraged so long as it is carried on under proper conditions; that it is even desirable for the working classes that the hours of attendance at a public elementary school should be shortened, if thereby a child can work at suitable handicrafts under proper conditions; and that, given these conditions, over-pressure on the child is more likely to be found in the schoolroom than in the workshop. It may be said: "Quite so, but how on earth are you to secure the proper conditions?" This is a difficult question, to which it will take many years to find the answer, but enlightened opinion in Sweden, and also, it may be claimed, in America, tends to the conviction that, if you deprive a child of the opportunity of acquiring manual dexterity, you are, in the guise of philanthropy, playing the part of a Chinese parent and crippling the child for life; that, in a

word, any attempt to solve the difficulty of child-labour by ruthlessly prohibiting it is the refuge of a suicide.

With regard to (*c*). The so-called American methods in education have been urged upon us at home for many years by writers and thinkers both English and Scotch. They are largely based on the undoubted facts that a child left alone is hardly ever idle, seeking with its hands to give visible realisation to some concept of its young mind; that, to quote Mr. Leland, "From seven to fourteen years of age a certain suppleness, or knack, or dexterous familiarity with a pencil or any implement may be acquired, that diminishes with succeeding years," and that this manual activity of the child is just as worthy of cultivation as its intellectual faculties. The valuable element in the Swedish system as supplementing the American is the proof that the plain and the ornamental are not as sharply divided in a child's mind as Mr. Leland would have one believe. Mr. Leland has complained that he is not fairly chargeable with preaching the ornamental as opposed to the useful, but there is undoubtedly running through his writings a tendency to exalt decorative as opposed to plain work and even to confound design with ornament. It is a mistake to shut our eyes to the fact that we have to provide large numbers of artisans who will have to earn their living, not by designing furniture, carpets, china, and so forth, but by actually making them, and to pattern. We have to train workmen who do little else than play with their fingers on a complicated machine like a well-practised pianist. In the homes of industry at Stockholm it is a fact that you will see children cobbling their boots or mending garments brought from their own houses with the same zest as children carving or painting the picturesque wooden utensils for which Sweden is famous.

It may be permissible to give a quotation from the writings of a gentleman who has fought hard for the proper recognition of the physiological basis of education, Dr. John Strachan, of Dollar. In a pamphlet published by him in 1892, he pleaded for an ideal play-place into which to tempt street arabs from

the street and the gutter. There should be sections for children under seven and over seven. Between the latter section "and the street might be workshops with wired partition towards the section, and doors and windows to the street; let to appropriate tradesmen, as shoemakers, saddlers, &c., at a reduced rent on the understanding that they encourage the children to watch over and take an interest in their work, as is done in industrial exhibitions. In this way some knowledge of and taste for particular kinds of work might be acquired. If facilities for handling tools could be arranged for, it would be a great advantage, and be eagerly made use of." This may be scouted as a fantastic dream, but it is more than half realised in the Swedish Arbetsstugor.

There remains for consideration the practical lessons to be drawn from a study of the Arbetsstugor. It may be admitted that circumstances in Stockholm render it much easier to work such a system there than would be the case in London, or indeed any of the principal seaport and manufacturing towns in this country. Stockholm, after all, is not a large city according to our standard. The population is about 250,000. Then, again, you may walk every street in Stockholm through from end to end without seeing anything that corresponds to the English term "slum." The peculiar class of child known as "slum children" hardly seems to exist. The sort of children who attend the Arbettstugor are like well-to-do Board school children in London, so far as appearance goes.

The material to be worked upon in Stockholm is to this extent more facile, and voluntary workers have in another way less strain than would be the case in London. The school to which they devote their sympathy and attention is probably within a walk of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour of their own houses. It is therefore one thing for them to go for three days a week to an Arbetsstugor close by, and quite another for a lady living in South Kensington to go once a week to a Working Girls' Club in Bethnal Green.

The conclusion must be that the Arbetsstugor as an insti-

tution to be found in Sweden cannot be imported into the large cities at home. But there is a principle underlying the work of the Arbetsstugor which might very effectively be brought to work in English cities. There is a crying need for schools combining the characteristics both of the English Day Industrial Schools and the Swedish Arbetsstugor. The excellence of many of our modern elementary schools, and their adaptability to large classes of the population, cannot be questioned; nevertheless we are straining in the effort to fit the square pegs we find into round machine-drilled holes, and, when we fail, blaming, like bad workmen, our tools. Certain districts in all big towns should be scheduled, and relief schools should be established by the ordinary school authority. Here the instruction in pedagogic subjects should be limited to three hours a day. For another three hours the children should be kept at varied occupations on the lines followed in the Swedish Arbetsstugor. One hour, three times a week, taken from the working time, should be devoted to Kindergarten games and free gymnastics, as much in the open air as possible. These schools should be treated as in all respects certified efficient schools. It will be found that the child from a poor home will learn quite as much as it does under the present system, so far as literary knowledge goes, and a great deal more, so far as concerns the business of its life. You will be giving it bread instead of a stone. In two other ways good will be done. First, by the proper use of free gymnastics, which can be made just as attractive as play, physical deterioration, one of the conspicuous dangers of town life, will be checked. Secondly, as a legitimate alternative to fining and imprisoning parents, the force of self-interest can be brought into play. Conceive how the attitude of the poverty-stricken overworked mother towards the school authorities would change if she found that her daughters could take some of the week's washing and mending to school and do it for her there!

The expense of these relief schools will not be greater than that of an ordinary elementary school. The very place for one

of them is a school-building condemned as not good enough for the up-to-date elementary school of the conventional type. Turn half the class-rooms into laundry and workshops, and the relief school is to hand.

Possibly there lies in this suggestion the germ, at any rate, of an idea which may prove the solution of the vexed question of the employment of children outside school hours. Let the hours within which children may work be rigidly fixed, say between 7 A.M. and 7 P.M. Let them do their work within the permitted hours, either (*a*) at their school, or at an annex to their school, or (*b*) in connection with their own homes, or their father's shop or workshop, under licence granted by the school managers.

There is another important lesson to be learned and conclusion to be drawn. In this country the danger of our belittling the professional element in education is slight. We realise so vividly what the nation has suffered from the amateurish handling of the subject, that now we have a skilled professional class at work we prize it highly, and our danger is rather that we may expect of it, entrust to it, too much. After all, much is to be gained from the inspired amateur. There is a freshness of thought, a freedom of style about the amateur which, if brought properly into play, will co-operate successfully with the stonewall methods of the professional; the one will react wholesomely on the other. We have a large number of people with leisure who are interested in education as in other social questions, and are willing, where opportunity offers, to devote personal service to it. It should be the earnest endeavour of School Boards to cultivate this spirit. Some do; others do not. We are told that decentralisation is needed in more than one branch of the national administration. In more than one large town the advantage of devolving on local managers of schools, with whom might well be associated the head-teacher, several of a School Board's powers and duties should not be less obvious.

J. G. LEGGE.

THE BATTLE-PIECE BY PAOLO UCCELLO, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

AMONG the many fine examples of the rarer Italian masters which the National Gallery contains, the "Battle-piece" by Paolo Uccello is especially remarkable as being the only work of first-rate importance by the painter which now remains in a fine state of preservation. Indeed, so rare are the works of this master, that beside the frescoes in the Cathedral of Florence and the cloister of Santa Maria Novella, only seven or eight panels by his hand have hitherto been recognised: namely, the three Battle-pieces in the National Gallery, the Louvre, and the Uffizi; the long panel with the portraits of Giotto, Uccello, Donatello, Antonio Manetti and Brunelleschi, a much repainted work, also in the Louvre; the "predella" in the gallery at Urbino; the "Midnight Hunt," in the University Gallery at Oxford, an admirable furniture-panel in an exceptional state of preservation; and two other smaller furniture-panels of "St. George and the Dragon," both in private collections, one at Paris and the other at Vienna. The version belonging to Count Lanckoronski, at Vienna, is known to me only through Mr. Berenson's Index in his "Florentine Painters": the other version in the collection of Madame André at Paris, is treated in a more fantastic vein, and is, perhaps, less forcible in drawing, than are the

undoubtedly authentic works of Uccello. However, it is not with these smaller panels, but with the three large battle-pieces, that I am concerned, for the moment.

The Battle-piece in the National Gallery is thus described in the official catalogue:

> No. 583. The Battle of Sant' Egidio, July 7, 1416.
>
> In which Carlo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, and his nephew, Galeazzo, were taken prisoners by Braccio di Montone.
>
> From the fragments of arms, &c., strewed upon the ground, the battle has been already fought; and the incident represented appears to be an attempt at rescue; which supposition is strengthened by the fact that Malatesta is marching under a strange standard. Of the many armed knights on horseback represented, only four are engaged, but all except Malatesta and his nephew have their faces concealed by their visors. The young Galeazzo, not yet a knight, carries his bassinet in his hand. The figure lying on the ground to the left is an illustration of the painter's love of foreshortening. In the background is a hedge of roses mixed with pomegranate and orange trees, and some hilly ground behind.
>
> *In tempera*, on wood, 6 ft. *h.* by 10 ft. 5 in. *w.*
>
> One of four battle-pieces originally painted for the Bartolini family in Gualfonda; subsequently the property of the Giraldi family in Florence, from whom it was obtained in 1844 by the late proprietors. Purchased at Florence from the Lombardi-Baldi Collection in 1857.

But is this "supposition" as to the subject of the picture "strengthened by the fact that Malatesta is marching under a strange standard"? As Dr. J. P. Richter has remarked, "the imposing attitude of the figure said to be Malatesta does not seem to suggest that he has been captured by those who follow him in the picture." Well, I shall show that the whole of this elaborate "supposition," in spite of the array of authorities learnedly quoted in the foot-note, is entirely supposititious. In how many successive editions of the National Gallery catalogue, I wonder, has this pedantic piece of absurdity appeared and reappeared; by how many successive Directors, has it been allowed to go unquestioned, as a matter of course? I do not exaggerate when I say, that this is a fair instance of the way in which the history of art is studied at Trafalgar Square.

According to this statement of the catalogue, the picture in

the National Gallery is "one of four Battle-pieces, originally painted for the Bartolini family in Gualfonda." The catalogue of the Louvre likewise asserts that the battle-piece in that collection, No. 1273 (1661), is one of the same series of pictures, but wisely refrains from attempting to say which of the four Captains-General, mentioned by Vasari, the central figure in the painting represents. The picture came to the Louvre from the Musée Napoléon III., having been bought by the Emperor, with the rest of the pictures of the Campana collection in 1861. In the "Cataloghi del Museo Campana" [? Roma, 1859], Classe VIII., No. 166, we find the statement repeated, that the painting is "one of the four famous battles," mentioned by Vasari. Like the Battle-piece in the National Gallery, it had come from the Lombardi-Baldi collection, probably at the time of its dispersion in 1857. The compilers of the Uffizi catalogue are more cautious, and content themselves by merely describing the third picture, which is preserved in that gallery, No. 52, as a "battle." It is not mentioned in the inventory of the gallery taken in 1769, and occurs for the first time in a later inventory of the year 1784; and so it probably came to the Uffizi in the interval between those two dates. The archives of the gallery, I am told, afford no indication of its *provenance*.

The passage in Vasari, to which these various catalogues allude, occurs in his notice of Paolo Uccello: in the second edition of the "Lives," published in 1568, vol. i. par. 2, p. 272, the passage stands thus:

> In many houses of Florence are not a few pictures in perspective, forming the panels of benches, beds, and other small pieces [of furniture] by the hand of the same [master, Paolo Uccello]; and in Gualfonda, particularly, in the garden which formerly belonged to the Bartolini, there are, by his hand, in a *terrazzo* four stories on panel, filled with battles, that is to say, horses and armed men, in the trappings of those times, admirably beautiful; and among the men-at-arms are portrayed Paulo Orsino, Ottobuono da Parma, Luca da Canale, and Carlo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, all Captains-General of those times. And these pictures since they were perished and had suffered [from exposure]

were, in our own day, repaired by Giuliano Bugiardini, who has rather harmed than improved them.

In the edition of Vasari, published at Florence by Le Monnier, in 1845-56, vol. iii. p. 96, this passage is thus annotated in a foot-note:

> Of these four stories on panel, of great size, until now, one only has been recognised, namely, that preserved in the gallery of the Uffizi. . . . The fate of the other three was unknown until two of them chanced to be discovered, during the present year [1848] (one in a fine state of preservation) in the possession of the Signori Francesco Lombardi and Ugo Baldi. . . . The fourth battle is supposed to have gone to England.

Here, I think, we detect the legend at its source. So long as the commentators of this edition of Vasari, Signor Milanesi, the distinguished archivist, and his colleagues, confined themselves to the elucidation of documents, they rendered an inestimable service to the study of Italian art; but as soon as they put forward, as in the present case, some conjecture or criticism of their own, more frequently than otherwise they only succeeded in adding to the errors and confusion by which that difficult study is beset. In their note, they emphasise by italics the fact that these three Battle-pieces are painted on *panel;* for Vasari mentions other paintings by Uccello of "men-at-arms on horseback," in Casa Medici, which he says were painted on *canvas;* and incredible as it may seem, it was upon the mere fact that these pictures were painted on panel, and not on canvas, that the Florentine commentators must have based their assertion, that they were to be identified with the pictures painted for the garden of the Bartolini. Certainly, no other tittle of evidence exists which could go to support such a conclusion.

As it turns out, Vasari was in error when he stated that *all* the pictures by Uccello in Casa Medici were painted upon canvas. This point established, the least shadow of evidence in favour of the contention of the Florentine commentators vanishes, while abundant proof remains to show that these three Battle-pieces cannot be the pictures painted for the

Bartolini. In the first place, although two of the three pictures are in bad condition, not one of them has suffered from extensive repainting: still less can the hand of Giuliano Bugiardini be anywhere detected in them. In the second place, neither the incidents represented in these pictures, nor the arms, or impresses, on the banners borne by the figures, are to be in any way connected with the four Captains-General who, according to Vasari, were represented in the Bartolini pictures. Again, although the pictures in the National Gallery and the Louvre both contain a portrait-figure of a military leader, the picture in the Uffizi does not contain any such portrait. But we possess yet another piece of evidence, which conclusively proves that the pictures in question cannot be the pictures once in the garden of Bartolini. Had the commentators of Vasari turned to the first edition of the "Lives," published in 1550, vol. i. par. 2, p. 256, they would have found the passage in the "Life of Paolo Uccello, which I have already quoted from the edition of 1568, in an earlier and somewhat different form. The passage as Vasari originally wrote it, runs thus:

> Many perspectives and pictures by his hand are to be seen in the houses of the citizens; among which are four [paintings] with stories in chiaro-scuro, of great size, containing many figures, horses, animals, and landscapes, now in the garden of the Bartolini. Howbeit an attempt to freshen the colours which were half gone, has rather harmed than improved them.

This, surely, is conclusive: the pictures of the Bartolini were in "chiaroscuro." They were painted, no doubt, in "terra-verde," with some local colour introduced here and there into the picture, in a purely decorative fashion; this being a method of colouring which Uccello commonly employed in his more important works. The three Battle-pieces which still exist are, on the contrary, in full colour.

According to Vasari, the paintings in the garden of the Bartolini formed the decoration of a *terrazzo;* no doubt, the elevated, open *loggia* of the *casino* attached to the garden, a building which in a modernised form still stands in Gualfonda,

or Valfonda, a street in Florence running from the Piazza Vecchia of Santa Maria Novella, now called the Piazza dell' Unità Italiana, to the Fortezza da Basso. In less than a hundred years they had so suffered from exposure to the weather as to call for restoration at the hands of Giuliano Bugiardini. This restoration was probably carried out at the time that Baccio d'Agnolo, who built the palace opposite Santa Trinità for Giovanni Bartolini, gave his patron "many designs for his garden in Gualfonda."[1] When Vasari wrote in 1568, the house and garden had already passed out of the possession of the Bartolini. In 1598, they were purchased from Giovanni Vitelli, by Riccardo Riccardi; and in 1638, the *casino* was enlarged, and the gardens laid out according to the fashion of the time by the architect, Gherardo Silvani. The paintings of Uccello probably perished in that restoration. Giovanni Cinelli, who, in his edition of the "Bellezze di Firenze," published in 1677, has left a copious account of the *casino* and garden, makes no allusion to them. Another century of exposure to the weather must have reduced them to a worse condition; besides, the works of so primitive a master were little in accordance with the taste of that age. The greater part of the site of the "Orto de' Bartolini" is now covered by the Central Station of Florence and its annexes.

For whom, then, were the three existing Battle-pieces painted; and what event, or events, in Italian history do they represent? Are they to be identified with those other paintings of "men-at-arms on horseback" by Uccello's hand, which according to Vasari were once in "Casa Medici"?

These paintings formed the decoration of one of the rooms of the palace, which was built by Michelozzo Michelozzi, for Cosimo de' Medici, Pater Patriae, in the Via Larga, now the Corso Cavour. The building is now known as the Palazzo Riccardi, from the family who bought it from the Medici in the seventeenth century. Neither Vasari, nor his commentators,[2] have recorded the date at which this palace was erected.

[1] Vasari, ed. 1568, vol. ii. par. 3, p. 280.

[2] *Id.* ed. Sansoni, ii. 433.

Angelo Fabroni in his "Magni Cosmi Medicei Vita," states that it was completed in 1440[1]; but contemporary documents show that this statement is erroneous. It appears from the "Portata al Catasto," or the Declaration made to the Officials of the Taxes, by Cosimo de' Medici, Pater Patriae, and Pierfrancesco, his nephew, towards the end of February 1446–47, that at that time the palace was still in the course of erection.[2] The first three houses set down in this "Denunzia," had been "united and builded," that is reduced to a single mansion: and this palace, in which Cosimo was living with his family in 1446–47, became the property of his nephew Pierfrancesco, on the division of the Medici estates, in December 1451, as appears from the "Portata" returned by his sons, Lorenzo and Giovanni, in 1480.[3] After the murder here of the Duke Alessandro by Lorenzino de' Medici, in 1536, the house was sacked and left in ruins; and on its site was afterwards erected the wing which the Riccardi added to the palace of Cosimo in the eighteenth century. On the site of the remaining houses enumerated in the passage from the "Portata" of 1446, which will be found printed in the appendix, the new palace of Cosimo was being built at the corner of the Via Larga: "murauisi il palagio sifa sulchanto di uia largha."[4] It appears from a later Portata of 1451 that the building of the palace had then been brought almost to completion. Indeed, it is clear that in order to provide for the partition of their family, consequent upon the division of the Medici estates which took place at the coming of age of his nephew, Pierfrancesco, in December 1451, Cosimo had prepared separate houses for his nephew and himself.

