THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

MARCH 1903

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (FEBRUARY).

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THE NAVY AND THE MAN IN THE STREET

THE British Navy is not only the possession and the pride of a great nation; it is the sole guarantee of their daily bread, their personal liberty, and their political existence. The world's history shows no parallel to our present position; it is a truism which has been uttered again and again, and which should be repeated until every child in the country knows it by heart, that from the moment when we cease to command the sea, we exist only upon sufferance, and from the moment when our Navy is crushed by an enemy England is no more the seat of an empire or a nation, but an island off the coast of Europe, crowded with forty millions of starving and helpless people.

To grapple with a situation such as this needs all the skill, all the courage, and all the foresight that any one nation can possibly hope to have at its disposal. To understand the gravity of our position does not, however, require anything more than an ordinary intelligence working upon information which is accessible to every one of us. It is, therefore, natural that the citizen of ordinary intelligence and information — the Man in the Street, as some one has named him — should be anxious to know if the best is being done that can be done to ensure his national life, not against loss or injury — other countries share these risks — but against sudden and total collapse. It is not his business to know

or to dictate the method, it is his duty to see that the end is kept always in view and pursued untiringly.

This duty of general supervision, general inquiry and general criticism is naturally fulfilled with more activity and thoroughness at one time than at another. Its importance is sufficiently shown by the fact that our present naval strength, such as it is —and no one contends that it is unnecessarily great—is due largely to successive awakenings of public opinion, and the naval programmes which followed them. If then the Government and the Admiralty find it easier to maintain a proper standard of preparation when pressure is brought to bear upon them from outside, it seems to follow that we should do the best for them and for ourselves if we were to organise this outside force and ensure that its pressure should be steady and unrelaxing. The Man in the Street must take himself seriously, since others take him so, put his shoulder to the right wheel, and push with unanimity and judgment.

A step in this direction has been taken. On February 16 a Conference was held in London to discuss "the desirability of creating a North Sea squadron and of establishing a naval base on the east coast." The room was closely packed with a thoroughly representative body of men, and there could be no doubt that whatever differences of opinion on minor matters may have lain beneath the surface, interest in the Navy was with every one present a matter of deadly earnest. Admirable speeches were made by the Chairman (Mr. Haldane), Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Beckett; and if no conclusion was reached on the question ostensibly before the meeting, it was none the less evident that a consensus of opinion was arrived at on matters of the highest importance. We do not think we can have been mistaken in our impression that the following points were made and assented to as clearly and emphatically as if they had been put to the vote and carried in a more formal manner:

(1) That the possession of an invincible Navy is the first and by far the most vital principle of English policy.

(2) That this doctrine logically carries with it another—that of "the primacy of the Navy," as Mr. Wilkinson has named it. This has been long admitted, but is unquestionably not acted upon as it should be, and it is probably in the vigorous assertion of this doctrine that effort can be most usefully expended at the present moment. We are now devoting to the Navy and Army on a normal footing the enormous sum of eighty-two millions a year; of this fifty-one millions go to the Army and only thirty-one millions to the Navy. Even after making every allowance for the necessities of our Indian Empire there remains a disproportion which is indefensible. It is difficult to trace it to its origin: it may be that inferior tools are always more expensive than good ones; and the Army as an instrument is unquestionably the less well designed of the two: or it may be that the Army has more direct touch with the class of men who fill our Cabinets, and is able to obtain preferential treatment from Chancellors of the Exchequer: whatever the cause the fact is there, and it is significantly paralleled by the extravagance of life in a smart regiment as compared with the standard of living in the older and more efficient service. The primacy of the Navy is violated by this disproportion: Mr. Wilkinson put the matter strongly, but aroused no sign of anything but approval when he said that "those who were thinking about these questions looked to the Government not to treat the Army and the Navy as two establishments which had equal claims, but to let the Admiralty give to the Government its strategical theory of what the Navy required to make us secure, and then to leave what was left over for the War Office." Sir Charles Dilke, who followed, added the significant comment that this "could only be done by a Revolution in Army Reform."

(3) The third point was the co-ordination of the two Services for the purpose of national defence. An amendment to the Address had been drafted, dealing with this question: but it was announced that it had been abandoned in consequence of Mr. Balfour's recent statement as to the proposed

improvement and development of the national Intelligence Department. A reform of great importance has thus been effected. It was time: for, as Sir Charles Dilke reminded the meeting, the Admiralty and the War Office have lately been guilty of putting before the Colonial Conference two entirely different views of Imperial Defence. It now only remains for the Army to act as a loyal colleague to the Navy, taking up the position, not of a collection of vested interests, but of a second line under the same supreme command and devoted to the same supreme object.

(4) The office of the Man in the Street is not to meddle with the higher strategy, nor to dictate to the experts to whom the making and using of our naval force is committed. Lay opinion and lay criticism there may well be, as there has always been: the Navy owes much to the bold speech of men like Mr. Arnold Forster, Mr. Corbett, and Mr. Wilkinson. But these are really not laymen; they have made themselves experts, and are easily recognised as such by their weighty and reasoned method, and the sound historical learning on which they base their arguments. There are others, with whom the Man in the Street need have little to do: croakers, gadflies, men with a grievance, men who are "agin the Government," men whose bonnet would be unwearable without a bee in it. These may do good: a liberal-minded admiral has even been heard to say that their buzzings, though always wrong, always end in something being put right. But for the Man in the Street they are dangerous and uncongenial counsellors.

(5) On one other point the meeting was to all appearance very nearly but not quite unanimous. Mr. Maxse, to whose energy and public spirit the Conference was understood to owe its origin, is well known to be actuated, if not dominated, at the present time by a strong belief in the hostile intentions of Germany towards England. In opening the meeting as honorary secretary, he read aloud a message from Mr. George Meredith setting forth views to the same effect. It was significant, and, as it seemed to us, satisfactory to the audience,

that this line was not pursued by the principal speakers. The chairman emphatically laid down the position that "We have no hostile feeling against Germany. The last thing we wish to do is to provoke demonstrations upon Germany's part by offering what might appear to be demonstrations on our part. We wish to be in friendly relation with everybody as far as possible, but we do desire most emphatically to maintain command of the ocean." Mr. Wilkinson spoke of the awakening effect upon us of the increase in the German navy, but he treated it as an addition not to the strength of an individual enemy, but broadly to the non-English naval forces of the world, with any combination of which we must be able to deal. Our business in short is with security, not with enmities. We welcome the call to be "armed, stationed, and alert," and are cheered, if a little surprised, to hear it sounded by the stirring voice of one whom we have long delighted to listen to in a different sphere. But, frankly, we regret the mention of Pan-Germanism: if the Austrians believe it, as our readers this month and last may see that they believe it, to be an unreal thing, the madness of a few irresponsible fanatics, surely we may dispense with it even as a national stimulant. It is true that a more highly placed authority has announced that Germany's future lies upon the water; but even if a definite meaning must be given to those words—and one would think the general meaning a fit enough description of the needs of a rapidly growing inland population—there is good reason to believe, as Mr. Duffield shows on a later page, that it is America with her Monroe Doctrine that is the real obstacle to be cleared away from before the advance of German world-power. At any rate, we have nothing to do with threats or panic: "the realm of England is not so easy to be won." Let us build doggedly and train determinedly; but let us not speak with our enemies until we speak with them in the gate.

THE CRETAN EXPLORATION FUND

IT will be no news to those interested in Art and Archæology that the present Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy includes a room devoted to the display of drawings, casts, and photographs illustrating recent discoveries in Crete. Of these excavations and their results—among the most striking and valuable contributions ever made to the history of civilisation—accounts were given to the public in this REVIEW by the explorers themselves: by Mr. Hogarth in January 1901 and by Mr. Evans in March of the same year. It is therefore probable that some among our readers may be willing to respond to the appeal now being made for further funds to complete the great work so fruitfully begun. The sum asked for is not large: about £1500 is required to complete the excavation of the Palace at Knossos and other works at Palæokastro: if another £1500 could be raised it would be possible so far to recoup Mr. Evans for the large personal outlay which he has incurred. The list of sums already received amounts to about £850. The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW will be glad to receive subscriptions at 50A Albemarle Street, W., or they may be paid to the account of "The Cretan Exploration Fund" at Messrs. Roberts, Lubbock, and Co., Lombard Street, E.C., or sent to the Treasurer of the Fund, Mr. George A. MacMillan, at St. Martin's Street, W.C.

ON THE LINE

HAVE we a poet? said jesting Clarke, and stayed not for an answer. If we had no other, we have at any rate the author of **The Princess of Hanover** (Duckworth, 5*s.* net). Mrs. Woods has written verse before; scholarly verse born of conscious art, and so obviously experimental in form as to be suspicious to ninety-nine readers and proportionately welcome to the hundredth. Such were her sombre and magnificent "Song of Home-Coming,"[1] and her more recent "Nocturne in Westminster Abbey."[2] In the present work—a blank verse play in five acts—there is the same free and original use of metre, but this is rendered unobtrusive, as it should be, by the overpowering dramatic interest of the piece. It is only by comparison with more ordinary modern blank verse that the speeches seem so direct and so fitting in style: just as when all are at their ease we do not observe the fact till some one more awkward or ill-dressed enters the circle.

Mrs. Woods shares with Stevenson the belief in a direct and spirited opening. We are not speaking of the "Overture"—which like all good overtures and proper prefaces, is very obviously written last and should be read last—but of the first half-dozen pages of Act I. scene 1. There is unhappily among us more than one kind of patriotism and of loyalism, but this is beyond reproach and beyond resistance: a man may be

[1] MONTHLY REVIEW, *October* 1901.

[2] *Cornhill Magazine, January* 1903.

as political, as fastidious, or as impartial as he will, but if he be an Englishman at all this will run through his blood and give him, for the moment at least, a glimpse of greatness and national life. Here is the speech in which the Electress Sophia —a true descendant of Shakespeare's Old Gaunt—rebukes her boorish sons and her daughter-in-law—the latter, like her husband, "doesn't want" to be Queen of England.

Thou'lt not be Queen of England?
No, for by Heaven that needs a royal heart!
What were it to be Queen of England? Answer,
Shade of the illustrious dead, answer, Elizabeth!
Were it to pack, distil into one brain
The master-thought of millions, in one bosom
To house a love great as a million loves
And manifold as they; one word, "My People,"
Being in your mouth, what mother, spouse, child, lover
Mean upon other lips—your soul's main utterance
And key to your entire life?
Then comes the reward.
Consider it, women, you whose happiness
Is lightly blown from ephemeral joy to joy,
Maidenhood, beauty, motherhood, ere it fall
Unwinged and spent with half your years. Consider
What 'twere to be a Queen,
A Queen of men, not marketable serfs.
Perchance you lean out from your balcony
One spring day, in the prime and rapture of youth,
And mark the immense crowd billowing beneath,
A sea of worshipping eyes, a ripple of hands
Claiming you theirs, lifting you to the height
Of their heart's throne—all fathers, lovers, friends,
All yours and yours for ever.
These are the Immortals,
Not to be changed by mutability
Of the inconstant blood, or alienated
By circumstance, or in the unfeeling grave
To slumber careless.
You the years will change,
The small mechanic hours, you will grow old,
Dim-hearted, cinder-grey, will drop your playthings
One after one—Ay, but on any day

Choose you come forth, outstretching crooked hands
Like those youth mocks, whispering with faded mouth
Such as men scorn, "My People"—and lo, the Immortals!
A sea of worshipping eyes, a ripple of hands
Claiming you with the old rapture, lifting you
To the height of their heart's throne, yours as in youth,
Yours on through age to death, sons, lovers, friends.
—This were for her that had a Queen's heart.

Since 1897, since 1887, we have been waiting for those lines—the lasting memorial of feelings that could never be directly recorded. Immortal kingship among the passing generation of men that die, frail human kingship sustained by the immortal life and love of a great people—this is a high theme touched with fine imagination: we read the name "Elizabeth," and hear a greater echo from the lips of an infinitely vaster multitude.

Of the play as a play we need say little; it is a terrible and moving story, full of strongly drawn characters. In times to come it will probably be acted, and will hold the stage; but not so long as the managers disbelieve in their public, and search only for placarded names, pantomime, and painted rhetoric.

A History of Siena. By Langton Douglas. (Murray, 25*s.*)—The past generation of readers and travellers would have been astonished at the production of such a volume as this, attractively bound, beautifully illustrated, large in print and margin, with marked internal evidence of exceptional industry and ability, all offered at the shrine of a small town in Tuscany.

The Italian city-republics, of which Siena is a peculiarly characteristic example, were, throughout the Middle Ages, far ahead of the rest of Europe in government, in wealth, in culture, and in art. Their material opulence, their richness in booty, discovered first by roving bands of piratical *condottieri*, was afterwards, now four hundred years ago, proclaimed to the world by the soldiers and courtiers who accompanied

Charles VIII. in his memorable progress through Italy. After him came the horde of French, Spanish, Swiss, German, and Hungarian adventurers, a second irruption of barbarians, who for three hundred years and more fed upon the produce of the country. That drain has at last been stopped, and we English, in our turn, have become the invaders. Our object is not spoliation, but inspiration. We have discovered the political, literary, and artistic culture of the mediæval Italian cities. Monographs in English on these fascinating subjects follow each other in rapid succession. Perhaps the climax, in decoration and in understanding, has been reached in the homage paid by Professor Douglas to "Sena Vetus."

His attitude is not, however, one of deferential awe towards everything mediæval. He regards the past with intelligence, rather than sympathy. He has small respect for the asceticism of the monk, or the swooning ecstacies of the saint. His comment on such matters is that "sanity, temperance, moderation—these were not the characteristic qualities of the Middle Ages." In the same spirit he insists that the long and bitter feud between Florence and Siena was not political and religious, but commercial; that it was not due to divergent convictions as to the relative importance of Church and State and had small connection with Guelf or Ghibelline ideals, but was based upon competition for the trade which flowed to the Roman market by the great road that passes first through Florence, and then through Pisa, on its way. The Sienese, he says, were a nation of armed shopkeepers.

> We see these merchant-nobles, these swarthy knights who bore their standard to victory on the blood-stained banks of the Arbia, dealing in wax and pepper, negotiating bills of exchange, and selling good coin and bad coin in the markets of Trozes and Provins, of Paris and London. And then we see them on their way homewards, laden with good silver, and bringing with them in their caravans piled-up bales of cloth of Flanders. And lastly we watch the slow-moving cavalcade enter the Camollia Gate, and wind up the narrow streets of Siena, until it comes to a halt in front of some Gothic palace, where husbands, and sons, and lovers meet the women who had watched and waited for them through long weary months. . . . These *grandi* of Siena, *milites et*

mercatores, were more useful members of society than the barons of England and France, who spent their time in hawking and hunting and feats of arms.

In mediæval Italy, then, the sword was at least as much a commercial as a political or theological weapon. It was drawn, as a rule, from motives of pecuniary gain. The period which in other countries has been called the Age of Chivalry, the Age of Faith, was, in Italy, the age of barter and monopoly, of usury and false coinage, propagated by the merchant-knight and his clerkly man-at-arms.

Not only was the soldier influenced mainly by monetary considerations, but so also was the artist. In the fourteenth century when Siena, larger than London or Paris, was at her greatest in population, wealth, and importance, Sienese art, in the hands of Duccio di Buoninsegna, Simone Martini, Ambrogio Lorenzetti, and Giacomo della Quercia, was superior to that of Florence, or indeed any other town. At this time, while Rome was enthralled by her vulgar and ridiculous Rienzi, Siena produced St. Catherine, a great world-factor, soon to be followed by San Bernardino and Pope Pius II. It was only when Sienese merchants were prospering that Siena became one of the chief centres in Europe of religion and art.

Professor Douglas complains that the fame of Florence has been unjustly raised by the fame of her admirers.

> Whilst Florence has had the ear of the civilised world, from the days of Dante to the age of Vasari, and from the age of Vasari to our own time, there has been no Sienese historian or critic who has caught the ear of Europe.

Though doubtless this is partly the fault of Siena, whose claims are not equal to those of Florence, the smaller town deserves more attention than it receives. It is more picturesque and more mediæval than Florence, has a distinct individuality compared with the somewhat cosmopolitan, modern Tuscan capital; and its collection of treasures in architecture, painting, sculpture, and mosaic, contains specimens of world-wide celebrity.

When Mr. Barrie was christened, of the fairy godmothers who attended, one came in the disguise of a baby and one wore the wings of a bird. There was also a fairy godfather in the shape of a dog. About babies, birds, and big dogs, he knows everything.

We have been babies too, but we might just as well have been birds or puppies for all the good it does most of us. In fact we can understand barking and chirruping more easily than the language of the nursery, and the remarks of a person of two years old are as much or as little intelligible as Chinese to the general public. Yet once we also spoke that strange tongue of cooing sounds, of noises almost as sweet as songs. We have forgotten; our own children dwell afar from us in a foreign country; but when an echo of it comes wafted on the wind, forthwith we begin to dream.

The first part of "Sentimental Tommy" held such an echo. **The Little White Bird** (Hodder and Stoughton. 6*s.*) holds many more. There are wrong notes in the book, jars and discords of sentiment not to be got over. It is too long, too full of episode, the spirit of pantomime sometimes crushes out fancy. The difficulty of keeping a tale of this kind just, and only just, credible, is great, and Mr. Barrie has not always steered clear of it. The magic is true to the life, but what is supposed to be real life is not always true to the kindred points of nature and of art. The story of the waiter, which might have been exquisite, is ruined, just as Dickens would have ruined it, by the exaggeration of his child. The story of the loss of the smile is terrible; it should have been a hint or two, and not a story at all. The visit to the clown needs to be hatched over again and hatched quite different, being, as it stands, far too gross for its surroundings. The crimes of authors against themselves are food for melancholy reflection. French authors are seldom their own enemies in this way. Is the very air that they breathe style, or do they criticise each other more severely? Whatever it may be, they have the art of writing about children without growing childish;

Kenneth Grahame knows it also. Yet Mr. Barrie has far more genius than they, and not one of them could have touched the true parts of the book in imagination. Who does not long to be the mother of Maimie Mannering—or even of Mabel Grey? Who would not give ten years of life to have David A. call him "Dadda", or even Oliver Bailey? The joys and sorrows—the humbleness and pride—the absurd, pathetic reticences and confidences of lonely middle age—how many hearts of bachelors has Mr. Barrie rifled, that he knows all their secrets? It is, of course, a mere freak that Charles Lamb has written a paragraph here and there, and a more ancient author two or three pages. No one that ever lived except Barrie could have written the story of Peter Pan. However, the old Greeks underlie everything—even the modern Scotch. "Everything that is not a law of Nature is, in its origin, Greek," said Sir Henry Maine. And so great Pan travels along the ages. No longer has he power to hold creation under his mighty spell of sleep at noon. The busy towns know nothing of Pan; they hear twelve o'clock strike without awe, and say "the dinner-hour!" No longer does he "pursue a mortal, and clasp a reed." Like much that once was rough and strong, he has become a baby, and for all the hundreds of years that have treasured his name, he is but a week old. Whether he rides upon a goat or not, the mothers of the babies in the Baby's Walk know, and not their grandmothers. But still he takes his pleasure when all the world lies hushed. And still he plays upon the pipes, and the chestnut-tree by the bridge over the Serpentine hears him wearying for summer, playing that summer has come, and blossoms earlier than the other chestnuts. And still he woos a little girl, and is so little human that he knows not what kisses are. And still he charms us all—not to sleep, but to dream.

Mr. Basil Lubbock's **Round the Horn before the Mast** (Murray, 8*s.* net) is no more than the author's log-book on the voyage of the *Royalshire* from San Francisco home. It

has no literary pretension, being simply each day's notes as they were jotted down; but Mr. Lubbock can write and describe well when he thinks it worth while, and his journal is alive from the first page to the last. The *Royalshire* met with the most infernal weather, and a good deal of Mr. Lubbock's time appears to have been spent *under water*, the waves coming from every quarter, like the cannon at Balaclava, and sweeping everything into the lee-scuppers.

> Great Cape Horn greybeards, with crests a mile and a half long, roar up behind us, and at one moment you see a great green sea with a boiling whirlpool of foam on its top, which looks as if it must poop you, and wash you away from the helm; the next moment the gallant vessel has lifted to it, and it roars past on either hand, breaking on the main deck with a heavy crash and clanging of ports, then sweeping forward in a mighty flood of raging, hissing, seething icy-cold water.

That is a good description, and there is plenty more of the same sort, showing that the writer is one who can see and tell what he has seen, and is alive to the beauty as well as the terror of the mighty element.

> The scene was now extraordinary. The lightning forked from one horizon to the other; there was a "Jack o' Lantern" or "St. Elmo's Light" at each mast-head, perched on the truck; the masts, yards, and stays were outlined in electric fluid, as if the ship were lit up by electric light.
>
> The flashes were blinding, so close and dazzling were they, but between the flashes the darkness was so intense that you might cut it up in blocks of ebony (p. 269).

Modern as well as Ancient Mariners do not seem to be able to resist the temptation of killing the albatross, though they know that it will bring them an ill wind. But when you are as hungry as this unfortunate crew was, it is impossible not to kill and eat anything that comes in the way, even though it be as unsavoury and ill-omened as an albatross.

Mr. Lubbock barked, bruised and wounded every part of his body, put his knee out of joint, was nearly starved and drowned, herded with brutish companions, was worked almost to death, never had a moment's comfort or warmth, except in

his sleeping-bag now and then; and seems to have enjoyed it all and to be ready for more of the same fun. This, and what we read of our soldiers in South Africa, is good evidence that our nation has not lost its grit.

Much of the sea "language," however characteristic, is superfluous, and reminds us of Sydney Smith's "Let us suppose everybody and everything to be damned, my Lord, and get to business." Mr. Lubbock should give the landlubbers a glossary of sea-terms (exclusive of the "language") in his next edition of this breezy dashing book.

The Ancestor (Constable, 5*s.* net) has now made its fourth quarterly appearance; we have become accustomed to its outward magnificence of print, paper, and illustrations, but hardly yet to the excellence of its contents: it improves steadily, and

> Still the wonder grows
> How one small crown can purchase all it knows.

As in the previous numbers, so in this, there are several papers by Mr. J. Horace Round which would alone suffice to make the periodical one of permanent value. The most important of these is the article headed "Notes on the Lord Great Chamberlain Case," which is entertaining as well as instructive. Another on "The Arms of the King Maker," is, for heralds at least, of equal interest, and sets forth as good an example as could be chosen of the principles underlying the mediæval practice in the marshalling of arms.

Four excellent series are continued: one of "Huguenot Families" (the Vandeputs this time), one of "Extinct Cumberland Families" (the Tilliols), one of "Chancery Suits of the time of Charles I.," and a fourth setting out in parts "A Fifteenth Century Book of Arms," with numerous shields, roughly drawn but excellent in style, and supplying, as we can testify from experience, useful copies for book-plates, bindings, or other decorative purposes. A lighter element is contributed by Mr. Oswald Barron, who has all the traditional ferocity of

the antiquary, and finds every joint in his opponents' armour with a savage glee. In "The Bonny House of Coulthart" he is merely giving exhibition cuts upon a "Turk's head," but on p. 251 he meets a live man worthy of his steel in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The good knight is, we need hardly say, *sans peur et sans reproche:* his style and temper are perfect, and if he is overthrown (as he is, man and horse) it is because he is hopelessly handicapped by the fourteenth-century arms and methods, to which he has not been trained. It is a right joyous combat.

It only remains to add that the illustrations, especially those representing the arms in glass in Salisbury Cathedral (two of these finely coloured), are worthy of the house which produced last year Mr. St. John Hope's magnificent portfolio of "Stall Plates of the Knights of the Order of the Garter."

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN LEADERS ON THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY

I

By COUNT N. BANFFY

(*Hungarian ex-Premier*)

THE rumour of a possible dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy within reasonable distance—a hundred years or more—cannot boast the slightest shadow of foundation. It can only originate among people totally unacquainted with the situation inside the Monarchy, or, granting them the benefit of such acquaintance, totally devoid of political judgment.

Both Austria and Hungary are aware that failing the common bond which ensures their twofold independence, neither could survive except through the hardest of struggles. The necessity of its maintenance is not a purely political one; from the economic standpoint, Austria and Hungary are thrown on their mutual resources, and this is a factor which is daily growing in importance.

Dynastic loyalty has remained unshaken throughout the changes wrought by centuries.

The idea of rending Hungary from the Hapsburg rule has

never found expression in any part of this kingdom, not even among the maddest of squibs and the most disreputable of agitators. Nay, I should think it hardly advisable, in a socialist meeting, to declare openly against the King.

Hungarian loyalty to the reigning House is *above discussion*. The incident sometimes quoted in support of the contrary opinion, *i.e.*, the Independence Declaration of 1849, is universally regarded as a mere incident, and by no means as a happy one. This appreciation prevails within the Kossuth party itself: hence the said episode of the Constitutional War of 1848–49 has been buried by the common consent in dead silence.

Throughout the Austrian provinces—Galicia, Austria's latest acquisition, not excluded—dynastic loyalty is equally prominent. All movements in the opposite direction—Italian irredentism, autonomian cravings in South Tyrol, &c.—lack both popular sympathy and economic justification.

Moreover, in the very absence of the centripetal forces just mentioned, the all-sufficient necessity of the balance of powers in Europe would exclude *à priori* the possibility of a dissolution. Napoleon's famous postulate, "Si l'Autriche n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer," is as true as ever. The Eastern Question affords us a striking instance of slow dismemberment and partition; after such an experience, can we imagine Europe allowing another similar but far more difficult problem to arise?

You ask me to appreciate the importance of the various factors which tend towards disunion. I feel bound to remark that the implied differences are absolutely misunderstood abroad, and wilfully distorted and puffed up by the French press in particular. I also wish to emphasise a necessary distinction as regards the contention between Austria and Hungary on one hand, and that of the several Austrian peoples among themselves on the other. The main difference between Austria and Hungary has practically been settled: the *Ausgleich* has at last been concluded by both Governments,

and requires now but the consent and sanction of Parliament. That consent, in my opinion, is *a certainty.*

The questions outside the *Ausgleich* and still pending partake of no international significance. They deal with financial technicalities, and their importance is not so great that they can arouse any considerable discontent.

As regards the military Bills actually before the Parliament, they have no immediate link with Austro-Hungarian legislation.

In brief, the want of agreement between Austria and Hungary may be considered as terminated; in any case the true line of policy should tend towards closer union.

Considering now the internal discord in Austria, its causes are doubtless manifold. Of these one at least is to be found in the vast mismanagement of the politico-national problem during the period of 1870–90; this mismanagement reached its climax under the Hohenwart and Taaffe Ministries.

The introduction of universal suffrage has aggravated the crisis; the people have as yet failed to reach the intellectual level which must ever be the indispensable preliminary to such an innovation; thus, they come to prefer the tall-talk of ranters and quacks to the arguments of genuine politicians and respectable folk.

Another cause is the lack of uniformity in the economic sphere; entire *provinces* of the Austrian Empire (to be carefully distinguished from the *Kingdom* of Hungary) have economic interests directly opposed to one another—or think they have.

I am not an Austrian, and therefore do not consider myself qualified to suggest any internal reform for Austria's condition, but I can give the most emphatic denial to any suggestion of foreign influence or pressure. No single one among the neighbouring States contemplates such interference, nor would it be tolerated on our part.

Of course one finds both inside the Monarchy and in the neighbouring States fanatic zealots and charlatans who have

been led by purely linguistic kinship to feed on utopian conceptions of fraternity, solidarity, and other "fads."

But, whether here or outside, the part they play is a rather ridiculous one. These "honourable men but pitiful organ-grinders"—as the German Imperial Chancellor von Bülow once described them to me—meet everywhere and at all times with prompt and deliberate disavowal.

The Pan-German party can hardly be taken seriously. Its object is very probably of a personal character. At all events the Pan-German programme is sheer *Utopia*. I cannot imagine its ultimate realisation at any distance of time.

II

BY DR. STANISLAS RITTER VON STARZYŃSKI,

(Leader of the Polish Conservative Party)

IN Austria-Hungary the political and national differences are equally balanced and both of far greater consequence than the social and religious contentions. Regardless of the fact that they number only one-third of the population in this the western half of our monarchy, and that the erection of the German Empire in 1871 points to the establishment of a second German state in its immediate neighbourhood as a political impossibility, the German-speaking Austrians will not renounce their conception of Austria as an exclusively German power. The historic mission of Austria has ever been to act as a storehouse for all the peoples and nations within her fold; indeed, whenever she has sought to cast herself into a purely German mould, the experiment has invariably proved abortive and disastrous. Nowadays it would stand even less chance of success; all the non-German races are growing steadily in numbers, material resources and intellectual importance alike, while equality of rights is guaranteed by our Constitution. Besides, the majority of Germans cling to the idea of a centralised Austria, whereas her natural and votal development is to be found in a wide-reaching system of autonomy and decentralisation.

The Bohemians claim before all things the restoration of the defunct Bohemian public law—more or less on the Hungarian pattern. That project I incline to regard as beyond realisation. In practice, they would rest content with an unfettered equality of their national rights in regard to the language question, supplemented by a parallel encouragement

of their intellectual, administrative and industrial aspirations. They would thereby be assured of national and economic independence, and consequently of a predominant and durable share in Austrian politics.

In this connection their natural gifts, industry and perseverance, as also the rapid rise of the birth-rate in Bohemian districts, should do good service. Of course, the Germans form the chief obstacle to Bohemian aspirations; fearing to lose too heavily, they decline to grant what is but just and reasonable.

The Poles must see that they do not lose the storehouse which they have found in Austria, thanks to the wisdom and equity of Emperor Francis Joseph I., for their national and intellectual development, and must spare no effort towards the strengthening and furtherance of the Monarchy. To this end they advocate the institution of a public law system in harmony with the natural characteristics of the State, *i.e.*, autonomy, based on equality of national rights and on the historical conception of the "Crown Provinces," together with an extensive scheme of self-administration. The Poles consider it their duty to oppose any anti-national movement directed against one or the other Slav people of Austria, and on this ground have been repeatedly maligned by the Germans.

The religious strife has been artificially brought to a head. The "Los von Rom" movement is both anti-Austrian and anti-dynastic; it serves as a rallying-point to those only whose political ambition is to destroy Austria and unite with the German Empire. For this is the undisguised hearts' desire of our Pan-German party.

The main economic difficulty lies in the marked contrast between Galicia on the one hand, and the so-called German "Hereditary Dominions"—including Bohemia and Moravia—on the other. Of this contrast History affords us an easy explanation. Whilst the various Hereditary Dominions combined under the Hapsburg rule to unify their mutual development—a combination whence was ultimately evolved the

Austrian State—Galicia led a quite different life—the Southern frontier-life of the Polish Realm—down to 1772, at which date she was grafted by an arbitrary stroke on to the German Hereditary Dominions. The idea, originally cherished, of "Germanising" Galicia, was subsequently abandoned as a hopeless and helpless one, but another idea, that of relegating Galicia to the place of an Austrian "Back-settlement," is still the guiding spirit of the day. As such, Galicia was to furnish a market for the industrial produce of Austria and Bohemia—a device easy enough to realise, in face of the almost exclusively agricultural interests of that region, provided the growth of any Galician industry worthy of the name were forthwith arrested in its early stage. Moreover, it is actually sought to check the very development of our agriculture, for the double purpose of hindering our competition in the grain-market and of forcing us to submit to the import of foreign grain—chiefly Hungarian—and flour.

These endeavours of the German Hereditary Dominions and of the Government can be traced step by step throughout the whole system of taxation, tariff-bills, and subsidies, and, last but not least, throughout every financial debate. Galicia is treated as a frontier-streak, which might easily be lost in the course of a European war; hence the argument that to devote to her improvement any substantial and permanent credit would not pay in the long run. The Galician representatives are uninterruptedly fighting against the prejudice which tends to regard their country as an inferior one, but hitherto they have met with very little success. In return they are often accused of attempting to drain the Common Treasury for the benefit of one province, whenever an important financial outlay is under discussion, be it the cost of erecting in Galicia a strategic railway indispensable to an Austrian system of national defence, or the prevention of an unjust charge on Galician ratepayers. Again, it happens not unfrequently that the votes of the Galician representatives constitute in the Reichsrath an impediment to one of the particularist or political

measures put forward by the German parties, in which case the latter invariably clamour for the exclusion of Galicia from the Austrian State-Union. This would mean either incorporation within Hungary or else an isolated position severing all connection and co-operation with the Austrian Empire.

You see that our party grievances are manifold. We protest first of all against Austria's centralising tendency in the legislative sphere. To confer on the Reichsrath as a legislative body exclusive and unlimited authority is to deny both the natural structure of this Empire and the multifarious conditions of the sundry Crown Provinces. We protest, too, against the imperfect observance of that principle which recognises all national rights as on an equal footing; and, more especially, against the malignant attitude displayed towards Galicia, whenever the question of our material and economic needs is at stake. Our most vital, industrious and successful enterprises are unhesitatingly crushed, if the process seems to promise some petty advantage to one or the other of the provinces; all fail to see what they would eventually gain, were Galicia a wealthy, not an impoverished, buyer.

From a more general political standpoint we censure:

(1) The lack of independence betrayed in Austria's economic relations with Hungary.

(2) The scandalous administration of the Fisc.

(3) The weakness of the Government in face of radical and other extremist agitators, the enemies of the State and of society at large.

The transactions in the Reichsrath afford the most striking illustration of this weakness. True, an Austrian Government, in order to resist with equal energy and success foreign pressure, Hungarian particularism, and all other subversive movements, requires the support or co-operation of a parliamentary majority imbued with a high sense of its patriotic mission, and conducted on vigorous and truly political lines. I feel nevertheless justified in asserting that the late ministries, and the one in power, are largely responsible for the present crisis.

The means hitherto devised for the improvement of parliamentary relations have been unprincipled and superficial, hence doomed to an early failure. They answered no political purpose or programme. A sound reform in the parliamentary sphere is only possible as the outcome of a similar reform throughout the State itself. The remedy must affect the deeper chords. The system inaugurated by the Koerber ministry admits of no outlet in any direction. What is required is the reconstruction of the State—and State policy—on its natural basis, viz., provincial autonomy and equality of national rights; and the restriction of business transacted in the Reichsrath to the legislative labours common to all provinces. Apart from these specific considerations we must at all times, and on all occasions, in the administrative as in the judicial, in the political as in the personal, sphere, be invariably guided by a thoughtful and statesmanlike purpose, moral earnestness, justice and impartiality. But, above all, we must promote the principle of an inexorable application of the law, whenever by so doing we can safeguard the authority and dignity of either State or Parliament. I need hardly add that such an attitude implies a political programme built on clear and well-defined principles, and the firm resolution to stand or fall by that programme, and I repeat: In the absence of stringent limitations on the influence of the Central Parliament and of an equally far-reaching extension of the powers of the provincial Parliaments (Landtage), the situation in Austria is absolutely hopeless. A mere change in the Standing Orders of the Reichsrath—whatever the compass of that change—can afford only the most trifling mitigation. Besides the present outlook compels us to regard its material success as little short of impossible.

III.—A CONCLUSION

By MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL

AT all times our faithful friend, Austria may once more in the near or distant future be called upon to play the not unfamiliar part of our trusty ally. It may be reasonably hoped that pacific resistance will answer the purpose of a breakwater two-edged against ever-rising tides of Pan-Slavism and Pan-Germanism; the full accomplishment of these programmes would inevitably imply aggrandisement at Austria's expense, with the much-dreaded conflict of Slav and Teuton as the most probable outcome. The possibility of such an event is happily discounted by a mutual distrust which goes far to paralyse any direct move on either side; and still more by the declaration of the Kaiser and his Chancellor that Germany's future lies on the sea, and by the peaceful principles of the reigning Czar. No one, however, can foretell what change may ultimately be wrought by popular pressure on weaker Sovereigns or ministers. British interests are on the side of peace. We cannot desire nor allow that either rival should be totally annihilated as a military power, for such a consummation could but re-arm the victor for the realisation of that Asiatic Empire, at present only dreamed of by both. Besides, the first step in this direction must needs be the absorption of Austria-Hungary as a preliminary to the seizure of Constantinople, a seizure the Dual Monarchy can never quietly countenance. An equal danger—although one almost outside the range of practical politics—would arise were Slav and Teuton to contemplate a joint-partition, involving the incorporation of the conglomerate elements of the central

Empire into the dominions of the aggressors. This action would require to be met on our part by active co-operation with the menaced Empire.

