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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY
HENRY NEWBOLT

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TRADE AND THE NEW WORLD

THE present agitation in favour of a revision of economic policy after half a century's unqualified acquiescence in free trade may be regarded under two principal aspects, namely, its prospects of success and its scientific justification. While, however, these two aspects of the question require to be distinguished clearly, they are both of too much importance and their connection is too intimate for any merely one-sided treatment of the question to be really satisfactory. We must, however, confine ourselves in the present article in the first place to examining briefly the real significance of certain new tendencies in the policy of foreign States, which are chiefly responsible for the present movement in this country, and in the second place to estimating the probable course of their development in the future, and the influence which they are likely to exercise upon the policy of Great Britain.

The considerations to which the new attitude with regard to free trade are especially attributable may perhaps be best presented in an excerpt from a speech by Mr. Chamberlain, delivered at Birmingham on May 16. Speaking with reference to the increasing strenuousness of foreign competition, Mr. Chamberlain used the following words :

The political jealousy of which I have spoken, the commercial rivalry more serious than anything we have yet had, the presence of hostile tariffs, the pressure of bounties, the pressure of subsidies, it is all becoming more weighty

and more apparent. What is the object of this system adopted by countries, which, at all events, are very prosperous themselves—countries like Germany and other large Continental States? What is the object of all this policy of bounties and subsidies? It is admitted—there is no secret about it—the intention is to shut out this country as far as possible from all profitable trade with those foreign States, and at the same time to enable those foreign States to undersell us in British markets. That is the policy, and we see that it is assuming a great development, that old ideas of Trade and free competition have changed.¹

Such are the facts of the case, and it is very important that their real character should be clearly comprehended. At first sight they look like a mere extension of protective principles; in reality they indicate the beginning of a complete transformation of those principles. In order to understand how this is so it is important to note that the attempt to regulate and control by state action the course of industrial development may be framed upon lines and with objects entirely different from and in fact opposed to those with which it has generally been associated. Thus in opposition to the old policy of protection we may conceive of a policy of aggression, as it may be styled, aiming not, as protection aims, at the exclusion of the foreign producer from the home market, and the preservation of national self-sufficiency, but at the concentration of the national energy upon those industries, of an expansive kind, for which it is best fitted and equipped, with a view to obtaining in respect of them a predominant position, and, if possible, a monopoly in the international market. Such a policy, it is obvious, would involve the giving of assistance not to weak and declining industries, and those which experienced the greatest difficulty in bearing up against foreign competition, as has been usual hitherto under protective systems, but to those which appeared to be the most vigorous and progressive and the most capable of development. Further, it is a policy which, upon the whole, would perhaps be carried out more effectively by means of bounties on exports rather than of prohibitive tariffs. Read in the light of these considerations,

¹ *Times*, May 17, 1902.

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the recent developments in the economic policy of foreign nations, as, for instance, in the United States, where a system in original intention defensive has been converted to offensive uses—the heavy tariffs now tending in many cases to increase the export trade—may be most naturally interpreted as the beginning of a tendency as yet unavowed, and, indeed, in great part unconscious, to substitute aggressive for protective methods.

Further, that the conditions of the future will be increasingly favourable to aggressive and unfavourable to protective methods may be inferred from a comparison of their respective aims and advantages. Protection has been defended chiefly on two grounds, the one purely economic, namely, that it is necessary to shelter nascent and rising industries from a competition which would otherwise be fatal to them, the other of a more general character, namely, that national self-sufficiency is essential to national security. Of these arguments it must be noted that the former justifies protection as a policy of merely, or at least mainly, temporary application during the earlier stages of industrial development in the case of a nation exposed to the competition of more advanced rivals, while, as regards the latter, it is obvious that the more economic interdependence tends to prevail universally the less urgent a matter will the preservation of national self-sufficiency become. An aggressive policy may likewise be defended on special grounds, as tending to assist and hasten the concentration of the national activity upon those industrial functions for which it is the best adapted; and likewise on general grounds, in view of the considerable dependence of national efficiency in all its branches upon a prosperous economic condition. Both sets of considerations may be expected to gain in force with the progress of civilisation. In the first place, the increasing advantage attending industrial organisations on a great scale is favourable to national specialisation, inasmuch as far greater opportunities for organisation are afforded where national activities are specialised than where they are diffused over a wide and

heterogeneous range of functions. Secondly, as the importance of the economic factors in civilisation increases there must take place a corresponding increase in the importance of economic prosperity to national efficiency and power of every kind.

But offensive and defensive methods do not constitute exhaustive alternatives, and the fact that circumstances in the future are likely to be increasingly favourable to the former does not in itself prove that they will be preferable to the *laissez faire* policy at present accepted. Various considerations, however, may be mentioned which should at least make us hesitate to assume the contrary. In the first place, it is important to notice the relation of free trade to the two types of policy which have been contrasted above. According to the generally accepted view the primary and fundamental division of economic systems is into those which involve and those which exclude state intervention. But while for certain purposes this dichotomy is perfectly legitimate, it is also possible to regard free trade rather as a *via media* which is neither protective nor aggressive, which seeks neither to preserve national self-sufficiency nor to hasten national specialisation. This, taken in connection with the fact admitted by most economists, that a certain degree of protection is often necessary during the earlier stages of industrial growth, would appear to indicate, or, at least, suggest, that free trade occupies the same middle place in time as it does in theory; in other words, that under normal conditions of development protection, free trade, aggression, should represent successive phases of national policy. Further, if in the near future industrial specialisation, within certain limits, will be to the advantage of most States, there does not seem adequate reason for regarding it as impossible to facilitate (without unduly accelerating) the process by means, for instance, of a skillfully adjusted bounty system.

While, however, the above considerations seem to point to an increasing employment of offensive tactics, yet State action on the old lines, with a view, for instance, to safeguarding the interests of rising industries, or to providing against the undue

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depression of agriculture, is not to be regarded as a policy of which we have heard the last. What we should anticipate for the near future would seem rather to be a mixed system in which, however, the newer elements will tend to become constantly more prominent. The growth, again, of international combinations constitutes a new factor likely to complicate still further the aims of industrial policy. At the same time, this movement, which might at first seem opposed to the adoption of offensive measures in the countries joining in such combinations, is yet not unlikely to result eventually in a still wider application of the new policy through concerted action on the part of States having similar economic interests.

Putting aside, however, further developments of this kind, we may doubt whether the national adherence to free trade will long survive the progressive adoption of offensive tactics by those States where economic policy is a more elastic and adaptable thing than in Great Britain. In the first place, it must be remembered that although free trade is still the official policy of the nation, the grounds of the popular faith in that policy have been already for the most part destroyed. On the one hand, its theoretical basis, the doctrine of *laissez faire*, has fallen into general discredit; on the other, the practical evidence in its favour is no longer convincing since, instead of the immense industrial and commercial expansion with which freedom of trade was formerly accompanied and consequently identified, the economic progress of Great Britain is now less rapid than that of rivals with whom the postponement of consumers' to producers' interests is an established rule of policy. Hence, at the present moment, the popular acceptance of free trade seems to have nothing stronger behind it than the habits and traditions of the past half-century: considerable forces, no doubt, but hardly capable of sustaining any very severe practical test. Let us suppose, then, that British producers, finding themselves at length really hard hit by the subsidised competition of foreigners, commence to agitate for countervailing duties which will enable them to meet

competitors on equal terms in the home market at least. It is difficult, especially in view of the influence which the hard-pressed sugar interests have recently shown themselves capable of exercising, to see how such a demand, made simultaneously on the part of various important industries, and further perhaps strongly backed by the economic tendencies of Imperialism, can long be resisted. Having once, however, broken definitely and avowedly with *laissez faire* by adopting a fair-trade attitude, the nation would be far less reluctant to imitate its rivals and proceed to actually offensive measures.

Another circumstance in the present economic situation which, though it is not of the same importance and has not excited the same interest, is yet well deserving of attention in the present connection is the increasing governmental activity in respect of the industrial development of backward regions. Here certainly the accepted theory of international trade is to a great extent inapplicable. The reason is that that theory contemplates merely a condition of commercial competition, whereas in the present case efforts are directed not merely to obtaining as large a share as possible of the trade with these regions, but also to acquiring control, whether final or in the form of a lease, of their most valuable natural assets, a matter in respect of which competition, so far from being sustained and continuous, must terminate with the success of one or more of the competitors. And since those competitors are likely to be the most successful who either can bring the greatest amount of diplomatic pressure to bear or have been the most forward in establishing commercial relations with the countries in question, it would seem that any nation would be economically justified in taking such steps as were expected to strengthen its local position in either of the above respects. It is, indeed, possible that political influence will not be of the same importance in the future as hitherto, because as competition becomes more eager and strenuous it will be increasingly difficult for any nation to secure special advantages for itself. In that case the early establishment

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and development of economic relations is a matter of all the greater moment, and here Government subsidies skilfully distributed may give a considerable initial impulse. During the past century, when the economic possibilities of undeveloped countries engaged comparatively slight attention, these facts remained unrecognised. In the more engrossing contest of the future they are likely to stand out conspicuously enough, and the belief in the doctrine of *laissez faire* will certainly be subjected to a very severe strain as one by one the various points of advantage are secured to other nations through the employment of methods which that doctrine precludes.

The considerations which have been set forth above involve certain important political corollaries which are perhaps worth noting in conclusion. State assistance on the old lines, consisting in the mere propping up of whatever industries might seem to be in danger of succumbing before foreign competition, did not require any considerable skill, while the merely passive attitude of *laissez faire* is obviously simplicity itself. On the other hand, a policy partly protective, partly aggressive, on the lines described above, would necessitate very elaborate and subtle calculations, based in their turn upon a thorough grasp of industrial conditions at home and abroad and of the specific character of each particular industry, as well as upon the rare ability to interpret aright the evidence supplied by columns of statistical abstracts. It is obvious that for work of this kind it would be futile to look either to the Government now in power or to any alternative Government at present conceivable. The fact is of interest chiefly as tending to confirm other indications that to secure that scientific knowledge which, already recognised as necessary in the spheres of industry and warfare, is becoming increasingly important in that of politics also would involve changes both in the methods of government and in the *personnel* of ministries and parliaments at present little contemplated.

THE ONE AND THE MANY

A RECENT article in the *Quarterly Review* has provided a spectacle both entertaining and instructive to those who move in literary circles. The proceedings partook of the nature of a *contre-danse*, and the figure, though not new, was lively and well performed. The first to take the floor was a gentleman in a mask, since identified as Mr. Arthur Symons; his *vis-à-vis* was Mr. Churton Collins, and after both had executed a preliminary fling in their different styles, each returned to his own side, and without pausing for breath, advanced again hand-in-hand with his supporters. Mr. Collins, who danced with a good deal of energy, but, perhaps, a little stiffly, was flanked by Professors Colvin and Courthope; Mr. Symons was attended by Mr. Lang, who, unfortunately, had to leave early, and by Canon Ainger, who arrived rather late. The audience was still hoping for a second round, but the uproar of the Peace and Coronation festivities seems to have made this impossible.

To come back to sober daylight, we have carried away from this spirited encounter the recollection of three points of interest. The first is concerned with the true nature of drama; should the characters be subordinate to the plot, or the plot be, as it were, lawfully begotten by the characters? This question we do not intend to deal with; for each party has already settled the matter in its own way, and we have no third solution to propose. But the two remaining questions are practical ones;

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and closely connected with the ordinary course of business in the literary world; they are the question of multiple anonymous reviewing, and the question of the utility of criticising contemporary poetry.

There is, we imagine, by this time no doubt about the practice in either case. To take the first, we may assume, without calling witnesses on oath, that multiple reviewing is common enough, and multiple enough, for the purposes of argument. We may also free ourselves from the personal element in the late controversy by recollecting that the Quarterly Reviewer was only following an ordinary course, and one difficult to avoid altogether under the present system; that two of his reviews were on so different a scale as to be legitimate in any circumstances; and that by reproducing *verbatim* certain passages of the one article in the other he took the best means of avoiding any appearance of posing as two independent critics. We have, then, to deal with an abstract case. Balbus, poor gentleman, builds a lofty rhyme; Caius publishes the same; Dares praises it in half a dozen anonymous reviews; Entellus damns it in several others. At first sight it would appear to the innocent onlooker that no great harm is done; the country cousin will think there are more persons of critical genius about than there really are, but the practical results merely come to this, that part of the public trusts Entellus and neglects Balbus, part believes Dares and buys the book; Balbus and Caius divide the profits, especially Caius.

The answer to this, lately put forward in many discussions, is that what is fun to us may mean death to Balbus, obscurity to his rhyme, however lofty, and money out of pocket to Caius, in whose prosperity we are all concerned. For it may happen that Entellus knocks out Dares before the eyes of the public, who will thenceforth invest less in this particular company's stock. Such a danger, if real, would sober the most frivolous in a moment; but it is, we believe, only the nightmare incidental to a diet of Ambrosia. The casualty lists of the past, if examined, might show many poets wounded by criticism, but

none killed; and we firmly believe that there is not to this day one deserving name absent from the roll-call of English literature. Of course, to the poet, who is always poor, the loss of health or reputation is not all; full well we know that loss of pence would trouble him very nearly as much; but nowadays he has not, in all probability, even this to fear, for the buyer follows not criticism but advertisement, and abuse is the best advertisement of all.

It is true that this is not the whole answer; complaint is also made that sometimes it is Dares who gets the start of Entellus with a succession of well-planted strokes, and the poet is quoted rather too high than too low in the market. But surely this too is a little unreasonable. "When is a poet not a poet? When he is overpraised," is a foolish conundrum with an absurd answer. Besides, *cui malo?* who is the worse? It is no doubt annoying for Entellus to see his advice disregarded, but after all the critic, at any rate, is not paid by results; and he has the two considerable pleasures of denunciation and of voting in the minority. Think too of the gain to the practice of poetry, which loses half its disrepute by losing all its poverty; and to the activity of Caius, who can afford on the profits of one boom to publish at his own risk fifty less arresting volumes.

But our imaginary controversialist now gives the question another turn; he brings forward his big moral battery. The conduct of Dares in pushing his friend Balbus through seven editions, when, to judge by Miltonic standards, five pounds would be more than five times the value of his wares, is dishonest, a fraud on the public, possibly a conspiracy. Certainly, to praise what you do not esteem, and to go about deliberately pretending to be a weighty body of unanimous opinion when you are merely an unsupported and perhaps insupportable *ιδιώτης*—this would be not only a dishonourable but an undignified method, resembling too nearly the trick of the pantomime army or the Aldershot manœuvres. But dishonourable or undignified tricks injure the performer rather than the audience.

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And even if, as the cynic will suggest, multiple payment is an ample compensation to the critic for the moral and intellectual damage he thus inflicts upon himself, this does not apply to poor Balbus himself, who suffers in pride and in popularity when the inevitable exposure comes. Save him from such friends—*et dona ferentes*. As for the busybodies themselves, inept and ridiculous as their conduct is, no evidence has yet been adduced that they are actuated by any feeling but genuine enthusiasm for the works they praise. If they conspired with Caius, or borrowed from Balbus, the case would wear a different aspect.

Then there is the fraud on the public. We are aware that in this happy country it has never been found necessary to legislate against advertisers overpraising their own goods, and we should be sorry to think that poetry might be the first bad case to drive us to extremities. But it must be remembered that poetry may be poor in quality without being absolutely unfit for human food; and further that men differ widely in their powers of assimilation; what Mr. Symons would starve on, may be grape-nuts to Mr. Collins, who in his turn has no appetite for the lamb which satisfies Canon Ainger. Viewed even as a speculation we venture to think that poetry offers the investor as good a "flutter" as any stock in the market, and that the vendors and promoters are as honest as others in the prospectuses they send out.

There remains the adverse multiple critic; he may be actuated, they say, by spite or jealousy. He may, but we doubt if his fire will be any the deadlier. A very big gun, we are now told, failed to penetrate John Keats's armour, and why should the more modern pom-pom do better with his ten or a dozen little shells? Balbus must be a poor builder if his walls crumble at the sound of any number of trumpets, bray they never so loudly.

This brings us round to our third point; harmless the criticism of contemporary poetry may be, but can it be useful? Certainly not to the poet, who, we are credibly informed, is

only distracted by it; it "spoils his temperament," and this is regrettable, especially when the temperament has been carefully cultivated. And it does not seem very reasonable to expect that one who has failed (*te judice*) to sing well will do better because you kick him in the open street. But you have a call to instruct the public? My dear sir, what Englishman would ever take a lesson in the appreciation of poetry? But you are an expert. Down with your signature then, and let us know your qualifications. Have you written verse? "No" is a confession of incompetence almost fatal, and too improbable to be worth considering. "Yes" leads to the further question, "Successful or unsuccessful?" Surely not successful; you would not waste your time in reviewing; yet if unsuccessful you are even worse equipped than he who never trod the Muses' hill. You write to keep the standard high in the interest of posterity? Most futile of all, for posterity never errs or takes advice; her memory is as short for criticism as it is long for poetry. When the stars threw down their spears, and watered heaven with their tears, they then and there gave Blake a bower in Paradise from which he will never be driven by any number of well-drilled angels flaming the little swords they call *Ephemera Critica*.

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ON THE LINE

Studies in Irish History and Biography, Mainly of the Eighteenth Century. By C. Litton Falkiner. (Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.)—The future historian of the literature of the nineteenth century will, if we mistake not, point to the general practice of first publishing work, more especially scientific and critical work, in the form of magazine or review articles, as having unfavourably affected some of the best works in these kinds. The admirable studies of forgotten or misunderstood Irish history which Mr. Litton Falkiner contributed from time to time to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, and which are here reprinted in book form, are no exception to the rule that such collections are apt to lack the strong thread of unity. The separate articles often, too, require the groundwork which, in the case of a regular book, would take the form of a preface.

These studies make a considerable addition to our knowledge of certain portions and personalities of Irish history. There are few subjects more difficult to illuminate than the period of which Mr. Falkiner shows so complete a grasp and writes in so impartial a spirit. For, as Lord Rosebery is quoted in the preface as saying, "The Irish question has never passed into history because it has never passed out of politics." Yet, in spite of the inherent difficulty of his subject, Mr. Falkiner writes history in which no trace of political bias can be found, and which carries conviction throughout. He has had access to sources little known, which he uses with signal success; for

he has the power of seizing the essential as few historians have. Sometimes one feels the writing a trifle heavy, especially in his first article, on "the Grattan Parliament and Ulster," which should be placed at the end if the book earns, as it deserves, the honour of a second edition. But this occasional heaviness is but the drawback to abundance of intimate knowledge. The book seems to us to have but one serious fault, that lack of unity to which we have already referred, but which may be said to be the fault rather of the system than of the individual author. A short summary of the events of the period covered by the various articles, with mention in the appropriate place of the personalities dealt with in the studies, would set this right.

Among the best of the studies is that on the Earl-Bishop of Derry. The eccentric bishop is best known to history in connection with the volunteer movement in Ulster, in which he played a somewhat unhappy part. It is the one incident in his varied career likely to give a completely false impression of his character and of his ideas with regard to Irish politics, the main interest of his mind. Mr. Falkiner commands not merely attention, but assent, to his new and juster view of this strange being. He succeeds no more than Mr. Lecky or any other authority, in reconciling the inconsistencies of the Bishop's character and actions. It seems that he was subject to violent accesses of vanity. Mr. Falkiner asks us to take seriously the suggestion put forward by some of his contemporaries, that his brain was from time to time affected.

The extravagance of his language and the wildness of his demeanour suggest that his natural eccentricity had at this period passed the border-line of sanity, and that the congenital infirmity which in his father had taken the physical form of epilepsy had in his case shown itself in temporary disorder of the brain.

This reads rather oddly beside what we take to be something in the nature of an apology for the bishop's political action at this time. The writer points out that "it is a complete misapprehension to suppose that the leaders of the

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volunteers were Irish agitators who acted without the concurrence and encouragement of English politicians." We find more colour for the view that his reason was affected at the end of his life, in the story of his reply to a remonstrance addressed to him by three of his colleagues on the Irish Episcopal Bench. The remonstrance dealt with his prolonged absence from Ireland, a subject upon which he had sometimes enlarged, preaching so late as 1790 upon the duty of residence as one of the obligations of the episcopal office. In reply he sent three peas in a bladder to the Primate, accompanied by this doggerel couplet in his own handwriting :

Three large blue-bottles sat upon three blown-bladders ;
Blow, bottle-flies, blow—burst, blown bladders, burst.

There is surely something more than eccentricity in this couplet.