During the next ten years, the decorations of Cosimo's new palace were slowly being completed. We have it on the evidence of documents, that the chapel was in course of being decorated in fresco by Benozzo Gozzoli, in 1459;[5] and that in

[1] *L.c.* Pisis, 1789, p. 152.
[2] App. Doc. i.
[3] App. Doc. iii.
[4] *Id.* ii.
[5] Vasari, ed. Sansoni, iii. 47, note.

1460, Antonio and Piero Pollaiuoli painted the three large pictures of the "Labours of Hercules," for the Sala Grande.[1] The paintings by Uccello were executed somewhat previously to these: they must have been begun before the death of Pesellino, in July 1457.

But first let us turn to the commentators. The Anonimo Gaddiano, in one of those passages which he appears to have derived from some source other than the "Libro di Billi," records that Uccello painted the pictures of the jousts in the palace of the Medici, in the Via Larga: "Dipinse e quadri delle giostre nel palazo de Medici nella uia Largha."[2] Vasari, in the first edition of the "Lives," briefly states in his notice of Uccello, that Paolo painted "in the house of the Medici, on canvas, some admirable stories of horses and other animals."[3] In the lives of Giuliano d'Arrigo, called Pesello, and Francesco di Pesello, Il Pesellino, in the same edition, Vasari, who confuses both these painters and their works, says that Pesello

> painted in the house of the Medici a very beautiful *spalliera* of animals, and the bodies of some *cassoni* with little stories of jousts on horseback. And there are still to be seen in this house at the present day, some paintings on canvas of lions who are looking out from behind a grate, and appear most living; and others he painted without [the grate], and likewise one that is fighting with a serpent; and in another canvas he coloured a bullock and a fox, with other animals, very spirited and lifelike.[4]

This notice reappears without alteration in the second edition of 1568; but in the life of Uccello, in the same edition, Vasari inserts after the brief reference to the stories of animals in Casa Medici, the following passage:

> In the same house [of the Medici, Paolo], among other stories of animals, painted some lions that were fighting among themselves, with movements and ferocity so terrible, that they appeared to be living. But a rare thing, among others, was a story in which a serpent, fighting with a lion, showed by its stalwart movement, its fierceness, and the venom that it darted forth at its mouth and

[1] Archivio Storico dell' Arte, ser. i. vol. v. p. 208.

[2] C. Frey, *Il Codice Magliabechiano*, cl. xvii, 17, Berlin, 1892, p. 100.

[3] Vasari, ed. 1550, vol. i. par. ii., p. 254.

[4] *Id.* vol. i. par. ii. p. 420.

eyes; while a country girl who is near by, tends an ox, admirably done in foreshortening, the drawing for which by Paolo's own hand, is in our book of drawings; and likewise the drawing for the peasant girl, full of fear, and in the act of running away, as she flies from those animals. There are, likewise, in that picture certain shepherds which are very natural, and a landscape that was held a very fine thing in its day. And in other canvases, he made some shows of men-at-arms of those times on horseback, with many portraits done from life.[1]

It would seem that Vasari, in this passage, was attributing to Uccello the painting of the lion fighting with a serpent, which he had formerly ascribed to Pesello. Fortunately, however, we possess a document which, on this particular point, is of far greater authority than Vasari's description, namely, the Inventory of the Goods of Lorenzo de' Medici, Il Magnifico, which was taken at the time of his death in 1492, and of which an ancient copy is preserved among the Medicean Archives, at Florence. This copy, according to a note on the first page, was made in 1512, by order of Lorenzo di Piero de' Medici, in connection, no doubt, with the proclamation published on October 5, 1512, shortly after the return of the Medici to Florence, ordering all who were in possession of any of the goods of the Medici which had been sold by auction in 1494, after the flight of Piero de Medici, to notify the same under the pain of the gallows; by which means, as the writer of a contemporary diary records, "ne ritrovorno assai et assai cose."[2]

It appears, from the portion of this Inventory[3] which relates to the palace "situate at the corner of Via Larga, in the parish of San Lorenzo, called the Palace of Cosimo," that these pictures were "in the chamber on the ground floor, called the chamber of Lorenzo." On one side of this room, according to the Inventory, was

a framed *spalliera* [or wainscot, as we should say] of cypress with inlaid work and panels and cornices of walnut; in which *spalliera* are one cupboard with

[1] Vasari, ed. 1568, vol. i. par. ii. p. 270.

[2] A. Lapini, *Diario*, p. 85.

[3] App. Doc. iv.

seven receptacles and two doorways, each $3\frac{1}{4}$ braccia high, the whole being 24 braccia long; and also a great chest at the foot of a part of the said *spalliera*, of the same wood and workmanship, the said chest being 15 braccia long and fitted with five locks.

On another side of the room, fixed against the wall, was

a bench of cypress framed with panels of walnut, and inlaid, with a cupboard at either end, of the same workmanship, in all $9\frac{1}{4}$ braccia long, and with four drawers under the said cupboards, and on high, there above the said bench, four fleurs-de-lys.

A third item in the Inventory goes on to describe

six pictures, framed in gilt frames, above the said wainscot and above the bench, 42 braccia in length, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ braccia high, three painted with the rout of San Romano, and one with battles of dragons and lions, and one with the story of Paris by the hand of Pagolo Uccello, and one by the hand of Francesco di Pesello, in which is a hunt [appraised at] fiorini 300.

It becomes evident from this entry, that Vasari's description of these pictures was written from memory, and contains the kind of inaccuracy which, in his description of the other works of art, once in the same palace, has proved a stumbling-block to more than one writer on Florentine art. Of the story of Paris, Vasari makes no mention; but what he calls the "shows of men-at-arms," are clearly the three pictures of the rout of San Romano. For the rest, it is difficult to reconcile Vasari's description with the entry in this Inventory. We are, however, able to corroborate one of his statements; namely, that at the time when the second edition of the "lives" was published, in 1568, these pictures, or at least five of them, were still to be seen in the Palazzo Medici. Owing to these pictures having been framed upon the wall, it is possible that they may have escaped the general dispersion of the works of art, furniture and other household goods of the Medici,[1] which were sold by auction at Or San Michele, in 1495, after the flight of Piero di Lorenzo de' Medici. In an Inventory, taken in 1598, of the contents of the Palazzo Medici in Via Larga, the following pictures are enumerated:[2]

[1] L. Landucci, *Diario Fiorentino*, p. 114.

[2] App. Doc. v.

Three great pictures of jousts, antique, all in one piece, with their frames gilt, fixed to the wall high above the door of the first great chamber, in the vestibule of the chapel.

These are clearly the three paintings of the rout of San Romano which are ascribed to Uccello, in the Inventory of the goods of Lorenzo, Il Magnifico. A careful examination of this Inventory of 1598 shows, that when a picture is not specifically stated to be on canvas, the compiler implies that it is painted on panel.

One large picture on canvas, torn, in a gilt frame, wherein is painted the battle of the dragon and the lion.

This, no doubt, is the "battles of dragons and lions," ascribed to Uccello, in the Inventory of 1492.

One large picture on canvas, torn, in which is figured several chases of animals, with a country girl who bemoans herself, antique, with its framed enrichment.

At first sight, it would seem, on the face of it, that the country girl in this picture, the "Villanella che si lagnia" in the phrase of this Inventory, is to be identified with Vasari's "villanella tutta piena di paura," a figure which, according to him, occurred in the painting of the serpent fighting with the lion, by Uccello. Is it possible that the compiler of the Inventory of 1492, misled by this running figure of the country girl, and those of the shepherds which also occurred in it, mistook the composition for a Rape of Helen, or as he expresses it, "la storia di Paris"? If this conjecture is admissible, the remaining picture, already wanting in the series, was the "Caccia" painted by Pesellino. Only by some explanation of this kind can we reconcile these partial and often, perhaps, somewhat loose descriptions of pictures which contained more than one incident. I may add that it appears from the Inventory of 1492, that one of the paintings described by Vasari of "lions looking out from behind a grate," by Pesellino, was painted for a different room of the Palazzo Medici, the "Sala grande." The picture is cited in two of the extant

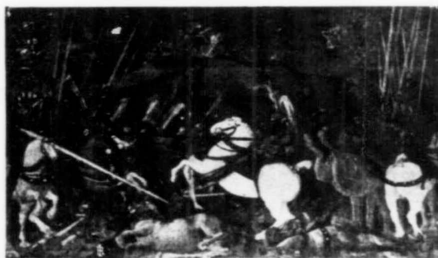
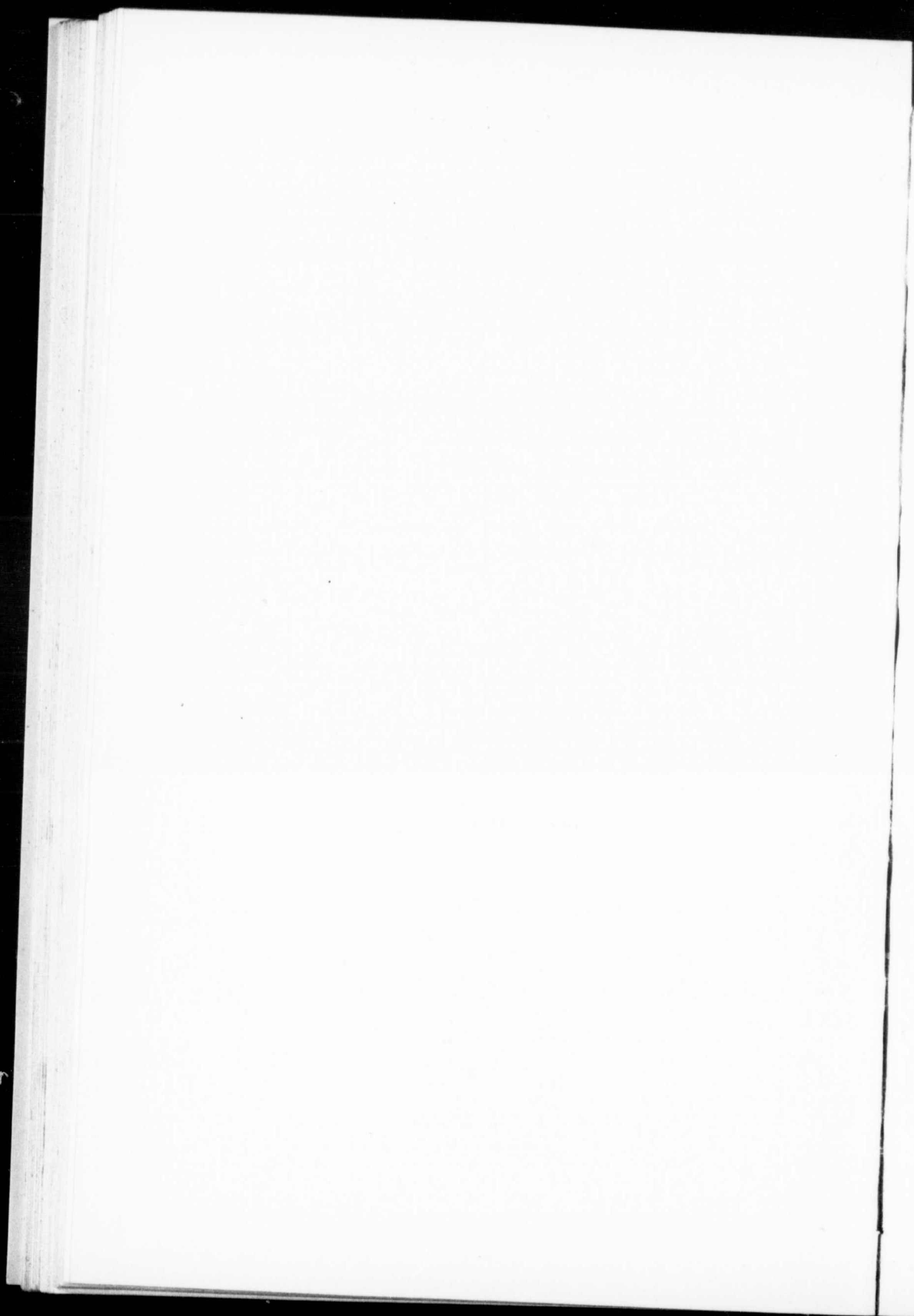


Plate I.—The Rout of San Romano: showing the original arrangement of the Paintings by Paolo Uccello, now at London, Florence, and Paris.



versions of the "Libro d' Antonio Billi": and it was still in the Palazzo Medici when the Inventory of 1598 was compiled.

These six paintings, then, originally formed a kind of frieze above the wainscot on two sides of a room, on the ground floor of the Palazzo Medici. This room, which in 1492 served as the bed-chamber of Lorenzo Il Magnifico, had been furnished and decorated by Cosimo, Pater Patriae, probably for his own chamber. In plan, the proportions of this room were as 3 to 4: that is to say, it measured 24 braccia, or 45 ft. 9 in. in length and 18 braccia, or 34 ft. $3\frac{3}{4}$ in. in breadth: the total length of the painting on the two walls being 42 braccia. Against one of the shorter walls was fixed a bench between two cupboards. This bench, *exclusive* of the cupboards, measured $9\frac{1}{4}$ braccia. Above the cupboards and the wainscot which formed the back of the bench, were framed three paintings on panel, divided no doubt by pilasters, and representing the "Rout of San Romano," as will appear from the sequel. The frame of these paintings, which they still retained in 1598, measured, therefore, 18 braccia, or 34 ft. $3\frac{3}{4}$ in. in length, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ braccia, or 6 ft. 8 in. in height. Against one of the longer walls of the room was fixed another wainscot, containing a cupboard between two doorways. Above this wainscot ran a second series of three paintings on canvas, representing various stories of animals. These paintings, according to my reading of the various accounts of them, consisted of a combat of dragons and lions, by Uccello; a serpent fighting with a lion, with a country girl and shepherds in a landscape, also by Uccello; and a "chase," probably the picture of lions fighting among themselves to which Vasari alludes, by Pesellino. In 1598, these paintings had been removed from their original position, and hung in various parts of the Palazzo Medici. One, however, had already disappeared, and the two painted on canvas were torn. In the next century, small scruple would have been felt about consigning to the lumber room these damaged paintings, so little in agreement with the taste of the age.

But to proceed to the next step in our inquiry: what was the Rout of San Romano? and by what general, or generals, of the Florentines was this defeat accomplished? Giovanni Cavalcanti relates at length in his "Florentine Histories" [1] how Bernardino della Carda, the famous *condottiere*, who married Aura, daughter of Guidantonio, Count of Urbino, and mother of Federigo, afterwards second Duke of Urbino (though whether by her father, or her husband, the historians are not agreed), abandoned the service of the Florentines, whose mercenary leader he had been. The Signoria of Florence having refused to ratify certain promises which Bernardino had made in their name, he went over in disgust to the Italian States with whom the Florentines were then at war. Having entered the service of the Duke of Milan,[2] and assumed the command of the Sienese, Bernardino at once began to ravage the Florentine territory, in the latter part of April 1432; and before the Florentines were aware, he took Marciano, Linari and Gambassi, and advanced to Montecalvi. In these straits, great blame was cast on Micheletto Attendoli da Cotignola, the captain of the Florentine army, for his negligence; notwithstanding his commission had ended with the month of April. Whereupon the Signoria, having debated the matter, resolved to give the chief command to Niccolò Maurucci da Tolentino; Micheletto being retained with the title of "Governatore." Tolentino, having assumed the command, immediately rode to Linari and retook it before the enemy had had time to fortify the place. But here I will follow the account which Scipione Ammirato,[3] an indefatigable student and a careful reporter of original documents, gives of the battle, in his "Florentine Histories":

Here he [Tolentino] had news that the enemy were encamped, or about to encamp, at Montopoli, whereupon he came by way of Castelfiorentino and Ponte a Elsa, to Santa Gonda, on 1st June, 1432, at sunrise, having with him

[1] Ed. Firenze, 1838, vol. i. p. 456.

[2] *Id.* vol. i. p. 462.

[3] S. Ammirato, *Istorie Fior.*, ii. 1081.

2000 horse, and 1500 foot-soldiers, with the intention of joining Michelotto, who was on the other side of the Arno, and going with their united forces in search of the enemy at Montopoli. But the squadrons having been left in the lag of his rear, and those which he had sent in front to scour the country, not having returned, he set out himself with not more than twenty horse towards the tower at San Romano, where he found that the enemy were attacking Montopoli, and that Rinieri del Frogia and Jacopo, called Accattabriga, son of Nanni da Castelfranco di Valdarno di sotto, the leaders of some of the troops of the Florentines, having been discovered at the outset by the enemy, had been attacked on the high-way and were stoutly beset: wherefore wishing to resist the assault and give courage to his men, that they might not fly until the other troops to whom he had sent word of the peril in which he found himself, came up, he also was put to flight and almost taken; Accattabriga who was at the head of fifty lances, and Niccolò da Pisa of a hundred, although they had carried themselves bravely, being in the meantime left prisoners. The soldiers having heard the danger in which Tolentino found himself, promptly came to his aid; and he having set up his standard at the tower, since the enemy having been warned that he was there with his men, had set up theirs at Castello del Bosco, at that place commanded that without further delay, they should begin the battle, having in the meantime sent horsemen in all haste to Cotignola, to join forces with him, giving him to understand that he was engaging the enemy. They fought, on one side and the other, continuously for eight hours, without a single writer mentioning that one drop of blood was spilt: from which, indeed, one is able to perceive how greatly those encounters differed both from ancient battles, and those of our own day; and that they had more resemblance to tournaments and military sports, than to real and effectual battles. But finally on Cotignola coming from beyond the Arno in great haste, to take part in the fight, the enemy, perceiving the cloud of dust raised by his men at Castelfranco, began slowly to retire; Tolentino still pressing on them to gain ground. But Cotignola having come up with the fresh troops, and having fallen impetuously on the rear of the enemy already worn out by the fatigue of a long encounter, none of them made any further resistance; Bernardino della Carda being one of the first to fly. There were taken 1500 horse-men of the enemy, among whom were more than 160 prisoners of quality who were sent to Empoli; although, according to the common practice of soldiers, opportunity was given to many of them to escape. Either by reason of the great fatigue endured in so long and exhausting a day, both by the men and the horses, or because the soldiers wished to divide, at leisure, the booty which they had taken, no attempt was made to follow the enemy, who having retired to the walled towns of Valdera which were all held for the duke, could either easily have been made prisoners within the towns, or assuredly forced to fly to the territory of Siena; instead of which the victors returned in the evening to lodge at Santa Gonda.