But whether as a formal or potential, a passive or active, ally, Austria strong, that is, united, is a European interest, and for us a necessity; and in her critical moments our sympathy might well be shown in advice and counsel, which would be none the less valuable if in some degree interested. Unfortunately, owing to the hasty and speculative judgment nowadays passed by both the public and the press, regardless of expert opinion, on the complexities of foreign affairs, our attitude of late towards our friends on the Danube has been that of the *docteur tant pis*. We have been talking, not of a grave and acute crisis, the presence of which cannot be, and is not, denied, but of agony, of impending dissolution. This is not the way to help a cure, rather is it the way to prevent its working. Such language brings its own retribution.[1] One country loses its share of the industries, slow perhaps, but certainly promising of a land very rich in natural resources. More than that, it is by this means that the Pan-German agitators, who, under cover of an usurped electoral mandate, practise high treason in its legal form, acquire the prestige of a *raison d'être*.

To test and determine as far as possible the soundness or baselessness of the current alarmist rumours, I shall now attempt to draw from the various communications received from Austria-Hungary impartial and comprehensive conclusions.

[1] I can readily understand the exasperation which underlies the following reply to my query received from Dr. Otto Lechner, the German Progressist leader: "I can only describe the alarmist rumour as frivolous invention, malevolent aspersion, and contemptible gossip"; and the more diplomatic "switch" turned on by Baron Chlumecky, the late President of the Reichsrath, in these lines: "No Austrian, especially one in my position, can discuss the eventuality —*a quite inconceivable one*—of a disruption of the Hapsburg Monarchy." But I do not consider either embodiment of patriotism as belonging to the most enlightened or enlightening type.

My correspondents unanimously admit that it is the acute phase recently reached in the twofold question of nationalities which is at the root of the present crisis. Of these questions of nationality one affects the Austrian Empire properly so-called, the other, distinct in character but closely linked with the former, touches the relations between the Austrian Empire and the quasi-independent Kingdom of Hungary. The economic and social crises—at the present time the more or less distressing appanage of all European States—serve only to embitter the racial controversies.

The psychological cause of the various nationalist movements is one and the same. Every national unit, forming a constituent element of a mixed State, has a latent dread of seeing its own distinctive entity vanish in the centralising of the administration. This finds expression in active resistance the moment that the directing power of the centralised administration shows signs of neglecting to maintain the equality of national rights guaranteed by the constitution, and, instead of maintaining honestly a common ground of hopes and aspirations, is apparently conniving at an attempt by one of the racial elements to monopolise the direction of affairs. It is not impossible that what the other members of the Empire denounce as an attempt on the part of one of their number to secure a selfish hegemony may be in reality a truly national and unselfish conception, open to suspicion only because it proceeds from the initiative of one instead of all. But unfortunately distrust is quick to waken in party politics, especially when hereditary rivalry enters into the question. Confidence is not restored if the managers of the party in power, to arrive at their originally legitimate aims, make no scruple of yielding certain arbitrary demands of its extreme wing, who are of course ultra-nationalist and anti-national, in return for some temporary support. The primary object of the programme of unification is thus lost sight of and the whole project encounters indiscriminate opposition.

Though there is but a single cause for this resistance to the

idea of union, the manner and tone adopted by the several nationalities varies very considerably. With all, however, it is the expression of a desire to strengthen their individuality in the constitutional sense of the term. For the main body of the state, that circumstance provides a safeguard whose importance it is hardly possible to exaggerate, and a guarantee far superior to the specific centripetal forces of history, geography, and economics, so skilfully marshalled by my correspondents; for this desire, embracing all these other influences, supplies them with a common end, in the place of their previous detached attitude. Further, this gravitation towards autonomy is essentially opposed to the present methods of fusion, more or less absolutist in character, which are practised by the two Imperial neighbours of the Dual Monarchy. The vast majority of the principal peoples composing this Monarchy are thereby forbidden to seek to work out their own salvation elsewhere than within their own proper borders, and foreign administrators are likewise dissuaded from attempting the incorporation of racial off-shoots, whose traditions of secular legislation are the formal negation of their own; this would be but to introduce the nucleus of danger and discord, a "Danaergeschenk," to use the picturesque but untranslatable phrase of the Christian Social leader.

Apart from the Pan-German agitators, three secondary movements may claim international importance, as finding a popular echo beyond their own limits. But the two whose aims are to create a Greater Servia and a Greater Roumania are doomed to failure by reason of material impotence. On the other hand, the sympathies of the Austro-Italians for the peninsula have been very impartially estimated by Dr. Stransky as against Dr. Gessmann, whose portrayal of Italy as a bankrupt State is entirely contradicted by the steady progress which the annual budgets have now shown for some time. The Austro-Italians are, in fact, insignificant in numbers, and their cession to their native kingdom would have been peacefully authorised long ago, were not the possession of the

port of Trieste indispensable to Austria to secure her power in the Mediterranean, and ultimately in the Balkans.

Turning now to the internal policy adopted by the other and more important peoples in opposition to the supposed German monopoly, the policy of the Magyars may be styled a defensive one; it consists generally in the maintenance of their independence as at present possessed, and, among the ultra-nationalists, in further securing their position of exclusiveness.

The privileged situation of Hungary furnishes, no doubt, a powerful incentive to the easily aroused jealousy of the Polish minority, whose spokesman is the Chevalier de Starzyński. Deducing from the abuse or misapplication of the principle of centralisation that the principle itself is false, the Poles demand the adoption of the contrary plan of decentralisation. Their cry is for a confederation of little States, self-administered by the Local Parliaments or Landtage. Such an organisation would certainly result after a long or short interval in the dissolution of the Austrian Empire. Local government is by its nature obnoxious to the temperament of the hot-blooded and synthetic races, the Latins and the Slavs. This general consideration is supplemented in the case of Austria by the more technical reflection that to thicken by the establishment of local self-administration the natural wall which severs peoples of heterogeneous origin, would be to destroy at once all chance of the desired national unification, and formally to renounce all idea of "Austrian concentration." The bestowal on each particular unit of its own legislative sphere could have but one result, whether force intervened or time were allowed to complete its work peacefully. In either case, the separate units would find themselves absorbed by the foreign empire with which they had ties of consanguinity and race.

The idea of an Austrian concentration is only dimly suggested by Dr. Gessmann in his metaphorical description of Austria as a "land of compromise." Dr. Stransky endows it with potential and objective reality in the following note appended to his eloquent article of last month:

Our main grievance against the ruling policy of Austria is that equality of national rights—an equality guaranteed by the fundamental and other laws of the State—is at present withheld from us. This result was achieved in the early years of the so-called "constitutional" era by parliamentary governments which leaned towards German interests, and were backed by a Reichsrath artfully constructed for our prejudice. Nowadays a similar course is pursued by the rule of a self-styled "neutral" bureaucracy, whose formal assumption of power was made at the time of combined German obstruction. In order to avert a repetition of this obstruction on the Left side of the House, the Government has hatched a theory about the necessity of an understanding between the two national parties whenever some satisfaction is granted our national needs. To the superficial observer this recognition of equality of title seems to confer the same rights upon both parties, while it subjects us in reality to the tutelage of the Germans—our opponents. The reverse is not the case, for the Germans as a satiate people do not require our consent towards the gratification of any vital ambition. We wish and demand that our national rights be fully proportioned to our material necessity and our historical economic and intellectual development—not merely subject to the whims of our adversaries. That is why we are in open strife with German hegemony, and the struggle for our language rights is only a symptom and by no means the main object of the conflict.

Austria, if she is to emerge uninjured from this conflict, must needs concentrate all her efforts around the original—I would fain say unadulterated—"Austrian Idea." Respectful of the historic and natural individuality of each of her peoples, she should ensure and promote their individual interests as entitled to equal privileges and regards. But, alas! the road to an agreement, if theoretically open, is barred in practice, since the Germans, as the exclusive possessors of political power in Austria, refuse to share it with us. We must await therefore a strong *régime*, which will dispose otherwise—no matter by what means—of the national equality of title of the Bohemian population. Pending this truly great and only straightforward line of conduct, the question how the present Government will unravel the chaotic intricacies of the present situation is of very secondary importance.

In spite of its weighty exposure of German hegemony I do not believe that this broad-minded and authoritative programme is likely to satisfy the extremist views of those radical Czechs, whose popularity is unfortunately very great just now, and whose violent disclaimer of the clear and moderate policy professed by the Young Czech leaders has become only too notorious. It is the manifestation in politics of the spirit of

revenge, and I fear that in the event, improbable it is true, of the easy and complete triumph of the Czecho-Slavs, a new monopoly, far more perilous than the old, would be established, because of the numerical superiority of the victors. But Dr. Stransky's luminous statement reveals—on the part of the thinkers among the great Bohemian nation, of whom he is the highly distinguished representative—a deep sense of the importance of what we may term the unitarian theory. Put into practice, this, irrespective of the standing assurance thereby provided against external assaults, would be the promise to the Hapsburg monarchy of speedy extrication from the present condition of stagnant immobility in every sphere of public and private initiative.

The unitarian theory may have convinced the superior intellects, those capable of political generalisation; but it has so far failed to penetrate the mass of the people or even the parliamentary representatives. Very seldom does it appear on the public platform, and only in a hesitating and half-hearted manner. It has hitherto found concrete expression in the unique personality of the venerable Emperor and King, to whose sense of justice, as we have seen, the most determined particularist does not refuse his tribute of admiration and respect.

I refuse, however, to subscribe to the mischievous doctrine epigrammatically phrased a short time ago by a famous Balkan politician: "there is but one Austrian in Austria, Francis Joseph." I know that this is echoed by most of the public opinion in this country, and a leading diplomatist has not hesitated to lend it the authority of his pen. But I look upon it as sheer insult to those intelligent patriots, and we know they exist, who, in the face of innumerable and painful obstacles are aiming at the same goal. Moreover, the reverent sympathy which invests the present occupant of the throne of the Hapsburgs is due not to his own winning personality, though that no doubt intensifies this feeling, but to the long association of throne and people through centuries of glorious achievements

and of sufferings hardly less glorious. To maintain, therefore, that the sympathetic feeling will disappear with the passing of an individual ruler is to be false to the teachings of psychology and of history. The indifference to precedent displayed by the Heir to the Crown in his calculated interference in the Cabinet discussion on the Ausgleich question, and the splendid audacity of his marriage—a choice which should endear him to all Bohemian hearts—seem to promise the country a ruler of energy; and his popularity will by no means be impaired if at first he prove disconcerting to the "Court fossils," who cannot see any more solid foundation for the dynasty than the mummified rigidity of chamberlains and a code of ethics much akin in spirit to those of the Stone Age. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand has another great recommendation in his ardent Catholicism. Catholicism provides one of the most comprehensive meeting-grounds for all three majorities—German, Slav, and Latin; it sunders the Austro-Germans from the Protestant rule of Prussia, the Austro-Slavs from the orthodox rites of Russia, the Austro-Italians from the freethinking radicalism of Italy. I might add that from the Roman standpoint, now that France, formerly the elder daughter of the Church, is bound hand and foot by Gallic freethought (sad misnomer!) Austria is more than ever the representative Catholic power. It will be recognised also that the Romish Church has done good service to the Austrian State by turning the threatening stream of social democracy—for a time at least—into a side channel, where religious influences may calm the troubled waters. All these considerations lead me to the conclusion that the strengthening of the Catholic idea implies equally the strengthening of the idea of Austrian unity. But there is one point on which it is impossible to lay too much stress—strength must be allowed to develop naturally on prudent lines and moral principles. The intolerance of Ultramontanism with its shameless exhibition of ritual murders must be avoided. To do otherwise would be to injure such parties as the Hungarian Protestants and the German rationalists, both highly respectable in numbers,

character, and ability. Another error must be equally guarded against. Blind concessions to the demagogue may serve the purpose of a temporary soothing draught, but they tend to confer legislative sanction on political conceptions which are essentially anti-dynastic and anti-clerical. The Princes of the Austrian Church should seek to guide their followers in the paths of that liberalism which, in the political and theological fields alike, is gradually asserting its beneficent influence among the Roman Episcopate of France and Germany, and restoring to light the central edifice, too long obscured by the scaffoldings of the Italian Curia.

The two elements, the dynastic idea and the Catholic idea, which I have just examined, irrespective of the material support afforded to the first of the two by military unification, enlist the practically unanimous sympathies of the Austrian peoples. They constitute what the late Professor W. R. Herkless, of Glasgow, rightly termed the static principle, the principle of conservation, which is indispensable to the maintenance of the State. But that maintenance is equally dependent on the contrary or kinetic principle of innovation, for survival to-day is everywhere synonymous with progress. In the view of the secular politician the monarchist and religious ideals are but sentimental abstractions, with no absolute permanence of character—they are not, and cannot be, sufficient for the formation of an Austrian *mentality*, still in the embryonic stage of development. This Austrian mentality can issue only in a truly Austrian State and policy—for, as Chevalier de Starzyński remarks, reform must touch the deeper chords; must itself originate with, and be strengthened by, such a policy. Hurried enthusiasm can do little; no one people, no one ministry, can bring about the change. Patience and earnestness are needed, and a series of ministries imbued with the spirit of fairness and the desire to complete a scheme of unification and inaugurate a common policy in which each racial element shall be proportionately represented.

As Dr. Gessmann puts it, the Austrian Government of the

future must "stand high above the various parties and peoples," but must beware of that dangerous optimism to which the Christian Social leader seems to incline, and which would allow party struggles to undermine the foundations of the State. The relentless and unequivocal application of the law must subdue all resistance—parliamentary obstruction and riotousness included—which does not confine itself to the legal framework of the national existence. Should that legal framework be found defective, amendment should follow without delay. The task would be facilitated morally by the comprehensive sense of the reigning dynasty, and materially by the institution, as advocated by Dr. Max Menger, one of the German Progressist leaders, and an eminent jurist and economist, of a Consultative Council of State. In this Council, which it is curious to find still unknown to Austria, would meet the highest embodiments of the static and kinetic principles.

The legislative and objective sphere thus reformed, the legislators must take the initiative and proceed to instil the idea of an "Austrian mentality" into the popular intelligence. Success can only depend on a simultaneous revision of the educational system throughout the country on similarly broad and national lines, with due consideration for racial and individual claims and interests. This revision of education would centre on the most disputed, the most difficult, and most pressing point in the nationalist campaign, although, as Dr. Stransky rightly remarks, the language question is but the leading incident rather than the particular object of Slav opposition. Dr. Max Menger sums up the German view of the question as follows:

> All statistics testify to the giant strides made by the various States in their ever-increasing relations with one another. Nor could it be otherwise, having regard to the progressive and multifarious improvement of international means of communication and information. From a comparative standpoint, still greater is the intercourse between two countries belonging to the same State, especially when those two countries, connected by political and historical ties, are not geographically separated and living side by side, but lead in many

ways a promiscuous and common life. The innumerable points of mutual intercourse in the judicial, administrative, and legislative spheres prove the absolute necessity of an intermediary language if we are to ensure the perfect working of the highest functions in both State and society, and prevent the development of our public life and organisation from lagging behind that of other States.

The non-German nations oppose the recognition of German as the official language of Austria. Law, historical evolution and tradition, are on our side; but our strongest, nay, our irrefutable argument is to be found in the urgent material necessity for such a course; there is no other road to settlement. Indeed, the most prominent among Slavonic scholars concede that no Slav language—Russian included—can answer the purpose of an intermediary language, not even for purely commercial relations between the several Slav nations. Besides, in Austria the intermediary language would be designed for the use of all peoples, whether Slav, German, or Latin, and not with an exclusive view to commercial, but to the highest relations in the common realm of Public Law. To admit the necessity of an intermediary language implies the wish that its use in regard to the other national languages be regulated by law; in other words, that its delimitation should not be at the mercy of caprice or custom. In the latter case, not only would these delimitations be doomed to fluctuation—bearing in mind the very abrupt changes which mark the development of our political system—they would inevitably provide handy material for political hagglers and traders, and threaten to become an instrument of corruption.

I hardly think that any unprejudiced and rational mind, fully alive to the exigencies of modern public life in its various aspects, can deny the logical force with which the German Progressist leader puts his case. But taking into account the distrustful and defiant attitude of the Slav peoples at present, I cannot conceive any immediate success for the cause he champions. Dr. Menger admits this, and the view is corroborated by the recent failure of the Czecho-German conference on the subject. Nor do I entirely blame the Czech attitude. The immense influence exerted by phonetic expression on thought, on mentality—whichever creates the other—cannot be denied. The enforcement of the supremacy of the German language on all Austrian peoples would, at a more or less distant point of time, eliminate Slav phonetic expressions and consequently Slav mode of thought. This would

certainly be to unite the Austrian mentality, but only by assimilation to the purely German, and the fatal result would duly ensue and Austria be swallowed up in the German Empire. The scheme is indeed far more dangerous than the decentralisation proposed by the Poles, and condemned above, from the presence of linguistic identity.

This danger is naturally emphasised by the proceedings of a certain section of the Germans who naïvely or intentionally exaggerate the perils of Pan-Slavism in connection with the Slav population of the Empire. We have seen that politically the Austrian Slavs are entirely opposed to Russian absolutism, whilst the platonic character of their intellectual sympathy has been well indicated by Dr. Stransky. They will cling persistently to the view that, from the lofty standpoint of absolute justice, the German language ought not to have the supremacy. And their view is strengthened by the fact that the German-speaking population are a minority, and that the German party does not scruple, in order to carry out its plan, occasionally to ally itself with the unpatriotic Pan-Germans.

Yet I venture to think that with more frankness and earnestness on all sides it would be possible to arrive at the necessary compromise. The remedy, if I may hazard a suggestion, can be found only in some influence which would counterbalance the acceptation of German as the intermediary language and discount so influential a factor in favour of German hegemony and Pan-Germanism. That influence might be sought in a plan which obtains recognition in Belgium, where French and Flemish flourish side by side. It might thus be possible to render in the schools both the local and the German languages obligatory for all, so that the German language would be treated as a foreign modern language in those districts where the Slav population predominates. Germans living in Slav provinces would find compensation for the burden of learning the Slav tongue in the social and business advantages which would result from closer intercourse with, and better understanding of, their non-German

neighbours. In purely German-speaking districts the question might be left open for a time, pending a similar but less urgent arrangement with Hungary. In all respects the possession of two mediums of expression and thought would be very effective in creating a truly Austrian mentality, blending at least two elements, and would be undeniably instrumental in improving mutual relations.

Of both the advantages and disadvantages of the imposition of an intermediary State language carried to its full limits among heterogeneous peoples, and not confined to the strictest requirements of public life and progress, Hungary affords an illustrative example. The eight millions of the Magyars form hardly one-half of the total population of the kingdom, yet in Parliament and country they have up to the present time exercised an undisputed hegemony over the German Slav and Latin strangers within their borders. This result is largely due to a linguistic supremacy; but the slowly growing revolt of the Uitlanders, a danger recently emphasised in a famous utterance by Count Apponyi, the President of the Lower House, gives us reason to doubt whether their proud supremacy will continue much longer. Yet history supplies them with strong claims to independence, which are not lessened by Austrian indebtedness, for more than once that dynasty has owed its salvation to the Magyars. A race of mediæval pride, almost of caste prejudice, they have kept their blood remarkably pure from alien admixture, and are thus related to none of the neighbouring and grasping kingdoms. To both Russians and Germans they are equally antagonistic, and, from another point of view, their Protestant sincerity is well calculated to prevent excess of Romish Ultramontanism. There is then no danger of their individualism drawing them to the outside; on they contrary, they are perhaps the chief obstacle to such tendencies in the other peoples, and a thorn in the flesh of Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism alike. Their interest is to see that neither element, German or Slav, should ever upset the balance of power and reach undisguised supremacy,

or threaten the existence of the Imperial and Royal Crown.

This care for the Monarchy, as a whole, does not appear, however, I am sorry to say, to be characteristic of all Magyars. Not merely the Independence party, but a large fraction of the Liberal Hungarian combination of late, as was seen in the Ausgleich debate, apparently for the mere gratification of reckless egotism, are opposing the conclusion of a commercial treaty, greatly in their favour, on the magnified ground that Austria is a purely industrial, Hungary a purely agricultural, country; and the undisguised animosity displayed at a recent sitting of the Hungarian Parliament against Count Julius Andrássy, the son of the famous foreign minister, goes far to show what courage is required to face the certain unpopularity of a demand for closer union.

His, and Count Banffy's, is a truly *national* conception, in the Austro-Hungarian sense, but that it will be strongly supported and come to early realisation is highly improbable in view of the temperature and prospects of both halves of the Monarchy at the present day. Such a consummation will be possible only when the idea of national concentration has grown to be a reality in Austria at least to the same extent as it already exists in Hungary. The Magyars will then no more have occasion or excuse for looking down upon the elements of the Austrian Empire. They will feel bound to descend from their lofty, nebulous, and isolated position, for fear of losing their due share in the formation of what should be an Austro-Hungarian mentality.

Still, to despair of the eventual solution of the problem would obviously be to misjudge the capacity of a land, which, at this hour, one of the most critical in its long history, can yet boast as pillars of a beloved dynasty and sovereign such men as Dr. Stransky and Dr. Lueger, Count Andrássy, Count Banffy, and M. Coloman de Szell. What a generative nucleus for the "Austro-Hungarian Concentration party" of the future!

LORD SELBORNE'S MEMORANDUM

III

IT is probably inevitable that when men try to do two things at once, one of them will suffer. However intimately they may be connected one is sure to appear the more important and to absorb the best of the attention. In the new scheme set forth in Lord Selborne's memorandum, the Admiralty has tried to do two things. So intimately were they connected that now the effort has been made we see plainly the wisdom of tackling them together. We cannot but admire the bold grip and directness of purpose with which in one comprehensive design the Admiralty has sought to achieve these two things—unity in the body of officers and thoroughness in their education. Unity, or rather the first necessary stage of it, has been accomplished. It has been accomplished in the teeth of almost inconceivable difficulties and with an effort that must have been in the last degree exhausting. If a sufficiency of energy to do as much for education was not left we cannot reasonably complain. Nevertheless, there is no profit in shutting our eyes to the truth. Unity has indeed been brought within our grasp. It is education that has suffered.

So far as its primary stages are concerned the reform is thorough and in the right direction—a real reform which should

clear away much of the old evil and start the cadet in the service with the best possible chance of becoming a master of his profession. But when we come to the end of the primary stage it is not so easy to find a good word to say. It is still to the education of executive officers that I would confine myself. It is there that lay the gravest of the old evils, and so far as their secondary and higher education goes, the old evils seem to remain almost untouched. Indeed, there is hardly any change at all. It is the old system that is with us still.

At the end of the midshipman's three years at sea, during which he is to be instructed exactly in the old discredited way, he will be expected to pass a qualifying standard in his third annual examination, and also in an examination in seamanship, which is still to be conducted locally in the manner which has become a byword in the service. If he succeeds he becomes an acting sub-lieutenant and just as before is sent home for a three months' course at Greenwich in mathematics, pilotage, and navigation, and then for a six months' course at Portsmouth in gunnery, torpedo, and engineering. If we consider for a moment how much a young officer can possibly learn of these subjects in the time, it is clear that the new courses can be nothing but what the old ones were—a recognition that his treatment afloat will not only cause him to forget elementary work which he has done at school but fail to teach him adequately the knowledge it purports to impart. It is the old remedy which is becoming a tradition with the modern Admiralty. Their faith in short courses appears to be unshaken. No matter what is wrong, a short course will set it right. It is an educational expedient that is peculiarly their own and we cannot help feeling it must owe its origin to their method of treating ships. From time to time a ship is sent into dock for an overhaul to be refitted and cleaned of the noxious growths that clog her. Officers are treated in the same way. This at least is the manner in which the victims receive their courses. "I suppose," you may hear them say, trying sailor-like to see the hopeful side of things, "I

suppose it is a good thing to have a rub up now and then." Perhaps it is—as things stand now. But surely it should not be necessary. Surely to send your officers into dock periodically to have their brains scraped is not education.

In a system which demands this constant dry-docking there is clearly something wrong. The main function of a navy in time of peace is to be a school for war, and if it fails in the ordinary course of an officer's duties afloat to train him for command it is not properly performing that function. It is not, of course, pretended that there are not times when thorough courses are desirable, particularly for specialist and senior officers, but for junior officers the regular routine of duty ought to be enough, and the survival of this pernicious Greenwich course is an admission that the reform will not kill or pretend to kill the old evils of training afloat.

"Pernicious" may seem a strong word to use, but it is used deliberately, and there are few officers in the service who would not confess its justice. At the brink of manhood and fresh from sea, a young officer, who all his life has been subjected to the healthy restraint of a naval school and active ships, finds the ties of discipline suddenly relaxed. Eager to assert to himself and the world that he is no longer a boy, he is set down in a squalid suburb with the scantiest opportunity for healthy recreation or exercise and within easy reach of London. Is it reasonable to expect that what he derives from such a life will all be to his advantage or to that of the service? No one at least will pretend that he would not be far better at sea, both physically and morally. Intellectually, this break in a young officer's active life afloat is no more defensible. It has long been recognised that the comfortable prospect of the Greenwich course was the main inducement to listless work at sea. Midshipmen knew that it mattered little how small was the amount they learned afloat. Their work had no visible bearing on their future position in the service. They were seldom made to take it seriously. Too often it was an affair of odd moments, and no matter how they idled at sea, at

Greenwich they could make up for lost time by cramming. It was easy enough to pass out of the College, and when that was done, a sponge was smeared over the past three years. That was the intellectual evil as it stood till now. Under the new scheme it will be intensified. The course has now a new meaning and a new importance. For it is after the Greenwich course that selection takes place for the branch of the service to which the officer is to be allotted. Presumably the examination is to assist the Admiralty in determining the capabilities and aptitudes of the candidates. If this is indeed the object nothing could so well defeat it. Instead of testing the young officers as they come straight from the sea with all the marks which the sea has made upon them easy to read, the Admiralty laboriously increases the chances of error by effacing those marks with an official process of cramming. For the course is and can be nothing but cramming. The time allowed for each subject does not admit of its being anything else. Thus that critical process of selection, upon which so much of the efficiency of our future navy must rest, will be made, not clearly upon the officers' real aptitude as developed by actual contact with duty afloat, but largely by their powers of assimilating the innutritious diet with which they have been officially gorged.

There is but one conclusion, Greenwich must go. The course is not only unnecessary but harmful. The mere process of dividing up the time between the six subjects to be dealt with is enough to demonstrate its futility. What of mathematics will a man learn to do him any good, who has been well taught the subject up to the age of seventeen and has then dropped it for three years? If he is a born mathematician, with very little encouragement he will have advanced himself by private study: if he is not, he will profit nothing. Again what more of gunnery is a man going to learn in two months, who has been instructed in it for three years at sea, and especially if, as I have ventured to suggest, he has been well grounded in it before joining an active ship? and what

more will he learn of torpedo? and what, in heaven's name, of engineering? The whole thing will not bear a moment's analysis. Let the whole course be abolished. Let the boys be examined straight from sea in seamanship as well as the rest, and then let them be selected, not by that examination alone but by the results also of their yearly squadronal tests. If any failed to pass a qualifying standard, the course could be retained in miniature for them, but not at Greenwich, or they could be sent back to the Home or Channel squadron for another year. The adoption of such a system would at once go far to a remedy. Not only would young officers be no longer exposed to the pitfall into which so many stumble, but they would be made to feel that every moment of their work at sea was bearing directly on their destinies. The account would always be running against them, and there would no longer be the demoralising sense of the sponge ahead with which by good luck and a short effort they could be sure to have their slate wiped clean.

So soon as the selection is complete the sub-lieutenants, after the substantial leave which they will have earned, should go back to the fleet to do the two further years at sea for which the scheme provides. With proper instruction during the first three years they should now be fully competent to perform the duty afloat that will be required of them and in doing it will learn far more than any short course can teach them.

The advantage of a young officer's doing his five years at sea on end can hardly be over-estimated. In no less a period can we hope to make a seaman of him or to give him a real instinct for command. In no less a period can we hope to make up for the late age at which he will leave the shore, and for the prolongation of the schoolboy status to which his first years at sea are still to be condemned. Three years are not enough to turn a landsman into a sailor or a schoolboy into an officer. The break of a year will undo half that has been done towards achieving the transformation; whereas in five

years' service afloat, practically continuous, the sea can set its mark on a man in a way that can never be effaced. Then you may bring him ashore at an age when he has acquired some resistance and some appreciation of the value of serious work. Then he may do long courses that will be of real value and regain the refining touch with social life beyond the narrow limits of the service. In this way you will ripen the fruit of his practice by advanced instruction when his mind and character are mature for ripening, and at the most receptive age you will prevent his sinking into the bondage of a naval caste without danger of making him any the less a sailor.

But in abolishing the early brain-scraping course we must not forget to tear up the causes which made it appear necessary. Whether this will be entirely possible under the partially amended system is doubtful. Unless the utmost care be taken to teach the midshipmen their work, as far as possible, in the actual discharge of duty, any system of instruction will tend to degenerate into schooling. The trail of the class-room will be over the ship, the midshipman will still be a half-timer, and his education will seem to him as before the least interesting and least important part of his life. It may be that there are experts at the First Lord's elbow whose familiarity with the conditions may have revealed to them a way of avoiding a recurrence of the old state of things. If so, it would be a relief to know how it is to be done. An outsider can only view the prospect with the gravest concern. Above all where the service is weakest the outlook is darkest. Every one knows that navigation in the navy is far from what it should be, and it is hard to believe that that at any rate is a subject that can be taught by instruction alone, or even mainly by instruction. The theory that is required is small, the practice infinite. Navigation in its highest and most practical sense is largely a matter of instinct and judgment that cannot be imparted by instruction. It can only be learned by observant contact with a man who knows, and by assisting him like an apprentice in arriving at his decisions. The lack of interest in the subject

throughout the service is a crying evil, and nothing can make it so detestable to a young mind as trying to acquire it in a class-room, and with no sense of responsibility if a mistake be made or a principle misapprehended. The other instructional subjects have possibly a better chance, but even in them the method of instruction can never bring the best results without a concurrent method of apprenticeship or understudy, akin to "devilling" at the Bar. Still if the Admiralty sees no way to deal with the training of junior officers other than that it has formulated, then, however much we may distrust its possibilities of success, it is no good crying over the disappointment. The only thing to do is to see how the ill weeds which the old system engendered can best be averted.

One cause of them has been already pointed out, and its prevention suggested. There is another even more serious, upon which I have dwelt in a former article and which concerns the education and responsibilities of senior officers as much as it does that of juniors. "The instruction of midshipmen," says the Memorandum, "in seamanship will be given as at present by an executive officer deputed by the captain; otherwise it will, under the general responsibility of the captain, be supervised by the engineer, gunnery, marine, navigating, and torpedo lieutenants of their respective ships." "Supervised" is good, and perhaps it means, as is sincerely to be hoped, that the instruction is to be "given" by somebody else. But not, it is even more sincerely to be hoped, by the men who have to do so much of it now. It is well known that as a rule the specialist officers are far too deeply occupied to "give" the instruction. They often can only "supervise" it and have to leave the "giving" of it to their subordinates—men who, admirable as they are in performing their duties, are not fitted by education or position to instruct their officers. It is neither fair on them or on the midshipmen, and the result is lamentable. Under the present condition of things in the service it cannot be otherwise. Take for instance a flagship, where the midshipmen are supposed to have the best chance. The

admiral has no gunnery or torpedo officer on his staff, and consequently he has to refer gunnery and torpedo questions to the specialists of the ship. These calls with their ordinary duties practically consume the whole of their time, and none is left for anything more than supervising instruction. With the navigator it is as bad, and in smaller ships no better. In them there are fewer lieutenants. A specialist officer has generally to do the duty of "First," and again instruction suffers. Until some means is arrived at for providing regular and adequate instruction, instruction will continue to suffer and the new scheme will be no better than the old.

How is the remedy to be found? Probably a perfect remedy does not exist and will not be forthcoming under the new scheme. Still if the difficulties in the way of a radical alteration in the method of training afloat are too great to be overcome, if we are still to rub along with a system so closely resembling the old, the only thing to do, as has been said, is to see how it can best be made to work. To begin with we must examine the material available, and here a suggestion at once arises. In every ship much unused and available material exists. It is one of the most serious blots on the service that that material is unused; and here again we find that in applying our remedy we can with the same hand kill a grave abuse —the abuse of harbour watch-keeping.

Let us see what this means. In 1899, 107 sub-lieutenants were promoted to be lieutenants. Out of that number 13 have specialised in gunnery, 8 in torpedo, and 9 in navigation—that is 30 in all. Others would probably specialise later, leaving some 50 per cent. permanently condemned to watch-keeping. That means that about half of these lieutenants having failed to specialise regard their career as practically finished. Knowing they will never have at least for years an opportunity of showing their fitness for command they can take little or no interest in their work. They know that for years until with deadened faculties they perhaps get command of a destroyer they are condemned, except when their ship is

actually at sea, to an eternal round of sentry-go. For harbour watch-keeping is nothing more. For eight hours out of every twenty-four a watch-keeper is supposed to be on the quarter-deck pacing up and down, while the commander or some one else does all the work there is to be done. As a rule he manages to do twelve hours of this demoralising duty out of every twenty-four for two days running, so that on the other two, if lucky enough not to be kept for the sake of being kept, he may get away from the ship, where for lack of intelligent occupation the monotony and degradation of his life is unbearable. At sea of course it is different. There his duties are a reality and he can feel some self-respect and learn.

It was this waste of good material that went far to deprive the old system of any chance it had of proving efficient. It will equally paralyse what is called the new one. Like the Greenwich course, harbour watch-keeping must go. It is not, of course, pretended that a harbour watch is never necessary. In some seasons and on some stations it would not be safe to suppress it altogether. But in those cases watch-keeping is a different thing. It is the wholly useless form of it, in harbours where the ship is as secure as though she were in dock, that is directly and gravely harmful; and at all our chief naval stations everything that is required in a ship at her moorings could be done by a single officer of the day and at night by an officer of the watch. If he were given the actual control of the men and the routine under the commander's supervision he would not only be equal to the work but take a real interest in what he was doing and win the self-respect that comes from actual responsibility. At present, at least in large ships, he has none.

With their release from senseless drudgery the watch-keepers would become available for instructional duty. They would not, perhaps, be ideal instructors, but under due supervision of the specialists they would rapidly improve, and in any case they would be better than warrant officers. If to proper supervision could be added a feeling that their work was being watched as a measure of their general capacity, as a criterion

of their fitness for promotion, instructional ability would display itself with unexpected frequency. The power to control a class of midshipmen smoothly and make something of them is in itself to some extent an indication of aptitude for command, and much of the hopelessness of a watch-keeper's life might in this way be removed by judicious recognition of his work. It would prove without doubt an immense advantage both to the officer and to the service. While men teach they learn. Even if, under the proposed system, the watch-keepers learned nothing new, at least their minds would be kept active and the barnacles would have less chance to grow. Instead of utter dulness they would have intelligent occupation telling directly on the general efficiency of the service. It will be their own fault if they do not see the work is worth doing, and it will, or should be, made the captain's interest to see they appreciate it and do not go unrewarded.