Of Sir Boyle Roche, the Father of Irish Bulls (as Herodotus is the Father of History), Mr. Litton Falkiner writes in an affectionate strain which makes this slight sketch one of the most pleasing chapters in the book. We wish he had seen fit to quote a few more of the gems of unconscious humour and congenital absurdity for which Sir Boyle is chiefly famous. The present generation knows only a few of the most celebrated of his bulls. Some rival definitions of a bull are quoted, discussed, and found wanting. We learn that the word had been long in use before it became associated with Irishmen. A soldier wrote in the year 1702 : "These gentlemen seem to me to have copied the bull of their countryman, who said his mother was barren." Sydney Smith defined a bull as "an apparent congruity and real incongruity of ideas suddenly discovered." The writer objects that this definition is as incomplete as the others, since it misses the chief element in the humour of a bull, the unconsciousness of its author when making it. But this is hardly fair to Sydney Smith ; for surely the unconsciousness of the author is implied in the "sudden" discovery of the incongruity ? Mr. Falkiner's own description

of a bull as a "lucid obscurity, in which the verbal confusion is not sufficient to conceal the speaker's meaning," seems a better attempt than any of those which he quotes. Perhaps the best example of Sir Boyle's masterpieces in this kind is the famous invitation to a nobleman, which runs: "I hope, my lord, that if ever you come within a mile of my house you will stay there all night." But there was also a serious side to the good Sir Boyle. Unofficially the Court Jester, he was also Gentleman Usher and Master of the Ceremonies to the Irish Court for nearly a quarter of a century. "If etiquette and Sir Boyle permit" must have been no uncommon formula, and is actually quoted from Lord Charlemont with reference to a visit from his Excellency, Lord Camden.

The account Mr. Falkiner gives of Sir Boyle's career is succinct and full of dry humour. He shows how lovable the man was, one whose appearance alone on the floor of the Irish House was enough to still a Parliamentary storm. On one occasion he argued as follows upon a suggestion that a grant from the Exchequer would operate unjustly on the taxpayers of the next generation: "Why should we put ourselves out of our way to do anything for posterity; for what has posterity done for us?" In this sentence he seems to be aiming ahead at the volume of social philosophy recently published by Mr. Kidd. Among the specimens given of his felicity are the reference to Junius, as "an anonymous writer called Junius," his declaration of readiness to give up "not only a part, but, if necessary, even the whole of our constitution to preserve the remainder," and his interruption in debate, "I answer boldly in the affirmative, No." To make good bulls is not given to many men. Mr. Falkiner concludes with this admirable verdict:

Had his ability been greater or his amiability less, it could never have happened that close on a century after his death he should stand as the typical representative of a mental peculiarity characteristically Irish in humour and good humour.

There is something beautiful in spite of the constant

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absurdity of the man, in Thomas Steele's devotion to the person and cause of the great O'Connell. "Honest Tom Steele"—so he will always be known in the annals of Catholic emancipation—was throughout life the knight-errant of lost causes. In the Spanish war of 1821 he fought "with desperate valour upon the batteries of the Trocadèro." And when at last O'Connell died it was time for Steele to die too. He lies beside his master whom he joined in 1848, after attempting to commit suicide in the Thames. Of his integrity and patriotism, his bravery and simplicity, some charming instances are given; we could wish for more but there are enough to justify John O'Connell's eulogy of him as "one of the most single-minded, kind, and chivalrous-souled men that ever breathed." A delightful passage is quoted from Steele's writings intended to illustrate the Celtic melancholy of the man. There is also in this passage, which is too long to quote, a proof of the intense love which he cherished for "the old religion."

The account of Plunket is excellent reading; and, though it may never have occurred to you before, you will certainly find yourself agreeing that "in point of pure intellect he was, perhaps, the foremost Irishman of the nineteenth century." "The glory of his eloquence detracted has never dimmed, and rancour can never injure." And yet, as Mr. Falkiner adds, his figure "stands for a stately presence, rather than a commanding force." The letter printed for the first time as an appendix to the article on Plunket is of great interest, both for the revelation it gives of Plunket as an intensely serious man (Bulwer Lytton wrote of him, "Man has no majesty like seriousness"), and for the view he expresses with regard to the Union which he foresees as a possibility. He thought it would be followed, in a few years, by a Separation. In the same letter he speaks of the spirit in which the Protestant soldiers had been forced to wear Orange emblems as a test of loyalty; and adds that if this spirit should "succeed so far as to make the question of loyal or disloyal narrow itself into that of Protestant or Papist, I absolutely must despair of this country."

In this attractive collection the paper on Lord Clare is, perhaps, the best of the longer essays. We discern in this piece of work qualities of style and thought of which too little appears on the surface of the other papers. For Mr. Falkiner has gifts of imagination and insight, a facility for saying things in the most "pointful" way possible, and a talent for epigram which should enable him to write great history, if he will make up his mind to steer clear of the reviews and magazines, and the temptation they hold out to be fragmentary and minute.

We must conclude with some isolated sentences which indicate his mettle as a historian :

When all is said and done the most diligent research can never be worth half so much for the interpretation of character as the clear evidence of contemporary reputation. It is a libel upon history to say that it is no better than an old almanac, but it is undeniable that it is never so likely to be true as an old diary.

How true this is and how wittily expressed. It would be well if the Cambridge school of young historians could take it to heart. As Mr. Falkiner continues, "to set up the incomplete records of the past against the incontrovertible testimony of tradition, is often the shallowest pedantry." We can appreciate the value of this book in the light of the writer's own description of the literature of his subject (p. 6) :

The history of lost causes supplies perhaps the least reliable chapters in the chronicles of mankind. The elegies of patriotism are always touching, but they are not often accurate.

Religio Laici. By the Rev. H. C. Beeching. (Smith. 6s.)—So famous a title as this leads us to expect here what we do not find. If any one's religion is the subject of the book, it is rather that of the clerk than of the layman ; nor does the statement that it is "addressed to laymen" (most books are) help us much. A better description would have been "Apologia pro Clero," the title of one of the essays contained in the volume. The only part of it which answers to the title is perhaps the best essay ; one treating of the temper

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and character of the English Church in the seventeenth century. This, and a paper on Donne—which puts his character in a better light than Mr. Gosse's "Life" or Mr. Stephen's article in the *National Review* of December 1899, and successfully rehabilitates Walton's authority—and a thoughtful essay on Christianity and Stoicism, are in our judgment the most valuable parts of the book. We may say in passing that Mr. Beeching completely clears Donne, that interesting and enigmatic character, from the worst charge brought against him, that of "having devilled for Somerset in the miserable business of the Essex divorce." The person who wrote the discourse here alluded to was Daniel Donne or Dunn, not John Donne.

The latter part of Mr. Beeching's work is chiefly an *Apologia pro Clero*, and deals with modern questions, and principally the position of the English clergy as regards discipline, learning, and income. The contention is that the moderate Ritualists are in the right; that the High Church clergy are more active, learned, and intelligent than the Low Church; that so far from needing disendowment the Church is in danger of falling into contempt from poverty, and that existing endowments and voluntary contributions ought to be augmented by the State; there is also a plea for Christian education, and a fair argument that Undenominational Christianity runs a risk of being no Christianity at all, and that purely secular education does not advance morality either in France or in our colonies.

These essays deserve attention, and form a useful contribution to the polemics of the time; but the presentment of the English Church of the seventeenth century in the earlier essays will be read with most pleasure. We can never have too much of Hooker, Herbert, Donne, Andrewes, Ferrar, and Cosin. The more the Church of England learns to look to them as exhibiting its true spirit, and returns to their temper of mind, the more she will grow in Christian virtues and justify her position among the churches. "Let your moderation be

known unto all men," says the Apostle. So too said the Stoic. The ground of sweet reasonableness is common to Christianity and Stoicism. The distinction between them is that Christianity centres in a divine person and Stoicism in an abstraction. Christianity proclaims the doctrine of immortality which Stoicism allowed as a pious opinion. Stoicism in short, though it came near it, never reached the warmth of emotion which the highest Christianity feels and imparts. It had no Gospel for the poor. So far as it was a religion, it was a religion for educated men; though in its sincerity, charity, purity, and self-renunciation it carried some of the elements of religion to an ideal height.

George Herbert and Andrewes combined a piety of almost Franciscan fervour with a Stoic sobriety of temper. It is the English temper; Englishmen are not cold-hearted or unenthusiastic, but they dislike extremes in Church and State, and the Erastianism so much lauded by Sir William Harcourt had its roots in the Middle Ages. The new clericalism which Mr. Beeching approves, brings with it, if the saving common sense of the English laity does not apply a check, the dangers of dividing religion by sex and driving men out of church, of alienating the poor by an unintelligible ritual and obsolete prayers, of the abuses inherent in compulsory confession, and of a mechanical and materialised sacramentalism. The Caroline Fathers were free from these errors and, as Principal Tulloch in his delightful book on "Rational Theology" shows, they pointed a way to a religious growth in a sober learning and sound criticism, while not relinquishing the heritage of Catholic piety.

Mr. Beeching's defence of the most prominent class of English clergy against Sir William Harcourt in the matter of the "lawlessness" charged against them is not quite successful. They have profited by the enforced leniency of the bishops and the cumbrous procedure of the law to try hazardous experiments, the result of which remains as yet unknown. But the Church of England has survived many such attempts and will

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survive this, gaining from it we may hope an increase of spiritual life and no diminution of sobriety.

The moral of Mr. Beeching's book, though it is not the moral which he himself draws, is that public opinion is and ought to be one of the factors in the government of our Church. Laymen do not wish to formulate dogma, but they do think they have a right to control eccentricities of ritual, and in the event of a revision of the Prayer Book, a thing "which is much to be wished," they would claim to have a voice.

Savage Island: an Account of a Sojourn in Niue and Tonga. By Basil C. Thompson. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)—A delightful book, redolent of the unique and ineffaceable charm of the South Seas. One hears again the gentle splash of the sea as each wave, pressed by the weight of water at its back, lazily unfolds and, exhausted by the effort, falls heavily down upon the coral-strewn beach, glistening in the sun; or, when the languor of the day's heat is passed, and a deliciously soft breeze is felt, one hears the boatmen singing together on their way home, their paddles marking the time as, after each stroke, they touch the sides of the long canoe. One recalls the mysterious flavour and refreshing qualities of kava; the warm, permeating odour of cocoa-nut oil; the rounded forms of the natives, formerly shining with oil, now obscured by hideous and unhealthy cloth; the pretty manners of these brown savages, their soft voice, pleasant smile, and serene, unruffled countenance. On these, and many other, aspects of Polynesian life Mr. Thomson is a safe and entertaining guide. He shows how difficult it is for a savage to adapt himself to modern ideas. A Tongan judge had to sentence two men for the theft of a pig. One of the culprits had kept watch while the other did the actual stealing. Turning to the code recently introduced from New Zealand, the judge found that this made a case of conspiracy, for which the minimum penalty was imprisonment for ten years. He sentenced the two unfortunates to that

term, remarking that he was straining the law in not punishing them for the theft as well.

It is satisfactory to learn from Mr. Thomson that when Germany was given Samoa, we obtained with Tonga the best climate in the South Seas, and also a port, Neiafu, which contains by far the best harbour to be found in the whole area of Pacific Islands

The Mastery of the Pacific. By A. R. Colquhoun. (Heinemann. 18s. net.)—We are, perhaps, somewhat too apt to assume an attitude of indulgent superiority towards our fathers, whose "grand tour" was of such modest proportions. But for all his increase in mileage it may be questioned whether the modern traveller acquires knowledge *pari passu*, and he is certainly more of a slave to the beaten track. Nowadays we are nothing if not Imperial, yet British Honduras and British Guiana in the one hemisphere are as little visited by the tourist as are British North Borneo or British New Guinea in the other, in spite of the adjective. To these latter together with other somewhat better known countries and peoples Mr. Colquhoun introduces his readers in the synthesis which he terms "The Mastery of the Pacific"—a remarkably well-balanced, and on the whole a very accurate presentment of the factors concerned in the problem of the East. If we had to find fault it would be with the title rather than the contents of the book, which is not so much an excursus on the future fates of kingdoms as a pleasant, chatty *land en volkenkunde* of the farther East, aiming, perhaps, at no particular graces of style, but eminently readable throughout. It is an excellent example of the infinite help afforded by wide personal knowledge of the ground, though as a matter of fact, one of the best parts of the volume is the rendering of the Philippines question and the Filipino, and we gather that the author's visit to the archipelago was but of short duration. He made good use of his time, however, for we have nowhere seen so clear, comprehensive and accurate an account of the position as this.

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Mr. Colquhoun's whole canvas is a good one, drawn with no tricks of style or unnecessary minutiae, but always with a careful brush. The slow advance of the giant Power in the north; the seething energy of America face to face with that most Oriental of Orientals, the Filipino; the astounding ability and resources of Japan, a little out of breath with the pace that she herself has set; and in the midst of them, motionless, immovable, and immutable, Holland, with her vast possessions as yet in great measure undeveloped—all these take vivid shape as one reads. Mr. Colquhoun thinks that the forthcoming struggle will largely depend on the developments in the United States and in Federated Australia, for "though the Australian Monroe doctrine has not yet been officially promulgated, its spirit is breathed by all Australians." He pins his faith, or some part of it, upon British Columbia which, with its magnificent harbours and natural resources, has limitless potentialities as a shipping and trade centre. British North Borneo has its capabilities, but is wasting its time and money in useless railways.

A little care might, and should, have purged this capital essay from the numerous mistakes in spelling which disfigure it. The immortal comrade of Magellan would hardly have recognised himself either as Piggafetta or Pigafetti, nor is the flower to which Dr. Allamand lent his name termed an alamander. These are but two of many errors, but we need not dwell upon them. Mr. Colquhoun takes wide views, makes wide generalisations, but they will strike most readers as sound, and most of all those who are best acquainted with the farther East.

NEW ZEALAND AND THE EMPIRE

“THE general taxation is borne by the people, while of the £350,000 paid by property, £150,000 goes in defence works. What does a man hunting the country with a swag upon his back want with armed cruisers and a torpedo corps?” So spoke the New Zealand Minister of Defence in 1892. Included in the £150,000 spent on “defence works” for the benefit of the propertied classes only, was the whole cost of the police; but it was the expenditure on Imperial Defence that mainly roused his ire. From that point of view I have seen the statement condemned as “most profligate, most unpatriotic, most treasonable;” and, after making due allowance for the violence of party criticism, it must be conceded to imply that the propertied classes, and not the democracy at large, are concerned in the maintenance of the defence system upon which the Colony’s connection with the Empire depends. Further, the speech was an attempt to turn the powerful artillery of class jealousy against that system. But times change, and politics and politicians change with them. The incidence of taxation continues substantially as before; the relative contributions of swagsman and squatter to the common fund are as before; yet the Defence vote (exclusive of the police) has trebled in the interval, and the grievance of the swagsman is to be aggravated by the responsible Minister who, with a broad Imperialism which the *Times* commends, has recently urged

the addition of more "armed cruisers" to the Australian squadron. The change is a striking illustration of the change in New Zealand politics, and of the cleverness of the leader who finds the old conditions and the new equally congenial, for the Minister of Defence of 1892 is Minister of Defence still, and also Premier of the Colony. Ten years ago the chief motive power of New Zealand politics was class feeling, to-day it is Imperial sentiment; and the man who in each case "rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm" is Richard John Seddon.

Though the Colony has never suffered from any general or serious disaffection towards the mother country, no occasion had arisen until recently for testing the strength of its attachment, and those who most prized the connection were not unnaturally apprehensive lest sympathy might be chilling into apathy through want of exercise. The only positive movement in our politics which boded ill to the connection was the demand for an elective Governor—a proposal which the doctrinaire Radicalism of Sir George Grey found very congenial to its taste, and which was strongly supported by so eminently un-doctrinaire a politician as the present Premier. The claims of abstract democracy, and the unfitness of some of the Governors appointed from Downing Street formed the chief grounds of the proposal; but, though it was not inspired by any formal desire for separation from the old country, it must certainly have tended in that direction by removing one of the visible symbols of our dependence, one of the few formal ties which incorporate us with the Empire. During the last ten or fifteen years the proposal has been hardly mentioned, and there is little in recent tendencies to threaten its revival. Greater care on the part of the Colonial Office in the selection of colonial Governors will destroy the only practical basis it ever had. Birth and breeding will properly continue to be vital considerations in appointing the men who are to discharge the stately and ornamental functions which form so large a part of the work of a constitutional monarch and his representatives;

but knowledge of affairs and administrative capacity are qualifications not to be so completely overlooked as they have sometimes been.

Whatever else the South African War has done or failed to do, it has at any rate roused the Empire and made it conscious of itself in a way that years of peace could hardly have achieved. The self-governing parts of the Empire had always felt the force of the influences to which Burke bade Britain trust for her hold upon her Colonies: "The close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron." Whatever of rust had accumulated upon these links in the days of inaction has been dissipated in the stir of a common trouble, and they have been welded more firmly than ever in the fire of the South African War. As not uncommonly happens in private life, the time of stress has revealed a sympathy and a cohesive force which were to a large extent unsuspected in the daily round of hum-drum existence. The Empire called, and New Zealand with the rest of the Colonies responded. To say that the 5000 men we have sent were all actuated by the purest spirit of patriotism would of course be absurd. To some no doubt the call was the voice of duty; to most the spirit of adventure, the love of change, ambition, the desire to better their condition were probably stronger inducements. But in whatever proportions and to whatever extent these lower motives may have acted, there is no reason to suppose that a similar emergency would not find them equally operative again, and for practical purposes this is the main point. It is certain, too, that these lower springs of action could never combine to furnish a contingent of colonial adventurers to take part in a foreign quarrel; they would need as their rallying-point, as the condition precedent to their exercise, the sense of kinship which is the secret of colonial zeal in the present struggle.

Lord Rosebery touched the root of the matter in his Chesterfield speech:

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NEW ZEALAND AND THE EMPIRE 27

To many [he said] the word "empire" is suspect as indicating aggression and greed and violence and the characteristics of other empires that the world has known; but the sentiment that is represented now by empire in these islands has nothing of that in it. It is a passion of affection and family feeling, of pride and of hopefulness.

In New Zealand as elsewhere some of us have had spasms of truculence and arrogance and vindictiveness; but on the whole family feeling and family pride are the chief elements in colonial sentiment on the subject; and it is important to notice that it is sentiment rather than opinion which has inspired our attitude to the war. It is a family affair, and as loyal members of the family we have taken a hand in it. This view of the case was very frankly and very clearly put by the leading men on both sides of the House of Representatives on September 28, 1899, when the Premier moved the resolution for offering the first New Zealand contingent for service in South Africa:

It is our bounden duty [said the Premier] to support the Empire and to assist in every way the Imperial authorities whenever the occasion demands.

It is not for me, sir, as an Englishman [said Captain Russell, the then Leader of the Opposition] to inquire deeply into the origin of the quarrel in the Transvaal. We know, of course, what has been published in the newspapers, but the cause of the quarrel has little concern for me.

That the two leaders should have committed themselves to the doctrine, "My country, right or wrong!" is not surprising, when one considers that the former is not conspicuous for fine moral discrimination, and that the latter is by training and instinct a soldier. But the next speaker, the last man of the rank of a statesman who has taken part in our politics, followed precisely the same line:

It is not for us [said Mr. Rolleston] to enter into argumentative reasonings with regard to the issues that will be determined and have been determined by the statesmen of the old country. We, sir, I think do well to forbear from criticising either the past actions of the Imperial Government or the present attitude of those who may be about to be involved in a cruel and devastating war. Our information is necessarily limited. As my honourable friend on my right (Captain Russell) put it, we leave the determination of the details of this

question, and the causes which may lead to war if it does arise, to those who are better able to judge of the circumstances than we are.

Most remarkable of all was the speech of Mr. Wi Pere, a Maori member, who offered to take a contingent of Maoris to South Africa "to the assistance of my protector," if Europeans were not willing to go :

It is not for us to judge her [said Mr. Pere], I say it behoves us to go to the assistance of England lest England be worsted at their hands, and after England we follow. That, sir, is my only reason for supporting the resolution. All people feel their own troubles, as I have said, and what we have to guard against is lest England's foot should slip, and we should follow immediately after.

There is a Biblical ring about this simple eloquence which in these days the pale-face orator can hardly compass. The motion was carried by 54 votes to 5.