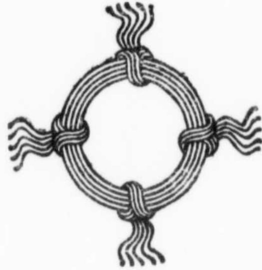
Giovanni Cavalcanti, who freely confesses that he wrote his "Florentine Histories" in order to cool and give place to his passions, in "the infamous and fetid prisons" of the Stinche in Florence, where he had been thrown for failing to pay the heavy taxes occasioned by these wars, represents Niccolò da Tolentino as an audacious and headstrong, rather than a skilful, commander; and, indeed, this opinion of him seems to be borne out by the defeat which ended in his capture and death some two years later. Cavalcanti, moreover, declares that the battle was lost in consequence of the Conte Antonio da Pontedera having overruled the better judgment of Bernardino della Carda; and gives the names of the actual spot at which the battle was fought as "Le Capanne," a common name of farmsteads in Tuscany.[1] Another writer little partial to the side of the Florentines, Orlando Malavolti, the Sienese, asserts in his "Historia di Siena," Venetia, 1599, fol. 23, recto, that the rout of Bernardino della Carda was largely counterbalanced in its effect by the events which immediately succeeded it. The account of the fight which Domenico Boninsegni gives in his "Storie della Città di Firenze, dall' anno 1410, al 1460," Fiorenza, 1637, pp. 43–44, is quoted in great part by Ammirato, in his own version of the battle; and other notices will be found in Muratori, "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores," in a life of Neri Capponi in Latin, vol. xx. col. 490, and elsewhere.

When we come to examine the three Battle-pieces by Uccello, which are still preserved in London, Florence and Paris, in the light of these researches, we find that they originally formed a single composition, though not a continuous picture. They were doubtless divided from one another, as I have shown, by carved pilasters. The painting now in the National Gallery formed the left-hand compartment of this triple piece: it represents Niccolò Maurucci da Tolentino, the leader of the Florentine forces, directing the attack against the Sienese, at San Romano. He is represented on horseback fully armed, except for his helmet, with the baton of command in

[1] *L.c.,* vol. i. p. 468.

PLATE 2.—Niccolò da Tolentino directing the Attack at San Romano: from the Painting by Paolo Uccello in the National Gallery.

his right hand. He wears on his head a rich *cappuccio*, or head-dress, of gold and purple damask; while his bascinet, covered with purple velvet, is carried by his helmet-bearer, who rides by his side: an obvious device of the painter's to obtain an occasion for a portrait which was one of the principal ends of the picture. Above the figure of Tolentino waves his standard powdered with his impress, the "groppo di Salamone," a knot of a curious and intricate form, in a white field. In the lower part of the funeral effigy painted by Andrea da Castagno in the Cathedral of Florence, in 1456, are two naked youths supporting shields. The shield to left bears the arms of Maurucci: gules, a lion rampant or, holding a sword argent; the shield to the right, the impress of the *groppo di Salamone* sable, in a field argent. (Plate 5.)



Groppo di Salamone

According to the account of Francesco Sansovino in his work "Della Origine et de' fatti delle famiglie illustri d'Italia,"[1]

> Niccolò, having run away from home as a young man, from fear of his father, because for some trifling reason he had beaten his mother-in-law, went to serve in Romagna with the captain of a squadron of men-at-arms, in the pay of Pandolfo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini. Having become practised under this captain, in the business of the trained bands, in which he always showed himself to be courageous and daring, Malatesta, recognising his valour, sent him with 600 horse in aid of the Florentines against the Emperor; and having encountered the Imperial army at Anghiari, he routed the enemy, and captured the general with the principal standard blazoned with Solomon's knot, which for a memorial of that honourable victory, was added as an impress to the arms of Casa Mauritia. Thence having returned to Malatesta by way of Tolentino, where he was received with open arms by his father and all the city, he was created Conte della Stacciola by Malatesta, in the year 1412, at Brescia.

After the death of Malatesta in 1427, Niccolò went into the pay of the Florentine, as I have already related; and on St. John's day, 1433, the year following the rout of San Romano,

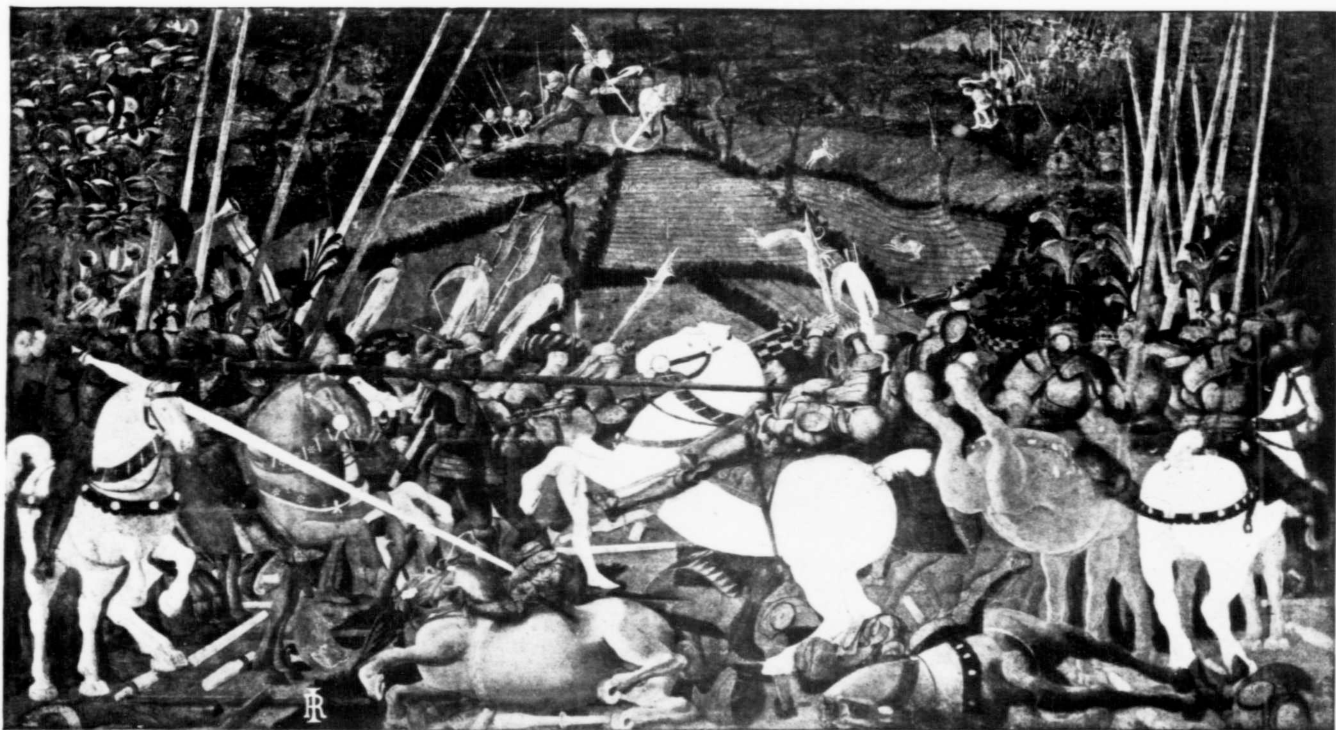
[1] *L.c., Vinegia*, 1582, fol. 279, terzo.

he publicly received the thanks of the Signoria, in an oration delivered by Messer Lionardo Bruni, who, after speaking of the honour which the Republic had done Tolentino, enumerates their gifts to him, "doni chauallereschi, cioe huno elmetto ricchamente hornato, e il chauallo chouerto di stragula ueste purpurea deaurata; dauisi anchora il bastone insegnio di pienissima autorita et obidienza." Some two years later, being General of the League between the Pope, the Venetians and the Florentines, against the Duke of Milan, he was made prisoner by Niccolò Piccinino, the general of the Milanese, near Imola; and soon after died in prison, on March 20, 1435, not without suspicion of poison, on account of his refusal to break faith with the Florentines. His body was taken to Florence, and solemnly interred in the Cathedral on the following April 14, in the presence "not only of all the ambassadors of the Italian Princes, but, also, of Pope Eugenius IV., and many other Lords and Barons."

Niccolò da Tolentino appears to have been held in great regard by Cosimo de Medici. In Cosimo's account of the events which preceded his own exile to Venice, in 1433, he speaks of Tolentino as his intimate friend, "era molto mio amico," and relates[1] how he made an attempt, which maturer counsels caused him to abandon, to rescue Cosimo when he was confined in the Palazzo della Signoria, that year. It was for this reason, and for his fidelity to the cause of the Florentines, which was believed to have been the cause of his untimely end, that Cosimo, no doubt, caused the "Rout of San Romano" to be commemorated in these paintings for his own chamber.

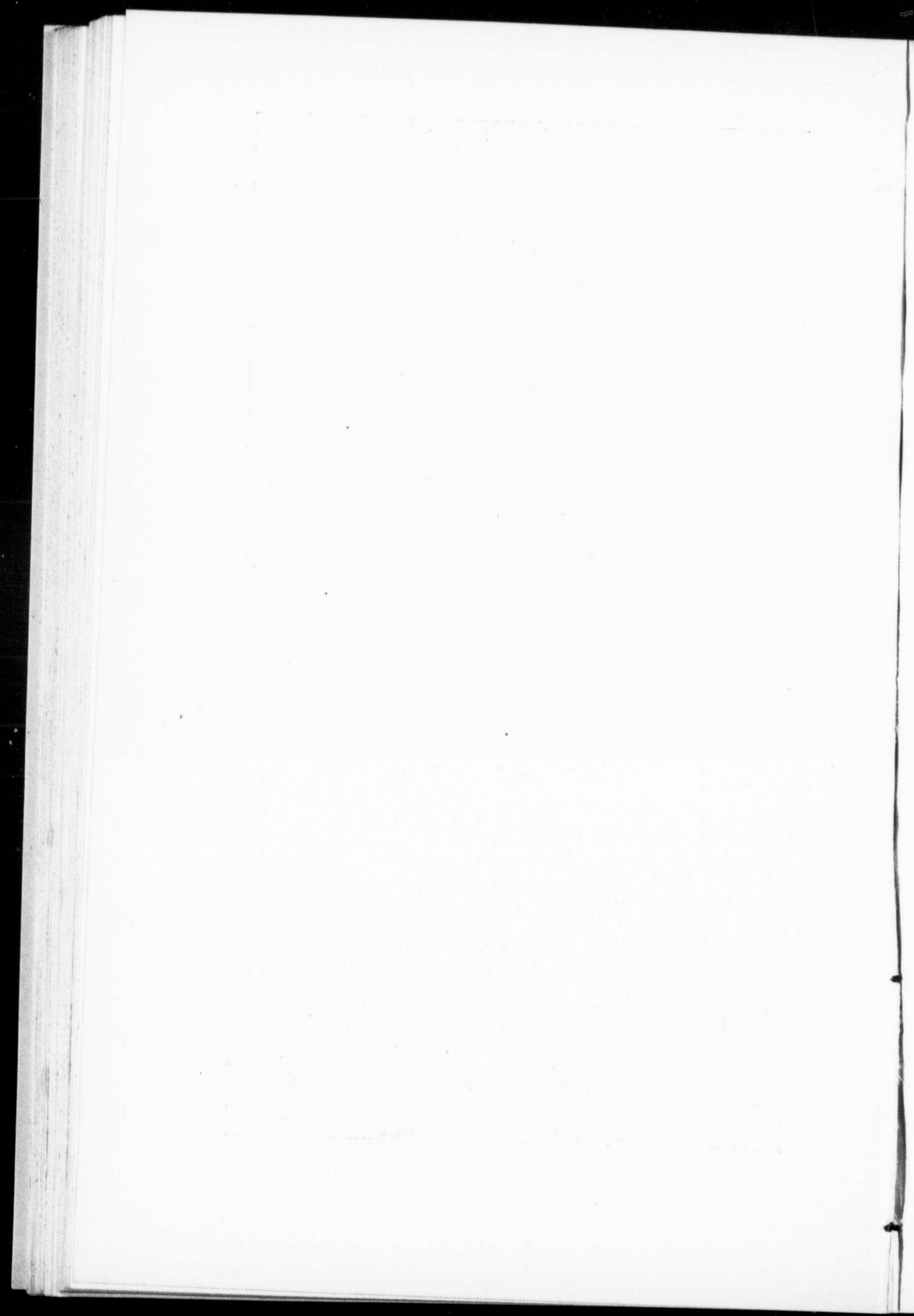
The Battle-piece now in the Uffizi formed the second, or central, picture of the composition. Unlike the other two paintings, it does not contain any portrait-figure; but represents the encounter, in the manner of "rather tournaments and military sports than real and effectual battles," between the forces of the Florentines and the Sienese. The painter has

[1] W. Roscoe, *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, Liverpool, 1795, vol. i. app. p. 5.



Photo, Alinari

PLATE 3.—The Retreat of the Sienese at San Romano: From the Painting by Paolo Uccello in the Gallery of the Uffizi.



chosen the moment at which the Sienese turn in retreat, as Micheletto advances to attack them in the rear. In the middle distance of the picture, on the right, the Sienese horsemen are seen riding over the hill, as some of their bowmen attempt to cover their retreat against a body of Florentine soldiers who approach from the other side of the hill. The foreground of the painting is strewn with the bodies of knights and horses which have been overturned in the fray, and with the splintered fragments of their tilting lances. On a scroll painted on a shield which lies in the left-hand corner of the picture, is inscribed the legend:

PAVLI · VCIELΩI · OPVS

The mark of contraction would signify the name at length to be VCIEL*IN*I. Perhaps we may here have a clue to the real origin of the painter's name; in contradistinction to the explanation of it which Vasari gives. The Uccellini who had their houses in the Sesto of Porta San Piero, were one of the noble Guelph families, exiled in 1260.[1] The painter's father, Dono, who was a native of Pratovecchio in the Casentino, may well have been descended from this exiled house.

The Battle-piece now in the Louvre formed the third, or right-hand, picture in this triple-piece. It represents Micheletto da Cotignola leading on his squadron to attack the Sienese in the rear. His men have not yet begun the attack; and neither broken arms, nor shields, strew the foreground of the picture. As in the first panel, the painter, wishing to devise an opportunity for a portrait, represents Micheletto in a huge *cappuccio* of damask. Above his head floats his standard, which is quartered, and bears 2 and 3, barry undée, argent and sable; 4, gules, an impress of a unicorn sejant or, with a scroll argent which once, no doubt, bore an inscription. The first quarter of this coat is out of the field of the picture. The unicorn was, no doubt, a personal impress. Paolo Giovio, in his "Dialogo dell' Imprese Militari et Amorose," mentions that

[1] G. Villani, *Cronica*, lib. vi. cap. 79.

another *condottiere*, Bartolommeo d' Alviano, bore in his standard, as an impress, "the animal called the unicorn, whose virtue is an antidote against every poison."[1] A shield of arms on the monument by Sansovino, to Cardinal Ascanio Sforza, the son of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, and a near relative of Micheletto, in the church of Santa Maria del Popolo, at Rome, bears 1 and 4, grand quarters, the serpent vorant a child, of the Visconti; 2 and 3, grand quarters, quarterly 1 and 4, an impress of the Cardinal's, 2 and 3, barry undée of four. The second and third grand quarters of this shield furnish, therefore, an instance of an impress quartered with a barry undée coat, which is exactly parallel to the standard of Micheletto, in Uccello's painting. The shield of the Cardinal Ascanio Sforza will be found engraved in Count Pompeo Litta's "Celebri Famiglie Italiane," vol. v., Fam. Sforza, pl. 15.

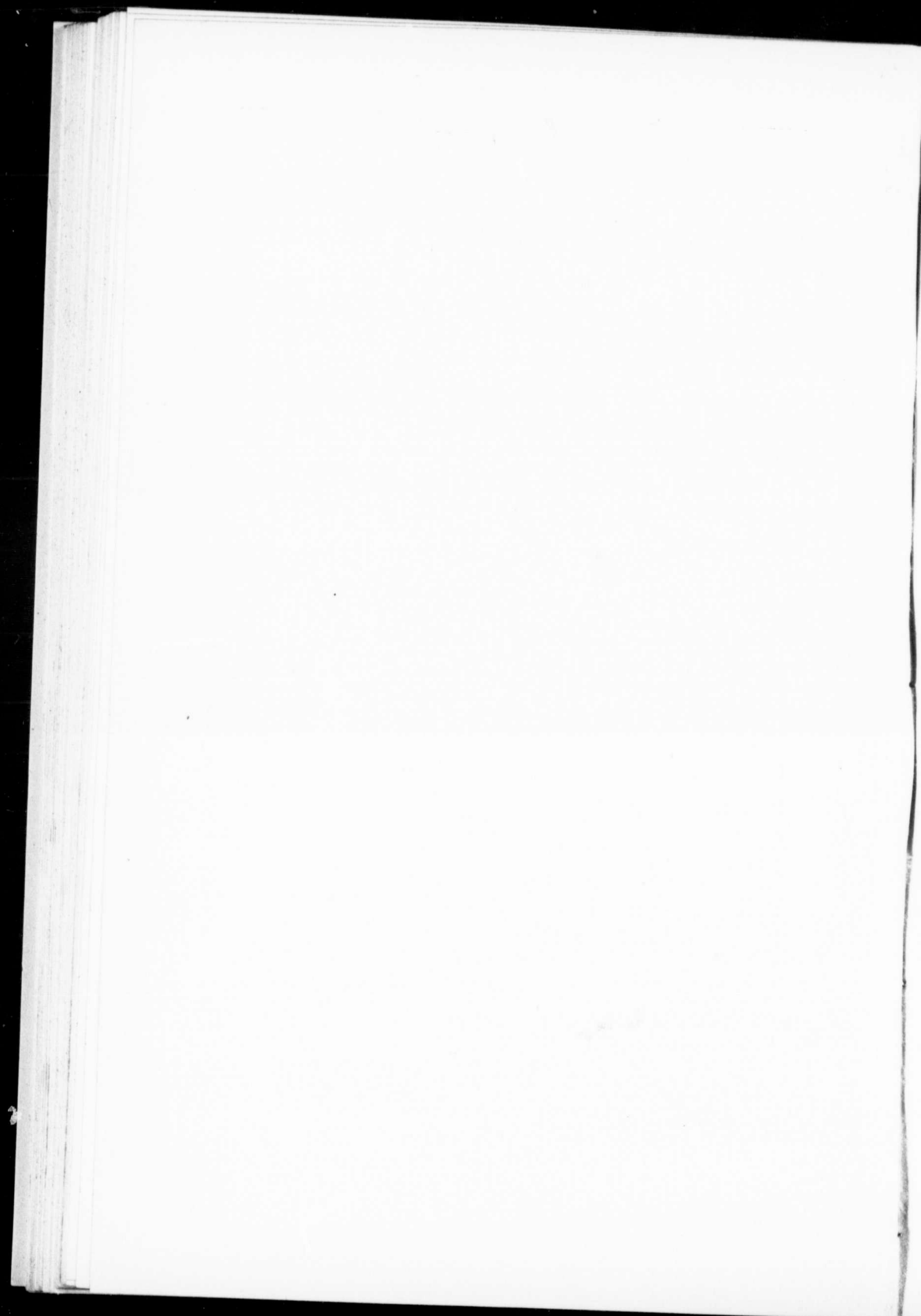
Micheletto Attendoli, although, like Tolentino, famous in his own time, is now so obscure a figure that some account of his origin and history appears to be necessary. According to Nicola Ratti, in his history of the family of the Sforza, Micheletto was cousin to Muzio Attendoli, surnamed Sforza, the founder of the house of Sforza, and the father of Francesco, Duke of Milan.[2] Micheletto, one of the most famous *condottieri* of his time, was General to the Pope, Queen Giovanna of Naples, the Marquis of Ferrara; to his kinsman, Francesco, before he became Duke of Milan, and to the Republic of Venice, as well as of Florence.[3] At the famous battle of Anghiari, which was fought on June 29, 1440, Micheletto was in command of the Florentine squadrons; and his name occurs in the memoranda of Leonardo da Vinci as one of the captains to be represented in the picture of the battle, begun for the decoration of the Sala dei Cinquecento, at Florence. He was made Captain-General of the Venetian forces in 1441, in the room of

[1] *L.c.*, ed. Lione, 1574, p. 75.