For a landsman to suggest so radical a change in warship administration would be mere presumption were it not that the system has been tried and tried apparently with success in at least one ship. In Mr. Crowe's book on "The Commission of H.M.S. *Terrible*," it is stated that "each lieutenant was allotted and profitably employed with certain instructional classes." One of them even taught French. Another was appointed intelligence officer. As for the results we can only judge by the annual "Returns of the Examinations of Junior Officers afloat." From these it would appear that after most of the midshipmen had been serving ashore in South Africa, the *Terrible* came out fiftieth or last but one on the list. In the following year she rose at a bound to fifth. At the same time the *Royal Arthur*, flagship of the Australian Squadron, fell from twelfth to the bottom of the list, and other vessels with as little excuse did almost as badly. What is the explanation? We cannot tell. The success of the *Terrible* may have been due to some special interest shown by her captain or commander in educational work. Dates do not reveal whether it followed the substitution of instruction for sentry-go in

harbour. But at any rate we find the two things associated in the same ship, and it would seem to be worth inquiring whether directly or indirectly they were not connected.

Then there is this further consideration to point in the same direction. Sooner or later, in any case, harbour watch-keeping must be modified. Lord Selborne's Memorandum itself deals it the blow which it cannot survive. It will be observed that after the brain-scraping courses are over and the officer has passed lieutenant and been selected for the executive, he will be faced with a most formidable caution. He is to be warned that for promotion to the rank of commander he will have to pass a qualifying examination in eight subjects—Court Martial Procedure; International Law; British and Foreign Warships, Guns, &c.; Naval History; Signals; Strategy; Tactics and Battle Formations. Truly a staggering array for the cleanest brains and scarcely a hint of how it is to be done. Without books (for on some of the most difficult subjects there are none), without direction (and none is really suggested), how is a man to tackle the list? The very hand that framed the scheme seems to shake before the picture and the brain to reel. "Every facility," the Memorandum explains, "consistently with the requirements of the service will be given to those executive officers who are not specialists to attend voluntary courses at Greenwich, in mathematics, naval history, &c. (*sic.*), and to study foreign languages at Greenwich or preferably abroad." We read the words and rub our eyes. Is this indeed the same sure hand that designed the rest of the scheme? Is it really believed there will ever be such opportunities for any officer under the rank of commander? "Can't spare you," is the almost invariable answer now and the call for lieutenants is always increasing. It is incredible that the paragraph was seriously meant, and yet it is a sorry joke. Surely it must be that, appalled by the picture of the distraught lieutenants' predicament, the hand of the designer shook. His reeling brain is filled with apparitions. He actually sees that bogey mathematics rise up again from nowhere to add to the

crushing load. In vain he tries to veil the vision with that "et cetera." The effort to escape only conjures up another as bad—the vision of those phantom lieutenants, who even now are said to be studying foreign languages abroad.[1]

It is not to be believed that one man in a hundred will have the natural faculty for self-education to acquire a profitable grasp of that array of subjects without direction. Perhaps some direction will be forthcoming; but even if it is, there will be no real chance of success unless harbour watch-keeping is abolished or profoundly modified. From that, at least, student officers will have to be released if they are to get time and ability to achieve what is demanded. The intention is admirable, for it points to aspirations in the direction of higher education. The absence of any details in the scheme as to how the thing is to be worked is of comparatively small significance. We know, at least, that higher education is in the air and that it is to be made a condition of promotion. There is no doubt the Admiralty is in earnest, that it is prepared to clear the way for its admirable idea to be carried through. Everything that needlessly stands in the way will surely go, and that is why we can say that the scheme itself gives harbour watch-keeping its death blow. When so much of high intellect is demanded of lieutenants it cannot be intended to condemn them for ever to the waste of time and morbid degeneration of an ornamental sentry-go.

There is yet another point where emendation will be necessary before any scheme new or old will work, and this, too, the Memorandum possibly means to foreshadow. Instruction, it says, is to be under the general responsibility of the captain. That, after all, is the pith of the thing. But is it, indeed, intended that captains shall be really responsible? Is it intended that when the returns of junior officers show defective

[1] The way in which foreign languages are encouraged in the service may be judged from the fact that in 1900, out of 637 junior officers examined three offered themselves in German, of whom one got eight marks out of 100. In 1901, there were four German candidates out of 596 examined.

instruction in a ship her captain shall get as black a mark as when his paint is shabby? Of course, in theory, the captain has always been deemed responsible. Elaborate books have to be kept, and endless returns sent in. But only too often the returns show results such as any school ashore would be ashamed to publish, such as in a public elementary school would bring the Education Board about the ears of all concerned.[1] All these returns reach the Admiralty, but has any one ever heard of them bringing a reprimand to a captain? Is there a single case on record of the admiral of a station being reminded of his duty? When such returns are passed unnoticed it is only mocking the poor taxpayer to talk of responsibility. Until this responsibility is made a real thing, until captains are made to feel that their future depends as much upon the efficient instruction of their officers as upon anything else, no scheme can be a real success. When a captain's heart is naturally in instruction it will be given, reward or no reward; but the efficiency of the service must not depend on so unstable a foundation, nor is it anything but a grave injustice to junior officers that their prospects should in any degree be dependent on any man's attitude to education. This is what it amounts to now, and unless a clear declaration or a resounding example is made the same state of things will continue.

To conclude then, what is wanted to give the new scheme a chance of working is mainly three things—the abolition of the Greenwich course before selection; the modification of harbour watch-keeping, and the real responsibility of captains. Of these the last two are pressing. Much of late has been said of how the new scheme will work, but very little of what is to be done until it comes into operation. Till then we have to make the best of the old one, and unless it be made to work better than it has done, there will come serious trouble. For apart

[1] In the Return for 1900, out of 51 ships only 2 got half marks, and 19 one-third marks, while 10 ships got less than a quarter. In 1901 out of 49 ships again only 2 got half, 25 a third, and 5 less than a quarter. On this occasion the *Royal Arthur* got less than one-fifth.

from the fact that we are losing several years and not doing our duty by the junior officers of to-day, we shall in time have to deal with some very serious friction that does not seem to have been foreseen. For as the scheme ripens we shall have midshipmen joining the fleet for instruction under officers not half so well educated as themselves. Such a state of things can work neither for efficiency nor good discipline, and no time should be lost or any means missed for smoothing the joint.

In making the foregoing suggestions—and a good many more could be made—it is impossible not to feel that to ask so much when so much has been given is ungracious. The excuse is this. The evil is crying. In the Memorandum there is no clear note that it is to be met. A great reform is in danger of being left incomplete in vital essentials for lack of one more push. It is not every day we have at the Admiralty a board like the present one. It is not every day we have at its head a minister so open minded and so receptive, so capable of wisely judging from the opinions of experts what is living and what is dead, or so sagaciously in touch with the men whom the service trusts. When such rare conditions exist we cannot let the opportunity slip. We cannot refrain from crying for one more effort. The end is well within reach. The men are there, and it seems to require so little more to complete the great work and to lift the navy to a height it has never reached before.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

SOME COMMENTS ON GENERAL DE WET'S "THREE YEARS WAR"

IT is both a difficult and an ungracious task to criticise a book written by a defeated opponent; the more so, when both author and critic have taken part, on opposite sides, in the operations described. Naturally, the author takes a very different view from that of his late opponent and would-be critic. I should be the last, under ordinary circumstances, to draw attention to errors and misstatements made in good faith and to be ascribed rather to ignorance than to a deliberate intention of maligning gallant men, whose duty compelled them to fight against the author. The book to which I refer is General De Wet's "Three Years War," which has had a phenomenal success, attributable no doubt to the very high estimate of General De Wet's prowess formed by the British public, who in their chivalrous and high-minded desire to do full justice to the undoubtedly great qualities of a beaten enemy, treated De Wet as one of the greatest generals and heroes of modern times. It is not for me to question the correctness of this estimate, or to make any comparison between it and the opinion of General De Wet's own countryman, General B. Viljoen. I merely emphasise the position that General De Wet has held in public opinion in England to show that views expressed by him carry a considerable amount of weight and cannot lightly be disregarded. I am certainly not going to attempt any general criticism of "Three Years War,"

although it is doubtless open to severe criticism in many particulars, by those intimately acquainted with the operations which it professes to describe. The author protects himself to some extent by stating in his preface that he is "no book-writer." But he goes on to claim that he has one object only, viz., to give to the world a story which "although it does not contain the whole of the truth as regards this wondrous war, yet contains nothing but the truth." It is exactly this statement which I shall proceed to question, as regards at least one chapter of the book (chap. xi.). It is headed "An Unsuccessful Siege," and describes what is usually known as the Siege of Wepener.

The town or village of Wepener is situated on the Caledon River, close to the boundary of Basutoland. But the position which was actually held by a portion of the Colonial Division under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Dalgety, C.M.R. (Cape Mounted Riflemen), is about four miles from Wepener, at a place known as Jammersberg Drift, where a fine iron bridge crosses the Caledon River. There were then some large steam mills on the northern side of the river, belonging to a Scotch family named Robertson. The object of placing a force in this position was to cover the bridge, the protection of which was of great importance, as keeping open the communication with the north-eastern districts of the Free State, as it was then called—now the Orange River Colony, At the end of March 1900 I had sent Colonel Dalgety with the Cape Mounted Riflemen, Kaffrarian Rifles, and 1st and 2nd Brabant's Horse to Jammersberg Drift and at the same time directed Lieut.-Colonel Maxwell, R.E., with the Colonial Division, to select a position which would effectually cover the bridge, and to entrench such position as far as was possible. This was done; but, owing to the formation of the country, it was necessary to take up a position which involved the defence of lines several miles in extent. For the defence, only 1700 men were available. This includes one company of Mounted Infantry of the Royal Scots, who had marched over from Dewetsdorp and were

compelled to remain with Colonel Dalgety's force, as they were cut off by the Boers under De Wet's command.

The siege began on the 9th of April and lasted seventeen days. The force besieged was too small to do more than line the trenches without relief. It was impossible for the men to obtain food except at night, the ground behind the trenches being swept by the enemy's fire. De Wet had eight guns served by German gunners. The hospital itself was under fire; there was at least one instance of a patient being killed on the hospital verandah. The casualties during the siege amounted to 165, leaving only 1500 men fit for duty. Wet weather having set in, the men in the trenches were, during the last few days, up to their knees in water, and had no means of changing their soaked garments; but no thought of surrender ever entered the heads of officers or men; and after seventeen days of this determined resistance, General De Wet had to retire, baffled and discomfited. The force under his command during the siege was estimated at the time at 8000, and there were exceptional opportunities of judging the number, as they marched on their way northwards well within view of the higher portion of the position. I have, however, since been informed on the authority of a Boer officer actually with De Wet at the time, that their number was nearer 11,000. And this can readily be believed when it is remembered that practically all the Free State commandoes then in the field were present.

I have always considered—and my opinion is, I know, supported by men less interested than myself and quite as well qualified to judge—that the defence of Jammersberg Drift was one of the most brilliant episodes of the war and not excelled even by the defence of Mafeking itself.

What has General De Wet to say about the men who so gallantly defended their position against the vastly superior force which he commanded? He begins his account of the siege as follows:

I came up with Wessels' division at Badenhorst, on the road from Dewetsdorp to Wepener. Badenhorst lies at a distance of some ten miles from a ford on the Caledon River, called Jammersberg Drift, where Colonel Dalgety, with the highly-renowned Cape Mounted Riflemen, and Brabant's Horse, were at that time stationed. I call them highly-renowned, to be in the fashion, for I must honestly avow that I could never see for what they were renowned.

These remarks seem to me to be anything but generous as applied to men who, renowned or not, proved themselves too good to be dealt with by him. He must, too, have been well aware that they had never been beaten by any Boer force, nor had they even been checked in their progress from the north-eastern districts of the Colony to Wepener. He goes on to say:

During the fight at Mostert's Hoek on the previous day, I had kept them under observation, with the result that I learnt that they had entrenched themselves strongly and that they numbered about sixteen hundred men, *though this latter fact was a matter of indifference to me!*

A truly vainglorious boast, considering what followed. As a matter of fact, the position held by the Cape Mounted Riflemen was not entrenched until after the first attack, and then —all the entrenching tools being broken, owing to the stony ground—the trenches, such as they were, were dug with the men's bayonets. This is, however, only a detail. After commenting on his failure to induce Colonel Dalgety to leave his position—which really redounds to that officer's credit, seeing that he was only obeying orders in holding the bridge—De Wet goes on to say:

To tell the truth, there was not a man amongst us who would have asked better than to make prisoners of the Cape Mounted Riflemen and Brabant's Horse. *They were Afrikanders;* and as Afrikanders, although neither Free Staters nor Transvaalers, they ought in our opinion to have been ashamed to fight against us. . . . The English, we admitted, had a perfect right to hire such sweepings, and to use them against us, but we utterly despised them for allowing themselves to be hired. (!)

It is in these statements that General De Wet breaks away from the excellent rule he laid down in his preface. The

Cape Mounted Riflemen can by no stretch of imagination be called "Afrikanders." The term "Afrikander," as used in the Cape Colony, is understood to mean a colonist of Dutch descent. There are probably not ten such men in the thousand who are borne upon the strength of the C.M.R. To make the matter perfectly clear, it will be well be to explain the origin of the C.M. Riflemen and their present position. Rather more than fifty years ago, a force was raised in the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony, somewhat similar in character to the Irish Constabulary. They acted as police for the prevention of stock-thefts from farmers by natives, then very prevalent; and in time of war they acted as a military force, as scouts, &c. In this capacity they made a name for themselves under their first Commanding Officer, Sir Walter Currie. At this time they were recruited chiefly from the farming population of the Frontier Districts—naturally the very best class from which a force could be drawn. But in 1870 the Imperial regiment of Cape Mounted Riflemen was disbanded, and the Home Government announced their intention, now that the Colony had for some time enjoyed self-government, to withdraw the Imperial forces gradually and throw the onus of defence from the native tribes—who might at any time rebel—upon the Colony itself. Under the circumstances it was thought desirable to form the F.A.M.P. (Frontier Armed and Mounted Police) into the nucleus of a small standing army, and to give a more military character to the force. The Inspectors became Captains and the Sub-inspectors Lieutenants, while the regiment took the name of the old Imperial regiment, and became the "Cape Mounted Riflemen." As such, it has earned a reputation second to that of no regiment in the Empire.

Some time previously to the change above mentioned, it had been found difficult, if not impossible, to obtain the requisite number of recruits in the Colony. The Colony was prospering, and young farmers could do better by taking up farms in new country, than by enlisting in any force, however well paid. It became necessary, therefore, to obtain recruits

from England. This was done, and from the first an excellent class of men joined the regiment. The attractions were many: the fine climate, the good pay (although it must be confessed that in those days this was more apparent than real); the fact that the service offered an excellent chance of acquiring colonial experience, without the risks attendant on men coming out without immediate employment; and last, but not least, the charm of living in a country where little wars are frequent—a charm which has always appealed strongly to young Englishmen, who, in spite of their assumed practical character, love the romance of an adventurous life. At the present time, the majority of the men of the regiment are public-school boys and university men who have failed in their examinations for the army, navy, or Indian Civil Service: victims of the modern craze for competitive examination, a system which so frequently rejects the best, most energetic and physically finest men, in favour of the weaklings in body and mind, whose only claim to success is the power of application, which unfortunately the stronger and healthier men so often lack. There are also, of course, some who have failed early in the struggle for existence and who are glad to fall back upon something which assures them of a livelihood for the present and a chance of redeeming past mistakes and making a fresh start in life, under the favourable conditions offering in a colony. The men are enlisted for a term of five years. They were regular soldiers, under the same obligation to take part in any war that might occur in South Africa as any other regular soldiers of the Imperial forces. Nothing, therefore, can be more untrue than the assertion that they were Afrikanders fighting against their countrymen, induced thereto by the offer of five shillings *per diem*.

With regard to Brabant's Horse, the case was somewhat different. The bulk of the first 600 men raised were chiefly colonial farmers of English descent, who came from the districts of Queenstown, Cathcart, Stutterheim, King Williamstown and East London, where the population is almost exclusively

English; together with many young Civil Service and bank clerks, as also mercantile men. In South Africa, owing to facilities offered, most of these men can ride and shoot well, many of them, indeed, being drawn from the farming class. But when the force was increased to 1200, it became necessary to go further afield, and a large number of men were enrolled of the class that are always to be found in South Africa, or indeed, I imagine, in any country where war is going on and irregular forces are wanted—genuine soldiers of fortune, who fight rather for the love of fighting than for anything to be made in the shape of pay. They came from all parts—Australians, Americans (some few of the latter being ex-members of Roosevelt's rough-riders straight from Cuba), some Canadians and, in short, from every quarter of the world where the English language is spoken.

Now with regard to the English-speaking Colonists, there can be no doubt that not only had they no sympathy with the Dutch Republicans, but they were in the truest sense of the words fighting for liberty. It was well understood that in the event of the Republics being successful, no self-respecting Englishman who had the means to go elsewhere could have remained in South Africa. The idea that they could have stood neutral whilst a struggle was going on, the result of which meant to them political liberty or political slavery, is manifestly absurd. There were, it is true, a few Dutch Afrikanders, members of loyal families, who threw in their lot with the cause of the English, partly because they believed that their interests were best served by the continuance of English rule in South Africa, and partly on the higher ground that as British subjects they were bound to fight, when called upon, in a British quarrel. There were men of English descent in the Transvaal and Free State Republics who, holding themselves bound by the fact that they were burghers or citizens of those Republics, fought for the governments under which they had lived. It is a curious thing—or perhaps it is not curious to those who are students of human nature—that General De

Wet, whilst praising the Englishmen who under these circumstances fought for the Boers, has nothing but abuse for the Colonists of Dutch descent who, actuated by precisely similar motives, fought on the British side; although in many instances the families of the latter had lived for several generations under the British flag, and their sympathies, therefore, might reasonably be expected to be with the Government under whose protection they had lived and thriven for so long a time. There are indeed few instances of ingratitude so great as that shown by the Colonial rebels in the Cape Colony, who freely admitted that they had no grievances to allege against the Government which they sought to overthrow, and whose only excuse was that they sympathised generally with their fellow countrymen of the Republics. It was much as if Englishmen should take part with the United States of America in a war against their own country, on the sole ground that the Americans spoke the same language and came of the same stock.

Now we come to some further statements about this siege, which are worthy of consideration. General De Wet states that he made an attack on the morning of the 7th of April, on Colonel Dalgety's position, which failed. Various other attacks were made, not mentioned by the General, who is wisely very vague as to the operations before Wepener, or rather, to be strictly correct, before Jammersberg Bridge. A good deal of light was at the time thrown upon the situation, by some copies of the *Standard and Diggers' News*, which, after the declaration of war, was published in the Transvaal as an inspired newspaper. These papers were sent to me by some unknown friend in Johannesburg. The first contained a copy of a report from De Wet, written in a tone of triumph, announcing that he had got a body of Imperial troops in a corner at Jammersberg Bridge, and that they must surrender in a day or two. Nothing was said in this report about their being Cape Mounted Riflemen and part of the Colonial Division, but a day or two later, evidently after the failure of the attack on the 10th,

came a report stating that the besieged force was composed of Colonial troops and might therefore be expected to give more trouble than had been anticipated at first; but that there was still no doubt that they would be compelled to surrender within a very short time. On this, an exultant article was published by the *Standard and Diggers' News*, stating that they had now got the Colonial Division and its General, who had boasted that he could march over the two Republics with two thousand men. They were evidently under the impression that the whole of the Division was there, and that I was with them. Some time before the war, it had been alleged that I had made the absurd boast above alluded to. Needless to say, I had done nothing of the kind.

Unfortunately, my unknown friend neglected to send me any more papers from Johannesburg, so I have no idea of how they explained their eventual failure. General De Wet's final remark as to the siege is, that the loss by his force in the sixteen or seventeen days during which it lasted was only five killed and thirteen wounded. Now I have no means of directly disproving this statement, but I have the very greatest reasons for doubting its accuracy. There was a time, in the early part of the war, when I was disposed to accept the Boer reports of their losses as substantially correct. But my eyes were opened in a somewhat singular manner. When we occupied Aliwal North, Commandant Olivier retired hurriedly, taking with him the acting officials of the Orange Free State, the Government of which had annexed the town district. But they left behind certain documents, which fell into our hands; amongst these were the official return of the Boer losses and casualties during the first few weeks of the war. It will be remembered that at this period the losses acknowledged on the Boer side, during Lord Methuen's advance towards Magersfontein, were of the most trifling character. What was my surprise, then, to find from these returns (which were most carefully got up, giving not only the men's names, but the farms or villages from which they came) that the number of

killed during that short time ran into hundreds, with a large number of minor casualties! I regret very much that I allowed these returns to pass out of my hands. In the hurry of our advance to the relief of the besieged force at Wepener, they were left behind at Aliwal, and on making inquiry for them afterwards, I was assured they had been sent to the Intelligence Department at Capetown. They would be of the greatest value to any one writing a history of the war, as also in their bearing upon many of the problems connected with the value of our rifle- and shell-fire. At the time of the relief we endeavoured to get from local sources some idea of the actual loss sustained by the besieging force. All agreed that the loss had been heavy. But it was, of course, impossible to obtain any really trustworthy details. It was, however, stated with apparent confidence that the casualties in the Boer force on April 7—the date of the first attack—amounted to sixty. As our casualties on that occasion were heavy, it seems absurd to suppose that men lying down behind defences, however imperfect, should suffer more than men attacking over what General De Wet describes as open ground; the more when it is remembered that the defenders were good shots and men who were thoroughly accustomed to the Boer style of fighting. My experience of actions in which I had commanded the Colonial Division against the Boers was, that our loss was about the same as theirs, and this in open country and not behind entrenchments of any kind. But I do not wish to labour the point further, as it is evident that if the loss of the Boers was so light as is represented, the result is anything but flattering to the fighting powers of their own men. The possession of the bridge and the capture of the force defending it were of the highest importance to the Boer cause—far more so than General De Wet would have us believe. And it is most extraordinary that 8000 men (putting them at the lower estimate), led by so famous a general, could not break through at some point of the seven miles held by men whose fire, he would persuade us,

was so ineffectual. As a matter of fact, well known to my officers, five Boers were killed by one shell while serving a gun, which was put out of action. These men were buried at Wepener on the following day. But no further evidence is needed to show how untrustworthy is the account given by General De Wet of this particular siege. I am unable to say whether the rest of the book is more, or less, to be depended upon as a true history of those operations which it professes to describe. I have not the slightest wish to damage in any way the reputation of a gallant adversary who, as all admit, has shown great ability as a partisan leader. My sole object, in making these comments on a book which has had such wonderful success, is to defend from false and unmerited charges those brave men who formed part of that Colonial Division which—whilst it was kept together and before the corps of which it was composed were one by one attached to various Imperial Divisions—was, as I have before said, never defeated and never even checked. I should be doing less than my duty if I failed to claim for the splendid soldiers whom I had the honour to command for a few brief months, and who earned for me honours which my own merits could never have obtained, that fair consideration which Englishmen never refuse when cause is shown, even to men who are not—as these were —of their own race. And, obtaining that consideration, I think I may go further and claim for them the admiration and respect due to soldiers who have fought and bled to maintain the Empire and to preserve the rights and liberties of their fellow countrymen in South Africa.

E. Y. Brabant,
Commandant-General of Cape Colonial Forces.

GERMAN POLICY IN SOUTH AMERICA

THE adjustment of the Venezuelan difficulty does not put an end to the grave international question in which it is merely an incident. As a nation though, with one exception, the greatest of American Powers, we are not yet really alive to the fact that the future of South America is the greatest political problem of the new century. If we were, or even appreciated the fact that other nations think so, we should not have experienced such unpleasant shocks as we have during the last ten years over Venezuelan affairs. South America contains the largest and most promising undeveloped areas in the world. That it should be so is one of the curiosities of history, for it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the main geographical features of that continent were as well known four centuries ago as they are to-day.

The reasons for this have been and remain almost entirely political. The original occupation of the continent by Spain and Portugal and the system of government which prevailed opposed its development by its original settlers.[1] Regulations such as those which in Peru prevented the inhabitants from growing olives and vines tended in the past to restrain enterprise, and since the wars of liberation, the menace of the Monroe Doctrine has stood in the way of European nations

[1] The policy of Spain also of course kept foreigners out and prohibited trade with them direct.

seizing and administering territory which would more rapidly have repaid proper government than those slices of Africa for which we have all been scrambling. That this state of affairs should have presented itself as a strange anomaly to the active and restless intelligence of the German Emperor is not surprising. We ourselves have been confronted with it more than once, though, with our vast preoccupations elsewhere, it is of far less vital importance to us, except from the point of view of general policy, than it is to Germany. The insolent intervention of President Cleveland in our quarrel with Venezuela in 1895 was fortunately soon lost sight of in our excitement over the Jameson Raid, but it caused us a rude shock at the time and it may be doubted if even now our statesmen have adequately grasped the main factors of the situation.

Ministers, who are certainly "responsible persons," have told us that England is resolved to "support the Monroe Doctrine." It may well be that in their present mood the British people is also so prepared to view the matter, but it is incredible that, knowing the easily understood aims of German policy with regard to the Western Continent, as they must have done, and valuing American friendship as they undoubtedly do, our Ministers should have deliberately pledged this country to "co-operate" with the one Power whose hostility to the Monroe Doctrine is not only the natural result of its political and economic position, but has been actually defined and expressed by the person responsible for it.

It was pointed out recently by a writer in a weekly review that the Kaiser was a creature of impulse as well as a Machiavelli of the Bismarckian type. Whether or no this portrait be a true one, it has in it the elements of plausibility. Like Bismarck, the Kaiser is apt to be singularly frank, and we may err more in disbelieving than accepting his explanations. This may be taken as an axiom in particular cases, where his expressed policy is in singular agreement with the requirements of his country. Our statesmen should have been well acquainted with his views on the American problem. With-

out provoking the inevitable official denial by a direct statement, we may say that it is improbable in the last degree that he should not have often discussed the matter with English interlocutors as he has with those of other nationalities and may summarise his arguments as follows :—

My fleet is not intended to be used as a vital factor in an anti-British policy. As a matter of fact, I contend that it is nothing of the sort. In my view the United States form the rock ahead, and holding that view, it is my duty to make certain preparations. In the Monroe Doctrine lies more than a merely possible ground of conflict. In South America there is a vast country with enormous and undeveloped mineral wealth, with great tracts of virgin forest, with boundless areas of magnificent agricultural lands, great rivers and a beneficent climate, now entirely in the hands of an indolent, apathetic and corrupt race, half Spanish, half native. Too lazy and unenterprising to develop themselves the riches lying at their doors, they offer no inducements to others (owing to the insecurity of Government in South America) to risk their money in the country. At the mercy of these corrupt and mongrel Governments are now large numbers of German immigrants, whose numbers are annually being added to, and will in future be still further increased owing to the rapid growth of population in Germany and the severe competition attending life in Europe. In future it is almost inevitable that causes of friction will arise between the German Government, anxious to protect its subjects, and the corrupt South American authorities, desirous only of extorting money from them. But the Monroe Doctrine forbids any useful interference on the part of a European State, for no European Power is allowed to acquire territory in the American continents. The Americans themselves are occupied in developing their own vast territories of the United States. This anomalous position constitutes a real danger ahead, and it is with a view to meeting that danger that Germany is straining every nerve to build up a fleet. England may soon find herself confronted with the same problem, and Germany and England may well make common cause together at some future time against the North American dog in the manger. Selfishness on the part of nations breeds animosity almost as surely as on the part of individuals.

That he regards American affairs in this light, and has long done so, we firmly believe, and that his views have been well known to our own Government as well as to those responsible for the conduct of our military and naval affairs. Our Government, therefore, should have had no difficulty in forming a correct impression as to the aims of Germany in South

America. Nor has the Kaiser made any concealment of his ideas as to the menace to Europe arising, he believes, from the gigantic expansion of the United States. In an article which appeared in the *Revue de Paris* for November 1, 1901, M. de Ségur recounts a conversation he had with the Kaiser on board the *Hohenzollern* in Norwegian waters. Here again the theme was the danger to Europe from the United States, though it was not reviewed this time from its bearing on South America. M. de Ségur's account of the interview is as follows:[1]

> He principally spoke to us on the subject of America, for which country he professes slight sympathy. He foresees a future menace in those colossal Trusts dear to the Yankee millionaire which tend to put industry or international traffic in the hands of a single individual or a small band of individuals. Suppose, said he, in substance, that a Morgan manages to collect under his flag several of the Ocean Lines! (This shows remarkable foresight on the Kaiser's part, for the conversation took place in the summer of 1901.) He occupies no official position in his own country. No one could treat with him if, in the course of his enterprise, an incident arose in which some foreign Power were concerned. But neither could his Government be approached. To provide against this danger, a European Zollverein must be formed, a Customs League against the United States, like that which Napoleon attempted against England to safeguard the interests and assure the liberty of Continental commerce at the expense of American development. Without any circumlocution he declared that in that case England would be put in the position of choosing between two diametrically opposite policies—either to adhere to the new "Blocus" and range herself on the side of Europe against the United States, or to ally herself with them against the Continental Powers.

Such is the account given by M. de Ségur of a remarkable expression of opinion by the German Emperor. In this case his views are well known to be those of Count Goluchowski and other Continental statesmen. With regard to Monroeism, his opinion is clearly defensible from the German point of view, both on grounds of justice and expediency. But our own Ministry, with the most perverse ingenuity, appear to have

[1] *Revue de Paris*, November 1, 1901, p. 8.

embarked upon a policy which has the merit of arousing American suspicions by playing the German game without entertaining its logical consequences, which are the annihilation of the Monroe Doctrine and the opening of South America to European enterprise and occupation. American statesmen know perfectly well the views and aims of Germany, and our own Government can only be ignorant of them through a wilful closing of their official eyes.

The Kaiser's theories, as expressed in this country and elsewhere, surely show no lack of common sense or justice when applied to Venezuela! In no community of South America could the expressions he used be applied with greater force, and in no other are the vast resources of an almost unequalled natural wealth wasted to so grievous an extent by the perversity and incompetence of its population and their rulers. In no other of the so-called Republics around can a stronger case for European intervention and control be made out. No better or more plausible battle-ground could be found for contesting Monroeism, and this is well known in the United States, for German warships have been on the prowl round Venezuelan coasts for six years. Indeed, from the European point of view, the demonstration it offers of the incongruities and injustice incident to that policy is profoundly striking. Venezuela is a country vast in extent. Like all semi-civilised communities, its disputes with its neighbours have been generally over ill-defined boundaries, but, put at the lowest, its area is at least twice that of France, while its total population is only two and a half millions. Nature has provided it with a superb system of waterways; the Orinoco is only the chief of many rivers which should be utilised for commerce. The Apure is described in one of our own Consular reports[1] as "a second Nile." It has a yearly overflow which fertilises the neighbouring lands to an astonishing extent, and, unlike the Nile, it is not backed by a sandy waste but by a magnificently fertile and well-watered hinterland. Yet the

[1] No. 2315.

only product of these rich territories is cattle which wander over them in vast but scattered bodies. In fact, a country which should teem with agricultural products of every kind and support tens of thousands of industrious workers is little more use to civilisation than a steppe in Central Asia. To show the extraordinary fertility of many Venezuelan territories, our Consul points out that a plot in the vicinity of his own house has produced six crops of maize in one year! Fruit-farming would prove enormously productive, and coffee and cocoa, especially the latter, are largely grown; in fact, the latter is now the principal[1] product of the country, which could grow anything. Cotton, indigo, rice, barley and india-rubber have been produced with success. The water supply is ample, the climate is not unhealthy, and in most parts fit for Europeans. The mineral wealth is almost untouched, "iron, gold, coal, petroleum, silver, copper, lead are found in every direction." Eye-witnesses have related to the writer the shipping of huge ingots of gold on the Orinoco steamers in the best days of the great mine of El Callao, but now mining, like every other industry in this unhappy land, is almost impossible owing to insecurity of tenure. Under a rapid succession of Governments, the leader in to-day's fortunate revolution refuses to recognise the title given by his predecessor, or constant pillage and oppression forbid Europeans to embark capital at such risks. We are told by our Consuls that there is nothing that can strictly be called an industry in Venezuela, yet she could "grow her own grain, make her own flour, grow her own tobacco and cotton, make her own cloth and her own wine, burn her own kerosene, make her own leather, and have, besides all this, a surplus for export."[2] Imagine the Italy of Dante's time without the history behind her, without the art and the song, to redeem the ferocities or absurdities of the warfare, and we have the political Venezuela of to-day. Since independence was secured, in less than eighty years there have been more than fifty revolutions, of which ten have been

[1] Certainly the most profitable. [2] Con. Rep. 2094.

successful. Guzman Blanco, by twenty years of personal government, gave comparative security, but since his deposition anarchy has been the rule and peace the exception. Blanco's *régime* became unpopular, and he retired to Paris on an enormous fortune; he was followed by Palacios, who was overthrown by Crespo within two years. The latter "reformed the Constitution" and inserted a clause which legalises insurrection, for it accords belligerent rights to all persons taking up arms against the State authority "provided they can show that their action is the outcome of political motives!" The property of revolutionaries is also protected from seizure! Where else in the world out of a Savoy Opera can a law be found of this nature? Such are the "kindred institutions" which President Cleveland, for electioneering purposes, was ready to support and passionately defend at the risk of war between England and America! General Crespo, with singular good fortune, lived out his presidential term, but fell in battle commanding the troops of his successor against an unsuccessful revolution. In 1900, the year after his death, another revolution was more fortunate, and Castro seized power; ever since that time constant revolution, "murders, stratagems, and spoils" have been the lot of the country. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that trade and commerce, to say nothing of industries such as mining and agriculture, have suffered grievously. In the most recent Consular Reports, those of 1901, this general decrease is invariably attributed to "revolutions and political disturbances," and, as a consequence, during 1901 La Guayra was hardly one day without a foreign warship. "Trade," says our acting Consul at Caracas,[1] "during the year 1901 has continued the downward tendency it began some ten years ago. In every line of business there has been a falling off in the amount of traffic in consequence of continued political disturbance." "Unfortunately in August," writes our Consul at Maracaibo, "the State of El Tachira was invaded by Venezuelan revolutionaries, and in consequence of

[1] No. 2833.

the invasion President Castro prohibited traffic on the Zulia River, so that all commercial connections with Columbia ceased."[1] From Puerto Caballo we learn that "the population is pauperised by the constant revolutions and by the extraordinary contributions which have appeared necessary for the maintenance of public order." It must be remembered, too, that these "political disturbances" are not conducted with any regard to the well-being of the non-combatant population. An ambitious politician in this country, when returned to Parliament, singles out for attack the biggest man he can find, and makes or mars his own career. The Lloyd George of Venezuela, if he wishes to make things uncomfortable for the Chamberlain in office, gets together a band of hybrid ruffians, of the mongrel and semi-savage breed which abound there, and attacks some neighbouring community which adheres to the Government; if he is successful he flies at higher game, and in time makes for the capital itself. Slaughter, arson and plunder are the methods of his followers and of those of the Government. Strangers and natives alike suffer in these raids. Is it wonderful that "trade declines?" The Presidential Chair is worth an effort to fill, for through the hands of its occupant passes a revenue of 50,000,000 francs in gold currency a year, and he is the sole distributor of concessions for railways, mines and Government contracts. Such is the condition to-day of a country 1000 miles long, 800 miles broad in parts, with a coast-line of 2000 miles with numerous harbours, and possessing extraordinary natural resources.[2] There is one industry that flourishes exceedingly all along the coast, and that is smuggling. The duties on everything are enormously high, and the profits of a successful expedition proportionately large. Not the least beneficial part of the business is the illicit trade in arms and ammunition with revolutionaries. The greater part of this lucrative commerce is carried on from the Dutch island of

[1] No. 2833.