Though the decision of the majority commends itself to me, the doctrine urged by the able and thoughtful men I have just cited seems to me a monstrous one. Is a self-governing colony, contemplating the spontaneous offer to its mother country of something beyond the contract, to be influenced by no wider or deeper considerations than a soldier who is called to arms? Were the Colonies under any obligation to take the same course if the war had been a piece of piracy and brigandage like the Jameson raid? I cannot believe it for a moment.

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more,

is a sentiment surely as appropriate to the lover of his country as to any other lover. And if it is not even to apply to the patriot volunteering for a service to which his country has not called him, and which she can discharge without him, then patriotism is something outside the sphere of morals altogether, or at the best the honour of patriots is the honour among thieves. However, the prevalence of the doctrine in question, and not its morality, is what concerns my argument now. It certainly has a considerable vogue, and this fact vitiates the argument which points to colonial enthusiasm in the late

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crisis as a confirmation by disinterested witnesses of the policy of the Imperial Government. Colonial opinion, by the admission of the representative authorities I have quoted, is not concerned to attempt such a judgment; colonial loyalty shrinks from dealing with questions that are beyond its ken; it does not "exercise itself in great matters, or in things too high for it." So far from the Colonies showing coolness or detachment, it is a case of *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*; the head of the family is in a quarrel, and its junior members are by his side as in duty bound, with avowedly less consideration and a remoter approach to a judicial attitude than their senior showed before entering upon the quarrel. It was for him to decide whether it was a proper case for fighting, and for them to support whatever decision he arrived at. Mr. Chamberlain's appeal to the verdict of colonial opinion is therefore based upon a misconception. His colonial policy has done much to strengthen the ties which bind us to the motherland; his war policy has given occasion for a splendid demonstration of the reality of those ties; but the appeal that it involved was an appeal rather to warm hearts than to cool judgments. The lesson for the Empire and the world may not be of the less value for that reason, but it should at least be correctly cited.

A further point for the consideration of Imperial statesmen is as to the probable attitude of the Colonies towards any future war. Must not the same logic which induced our leading politicians to declare that the rights of war were not their affair, also lead them to support any other war in which the Empire may be involved? Must it not constitute the Colonies the advanced wing of any Imperial war party for the time being? Logic is certainly not all-powerful in human affairs, and this logic would hardly stand the strain of a war which was absolutely revolting to the colonial conscience, though if carried to its just conclusion it would constitute the Imperial Government the keepers, for the purposes of every war, of the consciences of the Colonies. But the possibility of the outbreak of a war so obviously and glaringly indefensible is a

contingency too remote to be worth considering. But the supposition may serve as the exception to prove the rule of the general applicability of the logic in question to any war that may reasonably be considered possible. The last great war in which England was engaged was the Crimean War, which is now generally conceded to have been a huge blunder. If such a case arose again, would the sole duty of the Colonies be to strengthen the hands of the war party and the demand for a fight to a finish? Judging from present analogies, it seems clear that the position of a colonial statesman protesting against such a war would be more isolated and more intolerable than that of Bright and Cobden in their protest against the Crimean folly. It is a very grave question whether the present colonial attitude does not practically involve an approval of war as such.

The remedy for this strange anomaly is that the Colonies should be consulted before war is declared instead of being merely called on to support what they are powerless to stop. Mr. Chamberlain has himself hinted at this solution, and it will be a supreme proof of his statesmanship if he can devise a remedy that will not create worse evils than it cures. That the Empire should ultimately have some kind of Imperial Council to represent it in matters of common concern is but a logical outcome of its unity and of the form of government enjoyed by its component parts. In urging the House to despatch our first contingent to South Africa, Mr. Seddon said :

I say our strength lies in being an integral part of the mighty British Empire, and that we should help to maintain its unity intact. And the day is not far distant when, if we take responsibilities and share the burdens and expense of maintaining the empire, we shall have representatives from this Colony and the other Colonies taking a direct part in the government of a federated empire. I assert we shall, before many years have elapsed, be represented in the council of the nation at home; the New-Zealander will be advising in council, not croaking on London Bridge. By proving ourselves worthy we shall be entrusted with increased responsibility.

Of course, in this as in other matters, more haste may very

well mean less speed, and it would be a mistake to treat the strong Imperial sentiment now prevailing as a ground for attempting any sudden and wholesale innovation upon the present haphazard arrangements. But that some step, however tentative, towards the ideal may be taken as a result of the Conference of the Colonial Premiers with the Imperial authorities at the Coronation is not too much to hope.

One, at least, of the existing anomalies might well be faced at once. The Colonies have shared in the glories, the dangers, the sufferings of the battle-field; but there is one very sobering responsibility from which they have been almost entirely free, and that is the financial one. In the invidious comparisons sometimes made by poets and others between the respective attitudes of the Colonies and the Mother Country to the war, two things are commonly overlooked: First, that colonial troopers, like other volunteers, are much more highly paid than the regulars; and second that the taxpayers of the United Kingdom, and not of the Colonies, have to pay the bills, or nearly all of them. The latter consideration has made the problem a very simple one from the colonial standpoint. With the Imperial Government glad not only to take our troops, but to pay for them, the strain upon our patriotism has been comparatively slight. War would be a much more fashionable luxury were it not so terribly costly; but colonial politicians have been able to play "the statesman's game" unchecked by this deterrent. Our men being the right men for the work, and there being plenty of them ready to undertake it, our duty to continue the supply seemed only limited by John Bull's willingness to pay for them. The problem for our legislature and the executive would have been decidedly more complex if the financial burden had fallen upon our own shoulders. In the present case it may be that this immunity has resulted happily for the Empire as a whole; yet as a matter of principle the incidence is unfair, and as a matter of practice it might not always work out so happily in the future. The music-hall refrain from which the term "Jingoism" takes its origin,

concluded with the proud climax, "We've got the money, too;" but it is obvious that even the most mercurial Jingo will go more light-heartedly to work if the money which he is spending is that of other people. If the Empire is one for war as well as peace, it is not fair that its wars should be financed by one part alone; and if there is a risk that the war spirit may be more militant in the outlying portions of the Empire than at its heart, it is as impolitic as it is unfair that the operation of the economical check should be confined to the latter only.

Upon these and kindred questions it may be hoped that some light will be shed at the Conference between the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Colonial representatives attending the Coronation. That New Zealand will be ably represented at the Conference is beyond question; and if the Colony's loyalty were still in doubt, Mr. Seddon could be trusted to make it clear. He has, indeed, good reason to do so, for he has left our shores amid unparalleled demonstrations of enthusiasm, which were avowedly aimed at his services not as a party leader but as the representative of the Colony's loyalty. Nobody claims for him that he created this loyalty; but nobody can justly deny him credit for stimulating it and making himself its mouthpiece at the critical moment, and making it the means of rendering a signal Imperial service. He saw and seized the opportunity with all the sagacity, promptitude and boldness which have contributed so much to his great success as a leader of men. Napoleon himself had not a keener eye for the signs of the times, nor a readier faculty of "nicking the minute with a happy tact" and shaping his course accordingly. The faculty was well described by Sir James Pendergast, the late Chief Justice of the Colony, in proposing the toast of "Our Guest" at the banquet given in the Premier's honour on the eve of his departure from Wellington: "I believe that you will all agree with me when I say that Mr. Seddon eminently possesses the capacity of gauging public opinion and knowing beforehand what is likely to be acceptable to the people." Such a testimony from a

eulogist comes perilously near to the description which unfriendly critics have before now borrowed from "The Pious Editor's Creed":

It ain't by princerples nor men
My preudunt course is steadied,
I scent which pays the best, an' then
Go into it baldheaded.

Certainly, Macchiavelli's precept, that "he that would succeed must accommodate to the times," can rarely have been more faithfully followed than by Mr. Seddon, and that phase of his statesmanship could hardly be exaggerated even in the eulogy of an after-dinner speech. Much of New Zealand politics can be learned from "The Knights" of Aristophanes, and the "Biglow Papers;" and if Ibsen's "Enemy of the People" be added to the list, the student will know as much about them as books can teach him.

There was not much zeal for the Empire apparent in the sentences quoted at the head of this article; but the latest developments have left room for little else, and the result is a splendid testimony to the loyalty of the Colony and the ability of its leading man. Prior to his departure he has made something like a triumphal tour of the Colony amid general plaudits, to which his political opponents have largely contributed. Trains and steamers have been freely delayed to suit his convenience—who are the travelling public that they should be considered in comparison with so good a man?—and not uncommonly a military escort has been provided. At one place he is greeted as "the first citizen of the Empire," and Mr. Chamberlain is declared to be jealous of his laurels; at another he is placed still higher by a salute of twenty-one guns. Nobody is much surprised at this, because his arrival at a country show had previously been celebrated by the band striking up "God Save the King." The compliment is the more striking, however, as our Governor—the King's representative—is quite commonly honoured at public banquets with "For he's a jolly good fellow." It certainly looks as

though, in Burke's phrase, we "live in an inverted order." The democrat at the antipodes has certainly some great advantages over his fellows in older lands.

In reply to all these compliments the Premier discourses day and night upon the glories of the Empire, the valour of our colonial troops, the short-comings of the War Office, the necessity of exacting unconditional surrender from the Boers, and of getting better prices for our mutton, and the iniquity of playing "Soldiers of the Queen" on German pianos. A good deal of this and of the kind things said about him is duly cabled by Mr. Seddon himself at the cost of the Colony through Reuter's agency to the London papers. The extravagance of much that he has said and done could hardly be burlesqued; it is burlesque already. Yet as a matter of political business, overdone though it has undoubtedly been, it pays. Nor is it the uneducated and unthinking alone who are captivated. The more thoughtful resent the extravagances, and recognise that the Imperial sentiment is being worked for other ends than the good of the Empire; but they are pleased to see that the Empire is being helped nevertheless, and they are grateful to the man who has helped New Zealand to realise her share in it. A representative of the very class which has always regarded Mr. Seddon and his party as their natural enemies—a wealthy and cultured merchant—stated recently that he had always been opposed to Mr. Seddon politically, but that even if he (Mr. Seddon) had committed every sin in the political decalogue, he had redeemed them all by what he had done in the cause of the Empire. The speaker was one of the very men against whom, ten years ago, Mr. Seddon was rousing the swagsman's envy over this very matter of Imperial Defence; but all is forgiven and forgotten now. Rich and poor alike rally to the cry of "Empire"; "the patriot's all-atoning name" brings all men to the Premier's banner. So successful a combination of class-warfare and Imperialism recalls the triumphs of Cleon. How much of Cleon's success at Pylos was due to good management, and how much to good luck is, I believe, still a

moot point; but he certainly had boldness, or he could not have had luck. Boldness and luck are a large part of the magic combination which has made Mr. Seddon well nigh invulnerable.

That there is a seamy side to patriotism as well as to everyday politics is unfortunately beyond dispute; and New Zealand patriotism is no exception to the rule. Commercialism has been its worst taint. Foremost among the eulogists of the Premier's and the Colony's patriotism have been many to whom the demand for our men and produce in South Africa, and the resulting freights and commissions have made the war a blessing. It pays such men to be patriotic and to praise the patriotism of the head of the Government, for the area of Government patronage in this country, and the proportion of it that goes by favour, are both enormous. The joke that Mr. Chamberlain made the war and his friends make the ammunition has its parallel in the colonial epigram that, "The more Mr. Seddon expands, the more his friends contract." Certain patriots of this type have much discredited the proceedings attending the Premier's send-off by starting a public subscription to reward him for his patriotism. As the result of a general canvass a sum of over £2000, mostly contributed by brewers and other commercial patriots, was raised, but the public presentation, which had been arranged for, was abandoned at the last moment. It would have been to the credit of Mr. Seddon if he had refused to take the money; it is at any rate to the credit of the Colony that he dared not take it in public. Gratitude—the gratitude that looks before as well as after—admittedly played a large part in filling the "national purse" as it had been dubbed. "It is not politics, it is commerce," was the explanation of one commercial man when taxed with his association with the movement. Another told me that he subscribed because he dared not refuse. It will be noted that the motives of these two subscribers—the hope of favour and the fear of disfavour—exactly represent those of the New York business man when he subscribes to Tammany. We are

learning new American lessons every day under Mr. Seddon's guidance.

A very amusing display of commercial patriotism was offered a few months ago by a dispute between the Commissioner of Taxes and a Wellington firm as to whether the firm's contribution to one of the patriotic funds could be treated as part of their business expenses, so as to reduce their taxable income. Their contention was that the expenditure was a necessary one, and should be considered as paid to advertise the business, but the Commissioner was brutal enough to overrule the plea. Such an incident as this is redeemed by its humour, but as much cannot be said for the most conspicuous display of the commercial taint, the foulest blot upon our scutcheon, since Mr. Seddon commenced patriot—I refer to his attitude to the War Office over the Army Meat Contracts. Notwithstanding the splendid achievements of our troops in South Africa, New Zealanders would indeed have cause to hang their heads in shame if their patriotism were to be gauged by their Premier's action in this matter. Its meaning and the general feeling of the Colony with regard to it are well enough conveyed in the satirical suggestion that "the Premier 'voiced the heart-beats' of New Zealand's traders in urging that our services to the Empire entitle us to demand from the over-burdened British taxpayer a higher price for his army supplies than he can get them for elsewhere." Very aptly the Premier's behaviour has been likened to that of the Maori who presents a settler with a basket of peaches and declines payment, but comes along next week and demands the settler's horse, and, on being refused, asks for his peaches back again. Much the same colour is given to our free-will offering in South Africa by the demand for which it has been made the basis.

The logic of the position has since been given precise expression by two of the Premier's followers in the House of Representatives, who support the despatch of our tenth contingent in the following terms :

Such further evidence of our loyalty and determination will prove a setback to those foreign nations that are now gloating over our reverses and will give us a stronger claim on the War Office and Imperial authorities to give preference to our meat and grain products for consumption in South Africa.

We have got to scare the Kaiser, but we must also secure better prices for our produce. Veroily, we are worthy sons of "a nation of shopkeepers" if such are the springs of our patriotism! But to consider so would be as unjust to our dead who have fallen in South Africa as to the thousands of honourable living colonists, who would sooner pick a pocket than use their "patriotism" to wrest a profit out of the necessities of the mother country. We are as proud of our dead heroes as the Spartans of their three hundred at Thermopylæ; and by their sacred memory, by our altars and our hearths, by all that patriots hold most dear, we ask you to give us an extra twopence a pound for our mutton; nay, we demand it, and we shall bluster at you in the face of the world if you refuse. "In the name of the prophet, figs;" in the name of patriotism, mutton! No, that is not really New Zealand's message to the Empire, though her official representative may have led you to suppose so. Her patriotism is something better than a sordid and blustering commercialism, though in this case appearances were against her.

The fact is that tact, forbearance, humility, and good taste are the very last virtues that his blindest admirer would claim for Mr. Seddon, and his lack of them somewhat seriously detracts from his effectiveness in the finer branches of statesmanship. His grasp of affairs, knowledge of human nature, masterfulness, energy, resource, "slimness," and determination not to stick at trifles make him an ideal party leader. But he has learned to command and not to obey, and even in command he shines more as a driver than a leader of men. He has been accustomed to get his own way by going straight on, regardless very often of the rules of the game and other conventions which the more punctilious may respect. He is an adept in methods of the caucus; and if the methods of

diplomacy are not quite the same, so much the worse for diplomacy. He has no time to waste in beating about the bush, and if the Imperial Government are not ready to do off-hand what he requires, so much the worse for them. The satirist from whom I have already quoted refers to the Premier's

spirited, tasteful and patriotic attacks upon the War Office, the Admiralty, and the other Imperial authorities as well calculated to promote the harmony and the unity of the Empire.

It is certain that no New Zealand Minister has ever talked with such blustering disrespect of the Imperial authorities.

When a departure is made from the established form of procedure with regard to the reservation of Bills for the Royal Assent, and the Secretary of State for the Colonies, on being advised accordingly by the Deputy-Governor, writes in the politest possible terms that he rather prefers the old form, though either will do, Mr. Seddon ferociously informs the House that he will not be "dictated to," and that he prefers the new one. When the War Office finds itself unable to prolong the visit of the Imperial Representative Corps last year as Mr. Seddon desired, he publicly condemns their action as "inconsiderate and reprehensible." When the Admiralty Regulations prevented the troopship *Tagus* from touching at the Bluff as Mr. Seddon desired, he actually began talking about the sort of thing that lost Great Britain her American colonies. When the War Office did not forthwith accede to his request for the release of a New Zealand sentry who had been sentenced to imprisonment for sleeping at his post, Mr. Seddon informed a public meeting that

the War Office must be made to understand that it could not snub the Colonies, and it was just about time that that Office was made to know its position in regard to the Colonies. He had expected better things of the department when Lord Roberts became its head, but it would seem that there was still room for improvement.

We are so used to language of this kind that we pay little heed to it, but in this particular case the utterance found its

way into the London papers, and when it came back to us as reported there, even the hardiest of us was filled with shame.

A delightful commentary upon Mr. Seddon's fitness to run the War Office has been furnished by the recent publication of some correspondence with his own colonial War Office, which I need hardly say is not on quite so large a scale as the Imperial department. As Minister of Defence, Mr. Seddon wrote on March 21 last, giving at some length the reasons why a certain appointment could not be made, which appointment had been gazetted over his own signature nine days before! Yet the man who wrote that letter can teach both Mr. Brodrick and Lord Roberts how to do their business, and vociferates fiercely about "snubbing the Colonies" when they do not annul a sentence on a colonial trooper immediately on receipt of his command to that effect. He can also teach Lord Kitchener a much-needed lesson, viz., that his methods are "too lenient." This is not irony; it is sober fact. It is also, unfortunately, sober fact that our Premier has urged the adoption of Maori methods for finishing the war. "It is not a good maxim, according to our old ancestors," said Mr. Wi Pere, with reference to the Boer War at a Maori meeting on April 4 last, "to save up those who will afterwards eat you." The Premier replied that

if General Kitchener had 5000 well-trained Maoris in South Africa to-morrow, and gave them their own way, untrammelled by those orders which in his opinion were a drawback to the forces operating in South Africa, and put them under Maori leadership, and told them that they were wanted to put down the Boers, he thought the Boers would soon go down [Loud laughter]. With the Maoris war was war, and fight was fight; they were never afraid of hurting their enemies. There was too much of the kid-glove in South Africa, and they seemed to him to be afraid of hurting their enemies. The Maoris never allowed their enemy to trouble them again.

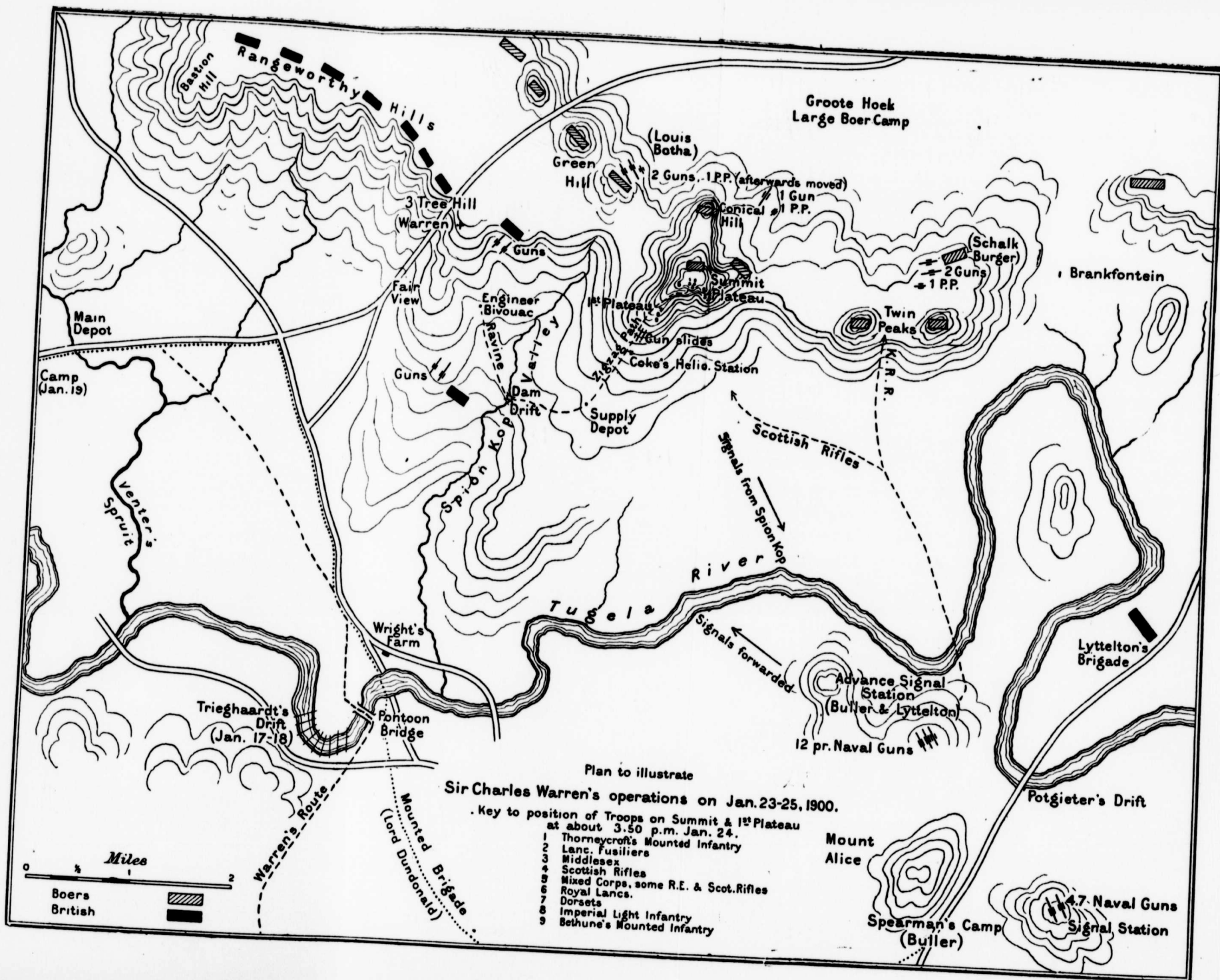
We do not wish to elaborate or press the point unduly at this more genial time, but the unrestrained rashness of the suggestion could hardly be surpassed, and a newspaper which rarely uses strong language characterised it shortly afterwards as "brutal and blood-thirsty." In Sydney, where the speech

appears to have made a deep impression, Mr. Seddon took the best course open; he denied having uttered the words attributed to him. That is certainly the best defence of which they are capable. The further plea that "the Maoris in their tribal wars were most generous to their foes" was a stroke of humour. The generosity consisted in giving as many of their foes an inside berth as there was room for.