[2] N. Ratti, *Della Famiglia Sforza*, Rome, 1794, vol. i. p. 9.

[3] G. Bonoli, *Storia di Cottignola*, Ravenna, 1734, p. 83.

PLATE 4.—Micheletto Attendoli leading the Counter-attack of the Florentine Squadrons at San Romano: from the Painting by Paolo Uccello in the Louvre.



Gattamellata;[1] and in 1446, after a series of almost continuous victories of the Milanese over the Venetians, he defeated the army of Filippo Visconti, under Niccolò Piccinino, at Casal Maggiore, "with great slaughter of the enemy and the capture of 4000 horse"; and having occupied the greater part of the possessions of the Duke of Milan in that part of Lombardy, he ravaged the country up to the gates of Milan. This famous rout, for which Micheletto was made Lord of Castelfranco in the March of Treviso by the Venetian Republic, is commemorated by Francesco Bassano, in one of the paintings of the ceiling of the Sala del Maggior Consiglio, in the Doges' Palace.[2] The success of Micheletto was, however, of short duration. In September 1448, his army was caught by Francesco Sforza at Caravaggio; and Micheletto, seeing that defeat was inevitable, deserted his men, and fled to Brescia; for which he was cashiered by the Signoria of Venice, and sent in disgrace into the March of Treviso.[3] Besides Castelfranco, he was Lord of several places in the kingdom of Naples, which he had with the dower of his wife, Polissena Sanseverino, daughter of the Duke of Venosa, and widow of Malatesta, Lord of Cesena and Fossombrone.[4]

The *pennoni dei trombetti*, the bannerets which depend from the trumpets, which occur in all three pictures, are blazoned with what would seem to be the ensigns of the various squadrons of the Florentines to which they are attached. Those in the pictures in London and Florence bear, in a field gules, a saltire variously and elaborately blazoned; and all of them carry on a chief, argent, a cross gules, which was one of the coats of the Florentine Republic, known as the "Croce del Popolo." So far as I know, it is no longer possible to identify these ensigns. The figure immediately behind the

[1] Muratori, *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*, vol. xxi. col. 826, E.

[2] G. Bardi, *Dichiaratione di tutte le Istorie che si contengono nei quadri . . . nelle Sale dello Scrutinio & del Gran Consiglio del Palagio Ducale* . . . Venetia, 1587, p. 49.

[3] Muratori, *Rerum Italiarum Scriptores*, vol. xxii. col. 1128 A, and 1131 B.

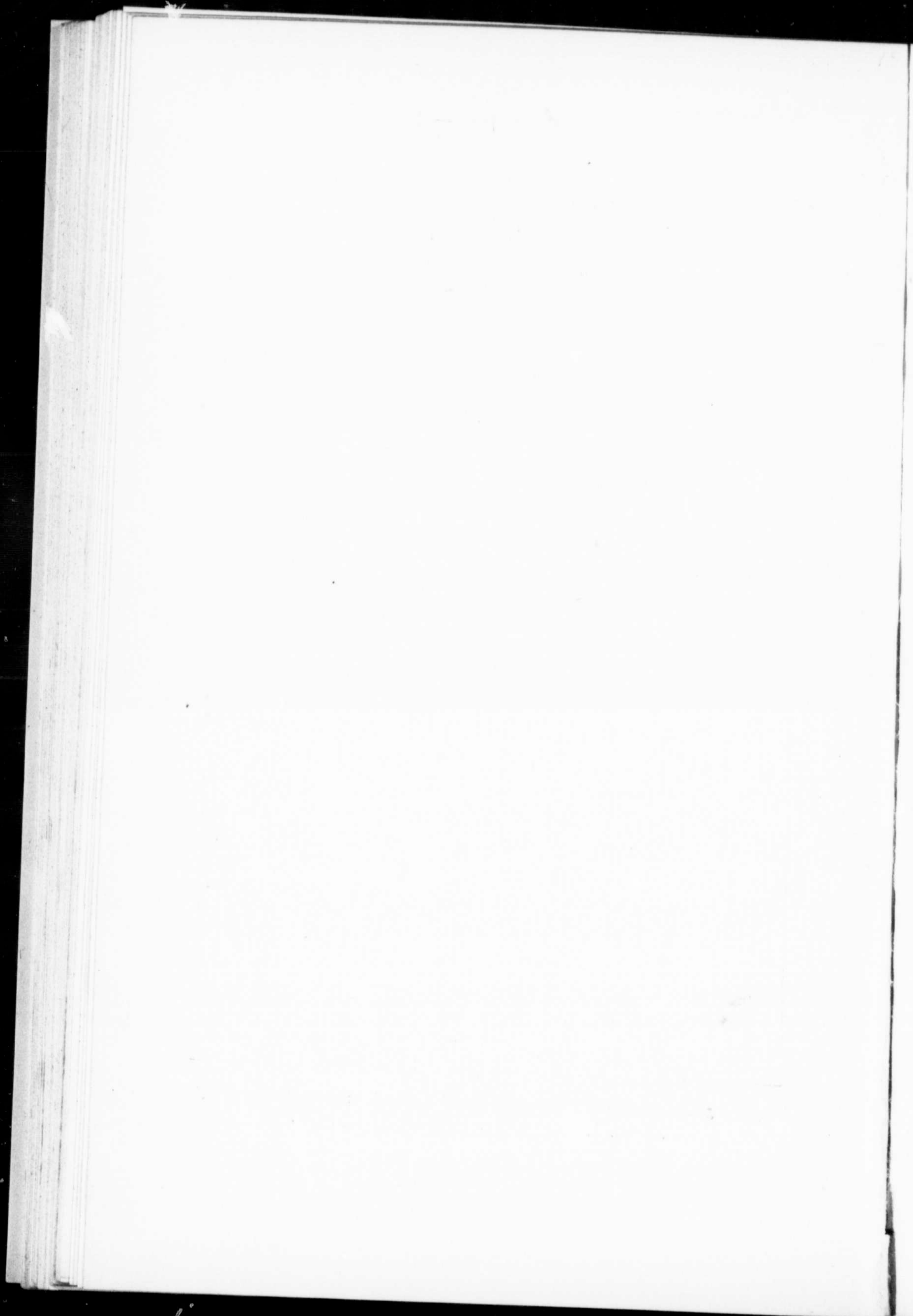
[4] V. Coronelli, *Biblioteca Universale*, Venezia, 1701–6, vol. iv. col. 1423.

figure of Tolentino in the picture in London, and two other figures to the right of the picture in the Louvre, bear in a roundel on their helmets, the red cross of St. George, the insignia of knighthood. The shields which lie scattered on the foreground of the first two pictures, appear to have been introduced for purely pictorial reasons, and the coats which they bear to have had their origin in the imagination of the painter.

These three paintings, then, answer in subject to three of the paintings by Uccello, described in the Inventory of 1492; but there is yet another question to be answered. How do their dimensions tally with the dimensions given in that Inventory? According to the later Inventory of 1598, these three paintings were at that time still framed together, "tutti in un° pezzo, con lor corniciette dorate," that is, in their original gilt frame. This frame, as I have argued from the indications given in the Inventory of 1492, must have measured 18 braccia, or 34 ft. 3¾ in. in length, and 3½ braccia, or 6 ft. 8 in. in height. The panel in the National Gallery measures 10 ft. 5 in. in length and 6 ft. in height; that in the Uffizi, 10 ft. 5 in. in length, and 5 ft. 10¾ in. in height; and that at Paris, 10 ft. 4½ in. in length, and 5 ft. 11 in. in height. If we allow some 8 in. for the breadth of each of the four pilasters which divided and contained the panels laterally, and another 4 in. each for the top and bottom rails of the frame, we arrive at the exact dimensions given in the Inventory of 1492, namely 18 braccia by 3½ braccia.

There is yet another question which I anticipate. How are the varying conditions of these three panels to be accounted for? The picture at the National Gallery has suffered from over-cleaning and from some local retouches; but it is, on the whole, in fine preservation for a work of its time. The picture in the Uffizi has suffered still more from over-cleaning and retouching, and the panel is cracked in more than one place. The painting in the Louvre is in still worse condition: the panel is badly cracked in many places, and the tempera is so darkened that the background of foliage is almost indistinguish-

Plate 5.—The Funeral Effigy of Niccolò da Tolentino: from the Fresco by Andrea da Castagno in the Cathedral at Florence.



able. Such a condition could only have been caused by the exposure of the panel to alternate moisture and heat. The supposition that these three pictures, while they were still framed together, were placed in some loft, or lumber-room, where the weather drove in at one end in such a way as to affect the Louvre picture, but to leave the panel now in the National Gallery comparatively unharmed, and the picture in the Uffizi less protected, would account for their several conditions.

With regard to the condition of the panel in the National Gallery, I would remark that the horses have especially suffered from over-cleaning. Both the white and the gray horse in the centre of the picture have been stripped to the under-painting: and the flank of the darker grey horse, on the right, has been scaled almost to the brown ground. The hatched and drawn surface-painting which united the broad spaces of the under-painting, may be seen in part in the dark horse to the left of the picture. The silver armour has also been scoured and reglazed with bitumen which has parted; and some of the crests of the knights have been reglazed with an unpleasant, and metallic, blue. The blue of the crest of the knight bearing the cross of St. George on his helmet, immediately behind Tolentino, for instance, is partly original and partly new.

I have shown, I think, beyond any shadow of doubt, that these three Battle-pieces in London, Florence, and Paris, are the three pictures of the "Rout of San Romano" painted by Uccello, for the new palace of Cosimo de' Medici, in the Via Larga. The decorations of the room of which they formed a portion, must have been begun *c.* 1456, for Pesellino, who took a part in them, died according to the records of the Mercanzia, on July 30, 1457. Perhaps the small share which he had in the work, is to be explained by the fact that his death intervened before he had completed the pictures allotted to him. I have been obliged to confine myself entirely to the historical aspect of these paintings; but their artistic aspect is undoubtedly of still greater interest and value. Perhaps, at another time, I may

find some opportunity to return to the study of these splendid pictures, by the earliest of really modern painters, of

> tilting furniture, emblazoned shields,
> Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds,
> Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights

HERBERT P. HORNE.

APPENDIX

DOCUMENT I.—Firenze : *R. Archivio di Stato. Arch. delle Decime.* Quartiere, San Giovanni; Gonfalone, Lion d'Oro. Filza 1446. No. verde 676, No. 592. Denunzia of "Chosimo di Giouannj demedicj et Pierfranciescho suo nipote."

Vna chasa per nostra habitatione cholle sue massarizie posta nellauia Largha nel popolo disanLorenzo, et chonessa allato adetta chasa vna chasa nellaquale perlo adrieto soleua stare Ilmaestro Antonio dalla scharperia ridotto a vso della nostra habitazione.

Vnaltra chasa perlo adrieto nellauia largha pure allato alla nostra habitazione doue perlo adrieto staua Giouannj dj Guccio demedicj et altrj chessenaueua lanno fiorinj 22 dj pigione alpresente nonne piu detta chasa essi vnita et murata colla nostra habitazione di sopra.

Vna chasa posta perlo adrietoneldetto popolo purnellauia largha chellateneua appigione Giugliano da Bolognia et dauane dipigione fiorinj 24 alpresente detta chasa nonne chesse disfatta et fauisi Il palagio simura sulchanto diuia largha.

Item piu chasette perlo adrieto insieme poste dal chanto dellauia largha persino allachasa ditommaso dizanobj di ser Gino aueasene lanno dipigione fiorinj 40 hora sono tutte disfatte et murauisi Il palagio sifa sulchanto della detta via largha.

Vna chasa perlo adrieto nellauia diborgho san lorenzo posta nel detto popolo che perlo adrieto teneua appigione m[a] Ghilla dj Falduccio et dauane lanno dipigione fiorinj 12. Alpresente he disfatta et nonujsta persona murauisi Il palagio sifa sulchanto.

DOCUMENT II.—Firenze : *R. Archivio di Stato. Arch. delle Decime.* Quartiere, San Giovanni; Gonfalone, Lion d'Oro. Filza 1451, 2[do], No. verde 712. No. 640. Denunzia of "Chosimo di Giouannj demedicj et Pierfranc[o] di Lorenzo suo nipote."

Vna chasa per nostra habitatione posta nellauia largha et nel popolo disan lorenzo et chonessa vna chasa allato alladetta che perlo adrieto vistaua Il maestro antonio dalla scharperia et vnaltra chasa allato alla detta

diuerso san marcho chellasoleua tenere appigione Giouannj dighuccio demedicj et altrj. Che dette due chase non visono piu sonsi hunite e murate cholla nostra habitazione disopra.

Vna chasa posta nel detto popolo di sanlorenzo et nellauia largha chella teneua perlo adrieto apigione Giugliano da Bolognia per lire 24 lanno et oggi detta chasa nonne piu essi hunita & murata alnostro palagio.

Piu chasette insieme neldetto popolo disanlorenzo poste dalchanto dellauia largha sono alla chasa cheffu ditommaso ginorj diche senaueua lanno dipigione fiorinj 40 he buon pezo che dette chase nonuj furono piu chessi sono disfatte et muratouj Il sopradetto palagio simura suldetto canto.

Vna chasa nellauia di borgho san lorenzo laquale perlo addrieto teneua appigione monna Ghilla dj falduccio per fiorinj xij lanno ladetta chasa nonne piu et niente sene dipigione che e hunita et murasi cholsopradetto palagio.

Document III.—Firenze : *R. Archivio di Stato Arch. delle Decime.* Quartiere. San Giovanni ; Gonfalone, Lion d' Oro. Campione 1480 2°, No. verde 1016, fol. 402 recto. Denunzia of Lorenzo and Giovanni di Pierfrancesco de' Medici.

Document IV.—Firenze : *R Archivio di Stato. Archivio Mediceo innanzi il principato.* Inventory of the goods of Lorenzo de' Medici, Il Magnifico. 1492.

[Begins] qvesto libro dinuentarij e chopiato da unaltr° inventario elqu[a]le fu fatto alla morte de Mag[co] L[zo] demedicj chopiate [*sic*] per me prete simone di stagio dalle pozze oggi quest° 23 di dicembre 1512 per chommissione di Lorenzo di pier° demedicj.

Fol. 1, recto.—Inuentario del palagio . . . posto in sul chanto della via largha.

Fol. 6, recto.—Nella chamer[a] grande terrena, detta Lachamera di Lorenzo.

Vna spalliera darcipresso riquadrata chontarsie & pettoralj et cornicie dinocie nellaquale spalliera sono vno armadio a 7 palchettj et dua vsci alti braccia iij ¼ luno & lungha tutt[a] braccia xxiiij et piu vna chassa apie duna parte didetta spalliera del medesimo legname & lauoro & lungha detta chassa braccia xv et e a 5 serramj distima tutta. Fiorinj 30.

Sej quadri chorniciatj atorno & messj dor° sopr[a] ladetta spalliera et sopra allettuccio dj braccia 42 lunghj et altj braccia iij½ dipintj Cioe tre della rotta di san Romano & uno dj battaglie & [? di] draghj et lionj et vno della storia diparis dimano di pagholo vcello & vno dimano difranc° dipesello entrovj vna chaccia. Fiorinj 300.

Fol. 6, tergo.—Vno lettuccio darcipresso riquadrato chompettoralj dinocie et tarsiato chonarmadio da ognj testa delmedesimo lauoro Lungho tutto 9 braccia ¼ et chon quattr° chasette sotto edettj armadi suuj insu detto Lettuccio 4 giglj dipalij. Fiorinj 45.

Fol. 13, tergo.

Nella sala grande

Vno panno sopraluscio della Sala dibraccia 4 corniciato intorno et messo dor° dipintouj dentro elionj nelle gratichole dimano difranc° dipisello. Fiorinj 4.

Document IV.—Firenze: *R. Archivio di Stato.* Guardaroba, No. 198. Inventari di Palazzi e Ville.

1598. Inuentario di piu robe e maseritie le quali sono nel palazzo de medici in uia largha, in mano a parugio Giandonati, comi[n]ciato ques^to^ dj 18 di Lug° 1598.

p. 20. I quadro grande in tela stracciato con corniciette dorate dipi[n]toui la bataglia del dragho e del lione.

p. 26. 3 quadri grandi di giostre antichi tutti in un° pezzo, con lor corniciette dorate, apicchati almuro alti sopra alla porta del primo salone, nellandito della cappella.

p. 27. I quadro grande, in tela stracciato, fiuratoui piu caccie danimali, con una villanella, che si lagnia, anticho, con suo adornamen^to^ di cornicette.

p. 29 [Stanze terrene]. I quadro grande in tela, dipintoui un lione in prigione.