[2] It has been calculated that Venezuela could well maintain one hundred million inhabitants.

Curaçoa, where the imports are suspiciously in gross excess of the requirements of a diminishing population. It is not improbable that a certain amount takes place from Trinidad, and that, indeed, is the excuse put forward in the despatches of the Venezuelan Minister for their high-handed treatment of our subjects and their ships, which is the primary cause of our attempt to coerce President Castro. Any one who knows the facts is well aware that the Venezuelan authorities could have made out a plausible case for their action, at all events with regard to many of our clients, whose property has been confiscated and whose persons have undoubtedly been subjected to ill-treatment. Under the circumstances, it would be hypercritical to stigmatise in severe terms the conduct of enterprising seamen who profit by the "political disturbances," which prove so detrimental to legitimate commerce, but it is significant that our Government has accepted £5500 in full satisfaction for the numerous "outrages" originally alleged.

The financial relations of Germany with Venezuela date from 1896. They are not, therefore, of long standing. As a creditor she is showing a good deal less patience than England or France, who have had similar relations with that unstable debtor for years. But Germany at the present time cannot afford with a light heart to make bad debts. Though the financial situation in the Fatherland may be less strained than it was, it is still severe enough to cause grave anxiety to its rulers, and if the utility of the navy as a debt-collector can be demonstrated, a good turn may be done to the naval propaganda as well as to German prestige across the ocean. Germany is suffering here, exactly as she has suffered all over the world, from the plausible but ill-calculated system on which she embarked to catch the world markets. Those who refused to be whirled away in the wild agitation of "Made in Germany" may now congratulate themselves that they kept their heads, for the phantom of German competition is at length fading to give place to the far more solid and genuine menace of American rivalry. In Venezuela, as elsewhere, Germany

has proceeded on the theory that her goods can swamp the market if long credit be given, low interest charged, and almost any security accepted. But, although the resident merchants in Venezuela are principally German, they now take English goods in large quantities, because they sell better than German. "Consumers are getting more and more suspicious of German and American manufactures, which, although low in price, appear to be often inferior in quality to British goods," says our last Consular Report from Ciudad Bolivar.[1] But in 1896 the German methods still promised large returns, and the German Disconto Gesellschaft advanced to the Venezuelan Government 50,000,000 francs at 5 per cent. and allowed 80 per 100 out of the full amount. Now English and French houses would only do business at 20 or 30 per cent. and only allowed 60 per 100 of the full amount lent to pass into Venezuelan hands. It is not wonderful that the former secured the loan. The fact that interest was to be due in a year[2] would not alarm a State like Venezuela, where time counts for nothing and interest is an ill-considered trifle, rendered to pressure in good circumstances. Now with interest at 20 and 30 per cent. a loan may be a profitable speculation for a few good years, and may enable the lender to recoup himself and benefit handsomely, but since Germany lent the money in question there have been no good years. As appears from the Consular Report above quoted, trade has ever since then been on the down-grade. In 1897 there was a serious failure in the coffee crop, to which Germany looked for her interest, and which she had hoped to distribute to the world through the port of Hamburg. Severe competition also began in the coffee trade from other countries, till in 1900 it hardly paid for its production.[3] The whole of Venezuelan society has been affected by this disaster as Jamaica suffered through the decay of her sugar industry. In the same year occurred a change of President, and the new President confiscated the interest on

[1] No. 2633.

[2] A departure from German methods of trade in many places.

[3] Cons. Rep. No. 2643.

the German debt and the German railway which it had been incurred to finance. Since then the line has been seized and cut by Government and revolutionists alternately, while the Disconto Gesellschaft has whistled for its money, and the Germans who went out to work on the railway have sat with empty hands. For some time it would appear that Germany had hoped much from General (?) Matos, who directed the revolutionary movements against Castro during the whole of last year from his headquarters at Port of Spain in Trinidad. It was this "General" who procured the *Ban Righ* in this country, which was fitted out in Europe and paid for by some one, and was to have passed into the "General's" hands through the medium of the Columbian Government. It is generally believed that, if Matos had succeeded, German influence in Venezuela would have been supreme. A European Commission would have taken in hand the finances, and the German creditors at all events might have seen some return for their money; but his partisans seemed to have finally collapsed in October of last year. At all events, it was only after that that England and Germany took the field. It is interesting to note that Senator Hanna, who was credited with "running" President McKinley, had proposed to take over the Venezuelan finances by means of a syndicate of American financiers, but the proposal was not welcomed by President Roosevelt. It is evident to an impartial observer that Venezuela and the civilised world would alike benefit from such a transfer of administration either to American or European men of business. But American enterprise only began to take Venezuela seriously in 1897, when "The National Association of Manufacturers," which has its seat at Philadelphia, opened an exhibition of American productions at Caracas.[1]

Had the rivalries of Matos and Castro terminated other-

[1] Some American legislators in 1892 did not know where Venezuela was! See Scruggs, "The Columbian and Venezuelan Republics," London 1900, p. 220.

wise, there would probably have been no "mess." It is interesting to speculate whether in future we are to see the political troubles of South American "Republics" added to by the struggles of "European" and "American" candidates for the Presidential Office. At any rate, Matos clearly drew his supplies for war from Europe, and he issued his orders and directions from British soil. This, we may suppose, is the fact delicately hinted at by the Venezuelan Government to Mr. Haggard as "the facilities afforded to the revolutionaries by the Colonial authorities in Trinidad."[1] Every one hopes that this particular charge is not true, but it served to complicate further an already sufficiently complicated situation. In these circumstances there had undoubtedly arisen such a crisis as was foreseen by the German Emperor at least two years ago, and has often been stated by him in some such a form as that set forth earlier in this article.

In all this there is nothing unreasonable in the German position. It is our own which has been indefensible throughout on every ground of policy and good sense, and it is astounding to every right-thinking person that the whole incident should have been treated by the Foreign Secretary and his understudy as a comic interlude in serious business instead of a grave international complication. The steps successively taken by the Foreign Office display a confusion of thought which is almost incomprehensible, and the manner in which German co-operation was accepted seems to have been casual in the extreme, while the difficulties that were likely to arise thereby, and which have arisen, were ignored. There was no "trap" in the matter. The whole situation must have been as clear as day to a Foreign Secretary presumably versed in international affairs. If he walked into any "trap" he did so with his eyes open.

It is inconsistent with a sagacious judgment of motives either in political or social matters to seek for an explanation of conduct in the direction which involves the highest improba-

[1] Venezuela No. 1, 1902, p. 12.

bility. Germans may envy and dislike us, but they are business people. The enterprise of conquering and seizing any of our possessions is, they well know, a task that presents appalling difficulties and dangers. As has been well pointed out by Captain Mahan, Germany's geographical position forces her to conquer us or be friends with us. The latter is clearly the less expensive course. Her international manners, like those of the United States before the era of Mr. Hay, are, it is true, deplorable. She has attempted to frighten us just as the United States did with Canada in 1891, and with the same result. Even if she overcame all the difficulties involved in a war with us and appropriated some of our colonies, they are already occupied and exploited by a patriotic and hard-working population. Can the profit be compared for a moment with that to be reaped from a successful attack on the Monroe Doctrine, which would in no way upset the European balance of power, and would not expose German commerce to the same risks as would arise from war with a great maritime Power at her own doors? This theory fits in entirely with the Kaiser's reiterated statements, and it has the merit of possessing not only solid business reasons but also very plausible grounds in theoretical justice. The drawback is that it is at present a theory which can only be translated into fact with the assistance of another Power, and that Power one essentially strong on the sea.

In taking this line the Kaiser would be advancing not only his own views, but those of French, Austrian, and Italian statesmen and publicists. The case of Europe against the Monroe Doctrine, when we once remove it from the atmosphere of suspicion as a great conspiracy against the "Anglo-Saxon race," and look at it in the cold light of common sense, is a very strong one. At one time that theory was surrounded by much false sentiment, and was hailed as the bulwark against tyranny and the oppression of free Republics by an obscurantist monarchical system; now we learn from the foremost publicists of the United States and their commentators in this

country that it is purely a theory of self-interest, "ear-marking" certain portions of the globe for their future benefit, though they are in the meantime to be allowed to remain derelict, or practically so, in the hands of their present corrupt and incompetent rulers. Captain Mahan[1] is, indeed, to be congratulated on having stripped the American case of the flummery and "flapdoodle" with which it was formerly swathed, and on having presented the world with a statement of the views and aims of American policy regarded from the standpoint not of the sentimentalist but of the man of action.

In the Kaiser's eyes, the Monroe Doctrine, as defined by Captain Mahan, may well seem to justify in every way the criticisms which we have already suggested that he has offered, both in this country and elsewhere, on the claims of America. It is unnecessary to attribute to the Germans particular perversity or greed to understand that to them the position taken up by the United States seems one without a parallel in the history of the world. It is its scope, not its novelty, that is startling, for it is as old as the history of all states: it is simply the claim of the strong to preserve certain portions of the earth from appropriation by others until they are ready to use them themselves. What are we now told are "the permanent factors of the Monroe Doctrine"? "Position and national power dependent upon populations and resources." We have done at length with lofty vapourings about "kindred institutions" and the intrusions of monarchical usurpation upon the soil sacred to Freedom, and we are not surprised to learn that "the Monroe Doctrine (without breach of its spirit) can be made to bear a burden to which the nation a hundred years ago was unequal." It is quite evident that the Monroe Doctrine can on this basis be made to bear any burden, for, in addition to the whole of the Western Hemisphere, it is suggested as reasonable that it should include in its scope the shores of Asia washed by the Pacific. In return for the admission of this claim by European Governments, the United

[1] In the *National Review* for February.

States will considerately refrain from interference in Europe and Africa and the rest of Asia! We can well imagine that Europe may hold this correlative concession inadequate to the circumstances. The Monroe Doctrine has, indeed, as President Cleveland said, "grown with our growth" until it claims more than half of the globe as the sphere of its action. This country has declared through responsible channels that it approves of this theory, though we should do well to remember that Captain Mahan accepts "the voluntary departure of European Governments from the American Continent and adjacent islands" (the pious hope of the late Secretary Fish) as a consummation "congruous in spirit though no part of the Monroe Doctrine." As that theory is "not a law but a policy," it is capable of including it in fact at any convenient season. But whether our support of the Monroe Doctrine be wise or unwise is not the point in question. We have to remember that to the German Emperor it may well present itself as not only an unreasonable check to the development of his own dominions but also as an obstacle to the spread of civilisation, enlightenment and progress. It is not difficult to understand that to any but Anglo-Saxon ears the theory that six and a half million square miles of the earth's surface are to be "earmarked" for the use of the United States at some unnamed period of time may well sound unduly grasping. The German Government is by no means a model for free nations, but its chief might not unreasonably consider it would be a desirable substitute for that of President Castro and his roving ruffians, and with a steady stream of hardworking immigrants he could soon transform the face of a country now merely dotted with sparse, scattered and warring communities into a colony which would give infinite opportunities for the development of German enterprise. This view may well be emphasised when he considers the condition of the existing German colonies. A glance at the German Colonial Estimates for 1902 is the most instructive commentary on the position of his Empire in the race for profitable territory that can be rendered

to a thoughtful sovereign and an impatient people, especially when we remember that financial and industrial conditions in Germany at the present time are far from brilliant.

GERMAN COLONIAL ESTIMATES FOR 1902.

	Revenue. £		Subsidy. £		Total Expenditure. £
East Africa	159,315	...	320,760	...	480,075
Cameroons	101,575	...	110,255	...	211,830
S. W. Africa	91,200	...	381,745	...	472,945
Togoland	31,750	...	50,750	...	84,500
New Guinea	5,000	...	36,100	...	41,100
Carolines, &c.	1,655	...	15,253	...	16,905
Samoa	13,550	...	8,520	...	22,070
Kiao Chou	18,000	...	608,400	...	626,400

Thus, of the eight colonial possessions Germany at present holds, in one alone does the annual revenue exceed the subsidy; in all the others the excess of subsidy over revenue is enormous, nor is there any real prospect of rapid or permanent improvement. Compare the results obtained in these colonies with those that would follow from a free hand in South America, even under German officialism, and one does not need to be a Machiavelli to unravel the threads of the Kaiser's policy.

Except from the point of view of American ambition, it is difficult to argue that the success of that policy would not be for the benefit of the world at large, but that is a very different matter from arguing that it is our business to help him. We have, indeed, for some years consistently adopted a policy diametrically opposed to this, and the whole country is still groping about to discover any reason which can account for our recent proceedings. There is only one that can satisfactorily account for them, and that is, that the Kaiser rendered such services to this country at a great crisis as to give him a call for our assistance in certain contingencies. No one, of course, would believe that such contingencies cover a war with the United States, but German aims in South America are

well known in the United States, and it is also well known that without our help they can come to little. They have been openly avowed, and should be as well known in England. It is by no means certain that our own claims against Venezuela, except the financial claims, can be sustained when all the facts are brought out, as we have endeavoured to make clear. We should have struck quickly and, alone, as Lord Rosebery did in Nicaragua, and obtained some of the financial compensation our subjects are entitled to for money lent. If, on the other hand, we hold that British subjects who embark their money on such perilous ventures should be left to get it back in their own way, we should not have gone at all. It was unwise in the highest degree to stir up the unpleasant questions of smuggling from Trinidad, the assistance given by our subjects to the revolutionaries,[1] and the relations of Matos with ourselves and the Germans. Perhaps, like the other incidents in this "mess," they have come like an unpleasant surprise to our authorities as have perhaps (though this is incredible) the ambitions of Germany directed towards South America. But perhaps the true explanation is that so ingenuously supplied by Lord Cranborne. We have been actuated solely by magnanimous sentiments; we are, in short, embarking upon a purely Christian foreign policy, and in pursuance of it select as the first precept for literal observance, "Whosover shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain," even though the direction chosen for our promenade lie along the brink of a precipice.

W. B. DUFFIELD.

[1] It is satisfactory to learn from the Blue Book ("Venezuela, No. 1, 1903," p. 104), that we were impartial, for the Government fleet also carried on its operations against its own shores from Trinidad.

THE EXCAVATION OF A LEVITICAL CITY—GEZER

GEZER, one of the most ancient towns in Palestine, stood upon a high hill within easy reach of the great trade-route which for many centuries traversed the Maritime Plain on its way from Egypt to Syria and Northern Mesopotamia. The hill lies between the valleys of Aijalon and Sorek, and its commanding position and excellent water-supply offer advantages for settlement which were evidently appreciated by the cave-dwellers of the Neolithic Age, and by their many successors in the occupation of Palestine.

According to local tradition, the hill was formerly crowned by "the town of our Lord Noah," and at Ain Tannur, on its south-eastern slope, where Eve once baked her bread, the torrent burst forth that was to deluge the world. The Gezer of history was a place of importance long before Joshua and the Israelites passed over Jordan. The Tell Amarna correspondence contains three letters from the Governor, who held the town for Egypt, to the effect that he was sore pressed by the Khabiri and urgently needed assistance. There is also a letter from Jerusalem in which the people of Gezer, Lachish and Ascalon are accused of disloyalty to the reigning Pharaoh. The pre-Israelite existence of Gezer is confirmed by other Egyptian documents, such as the list of cities subjugated by Thothmes III. and the stele of Merenptah.

Gezer is first mentioned in the Bible in a passage which

briefly records the defeat and death of its king in a vain attempt to relieve Lachish when besieged by Joshua. It was then one of the many royal cities of the Canaanites that were ruled by *meleks*, or kinglets. On the partition of the country, Gezer, with its *migrash*, or suburb, was assigned to the Kohathite Levites; but it formed part of the territory of Ephraim, and is mentioned as a point on its southern boundary. The inhabitants were allowed to remain in the city, but were reduced to servitude. When David came to the throne Gezer was, apparently, in the hands of the Philistines, and two of their "giants" were slain in battle at that place. Some years later the Pharaoh of Egypt, for reasons unknown to us, captured Gezer, and after burning it and exterminating its inhabitants, gave it to his daughter, one of the wives of Solomon. So great was the military importance of the site at that time that Solomon at once rebuilt the city.

In the history of the wars between the Jews and the Seleucids, Gezer, or Gazara as it was then called, is frequently mentioned. At the commencement of the war it was held by the Greco-Syrians, and on different occasions gave shelter to the defeated forces of Gorgias, Nicanor, and Bacchides. But about 143 B.C. Simon Maccabæus took the city by storm, and it became, after having been formally purified from the pollution of idols, the residence of John Hyrcanus and the headquarters of the Jewish army. Soon after John's accession it again passed into the hands of the Seleucids. Some years before the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus—possibly before the birth of Christ—boundary inscriptions were cut on the rock by a certain Alkios, who was probably a magistrate, and of Jewish parentage. The inscriptions appear to define the limits of the suburb of the Levitical city, and they were perhaps intended to be permanent marks on a boundary laid out during the Maccabæan period, when efforts were being made to revive the old traditions of Israel.

Gezer was well known to Eusebius and Jerome; and during the Byzantine period it was apparently the seat of a bishopric.

Under the Latin kings of Jerusalem it appears as Mont Gisart, a castle and fief of the county of Japhe, and for ever memorable from its connection with the famous battle in which Saladin was defeated by Baldwin, "the Leper," on St. Catherine's Day (November 25), 1177. In commemoration of the victory, the priory of St. Catherine of Mont Gisart was founded, and a faint echo of the battle seems still to linger in the names of scouts, attached to three rocky eminences near the ruins of the town. A few years later the place is mentioned under its present name, Tell ej-Jezer, as the camping-ground of Saladin during his abortive negotiations with Richard Cœur de Lion.

The position of Gezer, although it is indicated in the Bible, and clearly described by Eusebius, remained unknown until it was discovered, about thirty years ago, by M. Clermont-Ganneau. That well-known scholar first fixed the site of Tell ej-Jezer, theoretically, from the description of an obscure skirmish in the Arabic Chronicle of Mujr ed-Din; he then recovered the name on the ground; and finally found epigraphic proof of his theory in the bilingual boundary inscriptions which read "of Alkios" in Greek and "the limit of Gezer" in Hebrew.

The uninterrupted chain of evidence which thus connects the Canaanite Gezer of the pre-Israelite period with the modern Tell ej-Jezer led to the selection of that place for excavation by the Palestine Exploration Fund. A thorough exploration of a site with such a continuous history would, it was hoped, throw light not only upon the local history of Gezer, but upon wider problems, such as those connected with the origin and civilisation of the pre-Israelite tribes, the ethnological affinities of those mysterious people the Philistines, the nature and extent of Aegean, Egyptian, and Mesopotamian influence on Palestinian culture, and the social life and condition of the Jews before and after the Captivity. The conduct of the excavations was placed in the very capable hands of Mr. Macalister, a graduate of Cambridge, who had

done good archæological work in Ireland, and had gained experience in Palestine whilst working with Dr. Bliss in 1898–1900. The results which he has obtained during his first season's work are as unexpected as they are important; but their value will be more easily appreciated after a short description of the site before excavation.

Tell ej-Jezer is a natural ridge of rock covered with the *débris* of many settlements. The artificial mound formed by the ruins is some 1750 feet long and 250 feet wide; its longest dimension lies east and west, and its height above the adjacent valleys is 250 feet. At each end of the mound there is a broad-topped knoll. These knolls have been named, for convenience, the "eastern" and "western hills," and the saddle which connects them is called the "central valley." The "western hill" is partially occupied by the shrine of Muhammad ej-Jezeri—an eponymous *weli* in the fullest meaning of the phrase; by a small cemetery; and by a house and farmyard. Between the shrine and the house, an ancient rock-hewn reservoir, once the site of a church, has been turned into a cistern. On the south-west slope of the hill is the village of Abu Shusheh. On the "eastern hill," thick walls, just appearing above ground, indicated the site of an important building; and at the western end of the "central valley," two stones, standing with their heads above ground, suggested the existence of bætylic columns.

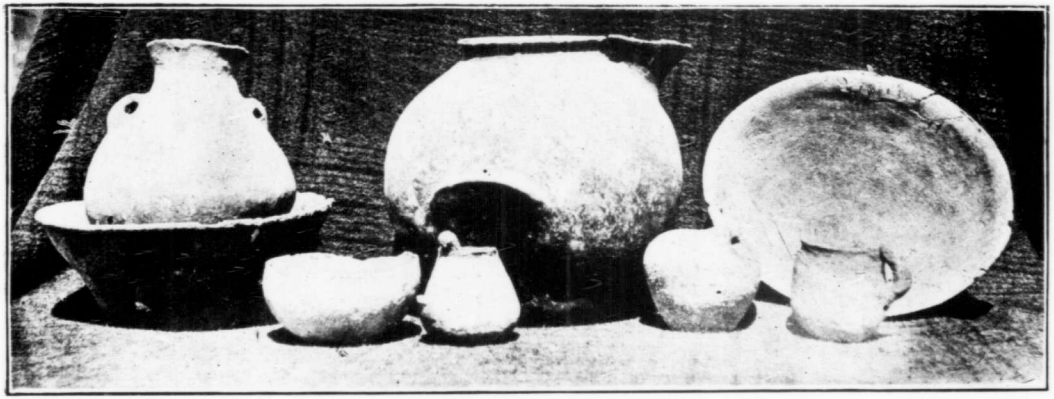
The surface of the mound was grey with the dust of ruins, and strewed with ancient potsherds, flints, &c. Its sides were supported by terrace walls, which, in some instances, marked the line of the old city wall. A narrow rocky valley, which rises near Abu Shusheh, sweeps round the eastern end of the mound and separates it from the rocky ground to the south and east, on which the five boundary inscriptions were found. In this valley, east of the mound, there is a fine spring which supplies the village. The ground north and west of the mound is open and arable. Within the area defined by the inscriptions there are many wine-presses and tombs, large caves, ancient wells, the remains of old roads and aqueducts, and

rock excavations, not unlike those in some of the cities of Phrygia, which appear to mark the positions of the earliest houses.

Mr. Macalister at first confined his attention to the eastern hill, but, after cutting a trench forty feet wide across the mound, he decided to investigate the structure of which the two stones in the valley formed part. The excavations have thus far disclosed the stratified buildings of seven successive occupations, and have shown that, for some unknown reason, there has been no permanent settlement on the eastern hill since the time of the Judges. The two earliest occupations are ascribed to an aboriginal pre-Semitic population, the third and fourth to Semitic pre-Israelite races, and the remaining three to Hebrews and others during the period from Joshua to Solomon, from Solomon to the Captivity, and from the Captivity to the Maccabees. No remains have yet been found of later date than the Maccabæan period.

The pre-Semitic occupation is dated, tentatively, from 3000 to 2000 B.C. The people were cave-dwellers and practised cremation. They were of slender build, and of small but not dwarfish stature. None of them appear to have exceeded five feet seven inches in height, and most of them were under five feet four inches. They were certainly not Semites. In some respects they resemble the occupants of Europe during the Neolithic Age. Their occupation is characterised by coarse, drab, porous ware, hand made, and in many cases ornamented with a roughly applied red or yellow wash, by flint and bone implements, and by the absence of metal. It is also marked by broad stone causeways across irregular natural depressions in the rock, fragments of walls, a few roughly cut emblems of nature worship, a couple of bone amulets, and stones and pebbles for grinding and polishing.

The crematorium of these early settlers was an artificial cave, within the city walls, which was entered by rock-hewn steps, and provided with a flue and chimney that still bear traces of smoke-blackening. The floor of the cave was covered



Group of pre-Israelite Pottery from the Crematorium

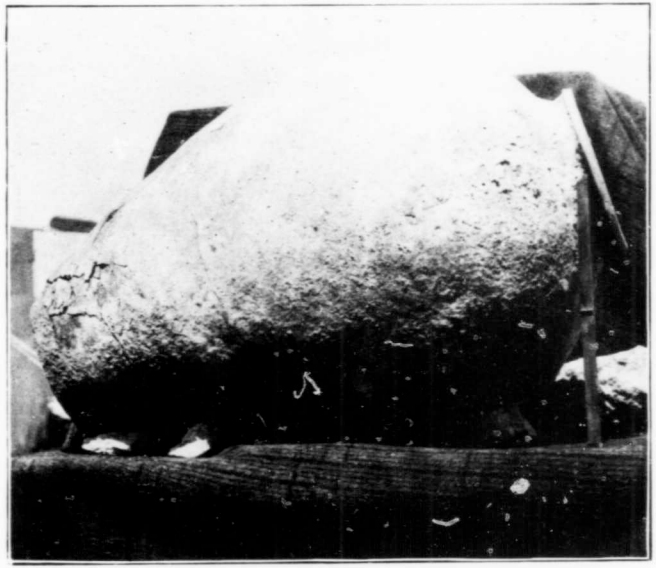
with the ashes of human bodies, but the bones were unequally burnt—blackened bone alternating with masses reduced to a white ash. There was evidence that the fire had been renewed at considerable intervals, and that the remains, left just as they were cremated, were those of persons of all ages and of both sexes. The crematorium was afterwards used as a burial-place by a people who probably belonged to the earliest wave of Semitic immigration. The area of the cave was enlarged; its entrance was closed to keep out dogs; a shaft was cut in its roof to admit the dead; and the cremated remains were trampled down. Most of the bodies, children and adults of both sexes, appear to have been laid on the floor in a contracted position, on their sides; but a certain number, perhaps those of persons of distinction, were placed on stone platforms ranged round the sides of the cave. The most interesting interment is that of a newly born child, possibly a victim of infant sacrifice, whose remains were found in a large jar of coarse, brick-red, porous ware. A large assortment of food-vessels and other pottery, found with the bodies, forms a collection of great value for the study of the earliest pottery of Palestine.

The pre-Israelite Semites, who followed the Neolithic cave-dwellers, were stronger and larger-boned than their predecessors, and some of the males were as much as five feet eleven inches in height. Their racial type appears to have been not unlike that of the modern Arab. Two periods of occupation are marked by successive strata of *débris*. In the earlier, bronze was known, but fine flint knives were the usual tools; in the later, which also belongs to the Bronze Age, the state of culture was more advanced, and Gezer, surrounded by high walls, became a "fenced city" of the Amorites, or Canaanites. The most characteristic of the pottery types of the two periods are identical with those of the earlier settlements of Lachish, and are almost unknown in the ancient sites that have been excavated in the Shephelah of Judah. This fact, emphasised as it is by a marked difference of style in the

colour-decoration of the pottery, points to a connection, probably tribal or racial, between Gezer and Lachish which did not exist between either of those places and the dwellers in the towns of the Shephelah. That there was such connection may also be inferred from the joint action of the two cities referred to in the Tell Amarna correspondence, and from the readiness with which the Gezrites hastened to the assistance of Lachish when attacked by Joshua.

A large number of objects in pottery, flint, stone, bone, and bronze has been found in the *débris* of both periods. Those from the later settlement, which are the most interesting, include the finest collection of bronze weapons hitherto discovered in Palestine, a fragment of an Egyptian statue of the Middle Empire bearing the name of a certain Maatinef, scarabs of the Middle Empire, jar-handles stamped with scarab seals, broken statuettes of a cow divinity, and nude figures of a female divinity in low relief on terra-cotta plaques.

The first Semitic occupation of the eastern hill is apparently represented by the burials in the crematorium, by a walled enclosure containing a small circle of stones, on one of which there are distinct marks of fire, by a large monolith, and by rude foundations of dwelling-houses. The Semites of the second settlement seem, like their predecessors, to have buried their dead within the walls of the city. Several skeletons have been found in different parts of the mound, but the most interesting interments are those in a rock-hewn cistern, of the earlier period, on the eastern hill. In this cistern were the remains of fourteen males from eighteen to fifty years of age, and of a female about sixteen years old; and some exceptionally fine bronze weapons. The bodies had been laid upon stones, and charcoal, found amongst the bones, seemed to indicate that there had been a funeral feast or sacrifice when the interments took place. The body of the girl had been cut through, and only the upper half had been deposited in the cave. There are certain indications that the males were buried at the same time, and that they were the victims of war or pestilence,



Jar containing an Infant's Bones

(The rule in the photograph is 1 foot in length)

or had suffered death for some crime. But the presence of the mutilated female skeleton is, and must always remain, a mystery. Mr. Macalister has suggested that the girl was sacrificed, but this view does not sufficiently explain the absence of the missing members.

The most interesting discovery in the *débris* of the pre-Israelite Semitic settlement is that of the *bāmāh*, or "high place" of Gezer. The excavations, temporarily closed in consequence of an outbreak of cholera, have already brought to light a megalithic structure standing in a walled enclosure just as in later times the Semitic naos, or temple, stood within the hieron or haram. The enclosure is at the western end of the central valley, and its north wall appears at one time to have formed part of the defences of the city. Its floor is well defined by a layer of limestone chips beneath which there are about three feet of soil containing the scanty remains of the Neolithic settlements. In this substratum of earth a number of large two-handled jars have been found, each containing the remains of a newly-born infant. The body was usually put in head first, and a bowl and jug or other small vessel, was either placed inside the jar, or buried near it. The jars were, apparently, filled with earth at the time of burial, and contained no ornaments or other articles. In two instances the bodies had been burned; in the others no trace of mutilation was detected. The ceremonial burial of so many newly-born babes in the precincts of the "high place" clearly indicates the prevalence of infant sacrifice, and this view is confirmed by the recent discoveries of Professor Sellin at Taanach. Whether the victims were first suffocated by being passed through the fire, or were buried alive in the earth with which the jars were filled, is uncertain. The burials appear to belong to the second Semitic occupation, but some may be earlier or later.

The megalithic structure consists of a group of seven monoliths, with an eighth standing apart, which seems to have been a later addition. The stones are at unequal distances

from each other, and are aligned in a gentle curve of which the chord is nearly north and south. They vary in size; the largest is ten feet nine inches high, and the smallest is only five feet five inches. The upper end of the latter has been worked to a sharp point, and its polished surface shows that it has been rubbed, anointed, and kissed by a long succession of worshippers. This peculiarity, wanting in the other stones, has suggested the idea that the most insignificant of the monoliths was the original *beth-el* of the "high place," and that its massive companions are but honorific additions. A platform of stones, about eight feet wide, runs under and around the monoliths, and in it there is a large block of limestone with a socket which was perhaps intended to receive the *asherah*, or sacred pole, that formed part of the equipment of a Canaanite high place. No trace of an altar has yet been found.

The fifth settlement is the city that was taken by Joshua, jointly occupied by Jews and Canaanites, and in the end destroyed by the father-in-law of Solomon. It is the last settlement on the eastern hill, and is distinguished by lamp and bowl deposits under house walls. These curious foundation deposits appear to commence with the Hebrew immigration and to cease with the Captivity; and there is reason to believe that they were connected with a custom, or rite, peculiar to the Hebrews, and unknown amongst the Canaanites. During the period of the settlement the area of the "high place," which had hitherto been open, was encroached upon by houses, but there is clear evidence that the spot retained much of its original sanctity. Iron was used, but bronze was the regular metal, and flint implements were still in common use. The pottery types from the *débris* are transitional, between pre-Israelite and Jewish.

The sixth occupation carries the history of Gezer down to the Captivity. It was confined to the western hill and the central valley, and is characterised by the jar-handles with royal stamps which belong to the period of the Jewish kings. The lamp and bowl deposits continue, and Jewish types of pottery

High Place of Gezer before Excavation

High Place of Gezer after Excavation

prevail. Iron is in general use, but bronze implements are common, and flints have not entirely disappeared. There are further encroachments on the area of the "high place" which had not completely lost its sanctity.

The floor of the enclosure in which the megalithic structure stands is to a great extent covered with the *débris* of the fifth and sixth settlements, and from this Mr. Macalister has obtained an enormous number of objects emblematic of nature worship in limestone, brick, pottery, bone, and marble. Amongst the finds are also many plaques of terra-cotta representing a goddess in low relief, which have been cast from moulds. The figure is that of a nude woman who has her hands crossed under her breasts, and carries on her head a diadem or turreted crown. In other instances the figure is adorned with a necklace and bracelets, and holds two lotus flowers. Both types evidently represent Ashtoreth (Astarte), whose prototype was the Assyrian Ishtar, the goddess of fertility and reproduction. To the sixth settlement belong a fine statuette of Osiris in bronze, with a gold-leaf band round the loins and the remains of gilding on the face; and a mould for casting the face of a goddess of Phœnico-Egyptian type.

Any speculation with regard to the history of the "high place" before the completion of the excavations must be premature. But it is at least probable that, prior to the Hebrew immigration, it was the scene of human sacrifice; and that during the periods of the Judges, and possibly until the reign of Hezekiah, it was polluted by the licentious rites which were connected with the cultus of Astarte. Amongst the questions suggested by the excavations are: the possible assignment of Gezer to the Levites on account of the sanctity of its "high place" amongst the Canaanites, the extent to which the intruding Ephraimites were influenced by close contact with the religious observances of the Gezrites, and the probable date of the encroachments on the sacred enclosure, which Mr. Macalister suggests were due to overcrowding during the joint occupation that followed the capture of the city by Joshua.

The seventh settlement is characterised by the unmistakable pottery of the Seleucid period, and brings the history of Gezer down to the Maccabæan wars. Iron is the regular metal, bronze is used for ornaments only, and flint is rare. The lamp and bowl deposits disappear, and there is no trace of any worship connected with the "high place." The use of the arch for vaulting is known, and squared brick-like blocks of light limestone are employed in building, as in the Ptolemaic town of Marisa (Mareshah) excavated at Tell Sandahannah. In the *débris* have been found Rhodian jar-handles; saucers, ointment bottles, lamps, and imported Greek bowls similar to those found in such abundance in the ruins of Marisa; and a slab of red sandstone inscribed with the name of Nefaarut, the first king of the 29th Egyptian Dynasty.

The only addition to our previous knowledge of the later settlements is the discovery that the boundary of the city was marked, between the inscriptions, by small boulders.

The excavations are, it may be observed, revealing the past history of Palestine in a remarkable way. They have carried back the history of Gezer, and by inference that of other Palestinian cities, to a remote age in which cave-dwellers of non-Semitic race, who were not acquainted with metal, cremated their dead in a common sepulchral cave. They have disclosed, for the first time, an undisturbed burial-place of pre-Israelite Semites and incidentally thrown light on the disposal of the dead at a period when the Patriarchs were laid in the Cave of Machpelah. They have revealed to a certain extent the nature and arrangement of a Canaanite "high place," the existence of infant sacrifice and ceremonial burial of the victims, and the prevalence of impure nature worship; and they have supplied not only evidence of the gradual growth of civilisation in Palestine from the Neolithic, through the early and late Bronze Ages, to the Iron Age, but a chronological starting-point for the archæology of pre-Israelite Canaan.

The apparent agreement of the archæological discoveries with the literary notices in the Bible and elsewhere are also

Group of pre-Israelite Pottery from the Crematorium

worthy of remark. The similarity between the antiquities of Gezer and Lachish indicates a connection suggested by the account of Joshua's campaign; the character of the deposits changes at a period which corresponds to the Hebrew immigration; the encroachment on the enclosure of the "high place," and the restriction of the limits of the city, take place at times when we should expect them to occur; the prevalence of intramural interment as late as the period of the Judges is alluded to in the Bible; the vicissitudes of the "high place" and its final loss of sanctity before the Captivity testify to the influence of the religion of the Jews and to the reforming zeal of Hezekiah and Josiah; and the great predominance of objects of Egyptian origin amongst those of foreign *provenance* show that close relationship with Egypt which is indicated by history.