This Maori episode should serve as a warning that Mr. Seddon sees rather red and talks rather red at times. He is, however, well qualified as New Zealand's ambassador to speak for her loyalty, which no man has better cause for appreciating than he. Her patriotism is a very real thing, though it has sometimes been as hard to see the essence through the bombast and the hectoring and the mutton as it was to discern the sea-god Glaucus on the shore through the incrustations that incumbered him. New Zealand has had a full heart these last three years. It was at one time swelling with anxiety for the mother country; latterly it has been swelling with pride at having rendered her some service. And if the swelling has at times affected the head too, that will surely be pardoned to a young country just beginning to feel her strength, just realising that to the great Empire of which she forms part she is not a mere excrescence or appendage, and that she can make some return for all the privileges which membership confers.

A. R. ATKINSON,

(Member of the N.Z. House of Representatives.)



Bastion Hill

Rangeworthy Hills

Grootte Hoek
Large Boer Camp

(Louis Botha)
Green Hill
2 Guns, 1 P.P. (afterwards moved)

3 Tree Hill
Warren

Conical Hill
1 Gun
1 P.P.

(Schalk Burger)
2 Guns
1 P.P.

Brankfontein

Main Depot

Camp (Jan. 19)

Venter's
Spruit

Fair View
Guns

Engineer
Bivouac

1st Plateau
2nd Plateau

Twin Peaks

Guns

Gun slides
Coke's Helio. Station

Supply Depot

Scottish Rifles

Dam Drift

Signals from Spion Kop

Tugela River

Signals forwarded

Wright's Farm

Lyttelton's
Brigade

Trieghaardt's
Drift (Jan. 17-18)

Pohtoon
Bridge

Advance Signal
Station (Buller & Lyttelton)

12 pr. Naval Guns

Potgieter's Drift

Plan to illustrate

Sir Charles Warren's operations on Jan. 23-25, 1900.

Key to position of Troops on Summit & 1st Plateau
at about 3.50 p.m. Jan. 24.

- 1 Thornycroft's Mounted Infantry
- 2 Lanc. Fusiliers
- 3 Middlesex
- 4 Scottish Rifles
- 5 Mixed Corps, some R.E. & Scot. Rifles
- 6 Royal Lancs.
- 7 Dorsets
- 8 Imperial Light Infantry
- 9 Bethune's Mounted Infantry

Mount
Alice

Spearman's Camp
(Buller)

4.7 Naval Guns
Signal Station

0 1 2 Miles

Boers (hatched area)
British (solid black area)

Warren's Route

Mounted Brigade
(Lord Dundonald)

THE TRUE STORY OF SPION KOP

A DEFENCE OF SIR CHARLES WARREN

II

THE execution of the orders for a night assault on Spion Kop, originally issued by Sir Charles Warren on the evening of January 22, 1900, was deferred, under the circumstances already mentioned, until the night of the 23rd. In the meantime, General Buller had intervened to transfer the command of the expedition from General Coke to General Woodgate, and appointed an officer of his own Staff, Colonel à Court, to accompany him.

General Woodgate's column consisted of 200 officers and men of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, the 2nd Batt. Lancashire Fusiliers, six Companies of the Royal Lancasters, two Companies of the South Lancashires, and the 1st and 3rd sections of the 17th Company, Royal Engineers—in all about 1600 men. In addition to this, two Companies of the Connaught Rangers and the Imperial Light Infantry (which had just arrived from Trieghaardt's Drift) were ordered to be posted on the lower slopes in support of the column, and General Talbot Coke was placed in temporary command of the 5th Division with instructions to reinforce General Woodgate as he might require. For this purpose General Coke had at his disposal the 2nd Dorsetshire Regiment, the Middlesex Regiment,

the Somersets, and subsequently the Scottish Rifles and Bethune's Mounted Infantry.

I propose, in the first place, to relate very briefly how General Woodgate's column occupied Spion Kop, and the circumstances under which the position was abandoned by Colonel Thorneycroft. Having done this, I shall set out the arrangements which General Warren made for supplying the force on Spion Kop with water, food, and ammunition; for maintaining communication with himself, in order to secure the support of the British artillery west of Spion Kop and at Potgieter's, and for placing artillery on the hill, if found practicable; noticing how these arrangements were carried out, and in case of failure, to what causes that failure is to be attributed. I shall then consider General Buller's complaints against Sir Charles Warren, and Lord Roberts' criticism of the operations as a whole, in the light of these facts; and, finally, I shall endeavour to see whether an analysis of the circumstances thus disclosed will suggest any grounds for the retirement of Colonel Thorneycroft other than the military reasons assigned in his report.

Here, again, a word of description is a necessary preliminary.

Spion Kop may be said roughly to form a triangle, of which the apexes point respectively north, south, and east of a lofty plateau summit, 1400 feet above the level of the Tugela at Potgieter's Drift. This central plateau will be called the "summit," although the highest point of the mountain is to be found in two peaks which lie about 1000 yards farther east. Northward from the summit the mountain drops into a deep gully, rising again at the nek, or pass, where Spion Kop joins the Rangeworthy Hills. This nek, which is traversed by the Fair View-Rosalie road, is 800 feet above the Tugela; and on its west side Green Hill, the eastern projection of the Rangeworthy Hills, rises another 450 feet, while on the east is the northerly apex of Spion Kop, 550 feet above it. Southward of the summit the mountain falls to a second plateau with

irregular spurs, then drops rapidly again, and finally sinks by a lower ridge to the Tugela. Eastward, Spion Kop sinks from the summit to a narrow nek, from which it rises to its highest altitude at the twin peaks, and falls again with a northward curve over Brakfontein. The southern face of this eastern projection is precipitous; but to the north, where the level of the adjoining country is higher, it falls more easily, especially in the neighbourhood of the twin peaks, where gentle slopes admit of easy access. Starting from the nek where Spion Kop joins the Rangeworthy Hills, a valley runs southward for two miles, separating the lesser hills, that stretch from Green Hill to Fair View, from the western flank of the mountain. On the western, or Fair View, side the valley is broken by a ravine, which enters it from the north-west. At the head of this ravine was the bivouac of the Royal Engineers, and about three-quarters of a mile further north Sir Charles Warren's headquarters under Three Tree Hill. It was here—at the Engineers' bivouac—that General Woodgate's column arrived at 10 P.M. on the night of Wednesday the 23rd.

In order to reach the summit of Spion Kop the column had to descend by the ravine for half a mile into the valley, cross the stream, ascend to the crest of the lower ridge which forms the southern apex of the mountain, and then climb from this point northward up the central mass to the summit.

It will be convenient at this point to indicate the geographical relationship of the summit-plateau of Spion Kop to the respective headquarters of Sir Charles Warren and General Buller. A glance at the map which accompanies this article will show that Sir Charles Warren's headquarters at Three Tree Hill lay to the west of the central mass of Spion Kop, and below it; while General Buller's headquarters at Potgieter's lay to the south across the Tugela. While therefore the summit-plateau was invisible from Three Tree Hill, it could be clearly seen by day—provided, of course, the atmosphere was not obscured by mist—from Spearman's Hill. Not only so, but the line of the column's ascent from the lower ridge to the

summit, the southern slope of the summit itself, and the whole southern face of the eastward projection of the mountain, which at the twin peaks was directly opposite, were open to the gaze of observers on the hills to the south of Potgieter's Drift. It must be remembered also that on the 24th, when Spion Kop was occupied, General Warren had to hold the positions he had gained on the Rangeworthy Hills and secure his left flank from a possible attack from Acton Homes, as well as to support the force on Spion Kop; while General Buller had only to co-operate with the assault on Spion Kop. This latter object was accomplished, as we shall see, partly by searching the Boer positions east of the summit with artillery fire, and partly by the despatch of the Scottish Rifles and Bethune's Mounted Infantry as an actual reinforcement, and of the King's Royal Rifles in an independent attack upon the twin peaks.¹

General Woodgate, on assuming command of the column detailed for the night attack on Spion Kop, fixed his *rendezvous* at a point near the Royal Engineers' bivouac for 7 P.M. on the night of the 23rd. In the meantime, at 3.30 P.M., orders had been received from Sir Charles Warren for half of the 17th Company, R.E., to accompany the column. The first and third sections, under Major Massy, were detailed for this purpose, and each sapper was ordered to carry a pick, a shovel, and two water bottles (*i.e.*, the whole supply of the company). In addition to this five mules were loaded with a further supply of picks, crowbars, and shovels. The duty of guiding the column to the summit was undertaken by Colonel Thorneycroft, and the column left the Engineers' bivouac, where it had arrived at 10 P.M., with the detachment of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry² in advance, and the half-company of Engineers in the centre between the two infantry battalions.

The column advanced slowly in the darkness over a fair road down the ravine. In the hollow of the valley the ground

¹ Orders for these movements were issued by General Lyttelton, whose Brigade was with General Buller at Potgieter's.

² They were, of course, dismounted for the occasion.

became rough and broken. There were two dongas to be crossed, and then the column crept for three-quarters of a mile up and over a rock-strewn slope to the foot of the main ascent. Above this point—where, as we shall see, the supply waggons and ambulances were afterwards assembled—the summit of the mountain rose 800 feet. The men now advanced in single file. Pipes were put out and silence was maintained. Colonel Thorneycroft and his officers went forward in the darkness to feel out the way, and then returned to guide the men. In this manner, now climbing the steep ascents, now “rushing” the rock-strewn slopes, the column reached the first plateau. But in the face of the last and steepest ascent the sappers had been bidden each to leave one tool behind, and one of the five mules was abandoned, being too exhausted¹ to go further.

When the first, or Four Tree, plateau was reached the men were formed up, and the advance was continued. Colonel Thorneycroft writes :

As the front broadened I got the Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry into line, right across the hill, and the remainder followed in successive lines up the last slope, when we were suddenly challenged. I had ordered the men to lie down when challenged; they did so. The Boers opened fire from magazines. When I thought they had emptied their magazines I gave the order to charge; an officer on my left gave the order to charge also, and the whole line advanced at the double and carried the crest line at 4 A.M., when I halted and reformed the line. There were about ten men wounded altogether.²

As the mountain was wrapped in a thick mist which made it impossible to signal by lantern, General Woodgate ordered the men to give three cheers to let General Warren know that the summit was now occupied. It is reported, however, that

¹ The relative heights and distances of the several stages traversed are as follows:—From the Royal Engineers' bivouac to the valley 1 mile, with a fall of about 300 feet; from the hollow of the valley to the foot of the main ascent $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, with a rise of about 300 feet; from the foot of the main ascent to the summit $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, with a rise of 800 feet; total, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, with a fall of 300 feet and a total rise of 1100 feet.

² White Book, p. 28; but General Woodgate says *three* men wounded.

firing was heard in the camps below at 3.20 A.M. and again at 3.40 A.M.; and the guns on Three Tree Hill, which had been carefully sighted and set over night by General Warren's orders, at once opened fire, in spite of the darkness, upon the reverse or northward, slopes of the mountain to harass the enemy leaving or approaching the summit. Sir Charles Warren, who had risen at 3 A.M., was present with the guns on Three Tree Hill from 3.30 A.M. to 4.30 A.M.; and he then went on to a second battery of six guns near Fair View, and saw that the fire of these guns was also searching the northern slopes of Spion Kop.

In the meantime General Woodgate had ordered the force on the summit to entrench themselves. The trenching-tools which the infantry carried were comparatively useless for working among the rocks and boulders; but they were supplemented by the crowbars and other tools which were unloaded from the four mules that had reached the summit. The entrenchments, however, which were made by the joint efforts of the sappers and the infantry themselves, were deficient both in strength and position. Owing to the difficult nature of the ground the trenches were only a foot deep, and the breastwork of stones not more than a foot and a half to two feet high, thus providing together not more than from two feet and a half to three feet of cover. Owing to the darkness and mist—it was impossible to see more than two or three yards in front—the trench was placed some fifty yards away from the northern edge of the plateau, whereas it should have been placed upon the actual edge with a field of fire over the reverse slopes by which the enemy subsequently approached.

At about 6.30 the work was completed with the exception of a part on the right flank, which No. 6 sub-section of the Engineers was constructing; the tools were collected and the men ate their breakfast. About this time the enemy opened musketry fire for some ten minutes through the mist, but the attack did not begin in earnest until three-quarters of an hour later, when the mist lifted and a hot fire, both shell and rifle, was directed against General Woodgate's force. Insufficient

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as the British entrenchments were, they were regarded with satisfaction both by General Woodgate and Colonel à Court. The former reported to Sir Charles Warren :

We have entrenched a position, and are, I hope, secure ; but fog is too thick to see, so I retain Thorneycroft's men and Royal Engineers for a bit longer.¹

while the latter is reported by Mr. Bennet Burleigh to have assured him that the mountain could have been "held till Doomsday against all comers."²

It may be added that the naval guns at Potgieter's began to search the reverse slopes east of the summit early in the morning ; and that before seven o'clock Lyttelton's brigade had moved out in readiness to demonstrate, if required, against the eastern flank of the Boer position.

It is impossible within the limits at my disposal to give any adequate description of the manner in which the summit was held during the next twelve hours against the Boer assault ; and I must, therefore, content myself with a bare statement of those incidents, a knowledge of which is essential to enable the reader to understand the measures taken by General Warren to furnish the force of Spion Kop with supplies and reinforcements.

At 7.15 A.M. the mist rose and severe fighting commenced, and about twenty minutes later General Woodgate was fatally wounded. At this time the principal fire came from the Boer entrenchments on the conical hill some 600 yards to the north ; and under cover of this fire the enemy advanced upon the summit across a deep gully and up the slope, which the British fire, owing to the position of the entrenchments, failed to search.

At 7.45 Colonel Crofton (Royal Lancashire) took command.

At 8 the mist lifted again, and the Boers poured a heavy fire—rifle, shell, and pom-pom—upon the summit, rendering any attempt at further entrenchment impossible.

¹ White Book, p. 26.
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² "The Natal Campaign," p. 331.

At about 10 A.M. Colonel Crofton's heliogram, "reinforce at once, or all lost. General dead," reached General Warren. To this General Warren replied: "I am sending two battalions, and the Imperial Light Infantry are on their way up. You must hold on to the last. No surrender." At the same time he ordered General Coke to proceed to Colonel Crofton's assistance and to take command of the troops. The precise terms of this message are disputed; and it would appear that several urgent messages reached General Warren about this time. As the Boer fire made it impossible to heliograph from the east side of Spion Kop communication was maintained by heliographing to the advance signal station at Potgieter's. From this station the messages were heliographed on to Sir Charles Warren; and their contents were therefore known to General Buller independently of any subsequent communication on the subject from General Warren. As, however, the headquarters of the two generals were connected by telegraph, it would appear that the heliographs from Spion Kop were sometimes transmitted to Sir Charles Warren by telegraph. With reference to this message General Buller writes:

The telegram Sir C. Warren quotes did not give me confidence in its sender, and, at the moment, I could see that our men on the top had given way, and that efforts were being made to rally them. I telegraphed to Sir C. Warren: "Unless you put some really good, hard, fighting man in command on the top you will lose the hill. I suggest Thorneycroft."¹

Upon receiving this telegram shortly before twelve noon, General Warren heliographed to Colonel Crofton: "With the approval of the Commander-in-Chief I place Lieut.-Colonel Thorneycroft in command of the summit, with the local rank of Brigadier-General."²

Colonel Thorneycroft now assumed command. Of the reinforcements sent up by General Coke, the Imperial Light Infantry reached the summit about noon, and the Middlesex regiment about an hour later.

¹ White Book, p. 23.

² *Ibid.* p. 25.

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For some hours after this message [General Warren reports¹] I could get no information from the summit. It appears that the signallers and their apparatus were destroyed by the heavy fire.

I repeatedly asked for Colonel Thorneycroft to state his view of the situation. At 1.20 P.M. I heliographed to ascertain whether Colonel Thorneycroft had assumed command, and at the same time asked General Coke to give me his views on the situation on Spion Kop. Still getting no reply, I asked whether General Coke was there, and subsequently received his view of the situation (copy attached). He stated that, unless the artillery could silence the enemy's guns, the men on the summit could not stand another complete day's shelling, and that the situation was extremely critical.¹

General Coke's "view of the situation," which is referred to by General Warren as "attached" in accordance with General Coke's request,² is not given in the White Book. It was written at 6 P.M. and reached Sir Charles Warren about 7.30 P.M., and it was closely followed by a second report in which a more hopeful opinion was expressed. General Coke himself writes with reference to it.

I first showed [it] to Colonel Hill, and he concurred, even taking exception to my reference to a retirement. I had no doubt that the infantry, which had so gallantly held its own all day, would be able to continue to do so when the shell fire abated at nightfall.²

In the meanwhile Sir Charles Warren had received the following letter from Colonel Thorneycroft, which was read and forwarded by General Coke.

To SIR C. WARREN.

SPION KOP, January 24, 1900, 2.30 P.M.

Hung on till last extremity with old force. Some of Middlesex here now, and I have Dorsets coming up, but force really inadequate to hold such a large perimeter. The enemy's guns on north-west sweep the whole of the top of the hill. They also have guns east. Cannot you bring artillery fire to bear on north-west guns? What reinforcements can you send to hold the hill to-night? We are badly in need of water. There are many killed and wounded.

ALEC. THORNEYCROFT.

If you wish to make a certainty of hill for night, you must send more infantry and attack enemy's guns.

¹ White Book, p. 25.

² *Ibid.* p. 30.

SPION KOP, *January 24, 1900.*

8 P.M.—I have seen the above, and have ordered the Scottish Rifles and King's Royal Rifles to reinforce. The Middlesex Regiment, Dorsetshire Regiment, and Imperial Light Infantry have also gone up; Bethune's Mounted Infantry (120 strong) also reinforce. We appear to be holding our own at present.

T TALBOT COKE, Major-General.¹

These letters reached Sir Charles Warren at 4.30 P.M.

At some time subsequent to 6.30 P.M. Colonel Thorneycroft wrote again to the following effect:

January 24, 1900.

The troops which marched up here last night are quite done up—Lancashire Fusiliers, Royal Lancashire Regiment, and Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry. They have had no water and ammunition is running short. I consider that, even with reinforcements which have arrived, it is impossible to permanently hold this place so long as the enemy's guns can play on this hill. They have the long-range gun, three of shorter range, and one Maxim-Nordenfelt, which have swept the whole of the plateau since 8 A.M. I have not been able to ascertain the casualties, but they have been very heavy, especially in the regiments which came up last night. I request instructions as to what course I am to adopt. The enemy at 6.30 P.M. were firing heavily from both flanks with rifles, shell, and Nordenfelt, while a heavy rifle-fire is kept up in front. It is all I can do to hold my own. If casualties go on occurring at present rate I shall barely hold out the night. A large number of stretcher-bearers should be sent up, and also all water possible. The situation is critical.