JOHN KEATS

KEATS had the courage of the intellect and the cowardice of the nerves. That "terrier-like resoluteness" which a schoolfellow observed in him as a boy was still strong when the first certainty of his death came to him. "Difficulties nerve the spirit of a man," he wrote, with a full sense of the truth to himself of what he was saying; and there is genuine intellectual courage in the quaint summing-up: "I never quite despair, and I read Shakespeare." When the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* attacked him, he wrote: "Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works." But, at the age of seventeen, he could write, with an equally keen self-knowledge: "Truth is, I have a horrid morbidity of temperament, which has shown itself at intervals; it is, I have no doubt, the greatest stumbling-block I have to fear; I may surer say, it is likely to be the cause of my disappointment." "I carry all matters to an extreme," he says elsewhere, "so that, when I have any little vexation, it grows, in five minutes, into a theme for Sophocles." To the man who has nerves like this, calmness under emotion is impossible; all that can be asked of him is that he shall realise his own condition, and, as far as may be, make allowances for it. This, until perhaps the very end, when, on his death-bed, he put aside unopened the letters that he dared not read, Keats had always the intellectual strength to do; after the event, if not before it, and generally

at the very moment of the event. When he writes most frantically to Fanny Brawne, he confesses, in every other sentence, that he does not really mean what he is saying, at the same time that he cannot help saying it. And are not such letters, written, after all, with so touching a confidence in their being understood, seen through, by the woman to whom they were written, really a kind of thinking aloud? A letter, when it is the expression of emotion, is as momentary as a mood, which may come and go indeed while one is in the act of writing it down, so that a letter of two pages may begin with the bitterest reproaches, and end, just as sincerely, and with no sense of contradiction, in a flood of tenderness. One is loth to believe that Fanny Brawne ever complained of what the critics have been so ready to complain of on her behalf. She may have understood Keats very little as a poet, and the fact that he tells her nothing of his work seems to show that he was aware of it, and probably more than half indifferent to it; but if she did not understand him as a man, as a lover, if she would have had him change one of his reproaches into a compliment, or wipe out one of the insults of his agony, then she had less of a woman's "intelligence in love" than it is possible to imagine in a woman beloved by Keats.

That man must have loved very calmly and very contentedly, with a strange excess of either materialism or spirituality, who has not felt much of what Keats expressed with so intense and faithful a truth to nature. Keats was not a celestial lover, nor a sentimentalist, nor a cynic. He was earthly in his love, as in the very essence of his imagination; passion was not less a disease to him than the disease of which he died, or than the act of writing verse. Stirred to the very depths of his soul, it was after all through the senses, and with all the aching vividness to which he had trained those senses, that memory came to him. And he was no less critical of love than of everything else in the world; he had no blind beliefs, and there were moments when even poetry seemed to him "a mere Jack o' Lanthorn to amuse whoever may chance

to be struck with its brilliance." Doubting himself so much, he doubted others, of whose intentions he was less certain; and, in love, doubt is part of that torture without which few persons of imagination would fling themselves quite heartily into the pursuit. Had he been stronger in body, he would have luxuriated in just those lacerating pains which seemed, as it was, to be bringing him daily nearer to the grave. It was always vision that disturbed him, the too keen sense of a physical life going on, perhaps so calmly, so near him, and yet as much beyond his control as if he were at the end of the earth.

Have you ever thought of the frightful thing it is to shift one's centre? That is what it is to love a woman. One's nature no longer radiates freely, from its own centre; the centre itself is shifted, is put outside oneself. Up to then, one may have been unhappy, one may have failed, many things may seem to have gone wrong. But at least there was this security: that one's enemies were all outside the gate. With the woman whom one loves one admits all one's enemies. Think: all one's happiness to depend upon the will of another, on that other's fragility, faith, mutability; on the way life comes to the heart, soul, conscience, nerves of some one else, no longer the quite sufficient difficulties of a personal heart, soul, conscience, and nerves. It is to call in a passing stranger and to say: Guard all my treasures while I sleep. For there is no certainty in the world, beyond the certainty that I am I, and that what is not I can never draw one breath for me, though I were dying for lack of it.

That, or something like it, may well have been Keats' consciousness of the irreparable loss and gain which came to him with his love. He was no idealist, able to create a world of his own, and to live there, breathing its own sharp and trying air of the upper clouds; he wanted the actual green world in which we live, men and women as they move about us, only more continuously perfect; themselves, but without a flaw. He wanted the year to be always at the height of

summer, and there is no insect or gross animal, a butterfly or a pig, whom he does not somewhere envy for its power of annihilating every consciousness but that of sensuous delight in the moment. Conscious always that his day was to have so few to-morrows, he clung to every inch of daylight which he could capture before night-time. And there was none of to-morrow's aloofness in his apprehension of human qualities; in his feeling for women, for instance. He demanded of a woman instant and continuous responsiveness to his mood, with a kind of profound nervous selfishness, not entirely under his physical control.

> I am certain [he wrote in a letter] I have no right feeling towards women—at this moment I am striving to be just to them, but I cannot. Is it because they fall so far beneath my boyish imagination? . . . I have no right to expect more than their reality. . . . Is it not extraordinary?—When among men I have no evil thoughts, no malice, no spleen; I feel free to speak or to be silent; I can listen, and from every one I can learn; my hands are in my pockets, I am free from all suspicion, and comfortable. When I am among women, I have evil thoughts, malice, spleen; I cannot speak or be silent; I am full of suspicion, and therefore listen to nothing; I am in a hurry to be gone. . . . I must absolutely get over this—but how?

In all this there is properly no idealism, but rather a very exacting kind of materialism. His goddess must become flesh and blood, and at once put off and retain godhead. To the idealist, living in a world of imagination, which may indeed easily be a truer world, a world more nearly corresponding to unseen realities, there is no shock at finding earth solid under under one's feet, and dust in the earth. He lives with a life so wholly of the spirit that, to him, only the spirit matters. But to Keats every moment mattered, and the warm actual life of every moment. His imagination was a faculty which made the experience of actual things more intense, more subtle, more sensitive to pain and pleasure, but it was concerned always with actual things. He had none of that abstract quality of mind which can take refuge from realities, when they become too pressing and too painful, in an idea.

Ideas with him, were always the servants, never the masters, of sensation.

What he most desired, all his life, was strength "to bear unhurt the shock of extreme thought and sensation." And he cries: "O for a life of sensations rather than thoughts!" On his death-bed he confessed that "the intensest pleasure he had received in life was in watching the growth of flowers." "I feel the flowers growing over me," he said, at the last, with a last touch of luxuriousness in his apprehension of the earth. "Talking of luxuriousness," he writes in a letter, "this moment I was writing with one hand, and with the other holding to my mouth a nectarine. Good Lord, how fine! It went down soft and pulpy, slushy, oozy—all its delicious *embonpoint* melted down my throat like a large beatified strawberry." And, in a much earlier letter, he writes with a not less keen sense of the luxury which lies in discomfort, if only it be apprehended poignantly enough, to the point at which pain becomes a pleasure: "I lay awake last night listening to the rain, with a sense of being drowned and rotted like a grain of wheat." In this sensual ecstasy there is something at once childlike and morbid. It is like a direct draught from the earth, taken with violence. And it is part of his unquenchable thirst for beauty. "On my word," he writes, "I think so little, I have not one opinion upon anything except in matters of taste. I can never feel certain of any truth, but from a clear perception of its beauty." But Keats, remember, was not the priest of beauty, he was her very human lover, sighing after her feverishly. With him beauty was always a part of feeling, always a thing to quicken his pulses, and send the blood to his forehead; he could no more be calm in the presence of beauty than he could be calm in the presence of the woman he loved. With Shelley beauty was an ideal thing, not to be touched by human hands; his was "the desire of the moth for the star," while Keats', if you like, was sometimes that fatal desire of the moth for the candle-flame. It is characteristic that Shelley writes his confession of faith in a

"Hymn to Intellectual Beauty'; Keats, in an "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

The poetry of Keats is an aspiration towards happiness, towards the deliciousness of life, towards the restfulness of beauty, towards the delightful sharpness of sensations not too sharp to be painful. He accepted life in the spirit of art, asking only the simple pleasures, which he seemed to be among the few who could not share, of physical health, the capacity to enjoy sensation without being overcome by it. He was not troubled about his soul, the meaning of the universe, or any other metaphysical questions, to which he shows a happy indifference, or rather, a placid unconsciousness. "I scarcely remember counting upon any happiness," he notes. "I look not for it if it be not in the present hour. Nothing startles me beyond the moment. The setting sun will always set me to rights, or if a sparrow were before my window, I take part in its existence, and pick about the gravel." It is here, perhaps, that he is what people choose to call pagan; though it would be both simpler and truer to say that he is the natural animal, to whom the sense of sin has never whispered itself. Only a cloud makes him uneasy in the sunshine. "Happy days, or else to die," he asks for, not aware of any reason why he should not easily be happy under flawless weather. He knows that

> All charms fly
> At the mere touch of cold philosophy,

and he is not cursed with that spirit of analysis which tears our pleasures to pieces, as in a child's hands, to find out, what can never be found out, the secret of their making. In a profound passage on Shakespeare he notes how

> Several things dove-tailed in my mind, and at once it struck me what quality went to form a man of achievement, especially in literature, and which Shakespeare possessed so enormously—I mean *negative capability*, that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason. Coleridge, for instance, would let go by a fine isolated verisimilitude, caught from the penetralium of Mystery, from being incapable of remaining content with half measures.

And so he is willing to linger among imaginative happinesses, satisfyingly, rather than to wander in uneasy search after perhaps troubling certainties. He had a nature to which happiness was natural, until nerves and disease came to disturb it. And so his poetry has only a sort of accidental sadness, reflected back upon it from our consciousness of the shortness of the time he himself had had to enjoy delight.

> And they shall be accounted poet-kings
> Who simply tell the most heart-easing things,

he says in "Sleep and Poetry," and, while he notes with admiration that Milton "devoted himself rather to the ardours than the pleasures of song, solacing himself at intervals with cups of old wine," he adds that "those are, with some exceptions, the finest parts of the poem." To him, poetry was always those "cups of old wine," a rest in some "leafy luxury" by the way.

That joy, which is fundamental in Keats, is a quality coming to him straight from nature. But, superadded to this, there is another quality, made up out of unhealthy nerves and something feminine and twisted in the mind, which is almost precisely what it is now the fashion to call decadent. Keats was more than a decadent, but he was a decadent, and such a line as

> One faint eternal eventide of gems,

might have been written, in jewelled French, by Mallarmé. He luxuriates, almost like Baudelaire, in the details of physical discomfort, in all their grotesque horror, as where, in sleeplessness,

> We put our eyes into a pillowy cleft,
> And see the spangly gloom froth up and boil.

He is neo-Latin, again like Baudelaire, in his insistence on the physical symptoms of his lovers, the bodily translations of emotion. In Venus, leaning over Adonis, he notes

> When her lips and eyes
> Were closed in sullen moisture, and quick sighs
> Came vexed and panting through her nostrils small;

and, in a line afterwards revised, he writes at first:

> By the moist languor of thy breathing face.

Lycius, in "Lamia,"

> Sick to lose
> The amorous promise of her lone complain,
> Swooned, murmuring of love, and pale with pain;

and all that swooning and trembling of his lovers, which English critics have found so unmanly, would at all events be very much at home in modern French poetry, where love is again, as it was to Catullus and to Propertius, a sickness, a poisoning, or an exhausting madness. To find anything like the same frank subtlety of expression, we must, in English poetry, go back to the Elizabethan age, to which Keats so often comes as a kind of echo; we may also look forward, and, as Mr. Bridges notes, find it once more in Rossetti and his followers.

Keats, at a time when the phrase had not yet been invented, practised the theory of art for art's sake. He is the type, not of the poet, but of the artist. He was not a great personality; his work comes to us as a greater thing than his personality. When we read his verse, we think of the verse, not of John Keats. When we read the verse of Byron, of Coleridge, of Shelley, of Wordsworth, we are conscious, in different degrees, of the work being a personal utterance, and it obtains much of its power over us by our consciousness of that fact. But when we read the verse of Keats, we are conscious only of an enchantment which seems to have invented itself. If we think of the writer, we think of him as of a flattering mirror, in which the face of beauty becomes more beautiful; not as of the creator of beauty. We cannot distinguish him from that which he reflects.

And Keats was aware of the fact, and has elaborated it, with a not unnatural application to poets in general, in one of h letters.

> A poet [he writes] is the most unpoetical of any thing in existence, because he has no identity; he is continually in for, and filling, some other

body. The sun, the moon, the sea, and men and women, who are creatures of impulse, are poetical, and have about them an unchangeable attribute, the poet has none, no identity . . . It is a wretched thing to confess, but it is a very fact, that not one word I ever utter can be taken for granted as an opinion growing out of my identical nature. How can it, when I have no nature? . . . The faint conceptions I have of poems to come bring the blood frequently into my forehead. All I hope is, that I may not lose all interest in human affairs—that the solitary indifference I feel for applause, even from the finest spirits, will not blunt any acuteness of vision I may have. I do not think it will. I feel assured I should write from the mere yearning and fondness I have for the beautiful, even if my night's labours should be burnt every morning, and no eye ever shine upon them. But even now I am perhaps not speaking from myself but from some character in whose soul I now live.

There, subtly defined, is the temperament of the artist, to whom art is more than life, and who, if he realises that "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," loves truth for being beautiful and not beauty for its innermost soul of spiritual truth. Very coolly the master of himself when he sat down to write, Keats realised that the finest part of his writing must always be that part which he was least conscious of, as he wrote it down. To have "no identity"; to be a voice, a vision; to pass on a message, translating it, flawlessly, into another, more easily apprehended, tongue: that was the poet's business amid the cloudy splendours of natural things. His own personality seemed to him to matter hardly more than the strings of the lyre; without which, indeed, there would be no music audible, but which changed no single note of the music already existing, in an expectant silence. And it is through that humility, in his relations with beauty, that Keats has come nearer than most others to a final expression of whatever he has chosen, or been chosen, to express. Byron has himself to talk about, Coleridge the metaphysics of the universe, Shelley, Wordsworth, each a message of his own which he searches for in natural things, rather than elicits from them; but Keats is the one quite perfect lover, offering and asking nothing, all blind devotion, and with an inexhaustible memory for delight.

In his most famous line he has said, once for all:

> A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

Well, his own poetry has much of this joy, only a little pensive, as a human reflection steals in upon it now and again, of beautiful, changeless things, new every season, or every morning, or every minute, but returning, with inevitable patience, as long as time goes on. He is watching

> How tip-toe Night holds back her dark-grey hood,

and seems but to give choice words to the sight; seeming even to come more minutely close to the exact form and sound of things,

> As when heard anew
> Old ocean rolls a lengthened wave to the shore,
> Down whose green back the short-lived foam, all hoar,
> Bursts gradual, with a wayward indolence.

He has that power, which he rightly attributes to Milton, ot "stationing": "he is not content with simple description, he must station." He cannot name daffodils without seeing "the green world they live in." Distance, or the time of day, must be measured visibly:

> There she stood
> About a young bird's flutter from a wood,

he tells us of Lamia waiting for Lycius; and when Lycius comes to meet her, it is

> On the moth-time of that evening dim.

As Venus, in "Endymion," descends from heaven to find Adonis, the silent wheels of her car,

> Fresh wet from clouds of morn,
> Spun off a drizzling dew, which falling chill
> On soft Adonis' shoulders, made him still
> Nestle and turn uneasily about;

and the doves, as they come near the ground, are seen with "silken traces lightened in descent." And, with Keats, abstract

things become not less visibly apportioned to their corner of the universe than the things which we call actual.

> Obstinate silence came heavily again,
> Feeling about for its old couch of space
> And airy cradle.

But his truth to nature, as we call it, to his own apprehension of things seen and felt, is always a beautiful truth, differing in this from some of those poets who have tried to come closest to realities. There are moments, rare enough, when he forgets his own wise care in this matter, and writes of one who

> Bent his soul fiercely like a spiritual bow,
> And twanged it inwardly.

But, even earlier than this, which we find in "Endymion," he has learnt the secret of precision in beauty, and, at twenty-two, can evoke for us the myrtle that

> Lifts its sweet head into the air, and feeds
> A silent space with ever-sprouting green.

He tells us, but always in beautiful words, because in words born of that "lust of the eyes" which in him was inseparable from sight, of "the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings," of "the lidless-eyed train of planets," of the "chuckling" linnet, the "low creeping" strawberries, the "freckled" wings of the butterflies. He realised at every moment that

> The poetry of Earth is never dead,

and it seemed to him a simple thing to transplant that poetry into his pages, as one transplants a root from the woods into one's own garden. All the tenderness of his nature seemed to go out to the green things which grow in the soil, to trees and plants and flowers, the whole "leafy world"; as all his feeling for the spiritual part of sensation, for the ideal, if you will, went out to the moon.

> Thy starry sway
> Has been an under-passion to this hour,

he cries, in "Endymion"; and it is to the moon, always, that he looks for the closest symbols of poetry.

Keats has a firm common sense of the imagination, seeming to be at home in it, as if it were literally this world, and not the dream of another. Thus, in his most serious moments, he can jest with it, as men do with those they live with and love most. "The beauty of the morning operating on a sense of idleness" is enough to set him on a distant journey, in a moment of time; and he can reason about the matter so subtly and in such eloquent prose as this:

> Now it appears to me that almost any man may, like the spider, spin from his own inwards, his own airy citadel. The points of leaves and twigs on which the spider begins her work are few, and she fills the air with a beautiful circuiting. Man should be content with as few points to tip with the fine web of his soul, and weave a tapestry empyræan—full of symbols for his spiritual eye, of softness for his spiritual touch, of space for his wanderings, of distinctness for his luxury. But the minds of mortals are so different, and bent on such diverse journeys, that it may at first appear impossible for any common taste and fellowship to exist between two or three under these suppositions. It is, however, quite the contrary. Minds would leave each other in contrary directions, traverse each other in numberless points, and at last greet each other at the journey's end. An old man and a child would talk together, and the old man be led on his path and the child left thinking.

"Man should not dispute or assert, but whisper results to his neighbour," he affirms; "let us open our leaves like a flower, and be passive and receptive, budding patiently under the eye of Apollo, and taking hints from every noble insect that favours us with a visit." That passive and receptive mood was always his own attitude towards the visitings of the imagination; he was always "looking on the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth and its contents, as materials to form greater things"; always waiting, now "all of a tremble from not having written anything of late," now vainly longing to "compose without fever," now reminding a friend: "If you should have any reason to regret this state of excitement in me, I will turn the tide of your feelings in the right channel by mentioning that it is the only state for the best kind of poetry

—that is all I care for, all I live for." Perhaps it is this waiting mood, a kind of electrically charged expectancy which draws its own desire to itself out of the universe, that Mr. Bridges means when he speaks of Keats' "unbroken and unflagging earnestness, which is so utterly unconscious and unobservant of itself as to be almost unmatched." In its dependence on a kind of direct inspiration, the fidelity to first thoughts, it accounts, perhaps, for much of what is technically deficient in his poetry.