One remarkable feature of the excavations is that no inscriptions, excepting the two in Egyptian hieroglyphs, have been found. The use of clay tablets for correspondence and other purposes was common long before the time of Joshua, and prevailed during the reigns of the Kings of Judah. The Tell Amarna correspondence shows that they were used at Gezer, and some may yet be found. But the experience at Knossos has shown that clay tablets are apt to become disintegrated in a damp soil, and some such misfortune may have befallen the Gezer records. It is true that a tablet was found in good preservation at Lachish, but there is a great difference in climate between a town situated near the south end of the Maritime plain, and one lying farther north on a hill which has an altitude of 756 feet.

The greater part of the site of Gezer, including that portion occupied by the city of Solomon, has still to be excavated, and there is every reason to hope and expect that during the next two seasons the discoveries of Mr. Macalister will equal, if they do not exceed, in importance those which have already rewarded his exertions.

C. W. Wilson.

HUMAN PERSONALITY AFTER DEATH[1]

MR. FREDERICK MYERS'S book, "Human Personality," sums up the effort of a lifetime. The author was perhaps the most elegant, certainly the most poetical of modern classical scholars. His English poetry had its original music, its personal note, its expression of a singular character. He was a hard-working Inspector of Schools. He was fond of social intercourse, and most interesting in conversation. But what lay nearest his heart was the problem of human immortality, or rather of the survival of the conscious life of the soul or spirit, using that word "without prejudice," till a better term is adopted. In Mr. Myers's opinion this question of survival after death was "the most momentous of all." Here I must differ from him to a certain extent. The question may be the most momentous, but it is not so regarded. Our race has always "jumped the life to come." The belief in it, when most generally held, had next to no influence on morality, on conduct. At the time of the Reformation the Catholic believed; but he could propitiate the Lord of Death and Life by gifts, penances, masses, and so forth. The Calvinist believed; but he was "elect,"—and then he could do as he pleased;

[1] "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death." By F. W. H. Myers. Longmans, 1903. "Modern Spiritualism." By Frank Podmore. Methuen. 1902.

or he was reprobate,—and then it did not matter. Black Ormistoun, before he was hanged for unnumbered offences (about 1574), announced that he was elect, and certain to sup that night in Paradise. Gilles de Rais entertained similar expectations.

If immortality was as absolutely certain as Mr. Myers himself believed it to be, people would, I think, behave exactly as they do at present. In short, the idea of immortality, as it does not affect conduct, is not the most momentous of all possible ideas.

The emotions with which Mr. Myers regarded immortality were very unlike those of men in general. In what I have to say of his book I shall be as frank as if he were yet with us, for he knew what I thought, and listened to objections with imperturbable humour and good humour. It is an objection that he had the strongest possible bias towards belief; just as most of our instructors in cheap popular science have precisely the opposite bias. This bias makes them criticise such works as Mr. Myers's without taking the trouble to read them; this bias enables them freely to advance statements in which truth is not art and part. On the other hand, Mr. Myers, in certain cases, was able to accept as valid and as probatory evidence (chiefly of so-called trance-speakers) which I and certain official students of psychical research look on as inadequate, or even as fraudulent. Unluckily such evidence, notably that of Mrs. Piper and the Rev. Stainton Moses, plays a great part in Mr. Myers's theory, as it evolved itself after the regretted death of Mr. Edmund Gurney. There is no orthodoxy in Psychical Research. Each student has his own provisional conclusions. Mr. Podmore, in his "Modern Spiritualism," can get no farther than a qualified opinion that there is such a phenomenon as telepathy, not necessarily implying the existence of anything "spiritual." I myself, regarding the words "matter" and "spirit" as mere metaphysical counters with which we pay ourselves, think (religious faith apart) that human faculty lends a fairly strong presumption in favour of the survival of

human consciousness. Mr. Myers went all the way with the Socrates of the *Phædo.*

I shall try to give a brief and inevitably inadequate account of Mr. Myers's work, though I am totally ignorant of the science of brain, nerves, "neurons," and so forth, in which he was deeply versed. Let us take it that we have no evidence of the existence of mind apart from a fleshly mechanism; that thought, in our experience, is universally a concomitant of certain cerebral changes. The lowest savage knows that, when a man is sufficiently knocked on the head, his mind does not work in his body, though, for more caution, it may be as well to tie his body up tightly, bury it, and light a fire on the top. Science can add nothing to this certainty; it can only give details about the physical machinery of thought. But the savage, by reflection on dreams, sleep, visions, hallucinations, and the rest, has come to the conclusion that there is in man a spirit, or shadow, which can go abroad while the man lives, can see, and be seen, at a distance from the body, and can survive death. Mr. Myers, to some degree, accepted this "palæolithic psychology," as he styles it; and I rather think that I suggested the phrase. It is my humble belief that civilisation has developed no theory of religion, evolution, creation, or the soul, which low savages have not anticipated in their rude way. The faith of the Mincopie or of the Gourn-ditcha is based on observed facts, and on speculation about the facts.

> "There is *much* speculation in these eyes
> That he doth glare withal."

Among the alleged facts are many with which the savage and the popular minds have always been familiar, but which science has either ignored or "explained away," or, at most, has but recently and gingerly begun to scrutinise. These facts, such as in hypnotism, are unusual examples of human faculty, long ago familiar to savages. It is these things that Mr. Myers persistently claimed as highly deserving of examination, and as, conceivably, inconsistent with what is called

"materialism"—one of the counters used in the game of metaphysics. In this opinion Mr. Myers was at one with Hegel. Here I may remark that, at Oxford, we were dosed with Hegel in lectures; but that I never heard the late Mr. T. H. Green drop a word about Hegel's belief in these "supernormal" examples of human faculty which are the basis of Mr. Myers's argument. "The intuitive soul," says the Teutonic sage at whose shadowy feet we reluctantly sat, "oversteps the conditions of time and space; it beholds things remote, things long past, and things to come."[1] Hegel, like Mr. Myers, and Quicherat, the great historian and palæographer, believed in the "clairvoyance" of Jeanne d'Arc. Concerning all this of Hegel we were not told one word at Oxford. The motto of science, physical or metaphysical, as to all these matters, has been "Keep it dark!" Mr. Myers, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Sidgwick were resolved that such things should be kept dark no longer; but examined so far as "a *nascent* science . . . in its dim and poor beginnings" could examine them, "simply by observation and experiment."

Is this common sense or is it not? Is this not part of the provinces of anthropology, and of mythology, and of psychology? When Lord Kelvin tells us that "clairvoyance and the like are the result of bad observation, chiefly, somewhat mixed up, however, with the effects of wilful imposture acting on an innocent, trusting mind," we want to know whether Lord Kelvin speaks after long and conscientious investigation, at first hand, of cases of so-called clairvoyance? If not, is his dogmatic statement strictly scientific? In any case, the founders of the Society for Physical Research resolved to investigate the whole subject. That the minds of Mr. Sidgwick, Mrs. Sidgwick, Mr. Gurney, and Mr. Podmore were peculiarly "innocent and trusting"—or trusting, at any rate, (Lord Kelvin's mind, probably, is "innocent") only prejudice

[1] "*Philosophie des Geistes*," Werke, VII. 179, Berlin, 1845. See Mr. Wallace's translation (1894), which does not include the *Zusätze*, most copious on these points.

can assert. That Mr. Myers's mind was "trusting" (in this matter) I have already averred: I think it was too trusting; though, when fraud or error was proved, he candidly confessed the fact.

After some preliminary observations, Mr. Myers attacks the question of Personality. Is each of us only One, as our consciousness usually, but not always, tells us? Or is "the self a co-ordination?" Here we find the reply in Chapter II., "Disorganisations of Personality." Here many curious examples are given of persons becoming quite new personalities, new in character, oblivious of their past, adopting new names, occasionally reverting to the old name, memory, and character, and so forth. Again, "hysteria is another man," or woman, just as in the old proverb, "ale is another man." A man kills his wife, he being in an epileptic condition, and having no memory of the event. He was another man. Put it that the good and the bad "He" alternate, and exist for years alternately, is good A. to be hanged, or damned, for the sins of bad B.? Cases are known of hysterical people with three or five alternating personalities.

All this looks as if it made absolutely and convincingly against Mr. Myers's belief in "an indwelling soul, the unifying principle of personality." The man in Voltaire, meeting his guardian angel, says: "It is well worth while having a guardian angel, when he lets one get into prison for what I never did . . . !" In the same way the five personalities of "Louis V." (not the monarch of that name) might well say to their "unifying principle," "If you are a unifying principle, why do you leave us all at sixes and sevens?" The unifying principle, or "Subliminal Self," must reply that he really cannot help it. Hysteria has set in, and mixed up "elements which should lie above and elements which should be below the threshold" (or "beyond the margin") "of waking consciousness."

In hysteria that consciousness "is narrowed." The hysteric girl can move heavy weights, as a housemaid, when she is not thinking about her condition. But, draw her attention to her

own strength, ask her to squeeze a dynamometer, and she cannot do it, on account of a "caprice of the hypnotic stratum." That caprice can be cured by an appeal to the "unifying principle of personality," an appeal usually made after hypnotising the patient. The subliminal self, the "unifying principle," lies low, but can be got at. If hypnotised, Jones, as he calls himself, who was born Brown, but has forgotten all about Brown, remembers Brown, is Brown again. His unifying self has been got at.

There is, in Mr. Myers's hypothesis, such an unifying element, the subliminal self, which survives death, and has "actually been observed apart from the organism which it possesses, both while that organism is living and after it has decayed."

Here I pass from Genius, Sleep, and Hypnotism (which all show aspects of the subliminal self in various degrees of trammelled or untrammelled action) to the said subliminal self, when observed in operation apart from his living or decaying organism. In the first case we call the thing a wraith, in the second, a ghost. I have viewed two or three wraiths: about my only ghost I have the gravest doubts.

Here I must reluctantly ask leave to go rather deeper into these things. Mr. Myers's book, though lucid, is emphatically not for "those who eddy round and round" the circulating libraries. Even if he demonstrated what he only suggests, that the *abonnés* of Mr. Mudie have immortal minds, they do not care enough about it to overcome their habitual indolence and read a book for themselves. And, if any general reader has followed me so far, he may here return to his evening newspaper. Yet we are coming to wraiths and ghosts.

Mr. Myers has tried to show, in the chapters on Dreams, Sleep, Hypnotism, and Genius, that there is something much cleverer and more potent in a region of our nature usually submerged and out of view, than in our normal waking consciousness. To take a mild example. A person is hypnotised, and is told to see a tiger. Now we can all, in various degrees,

make a mind-picture of a tiger, but the hypnotised person, in Mr. Myers's opinion, sees it infinitely more vividly, as a real presence, than he could do when awake. Here the sceptic will remark that the hypnotised person sees nothing at all, but only behaves dramatically as if he did. Experiment may illustrate this question. There seems no doubt about the actuality of post-hypnotic hallucinations.

Next Mr. Myers supposes an "inner vision." As you certainly see with your eyes shut in dreams, and in *illusions hypnagogiques*, so what you see in the way of hallucination, when awake, may be by virtue of "a central hyperæsthesia" not dependent on the open bodily eye.[1] Ibn Kaldoun, an Arab of the thirteenth century, applied this theory to the pictures seen by the crystal gazer. "They do not see what is really to be seen in the mirror" (reflections of surrounding objects), "theirs is another form of perception which awakes *within them*, not by means of the sense of sight, but of the soul, though the perceptions of the soul, as far as the seers are concerned, have a deceptive resemblance to the perceptions of the ocular sense."[2] Mr. Myers is in accord with my Arabian author. He goes on to say that, in certain cases, these hallucinations (really internal, but in appearance external visions or hallucinations of the sane) "are in some way generated by some agent outside the percipient's mind": say a death, a battle, a mere thought of an absent person, and so on.

Now we have always heard of this kind of vision as "telepathic," caused merely by some unknown action of distant brain on distant brain. Wait awhile. Mr. Myers

[1] The *illusion hypnagogique* is the vision, in half sleep, with shut eyes, of faces, places, and other things, usually unknown to the waking self. Thus I, who can scarcely form the faintest mental picture, when awake, can see, with shut eyes, on the border of sleep, very vivid presentations of objects of all kinds. But I cannot voluntarily introduce the presentation of an object which I want to see. The vivid "inner sight" has its own way of choosing objects to be presented.

[2] "Notices et Extraits des MSS. de la Bib. Imp." I. xix. pp. 643–645.

mentions crystal-gazing as "an empirical method of developing internal vision," as when all sense of the presence of the glass ball is lost, and the seer appears to be looking at a real occurrence among actual people. But when the vision is spontaneous, and corresponds with an unknown distant event, or unknown experience of a distant person, Mr. Myers gives his reasons for dissenting from Sir William Crookes's theory of "ether waves of even smaller amplitude and greater frequency than those which carry the X rays." The syntonisation of the cerebral coherers (these are bonny scientific words!) is rather too good for Sir William Crookes's theory, and also rather too bad. Jones, in Australia, unconsciously transmits waves which only his friend Brown, in Bayswater, picks up. But sometimes Smith and Green, strangers to Jones, but in Brown's company, pick them up too. How to explain these syntonisations?

Now comes Mr. Myers's novelty, bearing on our occasional observations of the subliminal self at a distance from his organism, whether living or decaying. Jones's subliminal self has actually made a "psychical excursion," or "invasion" has actually set up a "phantasmogenetic centre" in "the percipient's surroundings" which are also the surroundings of Smith and Green. All perceive the phantasm generated by the subliminal self of Jones, installed by him, during his psychical excursion, say, from Australia. As Mr. Myers admits, this is rather like "palæolithic psychology." But it is not really more akin to palæolithic psychology than the Australian Arunta theory of evolution is akin to that of Dr. A. R. Wallace; than the Gourn-ditcha theology is akin to that of the Church; than the Dieri theory of the Origin of Totemism is akin to that of Mr. Fison; than another savage theory is akin to that of Dr. Haddon; and so on. Primitive man, like Brookes of Sheffield, is sharp; and I cannot scout a civilised theory of evolution, theology, totemism, or phantasms merely because it had occurred to neolithic man: of palæolithic man we know little.

He was an admirable artist, and quite clever enough to have a theory of phantasms.

Now let us apply Mr. Myers's theory to my own observations of the subliminal self apart from his organism. Two years ago I was sitting, and making copy, where I am sitting now. I was opposite the window, two paces from my writing-table. The window looks out on a path through a little garden. The path is fourteen paces long, it is closed at the farther end by an iron gate, giving on the road from Leuchars to St. Andrews. I looked up from my work (on Scottish History) and saw Mr. Q. He was just within my gate, and ran up the path to my door. He was dressed in a grey cloth cap, and a greyish or brownish ulster, and was smiling. I went to open the front door and welcome him. The process occupies seven seconds. There was nobody at the door, in the garden, or within sight. Tradespeople do not enter by that gate, nor by that door. Again, I do not remember that Mr. Q. ever did come into my house, except in my own company, in the afternoon. I dined out that evening and met Mrs. Q. without her husband. He had a cold, or other malady, and was not going out. Now, on Mr. Myers's theory, I presume that Mr. Q.'s unifying principle, or subliminal self, had made an "excursion," and set up a phantasmogenetic agency in my garden. Perhaps he was asleep at the time (say 3.30 P.M.), but the owner of another self, whose phantasm I saw and spoke to once, was only on the other side of a door, and wide awake: and not in the dress in which I saw her *eidolon*.

Mr. Myers says that, unlike palæolithic man, he finds his own theory "credible with difficulty." So do I, who have no theory. Mr. Myers's theory does not imply that Jones, say, is *consciously* trying to make an excursion and set up a phantasmogenetic agency. "Different fractions of the personality can act so far independently of each other that the one is not conscious of the other's action." Mr. Myers's theory implies some relation of the subliminal self to space; the space in our surroundings is, somehow, modified by that self's excursions.

If so, that accounts for *collective* observation of phantasms, by a group of people, of which several examples are given. In fact, when one of a group sees a phantasm, I think that the experience is frequently collective. Any person may try the experiment of saying, "Hullo, there's Jones!" and may discover how often his companions also see Jones—by "suggestion" (the popular science explanation). This is quite a scientific experiment, but may lead to strong opinions as to the sanity of the experimenter. Mr. Myers offers large numbers of anecdotes of phantasms which coincided with crises in the lives of their distant owners. These tales are mainly borrowed from "Phantasms of the Living," now difficult to procure, and from the archives, mainly in print, of the S.P.R.

Among the stories the "reciprocal" are not the least curious. A. at one place is conscious of removing to and of seeing B., perhaps B. and C. at another place; and B. or B. and C. simultaneously see A. Of this class of anecdote, that numbered 666c is interesting. (Vol. I. p. 682 *et seq.*) Mr. Wilmot leaves Liverpool for New York on October 3, 1863. That fact, the sailing of the ship, is officially confirmed. Mr. Wilmot's cabin-mate, sleeping in the berth above him, was an Englishman, in Anglican orders, the Rev. William Tait, now deceased. After eight days of tempest there came a lull. Mr. Wilmot slept well, but dreamed that his wife, then in America, entered his cabin in her night-dress, hesitated on seeing that he was not alone, then advanced, kissed him, and withdrew. On waking he found Mr. Tait looking at him. "You're a pretty fellow," said Mr. Tait, "to have a lady come and visit you in this way." On being pressed, Mr. Tait admitted that he, being then awake, had seen what Mr. Wilmot saw only in a dream. He thrice repeated his statement, in answer to Mr. Wilmot's inquiries. Moreover, Miss Wilmot, in the same ship, says that Mr. Tait asked her if she had visited her brother; and told her that he had seen a woman in white enter the cabin.

So far the obvious explanation is that some lady on board walked in her sleep, and that Mr. Wilmot did not dream of her, but actually saw her. But, on joining his family, Mr. Wilmot was asked by his wife, if he had seen her when she visited him "a week ago on Tuesday." She then explained that, when apparently awake in bed, she seemed to herself to cross the sea, enter his state-room, see a man in the upper berth, yet advance and kiss her husband. She correctly described the ship, and a peculiar arrangement of the berths. In this case she did not appear to herself to see the ship from her bed, but to move to it through space.

I give a tale of the same kind. Mr. B., son of Sir J. B., fell asleep in his club in Princes Street, Edinburgh. He dreamed that he was late for dinner, that he walked quickly to his father's house in Abercromby Place, let himself in with his latch-key, ran upstairs, and, from the first landing, saw his father come out of the dining-room and look up at him. Then he wakened, and found that it was nearly midnight. He walked home, but could not open the door, which was locked. His father came to the door, opened it, and said, "What are you about? You let yourself in with the key, and ran upstairs, a quarter of an hour ago. I lost sight of you on the landing, and locked the house up. Why did you go out again?" Mr. B. explained that he had dreamed all that. This is from a narrative signed by Mr. B. and Lady B.; Sir John B. is dead. Here we have what? A "psychical excursion," and a phantasmogenetic agency? I do not know, feeling only certain that such narratives ought to be examined, as containing evidence to unknown human faculties.

Mr. Myers, with his theory, extends his view to "phantasms of the dead." If they can be authenticated, then the dead produces his phantasmogenetic agency with no aid from a brain which is dust. Here I give an example which was unknown to Mr. Myers. Lord K. is a person of the highest public importance, not as a politician. He and Lady K. are both in the very prime of life and health. They occupied for

seven years an old house in L——shire. One summer evening, Lady K. was sitting at dinner. Behind her was the window looking on the garden: opposite to her was a mirror. In the mirror she saw a woman in black, walking in the garden. She looked over her shoulder; there the woman was, and Lady K. thought that she had come up from the village. Later she often saw the woman in the garden, later still in the house, but never could come to close quarters with her. Lady K. held her peace and kept her counsel. One day, when Lord K. was sitting with her in the front drawing-room, she saw him gazing into the back drawing-room. "Do you see anything?" she asked. "Yes." "What do you see?" Lord K. then described the appearance of a woman in black. He saw her on several occasions, once in the billiard-room; he pursued her, but to no purpose. He first told me the story, and then Lady K. was good enough to write it out, with their signatures. Guests and servants had the same experience. Lord K. spoke to the agent of the owner of the house, but found him unwilling to discuss the subject. Lady K. says that for long she did not mind the experiences, but that they ended by annoying her.

We cannot trace this appearance to any actual dead person, but, at all events, this house was the centre of a permanent possibility of hallucination, affecting Lord K. before he had heard that any woman in black was in the habit of being seen in the rooms.

To Mr. Myers's mind, there were two conceivable explanations of well-authenticated cases of this kind. First, for all that we know, past events and persons cast a shadow behind, a kind of photograph on we know not what, impressed we know not how, observed we know not how. We are in the infancy of knowledge about such purely "physical" possibilities.

Let me give a case, of such an impression produced by a "material" object. I have mislaid the reference, but the tale serves merely as an illustration.

Some one, coming for the first time to a certain country

house, remarked a staircase leading up from the hall. Next day he saw no such matter, and asked his host, "What has become of that staircase?" "There is no such staircase," said the other; "there once was one, but it has long been removed." Now, if bricks and mortar could leave such a "trace," so may human beings.[1]

Again, given "retrocognition," one of the alleged faculties of the subliminal self, or of Hegel's "sensitive soul," then dead occupants of a house may be "retrocognised."

This would afford no presumption in favour of the survival of the self. But Mr. Myers's general theory was this. The ghosts in well-attested cases are almost invariably flitting, evasive, motiveless phantasms—to look at much like somnambulists, still more like phantasms of the living. These last, on Mr. Myers's theory, are not set up, as a rule, by any *conscious* action of their living owners. If they are created by the unconscious phantasmogenetic agencies of their owners, so, by parity of reasoning, are the phantasms of the dead, whose selves, therefore, somehow survive. Now that the phantasms of the living are not always mere psychological freaks on the part of their observers, or "precipients," Mr. Myers argues, first from the numerous cases in which the phantasm synchronises with the death, or other crisis of the owner of the phantasm. In the "Census of Hallucinations" the statistical conclusion was that the phantasm coincided with the death of his owner 440 times oftener than he ought to do, by the laws of chance, after every conceivable deduction had been made. Now these statistics are an unknown number of degrees better than what Mr. E. B. Tylor produced in his statistical examination of the laws regulating marriage among savage and barbarian peoples.[2] Thus Mr. Tylor, out of 350 peoples, would give a fact occurring twenty-two times "where accident might fairly have given eleven." The eleven against the twenty-two—it is

[1] Of course the appearance might be a telepathic hallucination from the mind of some one who had seen the staircase.

[2] *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, February 1889, pp. 245–269.

two to one. But the S.P.R., out of 17,000 persons, gets the fact of the coincident phantasm occurring in the ratio of 440 times, where accident should produce 1.

Thus, Mr. Myers regarded phantasms of the living, or rather dying, as having an origin in their owners; moreover, the appearances were often seen by several persons at once, so he could not deem them mere psychological freaks on the side of the observer. As to phantasms of the dead, there could not be the evidence of a coincidence with any posthumous crisis of the dead. The evidence, practically, could only be that the phantasm, in one way or other, conveyed information unknown to the living observers, and this point is illustrated in a number of instances.

To myself, after reading the evidence, it appears that a fairly strong presumption is raised in favour of a "phantasmogenetic agency" set at work, in a vague unconscious way, by the deceased, and I say this after considering the adverse arguments of Mr. Podmore, for example, in favour of telepathy from living minds, and all the hypotheses of hoaxing, exaggerative memory, malobservation, and so forth—not to mention the popular nonsense about "What is the use of it?" "Why is it permitted?" and the rest of it. What is the use of *argon*, why are cockroaches "permitted?"

So far I can go, a long way, with Mr. Myers. I do firmly believe that there are human faculties, as yet unexplained, as yet inconsistent with popular scientific "materialism." But when Mr. Myers goes farther, and expresses a belief that messages from the dead are uttered by Mrs. Piper, or were written by the late Rev. Stainton Moses, or given by table-tilting, or automatic writing, I cannot march with him. The curious may compare Mr. Myers's reverential treatment of Mr. Moses with the account by Mr. Podmore, who also knew him, in "Modern Spiritualism." Mr. Moses got a third class in Moderations, a pass in Greats. He was a clergyman of stainless character, and a schoolmaster, mainly teaching English Literature. His performances were given only before a little

flock of intimate friends. But I agree with Mr. Podmore that his "controls" or "guides" were mere freaks of his own brain, and that his "messages" from the dead contained nothing that he could not pick up in newspapers and works of reference. His "physical" marvels were not observed under test conditions, and, if fraudulent, were deliberately fraudulent. This implies almost a moral miracle (for the man was otherwise upright); but who can calculate the excesses of an hysterical temperament overwrought?

On the other hand, I am unable to accept Mr. Podmore's theory of the world-wide phenomena of the Poltergeist—the noises, and flights of objects—as always mere results of fraud, and collective hallucination, and exaggerative memory.[1] I cannot believe that a "circle" mainly composed of men in the Oxford Eleven and Football team was of the sort to be easily "hallucinated" collectively, or to abstain from "ragging" the medium (who shone in Rugby football) if they found him cheating.[2] When the bowler and the wicket-keeper of the Eleven told me what they did tell me, both being clear-headed sceptics who cared for none of these things, when the wicket-keeper (in whose rooms the men met) averred that the *vacarme* persisted through the night, after all the men had gone, I cannot repose easily on Mr. Podmore's explanation. But I have none of my own. Mr. Podmore, having a theory, is well content, but I think he is rather easily satisfied, and happily impermeable to adverse arguments in favour of suspense of judgment. At all events, it is salutary to compare his book with that of Mr. Myers, and to try to discount the bias of either author. We must not allow ourselves to be prejudiced by the

[1] In the new number of the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, Mr. Podmore and I wrangle on this point.

[2] I am well aware of what is sure to be said about my acceptance, as far as it goes, of the evidence of young English athletes, my friends, and, in two cases, my near kinsmen. But they were keen-sighted and agile, they were neither enthusiasts, nor theorists, nor women: nor mere scientific characters, like Messrs. Crookes and Huggins, and Lord Crawford. They had no point to make, they drew no inferences, and so I take their evidence to be good.

unfortunate circumstance that Mr. Podmore writes about "happenings."

To end with a confession of opinion: I entirely agree with Mr. Myers, and Hegel, that we, or many of us, are in something, or that something is in us, which "does not know the bonds of time, or feel the manacles of space." Mr. Myers knew, in detail, and I know, in gross, the reply of popular science, about living automata; consciousness as an "epiphenomenon," and the rest of it. The reply does not meet the facts which Mr. Myers produces; some of them win my belief, others do not. I do not believe that educated English people after death pick up American idioms. The controversy, therefore, turns on these facts, and though well aware of the methods by which popular science explains them away, I am also much alive to the futility of these methods. You can explain no facts by first egregiously misstating them, and then accounting for the circumstances as given in your misstatement.

A. LANG.

THE RESTORATION OF OXFORD

> "The principal of all the reforms which deserve consideration at the hands of Schools and Universities, though it lies chiefly in the hands of the latter, is the lowering of the age of the students. . . . It seems to me certain that the Schools keep boys too old: that the Universities accept them too late, and keep them too long: and that if the average age were a couple of years younger, the number of those who would be able to look forward to a university education would be largely increased. . . . Two years or two years and a half might be given to additional study by those who chose to proceed to a further examination for the degree of Master of Arts."
>
> EDWARD BOWEN.

TO the student of history who tries to reconstruct the University life of our forefathers, there is no contrast more striking, no change which makes it harder to conceive and present a true picture of the past, than the disparity in the age of undergraduates then and now. Moreover, an examination of records seem to show that the age at which boys were commonly entered at the Universities altered but little from Stuart times till well into the nineteenth century. In 1625 John Milton was "ready for college at sixteen, not earlier than the usual age at that period."[1] Seventy years later we find the young Marquess of Tavistock, son of the Whig martyr, Lord Russell, about to commence residence at Cambridge at fifteen; and only saved by the resolute inter-

[1] Mark Pattison's "Milton."

ference of his wise mother from being put forward as a candidate for Parliament.

Samuel Johnson, it is true, did not go up to Pembroke till he was nineteen; but it appears that his going up at all was an afterthought, and only made possible by pecuniary assistance from friends, which was not offered earlier. He found himself much older than his companions, a circumstance which increased the isolation in which his poverty and uncouthness set him. His friend, Dr. Adams, to whom we largely owe our scanty knowledge of Johnson's life at Oxford, was fellow of Pembroke at seventeen, and tutor at twenty-four.

In the year 1792 Edward Gibbon, surely the most singular of freshmen, commenced Gentleman Commoner at Magdalen College in his fifteenth year. The history and lesson of the disastrous "fourteen months" of his residence, we shall have to discuss later; here it is only important to note the age at which he entered.

Passing to the early years of the nineteenth century we find no change. In 1806 John Keble, at the age of fourteen years and seven months, in 1811 Thomas Arnold aged fifteen years and eight months were admitted Scholars of Corpus, and became members of the society described by Sir John Coleridge in a letter to Dean Stanley.[1]

> We might be, indeed we were, somewhat boyish in manner, and in the liberties we took with each other; but our interest in literature, ancient and modern, and in all the stirring matters of that stirring time was not boyish; we debated the classic and romantic question; we discussed poetry and history, logic and philosophy; or we fought over the Peninsular battles and the Continental campaigns with the energy of disputants personally concerned in them. Our habits were inexpensive and temperate. . . .

The admission of Coleridge himself at nearly nineteen is noted as an exception and taking a number of instances we find the average age somewhat under sixteen.

In the last eighty years, however, the age of entry has gradually and steadily advanced until to-day most boys begin

[1] Quoted in Dr. Fowler's "History of Corpus Christi College, Oxford."

their college life at nineteen, an age at which Francis Bacon had already taken his degree at Trinity, Cambridge, been admitted to the Society of "Ancients" of Gray's Inn, passed two years abroad in the train of Sir Amyas Paulet, the Queen's Ambassador to France, and, on his father's death, settled down to carve out a career for himself at the Bar.[1]

Bacon no doubt was precocious among the men of his own time, but, all allowances made, the contrast is striking. We resolutely keep the young men of our well-to-do classes *in statu pupillari* till they are twenty-three.

Robert Louis Stevenson notes this well in his comparison of the English and Scottish character.[2]

> Certainly for one thing English boys are younger for their age.
>
> The English lad goes to Oxford or Cambridge; there in an ideal world of gardens to lead a semi-scenic life, costumed, disciplined, and drilled by proctors; nor is this to be regarded merely as a stage of education; it is a piece of privilege besides, and a step that separates him further from the bulk of his compatriots.

We may admit, with a smile or a sigh, that the drill and discipline are for the most part "semi-scenic"; the privilege is very real indeed. Endowed with a large and sudden measure of liberty, English undergraduates are still carefully guarded from the results of their own actions. They are even exempted from the operation of the common law of England, by the jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors, and this exemption, which would be wise and salutary for boys, is becoming absurd when it is extended to grown men.

It would be serious enough if the move from school to college were only a new lease of boyhood; but in fact we give a deliberate set-back to the normal maturing process, by the grant of freedom without responsibility. Compare an undergraduate in his first or second year with a sixth-form boy, monitor or prefect, in a Public School.

It is difficult to see how this evil can be avoided under

[1] "Bacon," by Dean Church, ch. i. pp. 7–9.

[2] "The Foreigner at Home."

present conditions. The modern undergraduate is too old for the rules and restrictions of a school; and on the other hand, Duty and Responsibility are not yet presented to him in the convincing form which they wear in actual life. But the result for numbers of men, especially, but not only, well-to-do passmen, is an artificial infancy of intellect and morals, from which some never emerge, and which is a long price to pay for the pleasant extension of boyhood for three or four years.

Time was, and not so very long ago either, when the English Public School System was looked on as the guardian of the National Character (*ex hypothesi* the best possible), as the envy of foreign nations, a thing which they might strive after in their inferior way but never wholly attain. Just now the pendulum has swung rather far the other way, and the Public Schools have to bear the blame of all our national failures, from the decay of the Aniline dye trade to Colenso. The most recent and notable manifesto of the assailant party is Sir Oliver Lodge's slashing article, with its "scare headline" title, on Mr. A. C. Benson's delightfully indiscreet book.[1] The advantage, I think, is rather dialectical than substantial. Eton is not the only school in England, nor is Professor Lodge's brilliant rhetoric wholly convincing. But Mr. Benson can take very good care of himself, especially with Mr. Fletcher of Rugby to help him: it is no business of mine to fight his battles. The attack may be intemperate and even unfair, but it is the worst possible policy of defence to ignore weak places or deny their existence.

It is only just to say that Mr. Benson does nothing of the kind; he points out defects with engaging frankness: and his admissions give colour to the general feeling that the ordinary course at a Public School allows, almost entails, a considerable waste of time. It is certainly true that in Army-classes a largely increased amount of work is exacted without producing collapse or rebellion, because the pupil has a definite purpose in view, whereas the remoter prospect of competing for a

[1] "The Schoolmaster," by A. C. Benson (John Murray, 1902).

University scholarship does not afford any adequate stimulus to boys under sixteen. And for other reasons it is just in the last two years, when this motive might be expected to operate in some cases, that the waste of time is most inevitable and most pernicious. An able boy will have exhausted the good he can get from sixth-form work by the time he is seventeen; not because the teaching is bad, but because in a form the method must be adapted to the average, with large consideration for the weaker brethren. In classics it is the difference between reading authors in comparatively small sections with precise attention to critical detail, and in taking them in large masses as literature: and in other subjects there seems to be the same difficulty in attaining a wide and intelligent view of the work. As soon as the distinctive methods of teaching which must obtain at school cease to help the intellectual development they hamper it most seriously, and the point at which they fail comes commonly earlier than nineteen. And if the scholar and the student waste their time, what are we to say of the boy who is retained that he may play in the eleven another year, or merely because he is such a good fellow? He is kept away from the bracing influence of reality, under restraints which no longer have any meaning for him; he is not now expected to make any real effort in the lessons which represent so large a part of the idea of duty to the schoolboy mind. It is fortunate, indeed, though I believe it is commoner than we have any right to expect, if he does no worse than waste his own and other people's time. I am here brought to the consideration of a second point which I have no wish to labour, but am obliged to mention, to wit, that the association of boys between fourteen and nineteen in large numbers has not been found wholly satisfactory in its moral and social aspect.

That, and no more, I think, is the case against the Public Schools.

The recent numerous attacks which have been made on our

older Universities may likewise have been ill informed, and inspired by a spirit of Commercialism which measures all success by a pecuniary standard;[1] but they also are based on a deep-seated and not altogether unreasonable distrust of the education given in the Universities either as a training for practical life or as the basis of a profounder study in any branch of learning. And this alternative purpose of University life sets before us the real question which has to be answered, and answered quickly by those who govern Oxford and Cambridge, or in their default by the English people at large. Is a University to be a High School or a seat of Learning? and if it is to be both, in what proportion? At present our Universities are almost entirely High Schools, or at least they are so regarded by the British public, and the legislation based on reports of University Commissions has studiously fostered this tendency, and discouraged research, by its method of dealing with endowments.

Under the old system of life Fellowships, of ten men elected perhaps five soon went out into the world, and vacated their fellowships by marriage or for other reasons; four, let us say, content with their past labours, enjoyed the bounty of their Pious Founder, in edifying or even unedifying leisure, taking for motto—

Deus nobis haec otia fecit.

And the tenth became a really learned man, master of all that was to be known on one subject, and widely read in many others: not perhaps writing, or not publishing much, but of inestimable value as maintaining the tradition of learning, and the *aura* of deep and liberal culture, which should be, and I think is not, the natural atmosphere of a University town. Was he worth it, the one scholar to the four drones? Perhaps —perhaps not. But my point is that he is not possible at all

[1] "There is some danger, it would seem, of deciding the question of national education with reference to the necessity, real or supposed, of a particular economical crisis, not to the permanent and general interests, moral and intellectual of the nation." Goldwin Smith in MONTHLY REVIEW for January.

under the modern system. I would not for an instant disparage the able and distinguished men who adorn the Chairs and Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge ; but the type I am thinking of was essentially not the Professor, not primarily the teacher. It had its place ; and its place knows it no more.