ALEC. THORNEYCROFT, Lieut.-Colonel.¹

This letter was not received by Sir Charles Warren until 2 A.M. on the 25th; when it was closely followed by a brief note announcing that the retirement had been carried out, and by the arrival of Colonel Thorneycroft himself.

The only communication from Colonel Thorneycroft that Sir Charles Warren received on the 24th was, therefore, this letter of 2.30 P.M. At the time that it came into his hands (4.30 P.M.) Sir Charles Warren had the evidence of General Coke's covering message to show that the requirements indicated had been already satisfied. On the other hand Sir Charles Warren sent two communications to Colonel Thorneycroft.

¹ White Book, p. 27.

croft. At about 8 o'clock Lieutenant Winston Churchill was sent by Sir Charles Warren to obtain "Colonel Thorneycroft's views," and to explain the measures which were being taken to support him. The circumstances under which this communication was received are thus described by Mr. Churchill :

I . . . toiled upwards, finding everywhere streams of men winding about the almost precipitous sides of the mountain, and an intermittent crackle of musketry at the top. Only one solid battalion remained—the Dorsets. All the others were intermingled. Officers had collected little parties, companies, and half-companies ; here and there large bodies had formed, but there was no possibility, in the darkness, of gripping any body or any thing. Yet it must not be imagined that the infantry were demoralised. Stragglers and weaklings there were in plenty. But the mass of the soldiers were determined men. One man I found dragging down a box of ammunition quite by himself. "To do something," he said. A sergeant with twenty men formed up was inquiring what troops were to hold the position. Regimental officers everywhere cool and cheery, each with a little group of men around him, all full of fight and energy. But the darkness and the broken ground paralysed every one.

I found Colonel Thorneycroft at the top of the mountain. Every one seemed to know, even in the confusion, where he was. He was sitting on the ground surrounded by the remnants of the regiment he had raised, who had fought for him like lions and followed him like dogs. I explained the situation as I had been told and as I thought. Naval guns were prepared to try, sappers and working parties were already on the road with thousands of sandbags. What did he think? But the decision had already been taken. He had never received any messages from the General, had not had time to write any. Messages had been sent him, he had wanted to send others himself. The fight had been too hot, too close, too interlaced for him to attend to anything, but to support this company, clear those rocks, or line that trench. So, having heard nothing, and expecting no guns, he had decided to retire. As he put it tersely : "Better six good battalions safely down the hill than a mop up in the morning." Then we came home, drawing down our rearguard after us very slowly and carefully, and as the ground grew more level the regiments began to form again into their old solid blocks.¹

It would appear from this account that Mr. Churchill reached Colonel Thorneycroft with Sir Charles Warren's communication before the retirement had actually commenced, *i.e.*, at about 10 P.M. But Colonel Thorneycroft himself writes

¹ "London to Ladysmith," p. 310.

in his report: "Lieutenant Winston Churchill arrived when the troops had been marched off."¹

Sir Charles Warren's second communication was sent by Colonel Sim at 9 P.M. It contained full instructions and precise information as to the arrangements which Colonel Sim was ordered to carry out for placing artillery on the summit, and generally for strengthening the entrenchments. This letter was received by Colonel Thorneycroft under the following circumstances:

About 12 P.M. [Colonel Sim reports] when I (with Captain Buckland, R.E.) had led the tool-carrying party about quarter the way up the slopes of Spion Kop, we met Colonel Thorneycroft coming down, having ordered a retirement. I gave him General Officer Commanding's letter, and he said I was too late, as the men, unsupported by guns, could not stay. He ordered me to take my party back. I sent them back with Captain Buckland, and then went forward to ascertain if the retirement was general. Finding it so, I walked up the valley to warn the officer in command of the naval gun of the altered situation, and prevent him risking his gun by moving it to the evacuated hill top.²

It should be added here that Sir Charles Warren, acting in accordance with a telegram from General Buller, sent a message by heliograph, or signal lamp, to General Coke, at 6.30 P.M., asking him if "he could keep two battalions on the summit, removing the remainder out of reach of shells; also whether two battalions would suffice to hold the summit."³ It appears, however, that this message did not reach General Coke.

At some time subsequent to 6 P.M.—when he had given his view of the situation to Sir Charles Warren—General Coke went back to his reserves, "having personally handed over command at the summit to Colonel Hill."⁴ Neither General Coke nor Colonel Hill had therefore been informed up to this time that Colonel Thorneycroft had been placed in command of the summit. The explanation appears to be that Colonel Thorneycroft, who commanded on the left of the British

¹ White Book, p. 29.

² *Ibid.* p. 33.

³ *Ibid.* p. 25.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 30.

position on the summit, was prevented by the close and continuous fighting, from holding any communication with the right flank where Colonel Hill was in command. In reference to this matter Colonel Thorneycroft writes that some time after the arrival of the Scottish Rifles (*i.e.*, at about 4 P.M.):

There was some discussion at this time as to who was in command, and the officer commanding Scottish Rifles said he would go and see General Talbot Coke, who was reported to be at the foot of the hill, to get orders. Up to this I had issued the orders, but as I only got a verbal message I did not understand that I had the temporary rank of Brigadier-General. I continued to direct operations while the officer commanding Scottish Rifles went to see General Talbot Coke.¹

At 9.30 P.M., in pursuance of orders received from Sir Charles Warren, General Coke left Spion Kop and proceeded to the headquarters camp at Three Tree Hill. Captain Phillips was left in charge at the signal station on the side of Spion Kop.

At 11.30 P.M. Captain Phillips was awakened by the sound of the troops retiring from the summit. He endeavoured to arrest the retirement by issuing this memorandum :

*Officers Commanding Dorsetshire and Middlesex Regiments,
Scottish Rifles, Imperial Light Horse.*

This withdrawal is absolutely without the authority of either Major-General Coke or Sir Charles Warren.

The former was called away by the latter a little before 10 A.M.

When General Coke left the front about 6 P.M. our men were holding their own, and he left the situation as such, and reported that he could hold on.

Some one, without authority, has given orders to withdraw, and has incurred a grave responsibility. Were the General here, he would order an instant re-occupation of the heights.

H. E. PHILLIPS.

Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General.²

At about 2 A.M. on January 25 Colonel Thorneycroft arrived at the headquarters camp and reported the evacuation of the summit. Information was at once sent by Sir Charles Warren to General Buller, both by telegraph and mounted

¹ White Book, p. 28.

² *Ibid.* p. 32.

messengers, that the position had been evacuated by Colonel Thorneycroft on his own authority, that the troops were now leaving the second plateau, and that immediate action was necessary.

But the record of these incidents does not exhibit the most essential work in which Sir Charles Warren was engaged on the 24th.

The despatch of reinforcements to the summit by which Colonel Crofton's urgent message was answered was the result of arrangements made on the 23rd. In respect of this matter it may be added here that the reinforcements were too numerous, rather than not numerous enough. On two separate occasions General Coke checked the flow of men to the summit. At 12.50 P.M. he reported to Sir Charles Warren (received at 2.20 P.M.), that as the summit was crowded and exposed to shell fire he had checked further reinforcements. And again at 3 P.M. he did the same thing, only sending on the Scottish Rifles subsequently on receipt of an urgent request, and retaining in reserve on the second plateau the Dorset Regiment and Bethune's Mounted Infantry. Whether the crowding of the summit, which led to the terrible sacrifice of life, was a necessary evil resulting from the want of individuality that some writers have alleged to be the special fault of the British regular, is another question. It is, at least, certain that General Coke cannot be held responsible for the congested condition of the British entrenchments on Spion Kop to whatever cause that congestion was due.

The supersession of the senior officers on the hill by Colonel Thorneycroft was the execution on the part of Sir Charles Warren of an order from General Buller as Commander-in-Chief.

The measures which Sir Charles Warren was himself personally controlling for the supply and support of the forces on Spion Kop, as distinct from those which were executed by General Coke, have now to be related.

We must go back to the small hours of the 24th.

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At 3 A.M., when Sir Charles Warren began the work of the day, General Woodgate's column was approaching the summit of Spion Kop. This force was now separated by two and a half miles of roadless and mountainous country from its base at the Royal Engineers' bivouac. The first and obvious necessity, assuming that the column had reached its goal—an assumption which was speedily converted into fact—was to bridge this interval by the construction of a road for the passage of supplies and reinforcements. Accordingly at 3 A.M. General Warren ordered Colonel Sim, commanding the Royal Engineers of the 5th Division, and Colonel E. M. Wood, commanding the Royal Engineers of the 3rd Division, to proceed to Spion Kop with the remaining half-section of the 17th Company R.E. These two officers were to divide the work of superintendence between them, in order that the all-important Engineer operations might be accomplished quickly and successfully. At 4.30 A.M. the men commenced work at the foot of the actual ascent.¹ The first task of the Engineers was to make the steep ascent from this point to the second plateau into a road passable for mules bearing water and ammunition, and for the mountain battery which was expected from Potgieter's. The object was effected by cutting zigzag roads up the face of the steepest of the intermediate inclines; and while the second half-section worked from the foot of the mountain upwards, the first half-section, which had accompanied the column, commenced to work downwards from the first plateau, so soon as the entrenchments on the summit had been completed. In this way the zigzag path was made by noon. It was laid out by Colonel Wood as much as possible on the reverse (south-east) slope of the mountain, in order that it might not be exposed to the enemy's fire. Whilst engaged in superintending this work Colonel Sim "found water from small springs about half way up the hill, and some men were set to collect it on the side of the hill that was not exposed to fire."² Colonel Wood also found three springs near the summit which were developed

¹ Shown on the map as the supply depôt.

² White Book, p. 32.

by forming collecting pits as far as the enemy's fire permitted. In addition to this broad slides for dragging up the 12-pr. naval guns, which Sir Charles Warren had asked for on the 23rd, were also commenced.

The first and most essential stage of the road-making was thus accomplished before noon. The Drift in the hollow of the valley was made possible for light-wheeled traffic at 11 A.M. by Colonel Wood, and by 5 P.M. approaches on either side had been constructed, so that guns, ammunition carts, and waggons could proceed from the Engineers' bivouac to the foot of the ascent. Throughout the afternoon the continual stream of waggons flowed backwards and forwards between these two points, and there grew up a "village," as Mr. Winston Churchill calls it, of regimental waggons, ambulances, ammunition and water-carts, forming the supply depôt for the force on Spion Kop. Here the supplies of all kinds were as abundant as they were in the camps. All that was necessary was for these supplies to be conveyed up the hill to the fighting line, or for the men to come down in relays to get what they wanted for themselves at the supply depôt. It should be mentioned also that in the course of the afternoon the spruit which ran down the valley was dammed up by Colonel Wood just above the Drift, and the reserve of water thus obtained was conveyed in carts to the supply depôt, and then carried up the hill in biscuit tins by the mules.

If we bear in mind, then, that this essential work of constructing a road from the Engineers' bivouac to the summit was commenced at the first moment practicable, that is at dawn, and not finally completed until 5 P.M., the nature of the difficulties which had to be overcome by General Warren in keeping the force on Spion Kop supplied with water, food, and ammunition will become intelligible.

Sir Charles Warren's arrangements for a water supply were made directly after General Buller's consent was given to the proposed assault on Spion Kop. On the morning of the 23rd he endeavoured to secure the use of the leather water-bottles,

or pikuls, carried by the Indian Bearer Company, which General Buller informed him were to be found with the Field Hospitals. Twice in the morning of the 23rd General Warren telegraphed to the principal medical officer of the 5th and 2nd Divisions, asking how many pikuls he had, and informing him that they would be required at Fair View, at 3 P.M., that afternoon. This officer's reply was to the effect that there were no pikuls and no pack-mules.¹ Sir Charles Warren then telegraphed to General Buller at Potgieter's, asking that the pikuls he had mentioned might be dispatched to Three Tree Hill. Later on, in the evening, General Buller telegraphed to Sir Charles Warren to remind him of the necessity of providing a water supply for General Woodgate's column; and Sir Charles Warren replied that he was preparing to send up water in biscuit tins, but that what he wanted for this purpose was the pikuls. These leather water-bottles were obviously the most suitable vessels for the transport of water over mountain roads; but finding that they could not be obtained, General Warren had given orders to Major Sargent, D.A.Q.G. (B), to equip a water company for service on Spion Kop on the following day. For this purpose Major Sargent collected all the available pack-mules (twenty-five in number) and furnished them with biscuit tins, as the most suitable vessels which he could procure for the purpose. The mules each carried two biscuit tins, containing together from seventeen to nineteen gallons of water, and they worked in two sections. Assuming that five journeys were made by each section in the course of the day, the water company thus organised would convey a gross amount of some 2125 gallons of water, or roughly about a gallon per head of the force originally sent up to occupy the summit.

The water company thus organised was not, however, the only source of supply. As we have seen, the Engineers, in addition to utilising the water of the spruit which drained the

¹ It must be remembered that General Buller, as Commander-in-Chief, was responsible for the composition and equipment of the force of which Sir Charles Warren took command on January 16.

valley, were successful in finding and developing springs, both on the first plateau of Spion Kop and on the road up. And independently of these supplies the men from the firing-line were allowed in the course of the afternoon to go down in sections from the summit to the supply depôt, where they could obtain water for themselves, and fill and carry back from eight to ten water-bottles for their comrades.

As regards the actual operations of Major Sargent's water company, the first section of mules reached the Four Tree Plateau at noon, and Major Sargent himself writes :

The water supply was kept going continuously during the day and late at night, with the exception of one break, caused by an order being given for one section of mules to bring up ammunition. In addition to the water conveyed on mules, there was a spring on the top of the hill, under Royal Engineers' charge, which yielded a fair supply. I superintended generally the water supply myself, and made frequent inquiries as to whether the troops were getting a sufficient quantity on the top of the hill, and was told they were. A little delay was occasioned in the early part of the morning in looking for packalls [pikuls] which I was told were in the camp, but which could not be obtained.¹

The efficiency of the water company was lessened by the circumstance that part of the contents of the biscuit tins was spilt in travelling up the hill ; but for this evil, as we have already seen, neither Major Sargent nor Sir Charles Warren can be held responsible. The men in the firing-line did no doubt suffer from want of water. This suffering, however, was not due to any neglect on the part of Sir Charles Warren or the subordinate officers by whom his arrangements were carried out, but to two independent causes. In the first place, the fighting on the summit was so close and incessant until the reinforcements arrived in the afternoon that it was impossible for the regimental officers either to distribute the water to the firing-line, or to allow the men to withdraw in sections to the water depôt on the first plateau ; and in the second place, the men themselves, being in a large measure new arrivals in Natal, were suffering from an artificial thirst. Probably the statement of Colonel Morris, A.A.G., 5th Division,

¹ White Book, p. 34.

embodies the truth both in respect of the actual deficiency which was experienced by the men and the character of the arrangements which were made by Sir Charles Warren :

Personally, I do not think the men were suffering very badly from want of water. I consider that, under the circumstances, nothing could have been better than the very difficult arrangement made for water supply ; it was not plentiful, but sufficient for the purpose required.¹

The arrangements made by Sir Charles Warren for securing artillery support for the force on Spion Kop included (1) the co-operation of the British batteries west of Spion Kop and the naval guns at Potgieter's ; and (2) the despatch of a mountain battery and of 15-pr. guns and 12-pr. naval guns to the summit. Of these latter, the mountain battery was to be sent forward directly a passage up the mountain was completed by the Engineers. The manner in which the immediate support of the batteries under Sir Charles Warren's command was secured has been already mentioned.² Every effort was made by General Lyttelton, who was in telegraphic communication with Sir Charles Warren, to render the fire of the naval guns effective in searching the reverse slopes of the mountain east of the summit ; and it would appear that up to mid-day on the 24th the Boer fire from this quarter (the east flank) was slight. In order to secure the co-operation of the British guns a R.A. officer was sent to the foot of Spion Kop on the night of the 23rd with a signaller and orderly, in order that he might ascend the mountain at dawn on the 24th. This officer was instructed to report upon the possibility of sending 15-pr. or naval 12-pr. guns to the summit, and to signal the effect of the British fire and the position of the enemy's guns to the 61st battery on Three Tree Hill. These objects were, however, only partially effected. Owing to the distance communication by flag-signalling proved to be a lengthy process, and when subsequently the officer had recourse to the brigade heliograph the sky became obscured. The partial failure in this respect was due

¹ White Book, p. 35.

² See p. 46.

to physical causes which were not under the control of Sir Charles Warren or his subordinates.

The 4th mountain battery, for which Sir Charles Warren had asked General Buller, consisted of six 2½-inch guns, carried by mules and served by gunners on foot. At nine o'clock on the 24th General Warren received a telegram from the officer commanding the battery stating that they had started for Trieghaardt's Drift. As no place of departure was mentioned he naturally inferred that the battery was proceeding from Potgieter's, and gave instructions to Major Kelly, A.D.C., to meet it at the Drift and conduct it at once to Spion Kop. But at 2 P.M. Major Kelly returned to report that the mountain battery could not be heard of. In the meantime General Warren had been informed from Potgieter's that the mountain battery had left Springfield, a distance of seven miles from Trieghaardt's Drift, at 11 A.M. At 4 P.M. he was informed that the battery had arrived at the Drift; and shortly after this he received instructions from General Buller to the effect that the battery must be rested after its long march before it was sent forward.

What had actually happened was this. The battery was not at Potgieter's but at Chieveley. Major Simpson, the officer commanding, received orders by telegraph on the morning of the 23rd to take his battery to Trieghaardt's Drift as soon as possible. He then entrained at Chieveley for Frere; marching thence at 5.30 P.M. he was compelled by the difficulty of the road and the intense darkness to halt for six hours when he had proceeded a short distance on his way. At daybreak on the 24th he started again, and reached Trieghaardt's Drift at about 2.30 P.M., having covered twenty-one miles in his march. At 5 P.M. General Warren again sent Major Kelly to Trieghaardt's Drift, and the battery under his escort reached the supply depôt at 7.30 P.M. As both mules and men required rest, it was then arranged that the battery should remain here until moon-rise. At the same time Major Kelly sent a scout to the summit with a note to Colonel

Thorneycroft, in which he reported the arrival of the battery, and requested a guide to conduct it to the position in which Colonel Thorneycroft desired it to be placed. This note was received by Colonel Thorneycroft at about 9 P.M.

As regards the despatch of artillery other than the mountain battery to Spion Kop, it must be observed that General Buller had assigned no long-range guns to Sir Charles Warren's force; and that while the enemy had guns ranging up to 8000 to 9000 yards, General Warren had only 15-pr. guns, throwing shrapnel at 3500 to 4000 yards. He had, therefore, asked for naval guns on the 23rd, but no definite reply was received until mid-day on the 24th, when he was asked by telegram if he would like to have two naval 12-pr. guns for Spion Kop. General Warren's reply was a request that they might be sent at once. At 4.30 P.M. he received a letter in which General Buller stated that he had got two naval 12-pr. guns from across the river, and that he could send them on if General Warren would like to have them. Ultimately the two naval guns arrived at Three Tree Hill at 7 P.M., and at 8.30 Lieut. James, R.N., the officer in charge of them, received orders to take one gun up to the summit.

In the meantime the gun slides had been completed by the Engineers, cables for haulage had been obtained, and Colonel Sim had received orders from Sir Charles Warren to make all necessary arrangements to give effect to General Buller's instructions for the construction of strong epaulments to protect both these guns and the guns of the mountain battery directly they had arrived and could be sent up the mountain. About 5 P.M., Colonel Sim says, General Warren showed him a letter from Sir R. Buller containing directions for these epaulments. He continues:

General Officer Commanding ordered me to be ready to do this, and also to take working parties at night to deepen the trenches on Spion Kop, so that they might screen the defenders from shell fire, being made four feet deep and sloping backwards inside, in the same form as the Boer schanzes are made.