When Keats gave his famous counsel to Shelley, urging him to "load every rift with ore," he expressed a significant criticism, both of his own and of Shelley's work. With Shelley, even though he may at times seem to become vague in thought, there is always an intellectual structure; Keats, definite in every word, in every image, lacks intellectual structure. He saw words as things, and he saw them one at a time. "I look upon fine phrases like a lover," he confessed, but with him the fine phrase was but the translation of a thing actually seen by the imagination. He was conscious of the need there is for the poet to be something more than a creature of sensations, but even his consciousness of this necessity is that of one to whom knowledge is merely an aid to flight. "The difference," he says, in a splendid sentence, "of high sensations, with and without knowledge, appears to me this: in the latter case we are continually falling ten thousand fathoms deep, and being blown up again, without wings, and with all the horror of a bare-shouldered creature; in the former case our shoulders are fledged, and we go through the same air and space without fear." When Keats wrote poetry he knew that he was writing poetry; naturally as it came to him, he never fancied that he was but expressing himself, or putting down something which his own mind had realised for its own sake. "The imagination," he tells us, in a phrase which has become famous, "may be compared to Adam's dream—he awoke and found it truth." Only Keats, unlike most other poets, never slept, or, it may be, never awoke. Poetry was

literally almost everything to him; and he could deal with it so objectively, as with a thing outside himself, precisely because it was an almost bodily part of him, like the hand he wrote with. "If poetry," he said, in an axiom sent to his publisher, "comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all." And so, continually, eagerly, instinctively, yet in a way unconsciously, he was lying in wait for that winged, shy guest, the "magic casements" always open on the "perilous seas." "The only thing," he said, "that can ever affect me personally for more than one short passing day is any doubt about my powers for poetry: I seldom have any; and I look with hope to the nighing time when I shall have none." His belief that he should "be among the English poets after his death" meant more to him, undoubtedly, than such a conviction usually means, even to those most careful of fame. It was his ideal world, the only aspect of spiritual things which he ever saw or cared to see; and the thought of poetry, apprehended for its own sake as the only entirely satisfying thing in the world, imprisoned him as within a fairy ring, alone with his little circle of green grass and blue sky.

"To load every rift with ore": that, to Keats, was the essential thing; and it meant to pack the verse with poetry, with the stuff of the imagination, so that every line should be heavy with it. For the rest, the poem is to come as best it may; only once, in "Lamia," with any real skill in narrative, or any care for that skill. There, doubtless, it was the passing influence of Dryden which set him upon a kind of experiment, which he may have done largely for the experiment's sake; doing it, of course, consummately. "Hyperion" was another kind of experiment; and this time, for all its splendour, less personal to his own style, or way of feeling. "I have given up 'Hyperion,'" he writes; "there were too many Miltonic inversions in it—Miltonic verse cannot be written but in an artful, or, rather, artist's humour. I wish to give myself up to other sensations." He asks Reynolds to pick out some lines from "Hyperion," and put a mark, x, to the false beauty,

proceeding from art, and 1, 2, to the true voice of feeling. It is just then that he discovers Chatterton to be "the purest writer in the English language." A little later he decides that "the marvellous is the most enticing, and the surest guarantee of harmonious numbers," and so decides, somewhat against his inclination, he professes, to "untether Fancy, and to let her manage for herself." "I and myself cannot agree about this at all," is his conclusion; but "La Belle Dame sans Merci" follows, and that opening of "The Eve of St. Mark," which seems to contain the germ of both Rossetti and Morris, going, as it does, so far along the road that Chatterton had opened up and then wilfully closed. It was just because Keats was so much, so exclusively, possessed by his own imagination, so exclusively concerned with the shaping of it into poetry, that all his poems seem to have been written for the sake of something else than their story, or thought, or indeed emotion. Even the odes are mental picture added to mental picture, separate stanza added to separate stanza, rather than the development of a thought which must express itself, creating its own form. Meditation brings to him no inner vision, no rapture of the soul; but seems to germinate upon the page in actual flowers and corn and fruit.

Keats' sense of form, if by form is meant perfection rather of outline than of detail, was by no means certain. Most poets work only in outline: Keats worked on every inch of his surface. Perhaps no poet has ever packed so much poetic detail into so small a space, or been so satisfied with having done so. Metrically, he is often slipshod; with all his genius for words, he often uses them incorrectly, or with but a vague sense of their meaning; even in the "Ode to a Nightingale" he will leave lines in which the inspiration seems suddenly to flag; such lines as

> Though the dull brain perplexes and retards,

which is nerveless; or

> In ancient days by emperor and clown,

where the antithesis, logically justifiable, has the sound of an anitithesis brought in for the sake of rhyme. In the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," two lines near the end seem to halt by the way, are not firm and direct in movement:

> Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
> Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st.

That is slipshod writing, both as intellectual and as metrical structure; and it occurs in a poem which is one of the greatest lyrical poems in the language. We have only to look closely enough to see numberless faults of this kind in Keats; and yet, if we do not look very closely, we shall not see them; and, however closely we may look, and however many faults we may find, we shall end, as we began, by realising that they do not essentially matter. Why is this?

Wordsworth, who at his best may seem to be the supreme master of poetical style, is often out of key; Shelley, who at his best may seem to be almost the supreme singer, is often prosaic: Keats is never prosaic and never out of key. To read Wordsworth or Shelley, you must get in touch with their ideas, at least apprehend them; to read Keats you have only to surrender your senses to their natural happiness. You have to get at Shelley's or Wordsworth's point of view; but Keats has only the point of view of the sunlight. He cannot write without making pictures with his words, and every picture has its own atmosphere. Tennyson, who learnt so much from Keats, learnt from him something of his skill in making pictures; but Tennyson's pictures are chill, conscious of themselves, almost colourless. The pictures of Keats are all aglow with colour, not always very accurate painter's colour, but colour which captivates or overwhelms the senses. "The Eve of St. Agnes" is hardly more than a description of luxurious things: "lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon," a bed, with "blanched linen, smooth and lavender'd," moonlight through painted windows, "warmed jewels"; yet every word throbs with emotion, as the poet "grows faint" with the lover.

Tennyson's "Palace of Art" is full of pictures, each in its frame, or of statues, each in its niche; but the pictures and statues are no more than decorations in a house of thought, somewhat too methodically arranged there. To Keats, the thing itself and the emotion were indistinguishable; he never saw without feeling, and he never felt without passion. That is why he can call up atmosphere by the mere bewitchment of a verse which seems to make a casual statement; because nothing, with him, can be a casual statement, nothing can be prosaic, or conceived of coldly, apart from that "principle of beauty in all things" which he tells us that he had always loved, and which to him was the principle of life itself.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

A SONG OF HOME-COMING

DARK and cold on the far battle-field
My comrades' blood is lying.
Cover their grave with the laurel sheen,
O let the laurel grow there!
Dark and cold is the blood that was shed,
But the blood in my heart is warm and red,
To the rapid drum it oft replies,
And swiftly must it flow there.

Dawn and dark on the far battle-field
Shall find their grave left lonely,
But rivers wide around it sweep
And ever gently fold them.
For the shining rivers that round them sweep
Are flowing salt and warm and deep,
Unbeheld of human eyes—
O eyes of God behold them!

Sound is their sleep on the lone battle-field
Who have finished their work and are weary,
And sighing ghosts on shroudy wings
That grieve there do not grieve them.
Mourning ghosts that have wandered far
Where a blind wind blows under many a star,

Spirits of pain whose peace is o'er—
O peace of God receive them!

Comrades we sailed for the far battle-field,
We stood on the ship together,
To the mighty voice of a people's pride
A prouder voice returning;
And brave eyes smiled on us, dim with pain,
Where the long quay roared in a blur of rain.
Sombre ship return no more,
To bring the brave eyes mourning!

My comrades lie on the lone battle-field
And the racing ships run homeward.
Cover their grave with the laurel sheen!
But the banners are dancing o'er us.
The banners are dancing my heart above,
They are talking together of joy and love.
O life that is snatched out of death is sweet,
And good the years before us!

Wait me awhile on the far battle-field,
Till the phantom years have faded,
All, all forgotten, the sweet time and sad,
Homeward to you I shall wander.
Far away our dust may lie,
Under the stone or under the sky,
But one by one we shall muster and meet
In the camp of our glory yonder.

Life and Death from the lone battle-field
As a vapour at morn shall be lifted,
All be forgot save the due that we paid
And the day that our country remembers.

In the hour of her need, for the battle of doom
She shall summon the cold dark blood from our tomb,
She shall kindle the hearts of her sons with our blood,
  And the fires of her watch with our embers.

Late or soon on the wide battle-field
  We comrades all shall be lying.
Cover our graves with the laurel sheen,
  O let the laurel grow there!

MARGARET L. WOODS.

TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE CAT AND THE BELL

MR. GAINSBOROUGH lost his head. He might have endured the note that had been left for him—it said only that his daughter had gone to town for a couple of days with Mina Zabriska; besides he had had notes left for him before. But there was Mason's account of the evening and of the morning—of Harry's arrival, of the conference in the Long Gallery, of the sandwiches and the old brown, of the departure of the ladies at seven o'clock. Mason was convinced that something was up; knowing Mr. Harry as he did, and her late ladyship as he had, he really would not like to hazard an opinion what; Mr. Gainsborough, however, could see for himself that candles had been left to burn themselves out, and that china had been broken in the Long Gallery. Availing himself dexterously of his subordinate position, Mason was open to state facts, but respectfully declined to draw inferences. Gainsborough rushed off to the Long Gallery. There lay his bit of Chelsea on the floor—upset, smashed, not picked up! There must have been a convulsion indeed, he declared, as ruefully and tenderly he gathered the fragments.

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Quite off his balance and forgetful of perils, he ordered the pony-chaise and had himself driven into Blentmouth. He felt that he must tell somebody, and borrow some conclusions—he was not equal to making any of his own. He must carry the news.

He deceived himself and did gross injustice to the neighbourhood. Fillingford is but twelve miles inland from Blentmouth, and there are three hours between eight and eleven. He was making for Fairholme. While yet half a mile off he overtook Miss Swinkerton, heading in the same direction, ostentatiously laden with savings-bank books. With much decision she requested a lift, got in, and told him all about how Harry had escorted Cecily and Madame Zabriska from Fillingford that morning. The milkman had told the butcher, the butcher had told the postman, the postman had told her, and—well, she had mentioned it to Mrs. Trumbler. Mrs. Trumbler was at Fairholme now.

"Mr. Tristram had been staying with you, of course?" How nice to think there's no feeling of soreness!" observed Miss S.

In Gainsborough at least there was no feeling save of bewilderment.

"Staying with us? No, I haven't so much as seen him," he stammered out.

Immediately Miss S. was upon him, and by the time they reached Fairholme had left him with no more than a few rags of untold details. Then with unrivalled effrontery she declared that she had forgotten to call at the grocer's, and marched off. In an hour the new and complete version of the affair was all over the town. Mrs. Trumbler had got first to Fairholme, but she did not wrest the laurels from Miss S.'s brow. The mere departure from Fillingford shrank to nothing in comparison with the attendant circumstances supplied by Mr. Gainsborough.

"They don't know what to think at Fairholme," Mrs. Trumbler reported.

"I daresay not, my dear," said Miss S. grimly.

"They were dining there that very night, and not a word was said about it; and none of them saw Mr. Tristram. He came quite suddenly, and went off again with Lady Tristram."

"And Mina Zabriska, my dear."

Mina complicated the case. Those who were inclined to believe, against all common sense, that Cecily had eloped with her cousin—Why, in heaven's name, elope, when you have all the power and a negligible parent?—stumbled over Mina. Well then, was it with Mina Harry had eloped? Miss S. threw out hints in this direction. Why then Cecily? Miss S. was not at a loss. She said nothing, no; but if it should turn out that Cecily's presence was secured as a protection against the wrath of Major Duplay (who, everybody knew, hated Harry), she, Miss S., would be less surprised than many of those who conceived themselves to know everything. A Cecily party and a Mina party grew up—and a third party who would have none of either, and declared that they had their own ideas, and that time would show.

Gossip raged, and old Mr. Neeld sat in the middle of the conflagration. How his record of evasion, nay, of downright falsehood, mounted up! False facts and fictitious reasons flowed from his lips. There was pathos in the valour with which he maintained his position; he was hard pressed, but he did not fall. There was a joy too in the fight. For he alone of all Blentmouth knew the great secret, and guessed that what was happening had to do with the secret. Harry had asked silence for a week; before two days of it were gone came this news.

"If they do mean to be married," said Janie, "why couldn't they do it decently?" She meant with the respectable deliberation of her own alliance.

"Tristram's queer fellow," pondered Bob Broadley.

"I only hope he isn't rushing her into it—on purpose. What do you think, Mr. Neeld?"

"My dear Janie——"

"He may not want to give her time to think. It's not a good match for her now, is it?"

"I—I can't think that Harry Tristram would——"

"Well, Neeld," said Iver judicially, "I'm not so sure. Master Harry can play a deep game when he likes. I know that very well—and to my cost too."

What Janie hinted and Iver did not discard was a view which found some supporters; and where it was entertained, poor Mina Zabriska's character was gone. Miss S. herself was all but caught by the idea, and went so far as to say that she had never thought highly of Madame Zabriska, while the Major was known to be impecunious. There was a nefariousness about the new suggestion that proved very attractive in Blentmouth.

Late in the day came fresh tidings, new fuel for the flames. Mr. Gainsborough had driven again into Blentmouth and taken the train for London. Two portmanteaus and a wicker-crate, plausibly conjectured to contain between them all his worldly possessions, had accompanied him on the journey. He was leaving Blent then, if not for ever, at least for a long while. He had evaded notice in his usual fashion, and nearly driven over Miss S. when she tried to get in the way. Miss S. was partly consoled by a bit of luck that followed. She met Mina's cook, come down from Merrion to buy household stores; her mistress was to return to her own house on the morrow! There seemed no need to search for inferences. They leapt to light. Either Blent was to be shut up, or it was to receive a wedded pair. On this alternative the factions split, and the battle was furious. Mrs. Trumbler definitely fought Miss S. for the first time in her life. On one point only the whole town agreed; it was being cheated—either out of the wedding which was its right, or else out of the ball in the winter to which Miss S. had irrevocably committed Lady Tristram. The popularity of Blent fell to nothing in the neighbourhood.

The next morning Mr. Neeld gained the reward of virtue,

and became a hero in spite of his discretion. At breakfast he received a telegram. Times were critical, and all eyes were on him as he read, and re-read, and frowned perplexedly. Then he turned to Iver.

"Can you let me have a trap this afternoon, Iver?"

"Of course, of course. But you're not going to leave us, I hope?"

"Only just for the evening; I—in fact, I have to go to Blent."

There was a moment's silence. Glances were exchanged, while Neeld made half-hearted efforts to grapple with an egg. Then Bob Broadley broke out with a laugh,

"Oh, hang it all, out with it, Mr. Neeld!"

"Well, I'm told to be silent; and it must become known immediately. Madame Zabriska telegraphs to me that they are to be married early this morning, and will come to Blent by the 1.30 train. She herself leaves by the 11 o'clock, will be there at five, and wishes me to join her."

"By Jove, he's done it then!" exclaimed Iver.

Everybody looked very solemn except Neeld, who was sadly confused.

"Dear, dear!" murmured Mrs. Iver.

"She must be very much in love with him," remarked Janie.

"It's his conduct more than hers which needs explanation," Iver observed drily. "And what do they want you for, Neeld?" If his tone and his question were not very flattering, they were excused by the obvious fact that there was no sort of reason for wanting Mr. Neeld—or, at any rate, seemed to all that party to be none.

"Oh—er—why—why no doubt it's—it's only a fancy of Mina Zabriska's."

"A very queer fancy," said Janie Iver coldly. It was really a little annoying that old Mr. Neeld should be the person wanted at Blent.

"I'll drive you over," Bob kindly volunteered.

"Er—thank you, Broadley, but she asks me to come alone."

"Well, I'm hanged!" muttered Bob, who had seen a chance of being in at the death.

They were coming straight down to Blent. That fact assumed an important place in Neeld's review of the situation. And his presence was requested. He put these two things together. They must mean that the secret was to be told that evening at Blent, and that he was to be vouched as evidence, if by chance Cecily asked for it. On the very day of the wedding the truth was to be revealed. In ignorance, perhaps in her own despite, she had been made in reality what she had conceived herself to be; to-day she was Lady Tristram in law. Now she was to be told. Neeld saw the choice that would be laid before her, and, at the same time, the use that had been made of his silence. He fell into a sore puzzle. Yes, Harry could play a deep game when he chose.

"It's quite impossible to justify either the use he's made of me or the way he's treated her," he concluded sadly. "I shall speak very seriously to him about it." But he knew that the serious speaking, however comforting it might be to himself as a protest, would fall very lightly on Harry Tristram's ears; their listening would be for the verdict of another voice.

"Do you thing Disney will repeat his offer—will give him a chance of reconsidering now?" asked Iver, who had heard of that affair from Lord Southend.

"I'm sure he wouldn't accept anything," Neeld answered with remarkable promptitude and conviction. It was a luxury to find an opportunity of speaking the truth.

"The least he could do would be to leave that to her."

"She'd say just the same," Neeld assured him. "I'm convinced there'll be no question of anything of the kind."

"Then it's very awkward," Iver grumbled crossly.

In all his varied experience of the Imp—which included, it may be remembered, a good deal of plain-speaking and one embrace—Neeld had never found her in such a state as governed

her this evening. Mason gave him tea while she walked restlessly about; he gathered that Mason was dying to talk but had been sore wounded in an encounter with Mina already, and was now perforce holding his tongue.

"They'll be here by seven, and you and I are to dine with them," she told him. "Quite informally."

"Dear me, I—I don't think I want——" he began.

"Hush!" she interrupted. "Are you going to be all day with those things, Mason?"

"I hope I haven't been slower than usual, ma'am," said Mason very stiffly.

At last he went. In an instant Mina darted across to Neeld, and caught him by the arm. "What have you to tell me?" she cried.

"To tell you? I? Oh, dear, no, Madame Zabriska. I assure you——"

"Oh, there's no need for that! Harry said you were to tell me before they arrived; that's why I sent for you now."

"He said I was to tell you——?'

"Yes, yes. Something you knew and I didn't; something that would explain it all."

She stood before him with clasped hands. "It's quite true; he did say so," she pleaded. "It's all been so delightful, and yet so strange: and he told me to be ready either to stay here or to go home to-night! Tell me, tell me, Mr. Neeld!"

"Why didn't he tell you himself?"

"I only saw him alone for an instant after the wedding; and before it he didn't say a word about there being anything to tell. There's a secret. What is it?"

He was glad to tell it. He had carried his burden long enough.

"We've all made a great blunder. Harry is Lord Tristram after all."

Mina stood silent for a moment. "Oh!" she gasped. "And he's married Cecily without telling her?"