Under the new system we have Official Fellowships and Prize Fellowships.[1] The time of the Official Fellow in term is wholly taken up with teaching and organisation, examination and a thousand and one Committees and Boards, which leave him no time whatever for extending or confirming his own knowledge. It will no doubt be objected that University vacations are of enormous length and provide ample leisure for independent study. We were told not long ago in the *Times* by an eminent scientist, who is perhaps not quite an impartial judge of the virtues and defects of the Oxford system, that the terms, nominally eight weeks, are actually seven weeks in length for practical purposes. It was implied, in fact, that teachers and learners have twenty-one weeks work in the year and thirty-one of inglorious repose. Now, apart from the fact that at all the Colleges there is a fringe of two or three days over and above the statutory eight weeks, and that undergraduates who are prepared to work are allowed to reside, if they wish, in the two shorter vacations,[2] it would be much nearer the truth to say that the Official Fellow gets in three terms of ten or eleven weeks between the beginning of October and the end of June. The Christmas and Easter vacations do not give time for more than the preparation of lectures or other work bearing directly on a man's teaching. Still there remains the Long Vacation, four whole months, a magnificent endowment of time. But this too is relentlessly whittled away by the claims of the undergraduate. Pass examinations, and College entrance examinations go on till July, and Tutors

[1] It is true that Research Fellowships are provided for by the Statutes, and a few are given ; but their holders are not all resident, and they are not numerous enough to leaven the mass.

[2] At Cambridge regularly in the Long Vacation.

who are examining in the Final Honour Schools, or for the Oxford and Cambridge Board, are not free till the beginning of August. I have not the least desire to make out that the College Tutor is an over-worked person. Sometimes he is over-worked; but as a rule it is a life of congenial if rather exacting work, with ample holiday as compared with other professions. Only it *is* work enough to take most of a man's time and energy if he does his duty. But, granted the time, there is in most Colleges a far more serious impediment to systematic work in the Long Vacation; which also we owe to the Commission, though I have no doubt its action in this case was both righteous and inevitable. Except in a very few wealthy Colleges with a large body of Fellows, marriage has put an end to college life. The question how the system of married Fellowships works in term time, though becoming an urgent one, is too long to be discussed here; but in vacation its practical effect is that most Colleges are closed for residence from July to October. Of course, in theory a resident Fellow can claim *victum et cubile* the year round: but even the most confirmed lover of solitude must be a hard man if he can face for long the meek resentment of college servants who are kept on duty for his sole behoof, harder still if he can ignore the depression of the Bursar who sees his kitchen kept unprofitably open by the obstinate residence of a single colleague. In practice the solitary Fellow is driven down, and unless he has a house of his own outside Oxford, work is apt to be an illusion. Though he take packing-cases full of books, it is ever the book which remains on the shelf that he needs at the crucial moment. These considerations may appear sordid, but a reform which would keep a body of students, who would give each other company without interruption, in residence for a great part of the year, would be a solid help to learning.

Prize Fellowships are simply prizes. A College, in consideration of his past achievements culminating in a brilliant examination, endows a man with £200 a year for seven years.

There is no guarantee whatever that he will be a student of any kind. The College cannot prevent him from going on the Stock Exchange the week after he is elected if he likes: as far as the contract goes the College is merely a source of income to him, and there is no constraining reason why he should take the least interest in it or its affairs (so long as it is solvent), although he is a member of its governing body, and might conceivably decide the most important questions of its management by his vote.

Beside the teaching staffs of the Colleges, but not at present organised into any practical combination or continuity with them, are the teachers maintained by the University, the Professors and Readers. If I venture to suggest that these eminent persons are not so effective as could be expected and desired, it is because I am encouraged in that belief by the openly expressed dissatisfaction of the Professors themselves.

The College Tutor envies the salaried ease of the Professor, and the Professor declares that he desires exceedingly to teach, especially pupils who are interested in their subject beyond the ordinary routine, but he is a *vox clamantis in deserto*, because all the time men can spare from preparing for Civil Service examinations must be devoted to reading for Schools whose *syllabus* gets more specialised and exacting every year.

As I have suggested above, it does not befit an ancient University to yield to ignorant and interested clamour from without; but I think we must reluctantly admit that in the general opinion of those who have a right to judge, and indeed in our own opinion, the Universities are capable of improvement both as High Schools and as seats of Learning—whether they are regarded as training-grounds for citizens, or as homes for learned men, in which they can enjoy unmolested the maintenance, leisure, and moderate dignity which are necessary for the ripening of sound and mature work. I suggest that the two functions might best be combined to the profit of both —instead of being confused as they are now, to their mutual detriment—by returning to the practice of our ancestors, in

the matter instanced at the beginning of this paper, the age at which students are admitted to the Universities.

I propose that the age at every step in the education of a boy up to the taking of the first Degree should be lowered by three years.

(1) Boys should go to the Public Schools at eleven or twelve at the latest: and proceed to the University at about sixteen. The age limit for open Scholarships should be fixed at sixteen instead of nineteen.

(2) There should be a three years' course with residence (Honour and Pass as at present) for the Bachelor of Arts Degree. The curriculum would have to be modified somewhat to suit the young students; but not, I think, as much as might be supposed. Able boys are quite fit at sixteen to read Classics and History, and certainly Science, on an intelligent and comprehensive system: and any attempt to lower the Pass standard would land the explorer at once on the bed-rock.

It is probable that in dealing with boys, some intermediate examination corresponding to Moderations would be found necessary in the interests of discipline and application in the first year. And the final school of Literæ Humaniores would have to be divided, the Philosophy perhaps, and a good deal of the Archæology, being deferred to a later stage.

(3) There should be a further three years' course for the Degrees of Master of Arts and Bachelor of Divinity, Law, Medicine, Science and Letters. This course would be confined to those who in the earlier course had shown themselves capable of serious study, not all those or only those who had been placed in the first class in any examination. The second Degree would be given (not necessarily by examination) on work done by the student, and selected within wide limits by himself; especial importance being attached to original work in any branch. Thus the M.A. and B.D.,[1] now respectable

[1] The conditions under which Divinity Degrees are granted at Oxford are unworthy alike of the University and the Church. At Cambridge, I understand, things are better.

but meaningless letters, would be restored again (which is much to be wished) to the position of true "Degrees," the index of some real advance in study and attainments. The candidates for the second Degree would be under the especial supervision and guidance of the Professors in the several Faculties. They would be encouraged to reside for eight or nine months of the year, and would be subject (as resident Bachelors are now at Cambridge), to the paternal discipline of the Proctors.

A secondary point which would demand the grave consideration of the organisers of this new course of study, is the question of the conditions under which senior students who had not taken the B.A. degree of the University might be admitted to the more advanced course.

It is obvious that these sweeping changes in the life of the University would entail a redistribution of endowments: which I should trace as follows:

(1) Senior Scholarships (such as exist already at Brasenose, Magdalen and Balliol), of £100 to £120, would have to be provided to enable men who needed assistance to reside after their B.A. degree. The money for these Scholarships would come partly from the existing Scholarship funds which in most Colleges could well contribute for such a purpose. At present the number of Entrance Scholarships and Exhibitions offered yearly, is, if I may say so, larger than the number of candidates who deserve them as prizes: for prizes in effect, being "open," they are. I should like to see these educational endowments, and the Scholarships at the Public Schools,[1] restored to those for whom they were intended, and limited to youths of reasonable promise and narrow means. Partly also a

[1] The practice of electing young boys to valuable Scholarships by competitive examination is thoroughly bad. The strain at that age is every way injurious: and, owing to the dexterity with which candidates who can afford it are prepared, the method fails even in its supposed purpose of securing the ablest boys.

University striving her best to meet the needs of the nation might hopefully look to the Pious Benefactor for help, even without joining herself to the worshipful fraternity of begging-letter writers.

(2) Fellowships (apart from Official Fellowships) should be strictly tied to the endowment of research. They should entail residence unless it is found desirable that the Fellow should travel or reside out of the University for definite purpose of study, with the permission of the College. Their tenure should be simply and easily renewable from time to time, and dependent on the continuance of the work for which the Fellow was elected.

II

Such in outline is the scheme which I would suggest for the better employment of the great educational machinery which we have inherited from many generations, which we are bound to hand on effective, and if possible improved, to our posterity. I venture to think that, if it could be carried out, it would furnish a solution of numerous difficulties, and would considerably benefit both the nation as a whole, and the cause of learning in particular; and I propose to set down here some of the advantages which I conceive would result from the change.

(1) The most important effect of all, in my opinion, certainly the one which would concern by far the larger number is that men would pass out of the University into active life at nineteen instead of twenty-two or twenty-three. At present it is impossible to advise a parent of moderate means to send his son to the University unless he is intended for one of a very few professions. To put it in the crude financial way which I have already deprecated, a man is no more qualified to earn his living at most trades when he leaves college than he was when he left school. On the other hand, he is at least three years older; he very possibly has acquired habits of leisure, and has

certainly become acquainted with a standard of luxury higher than he will be able to attain by his own efforts for many years. The result is that most boys who are to go into business, or to be doctors or solicitors, do not go to the University at all. They are compelled by necessity to start their career at a reasonable age; but the loss to the general culture and intellectual life of the nation is considerable. Even those whose parents can well afford the time and money, or are prepared to make sacrifices to that end, find themselves handicapped by a late beginning. It is not only the actual loss of years, though that is something; but the young student is more receptive and adaptable, and more tolerant of reasonable hardship than the elderly tiro.

(2) The change in the conditions of life in the Universities and Colleges would be marked in some things, and would have to be carefully regulated. An aspect of it which is particularly interesting to residents is the question of discipline. At this point it would be attractive, and very much to my purpose, to draw a lurid picture of the depravity and disorder of the modern undergraduate, but considerations of truth compel me to abstain from that valuable argument. It is very easy to prove *a priori* that discipline in the Universities is non-existent because it has no effective sanctions except sending a man down, which no College wants to do. It is not difficult with a little research to collect a rather startling array of instances which tend to support this conclusion. I will even admit that the Schoolmaster turned College Tutor is apt to be scandalised at first, till he has learnt the distinction between what he must see and hear, and what it is perfectly right and safe not to see and hear. I have spoken lightly above of discipline as "semi-scenic;" but the fact is that the system, being quite unique and anomalous and illogical like the British Constitution, works extremely well on the whole, and sometimes breaks down in part. A certain amount of unnecessary noise, a certain lack of consideration for the feelings of neighbours being accepted as the inevitable concomitant of robust youth, there is

as a rule a sensible and kindly understanding between governors and governed, and a sound public opinion in favour of seemliness and morality.

When we come to deal with boys instead of men, no doubt the reins will have to be somewhat tightened: some return, though not too much, will have to be made in the direction of the old order.

(3) But there is one matter in which a strong and sensible discipline might be, and would easily be applied unrelentingly till custom and habit took the place of Law. The necessary expenses of University life, necessary that is if a man is to enjoy the full advantages of innocent companionship, are unduly heavy and tend to increase. The sacrifices which a poor man has to make in order to send his son up to Oxford or Cambridge are inevitably so great, that any addition to them seems almost a crime; but it does not imply any abnormal selfishness in his son to take his part thoughtlessly in the athletic and social life of the place, to live as he sees others living, to buy what he need not pay for yet: rather it needs exceptional strength of character to abstain. I speak of what I have seen.

If we consider further the numerous class of boys who would benefit greatly by a University education, but cannot come up at all because their means do not reach the highly artificial minimum now required, and those again whose life is narrowed and embittered, not because their means are really inadequate, but because the average expenditure is excessive, we shall see that here, at any rate, is urgent need of reform. At present I do not see any likely means of securing that reform, but with the age lowered it would be easy. Even rich parents would, most of them, be prepared to act reasonably in the matter of allowance; and all ostentation and recklessness of expenditure could be firmly discouraged. The cost of living and entertainment could be strictly limited; and, above all, the system of credit, which is such a deadly snare to the inexperienced youth just emancipated from school, could be instantly destroyed, or, rather, would collapse of itself when

debts were not recoverable at law. Only one thing would be needful. The simplicity and economy which are expected from the undergraduate must be unsparingly enforced upon the Senior Common Room too. The rather luxurious standard of living, which exists among the residents at the Universities as compared with people of similar income in the country at large, is a bad survival from the time when no one did any work after three o'clock, and is curiously at variance with the working hours of the College Tutor. It may be regarded as a compensation for the discomforts of college life; in fact, it accentuates them. Reform in this matter would be welcomed at least by the married Tutor, and would be made easy, if not inevitable, by the presence of resident Fellows content to live on the endowments of their Fellowships in order to have time for original work. That life in a University should be something harder and stricter, not apparently easier and more luxurious than the common, would assuredly be for the good of learning and education, and would prove, I think, not deterrent.

(4) It is just possible when so radical a change was being effected that a united effort of the Universities and Public Schools would be able to put Athletics in their proper place in education, as Servant not Master; but no—

εὐφημεῖν χρὴ κἀξίστασθαι.

I will turn to safer if less interesting topics.

I have dealt hitherto with the possible advantages to the University as High School: it is time now to speak of it as a seat of Learning, and pass from the Bachelor of Arts course taken by all undergraduates to further courses of study intended for the comparatively few.

(5) The serious student would be relieved in good time from the trammels of examination in set books, and would be able to pursue a congenial line of special study, still under competent guidance and direction. It would be the duty of the Professors and teachers to check mere dilettantism and

caprice, and to see that the Degree was not conferred except as the recognition of solid work. If the existing Periodicals devoted to various branches of Learning and Science were insufficient, a Journal might very well be issued terminally or quarterly by the University Press in which the published results of student research would be submitted to the criticism of experts outside the circle of the teaching staff, in England and abroad.

(6) The Professors, instead of lecturing to empty benches or non-academic audiences, would not only be furnished with well-grounded pupils who would value the lectures and demonstrations at their intrinsic worth, and not solely according as they were "good for the Schools"; but would also be provided with a band of intelligent student-assistants, under their own training, to assist them in research, and do such parts of the work as could be entrusted to a subordinate. This method while giving the best practical training to the learner, would be found, as it has been found, to be the basis of rapid and sound advance in original work, both in scholarship and the experimental sciences.

(7) It is not unreasonable to hope that the research Fellows and resident Bachelors would form a quiet and studious society which would gradually affect all College life, and give a tone very different to the sharp alternations of business and pleasure which now characterise it. They would at any rate utilise the buildings and plant of the Universities for the greater part of the year; and provide for each other, and for all who desired to stay up and read in the vacation, a stimulating and congenial companionship.

(8) The three years' residence after the first Degree would give an excellent opportunity for the Universities to take seriously in hand the preparation of candidates for the Civil Service Examinations. It is true that, examination being in question, freedom of study disappears: and a special staff of teachers would have to be employed. But at least a scheme might be devised with the sanction of the Commissioners and

the India Office to enable the Universities to hold their own in this field. Perhaps we have a good deal to learn from the crammers, but, if we could learn it, men would be better at Oxford and Cambridge.

The training of teachers, which is becoming so prominent of late, would also belong to this period. Though it need not occupy the whole three years, it would have ample time, instead of clashing as it does now with other work, and the year of student-teaching in a school might be allowed to count as residence for the Degree.

Another problem, to my mind not less urgent, and certainly coming especially within the scope of the Universities, is the training of the Clergy. Educated people complain that, while other religious bodies find it possible to insist on an adequate period of preparation for candidates for their Ministry,[1] the Church of England is content to send her young clergy to this work but ill equipped, at least on the intellectual side. For men who graduate at twenty-two, a year at a Theological College is considered enough, and for a great many Oxford and Cambridge men that year must be spent in mere cram for the Bishop's examination. The standard in any case is not too high; and the knowledge hastily acquired and used for its purpose is very apt to slip away. Amid a growing general interest in religious questions, the life of a parish priest is not an environment favourable to study, and unless a man lays a good foundation before he is ordained he cannot keep abreast of his people afterwards. If three or four years before ordination could be devoted to special preparation, time could be found not only for theological study, but for training in other parts of a clergyman's duties, in reading and singing, in the whole technical and learnable side of the composition and delivery of sermons, and to some extent, too, in pastoral work.

The details here would have to be arranged between the

[1] The Presbyterian Churches of Scotland exact a four years Arts course, followed by three or four, years of professional training.

Bishops and the University Authorities. Probably the University would recognise, under proper guarantee, the Diocesan Theological Colleges, as affiliated colleges and allow residence and lectures in them to count towards the qualification for the degree of M.A. or B.D. The halls already existing for similar purposes in the University towns would also form the nucleus of a real School of Divinity.

(9) The most obvious gain to the Public Schools would be, as I have implied, to get rid of boys before they cease to be able to deal with them effectually and profitably. But I believe also that the change would do something to lessen the grave moral danger to which Mr. Benson refers in the fifteenth chapter of his book.[1] It is impossible to discuss this question here, but I do not speak without thought and a certain amount of experience and observation.

III

It has been my purpose in this paper to set before the public, fairly I trust, a possible important change in our educational system, and to describe the benefits which I suppose would result from it. It is not incumbent on me at present either to catalogue or refute possible objections. But there is one class of arguments against the scheme which, I think, may be set aside at once. Among the names of distinguished men which I chose to illustrate my point, I quoted, of set purpose, the name of Gibbon. I will offer Gibbon's experience at Magdalen as a text to any one who wants to discourse on the danger of sending up boys young: and in answer I will plead in the first place that College officers, under pressure of necessity, have woken up considerably since Gibbon's time. We are more watchful, and possibly more reputable. No longer

[1] "The dark shadow on the life of a schoolmaster. . . . the dread of the possibility of the prevalence, or at all events the existence of moral evil among his boys." "The Schoolmaster," p. 148.

do we allow young gentlemen to go down for a fortnight without leave or rebuke; no longer, I believe, do our "dull and deep potations excuse the brisk intemperance of youth."[1]

In the second place I will maintain that Gibbon was a genius as well as a naughty boy, and therefore must not be argued from: and lastly I shall call Milton, and Keble, and Arnold as witness on my side; or, if they are objected to as being geniuses too, the respectable Dr. Adams. As a matter of fact, a boy of sixteen is much more amenable to discipline than a boy of nineteen, besides being more open to new impressions. A far more serious difficulty, and one to which I confess I find no answer, is the existence of Preparatory School masters. They possess the most respectable of all vested interests, not only because the large capital invested in their schools is chiefly expended in providing for the comfort and welfare of their boys, not only because they are a most devoted and unselfish class of men, but because they came forward to fill the gap created by the tendency of the Public Schools to raise the age of admission and the resolute refusal of parents to keep their sons at home as long as they ought. Honestly I do not see what is to be done for them if we take their boys away at eleven instead of fourteen.[2] Probably some of the stronger private schools would make an effort to keep their boys till sixteen and send them straight to the University. I do not see any serious objection to this, when all schools are brought under Government inspection and regulation; and these boys would not be the worst prepared. But that the ranks should be filled up by boys going to a preparatory school even earlier than they do now would be a great evil. My own opinion is that a boy should be brought up at home till he is eleven or twelve, and then go to one school and the University.

[1] "Memoirs of My Life," Edw. Gibbon, p. 58, in the 1900 edition. The whole passage is admirably characteristic.

[2] Under the new Regulations they would still have a practical monopoly of boys intended for the Naval Services.

I have no doubt that the Reform I have suggested will be regarded as a Revolution, and resented as such irrespective of its merits. I see that I have not even attempted to solve innumerable problems of practical detail involved in bringing about such a change as this. I am profoundly distrustful of every kind of ready-made panacea for evils whose roots lie deep in character, and especially of legislative interference unless it is supported by an enlightened public opinion. But I commend this change as a return to the natural course, being convinced that the present system entails grievous loss upon the country, loss by the waste of the best teaching power and the hampering and discouragement of original study, and loss by the waste of good years of men's lives in the lessons and pursuits of boyhood.

The question I would respectfully offer to the impartial consideration of Educational Authorities and the English nation is this: Is it necessary and desirable to make this reform for the sake of Education and Learning? If the general opinion answers that it is desirable, men will surely be found to carry out the change wisely and efficiently.

JAMES H. F. PEILE.

A MORNING'S WORK IN A HAMPSTEAD GARDEN

THE famous Nightingale ode of Keats, by the evidence of his comrade Charles Brown, was the result of a few hours of inspiration which came to the poet as he sat under a plum-tree in the garden of Wentworth Place, Hampstead, on a May morning in 1819. In 1884 I remember Mr. William Dilke, a brother of the Charles Wentworth Dilke who conjointly with the same Brown built the house, indicating to me what he believed to be the very tree: but whether the local memories of so old a man were perfectly to be trusted I cannot say. ("I built that house opposite," he told me, pointing across the road, "and lived in it for some time, and then I let it on a sixty years' lease: and a few years ago the lease fell in.")

The charm of this poem grows with time: to each generation of readers it becomes more classical, not by faultlessness, for it has faults enough, but by felicity; by its intimately vital and beautiful expression of a mood which was of all others most characteristic of the poet's mind. This mood was engendered in him by circumstances acting upon an intense capacity alike for imaginative depression under the burden of life, imaginative refreshment by the delights of nature, and imaginative longing for extinction and repose. The proneness to such a mood, the power of thus draining with all his soul the mingled sweetness and bitterness of things from one cup which he was not

unwilling should be his last, were at their height in Keats during the brief months when his destiny hung in the balance; when on the one hand his poetic gift, his great inward resource and joy, had come to ripeness, and on the other the hostile forces of disease, passion, poverty, and misjudgment, were closing against but had not yet quite conquered him. And to this mood the odes, but most of all the Nightingale ode, give expression in a manner which combines in perfection intensity with ease, the deepest intuitions of poetry seeming to come to him as naturally (to use his own phrase) as leaves to a tree.

In such poetry as this there is a virtue which no amount of commentary or criticism can smother: or else I should be chary of printing what, with the leave of the editor of this magazine, I am about to print concerning it. The text of Keats, down to his most worthless doggerel fragments and his most trivial and unconsidered private letters, has been edited with as much care almost as the text of Sophocles. Even for the purpose of a cheap popular edition, my indefatigable friend Mr. Buxton Forman has thought it right to give every word and every variant that he was able to trace of every composition by the poet in verse or prose. Personally I cannot but think much of this labour misplaced. What the ordinary reader needs for his full enjoyment of a poet's work is surely but an accurate text of the several pieces as the author left them, without all this importunity of critical apparatus. For the special students of poetry and the poetic art, however, and in regard to the really memorable and central works of an author, it is undoubtedly very interesting to study first drafts and corrections, and to watch and follow the writer in the very act of inspiration. In few such cases is the interest so great as in that of Keats's Nightingale ode. It happens that the autograph draft of this particular poem escaped the diligence of Mr. Forman. It would seem to have been given in the poet's lifetime to his friend John Hamilton Reynolds; at any rate it remained for many years after

Reynolds's death in the hands of his surviving sister Mariane, married to a Mr. Green. From her it passed into the possession successively of her two sons, Charles and Townley Green. Both of these gentlemen were artists, the former a very well known member of the Water Colour Institute. The latter, less known, lived, as I understand, a retired life, and died in 1900. A friend of his, Mr. H. C. Shelley, had told me of the precious manuscript being in Mr. Green's possession, and was to have taken me to see it, when he was called away on the duties of a war correspondent to South Africa. In his absence Mr. Green died, and this Keats manuscript, with one or two others, came up for sale, fortunately almost unobserved, at Sotheby's, and realised no extravagant price. It was bought by a hereditary lover and collector of Keats relics, the Earl of Crewe, and placed by him in my hands with liberty to publish.

Now let us turn to the *ipsissima verba* of Charles Brown concerning the origin of this poem and the circumstances under which it was written. "In the spring of 1819 a nightingale had built her nest near my house. Keats felt a tranquil and continual joy in her song; and one morning he took his chair from the breakfast table to the grass-plot under a plum-tree, where he sat for two or three hours. When he came into the house, I perceived he had some scraps of paper in his hand, and these he was quietly thrusting behind the books. On inquiry, I found those scraps, four or five in number, contained his poetic feeling on the song of our nightingale. The writing was not well legible; and it was difficult to arrange the stanzas on so many scraps. With his assistance I succeeded, and this was his 'Ode to a Nightingale,' a poem which has been the delight of every one." Brown wrote these words twenty years after the event, so that his recollections might well lack something of absolute accuracy. The document here reproduced gives us the means of checking them. For that we have in it Keats's true and original draft of the poem is certain. Single lines, groups of lines, or half-stanzas may doubtless have begun to

Ode to the Nightingale.

My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot
But being too happy in thine happiness
That thou light-winged dryad of the trees
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.
O for a draught of vintage that has been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth
Tasting of Flora, and the country green
Dance, and Provencal song and sunburnt mirth
O for a Beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true and blushful Hippocrene
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purple stained mouth
That I might drink and leave the world unseen
And with thee fade away into the forest dim
Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known
The weariness, the fever and the fret
Here where Men sit and hear each other groan
Where palsy shakes a few sad last grey hairs
Where youth grows pale and spectre-thin, and dies

Tantling I lesten, and for many a time
I have half in love with easeful death.
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now, more than ever seems it rich to die.
To cease upon the midnight with no pain
While thou art pouring thine thy soul abroad
In such an extasy -
Still would thou sing and I have ears in vain
~~Bad no sounds~~
For thy high requiem, become a sod -

Thou wast not born for death immortal Bird
No hungry generations tread thee down
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by Emperor and Clown
Perhaps the self same ~~song~~ soul that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.
The same that oftimes hath
Charm'd ~~the~~ magic casements opening on the foam
Of ~~perilous~~ perilous seas in faery lands forlorn

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden eyed despairs -
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eye
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow -

Away - away - for I will fly to thee
Not charioted by Bacchus and his Pards
But on the viewless wings of Poesy
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards -
Already with thee! tender is the night
And haply the Queen-moon is on her throne
Clustered around by all her starry fays -
But here there is no light
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways -

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs
But in embalmed darkness guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass the thicket and the fruit tree wild
White Hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves
And mid-May's eldest child
The coming musk rose full of dewy wine
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Farewell, nightingale, farewell

Folom! the very world is like a bell
To hold me from thee unto myself
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf!
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive Anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill side, and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades.
Was it a vision-real or waking dream
Fled is that Music - do I wake or sleep?

take shape in his mind earlier, during some of those times of 'tranquil, continual joy' in the bird's music of which Brown tells us. But the manuscript bears conclusive evidence that it was written while the main and essential work of composition was actually going on in the poet's brain. On one page there is half a line of a tentative beginning—'Small, winged dryad,'—which he has abandoned as soon as written, turning to make a fresh start on another sheet. Some of the most important rhyme-words we can see coming into his mind as he writes, and being adopted after trial and cancelling of others. There are many vital corrections and alterations; with frequent signs, in the shape of dropped words and letters, unaccustomed mis-spellings and slips of the pen, that while the hand wrote the mind was too much preoccupied with the act of composition to guide it with any care. Hence we may dismiss Haydon's account of this ode having been recited to him by Keats in the Hampstead fields 'before it was committed to paper,' as one of the ornamental flourishes characteristic of that writer: whose vividness of statement is seldom found, when we have opportunity to test it, to coexist with strict accuracy.

Since here, then, is the actual result of that fortunate morning's work under the plum-tree, how far do we find that it corresponds with Brown's account of the matter above quoted? The answer is, accurately in the main, though not in all particulars. For one thing, it is written not on 'four or five' scraps as Brown says, but on two only: two half-sheets of note-paper, of exactly the same make and size as Keats was using in his correspondence with his brother and sister at the same date.[1] For another thing, Brown exaggerates when he says

[1] In the winter, from the end of November to the middle of February, Keats had conducted this correspondence on folio sheets of the largest size bearing the water-mark 'Ruse & Turners, 1817.' In February he changed for a while to a quarto paper of a different make, without water-mark; and by March 12 had adopted, and kept up throughout the spring, the habit of using another paper, again by Ruse & Turner, of ordinary note size. This paper he either bought cut, or regularly cut himself, into single leaves or half-sheets,

that the manuscript is not 'well legible;' though the number of faults and corrections, and the crushing and tearing of the edges, render it truly much less neat and clear than Keats's handwriting usually is. These crushings and tearings (now delicately repaired as far as possible, and showing little in the facsimile) are quite of a kind to confirm Brown's statement about Keats having thrust the leaves away carelessly at the back of a bookshelf. To hold them together they have been pasted (by Brown's care, as we may assume) on a strip of a white wove paper of the time: this strip I have left as it was, and it appears in the facsimile. The order of the stanzas, as Brown indicates, is puzzling at first sight: not, however, because of the number of scraps on which they are written, but because of their odd in-and-out arrangement on the two scraps. It seems clear that Keats did not know how long his poem was going to be, and only took out these two half-sheets with him under the tree. Having made on one of them (leaf 2 of the facsimile) the false start above noted, he puts aside that and begins again on leaf 1: writes on it the first two and a half stanzas of the poem: then goes to leaf 2 (turning it upside down to avoid confusion with the false start) and continues on it down to the end of the fifth stanza; then goes back to the verso of leaf 1, on which he adds stanzas six and seven; and then to the verso of leaf 2, where he finishes the poem with stanza eight.

For convenience of reading, I now set out the draft in print, with all its faults and corrections, in the proper order of the stanzas; which I have numbered for the sake of reference. Square brackets indicate omissions, and round brackets redundancies, in the poet's orthography. The reader familiar with the ode, as printed in all editions from the 'Lamia and Isabella' volume of 1820, will easily remark most of the

each bearing one half of the water-mark, thus: RUSE & T|URNERS. The
18|17
two leaves on which the Nightingale ode is written both bear the second half of this mark.

differences for himself. The first is in the title: in the 1820 volume 'The Nightingale' of this draft is changed to 'A Nightingale.' But here Keats's first thought had surely been his best, since from the outset his mind travels away from the particular Hampstead nightingale to a type of the species imagined as singing in some far-off scene of forest mystery and beauty: nay, presently, by a transition of thought probably scarce conscious, he goes on from the type to include the whole species, whose permanence of life and song are contrasted in stanza seven (not logically, but poetry can cover a thousand flaws in logic) with the short and distressful existence of the individual man. Such other notes as I have to make shall be made after the several stanzas to which they refer.

1

~~My~~ Heart aches and a ~~painful~~ drowsy numbness ~~falls~~ pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had d[r]unk
Or empt[i]ed some dull opiate to the drains
One minute ~~hence~~ past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness
That thou light-winged dryad of the trees
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows number[le]ss
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

In the first part of this stanza there is some fumbling. The choice of the rhyme-word 'pains' is a second thought, involving the use of the quite exceptional 'drains' for 'dregs' in the third line, and also the change (which is much for the better) of the epithet for numbness from 'painful' to 'drowsy.' The experimental cancelling of 'My' at the beginning looks as though Keats had for a moment thought of using 'aches' substantively and pronouncing it, like Prospero, as a dissyllable, 'achès.' The opiate numbness stealing upon the poet seems a natural condition precedent to his reawakening in the visionary

moonlit forest of stanza four, but could scarcely be a natural consequence of his envying the nightingale's happy lot. But this idea of envy was most likely suggested, as Mr. Robert Bridges has pointed out, by some floating recollection of a line in Browne's 'Britannia's Pastorals,'—

> Philomel,
> I do not envy thy sweet carolling.

Nevertheless in the following lines Keats brushes wholly aside the conventional classical tradition of Philomela and her woes, and in phrases of his own incomparable quality interprets the bird's song in a purely natural sense as one of summer ease and happiness.

2

O for a draught of vintage that has been
ed long
Cooling aa ^ age in the deep-delved earth
Tasting of Flora, and the country green
And Dance, and p[r]ovencal song and sunburnt mirth
O for a Beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true and blushful Hippocrene
With cluster'd bubbles winking at the brim
And purple stained mouth
That I might drink and leave the world unseen
And with thee fade away into the forest dim

This stanza, if any in the poem, I should take to have been ripe and ready in the poet's mind before he wrote. At a later stage he added some corrections which are lacking in this draft, changing 'has' into 'hath' in the first line, 'the true and blushful' into 'the true, the blushful' in the sixth, 'cluster'd bubbles' into 'beaded bubbles' in the seventh. In the second line of the draft we see him in the act of correcting 'Cooling an age' into the vastly stronger and more resonant 'cool'd a long age.' In the last line the latent, not perfectly expressed meaning of the words 'with thee fade away' is 'fade away into the forest and be with thee.' When he printed the poem for the first time (in Elmes' Annals of the Fine Arts, July 1819) Keats

excised the word 'away,' which is redundant in the metre of this line: but in the book he restored it, doubtless as indispensable to the full meaning and general music of the poem. The first lines of both the next stanzas in fact gain half their effect from being echoes of this word.

3

Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known
The weariness, the feaver and the fret
Here where Men sit and hear each other groan
Where palsy shakes a few sad last grey hairs
spectre
Where youth grows pale and -thin, ~~and old~~
and dies
sorrow
Where but to think is to be full of ~~grief~~
And leaden eyed despairs—
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes
new
Or ∧ love pine at them beyond tomorrow—

In this third stanza the rhyme-words both of lines six and seven are second thoughts: so is the vital strengthening of 'thin' into 'spectre-thin.' In the last line the word 'new' is merely replaced where the writer's hand, too much left to itself by his brain, had dropped it out. Other such cases are obvious and require no notice.

4

to
Away—Away—for I will fly ~~with~~ thee
Not charioted by Bacchus and his Pards
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards—
Already with thee! tender is the night
And haply the Queen-moon is on her throne
~~Clustered~~ around by all her starry fays—
But here there is no light
heaven
Save what from is with the breezes blown
~~Sidelong~~ through ve[r]derous glooms and
winding mossy ways—

Here again the poetry comes almost completely wrought on to the paper. In his correction of the first line, 'fly to thee' instead of 'fly with thee,' Keats reminds himself that he has from the first imagined his nightingale as singing far away in a visionary land, whither he has cried for the inspiration of some southern vintage to convey him. 'Bacchus and his Pards' are a reminiscence of a picture which he loved, and which had already suggested a part of the song of the Indian maiden in 'Endymion'—the Bacchus and Ariadne of Titian. Now he disowns the need of such help, and trusts to the poetic faculty alone: which he finds, after a moment's doubting pause, has already actually transported him where he would be (the movement of thought and verse here is to my mind the loveliest in the whole poem). In the sixth line Keats has struck out 'cluster'd' as a repetition from stanza one: later on, having changed the word in that place to 'beaded,' he decided to let 'cluster'd' stand in this. A false start in the last line is indicated in the cancelling of the word 'Sidelong.'

5

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet
  Nor what ~~blooms~~ soft insence hangs upon the boughs
But in embalmed darkness guess each sweet
  ~~With~~ with
  Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass the thicket and the fruit tree wild
  White Hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine
    Fast fading violets covered up in leaves
And midmay's eldest child
  The coming muskrose full of sweetest wine
    The murmurous ha[u]nt of flies on summer eves

The above stanza comes still more nearly perfect and full blown at the first writing. Only one word has been cancelled, namely 'blooms' in the second line: the correction at the beginning of line four being occasioned by a slip of the pen merely. 'Sweetest' wine was afterwards improved to 'dewy' wine.

6

Darkling I listen, and for many a time
been
I have ^ half in love with easeful death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my painless breath
Now, more than ever seems it rich to die
To cease upon the midnight with no pain
While thou(gh) art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an Extacy—
Still would thou sing and I have years in vain
~~But requiem'd~~
o
For thy high requiem, become a sod

This stanza magnificently amplifies and enriches the meaning of three or four lines of a sonnet written one night a few weeks earlier, and copied by the poet in a journal-letter to his brother in America :—

Why did I laugh ? I know this being's lease
My fancy to its utmost blisses spreads :
Yet could I on this very midnight cease
And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds.