I arranged with officers commanding 17th Company for the tools and for

the half-company that was now on Spion Kop to remain there, so that the officers and non-commissioned officers might superintend the working parties. At 9 P.M. General Officer Commanding ordered me to proceed and to make epaulments for two naval guns (12-pr.), each to be twenty-three feet diameter, and to give four feet three inches cover; also epaulments as above for the mountain battery, and to improve the trenches. He gave me also a letter to Colonel Thorneycroft, urging him to hold the hill, and explaining the work I had been ordered to do. To carry the tools across a party of 200 Somersetshire Light Infantry was detailed, and two reliefs, of 600 each, for the work were to be drawn from the reserve battalions on Spion Kop rear slopes.¹

The circumstances under which this letter was delivered to Colonel Thorneycroft have been stated.² Colonel Sim was turned back by Colonel Thorneycroft, and he then himself stopped the progress of the naval gun. But the subsequent experiences of Lieut. Otto Schwikkart, A squadron Colonial Scouts, who had been detailed by Sir Charles Warren to accompany Lieut. James with the naval gun, must be mentioned. When the naval gun was stopped, this officer refused to believe that the summit had been evacuated, and as the moon had now risen he proceeded up the hill to find out what was the actual state of affairs. When he arrived at the first plateau he was stopped by a British picket and brought in to Captain Phillips on suspicion of being a spy.³ Upon being allowed to proceed to the summit, he crossed the British positions and entered the Boer schanzes. They were evacuated. Passing along over the bodies of the dead and wounded, he at length came upon a Boer ambulance man, who appeared terrified at his approach and unable to give any coherent replies when questioned. Lieut. Schwikkart then returned and reported the circumstances to Lieut. James, who had now reached the first plateau, leaving the gun at the foot of the hill. In doing so he urged that the gun should even then be brought up the hill, if only to hasten what he regarded as the Boer retreat. Shortly afterwards Captain Phillips signalled a message, dated Spion Kop, 2.30 A.M., January 25,⁴ in which he asked

¹ White Book, p. 33.

² See p. 52.

³ White Book, p. 31.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 32.

for instructions, stating that the spur up to 300 yards of the summit was still held.

When this message was received at Three Tree Hill Colonel Thorneycroft had arrived, and Sir Charles Warren had telegraphed to General Buller. Pending the decision of the Commander-in-Chief it was obviously impossible for Sir Charles Warren to order the summit to be reoccupied—a course which he would undoubtedly have taken but for the fact that Colonel Thorneycroft had been placed in command by the direct interposition of General Buller himself. In the absence of any order to this effect, Captain Phillips proceeded to withdraw the remaining troops from the first plateau and the lower slopes of Spion Kop in the direction of the Engineers' bivouac.

Sir Charles Warren concludes his report on the capture and evacuation of Spion Kop, addressed to General Buller's Chief of Staff, with these sentences :

It is a matter for the Commander-in-Chief to decide whether there should be an investigation into the question of the unauthorised evacuation of Spion Kop.¹

In reference to this paragraph Sir Redvers Buller writes in his covering despatch, addressed to Lord Roberts :

I have not thought it necessary to order any investigation. If at sundown the defence of the summit had been taken regularly in hand, entrenchments laid out, gun emplacements prepared, the dead removed, the wounded collected, and, in fact, the whole place brought under regular military command, and careful arrangements made for the supply of water and food to the scattered fighting-line, the hills would have been held, I am sure.

But no arrangements were made. General Coke appears to have been ordered away just as he would have been useful, and no one succeeded him ; those on the top were ignorant of the fact that guns were coming up, and generally there was a want of organisation and system that acted most unfavourably on the defence.

It is admitted by all that Colonel Thorneycroft acted with the greatest gallantry throughout the day, and really saved the situation. Preparation for

¹ White Book, p. 26.

the second day's defence should have been organised during the day, and have been commenced at nightfall.

As this was not done, I think Colonel Thorneycroft exercised a wise discretion.¹

Upon the facts as submitted to him, Lord Roberts, writing under date February 13, 1900, to the Secretary of State for War, decides that—(1) as regards the withdrawal of the troops from the Spion Kop position, "Lieutenant-Colonel Thorneycroft's assumption of responsibility and authority was wholly inexcusable"; (2) "it is to be regretted that Sir Charles Warren did not himself visit Spion Kop during the afternoon or evening"; and (3) "Sir Redvers Buller is justified in remarking that 'there was a want of organisation and system which acted most unfavourably on the defence.'"²

That is to say, Lord Roberts endorses General Buller's charge of "want of organisation" against Sir Charles Warren, but thinks in spite of this that Colonel Thorneycroft ought not to have abandoned the position; and he is further of opinion that Sir Charles Warren should have visited the summit himself during the afternoon or evening of the 24th.

As regards the first of these complaints—want of organisation—the reader is now in a position to judge himself whether it be, or be not, justified by the actual facts. It must, however, be pointed out that if the particulars in which there was partial failure, delay, or misunderstanding, be held sufficient to justify a general charge of "want of organisation," the further question arises whether in this case Sir Charles Warren or Sir Redvers Buller must be held responsible for it. The reader must ask himself, for example, which of the two was responsible for the circumstance that biscuit tins had to be used instead of pikuls; for the delay in the arrival of the mountain battery³ and the

¹ White Book, p. 24.

² *Ibid.* p. 4.

³ At 5 A.M. on the 24th Sir Charles Warren sent word to the mountain battery to come to Wright's Farm, giving instructions and providing an orderly to conduct them. As a matter of fact, they were then just commencing their twenty-one miles march to Trieghaardt's Drift.

naval guns, which made it impossible to give Colonel Thorneycroft the assurance of artillery support before it seemed to him to be (in his own words) "too late"; and in particular for an interference with the regular devolution of military command which made it possible for General Coke to give orders to Colonel Hill for the final disposition of the force on the summit, when in fact not Colonel Hill but Colonel Thorneycroft was in command.

Lord Roberts' opinion that Sir Charles Warren ought to have visited Spion Kop must be considered in the light of the actual circumstances of the occasion. The nature of the country which had to be traversed in passing from the Engineers' bivouac to the summit of Spion Kop has been described.¹ In the day time, and under the most favourable circumstances, the distance was actually covered in an hour and a half, or three hours there and back. But from mid-day onwards the whole route was crowded with vehicles, mules, stretcher-bearers, and a stream of wounded and unwounded men. The narrow path leading from the supply depôt to the summit was especially congested. If, therefore, the journey was made by day when this path was congested with traffic, or by night in the darkness between sunset and moon-rise, a considerably longer time would be required. General Warren's head-quarters at Three Tree Hill were three-quarters of a mile northward of the Engineers' bivouac. Taking these various elements into the equation we may safely assume that the visit suggested by Lord Roberts would have involved an absence of at least four hours on the part of Sir Charles Warren at some time during the afternoon or evening of the 24th.

This then is Lord Roberts' proposal. We will compare with it what Sir Charles Warren actually did.

Between 7 A.M. and 9 A.M. Sir Charles Warren rode with his A.D.C. to the foot of Spion Kop to reconnoitre, and in so doing gave directions to the officer commanding the Imperial Light Infantry how to avoid the enemy's rifle-fire in their march

¹ See pp. 43-45.

up the hill. From the time of his return to camp onwards Sir Charles Warren was receiving and despatching an almost continuous stream of messages by hand, by signal, and by telegraph, and it was upon the prompt receipt and despatch of these messages, and the issue of the necessary orders entailed by them, that the possibility of getting the mountain battery and the naval guns, of securing the support of the British batteries at Potgieter's and west of Spion Kop, and the co-operation of General Lyttelton's force, all alike depended. At his head-quarters at Three Tree Hill Sir Charles Warren was in telegraphic communication with Sir Redvers Buller, the Commander-in-Chief, and with General Lyttelton, by whom the Scottish Rifles were sent direct to Spion Kop, and the King's Royal Rifles to the twin peaks, and, as we know, heliographic messages from the summit reached Sir Charles Warren through the signal station at Spearman's Hill. Not only so but General Warren was responsible for the safety of the British positions on the Rangeworthy Hills—a responsibility the more onerous on that day through the indisposition of General Clery.

In the first place, then, an absence of four hours from the head-quarters under the given circumstances would have made it impossible for Sir Charles Warren to make the necessary dispositions for holding Spion Kop, which in point of fact he had made by the night of the 24th in spite of the serious difficulties by which he was confronted; and in the second place, during the interval between the advance of General Coke at mid-day, and the arrival of Colonel Thorneycroft on the morning of the 25th, Sir Charles Warren had no information which could seem to make his presence on the summit imperative or even necessary. Colonel Thorneycroft's urgent message of 2.30 P.M.¹ did not reach him until 4 P.M. When he received it, it came with the assurance that General Coke had himself seen it at 3 P.M., and that its requirements had therefore been satisfied in all respects before it came into his hands.

¹ See p. 49.

Under these circumstances General Warren was surely justified in taking the course which he did, namely, to expedite and complete the arrangements already in progress for sending guns up the hill, and for the construction of better and more effective entrenchments by the Engineers during the night.

It remains to discuss Colonel Thorneycroft's decision to abandon the summit—a decision which, in Lord Roberts' opinion, was a "wholly inexcusable assumption of responsibility and authority." The only light on this point comes from an episode in the day's operations which up to the present has only been mentioned incidentally. This episode was the capture and abandonment of the two peaks which form the actual summit of Spion Kop; and it was the most important of the efforts by which General Lyttelton loyally co-operated with Sir Charles Warren. The third battalion King's Royal Rifles was ordered by General Lyttelton to cross the Tugela and attack the twin peaks at 10 A.M. on the 24th. The actual assault commenced at 1 P.M., and by 5 P.M. one half of the battalion under Colonel Riddell, and the other half under Major Bewicke Copley, had respectively captured the northern and southern peaks. From this position they were able to silence one Boer machine gun which was firing upon the British position on the summit. But the capture of the twin peaks meant much more than that. It meant that a position had been taken which not only commanded the plateau-summit in virtue of its greater altitude, but which also in virtue of its position on the east flank, would have enabled the British to direct a flanking fire upon the Boer advance against the British entrenchments on the summit. In other words, it was precisely what the British needed to secure Spion Kop, and the Boers knowing this had abandoned the hope of retaking the summit plateau from the moment that they lost the twin peaks.

Now what happened? At 6 P.M. Major Bewicke Copley, who commanded on the death of Colonel Riddell, signalled:

We are on top of the hill. Unless I get orders to retire I shall stay here.

The reply was :

Retire when dark.

(Sent by flag 6 P.M.)

and,

I am sending you a signal lamp. The General Officer Commanding considers you could not hold the Sugar Loaf unsupported, and having no troops to support you with, he orders a retirement across the foot-bridge below ford, and bivouac on naval gun plateau.¹

In forwarding Major Bewicke Copley's report of this affair, General Lyttelton writes: "The Commander-in-Chief saw as much of this gallant action as I did."² We may assume, therefore, that the retirement of the King's Royal Rifles was effected with the direct concurrence, if not by the direct orders, of General Buller. It was at the time when these orders to retire from the twin peaks were put into effect that Colonel Thorneycroft formed the decision to abandon the summit-plateau.

Was this retirement, carried out under orders from Spearman's Camp, accepted by Colonel Thorneycroft, wrongly or rightly, as a sign that General Buller, who was known to have opposed the occupation of Spion Kop from the first, believed that the position was untenable?

This is a point upon which the account of Mr. Bennet Burleigh may be accepted as evidence, not indeed of the fact but of the impression the circumstance produced on him at the time.

The capture of the northern spurs, had there been guns of ours upon Spion Kop, should, and I believe would, have settled the Boer game, and opened the road wide to Ladysmith for General Buller's army.

When I left the western base of Spion Kop, after 6 P.M., all was well. The gun and musketry fire was almost quiescent. Only at rare intervals did the "pom-pom" break in, and as for the rifles, only the relentless snipers were shooting. The wounded were being brought down in hundreds; and, as I have said, the mountain battery was, with the naval guns, on its way towards Thaba Emunyama. An hour and a half later a disastrous change set in. . . . That in the darkness a thawing and melting process set in I can believe, but it was

¹ White Book, p. 46.

² Blue Book, Cd. No. 458, p. 80.

induced and aggravated by another circumstance—what I dare to call a fatal blunder. Seeing that the 60th were in an exposed situation, where they could afford little help in the task of clearing the Boers off the hills, and that they would come under the shell and rifle fire of both sides, an order was sent them to retire.

Therein lies the mystery and crux of all that ensued.¹

There is no question here of Colonel Thorneycroft's courage or of his gallantry in action. The question is how a man of his undoubted courage could have determined to sacrifice the fruits of his own and his men's endurance² on the grounds which he alleges in his report—grounds which in themselves constitute so slight an excuse, that his conduct appears to Lord Roberts to be "a wholly inexcusable assumption of responsibility."

To conclude, General Buller's statement that "no arrangements were made" by Sir Charles Warren, would not only appear to be contrary to the facts, but to come with a peculiarly bad grace from the man who, if any one, would seem to have been himself responsible for the very delays upon which he now bases his censure of a subordinate. Lord Roberts' endorsement of General Buller's censure would again appear to have been founded upon an imperfect comprehension of the nature both of the country and operations in question. Whether Sir Charles Warren ought, or ought not, to have absented himself from his head-quarters on the afternoon or evening of the 24th, for the time required to visit the summit of Spion Kop, may be a matter on which military opinion would differ. It is at least certain that a decision in the affirmative—assuming that such a decision could be obtained—would show so slight a preponderance of possible advantage that it would be absurd to found any charge of military incompetence upon it.

It is upon these baseless and ungenerous censures, thus vaguely endorsed by Lord Roberts, in admitted

¹ "The Natal Campaign," p. 339.

² The total casualties in the assault on Spion Kop were : Officers, 28 killed, 34 wounded, 6 missing ; men, 175 killed, 520 wounded, 281 missing.

absence¹ of a complete account of the circumstances of the occasion, that the impression has gone abroad that the failure at Spion Kop is to be laid at the door of Sir Charles Warren.

Whether the War Office allows or refuses Sir Charles Warren the opportunity that he now desires of vindicating his reputation, the love of truth for its own sake, which animates and perpetuates history, will see to it that the honourable part which he played in this gallant but ill-fated action is not finally hidden from his countrymen.

W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

¹ "The plan of operations is not very clearly described . . . but, it may be gathered" . . . "Even admitting that due preparations may not have been made . . . in regard to which Sir C. Warren's report does not altogether bear out Sir R. Buller's contentions . . ." White Book, p. 3.

PEACE IN SOUTH AFRICA

THAT the present is a very critical time in the relations of the Empire to South Africa will hardly be disputed. Any measures, legislative or administrative, which may now be taken must have far-reaching effects, because they will necessarily be regarded as precedents foreshadowing the future trend of the Imperial policy. They will be pebbles, diverting at the source the course of the mountain stream.

Quite as great as the intended effects of such measures will be the unintended effect ; to be estimated mainly by consideration of the result they produce upon the minds of the various sections of the population in South Africa, the British by birth and descent, the Boers, the Kaffirs, and the other subject population. I do not propose here to advocate any concrete measures for adoption by the Imperial Government, or by the local administrations of the two new colonies ; but recognising, as every one must who has studied South African history, and, at the same time, has had personal experience of the leaders of all the political parties in South Africa, that in want of information on the part of the home authorities, more especially of the Colonial Office, in want of appreciation of political facts by the home press and public, is to be found the root cause of our mistakes for a hundred years, and of the late disastrous war, I wish to indicate here what I think are the chief dangers which confront us.

Some one in America said on a memorable occasion that

George III. dangers were gone, but other dangers had arisen. In South Africa the George III. dangers of a hundred years ago are, unhappily, still present; but new ones are super-added.

It will be best to start by setting before us clearly what are the objects to be aimed at by Imperial statesmen in connection with our South African dominion. The firm establishment of the Imperial supremacy, the rendering secure for all time the maintenance of the Imperial rule, must obviously be the first object. We need not here stop to argue as to the legitimacy of the existence of our Empire; a task to which we are courteously invited by so many of our continental critics, who do not dissipate their energies by demonstrating the ethical validity of the rule of the mailed fist over Sleswick, and Alsace-Lorraine, and Prussian Poland. Enough for us it is that this is our heritage, which we must only presume we were intended to maintain.

Many steps must be taken to attain this end. Greatest and most obvious of these is the adoption of all measures which may tend to fuse into one homogeneous people the Boer and the British strains of the European race. For the British federation of freemen no mere domination by military force can be built on as a sure foundation. The Empire can never be secure until it fully realises its almost realised ideal of a world State of free communities, whose strongest link is their determination to be united. By this road alone can be attained, not merely the prosperity and happiness of South African citizens of the Empire, of Boer or British descent, but the just treatment and the ultimate elevation in the scale of existence of the Kaffir race, subjects of our guardianship, the fulfilment of our share of the European mission on the Dark Continent—the spreading of justice, and peace, and humanity.

I have said that the George III. dangers to British rule in South Africa still exist. They are to be found in the existence of a perfectly well-meaning, but altogether uninstructed, body

of opinion, chiefly in the United Kingdom, upholding the black-man-and-brother theory, and advocating an impossible, social and political equality for non-Europeans. The other danger is largely the result of the action of this negrophilist influence, being the Boer distrust and apprehension towards the Imperial Government. Rendering the last most formidable is the resolute character, the military skill, the religious fanaticism, and the enormous birth-rate of the Boer people.

The more modern dangers are the Separatist Young Africander movement, a combined product of the three preceding, and of the lamentable history of British rule in South Africa, a rule characterised on all sides by vacillation and betrayal due to the working of our party system. To be counted again, among dangers ahead, is the enormous power now possessed in South Africa by cosmopolitan capitalism, which may be described as not pro-British and hardly indeed pro-European. Last and newest of all, the policy ascribed to the British Government of India, and certainly advocated by leading Anglo-Indians, of favouring the immigration into South Africa of Asiatics from India. I purpose to deal with two of these dangers, not so much in the order of their historical date of origin, as of their political importance in our time and generation.

The Young Africander war cry—"Drive the British into the sea"—has not been stilled for ever by the many Boer defeats of the late war. The memory of Imperial vacillation and betrayal of loyalists, lasting for a hundred years, is not to be wiped out by a single campaign, however victorious; and let us remember that a war expected to be terminated in six weeks lasted nearly three years. The Young Africander, up to the present, has no reason to despair of the ultimate swing of the British party pendulum, throwing fortune and domination again within his grasp. During the whole war the progress of the Imperial arms has been accompanied by a chorus of depreciation, continued to the present moment by a section of the British Press. Some people, it is to be hoped, remember

the tenor of letters, intercepted and published, of Boer leaders recommending surrender. On what grounds was submission advised? To prevent the complete blotting out of "our nation," according to one reconciled general. To gain time, to await the chance of foreign intervention, or troubles of the British Empire with some foreign power, according to another high official. "We are captured, but not defeated," I was assured by an executive councillor, prisoner of war a year ago.

The Young Africander, however, relies on more than the shifting of Imperial policy, arising from the play of the British party system. The unbroken and unbreakable chain binding together all the Boers of South Africa is the system of the Presbyterian Church Councils (Kerksraad) of the Dutch Reformed Churches. It is not suggested here that there are not many thousands of Dutch-descended loyalists of unimpeachable fidelity to the Empire, members of these churches. It is that the anti-British politicians are church members also; and wherever they are in a majority, as they usually are, that majority must be felt in the composition of the Church Council. Again, the ideal of Dutch domination has always been a religious ideal, necessarily in close connection with the organisation of the Dutch churches. It is the rule of the Lord's elect that is to replace the hateful intrusion of the British Uitlander Government and people. Alva and Chamberlain are interchangeable terms; Slachter's Nek and the massacre of St. Bartholomew are equally slayings of saints of the Lord. The familiars of the Spanish Inquisition and the British immigrant, who thinks he is entitled to political equality with his spiritual superiors, stand on a similar plane of religious reprobation.

Another great fact on which the Young Afrianders build most confidently, is one which is of the utmost moment in connection with the military situation; and that is, that their numbers increase by leaps and bounds, while those of the British settlers are, largely, stationary. By sheer weight of

numbers they hope to overwhelm the British population. Each Boer haus-frau regards herself as a mother of Gracchi.

German diplomatic action and German commercial activity also enter largely into the Young Africander calculations. The part played by German diplomacy with reference to the policy and action of the war party at Pretoria and Bloemfontein has yet to be fully described. I am not altogether without hopes, when the time for the publishing of Memoirs comes (after the precedent set by Prince Bismarck) of seeing some light thrown on this particular eddy of the war current which has ended in the devastation of South Africa. Meanwhile, it is worth remembering that the German Chancellor, Count von Bülow, was candid enough to inform the world, in Demember 1900, during a debate in the Reichstag, that he fully adopted the terms of the present Kaiser's telegram to President Kruger on the occasion of the Jameson Raid. He also explained that the German Government found that if they had intervned on that occasion, between the British Goverment and the Transvaal, they would have intervned alone among the Powers of the world, and that a patriotic German statesman could only draw one conclusion from this position of regrettable isolation.