"That's what he has done, I regret to say. And I take it that he means to tell her to-night."

Mina sank into a chair. "What will she do?" she murmured. "What will she do?"

"There was a mistake—or rather a fraud—about the date of Sir Randolph Edge's death; his brother knew it. I'll tell you the details if you like. But that's the end and the sum of it. As to why he didn't tell—er—his wife sooner, perhaps you know better than I."

"Yes, I know that," she said. And then—it was most inconsiderate, most painful to Mr. Neeld—she began to cry. Unable to bear this climax of excitement coming on the top of her two days' emotion, she sobbed hysterically. "They'll be here at seven!" she moaned. "What will happen? Oh, Mr. Neeld! And I know he'll expect me to be calm and—and to carry it off—and be composed. How can I be?"

"Perhaps a glass of sherry——?" was Mr. Neeld's not unreasonable suggestion.

"No, the old brown would not serve here." But without its aid a sudden change came over Mina. She sprang to her feet and left the tears to roll down her cheeks untended as she cried:

"What a splendid thing to do! Oh, how like Harry! And it's to be settled to-night! What can we do to make it go right?"

"I intend to take no responsibility at all," protested Neeld. "I'm here to speak to the facts if I'm wanted, but——"

"Oh, bother the facts! What are we to do to make her take it properly?" She gave another sob. "Oh, I'm an idiot!" she cried. "Haven't you anything to suggest, Mr. Neeld?"

He shrugged his shoulders peevishly. Her spirits fell again.

"I see! Yes, if she—if she doesn't take it properly, he'll go away again, and I'm to be ready to stay here." Another change in the barometer came in a flash. "But she can't help being Lady Tristram now!"

"It's all a most unjustifiable proceeding. He tricks the girl——"

"Yes, he had to. That was the only chance. If he'd told her before——"

"But isn't she in love with him?"

"Oh, you don't know the Tristrams! Oh, what are we to do?" Save running through every kind and degree of emotion Mina seemed to find nothing to do.

"And I'm bound to say that I consider our position most embarrassing." Mr. Neeld spoke with some warmth, with some excuse too perhaps. To welcome a newly-married couple home may be thought always to require some tact; when it is a toss-up whether they will not part again for ever under your very eyes the situation is not improved. Such trials should not be inflicted on quiet old bachelors; Josiah Cholderton had not done with his editor yet.

"We must treat it as a mere trifle," the Imp announced, fixing on the thing which above all others she could not achieve. Yet her manner was so confident that Neeld gasped. "And if that doesn't do, we must tell her that the happiness of her whole life depends on what she does to-night." Variety of treatment was evidently not to be lacking.

"I intend to take no responsibility of any kind. He's got himself into a scrape. Let him get out of it," persisted Neeld.

"I thought you were his friend?"

"I may be excused if I consider the lady a little too."

"I suppose I don't care for Cecily? Do you mean that, Mr. Neeld?"

"My dear friend, need we quarrel too?"

"Don't be stupid. Who's quarrelling? I never knew anybody so useless as you are. Can't you do anything but sit there and talk about responsibilities?" She was ranging about, a diminutive tiger of unusually active habits. She had wandered round the room again before she burst out!

"Oh, but it's something to see the end of it!"

That was his feeling too, however much he might rebuke

himself for it. Human life at first-hand had not been too plentiful with him. The Imp's excitement infected him. "And he's back here after all!" she cried. "At least—Heavens, they'll be here directly, Mr. Neeld!"

"Yes, it's past seven," said he.

"Come into the garden. We'll wait for them on the bridge." She turned to him as they passed through the hall. "Wouldn't you like something of this sort to happen to you?" she asked.

No. He was perturbed enough as a spectator; he would not have been himself engaged in the play.

"Why isn't everybody here?" she demanded, with a laugh that was again nervous and almost hysterical. "Why, isn't Addie Tristram here? Ah, and your old Cholderton?"

"Hark, I hear wheels on the road," said Mr. Neeld.

Mina looked hard at him. "She shall do right," she said, "and Harry shall not go."

"Surely they'll make the best of a——?"

"Oh, we're not talking of your Ivers and your Broadleys!" she interrupted indignantly. "If they were like that, we should never have been where we are at all."

How true it was, how lamentably true! One had to presuppose Addie Tristram, and turns of fortune or of chance wayward as Addie herself—and to reckon with the same blood, now in young and living veins.

"I can't bear it," whispered Mina.

"He'll expect you to be calm and composed," Neeld reminded her.

"Then give me a cigarette," she implored despairingly.

"I am not a smoker," said Mr. Neeld.

"Oh, you really are the very last man—! Well, come on the bridge," groaned Mina.

They waited on the bridge, and the wheels drew near. They spoke no more. They had found nothing to do. They could only wait. A fly came down the road.

There they sat, side by side. Cecily was leaning forward,

her eyes were eager, and there was a bright touch of colour on her cheeks; Harry leant back, looking at her, not at Blent. He wore a quiet smile; his air was very calm. He saw Mina and Neeld, and waved his hand to them. The fly stopped opposite the bridge. He jumped out and assisted Cecily to alight. In a moment she was in Mina's arms. The next, she recognised Neeld's presence with a little cry of surprise. At a loss to account for himself, the old man stood there in embarrassed wretchedness.

"I want you to wait," said Harry to the driver. "Put up in the stables, and they'll give you something to eat. You must wait till I send you word."

"Wait? Why is he to wait, Harry?" asked Cecily. Her tone was gay; she was overflowing with joy and merriment. "Who's going away? Oh, is it you, Mr. Neeld?"

"I—I have a trap from Mr. Iver's," he stammered.

"I may want to send a message," Harry explained. "Kind of you to come, Mr. Neeld."

"I—I must wish you joy," said Neeld, taking refuge in conventionality.

"We've had a capital journey down, haven't we, Cecily? And I'm awfully hungry. What time is it?"

Mason was rubbing his hands in the doorway.

"Dinner's ordered at eight, sir," said he.

"And it's half-past seven now. Just time to wash our hands. No dress to-night you know."

"I'll go to my room," said Cecily. "Will you come with me, Mina?"

A glance from Harry made the Imp excuse herself. "I'll keep Mr. Neeld company," she said.

Cecily turned to her husband. She smiled and blushed a little.

"I'll take you as far as your room," said he.

Mina and Neeld watched them go upstairs; then each dropped into a chair in the hall. Mason passed by, chuckling to himself; Neeld looked harmless, and he dared to speak to him.

"Well, this is the next best thing to Mr. Harry coming back to his own, sir," said he.

That was it. That was the feeling. Mason had got it!

"I'm glad of it after all," Neeld confessed to Mina.

"Wait, wait!" she urged, sitting straight in her chair, apparently listening for any sound. Her obvious anxiety extended its contagion to him; he understood better how nice the issue was.

"Will you come in the garden with me after dinner?" asked Harry, as Cecily and he went upstairs.

"Of course—when they've gone."

"No, directly. I want to say a word to you."

"We must escape then!" she laughed. "Oh, well, they'll expect that, I suppose." Her delight in her love bubbled over in her laugh.

They came to the door of her room, and she stopped.

"Here?" asked Harry. "Yes, it was my mother's room. You reign now in my mother's stead."

His voice had a ring of triumph in it. He kissed her hand.

"Dinner as soon as you're ready," said he.

She laughed again and blushed as she opened the door and stood holding the handle.

"Won't you come in—just for a minute, Harry? I—I haven't changed this room at all."

"All is yours to change or to keep unchanged," said he.

"Oh, I've no reason for changing anything now. Everything's to be put back, in the Long Gallery!" She paused, and then said again, "Won't you come in for just a minute, Harry?"

"I must go back to our friends downstairs," he answered.

The pretext was threadbare. What did the guests matter? They would do well enough. It had cost her something to ask—a little effort—since the request still seemed so strange, since its pleasure had a fear in it. And now she was refused.

"I ask you," she said, with a sudden haughtiness.

He stood looking at her a moment. There was a brisk step along the corridor.

"Oh, I beg your ladyship's pardon. I didn't know your ladyship had come upstairs." It was Cecily's maid.

"In about twenty minutes," said Harry with a nod. Slowly Cecily followed the maid inside.

After he had washed his hands Harry rejoined his friends. They were still sitting in the hall with an air of expectancy.

"You've told her?" cried Mina. "Oh, yes, Mr. Neeld has told me everything."

"Well, I've mentioned the bare fact——" Neeld began.

"Yes, yes, that's the only thing that matters. You've told her, Harry?" The last two days made him "Harry" and her "Mina."

"No, I had a chance and I—funked it," said Harry, slow in speech and slow in smile. "She asked me into her room. Well, I wouldn't go."

He laughed as he spoke, laughed rather scornfully.

"It's rather absurd. I shall be all right after dinner," he added, laughing still. "Or would you like to do the job for me, Mina?"

The Imp shook her head with immense determination. "I'll throw myself into the Blent if you like," she said.

"What about you, Mr. Neeld?"

"My dear friend, oh, my dear friend!" Undisguised panic took possession of Mr. Neeld. He tried to cover it by saying sternly, "This—er—preposterous position is entirely your own fault, you know. You have acted——"

"Yes, I know," nodded Harry, not impatiently but with a sombre assent. He roused himself the next moment, saying, "Well, somebody's got to bell the cat, you know."

"Really it's not my business," protested Neeld and Mina in one breath, both laughing nervously.

"You like the fun, but you don't want any of the work," remarked Harry.

That was true, true to their disgrace. They both felt the reproach. How were they better than the rest of the neighbourhood, who were content to gossip and gape and take

the fortunes of the Tristrams as mere matter for their own entertainment?

"I've made you look ashamed of yourselves now," he laughed. "Well, I must do thing myself, I suppose. What a pity Miss Swinkerton isn't here!"

Cecily came down. She passed Harry with a rather distant air and took Neeld's arm.

"They say dinner's ready," said she. "Mina, will you come with Harry?"

Harry sank into the chair opposite Cecily—and opposite the picture of Addie Tristram on the wall. "Well, somehow I've managed to get back here," said he.

The shadow had passed from Cecily's face. She looked at him, blushing and laughing.

"At a terrible price, poor Harry?" she said.

"At a big price," he answered.

She looked round at the three. Harry was composed, but there was no mistaking the perturbation of the Imp and Mr. Neeld.

"A big price?" she asked wonderingly. "Isn't that a queer compliment, Harry?" Then a light seemed to break in on her, and she cried: "You mean the cost of your pride? I should never let that stand between you and me!"

"Will you make a note of that admission, Mina?" said Harry with a smile. "Because you didn't say so always, Cecily. Do you recollect what you once said? 'If ever the time comes, I shall remember!' That was what you said?"

She looked at him with a glance that was suddenly troubled. There seemed a meaning in his words. She pushed back her chair and rose from the table.

"I don't want dinner. I'm going into the garden," she said.

They sat still as she went out. Harry refolded his napkin and slowly rose to his feet. "I should have liked it better after dinner," he observed.

Mina and Mr. Neeld sat on.

"Are we to dine?" whispered Neeld. "There is the body after all."

"Oh, yes, sir," came in Mason's soothing tones over his shoulders. "We never waited for her late ladyship." And he handed soup.

"Really Mason is rather a comfort," thought Mr. Neeld. The Imp drank a glass of champagne.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE CURMUDGEON

IN his most business-like tones, with no more gesture than a pointing of his finger now and then, or an occasional wave of his hand, Harry detailed the circumstances. He was methodical and accurate; he might have been opening a case in the law-courts, and would have earned a compliment on his lucidity. There was something ludicrous in this treatment of the matter, but he remained very grave, although quite unemotional.

"What was my position then?" he asked. "I remembered what you'd said. I saw the pull I'd given you. If I'd told you before, you'd have had nothing to do with me. You'd have taken a tragic delight in going back to your little house. I should have given you your revenge."

"So you cheated me? It shows the sort of person you are!"

He went on as though he had not heard her indignant ejaculation.

"I had fallen in love with you—with you and with the idea of your being here. I couldn't have anybody else at Blent, and I had to have you. It was impossible for me to turn you out. I don't think it would have been gentlemanly."

"It was more gentlemanly to marry me on false pretences?"

"Well, perhaps not, but a form of ungentlemanliness less repulsive to me—Oh, just to me personally. I don't know whether you quite understand yet why I gave up Blent to you. Just the same feeling has made me do this—with the addition, of course, that I'm more in love with you now."

"I don't believe it, or you'd have trusted me—trusted my love for you."

"I've trusted it enormously—trusted it to forgive me this deceit."

"If you had come and told me——"

"At the very best you'd have taken months."

"And you couldn't wait for me?"

"Well, waiting's a thing I detest."

"Oh, I've made up my mind," she declared. "I shall go back to town to-night."

"No, no, that's not it." Harry did not want the arrangement misunderstood. "If we can't agree, I go back to town —not you. I kept my fly."

"You needn't make fun of it anyhow."

"I'm not. I'm quite serious. You stay here, I go away. I accept this post abroad—the Arbitration business. I've got to send an answer about it to-morrow."

"No, I shall go. I'm resolved upon it. I won't stay here."

"Then we must shut the place up, or pull it down," said Harry. "It will look absurd, but— Well, we never consider the neighbours." For the first time he seemed vexed. "I did count on your staying here," he explained.

"I can never forgive you for deceiving me."

"You said you wouldn't let your pride stand between us."

"It's not my pride. It's—it's the revelation of what you are, and what you'll stoop to do, to gain——!"

"What have I gained yet?" he asked. "Only what you choose to give me now!"

She looked at him for a moment. The little scene in the corridor upstairs came back to her. So that was the meaning of it!

"I've taken your freedom from you. That's true. In return I've given you Blent. I did the best I could."

"Oh, do you really delude yourself like that? What you did was utter selfishness."

Harry sighed. They were not getting on prosperously.

"Very well," he said. "We'll agree on that. There's been a revelation of what I am. I don't—I distinctly don't justify myself. It was a lie, a fraud."

"Yes," said Cecily, in a low but emphatic assent.

"I gained your consent by a trick, when you ought to have been free to give or refuse it. I admit it all."

"And it has brought us to this!" She rose as she spoke, a picture of indignation. "There's no use talking any more about it," said she.

He looked at her long and deliberately. He seemed to weigh something in his mind, to ask whether he should or should not say something.

"And you conclude that the sort of person I am isn't fit to live with?" he asked at last.

"I've told you what I've made up my mind to do. I can't help whether you stay or go too. But I'm going away from here, and going alone."

"Because I'm that sort of person?"

"Yes. If you like to put it that way, yes."

"Very well. But before you go, a word about you! Sit down, please." She obeyed his rather imperative gesture, "I've been meek," he smiled; "I've admitted all you said about me. And now, please, a word about you!"

"About me? What is there to say about me? Oh, you're going back to that old story about my pride again!"

Once more he looked long at her face. It was flushed and rebellious, it gave no hint of yielding to any weapon that he had yet employed.

"I'm not going to speak of your pride, but of your incredible meanness," said he.

"What?" cried Cecily, rudely startled and sitting bolt upright.

"There's no harm in plain speaking, since we're going to part. Of your extraordinary meanness, Cecily—and really it's not generally a fault of the Tristrams."

"Perhaps you'll explain yourself," she said, relapsing into cold disdain, and leaning back again.

"I will. I mean to. Just look at the history of the whole affair." He rose and stood opposite her, constraining her to look at him, although her attitude professed a lofty indifference. "Here was I—in possession! I was safe. I knew I was safe. I was as convinced of my safety as I am even now—when it's beyond question. Was I frightened? Ask Mina, ask Duplay. Then you came. You know what I did. For your sake, because you were what you are, because I had begun to love you—yes, that's the truth of it—I gave it all to you. Not this place only, but all I had. Even my name—even my right to bear any name. Nobody and nameless, I went out of this house for you."

He paused a little, took a pace on the grass, and returned to her.

"What ought you to have felt, what ought you to have prayed then?" he asked. "Surely that it should come back to me, that it should be mine again?"

"I did," she protested, stirred to self-defence. "I was miserable. You know I was. I couldn't stay here for the thought of you. I came to London. I came to you, Harry. I offered it to you."

"It's you who are deceiving yourself now. Yes, you came and offered it to me. Did you want, did you pray, that it might be mine again by no gift of yours but by right? Did you pray that the thing should happen which has happened now? That you should be turned out and I should be put in? Back in my own place, my proper place? That I should be Tristram of Blent again? Did you pray for that?"

He paused, but she said nothing. Her face was troubled now and her eyes could not leave his.

"You were ready to play Lady Bountiful to me, to give of your charity, to make yourself feel very noble. That was it. And now——." His voice became more vehement. "And now, look into your heart, look close! Look, look! What's in your heart now? You say I've cheated you. It's true. Is that why you're angry, is that why you won't live with me? No, by heaven, not that, or anything of the kind! Will you have the truth?"

Again she made no answer. She waited for his words.

"Are you rejoiced that mine's my own again, that I'm back in my place, that I'm Tristram of Blent, that it belongs to me? That I take it by my own incontestable right and not of your hand, by your bounty and your charity? Are you so rejoiced at that that you can forgive me anything, forgive the man you love anything? Yes, you do love me— You're welcome to that, if you think it makes it any better. It seems to me to make it worse. No, you can't forgive me anything, you can't forgive the man you love! Why not? I'll tell you why. Shall I? Shall I go on?"

She bowed her head and clasped her hands together.

"You hate my having come to my own again. You hate its being mine by right and not by your bounty. You hate being Lady Tristram only because I've chosen to make you so. And because you hate that you won't forgive me, and you say you won't live with me. Yes, you're angry because I've come to my own again. You hate it. Look in your heart, I say, and tell me that what I say isn't true, if you can."

She made no answer still. He came a step closer and smote his fist on the palm of his other hand, as he ended:

"You called me a liar. I was a liar. But, by God, you're a curmudgeon, Cecily!"

For a moment longer she looked at him, as he stood there in his scornful anger. Then with a low moan she hid her face

in her hands. The next minute he turned on his heel, left her where she sat, and strode off into the house.

Mina and Neeld—now at their sweets—heard his step and exchanged excited glances. He walked up to the head of the table, to Cecily's chair, plumped down into it, and called out to Mason, "Something to eat and some champagne."

"Yes, sir," said Mason in a flurry.

"Oh, by the bye, you can say 'my lord' again. The lawyers blundered, and there's been a mistake."

The astonished Mason began to express felicitations. Harry was petulantly short with him.

"Oh, shut up that, my dear man, and give me some champagne." He drank a glass off and then observed. "I hope you two have had a decent dinner?" He had the manner of a host now.

"I—I hadn't much appetite," stammered Neeld.