In the draft there is nothing to note except the epithet 'painless' (not yet corrected to 'quiet') in the fourth line; in the ninth 'would thou' not yet corrected to 'wouldst,' and the trick of the pen which has at first written 'years' for 'ears': also the cancelled false start in the last line, which is not very legible, but seems to read 'But requiem'd'.

7

Thou wast not born for death immortal Bird
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by Emperour and Clown
song
Perhaps the selfsame ~~voice~~ that found a path
Th[r]ough the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home
She stood in tears amid the alien corn—

The same that of[t]times hath
magic
Charm'd ~~the wide~~ casements opening on the foam
Of ~~keelless~~ perilous seas in fairy lands fo[r]lorn

The corrections in this, the crowning stanza of the poem, are few but vital: 'song' for 'voice' in line five; 'magic casements' for 'the wide casements' and 'perilous seas' for 'keelless seas' in the two conluding lines. On these two corrections—the former made after the whole line had been written down, the latter instantly after the epithet 'keelless' had been tried and found wanting—depends the special enchantment of the passage. Once more it is the impression made upon the poet by a famous picture, the Enchanted Castle of Claude, which he thus at last distils into two immortal lines, after having dwelt on it ramblingly and long in a rhyming letter to his friend Reynolds a year before.

8

Fo[r]lorn! the very wor(l)d is like a bell
l me back
To told ~~me~~ ~~me~~ from thee unto myself
Adieux! the fancy cannot cheat so well
ving
As she is fam'd to do, deceit~~ful~~ elf!
Adieu! Adieu! thy plaintive Anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill side, and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley glades—
Was it a vision real or waking dream
Fled is that Music—do I wake or sleep?

To conclude the poem Keats echoes at the beginning of this last stanza the final word, 'forlorn,' of the stanza preceding it; but echoes it in a changed sense. The soul of romance has died out of the word, which now only describes the despondency of the poet's private mood. In passing we may note that he spells it both times without the first r, 'folorn': the repeated error makes one almost wonder if he had been used to pro-

nounce it so; but surely this would have been impossible in a poet with so keen a sense for the volume and sonority of syllables. In the later, printed version, the second line ends 'to my sole self' instead of 'unto myself'; and the last line but one is changed to 'Was it a vision or a waking dream?'. This final stanza is by common consent the weakest of the poem; the third and fourth lines being indeed really poor. The song of happiness and summer is now changed into a 'plaintive anthem', conventionally it may be, inconsistently it is clear: but yet there may be a reason for such inconsistency, and the imagined music may have become plaintive to the poet because he feels it and his vision melting away from him together. And at any rate there is an exquisite cadence and simplicity in the closing lines which describe the manner of their passing. There is at the same time a floating vagueness which leaves us doubtful whether the dying music is meant to be that of his dream only, or that of the real nightingale whose song had in the first instance set him dreaming. But enough of commentary: and may I be pardoned if by what is here printed I have for any reader rubbed the least particle off the bloom of one of the most beautiful and justly loved of English poems.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

A NEW LIFE OF FRANÇOIS VILLON

FRANÇOIS VILLON has, of late, played a very prominent part in successful dramas and novels; but in reality his life has been, up to the present day, very little known. In 1877, M. Auguste Longnon, Professor at the Sorbonne and Member of the Institute, published a biographical study on François Villon, in which he established the actual existence of all the persons that figure in Villon's poems. In this work he presented to the public a series of documents that threw a new light upon the part Villon played in many contemporary events. R. L. Stevenson used all these studies and documents in his famous essay, which exactly represented the state of the question at the time it appeared.

For some years past, M. Marcel Schwob, who did for Madame Sarah Bernhardt a translation of *Hamlet*, has devoted practically his entire attention to the research of new documents concerning the poet and his milieu. He has consulted all the available sources of information relating to Villon and his time; studied the people and places mentioned in his works; endeavoured to trace the motives of his actions, to reconstitute the society he lived in, his party, the reasons of his affections and hatred. M. Schwob has been extremely fortunate in his investigations. He had already collaborated brilliantly in the publication of the "Complete Works" of François Villon that M. Longnon edited in 1892. Since then he has discovered a

whole series of documents which he communicated and read to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. With the aid of these documents, he is now able to explain the true meaning of lines and fragments hitherto obscure, alluding to contemporary events and people.

A rapid survey of the life of Villon, following the lines laid down by M. Schwob himself, will render clear the present state of the question. "François de Moncorbier," or "des Loges," according to the names by which he was as yet known in the year 1456, was born in the summer of 1431. Nothing is known of his parents and relations. He found a home, probably when seven or eight years old, with a chaplain of the Collegiate Church of St. Benoît le Bétourné, maître Guillaume de Villon. This was no special favour for Villon, as the chaplain received at his house, situated on the present site of the Collège de France, other young scholars. Villon went to the University, where he attended the lectures of the Faculty of Arts, very probably at the "Collège de Navarre." In 1451, he became master of arts. The period during which Villon was a student was one of the most disturbed in the history of the University of Paris. The prévôté and the students were in perpetual conflict. Witness the famous story of the removal of the street-post called the Pet-au-diable and its establishment on the Montagne Sainte Geneviève. Villon was certainly implicated in this affair, and even wrote a work, now lost, called "Le Rommant du Pet au Deable," mentioned in the huitain lxxviii. of the "Grand Testament."

On the 5th of June, 1455, Corpus Christi day, towards evening, Villon was standing in the gateway of the cloister of St. Benoît le Bétourné, in company with a young priest and a woman called Isabeau, when another priest, named Philippe Sermoise or Chermoye, came up and angrily taunted Villon; a scuffle ensued, in the course of which Villon stabbed Sermoise in the groin and killed him; he disappeared from Paris, and forthwith employed the good offices of all his friends in order to get letters of pardon and to be allowed to come back to the capital.

We learn from the minutes of a lawsuit before the Court of Dijon that France was then infested by a gang of miscreants that called itself the "Compagnie des Coquillards"—"a certain mysterious Brotherhood of the Cockleshells, whose plunderings and pilferings were the pride of the Court of Miracles and the fear of citizens with strong boxes." This trial enumerates a list of various classes of thieves, robbers, highwaymen and murderers; quotes a great many words of their jargon, and gives a list of members, among whom is named a certain Regnier de Montigny, a personal friend of Villon. Two or three ballads in slang are addressed by the poet to the Coquillards, and it is indisputable that Villon was one of them.

After obtaining his letters of pardon, Villon returned to Paris; and in December 1456, about Christmas, he was concerned, with four accomplices, in a theft committed at the College of Navarre, from which five hundred golden-crowns had been nimbly spirited away. Having received one hundred golden-crowns as his share of the booty, Villon announced to his fellow rogues his departure for Angers to join one of his uncles, a friar in a convent there, promising at the same time to find the means of robbing another rich monk in the same convent.

About this time he wrote his "Petit Testament," where he mentions his visit to Angers, and explains it as being due to the unkindness and hardness of heart of a damsel of whom he was enamoured. The theft at the College of Navarre remained undiscovered for two months and a half, and it was only on the 17th of May 1457 that the names of the culprits were denounced. Meanwhile, Villon was travelling down the valley of the Loire, and took part in a poetical competition organised by Charles d'Orléans; the summons delivered against him in the beginning of 1458 could not thus be made effective, and Villon continued his travels through Berry, Bourbonnais, Forez and Dauphiné. He returned by way of the Orléanais, and in 1461 he contrived to get locked up at Meung sur Loire in the ecclesiastical gaol of the Bishop of Orléans, wherein he remained

all the summer. He was released on the 2nd of October, when Louis XI., some time after his accession, entered the town, and upon this occasion restored all the prisoners to liberty.

About this time Villon began to write his "Grand Testament." It is almost certain that he wrote it far from Paris, despite the statement of his contemporary Eloi d'Amerval, but it is not yet possible to know where. The poem, however, was certainly not finished before the end of the Spring of 1462, when Villon returned to Paris. On the 5th of November 1462, he was once more locked up in the Châtelet, charged with another robbery. He was about to be set at liberty for want of evidence, when the Faculty of Theology heard he was detained, and put in opposition to his release. Villon was then examined by the lieutenant-criminal, who extracted from him a full confession of the theft at the College of Navarre. Provided with a duplicate of the confession, the grand-bedeau compelled Villon to sign a promissory note that he would pay within three years a sum of 120 golden-crowns, whereupon he was set free again, on the 7th of November.

Hardly a month later, in December, the ill-starred Villon was incarcerated again. One evening, he was with three friends walking up the Rue Saint Jacques; they had dined together, and were strolling back to Villon's room in the cloister of St. Benoît le Bétourné. On their way they stopped before the House of the Barillets, adjoining the Tavern of the Mule. The ground floor of that house was the "escriptoire" of Maître François Ferrebouc, scribe and notary to the official of the Bishop of Paris. Villon and his friends had all kinds of reasons for disliking the fellow, and one of them began to jeer and jibe at the clerks, and even spat through the window into their office. Whereupon the clerks came out with candles, wrangling and scuffling began, and François Ferrebouc, making his appearance, was stabbed. One of the assailants ran away, but was captured the year after and hanged. The others, arrested a few days later, were brought to trial. We have very few particulars about the trial of Villon; he was probably

charged with the instigation of the scuffle and murder. The provost of Paris was, at this time, a nobleman called Villiers de l'Isle Adam—an ancestor of the author of "Axel" and "Contes Cruels"—and no longer Robert d'Estouteville, who had several times been very kind to the poet. The lieutenant-criminal, chosen by Louis XI., was a butcher. He set Villon on the rack and sentenced him to death, but the poet appealed to Parliament; the sentence and the penalty were cancelled, but in view of the evil life Villon led, Parliament banished him for ten years from the "ville, prévôté et vicomté de Paris." It is to this last judgment that the celebrated quatrain, the "Ballade des Pendus" and the "Ballade de l'Appel," are related, and not to the previous one.

At this point comes to an end all exact information relating to Villon. What became of him subsequently? How are we to explain, except by the supposition of his death, that nothing else is heard of him? Rabelais, indeed, tells us that Villon, banished from France, went to England during the reign of Edward V., but this last statement is obviously inaccurate. M. Marcel Schwob feels, however, inclined to accept that conjecture, and it is much to be wished that somebody would confirm it.

Besides the very important discoveries connected with the life of the poet, M. Marcel Schwob, with the help of many valuable documents met with in the course of his patient researches, is now able to interpret the whole work of Villon in the true sense which it bore in its time. He has thus been able to show clearly that most of the characters named in the "Grand Testament" are, on the one hand, prosperous, moneyed people, financiers of the State, high officers in the Treasury and the "Chambre aux Deniers," collectors and receivers-general of the taxes; on the other hand, bankers, money-changers, speculators in money and the gabelles. It is this class of men, usurers and kings of the money-market, that Villon attacks. This is the unique reason which accounts for the immediate and stupendous success of his poems, that satisfied popular

resentment. It is not, however, likely that Villon had the resentment of the populace in mind when he wrote his "Testaments." He does not give expression to the fury of the public; his attacks are due to personal spite, as he had often begged money from these people, who had refused him, or put a stop to their generosity.

The identification of a certain number of persons who had not yet been recognised, enables M. Schwob to assert that Villon applied for money to René, Duke of Anjou and King of Sicily; that he bore an unceasing hatred to Thibaut de Vitry, uncle of the Chancellor des Ursins, whose immense power enabled him to make in less than two years the fortune of Cardinal La Balue, and introduce him to the king; that he pestered unmercifully a certain Sire Jehan Marcel, one of the richest lenders on deposits of Paris, who had suspicious transactions with the princes and kings of his time. Villon has specially named these two men in the "Petit Testament"; but, afraid of reprisals, he leaves them unnamed in the "Grand Testament," without giving up his attacks, that those who had read the "Petit Testament" could easily remember. So, these poems appeared to the public as a satire against the holders of riches and monopolies.

As to Villon personally, M. Marcel Schwob has been able to ascertain that from his early years he was connected with the administration of finances through the medium of his friend Regnier de Montigny, whose mother was of an ancient noble family, and who was related to persons of considerable eminence in the "Chambre des Comptes," and the Treasury.

Villon was very poor, utterly destitute, he had certainly to work for his livelihood as a clerk in the office of a receiver of the finances; this fact is to be deduced from his attacks against obscure under-clerks in the financial department, attacks that cannot be accounted for unless we suppose a personal dislike. The continual handling of money, of which he was a witness, certainly excited the cupidity of a young man who had ambitious aims and yearnings, and he yielded to the over-

powering temptation. A careful study of the life led by clerks and university people, the society in which Villon moved, shows that his example is far from being isolated. Everywhere, in Parliament, in the "Chambre des Comptes," at the Châtelet, we find eminent personages accused and convicted of theft. In spite of his faults, Villon is not an accident among those who led the same life as he did. The one feature that singles him out from the crowd and which redounds highly to his credit is the remorse he shows for his misdeeds. He is conscious of his guilt and crimes, he is distressed and unhappy, reproaches himself and repents; whereas the others are shamelessly and unconsciously guilty and immoral.

M. Marcel Schwob brings also to light that Villon sided with the royalist party, that is to say he was a partisan of Jeanne d'Arc and Charles VII., and, in consequence, hostile to the English and the Duke of Burgundy. The whole clergy of Saint Benoît le Bétourné refused to take the oath of fidelity to Jean Sans Peur. It is among these churchmen that later on Charles VII. selected the *docteurs en décrets* who presided over the suit for the rehabilitation of Jeanne d'Arc.

The abundance of judicial terms Villon uses in a technical and very accurate manner has led some of his biographers to think that he had been a clerk either in the Parliament or at the Châtelet. But, in all his researches, M. Marcel Schwob has not found any evidence as to Villon reading at any school of law, and he explains that his knowledge of legal expressions, the use he makes of them, come of his having been brought up at the cloister of Saint Benoît le Bétourné, the clergy of which was deeply learned in canon law and read at the *écoles de décrets* in the neighbourhood, as were bound to do all the divines of Saint Benoît le Bétourné. Villon, therefore, spent his early life among lawyers, was mixed up in the quarrels of the university with the prévôté and the orders of mendicant friars, was for a time a clerk at the Treasury, and, living among royalists, remained faithful to Charles VII. The disorderly life he led probably caused his death at an early age. At any

rate, when he had killed his own conscience, as M. Marcel Schwob puts it, he was no longer able to produce anything more, and this may be the reason for his silence.

It has been very difficult to determine the genuine works of Villon; the study of many manuscripts and copies, containing different readings of his poems, is, on that account, extremely interesting. M. Longnon, in the bibliographical notice of his edition, has devoted all his care to the question. An equal interest is attached to the printed editions of the works of Villon. The first one, dated 1489, and published by Pierre Levet, is reproduced by all the succeeding ones. The Bibliothèque Nationale is possessed of two copies of it. From that year to 1532 there were eighteen editions in Gothic letters of the two "testaments." In 1532 appeared the first edition in round type, to which was added, besides the "Repues Franches," the "Monologue du Franc Archer de Baguolet," and the "Dialogue des Seigneurs de Mallepaye et de Baillevent." In 1533 was published by Galiot du Pré the edition that, by order of François I., had been prepared by Clément Marot. He succeeded in striking off all the spurious Villon and in restoring the altered passages "partie avecques les vieulx imprimez, partie avecques l'ayde des bons vieillards qui en savent par cueur et partie par deviner avecques jugement naturel." This edition served as the pattern for all the succeeding reprints. All of them bear on the title-page the "distique dudict Marot: Peu de Villons en bon savoir, Trop de Villons pour décevoir." In 1542 appeared the last reprint of Marot's edition, and it was not before 1723, after an interval of two centuries, that a fairly good edition was published in Paris by Antoine Urbain Coustelier. Another edition appeared at the Hague in 1742, at Adrien Moetgen's. In 1832 the works of Villon were again published by J. H. R. Prompsault, with a memoir and notes; the editor made use of manuscripts and inserted 338 unpublished lines; however, this edition is very imperfect.

In 1854, the bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix) gave a volume

in which the poems are revised, corrected and re-arranged. In 1866, the same editor having discovered a new manuscript of Villon in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, published a new edition The next year, Pierre Jannet reprinted the 1723 edition after a copy annotated by La Monnoye. After another edition by Paul Lacroix in 1877, Garnier published the works of François Villon, edited by Louis Moland, in 1879. M. W. G. C. Bijvanck published at Leyden in 1882 an admirable edition of the "Petit Testament." In 1884, M. Auguste Vitu, who prepared an edition of Villon's works, that was never to see the light, published a philological study on the jargon of the fifteenth century, in which is to be found an excellent essay on Villon. In 1888, M. Lucien Schône published also a very interesting work on the jargon and jobelin of François Villon. And, finally, M. Longnon, who had already published in 1877, a learned "Etude Biographique" on François Villon, containing many things entirely new, published, with Lemerre, the "Complete Works" of François Villon, making use of the manuscripts and the ancient editions, availing himself of all documents known up to date, and specially those discovered by M. Marcel Schwob. But since then (1892), M. Schwob has discovered a great many facts that throw a new light on many a dim period of the life of the poet and on certain parts of the "Grand" and the "Petit Testament." He is often in contradiction with the opinions hitherto accepted, and it is greatly to be hoped that when M. Marcel Schwob has published his "Life of François Villon," a new edition of the "Works of François Villon" will appear, in which all the new and important data about the life of the poet will be used, and in which the new interpretations of many a ballad and many an obscure passage will be indicated.

HENRY D. DAVRAY.

REVIEWS OF UNWRITTEN BOOKS

II—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S CARLYLE

IT certainly is most fortunate that Dr. Johnson is dead. One would have disliked him so much if he had remained alive. He was so merciless, so heavy-handed in the stripping of ruffles—and more than ruffles. And here he is, stripping Carlyle. Ah, sartor! Well, we must admit that it was very smart of Johnson to turn "Sartor Resartus" and its philosophy back upon its author; and to strip Carlyle for us as we find him stripped in the present work. It is a great coarse ungainly jest, that of stripping an ugly man; and it is rather hard on a middle-aged man who has become confirmed in the habit of clothes-wearing. Johnson might have remembered that he himself was even less suited to pose in the nude. However, it is not only with physical stripping that our author is concerned. The mind, he points out, wears clothes as well as the body. So, to his own delectament, he strips Carlyle's mind; and shows it to us running about seeking shelter, a little dark mind, but strong and wiry, seeking shelter ever in wrong places.

It is in this way, with much Latin vituperation, that Johnson heralds his long criticism of Carlyle's literary style. Carlyle invented a new style, which Johnson labels with the epithet "expletive." It was the "expletivity," we are told, which made Carlyle, which fixed him in men's minds, which

lifted him out of the ruck—this and nothing more. "The French Revolution" is without historical accuracy; and throws no new light on obscure places. It is useless as a school-book; and uncomfortable as a book of reference; it tells nothing to one who knows everything about the French Revolution. It is simply a success of expletivity. The accident of its style is of overwhelming importance, in comparison with the essence of its subject matter. And this to Johnson is an *hysteron-proteron.* It is to abdicate the chair of the historian when the historian plays the part of poet.

Johnson lived in an age which worshipped the Golden. Carlyle is distinctly Silvern; and no doubt that is why Johnson did not appreciate Carlyle. Indeed, it would be absurd to expect him to have done so. We might as well expect to find appreciations of Tacitus in the writings of Cicero. Yet, in a way, Carlyle represented the ideal which Johnson was seeking. The finding of an ideal of course produces irritation because it is so disappointing. Johnson was the last man to underestimate the importance of style. In "Rasselas" for instance, we can see clearly that he was taking pains to give a peculiar literary form to his sentences. Well, after all that is only what Carlyle also was seeking to do, and succeeded in doing: but he did it in a different way, by being explosive and emphasising egregious epithets, and by neglecting absolutely his subject-matter. There seems then to be a little jealousy in Johnson. It never struck *him* to go the whole way and neglect his subject for the sake of his style, so as to make the style the one transcendent thing in his work. If it had occurred to him independently, he might have utilised the notion: but, when it is brought before him in Carlyle, he cannot away with such a second-hand idea. So he never tried to write on the plan of Carlyle: at least he never consciously did so. On the contrary, he made quite a point of emphasising his subject-matter, as may be seen in "Taxation no Tyranny," where he has gone to the opposite extreme and given us matter without any form at all.

Or, if form there be, it is bad form, especially now that King Edward is so popular in America.

On the whole, though, as we have said, the idea of it is excellent, we do not know whether to regret more that this book should have been written or that it should not. We are inclined to think that the fault lies with the publishers. They—or those who edit their "Eminent Men" Series for them—are too indiscriminate in the mating of biographer and biographee. In a library of Bigwigs by Bigwigs for Bigwigs a Carlyle by Johnson might perhaps do little harm; but in a cheap series by the masses and for the masses it is as much out of place as a Matthew Arnold by Herbert Paul, or a Richardson by Austin Dobson. Dr. Johnson was certainly of the masses—one of the greatest—but he was not *for* them, and no one who knew him personally would ever have thought of asking him to write this volume.

III—LORD BACON'S TREATISE ON WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

IT would be unsafe to assert that Lord Bacon wrote *A Treatise on Wireless Telegraphy* before he wrote *Two Gentlemen of Verona:* indeed we may feel very certain that he did not do so, for two reasons:—first, because Verona is in Italy, and Marconi's surname is Italian: secondly, because this is one of the earliest of Shakespeare's plays and contains a large number of rhymed endings. There is only one rhyme, and that a limp one, in the present *Treatise:*—

. . . . . the new transmittor.
. . . . . one faint twitter. (§ 95)

But this may be caused by the fact that the Treatise is written in prose. Bacon began to write not indeed in verse but in Latin; and he seems to have been hindered much by the tenacious archaism of the language which, unlike Greek, contains very few modern scientific words and a mere sprinkling of advertisements. Consequently we find him continually lapsing into English. Nevertheless the Treatise is a very fine piece of work, not written by a professional electrician it is true, but by a man who takes an intellectual interest in other people's brain-work.

Lord Bacon is always worth hearing, because he is so sensible. He made Aristotle sensible in the *Novum Organon:* or, if that is not quite fair to Aristotle, he took the pseudaristotelian logic of the schoolmen, and turned the searchlight of his renascent intellect upon their dark and dusty sophisms. Well, wireless telegraphy never has been cut off from kindly intercourse of life by that same fate which befell scholastic logic. Yet to it, as to that other, Bacon brings an open breezy

freshness which appeals very forcibly to the lay or ordinary intelligence. He has the trick of telling one just that which one wishes to know.

The Treatise naturally divides itself into three parts,—there is a curious literary repetition in the opening words, *Wireless Telegraphy est omnis divisa in partes tres.* The first part deals with the history of the invention, from the childhood of Marconi down to Bacon's own day, or perhaps a little later. Our author has found a difficulty in placing this section before us with his usual (and unusual) transparent clearness. It certainly would be difficult for any one totally ignorant of history to gather from it a correct chronological knowledge of the facts. It would be impertinent to attribute to Bacon an ignorance of events which had not yet happened: otherwise we might be tempted to account in this way for his apparent failure to write the history of events which succeeded his demise. But the first section is the least important of the three.

The second part is much more satisfactory; and intreats of the theoretical aspect of the subject. Here, Bacon's masterly knowledge, and the extraordinary ambiguity of the Latin words which he employs, enables him to display erudite eloquence which would indeed be surprising in the author of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, more especially in the author of a work such as this, the most Baconian of all non-Shakespearean productions from the same pen. Here, then, Bacon uses language to emit some of the most surprising facts in the way of electrical theory, facts so surprising that they would appear to contradict reason, and even the theory itself, but that subsequent events have not failed to prevent us from not seeing them with his eyes.

The third part of the *Treatise* deals with the probable results of the general introduction of wireless telegraphy. Lord Bacon draws a vivid picture of the civilising effect of the annihilation of mundane acoustic space; and half-plaintively regrets that he has not lived at a time when every infant in its cradle

would carry, as a matter of course, its own portable receiver and transmittor attached to gum-ring or feeding-bottle, and thus would be enabled at any moment to communicate with any one anywhere. He points out, with ineluctable conviction, that our brains would be trained to enormous activity by the intellectual potentialities thereby educed. Now many people have not been behindhand in declaring that communications transmitted through atmospheric ether would be picked up by the wrong recipients. Bacon caustically and epigrammatically classifies these persons as (*a*) the Ordinary Liar, (*b*) the Condemned Liar, (*c*) the Expert Witness or Electrical Engineer; and contemptuously dismisses their declarations as mere "*eidola telegraphiae*." He shows that nothing more is necessary than that each individual should possess a transmittor which is not in accord with any other individual's receiver. A secret, under these circumstances, will be quite safe: because, when committed to the four winds, though they may carry it everywhere, they cannot hand it over to anybody. Without degrading our manhood by futile sentimentalities we may accord our meed of sympathy to the pathetic little secret wandering for ever round the ramparts of the world, vainly tap-tapping at the doors of all the innumerable unresponsive receivers of incurious mankind. But a more fitting commentary on this point may be expected from—indeed the point is commended to the notice of—the minor (or spring-) poet.

It is thus, with a half apologetic indulgence of his own inappropriate levity, that Bacon endeavours to give the necessary dramatic touch to this section of his Treatise. We must not be misled by it into thinking that he was unaware of the magnitude of Marconi's invention. On the contrary, with all the authority of his great office, he declares that the far-reaching effects of it pass beyond the limits of his imagination. He looks forward to the time when the principles of Wireless Electricity will be applied, not only to telegraphy and telephony, but also to locomotion. He foresees vehicles driven by electric motors receiving energy from central transmittors,

and therefore able to move without any cumbersome and unsatisfactory load of accumulators and dynamos. Ships, says he, will receive electric energy from stations on land: they will be driven and guided by electrical engineers who remain ashore. Finally he hopes that the problem of aerial navigation will thus be solved; and that air-ships, unweighted by heavy machinery, gathering their motive force from various electric centres, perhaps ultimately from one central station dominating the globe, will convey mankind over all the world.

We have said enough to give our readers an indication of the importance of Lord Bacon's latest contribution to science. Whether it is destined to revolutionise not only present theories of electrical energy but also the very law of motion, we are unable to decide without further and less cursory consideration. Meanwhile, we simply submit to the intelligence of persons engaged in financing electrical matters the query, Did Bacon write too soon, or too late?

THE STOCK EXCHANGE

AN ECHO FROM TWICKENHAM

JOHN BULL. THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

BULL. Arthur, the club and closure born to wield,
And shine alike in senates and the "Field,"
There are who measure statesmen such as you
Just by the work and by the good they do.
Not to perspire is all the art I know
To make man elegant and keep him so,
But if a leader live as if to rule
Were just to look about him and be cool,
'Twixt hole and hole successive blandly err,
(As by St. Andrew's so at Westminster),
What—Bowles will ask you—is that leader's worth?
Mark Joseph bringing empire to the birth;
See Morley, stern ideologue, lash sinners;
See Primrose wax efficient—after dinners;
The daily telegram by Wilhelm sent,
And Roosevelt's bi-monthly accident!

Balfour. Come, come, good John, don't Clifford it with me:
The manliest note is not the upper C.
Let us admit I am not, as you know,
A strenuous Roosevelt, or bustling Joe,

But hold that Primrose was the wisest hack,
Who flung a Party from his gallèd back,
That Beach more joy in calm retirement feels
Than Joseph with a Seddon at his heels.

Bull. You take things calmly, Sir—

Balfour. —nor care to sham,
Or try to look the busy drudge I am.
Am I the worse because afar from Thames
I steal an hour for friends or books or games?
Imperial Joseph if he deigned to play
Might miss a hole, and give the game away,
For, as in statecraft, oft upon the sward
A man may hit too quickly and too hard.
How would John Bull or England like the yoke
Of strenuous, fussy, advertising folk?
My plain old Uncle, scarcely up to date,
Kept no "front window," yet preserved the State.

Bull. Your Uncle had my confidence, well earned;
If faded grew his coat, 'twas never turned;
But look not back; the quiet years have been,
The good old servant and the good old Queen,
Past is their day; gone easy pride of place,
And other times demand a smarter pace.
Wake up, John Bull! is thundered at my head
Forte by all, *fortissimo* by Stead.
Lo, foreign rivals draw the tight'ning coil,
They come, they burrow in my very soil;
Their exports mount in bold statistic curves,
Their swarming bagmen beat my close preserves,
And where of yore their ships vailed tops to me,
Their giant hulls race snorting o'er my sea.
So can you blame me if I look askance
At philosophick doubt with elegance?

Learn of the rival at our open door,
Our German emperor-competitor,
Most Modern Monarch, Martha among Kings,
Careful and troubled about many things:
Grant him a little careless of good taste,
But most efficient—not a moment's waste—
Knows all that is to be, or is, or was—

Balfour. Do snippets make encyclopædias?
"Placed on the isthmus of a middle State,"
Between big Bruin and the Cock elate,
So many parts to play, such loads to bear,
Mars, admiral, ædile, censor, pulpiteer;
Too conscientious ever to sit still,
Knowing so much, yet knowing much so ill,
Taxing to prosper, he forgets 'tis sure
The richest land's the land of fewest poor:
Sea-bailiff bold his "folly holds her throne
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,"
Yet winces when the shafts of *Vorwärts* fly,
And dreads the Tower of Bebel mounting high.
Is he to be my model?

Bull. Still, confess
A neighbour's troubles scarce make England's less.

Balfour. Is England troubled, is she sick—or scared?
One might do—something—

Bull. —if you thought I cared?
Yes, I do care. Who would not laugh at strife
If in her veins still ran true English life.
But there it is: the mode in England's youth,
Was stern, laborious industry and truth.
Does she move faster? Ay, but not to work.
The gambler's dream is hers, to gain yet shirk,

To catch at bubbles, riches of a day,
Gold lightly got, as lightly flung away.
Know you the City, haunt of Bulls and Bears?

Balfour. I lunch with Sheriffs, banquet with Lord Mayors.

Bull. Past Mammon's famous palace, first in rank,
That dumpy inconvenience, the Bank,
Mid mazy, wildering lanes of press and grime,
On Plutus' stage behold his pantomime.
There Masks fantastick move through crowded halls
Earnest as councils, wild as carnivals;
In quaintest guises, votaries and priests
Whirl, strange as Comus' rout or Circe's beasts.
Here Bears squeeze hapless Stags with hungry roar,
There Bulls defiant bellow, toss and gore,
Great Anacondas bask in graceful coils,
And Jungles catch explorers—'ware their toils!
And Kangaroos leap high, a brief, brief span,
And bristling Wild Cats seize their victim, man,
While peck'd by ev'ry greedy crow and kite
The Lame Duck waddles into outer night.
With bawling buyers shouting sellers vie,
Sell what they have not, what they want not buy;
And to and fro and in and out they rush,
Exult in triumph or in panic hush,
As on the wings of northern tempests go
This way and that the swirling flakes of snow.
Yet in this giddy maze th' instructed eye
May reason, system, regulation, spy;
All may be parts of one "tremendous boom"
Whose dupes the Publick are, its end their doom.
Some deem this wondrous Mart a thing of air,
A dream of Vanity like Bunyan's Fair,
That one cold blast of truth might scatter all,
(As breezes scatter London's murky pall,)

And bare to view a waste of waters dark
Where ev'ry plunger meets th' expectant shark.
But wiser Sages (owning with a sigh
'Change is a great and grim reality),
Tell of a temple gorgeous to behold,
An Eastern priesthood and a Calf of gold,
Through whose dim-darken'd fane, the legend saith,
Believing fools march once a month to death.
These reach the portals of a bright abode,
See glitt'ring thrones and recognise their god,
Ring'd with the light of ruined miners' dreams
Of sparkling ores and diamantine gleams.
But as they reel in vision and surprise,
As golden hopes intoxicate their eyes,
The earth yawns open at their eager feet;
Gaunt guards close round, Mischance and Self-Deceit,
And thrust each trembling gambler down to lie
Deep in the *oubliette* of bankruptcy.

Balfour. But, do sane mortals enter such a place?
A silly handful may—but not the race.

Bull. Prudence is not a lesson taught in schools,
And ev'ry season brings its crop of fools.
Lo, thronging there all ranks, conditions go,
Till Capel Court's a dingier Monaco.
Behold the youth, he buys, sure Funds will mount,
A timid thousand for the next account;
Some livelier fancy soon his heart will lift,
A little flutter, then a downfall swift;
Greeks, Kaffirs, Turks, consume his manhood's wage,
And Deeps and Jungles are the snares of age;
Left by this slump aground, that ebb ashore,
Till milked and dry he seeks no "bucket" more.

Balfour. Yet some must win.

Bull. A few: and one man's winning
Twice twenty more entices into sinning.
To noble purpose are such gains applied,
Poured forth on learning's, art's, religion's side?
Nay. Furs they buy, champagnes and motor-cars,
Fat rings, fat chains, fat horses, fat cigars;
Then houses, coachmen, footmen, pages, porters,
And all that's left may dress fat wives and daughters.
If luck redoubled fortune reinforces,
What then? More dress, more houses and more horses.

Balfour. There is an ancient saw of sense compact
"You cannot make men virtuous by Act."
Vice is the preacher's matter, scarcely mine.
Go, hint to Church and Chapel to combine!
Or rouse the Liberals, a serious few,
And, unlike me, perplex'd for work to do:
Let virtuous Morley, since his hands are free,
Try Gladstone's axe upon this Upas-tree,
Or Primrose doff his overcoat and swing
An axe—his own—against th' accursèd thing.
There are great Journals,—though I must confess
I do not read them. Why not try the Press?
If Rosebery to strip there's no compelling,
Then with a Buckle you may do your felling.

Bull. Church, Platform, Press have duties not a few,
But my concern, this minute, is with you.
Suppose for once you take it as a plan
To do forthwith the little that you can,
Force public companies, or great or small,
To tell those truths the law demands of all.
Make no division betwixt low and high,
City in trade or bubble company:
Dissect their fables; 'tis no time for ruth;
Unwind the tangle and declare the truth.

Use laws or mend 'em; make 'em if you must;[1]
Till Guile stand naked to a world's disgust.
So may promoters caught by what they writ
Like wounded serpents by themselves be bit;
So may directors cease to avert their sight,
Or live in faith whatever is is right,
And bankrupt's sleight of hand less easy be
Than tricking with three thimbles and a pea.
Neglect may grow as dangerous as act,
And figures something more than screens of fact.
Then if Press, Platform, Pulpit play their part
And pluck the gambler's lust from England's heart,
The fowler shall in vain outspread the net,
And honest Commerce rule in London yet.

PAPALIS.

[1] This was written and printed before Mr. Balfour's recent pronouncement in the House of Commons. [EDITOR.]

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

V

ALISTAIR SEATON, belonging to an old Scotch family, had, on the death of his father, a soldier of moderate means, been left as a boy to the care of a Presbyterian mother; and he had, till he went to Oxford, received his education at home, being first committed to tutors who were preparing for the ministry of the Kirk, and then to an ex-professor of Transcendental Metaphysics from Glasgow, whose health had given way under the strain of regarding existence as a modification of the Ego or of the Absolute, or as the identity of what is and is not. The solemn demeanour of this genuinely devout sage, the earnest untidiness of his appearance, the spiritual light in his eyes, and the strength of his Scotch accent, seemed to Mrs. Seaton proofs of his old-fashioned Christian orthodoxy. Heresy, unbelief, and even doubt—enormities of which she had only heard—she associated with a jaunty air, an extravagant gaiety of apparel, the lightnings of an infernal wit, and a plurality of female intimates. She little suspected that the whole religion of the Creeds and the Bible had for her son's preceptor, who always wore woollen gloves, and who said "good-morning" as if it was part of the Shorter Catechism, hardly as much reality as it had for Voltaire or Gibbon. Still less did she suspect that her son, whose filial affection was constant, and whose expression in church was as admirable now as ever, had found in this preceptor's philosophy new eyes for his soul; and that

whilst the whitewash of her place of worship was echoing to the metre of doxologies, her precious boy was telling himself that the doctrine of the Christian Trinity was merely a crude expression of the sublime and satisfactory truth that the so-called Father is pure unconditioned Abstraction; that the so-called Son is Abstraction made real by Self-negation, and that the so-called Spirit is Negation again negatived, which manages thus to make itself the perfect Sum-total of existence.