German presence in South Africa is to be counted upon ; our unready Colonial Office having allowed the South-west Province to fall into their hands. That province, be it noted, together with all the territory of Africa south of the 25th parallel of latitude, had been declared by an Act of Parliament of 1836 subject to the jurisdiction of the Courts of Cape Colony ; and, consequently—to borrow a phrase of later origin—was within the British “ sphere of influence.” Furthermore—again to use a later phrase—it actually constituted the “ hinterland ” of the British port and district of Walfisch Bay. Until that territory of German South-west Africa is surrendered to the British dominion Young Africander reliance on German diplomatic antagonism as well as German commercial rivalry will continue.

The Hollander influence, to which so many superficial

observers ascribed so much weight, is not one of serious moment in the future ; nor do I believe it has ever been so in the past. The Hollander public servants of the administrations of the two Republics were never anything but servants, and by no means leaders of any section of the Boers, either of the war or peace party. In fact, much of their unpopularity with the British section is really attributable to the ingenious ascription by Young Afrianders to Hollander influence of measures of the anti-British party among the Boers. In considering the present political chess board of South Africa, the Hollander pawns may be regarded as moved off the board.¹

One word as to the *personnel* of Young Afriander leaders of the war party among the Boers. They are all educated men ; most of them educated at the Temple, and at Oxford or Cambridge Universities, others at the Universities of Holland. They are quite capable of taking long views in politics, and their view of the military situation in October 1899 approximated much nearer to correctness than most people in the United Kingdom give them credit for. They are men to be reckoned with for our time and generation ; and nothing but disaster can ensue from ignoring this patent fact of their intelligence and their influence. Many officers of the Imperial army have assured me that a much more correct appreciation of the military effectiveness of the Boers would have been entertained by our War Office if the Boers had been kind enough to clothe themselves in uniform, and assumed high-sounding military titles from lieutenant to field-marshal commanding-in-chief, and decorated their breasts with war medals and crosses of valour. Similarly, I am of opinion, that if the political chiefs of the Young Afriander anti-British party were considerate

¹ It should be remembered that State Secretary Leyds was not, and never has been, a citizen of the Empire, and owed us no duties. As Mr. Cecil Rhodes, in one of his last speeches, pointed out to the South African League in Cape Town Dr. Leyds' identification with the war policy of President Kruger is based on pure misapprehension—a fact, however unfamiliar in England, by no means new to residents of Pretoria as distinguished from Johannesburg.

enough to wish to help home politicians in the United Kingdom to appreciate their political difficulties, they would array themselves in diplomatic uniforms and assume all the diplomatic titles sanctioned by the Congress of Vienna. It is to be feared, however, that these leaders in diplomacy of a nation of diplomats will be as reticent as they were when leaders in war of a nation of soldiers.

It will, therefore, be easily understood that persistence of the Young Afriander ideal, of a future Boer domination and ultimate British exclusion, is not at all incompatible with parleying with the enemy at the gate, and accepting office at the hand of the scourges of God, as long as their maleficent rule is suffered to continue. (I may observe, in passing, that it is more in deference to historic Boer modes of thought than to real Young Afriander convictions that I adopt this phraseology, understood of their people. The Young Afriander, if he does not share the seventeenth-century religious fanaticism of his people, is perfectly aware of its efficiency as a military factor.) The report of an interview, published last year, with the nephew of General Joubert, records his conviction that a serious danger in front of permanent peace in South Africa, was the probability that the British Government would be induced to place in office Young Afriander, anti-British, propagandists, whose loyalty dates from Paardeberg, the crowning mercy that marred the memory of Majuba Hill. Let us hope that the apprehension of General Joubert's nephew may not be too fully realised.

Next in importance to the danger confronting the permanence of Imperial rule, arising from the persistence of the young Afriander ideal of Boer domination and of British exclusion, is that to be anticipated from the threatened excessive influence, if not predominance, in the affairs of the new colonies of the cosmopolitan capitalism, whose material interests centre in the Transvaal. It cannot be too often repeated that an enormous proportion of this influence is wielded by persons who are non-British by descent, and,

usually, as well, non-British by political nationality. This, in itself, is formidable enough on merely *à priori* grounds. But it becomes more formidable still when one considers that, on many cardinal points of public policy, the economic interests of the great capitalist houses who control the mines of the Witwatersrand are diametrically opposed to those of the Imperial Government, seeking to safeguard our foothold in South Africa, and to those of the mass of the British residents, urban or agricultural, desiring to live their lives under conditions of civilised comfort.

In what respects are the interests of the great financial houses opposed to those of the Empire? No one doubts for a moment that the directors of these corporations are fully conscious of the benefits to all mercantile, industrial, or financial operations arising from the firm establishment of law and order, of the security against arbitrary or oppressive legislation, of the absence of administrative corruption to be expected from the Imperial rule. Nor does any one suggest that the helots of Park Lane are to be credited with a double dose of original sin. The only thing that we need take for granted is that, like other business men, they will tend to favour the course of legislation, of administrative action on the part of the Government, and to adopt the course of direction of the mining industry in their own hands, which tend to their obvious pecuniary interest.

Taking that as granted, and surely that is not too violent an assumption, we have only to consider on what points, once law and order are firmly established, the interests of the great capitalist houses part company from those of the Imperial Government, and of the ordinary British population of the two new colonies. These points I take to be the question of taxation of the mines; its extent and method of levy; the advisability of exploiting new mineral fields, not already in the hands of the great mining houses; the matter of the rate of wages to be paid to white miners; the matter of the supply of goods to the native labourers in the mines—in other words, the question

whether, as in England under the Truck Acts, such supply should be prohibited to employers and left in the hands of the ordinary trader or shopkeeper; or, as in Kimberley, should be in the hands of the mine-owners.

Let us first take the question of taxation. Now, it is clear that the interests of the mining corporations must be opposed to any taxation of the mines, as far as such taxation can be avoided. It would be, for them, an ideal arrangement if even the cost of the military defence of the country were borne by the Imperial taxpayer. Taxation for facilities of transport, through creating railways, for mining materials, it would, no doubt, be hopeless to protest against; but for any other purpose, not obviously connected with the mines, resistance to taxation must be expected. Under the Republican *régime*, many and loud were the protests against "Taxation exceeding the legitimate needs of Government." I shall not stop to deal with this fallacy here; I shall only point out that, under the Transvaal law, the minerals were expressly stated to belong to the State; the law herein resembling the law of England, under which all gold and silver is the property of the Crown. Clearly, therefore, the State was entitled to take as much of the gold as it thought proper.

Now, one of the absolute essentials for securing a firm British foothold in South Africa is the organising of State-aided British immigration of agriculturists, and the creation of State-constituted irrigation works, as in Egypt and India, without which agriculture is impossible. Also necessary is expenditure for other public purposes, which I think equally essential, but which, to eliminate controversy, I need not deal with now. This immigration scheme cannot be carried out, and these works cannot be constructed, without money, and where is that money to come from? From the pocket of the British taxpayer, which surely has some limit of capacity? Or from the gold and other minerals expressly declared by the law to be the property of the State? No one suggests such heavy taxation of the mines as would prevent their being worked at

a profit to the shareholders; although I strongly advocate a firm hand being kept by the State, in the future, over the excessive watering of capital, a necessity recognised to a certain extent by the present administration of Rhodesia.

Again, take the method of levying the tax on gold and other minerals. Prior to 1899 the principle of taxing the possession of mining areas, whether the claims were being worked or not, was that chiefly in vogue in the Transvaal. The Gold Law of 1899 imposed a tax on the gold output of from 30 to 50 per cent. (This measure, I may observe in passing, is one which I strongly advocated under the Republican régime.) The law of 1899 has recently been repealed by proclamation of Lord Milner, and the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain, announced in the House of Commons that a law to take its place is still under consideration by the Imperial Government.

Here is a point where the interests of the great mining corporations on the one hand, and those of the Imperial Government and of the general British population on the other, are at variance. As I have on more than one occasion pointed out in the columns of the *Morning Post* and other London journals, the tax on the gold output encourages British immigration, and that on the mere possession of mining claims discourages it. On the other hand, a tax on the mere possession of mining areas is in the interest of the great mining corporations, as, by "freezing out" the holders with less capital, it tends to throw all the mining properties into their own hands.

In this way the law works. The poorer holders of mining claims, in many cases the actual discoverers of the mines, have to expend their capital in paying monthly dues to the State. They cannot dispose of their ventures, or obtain adequate capital for working them, because the financiers at London, Paris, Berlin, and other centres, know that they are in the hands of poor men and that time is running against them. The claims, therefore, have to be sold for a trivial sum, or are

suffered to lapse to the State; when, according to law, they must be put up for sale by auction, at which sale the great mining corporations are, necessarily, the sole bidders.

This, be it noted, was a thoroughly well understood result, and one fully intended by the Boer war party at Pretoria and Bloemfontein. What they wanted to exclude was possible British rifles; the fewer the Uitlander holders of mining claims the better pleased they were. An ideal system for them would be if all the mines were owned by a single mining corporation, with as few Uitlander residents as possible.

On yet another point Boer war policy and the interests of the mining corporations coincided, and were opposed to Imperial interests and to those of British residents of the Transvaal. This was the matter of the exploitation of new goldfields or other mineral fields. Until the deep level claims on the Witwatersrand were successfully floated, and now, until all the other claims over which the grouped financial corporations hold options, are put on the European market—a period necessarily limited by the purchasing power of the European public—it is the plain interest of the “great houses,” as they are called, to discourage the opening up of new gold or other mineral fields not in their own hands. It is not merely that they would have rivals in the market against the shares of their own companies, but they would lose their present practical monopoly of the profitable business of company promoting; in which many more millions are to be made than were ever extracted from the White Water Reef. Very much, indeed, might be said on this aspect of the question, but more is unnecessary here. The Boer war party, and the present Young Africander progagandists, wished, and still wish, to discourage the exploitation of new mineral fields, so as to keep out the British intruder, with his inconvenient ideas of equality and his more inconvenient rifle; the very things which the Imperial Government, in self-preservation, should strenuously endeavour to introduce.

The labour question, again, is another on which the great

capitalists and the rank and file of the British population cannot be expected to see eye to eye. The miners will naturally wish to uphold the present high rate of wages in the interests of themselves and their families; the companies will certainly endeavour to lower them. But here it is not merely a question of the interests of the miners and their families, although they must constitute a very considerable proportion of the British population. Only one degree less than the interest of the miners is that of the rest of the British population, the merchants and shopkeepers of the towns, the professional classes, the lawyers and medical men, with all the urban employés and servants. It will make all the difference in the world to them whether the people with millions to spend are the British miners close at hand, or European, non-British, shareholders in Hamburg or Berlin, or Monte Carlo. Of equal importance is the fact that the success of British immigration of agriculturists must necessarily depend on the purchasing power of the mining population and of the British residents in the towns. The nearness of markets is all essential to the success of agricultural operations in South Africa. It is not to be supposed that South African agricultural produce could successfully compete in the European markets with the sea-borne produce of the United States, of the Argentine, and Russia. Railways are too slow and expensive, and a reputation for South African produce has still to be created. How Imperial interests are affected by this feature of the situation is obvious. No British agriculturists means no stable British occupation.

Diametrically opposed also is the obvious pecuniary interest of the mining corporations to that of the British merchants and traders of the towns. This matter has often been confused with the question of the introduction, or the non-introduction, of the Kimberley Compound System into the Transvaal. It is really quite distinct. Those who say that there is no intention on the part of the mining corporations of introducing the Kimberley Compound System into the Transvaal, and therefore there is no danger to be apprehended, are quite beside the mark.

The Kimberley Compound System is one under which the natives employed in the mines are confined in barracks, called compounds, prohibited from leaving during their period of service, and supplied with goods by the mining corporations. This, of course, takes away their occupation from the ordinary trader and shopkeeper.

I was told by the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes that he was personally opposed to the introduction of the Compound System in the gold mines, as he regarded it as unnecessary and inexpedient. It is very easy, as he said, for a Kaffir to secrete a diamond, but not to hide a quantity of gold amalgam; apart from the fact that Kaffirs have not much access to the portion of the works where the amalgam is to be found. But this is not a question of the introduction of the Compound System at all.

When I was in Pretoria and Johannesburg last year, I found a certain amount of apprehension among British residents already returned, including members of the Chamber of Commerce, that the mining corporations, without introducing any compound system of confining Kaffirs to barracks, would themselves supply goods to the Kaffir workers, to the exclusion of the ordinary merchant and trader of the town. This proceeding, be it noted, is absolutely illegal in England; being prohibited by the English Truck Acts under a heavy penalty. But there is no Truck Act in the Transvaal or the Orange River Colony; and there is nothing to prevent the mining corporations if they consult merely the interests of their European shareholders, as it is to be presumed they will feel bound to do, from instituting this system of paying their labourers in kind. What this would mean for Johannesburg may be gauged from the fact that the expenditure, on this head alone, amounted in the year before the war to two millions per annum. The destruction of this means of subsistence of the merchant and trading class, of the professional classes, of the employés and servants in the town, would be as directly threatened by this measure as by the corporations'

natural, and laudable, desire to divert the gold from the pockets of the Treasury to those of their shareholders, who watch the stock markets in Europe. Similarly, Imperial interests bound up with the introduction of British agriculturists, and with the supplying them with a market at their doors, would be equally menaced.

For many reasons it is specially important that public opinion in the United Kingdom, and in the British Colonies, should become fully conscious of the grave issues involved. During the inevitable period of Crown Colony government, many most serious legislative and administrative steps may be taken, the effects of which, in after years, it would be impossible entirely to efface. The whole press of South Africa may be said, generally speaking, to be either owned or controlled by the great mining corporations; and their writers naturally, and most legitimately, advocate their employers' interests. This, as I have said, is specially important to bear in mind, seeing that during the period of Crown Colony rule there can be no means, through popular legislative assemblies, of effectively voicing the general trend of British local opinion.

What conclusion, therefore, do I draw from the foregoing considerations? It is that, in all matters of legislative and administrative action, the greatest care should be taken to avoid any appearance of unduly according weight to representations in favour of the interests of the great mining corporations.

The slander that the war was a capitalists' war, so persistently circulated in the Continental press, and so regrettably echoed nearer home, would be given some colour of plausibility by any contrary course. Not, indeed, that we can expect to put an end to such slanders on the part of our commercial rivals in Germany and elsewhere; but, for the satisfaction of honest people at home, care should be taken, not merely to be impartial, but to seem to be so. No one disputes the right of these great financial corporations to some representation on any consultative boards to be created, and to having facilities

given to them to represent their views on any contemplated legislation. They control an industry on which, for some time to come, the prosperity of the Transvaal must largely depend. In one respect the matter has an international complexion, and is one in which the Foreign Offices of other countries are legitimately concerned, seeing that many millions of non-British European capital are invested in the mines. The danger to be guarded against is that of according to their nominees or representatives any inordinate representation on such boards; or of enacting any legislation merely because it is supported by those corporations. As I have shown, their pecuniary interests are clearly opposed, in many respects, to the prospects of content and prosperity for the British population of the mines, of the towns, and of the country side; and, above all, are at variance with Imperial interests all over the world, so closely knit up as they are with the retention of a secure foothold in South Africa.

Whether these dangers have been sufficiently guarded against up to the present is a matter on which I do not propose here to enter. It is the greater part of a year since I have been in Johannesburg and Pretoria, and I prefer speaking from first-hand information, which I trust to acquire on my return. Questions have been asked in Parliament as to alleged undue capitalistic influence in various administrative appointments to consultative boards made by the present British administration. Objection has also been raised in many Imperialist quarters to the repeal of the Gold Law of 1899 taxing the gold output, a repeal alleged to be in the interest of the great financial corporations. Public protest has been made against a proclamation of Lord Roberts, of August 1900, calling for the payment by all persons resident in the Republic, and legal representatives of absentees, of taxes, revenues, and licences, due by them to the Government of the Republic in respect of mining claims or other landed property. It is held by most Uitlanders that it is unjust to call on them to pay such arrears, seeing that they were forcibly expelled by the

Government of the Republic, and were precluded from beneficial occupation. And this standpoint is taken on the ground of justice and right, quite apart from the fact that tens of thousands of the Uitlanders have been fighting in the ranks of the Imperial army.

With reference to this proclamation, it has been suggested that, whatever its intention, if enforced its effect would be to play into the hands of the great mining corporations, by compelling either the surrender or the forced sale of these Uitlanders' claims; the only possible buyers, of course, being, in every case, the purseholders of the great mining groups.

As I have said, I do not propose here to enter into the validity of any of these contentions in the absence of more direct and recent information. But inasmuch as the process of legislation has already commenced, I think I have shown the necessity for the fullest deliberation in framing future enactments, and for securing the fullest representation of all classes of opinion among British loyalists.

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OUR ANTI-NATIONAL PARTY DURING THE GREAT WAR

WHILE engaged in historical research at the Public Record Office, the present writer sometimes had the privilege of conversing with the late Dr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, and on one occasion he ventured to say to him that the more completely British foreign policy was examined in the light of contemporary records the better it came out. To this the eminent historian replied: "It always does: it always does."

The earnest way in which Dr. Gardiner repeated his words was singularly impressive, and all the more so because at that time a certain section of the British public, both in Parliament and the Press, was loudly asserting that our policy in South Africa had sinned against the most elementary axioms of morality, and was a disgrace to the country. While reflecting on Dr. Gardiner's words, one could not help remembering that the contrast between the steady optimism of the trained investigator and the anti-national clamour of some of our politicians and publicists was, after all, no new feature in our paradoxical existence; that clamour has been raised on many occasions, and has generally been discredited in the long run. In fact, it is difficult to name any great event in our modern history, however fraught with danger to the nation's welfare, which did not call forth stormy discussions that tended to lower us in the eyes of our enemies and to prolong the struggle in which we were engaged.

Long after the din of faction has been hushed, the still small voice of the investigator begins to be heard; and he, arguing from papers that were perforce kept back from the public gaze, is for the most part bound to admit that Ministers, far from being the incarnations of iniquity that the Opposition loved to depict, were plain matter-of-fact Englishmen, unequal in foresight and craft to their continental rivals, but possessing within their own limited range the qualities of honesty and humanity. Sometimes the historian is able—nay, he is compelled—to show that heated declamation impaired the force of official arguments at the crisis of difficult negotiations, and rendered inevitable the very struggle which the Opposition believed it was warding off. Or, again, he must point out that in the course of the ensuing war our foes were so encouraged by our domestic Cassandras as to persevere in a struggle against a seemingly tottering Government, and which, when too late, they found to be a wrestle with an all but unanimous nation.

It is a melancholy task, this, of going over the story of our wars as told at the time in the excited tones of parliamentary debates, and as it appears later on in the cold steady light of historical research. In the case of no country, perhaps, is the contrast so marked. Nowhere is there to be found a race more individualistic in its opinions, more dogged in its determination to "have its say" on any and every matter, and—one regrets to have to add—more ignorant of the teachings of modern history. And, on the other hand, the greater the liberty of speech, the more desirable it is to withhold from publication very many of the important documents which reveal the actions and sources of information of our diplomatic agents. Consequently, while St. Stephen's is remarkable for the singular absence of anything like statesmanlike reticence, our Public Record Office is almost necessarily characterised by the opposite extreme. The archives of nearly all continental capitals are open for historical investigation within thirty or forty years; those of Great Britain are kept closed for at least double that period, save in very exceptional cases. This is, no doubt,

desirable in the interests of our diplomatic service; but it should be remembered that Ministers in replying to questions, and to general attacks on their policy, are fighting with one arm tied behind them. In many cases it is only long after they have passed away that their complete defence can be given to the world.

We have now come to the period when the archives of our Foreign Office are available for historical research into the period of the Great War with France, and the present writer has been able to realise some of the disadvantages under which British Ministers laboured at that time—as they do still. He has also been struck with the proneness of minds of a certain order, then as now, to leap to the conclusion that their country is wrong and that the enemy is right. It will not be unprofitable briefly to set forth the facts attending the outbreak of war with France in 1793 and 1803, and then to observe the workings of the anti-national consciousness that always moves along the surface of our public life.