"Well, I'm hungry anyhow," and he fell to on his beef, having waved soup and fish aside impatiently. "Tell them all downstairs what I've told you, Mason, but for heaven's sake don't let there be any fuss. Oh, and I suppose you'd better keep something hot for Lady Tristram."

Mason's exit was hastened by the consciousness of his commission. The moment he was gone Mina broke out:

"Where's Cecily?"

"I left her on the lawn," said Harry, frowning hard but eating heartily.

"You've told her?"

"Yes, I've told her."

"And what did she say?" The Imp's utterance was jerky from her perturbation.

"Look here, Mina, mightn't you go and ask her? It's a long story, and I'm deuced hungry, you know."

Mina needed no further permission. She rose and flew. Neeld, though uncertain what was expected of him, sat on, nervously eating gooseberries—a fruit which rarely agreed with

him. Harry drank a second glass of champagne and his brow relaxed, although he was still thoughtful.

"I—I hope all has gone well?" Neeld ventured to inquire.

"I scarcely know. The interview took rather an unexpected turn." He spoke as though the development had surprised him and he could hardly trace how it had come about. "The whole thing will be settled very soon," he added. "Have a glass of port, Mr. Neeld? It will do you more good than those gooseberries."

Neeld laid a ready hand on the decanter, as he asked:

"Is—er—Lady Tristram not coming in to dinner?"

"Really I don't know. She didn't mention it." His thoughts seemed elsewhere. "Was I wrong to tell Mason to give me the title?" he asked. "Ought I to wait till I've formally established my claim?"

"Since it's quite clear, and there's no opposition from—from the dispossessed claimant——" Neeld smiled feebly and sipped his port.

"That's what I thought; and it's as well to put things on a permanent basis as soon as possible. When once that's done, we shall think less about all this troublesome affair." He sat silent for a few minutes, while Neeld finished his wine. "I'm going to have some cheese. Don't you wait, Mr. Neeld."

Old Neeld was glad to escape; he could not understand his host's mood and was uneasy in talk with him. Moreover it seemed that the great question was being decided in the garden and not in the dining-room. To the garden then he betook himself.

Harry smoked a cigarette when his meal was done, twisting his chair round so that he could see Addie Tristram's picture. He reviewed his talk, with Cecily, trying to trace how that unexpected turn in it had come about and at what point the weapon had sprung into his hand. He had used it with effect—whether with the effect he desired he did not yet know. But his use of it had not been altogether a ruse or an artifice. His sincerity, his vehemence, his very cruelty proved that.

He had spoken out a genuine resentment and a righteous reproach. Thence came the power to meet Cecily's taunts in equal battle and to silence her charges of deceit with his retort of meanness.

"And we were married to-day! And we're damnably in love with one another!" he reflected. "I suppose we should seem queer to some people." This was a great advance towards an outside view of the family. Certainly such an idea had never occurred to Addie; she had always done the only possible thing! "Now what will she do?"

At least it did not seem as though she meant to have any dinner. The fact would have meant much had a man been concerned. With a woman it possessed no more than a moderate significance. With a Tristram woman perhaps it had none at all. A cigar succeeded the cigarette in Harry's mouth, as he sat there looking at his mother's picture and thinking of his wife. He did not in the least regret that she was his wife or that he had lied. Any scruples that he ever had on that score he had removed for himself by realising that she was a curmudgeon. Neither did he regret what he had called the troublesome affair. It had brought new things into his life; new thoughts and new powers had become his. And it had given him Cecily—unless one of them had still to go to town! He glanced at the clock; it was half-past nine. A sudden excitement came on him; but he conquered it or at least held it down, and sat there, smoking still.

Mason returned and began to clear away. "Madame Zabriska has ordered some soup and claret to be placed in the hall for her ladyship, my lord," said he, in explanation of his action.

Soup and claret might mean anything—peace or war—going or staying—anything except sitting down to table with him. On the whole their omen was not encouraging. A sudden thought shot across his brain: "By Jove, if she's taken my cab!" He jumped up; but in a moment sat down again. The *coup* would be a good one, but it would not beat him.

He would walk to Mingham and get a bed there. He was quite clear that he would not sleep alone at Blent. He glanced at the clock again; to catch the train at Fillingford she must start at ten—and so with him. Stay though, she might go to Merrion. Mina would give her shelter.

She had looked very beautiful. Oh, yes, yes! Harry smiled as he conceded the natural man that point. It was seen plainly in retrospect; he had not noticed it much at the time. He had been too much occupied in proving her a curmudgeon. One thing at a time was the Tristram way—provided the time were reasonably short. But he felt it now, and began to wonder if he had said too much. He decided that he had not said a word too much.

At last he got up very deliberately and went into the hall. It was a quarter to ten; the soup and claret were there. Harry stood looking at them a moment, but they could not answer his question. With an impatient shrug of his shoulders he walked out into the garden. And there his first thought was not of Cecily.

It was of Blent, Blent his own again, come back to him enriched by the experience of its loss, now no more all his life, but the background of that new life he had begun to make for himself. He was no longer puffed up by the possession of it —the new experiences had taught him a lesson there—but he was infinitely satisfied. Blent for his own, in his own way, on his own terms—that was what he wanted. See how fair it was in the still night! He was glad and exultant that it was his again. Was he too a curmudgeon then? Harry did not perceive how any reasonable person could say such a thing. A man may value what is his own without being a miser or a churl.

Nobody was to be seen in the garden—not Neeld, not Mina, nor Cecily. In surprise he walked the length and breadth of it without finding any of them. He went on to the bridge and peered about, and then on to the road; he looked into the river in a curiosity that forgot the impossible.

He was alone. With a quick step he came back and strode round the house to the stables. His fly was gone. He searched for a man to question; there was none; they had all gone to supper or to bed. And the fly was gone. He returned to the bridge with an uncomfortable feeling of loneliness.

Something came upon him, an impulse or an instinct. There was still a chance. She was not in the house, she was not in the garden. There was one other place where she still might be—if, indeed, she had not fled and left him desolate. Where? The answer seemed so easy to him, her choice of a spot so obvious. If he found her anywhere that night he would find her by the Pool, walking on the margin of its waters—where he had seen her first and started at the thought that she was his mother's phantom. He walked quickly up the valley, not thinking, his whole being strung to wait for and to meet the answer to his one great question.

On what things a man's life may seem to hang! A flutter of white through the darkness! That was all. Harry saw it with a great leap of the heart. His quick pace dropped to a leisurely saunter; he strolled on. She was walking towards him. Presently she stopped, and, turning towards the water, stood looking down into it. The pool was very black that night, the clouds thick overhead. But for her white frock he might never have seen her at all. He came up to her and spoke in a careless voice.

"Where's Neeld?" he asked. "I can't find him anywhere."

"He's gone back to Fairholme, Harry. It was late. I was to say good-night to you for him."

"And what have you done with Mina?" His voice was level, even, and restrained.

"Mina's gone to Merrion." She paused before she added: "She was tired, so I put her in your fly to go up the hill."

There was silence for a moment. Then he asked: "Did you tell the fly to come back again?"

Silence again, and then a voice of deceptive meekness, of hidden mirth, answered him: "No, Harry."

"I knew you'd be here, if anywhere."

"Well, I was sure you'd come here to look for me, before you gave me up." She put out her hands and he took them in his. "It was all true that you said about me, all abominably true."

He did not contradict her.

"That's why I'm here," she went on. "When you've feelings like that, it's your duty not to run away from the place that excites them, but to stay there and fight them down manfully."

"I agree," said Harry gravely. "When you've basely deceived and tricked somebody it's cowardly to run away. The straightest thing is to stay with that person and try to redeem your character."

"How did you know it?" she asked. "I hardly knew it was in my heart myself."

"It sharpens a man's wits to be called a liar—and not to be able to deny the name."

"And you called me a—curmudgeon! Oh, how did you happen on that funny old word?" Her laugh rang fresh and gay through the quiet of the night. "After you'd gone, Mina came to me."

"What happened then?"

"Well, I ought to have cried—and Mina did."

"Did Mina stop you going?"

"Mina? No!" The acme of scorn was in her voice.

"What then?" he asked, drawing her a little nearer to him.

"I wanted to obey your wishes. You said I was to stay—and you'd go."

"Yes, but you've sent away the fly," objected Harry. "Well, all that you said of me was true too."

"We should start on a clear understanding then."

"I'm a liar—and you're a curmudgeon? Yes."

"What awful quarrels we shall have!"

"I don't care a hang for them," said Harry.

"And what about the Arbitration?"

"Absurd, if I'm going to live in a state of war!"

Suddenly came a sound of wheels rolling briskly along the road from behind them. Cecily sprang away with a start.

"Oh, the fly's not come back?" she cried.

"Perhaps there's still a chance for one of us."

She caught him by the arm. "Listen! Is it stopping? No! It must be past the house!"

"Do you want it to stop?" he asked.

She turned her eyes on him; he saw them gleam through the darkness. He saw her lips just move; he heard no more than the lingering fear, the passionate reproach, of her murmured exclamation, "Oh, Harry!"

The next instant a voice rang out in the night, loud, mellow, and buoyant. They listened as it sang, its notes dominating the sound of the wheels and seeming to fill the air around them, growing louder as the wheels came near, sinking again as they passed on the road to Mingham:

> "Drink to me only with thine eyes,
> And I will pledge with mine:
> Or leave a kiss but in the cup
> And I'll not look for wine.
> The thirst that from the soul doth rise
> Doth ask a drink divine:—"

Gradually, melodiously, and happily the voice died away in the distance, and silence came. Harry drew his love to him.

"Dear old Bob Broadley!" said he softly. "He's driving back from Fairholme, and he seems most particularly jolly."

"Yes," she murmured. Then she broke into a low, merry, triumphant laugh. "I don't see why he should be so particularly jolly." She pressed his hand hard, laughing again. "He's only engaged," she whispered. "But we're married, aren't we, Harry?"

"My dear, my dear, my dear!" said he.

CHAPTER XXX

TILL THE NEXT GENERATION

MAJOR DUPLAY had taken a flat in town, and Mina had come up to aid him in the task of furnishing it. The Major was busy and prosperous in these days. Blinkhampton was turning up trumps for all concerned, for Iver, for Harry, for Southend, and for him; the scheme even promised to be remunerative to the investing public. So he had told Mina that he must be on the spot, and that henceforward the country and the Continent would know him only in occasional days of recreation. He also murmured something about having met a very attractive woman, a widow of thirty-five. The general result seemed to be that he had forgotten his sorrows, was well-content, and a good deal more independent of his niece's society and countenance than he had been before. All this Mina told to Lady Evenswood when she went to lunch in Green Street.

"Yes, I think I've launched uncle," said she, complacently, "and now I shall devote myself to the Tristrams."

"You've been doing that for a long time, my dear."

"Yes, I suppose I have really," she laughed. "I've been a sort of Miss Swinkerton—I wish you knew her! Only I devoted myself to one family, and she does it for all the neighbourhood."

Lady Evenswood looked at her with a kindly smile.

"You were rather in love with Harry, you know," she said.

"Which was very absurd, but—yes, I was. Only then Cecily came and—well, it was altogether too artistic for me even to want to interfere. If I had wanted, it would have made no difference, of course. They've been pressing me to go on living at Merrion, and I shall."

"Oh, if you could get nothing but a pigsty on the estate, you'd take it. Though I don't know what you'll find to do."

"To do? Oh, plenty! Why, they're only just beginning

and—!" The wave of her hands expressed the endless possibilities of the Tristram household.

"And gradually you'll glide into being an old woman like me—looking at the new generation!"

"Her children and his! There ought to be something to look at," said Mina wistfully. "But we've not done with Harry himself yet."

"Robert says he's too fond of making money, or he might do something in politics."

"It isn't money exactly. It's a good deal Blent. He wants to make that splendid. Perhaps he'll come to the politics in time."

"He's made you believe in him anyhow."

"Yes, and I know I don't count. All the same I've seen a good deal of him. Mr. Neeld and I have been in it right from the beginning."

"And in the end it was all a mare's nest. Fancy if Addie Tristram had known that!"

"I think she liked it just as well as she thought it was. And I'm sure Harry did."

"Oh, if he's like that, he'll never do for the British public, my dear. He may get their money but he won't get their votes. After all, would you have the country governed by Addie Tristram's son?"

"I suppose it would be rather risky," said the Imp reluctantly. But she cheered up directly on the strength of an obvious thought. "There are much more interesting things than politics," she said.

"And how is Cecily?" asked Lady Evenswood.

"Oh, she's just adorable—and Mrs. Iver's got her a very good housekeeper."

The old lady laughed as she turned to welcome Lord Southend.

"I've just met Disney," he remarked. "He doesn't seem to mind being out."

"Oh, he'll be back before long, and without his incum-

brances. And Flora's delighted to get a winter abroad. It couldn't have happened more conveniently, she says."

"He told me to tell you that he thought your young friend—he meant Harry Tristram—was lost for ever now."

"What a shame!" cried Mina indignantly.

"Just like Robert! He never could understand that a man has a history just as a country has. He is and ought to be part of his family."

"No sense of historical continuity," nodded Southend. "I agree, and that's just why, though I admire Disney enormously, I——"

"Generally vote against him on critical occasions? Yes, Robert makes so many admirers like that."

"Is his work at Blinkhampton nothing?" demanded Mina.

"He got in for that while he was dispossessed," smiled Southend. "I say, thank heaven he wouldn't have the viscounty!"

"That would have been deplorable," agreed Lady Evenswood.

"It's all a very curious little episode."

"Yes. No more than that."

"Yes, it is more," cried Mina. "Without it he'd never have married Cecily."

"Romance, Madame Zabriska, romance!" Southend shook his head at her severely.

Mina flinched a little under the opprobrium of the word. Yet why? In these days we have come to recognise—indeed there has been small choice in the matter, unless a man would throw away books and wear cotton-wool in his ears—that the romance of one generation makes the realities of the next, and that a love affair twenty years old becomes a problem in heredity, demanding the attention of the learned, and receiving that of the general public also. So that though the affair and the man be to all seeming insignificant, consolation may be found in the prospect of a posthumous importance; and he who did nothing very visible in his lifetime may, when his son's biography comes to be written, be held grandfather to an epic

poem or a murder on the high seas—and it seems to be considered that it is touch and go which way the thing turns out. Are there then any episodes left? Does not everything become an enterprise of great pith and moment, with results that will probably, some day or other, be found to admit of mathematical demonstration? Happily the human race, in practice if not in theory, declines the conclusion. We know that we are free, and there's an end of it, said Dr. Johnson. Well, at least we can still think that we are doing what we like—and that's the beginning of most things.

That temporary inferiority of Bob Broadley's, on which Cecily had touched so feelingly, was soon redressed, and after the wedding Harry had a talk with the bride. It was not unnatural that she should blush a little when he spoke to her—a passing tribute to the thought of what might have been. Harry greeted it with a laugh.

"I suppose we'd better be straightforward about this?" he said. "Mingham's so near Blent, you see. We're both very glad, aren't we, Mrs. Broadley?"

"I imagine so," said Janie. "You show no signs of pining anyhow."

"And as to our behaviour—there's not a father in the kingdom who wouldn't think us right."

"I was the worst—because I think I was in love with Bob all the time."

"I was just as bad—because I thought you were too," said Harry.

"How could we do it then?" she asked.

"That's the odd thing. It didn't seem at all out of the way at the time," he pondered.

"You'd do it again now, if the case arose, but I shouldn't. That's the difference," said she.

Harry considered this remark for a moment with an impartial air. "Well, perhaps I should," he admitted at last, "but you needn't tell that to Cecily. Content yourself with discussing it with Mina or Mr. Neeld."

" I'm tired of both of them," she cried. " They do nothing but talk about you."

That night as he sat in the garden at Blent with his wife, Harry returned the compliment by talking of the Imp. He looked up towards Merrion and saw the lights in the windows.

" I think Mina is with us for life, Cecily," said he.

" I like her to be," she answered with a laugh. " First because I like being loved, and she loves me. And then I like you to be loved, and she loves you. Besides, she's been so closely mixed up with it all, hasn't she? She knew about you before I did, she knew Blent before I did. And it's not only with you and me. She knew your mother, Addie Tristram, too."

" Yes, Mina goes right back to the beginning of the thing."

" And the thing, as you call it, is what brought us here together. So Mina seems to have had something to do with that too. It all comes back to me when I look at her, and I like to have her here."

" Well, she's part of the family story now. And she'll probably keep a journal and make entries about us, like the late Mr. Cholderton, and some day be edited by a future Mr. Neeld. Mina must stop, that's clear."

" It's clear anyhow—because nothing would make her go," said Cecily.

" Let's go up the hill and see her now!" he suggested.

Together they climbed the hill and reached the terrace. There were people in the drawing-room, and Harry signed to Cecily to keep out of sight. They approached stealthily.

" Who's with her? I didn't know any one was staying here," whispered Cecily.

Harry turned his face towards her, smiling. " Hush, it's old Neeld!"

They peeped in. Neeld was sitting in an arm-chair with some sheets of paper in his hand. He had his spectacles on and apparently had been reading something aloud to Mina; indeed they heard his voice die away just as they came up. Mina stood in front of him, her manner full of her old excitement.

"Yes, that's it, that's just right!" they heard her exclaim. "She stood in the middle of the room and—" Harry pressed his wife's hand and laughed silently—"she cried out just what you've read. I remember exactly how she looked and the very words that Mr. Cholderton uses. 'Think of the difference it makes, the enormous difference!' she said. Oh, it might have been yesterday, Mr. Neeld!"

Harry leapt over the window-sill and burst into the room with a laugh.

"Oh, you dear silly people, you're at it again!" said he.

"The story does not lose its interest for me," remarked old Mr. Neeld primly, and he added, as he greeted Cecily, "It won't so long as I can look at your face, my dear. You keep Addie Tristram still alive for me."

"She's Lady Tristram—and I'm the enormous difference, I suppose," said Harry.

Mina and Neeld did not quite understand why Cecily turned so suddenly and put her hand in Harry's, saying, "No, Harry, there's no difference now."

Meanwhile, down in Blentmouth, Miss Swinkerton looked up from the local paper and remarked across the table to Mrs. Trumbler:

"Here's an announcement that Lady Tristram will give a ball at Blent in January. You'll remember that I told you that two months ago, Mrs. Trumbler."

"Yes, Miss Swinkerton, but that was before all the——"

"Really I'm not often wrong my dear," interrupted Miss S. decisively.

"Well, I hope there won't be any more changes," sighed Mrs. Trumbler. "They're so very startling."

She might rest in peace awhile. Addie Tristram was dead and the title to Blent was safe till the next generation. Beyond that it would not perhaps be safe to speak in view of the Tristram blood and the Tristram ways.

THE END.