Having gone up to Oxford bursting with these sublime secrets, the young man had grown gradually tired of keeping his mind tortured with the one gymnastic attitude which enabled him to receive their consolations; and he presently forgot the Absolute in an enthusiasm for religious Art, which he found to be a better language for the unextinguished piety of his nature, and which surrounded his inner life with an atmosphere of congenial mysticism. He subsequently travelled in Italy, where he collected a few fine pictures; and finally, on the death of a cousin, to whom he was engaged to be married, and to whose memory he was inviolably constant, he had retired with his mother to a cottage in North Wales, where he taught the principles of art and the practice of carving to the villagers, and joined in his mother's devotions with so much filial sympathy that he sometimes could hardly tell how his own creed differed from hers. His philosophy in fact had by this time left but two traces on his character: it had sublimated the creed of his childhood from a statement into a symbol of truth, and thus seemed to have placed it for ever beyond the reach of criticism; and it had made him indifferent to the discoveries and insensible of the claims of science.

His friend's document, therefore, with its dry and methodical references to modes of thought and to aspects of things which he himself had disregarded, did little at first but cause him a shock of puzzled surprise. He looked round him again at the bedroom and its gilded bedstead; and contrasting his friend's description of his dissatisfaction with life with the delicate appreciation shown by him of all the arts of living, he

was tempted to ask once more whether, with a man like Glanville, such speculative dissatisfaction was really more than a plaything. This reflection was interrupted, and at the same time seemed to him justified, by the sound of his own name rising to him through an open window, and by Glanville's voice below, calling to him to come down and bathe.

Seaton, who was a fine swimmer, leapt at once from his bed; and he and Glanville not many minutes later, were hurrying through the gardens to the bathing-place, which proved to be a romantic cavern, full of the moving lights and sobbings of the glaucous water. The swimmers, when they returned to their clothes, were glowing with air and exercise. As they made their way back to the house over rocks that were below the garden, coral-coloured zoophytes showed themselves in pools clear as glass, whilst the white breasts of sea-birds were reflected in shining sands; and they felt as if the soul of youth had overtaken them as a sea-bird's wings.

At breakfast this illusion was continued. Glanville enthralled his friend, as they bent over their eggs and sausages, with a glowing account of his experiences in Asia Minor; and Seaton seemed, as he listened, to hear the Mediterranean wave lapping against broken moles, or murmuring through ruined temples, or to see the skyey porches of some marine Acropolis glistening on its rock through ultramarine haze. Then the conversation wandered to other exciting subjects—to the charm of different epochs, countries, cities, and societies—of loopholed German castles deep in the heart of forests, of balls in Southern palaces looking over moonlit gardens, of green alamedas, and of guitar-strings, of blue seas and of grey, of dark women and of fair. Glanville touched on them all with the same catholic sympathy, carrying his listener with him in the train of his buoyant fancy. The whole range of experience, to Seaton, seemed to be growing larger. "In fact," Glanville said at last, "the worst of life is this: it offers us a thousand vintages; it is mistress of a thousand spells; but we can each of us only taste, or only yield to a dozen of them."

"And here is the man," exclaimed Seaton with a friendly laugh, "who finds that his life has been ruined because he has had a tiff with theology! But, my dear Rupert, "he went on, and his voice grew suddenly grave, "so far as women are concerned, your difficulty is of your own making. If you want to enjoy the charm of every woman that could charm you, there's a simple way of doing so; and that is by loving one. Look in her face, and this thing or that will happen. You will either see the witchery of all the others there, or you will despise it."

"Yes—yes," replied Glanville, for the moment speaking gravely also. "I too know so much from experience. The worst of it is the experience does not always last. As for me, my dear Attar, under ordinary circumstances, instead of seeing the witchery of all beautiful women in one, I seem to see the witchery of one appealing to me out of the eyes of all. I find the same inspired volume bound in different bodices."

Seaton looked at his friend with a twinkle of amusement in his eye. "How like you are," he exclaimed, "to the you I have always known—and how unlike to something else, which I have only known this morning!"

"And who," said Glanville, "may that be?"

"The disillusioned you," Seaton answered, "which you have presented me with in your own analysis."

Glanville, for answer, leaned back in his chair and laughed. "And so," he said, lighting a cigar, "you don't think the portrait's like me?"

"It seems to me," replied Seaton, "not a portrait at all, but a theoretical diagram of how parts of a man might work if we could—which we can't do—abstract them from the man himself. Nearly everything which is peculiar to your own living self—yourself as I see you there laughing and talking —is left out of it."

The expression of Glanville's face underwent a curious change. "You are right," he exclaimed vehemently. "You have hit the nail on the head. In that fragment of biography

there is nothing that is peculiar to myself. If there had been, I should not have written it. But does that make it less true? If a man were a victim to some general pestilence, would you call his account of his symptoms a mere theoretical diagram because it did not include his pedigree, the number of his love affairs, and the colour of his eyes and hair? I have written an account of the experiences not of me as me, but merely of me as a victim to the pestilence that is raging everywhere."

Seaton was silent for a moment. Then he said, "I hardly believed at first, but I do believe now, that, as to yourself, you have really written the truth. But I confess that my own experience has been very different from yours; and I read the signs of the times in a very different fashion."

"Look," said Glanville, "the servants are coming to clear away; and unless you are anxious to confess to my old butler, who is a Protestant, let us take up our souls and walk with them into the library. And so," he continued presently, as they sank into two arm-chairs, "you think that the intellectual conditions of the age—I mean those which are more exclusively modern—have had no effect on yourself, or on men and women in general. Come, Attar, speak up, and let us hear your opinion."

"For the moment," replied Seaton, "let us put you and me out of the question. Let us take what you were saying about men and women in general. Now I don't, as a fact, agree with you about what you call modern knowledge, but we'll talk about that later. Let us assume that it has the importance you impute to it. Very well, my dear Rupert, I can quite understand this—that a minority of people with keenly logical intellects may feel that this modern knowledge destroys religion in themselves, and destroys at the same time their more serious interests in existence. But as to the mass of our contemporaries, what I should say is this: Even if we grant that a number of them fancy that, for the same reasons, they too are bound to renounce their religion likewise, I should say that they did this because their religious

instincts were weak, not because they really understand that the arguments which they oppose to it are strong. I should say also that, in letting their religion go, though they may have become worse people, they have not become consciously unhappier people. Instead of bewailing the fact that they have lost their Sabbath, they are rather inclined to rejoice in the gain of a new bank-holiday. But people like these are not the great majority. The great majority of average men and women are religious by nature now as they always have been. If you doubt me, you need merely look round you. Religion, instead of dying, is everywhere showing new signs of activity. It is animating new movements, it is newly adapting old ones; and if some of the forms it takes seem to you absurd and crude, this is merely because the essence is now so exceptionally active that the new forms which it is taking have not yet had time to complete themselves. It is just as active now as it was in the days of Luther. We have different forms of doctrine, but the same impulse is behind them, which springs from a belief in the spiritual—in God and in man's soul. Whether religious belief is in logic compatible with the knowledge you speak of, that is another question. I am only maintaining now that it is not incompatible with it in fact."

"You are setting yourself," said Glanville, "to contradict something I never asserted. Let me try to explain myself better. Look at those books behind you—that long row on the table. They are all books which deal with the subject we are now talking about. They are all by men of to-day. They are all by men as religious and as liberal as yourself. Let me show you what is said by two of the most famous. One of them is a French Protestant divine; the other is an American professor. This," he went on, taking and opening a volume, "is Sabatier's 'Philosophy of Religion.' Let me read you a few bits from it. I never saw the book till I had myself written what I showed you; and here is this solemn person—a very different man from me—repeating almost my very words.

Listen. '*Our age*,' he says, '*has driven abreast the twofold worship of the scientific method, and of the moral ideal; but so far from being able to unite them, it has pushed them to a point where they seem to contradict and exclude each other. Every serious soul feels itself to be inwardly divided.*' And listen again to this, which comes a little farther on. He asks where shall the world look for deliverance? In the progress of science, which will ameliorate want and pain? "No," he answers, "in science we have our chief source of despair. The function of science, he says—its great speculative function—is '*to weave over everything a causal and necessary network*,' and to give us a more '*tragic contradiction*' than that between want and comfort—the '*contradiction between physical laws and moral. Here*,' he goes on, '*we have the origin of that strange mal du siècle—a sort of internal consumption, by which all cultivated minds are more or less affected. The more one reflects on the reasons that may be urged in favour of living and acting, the less capable one is of effort and action. Who does not feel this weakness, and the pressure of external things? Who has not marked that union, now become almost habitual, of frivolity of character and intellectual culture the most perfect and refined? Must one, then, give up thinking if one would retain the courage to live, or resign oneself to moral death in order to preserve the right think?*' And now," continued Glanville, "I have one short passage more for you, tucked away in a book which, for the most part, evades the difficulty. This is Professor James's Lectures on 'The Varieties of Religious Experience.' Where the devil has the sentence got to? Ah! it's here. '*The religious faculties*,' he says, '*may be checked in their natural tendency to expand by beliefs about the world that are inhibitive*'—he means the scientific beliefs just described by Sabatier—'*and in these beliefs*,' he goes on, '*souls who in former times would have freely indulged their religious propensities, find themselves, as it were, frozen.*' Good heavens, my dear fellow, if you wanted more of that kind of thing, I could show it to you sown broadcast in every one

of these pious volumes—volumes which hail from every quarter of the civilised globe: and what all such complaints mean is that the impulse behind doctrines—the belief, as you just now called it, in God and in man's soul, which in Luther's days was universal, is inhibited now by knowledge which in Luther's days was non-existent. Do you yourself doubt the fact? Do you really fail to perceive it? Have the mountains of Wales and the clouds of Hegel hidden it from you? Listen, Alistair. What I mean is this: not that your religious impulse behind doctrines is dead; but that it cannot now, as it once could, put itself into connection with any intellectual scheme of things which our knowledge will allow us to accept. When it tries to live in our present intellectual atmosphere it pants, wriggles and flops, like a fish that has jumped out of water. A subjective sanctity, it becomes an objective absurdity: or, to go back again to Sabatier, who speaks more decorously than I do, in the mind of everybody nowadays there is a kind of '*intestine war, which arms the human ego against itself, and dries up all the springs of life.*' Perhaps you believe the evidence of all these professors and divines because they have solemn faces and no sense of the ridiculous; though you won't believe me because I come to you eating and drinking, and because I happen to know a good-looking woman when I see her. I myself maintain that I am for these very reasons——"

But he was interrupted by the sound of an opening door and the voice of the butler, begging to know what bedrooms certain of the guests were to occupy, as he thought that the cards on some of the doors were wrong. The unfortunate Seaton, when he heard of the expected guests, heaved a martyr's sigh, and began turning over the leaves of Professor James's book. Presently, instead of repeating his sigh, he laughed; and as soon as the butler had departed, he exclaimed to Glanville, "Look here, this is how your Professor describes himself, his brother thinkers, and his audience. He says they belong—these are the words he uses—'*to the clerico-academic-scientific type, the officially and conventionally correct*

type, the deadly-respectable type.' That is certainly not the type in which anybody would include you."

"No," replied Glanville, "it is not. And I was just on the point of saying to you that although these clerico-academic-scientific persons may be infinitely cleverer than I am, I have in this one respect a very great advantage over them. I think about the same things that they do. I feel many of the things that they feel. But I approach their subjects with a far wider experience. I am as much at home with Aspasia as I am with Mary and Martha—with Pericles, as I am with St. Paul. I happen to combine in myself all that attracts men to religion and philosophy, with all that distracts them from it; and so when I happen to agree with the clerico-academic-scientific persons—whose prolonged society, I confess, would bore me to extinction—and when I express what they say in the common vernacular of the world, my version of the matter ought to carry more weight than theirs. If I say that I can't live without religion, you may take it that I'm stating an experience implicit in that of men at large. If a parson or a professor says so, that really is little more than a lawyer's saying that he can't live without the law. Well—what do you think? Do you agree with me now, or don't you?"

"Better," said Seaton, putting down his book—"better than I did before you explained yourself. There are certain incidental points as to which I differ from you still—such as the extent to which this incubus of modern knowledge is felt. But my chief objection has to do with the nature of this knowledge itself. It seems much less important to me than it does to you; and this is the reason—this is the chief reason—why your view of the situation differs so much from mine."

"Don't stop," said Glanville. "Go on—I am all attention."

"Well, then," said Seaton, "to begin. You speak of your modern knowledge or of science as something that stands by itself, in opposition to all other knowledge."

"I should say rather," replied Glanville, "that instead of opposing all other knowledge, it absorbs it against its will, as a snake swallows a rabbit, and makes it, by digesting it, part of a different body."

"And I reply," said Seaton, "that it really does nothing of the kind. What are the hollow facts of mere physical science when interpreted by chemists and naturalists who know nothing at all of philosophy? Interpreted by such men, they may indeed conflict with religion; but only as a curtain of sackcloth may be said to conflict with sunlight. You, Rupert, and those who think with you—and to-day they are perhaps the majority—seem to forget this, that the whole method of science, or the method of external observation, is merely a pensioner of the antecedent mind that observes. You forget that the objects with which science deals—whether they are stars, stomachs or steam-engines—would for us be nothing if the mind did not perceive them. If we consider them as existing apart from the mind, independent of it, external to it—and this is the way in which the science of the day considers them—they are simply abstractions. They are not existences at all. How could you believe in this room, if you didn't believe first in yourself?"

"Well," said Glanville, "and what conclusion do you draw from this?"

"That we must interpret the universe through the mind," replied Seaton, "and not the mind through the universe; and the universe, if we proceed thus, will no longer be a bugbear to us."

Glanville laughed again. "You are talking," he said, "as if you were not only a disciple of Hegel's, but his contemporary. Had Hegel lived to-day, his philosophy would not have been what it was. Now just for a moment consider this one point. Hegel tried, as you know much better than I, the method you speak of on facts of nature and history; and every result he arrived at was absolutely—was insanely—wrong. Even if we grant that the objects of science in a sense are relative to ourselves, still, in this sense they exist, and there is a certain

ascertainable order in them, as you yourself admit whenever you send a telegram, or clarify your immortal soul by taking a liver pill. Isn't that so?"

"Surely," said Seaton. "I didn't deny it. What then?"

"What then?" replied Glanville. "Why this. If we start with putting the study of our minds aside, and examine these objects of science and the order and connection that pervades them, by the methods of external observation which ordinary science uses, we arrive at a succession of truths multiplying from day to day, which you and everybody else can verify, and do accept. But if we adopt the contrary method—if we start with the mind and its contents—and try to interpret the facts of nature through these, we get nothing, or rather nothing but falsehoods, which you yourself, like everybody else, reject. This is the gospel which science has, with unbroken success, been preaching to the world for the last hundred years, and been scourging with whips of steel into its obstinate and reluctant consciousness. Hegel, had he lived to-day, would have been crushed beneath the car of this Juggernaut. The voice that called Newton a booby would to-day be whispering out of the dust."

"Hegel," replied Seaton, "if he had lived to-day, would no doubt not have spoken of science in the manner in which he actually did. But his fundamental doctrine would still have been unchanged. I mean the doctrine that everything is mind, and that science deals only with so-called objects and with processes which for practical purposes the mind abstracts from itself, but which are not otherwise independent of it."

"Do you mean," said Glanville, "that you, Alistair Seaton, look on Saturn's moons as an abstraction from Alistair Seaton's mind?"

"When I say," replied Seaton, "that this nature is a mere abstraction from mind, I mean, in the first place, not your mind or mine, but the one universal mind, or, as I should call it, God. But we know this mind through our own minds, which are miniatures of it; and we know it through these

alone. Thus, whatever the incidental uses of modern science may be, we can never get, by means of it, to the reality which is behind science. The door of this reality is our own minds, and nowhere else. At this door science knocks in vain, or rather it can't approach it. Our minds are like observatories perched on island mountains, and science can no more touch them than the sea can touch such summits. Listen, Rupert—here is a passage out of your friend James's book, which I hit on while you were talking to your butler. He has been speaking of science—I don't mean your butler, but James—and so long as we deal with the things which science deals with, '*we deal*,' he says, '*with the symbols of reality only; but as soon as we deal with private and personal phenomena as such, we deal with realities in the completest sense of the term.*' He expresses my own meaning. How, I ask you, can our knowledge of the stars, of steam, of the circulation of the blood, and so forth, interfere with or touch the relation of living minds with mind? This relation—here is another phrase of James's—'*is the only point at which the ultimate reality is given us to guard.*' We get this reality, he says, not by being scientific, but '*by being religious*,' and thus '*our responsible concern is with our private destiny after all.*' Why do you give that great indignant groan?"

Glanville had risen from his seat, and was walking up and down the room. "Listen," he exclaimed. "I should like to throw James's book at your head, and the books of all those pious writers too. The real difficulty which torments the world at large you don't meet, but you dodge it—you try to sidle round it. I said just now that you talked as if you were Hegel's contemporary. You do, and I'll show you how. You say that science deals only with things external to us—that it cannot touch or approach our personal minds—ourselves. In Hegel's day this might have been true enough; but, thanks to God or the devil, we have travelled far since then. The great triumphs of science began with its study of the stars and the physics of the inorganic world. There seemed to be little

connection between our sacred minds and these. Then it went on to the organisms of plants and animals, venturing, with many elaborate apologies to the Deity, to include amongst the last, for convenience sake, the vile body of man. In all these, in exact proportion as it studied them, is discovered a growing amount of mechanical and machine-like uniformity; but still, for a long time, till long after Hegel's death, these groups of machine-like processes were separated one from the other, and seemed to be connected only by the arbitrary operation of a deity. The different kinds of life—in especial the life of man—seemed, as you said just now, to stand up above the waters of science, like island peaks above the sea, the objects of a separate knowledge. But all this while the waters of science were rising, and were signalising their rise by engulfing from time to time some stake or landmark that a moment before was protruding from them, or by suddenly pouring over a barrier and submerging some new area. No doubt even by this quiet process a number of people were frightened; but there was no more general panic than there was in the days of Noah. Man, from his superior station, watched the tides in security. But one fine day—as we look back on it, it seems as if this had happened suddenly—my dear Alistair, had I only been some cynical divine spectator, watching it all as a mixture of opera, farce and pantomime—something happened which, as I often amuse myself by thinking—would have been the finest stage effect in the world. The gradual rise gave place to a cataclysm. The fountains of the great deep were broken up when Darwin struck the rock: and an enormous wave—as it seems to us now in a moment—washed over the body of man—the temple of the Holy Ghost—covering him up to his chin, leaving only his head visible, whilst his limbs jostled below with the carcases of the drowned animals. His head, however, was visible still, and in his head was his mind—the mind antecedent to the universe—the redoubtable separate entity—staring out of his eyes over the deluge like a sailor on a sinking ship. And then came one crisis more. The waters rose an inch or

two higher; and all at once, like a sponge, the substance of his head itself had begun to suck them up—suck them up into the very home of life and thought; and the mind, sodden all through, was presently below the surface, sharing the doom of limpets and weeds and worlds. Or sometimes," Glanville continued, stopping short in his walk, "the tragedy presents itself to me in this way—Did you ever read 'The Curse of Kehama' by Southey? And do you remember how the conquering Rajah, who had almost made himself a god, sees, when he visits Hell, a vacant place eminent amongst the places of the damned—how at last he becomes aware that this place is destined for himself; and how his brethren in perdition call to him to join their number? In the Temple or the Hell of Science, to which the things of life and nature have one after one been brought, and where they have been bound in the fetters of the same unmeaning necessity, I have often pictured to myself an eminent place vacant, waiting in vain through the ages for some supreme and delaying occupant; and at last, into the place of torment comes man with his dreams and his aspirations: this place is for him, and Hell beholds him take it; whilst the forms and the forces round him call, as in Southey's poem:—

"'Come, come, Kehama, come—too long we wait for thee!'"

Glanville paused abruptly as if he had shown more feeling than he intended. Then proceeding he went on in a lighter tone. "You thought I was going to bless modern knowledge, and you see I've ended by cursing it. At least, I've shown you what it is. The old knowledge said, 'You must understand the universe through the individual mind.' The new says, 'You must understand the individual mind through the universe'; and it justifies this doctrine by showing us how each mind rises, step by step, out of the common universal substance, and then, in a little while, is dissolved, and so goes back to it. It would have been perfectly possible, in the days of Hegel, to dismiss the idea that this was so by every kind of intellectual argument. Now, by intellectual argument it is impossible to cast a

doubt on it. In this way, so far as the intellect can tell us anything, you and I, with our minds, are a couple of superior cabbages, and our lives mean as much, and mean as little, as theirs. You yourself are brother of that chair you are now sitting on. We both are brothers of the cigars we will now smoke."

"My dear Rupert," exclaimed Seaton, "you are a veritable Saul among the prophets. But all you have just said I could put into Hegel's language; and you'd see that there's as fine a religion in it as any you believe yourself to have lost."

"That reminds me," said Glanville, as he handed his friend a cigar-box, "I've another bone to pick with you. Before you get back to Hegel again, I must convince you of sin as to that."

"Well," said Seaton, "and what is it? Attack me. Shoot at me. I'll receive your arrows like a Saint Sebastian."

"What I'm going to attack you about," said Glanville, "is the meaning you attach to religion. You talk of religion—and our friend Professor James agrees with you—and so do all these modern religious philosophers—as though in practice it were confined to its pure undiluted essence, which is, you say—and I don't care to question this—some private and direct connection of the individual mind with the universal. Thus James, as you will see, finds the typical facts of religion in the pangs and raptures of conversion, and the exaltation of mystical ecstacy; and when you and he and all of you talk about the loss of religion, it seems to you merely to mean the subtraction from life of those isolated moments of existence in which only a few participate. But when I talk about religion and the loss of it, I mean something much wider. You are thinking of it in concentration. I am thinking of it in diffusion. If religion were nothing but an affair of conversion and ecstasies, you would be perfectly right in supposing that the growing number of cockneys who prefer an excursion on the river to the seductions of divine service, and find in the loss of their Sabbath the gain of a new

bank-holiday, lose, with the loss of religion, nothing that they wish to keep. But for men and women at large religion has never been this. They don't take their religion neat. You look on it as a dram of absolute alcohol. For others it is alcohol pervading a bottle of Burgundy—or like salt in soup—or like sugar in a cup of tea. They mayn't think about it as a thing by itself. They may be hardly conscious that it's there. But for all that when it's gone, they become aware of its absence. The food loses its savour. The wine ceases to stimulate. If you want to know what the sun does for the world generally, you can see it better by studying the colour of lilies and roses than you can by staring at the disc of the sun itself. If you want to know what religion does generally for human life—what its presence gives, and what its absence takes away—you can see this better by watching the shallowest human beings—even the silly women laden with sins, who are often so amusing to talk to, and who yet are such absolute fools—than you can by dazzling your eyes with the direct vision of God. I assure you that in the babble of the most frivolous dinner-table, or even in the verbal libretto of the most illicit flirtations, you may often hear enough unconscious theology to furnish a Bampton lecturer with materials for the lucubrations of a lifetime. However, when our friends arrive, you will find that out for yourself. And so meanwhile let us get off our high horse. It's nearly twelve already. I have a proposal to make to you. I think you are a good sailor? That stomach of yours, which, as you say, is only real as related to your mind, wouldn't annoy your mind by misbehaving itself in a steam launch?"

"Certainly not," replied Seaton. "I was never sea-sick in my life."

"Then we'll have the launch," said Glanville, "we'll take our luncheon with us, and we'll go to an odd little watering-place about fifteen miles from here. It belongs to me. I've a bit of business to do there; and it contains one object at least which will possibly interest both of us. And listen," he said, as they both prepared to move, "I hope you understand now that what I've

tried to din into you is this. There's plenty of religion in this world—enough to satisfy a Bunyan. What we want is not a new religion, but a new philosophy—a philosophy which will enable what religion prompts us to believe, to take its place with the things which we cannot prevent ourselves from knowing. But such a philosophy is at present behind the veil; and it is a veil of which none of our philosophers have as yet lifted a corner."

VI

THE weather remained beautiful, and the two friends on the launch enjoyed a return of the irrepressible exhilaration of the morning. The sea-wind blew from their minds the threads of their late discussion; and their talk was of travel and sport, of yachting and the romance of adventure. At last, however, Glanville drifted once more into reflection.

"Why is it," he said, with his eyes fixed on the sea, "that the beauty of nature stirs in us those obstinate longings for something which we cannot seize—which we cannot even imagine—which we seek alike in love, adventure, and music; which tantalises us in the roses but which never gives itself to our arms? Is it merely our longing to return to the earth from which we were taken?"

"I think you will find," said Seaton, "that the true answer to your question is in a quarter where you didn't, this morning, appear much inclined to look for it. We talked of religion as concentrated in the raptures of religious conversion, and that sense of the mind universal which our own minds get through philosophy. Well, this sense of the human appeal and poetical suggestions of nature to which you have just now given utterance—this longing for the sea, and yet not for the sea—for the mountains, and yet not for the mountains—is merely an illustration of the fact that the universe is a thought of God, and that our own minds long for that rest in His infinite perfection which, in the rapture of conversion we realise completely

for a moment, and which we realise, through a true philosophy, less completely, but for a lifetime."

"That," said Glanville, "is a charming creed. I wish I could believe it. I could help you myself to amplify it. This morning when we bathed, the cavern from which we took our plunge seemed part of Calypso's island. I expected to see the prows of Ulysses pushing themselves round every rock. Poetry makes us one not only with all the universe, but also with all human history. The beauty of the past stirs us just as the beauty of the sea does, or the woods in which Thoreau walked and found nature his divine companion. But had Thoreau only lived a decade or two later, he need only have taken a telescope and gone up from his wood in a balloon to have seen this same nature of whose sympathy he had just boasted, pouring red-hot lava out of a ladle over men, women and babies, and thundering a mad laugh from its ogre's throat as they frizzled. What becomes of my sense—whether the sense is religious or poetic—that I am one with the universe as the thought of a perfect Deity, when I find that while this universe has been ogling me with eyes of sentimental affection, it has been sticking a pin into you, and making you spin round like a cockchafer? No, my dear Alistair—what you don't see and won't see is this—that all these visions of the general perfection of things, and of our own oneness with their perfection, are based not on the facts of the case, as our waking eyes show them to us, but are little selections of facts which we make in dreams. Out of these facts, in our dreams, we spin for ourselves a glittering web. But the moment we wake and see the things as they are, the threads of our web are unravelled and re-carded. They are woven afresh on the universal loom; and the new fabric is blank or is damasked with forms of horror. Comte knew this —though he didn't admit it to himself—when he warned the adorers of humanity not to trouble themselves about the stars. For faith, there is a nightshade in the Cosmos, as there is a nightshade for our bodies in the field. And now, if you'll be

good enough to turn round and look you'll see the place to which I am going to take you."

Seaton turned, and saw at the base of the mountains an irregular line of houses lying along a mile of beach. The curve of the land formed a small natural harbour, in which one or two yachts were lying, besides a number of fishing-boats. There was also a pier, which the launch was approaching rapidly, and up the steps of which the philosophers were soon climbing.

They saw at once that a season of some sort had begun already. The pier was dotted with idle and sauntering strangers—giggling groups of young ladies, children in canvas shoes, and florid middle-aged men, their eyes full of golf and whisky. Glanville had suggested that they should go first to the hotel, where he wished to inquire about the arrival of some expected visitors. They were accordingly taking their way thither when Seaton, as he was saving himself from the attack of two relentless perambulators, saw Glanville suddenly stop and accost an abstracted pedestrian. The pedestrian was tall; his figure was stooping and willowy, and his dress proclaimed him a clergyman in respectably affluent circumstances. He started, and held out his hand with a smile of deferential pleasure. His voice was low. Seaton could not hear what he said; but he noticed his intonations, which undulated with a species of elegiac gravity. It appeared that he was one of the people on whom Glanville had been going to call, with a view --it appeared further—to settling some practical point with him. "Surely," said the clergyman at last, "I understood as much from your agent. If you'd just send the launch the excursion would be itself a pleasure. I think," he went on, with a slight wave of his hand, "you must know Canon Morgan. He and I were at Cambridge together; but we had not met since then till my good angel brought him here."

Glanville turned and became aware of another clerical personage, who had, indeed, been walking with the speaker, but whom he had not previously noticed. This gentleman had

none of his friend's melancholy, though his face was delicately marked with the lines of an ornamental asceticism; nor had he anything of his friend's gentle deference. The Church breathed through his manner in accents of superior intimacy. He graspéd Glanville's hand with almost superfluous warmth, reminded him that they had met last at a garden-party at Buckingham Palace, and expressed a mundane surprise at finding him out of London. "London for me," he said, "after my late sermons in the Abbey—happy you were in not being present—nothing takes it out of you like the pulpit—not even the House of Commons—London for me was a little too much this summer; so my doctor—capital man—has ordered me into retreat here. And here," he said, pointing to his companion, "in the person of Mr. Maxwell I've been lucky enough to happen upon a very, very old friend."

To this speech Glanville made a fitting reply, adding somewhich seemed to Seaton of a more confidential nature; and presently Seaton and he contrived to resume their walk.

"Mr. Maxwell," he said, "is a clergyman in County Down. Every year he comes here for his summer holiday; and he is good enough sometimes to come over to me and give us a service in my church. As for the other, of course you know him by name. I was going to the hotel to inquire where Mr. Maxwell was. We needn't do so now. We will go somewhere else instead."

A walk of ten minutes brought them to the end of the town, where a one-storied villa, in a plot of sandy ground, looked at the road between the posts of a short verandah.

"In my uncle's time," said Glanville, "this house was the agent's. I don't know the present tenant, but I ought to make his acquaintance. He wants, I am told, to study the condition of Ireland. If I find he's at home, I'll send for you; and, whatever you do, come in."

Glanville rang the bell, the noise of which was heard in the road. He raised by this means the apparition of a bewildered maid; and after a brief parley with her, disappeared

with her into the house. A few minutes later the maid appeared again, and invited Seaton to be good enough to step in likewise. Seaton remembered that he had not the least idea as to whose abode he was thus about to invade. He thought of asking his conductress; but he let the opportunity slip. He was ushered, in all his ignorance, into the presence of an unknown host; and Glanville, in accordance with a much too frequent practice, mentioned only one name in introducing him, and that name was Seaton's own. The room was furnished as a dining-room, but it was plain that its present occupant not only ate but lived in it, for many of the chairs were loaded with the reports of learned societies; and the sideboard was adorned with an ink-stand, in addition to a cheese and a biscuit-tin. A still more striking appearance was, however, afforded by the table. There, on the green-baize cover, stood an air-pump with a glass bell; and close beside it was an ordinary kitchen weighing-machine, with some weights in one scale, and a raw mutton-chop in the other; and close to the table was a blushing and fluttered young lady, who seemed anxious to escape, like a bird, through the first available aperture. Seaton's entrance seemed to give her the courage of desperation. "I'm afraid I can't wait," she gasped. "Some gentlemen will be coming to croquet."

"I will then," said her host, "wish you good-bye for the present. And don't forget, at your croquet, that the balls, in all their movements, however erratic and unexpected by you, represent the exact results of a long catena of causes."

The young lady, when she reached the door, appeared to recover her assurance. "You would not think that," she said, "if you saw young Mr. Maxwell. I'm sure his balls, when he hits them, follow no law at all."

Seaton, when she was gone, was able to examine his host. He was dressed in a long frock-coat, and a waistcoat flecked with bread-crumbs; but his tall and commanding presence transfigured both his dress and the room, and seemed to diffuse around him an atmosphere charged with power. So much was

this the case that Seaton felt almost shocked at the flippant temerity with which Glanville addressed him.

"I'm much afraid," said Glanville, "that Mr. Seaton and I have—I trust only for a moment—separated an Eloisa from an Abelard."

The other, however, was above the reach of levity. "No—no," he said. "I am sincerely gratified by seeing you. Did you happen to hear what that young woman said? It shows—what I always find—that by far the most difficult thing to instil into the ordinary mind is the idea of universal causation."

"And who," asked Glanville, "is your fair pupil?"

"A Miss Walsh," said the other solemnly, "a Miss Kathleen Walsh—niece, I believe, Mr. Glanville, of your agent, and daughter of a Protestant clergyman. You see those scales, and the air-pump. I'll tell you the use I was making of them. Miss Walsh, with whom I frequently take a constitutional walk in the morning, is interesting on account of the candour with which she reveals the workings of her mind. She informed me that in church last Sunday there had been prayers for rain. I asked her if she believed in the efficacy of such means of improving the weather. She manifested surprise at my doubting it. I have been just now having a little grave talk with her on the subject—illustrated by experiments. I had that mutton-chop brought in—my evening's dinner—and, as she remarked, not a large specimen of its kind. We weighed it; and then I asked her if she would think it right and reasonable to offer up a prayer that the chop might be made larger. She said no. It would be foolish and presumptuous—presumptuous because it would be asking God for a miracle, and foolish because it implied the belief that He perhaps would work one; whereas miracles, she added, as every Protestant knows, came to an end with the death of the last Apostle. Very well then, I said, let us now turn to this air-pump. I explained to her the nature of the contrivance. I exhausted the glass bell. I made her understand a vacuum; and showed her how, on turning a tap, the air rushed into it. I then said to her, would

you think, my dear young lady, of praying that air might not rush into vacuums? You would no more pray for that to happen than you would think, as a young housekeeper, of keeping down the butcher's bill by praying that every pound of beef might miraculously be turned into two. She admitted all this. She had just admitted it, Mr. Glanville, when you rang; and I was saying to her, when you entered—I was saying this: Then why should you ask God—as you do when you pray for any change in the weather—to do on an enormous scale—to do with the atmosphere of a whole kingdom or hemisphere—what you admit it would be absurd to expect Him to do with regard to that pneumatic toy? It's an argument I frequently employ in my leisure moments. I take my air-pump about with me for the special purpose of enforcing it. There is more in that argument, as you, Mr. Glanville, know, than at first meets the eye of a young woman like Miss Walsh—a great deal more than meets that of a country clergyman. I purpose, if a catarrh, with which I am somewhat afflicted, permits me, to give a lecture on this same subject here."

"Then so far as I gather," said Seaton, with extreme deference, "the great sign and wonder that will signalise the general triumph of science will be the general cessation of prayer."

"Assuredly," said his host; "assuredly. That is almost an identical proposition."

"I wish," said Glanville, "if Miss Walsh's attractions are not too much for you, you'd come over to me for a night or two, and give a lecture on causation to my friends."

"I thank you," said the host gravely. "General society is not much in my line. Fashionable society is not in my line at all. But I have always held that rational conversation is a valuable stimulant to the digestive, as well as to the cerebral functions. You might perhaps assist me in a work on which I am now engaged—a collection of racial traits peculiar to the Irish Celts."

"By all means," said Glanville, "if you'll only come. Think it over, and I'll write you a line to-morrow."

The conversation then diverged to the general condition of Ireland, and in due time the two visitors withdrew.

"And who is it we have been calling on?" asked Seaton, when they were outside the house.

"That," said Glanville, "is the great Mr. Cosmo Brock, the hierophant of that modern knowledge which we spent the morning in quarrelling over."

It was half-past five before they had reached home again. As they walked along the terrace between the house and the orange-trees, Seaton's heart sank as he saw at an open window something black which was not the shadow, and something white which was not a flower. These things—and he knew it—were the skirts of feminine dresses.

(*To be continued.*)