The causes of war with revolutionary France were, briefly stated, these: Our Government remained entirely neutral in 1791–2 while the Courts of Vienna and Berlin were drawing up the Declaration of Pilnitz that seemed to threaten the revolutionists with intervention if they did not treat the French royal family with fitting respect; and when the Girondist Ministry forced Louis XVI. to declare war against Austria in the spring of 1792, Pitt maintained the same immovable attitude.¹ When France became a republic in September 1792, our Minister kept up semi-official relations with Chauvelin, the French diplomatic agent in London, until

¹ The fact that it was the Girondist Ministry which rendered war inevitable by issuing an insolent ultimatum to the Court of Vienna was everywhere ignored by the Whigs in their discussion of this first phase of the continental war. Von Sybel ("History of the French Rev." Bk. iii. chap. i. and iii.) and M. Sorel ("L'Europe et la Rév. Française," Bk. iv. chap. i.) both agree that the main responsibility for this war rested with the Girondist *doctrinaires* and the scheming General Dumouriez. M. Sorel says: "Un Habsbourg ne pouvait laisser à terre le gant que lui jetait cet aventurier."

the latter was proved to be in connection with certain mal-content clubs in this country. Matters, however, did not become strained until the French National Convention, after flinging back the Prussian and Austrian armies, proceeded to overrun the Austrian Netherlands, and to issue in November and December 1792 a series of decrees of a generally aggressive character. The first of these promised armed assistance to any people that desired to overthrow its own Government: a sequel to this provided for the maintenance of the soldiers of liberty out of the funds obtained by the confiscation of the property of the privileged classes, and enjoined the acceptance of institutions similar to those of France: and another decree declared that the rights of the Dutch Government over the navigation of the lower part of the Scheldt were for ever abolished as being contrary to the laws of nature. This last action was a direct violation of the Anglo-Dutch treaty of 1788 and of other compacts whereby we had upheld the claims of the United Provinces to control the navigation of that river where it flowed between Dutch territories. But our remonstrances respecting this matter and the subversive character of the other decrees produced no satisfactory result. Pitt, who had hitherto regarded the anarchy in France chiefly as a means of paralysing that Power, and thereby enabling us to effect very desirable economies, now took alarm; and on December 13, 1792, a royal message was read out to Parliament declaring that, in view of these aggressive actions of the French Convention, our militia must be embodied and other precautionary measures adopted.

Now, what was the action of the English Opposition in face of these events? Did they praise the Ministry for its past persistence in maintaining neutrality in spite of the burning appeals of ultra-royalists like Burke, and the growing irritation of the greater part of our people at sight of French aggression? Did they uphold Pitt in his determination to safeguard British interests in the Netherlands—a fundamental maxim of policy since the reign of William III.? Did they approve of the

embodying of the militia and the increase of the regular forces, which the economic Premier had unfortunately *reduced in number* during the years 1791-2? Nothing of the kind. The Opposition, with a few honourable exceptions, took the very steps that were most calculated to weaken British protests against the French decrees and to strengthen the belief of the hot-headed ignorant men, then in power at Paris, that English opinion was on their side, and that the application of the revolutionary motto, "Peace to Peoples, War to Governments," would be as easy as it had proved to be in the case of Savoy and the Netherland subjects of the Emperor.

After the King's Message had been read to the Commons, the Lord Mayor of London moved an address of thanks, commending the prudence of the Government in observing neutrality thus far, but reprobating the efforts of the French to set aside the rights of the neutral nations (especially of our Dutch allies) and to excite disturbances among other peoples. This temperate statement was hotly impugned by Lord Wycombe, who remarked that if we really were bound by the Anglo-Dutch treaty of 1788 to maintain Dutch rights over the mouth of the Scheldt, the greater ought to be the shame of Ministers who framed such a treaty. This sally was followed up by a long speech from Charles James Fox, who once more showed the warmth of his emotions, the fervour of his partisanship, and his incapacity to think or speak as a responsible leader. The Whig leader said that there "was not one fact asserted in his Majesty's Speech which was not false, not an assertion or insinuation which was not unfounded. Nay! he could not think that even Ministers themselves believed them to be true." He then scouted the notion that the French decree setting aside the Dutch rights over the Scheldt could be the cause of war, and asserted that if war was made on France it would be because she was a Republic. He next taunted Ministers with having failed in their efforts to secure Poland from the attacks of Catherine II. "They gave away Poland with as little compunction as honour, and with the unenviable certainty that their

blustering was laughed at and despised in every Court of Europe." This was the language, be it observed, of a man who might once more become a Minister of the Crown, uttered, moreover, at a time when a firm front was more than ever necessary in order to impose respect on the hobbledehoy politicians at Paris. He was very properly blamed for breaking up the unanimity of the House; but he returned to the charge again the next day, and then made the singular statement that Ministers were much to blame *for their neutrality*—they should openly have sided with the French revolutionists.

From the moment they knew that a league was formed against France this country ought to have interfered. *France had justice completely on her side*; and we, by a prudent negotiation with the other Powers, might have prevented the horrid scenes which were afterwards exhibited, and saved, too, the necessity of being reduced to our present situation.

So Fox opined that the revolutionary lamb should have been screened by England from the swoops of the monarchical eagles; in which case the defenceless creature would never have displayed those unfortunate aberrations towards ferocity which marked the days of September 1792. It is strange how preconceived notions will persist even in minds above the average intelligence. And it may be noted as a general truth that when an enthusiastic person believes any country to be identified with the sacred cause of liberty, his mind straightway becomes impervious to evidence: it falls into a series of water-tight compartments, all of which must be shattered by overmastering facts before the rules of common-sense resume their wonted ascendancy. The process of disillusionment in the case of the Whigs was painfully slow. We know how Wordsworth

rejoiced

Yea, afterwards—truth most painful to record—
Exulted in the triumph of my soul
When Englishmen by thousands were o'erthrown
Left without glory on the field, or driven
Brave hearts! to shameful flight.¹

¹ Prelude, Bk. x.

And not until the French overran and plundered Switzerland in the year 1798 did Coleridge and he realise the overbearing lawless character which the French revolutionary spirit had speedily developed.

With Fox and the Whigs who followed him, the process of awakening was even slower. In fact, the history of English political thought during the course of the Great War seems to show that, as politicians are generally the first to impair national unanimity, so, too, they are the last to acknowledge their errors. They ought to have seen them early in the course of the Anglo-French dispute. The indiscreet utterances of the English Opposition were outdone by the addresses which some of our republican clubs sent over to the Convention as a welcome to the hierophants of the Age of Reason. Thus, the Newington Club on October 31, 1792, forwarded a grandiloquent message to the Convention congratulating that body on its warlike triumphs—"in your undertaking to deliver from slavery and despotism the brave nations which border your frontiers. How holy is the Humanity which prompts you to break their chains." On November 28 a deputation from "The Constitutional Society of London" informed the Convention that—"after the example given by France, revolutions will become easy; and it would not be extraordinary if, in much less time than can be imagined, the French should send addresses of congratulation to a National Convention of England." They backed up their words by the gift of a thousand pairs of shoes for the "soldiers of liberty."¹

Is it surprising that, when declarations like these were heard or read at Paris, the revolutionary leaders should have believed war with Great Britain to be a light affair? The report of the Minister for Foreign Affairs read out to the Convention on December 18, 1792, concluded with the statement that if England declared war against France—

¹ "Collection of Addresses to the National Convention" (London: Debrett, 1793, pp. 2-12). It gives the names and addresses of twenty-two such clubs in London.

It will be only the war of the British Minister against us; and we will not fail to make a solemn appeal to the English Nation. We will present to its just and generous tribunal the merits of a cause in which a great nation supports the Rights of Nature, of Justice, of Liberty, and of Equality, against a Minister who will have provoked the war from personal motives.

Of a similar tenor are the closing sentences of a circular letter sent by Monge, Minister of Marine, to the seaports of France on December 31, 1792:

The [British] King and his Parliament mean to make war on us. Will the English Republicans suffer it? Already these free men show their discontent. Well! we will fly to their succour. We will make a descent on the Island: we will lodge there fifty thousand Caps of Liberty: we will plant there the sacred Tree, and we will stretch out our arms to our Republican Brethren.

And so matters came to the sword. Louis XVI. was guillotined on January 21, 1793. Passions on both sides were thereby excited beyond hope of reconciliation; and, despite a belated attempt at negotiation, the French agent was ordered to leave London. In the Convention Brissot added to his recent appeal "to tear away the veil shrouding the colossus of British power," a passionate invocation for war, and, *by a unanimous vote*, the Assembly, on February 1, decreed hostilities against England and Holland. Diplomats may argue as to the unwisdom of this or that step taken by Pitt and Grenville; but it is obvious that the party schisms in England had led Frenchmen to a fatally false notion of the inability of our people to withstand the onset of the soldiers of liberty; and this misconception, which does not find a place in diplomatic correspondence, and is therefore often ignored, must be held to be a powerful factor in the events that led to the terrible cycle of war.

The declaration of war by the French Convention placed on that body the responsibility for the final and irrevocable step. But Fox and his followers were never tired of repeating that Pitt, and he alone, was the cause of hostilities. It so chanced that the Whig leader made a long speech to this effect at Westminster at the very time when the French legislators were

launching their declaration of war. In this harangue he harped on the warlike tendencies of Pitt and the pacific nature of the French counsels; he scouted the notion that Holland *was in any danger of war with France*, for the Dutch did not want war, and did not invoke our assistance! He admitted that the execution of Louis XVI. was a horrible event, and that we had received from Paris "no adequate satisfaction" respecting the Scheldt affair; but he maintained that this could not be, and was not, the real ground of our *going to war*. The real ground was that Ministers desired "the destruction of the French Republic."¹ A comparison of the ingenious arguments, which he and his followers devised in order to impugn their country's policy, with the passionate impulse of unanimity for aggressive war which at that same hour swept over the French Convention, must afford some food for reflection. It illustrates the curious open-mindedness which has been developed by English parliamentary customs—or is it by English love of fair play? To whatever cause we may trace the phenomenon, it certainly must count as the gravest weakness of our public life when we are on the brink of conflict with a people possessing strong collective instincts.

Unfortunately, this habit of mind persisted through the greater part of the first war. There were certainly grave reasons for criticisms on its conduct by Ministers; but the Foxites sinned against all the dictates of good sense and fairness when (in the words of the editor of the Melbourne Memoirs) "they never tired of denouncing the infatuation of protracted war against the irresistible movement of the age, led by the greatest genius of the time—Bonaparte." Some of them, including the young Melbourne himself, began to see the folly of this attitude; and though he, in common with all the Whigs, believed in the sincerity of the First Consul's offer of peace early in 1800—an offer which is now generally ascribed to less worthy motives—yet the young Viscount, and many others of the party, were gradually brought, by the sheer force

¹ Parliamentary Debates, Feb. 1, 1803.

of facts, to look on their country as the champion of ordered liberty against a hysterical and untrustworthy propagandism.

The Whig leaders, however, for the most part, refused to leave their cave of Adullam. On November 27, 1800, when Parliament met to consider the scarcity of corn and the prospect of war with the Armed Neutrality League, the Hon. G. Grey was careful to inform our enemies, both present and prospective, that he must, in the words of Swift, liken England to a "sick man dying with the most laudable symptoms"; and, on December 1, Sheridan proclaimed to the world that we had been cheated by our late allies, and that "Ministers never at any period since the war began sincerely wished for peace." It is difficult to see what the Opposition hoped to gain by these wanton outbursts; the division lists always showed immense majorities for the Ministry—in this case 150 votes against 35—but perhaps the prospect of a return to power was so remote as to beget in them a feeling of recklessness. Thus, again, on the occasion of a debate shortly after the signature of the Preliminaries of Peace with France (October 1, 1801), Fox did not scruple to say, even though the most difficult problems were to be faced before the definitive treaty could be advantageously arranged, that the present terms were not satisfactory, but that

There was little prospect of gaining better terms of peace. He thought another year of war would have been dreadful: the poor had for the past two years been depending on alms. After the news of peace came, the price of corn fell and the people rejoiced openly. What did this prove? It only proved that the people were so goaded by the war that they preferred peace almost upon any terms.¹

He then proceeded to rake over his old statements respecting the origin of the war, declaring that, though France declared war on us, we were really the aggressors, and he charged Pitt with being "the greatest curse of the country," because his action had led to the aggrandisement of France. Is it surprising that when Napoleon read debates like these he

¹ Parliamentary Reports, October 29, 1801.

resolved to press hard on this much divided land? He would have been strangely generous not to have brought all his force to bear on the negotiations which were then beginning at Amiens, and which proved to be for England one long tale of surrender of her own interests and of acquiescence in his continental encroachments. We have only to look into his correspondence and speeches to see signs of the contempt which he was beginning to feel for the British Government. For our sailors and soldiers he had some respect. But what ineffable scorn rings through his spoken and written words when he alludes to our Government and our policy! He seems to have felt, after the resignation of Pitt early in 1801 and the accession to power of the makeshift Addington Ministry, that we were the safe butts of his raillery and recrimination; and the ink of the Treaty of Amiens was scarcely dry before he formulated demands for the expulsion of the Bourbon princes from our shores and the curbing of the liberties of the British Press.

This overbearing conduct, and his continued interferences in the affairs of Holland, Switzerland, and Germany, are intelligible when we read the pitiful displays of partisan malevolence that disgraced the debates at Westminster. We may take, as a typical instance, the treatment of William Pitt by part of the Opposition. He had resigned, as was fairly well known even then, because of a sharp difference of opinion with the King on the subject of Catholic Emancipation—a question on which he believed his word to be solemnly pledged. He continued, however, to give his successors the occasional support of which they obviously stood in need. Yet neither this conscientious conduct, nor the precarious condition to which Bonaparte's actions were reducing the country, saved the ex-Minister from the malice of his personal foes. A certain Mr. Nicholls, M.P., sought to clutch at a fleeting notoriety by moving (May 7, 1802) an address of thanks to his Majesty "for having been pleased to remove the Right Hon. William Pitt from his Councils." It is needless to point out that the

King had received Pitt's *resignation* with the utmost concern, which, in fact, occasioned a fit of mental derangement. This was nothing to Mr. Nicholls. After pointing out that the late war was Pitt's war, and that France had aggrandised her power thereby, he charged him with "seeking to starve 25,000,000 human beings" in Great Britain because, forsooth, after the scarce harvest in 1795, he drained the country of its specie in order to procure foreign corn. It is painful to have to add that Fox, while declining to support Nicholls' absurd motion, yet voted with the minority of fifty-two who opposed a vote of thanks to Pitt for his services to the country. Grey, Erskine, and Whitbread followed Fox on that occasion.

This, however, was almost the last occasion on which partisan malice displayed itself with all the old rancour. The feebleness of the Addington Ministry, the continued encroachments of Bonaparte on neighbouring States, and his obvious determination to build up a great Colonial Empire in Louisiana, the West Indies, Australia, and in India itself, began to open the eyes of the faction-mongers of Westminster. Only seven days after the display of personal spite just noticed, Sheridan, who embodied some of the best traditions of the Whig party, made an appeal for a national unity that would promptly grapple with the national danger. Admitting that the Peace of Amiens was "a necessary but disgraceful peace," he exclaimed :

It is lamentable to see you all split into miserable parties when our great enemy is uniting every possible means of extending his power. The events of every day seem to call more and more for the expression of a public feeling that the time will come when French encroachments and oppression must cease, and when the voice of this country must be clearly raised against their atrocities and tyrannical conduct.

And then, adverting to the hope expressed by Ministers that Bonaparte would become mercantile and peaceful, he said : "Sir, I do not know what France will be ; but I do know that she is now a hard, iron Republic."¹

¹ Parliamentary Debates, May 14, 1802 (p. 822).

Fox did not speak on this occasion. For a time his interest in politics waned, perhaps because the retirement of his great rival from the arena robbed the game of its chief zest; or else, because his interviews with Bonaparte at Paris in the ensuing autumn impaired the impression which he had formed of him. We are also told by Romilly, who was there at the same time, "almost all the French whom I have seen entertain a very high opinion of Mr. Pitt, and a proportionally mean opinion of the English Opposition."¹

By this time, however, the mischief was irremediable. Regarding England as *une quantité négligeable*, the First Consul pursued his plans for the establishment of a Colonial Empire and the domination of neighbouring States, regardless alike of our interests and our remonstrances. And when the Swiss notables were summoned to Paris to hear and to ratify the plan of "Mediation" which he devised between their conflicting parties, he flung out, primarily to them, but really to the British Ministry, the audacious challenge:

I tell you that I would sacrifice 100,000 men rather than allow England to meddle in your affairs. If the Cabinet of St. James uttered a single word for you, it would be all up with you, I would unite you to France. If that Court made the least insinuation of its fear that I would be your Landamman, I would makemyself your Landamman.

And again, on February 3, 1803, he informed the world:

It is recognised by Europe that Italy and Holland, as well as Switzerland, are at the disposition of France.

The same spirit breathed throughout his famous address to the *Corps Législatif*, on February 21. Though relations between the two countries were fast advancing to a crisis, he did not scruple to declare "that England alone cannot maintain a struggle against France."

It is, of course, impossible to describe here the complex disputes which resulted in the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. Suffice it to say that every addition to our knowledge of Napoleon's secret plans shows more clearly how impossible it

¹ Romilly "Memoirs," i., p. 423.

was for us to avoid a collision with him unless we were prepared to be excluded from the Mediterranean, and to see him installed once more in Egypt, and push on those schemes for establishing a French Empire in India, which he took little pains to disguise. The publication of the French Colonel Sebastiani's report at the close of January 1803, was an open threat that he could, and would, regain Egypt. To this there could be but one retort on our part, a refusal to evacuate Malta for a term of ten years, which would afford some guarantee against his Oriental schemes. This refusal, of course, lent itself admirably to Napoleon's diatribes against "perfidious Albion"; and, unfortunately, some orators of our Opposition, *looking at the letter of despatches, and neglecting to look at the outside facts which compelled Ministers to their present action*, were so unwise as to echo the parrot cries of the Consular Court. They thereby weakened the effect which an absolutely unanimous voice at Westminster might have produced, and must therefore bear some share of responsibility for the outbreak of war. But, after all, we can now see that it was practically impossible for the British Empire and Napoleon to exist peaceably side by side. There cannot now be the slightest doubt that he meant to drive us from India as soon as his fleet was ready.

Much of what we now know was unknown to Fox and his friends; but they knew of Napoleon's threat to re-occupy Egypt; they also knew that a French expedition had set sail for India—facts which should have showed them why our Ministry held on to Malta for dear life. Yet we search their speeches in vain for any practical and statesmanlike outlook. Discussions on despatches, varied by passionate wailings as to the increased taxation which war would bring—these are the burden of Fox's famous speech of May 24. The following sentences are characteristic:

As for myself I think the negotiation has been conducted ill, and that when it was broken off it might still have been brought to a happy issue. What do we now go to war for? Is it not on account of the single paper of the *ultimatum* which now lies upon that table?

And then, after allowing that French aggressions left us in a precarious state, he painted in dark colours the misery of the people when they must yield 15s. out of every £ in war taxes :

And all this for what? For Malta! Malta! plain, bare, naked Malta! unconnected with any other interest!¹

But the whirligig of time brought its revenge, by carrying this hot-headed partisan to power. After the death of Pitt, early in 1806, Fox became Minister for Foreign Affairs in the new Coalition Cabinet. An opportunity for bringing about peace with Napoleon soon seemed to present itself on the basis *uti possidetis*. This implied that we should not only keep Malta, which had seemed so worthless to Fox when in Opposition, but that we should also preserve Sicily for the Neapolitan Bourbons. Alas! The negotiation had not progressed far before Napoleon proffered a claim to dispose of Sicily as he willed. Having studied Fox's speeches in time past, the French Emperor doubtless looked to find now in the Minister the old Gallophil enthusiasm, and the same generous disregard of British interests which had marked the leader of the Opposition. Here he erred, as foreign potentates will persist in erring. But Napoleon was not a man to acknowledge an error or forego a claim. Sicily he meant to have; and the negotiation for peace had practically lapsed before Fox breathed his last. The disillusionment of these sad months of official responsibility undoubtedly helped to break down his vital strength; and we have in the memoirs of his nephew, Lord Holland, his pathetic confession :

It is not so much the value of the point in dispute as the manner in which the French fly from their word that disheartens me. It is not Sicily, but the shuffling insincere way in which they act that shows me they are playing a false game.

¹ Parliamentary Debates, May 24, 1803. With this compare his letter of March 12 to Grey: "The war must of course be in some sort supported; and whether you think that we should mix that support with more or less of blame of the administration, I leave entirely with your judgment." ("Memorials of C. J. Fox," edited by Lord J. Russell, vol. ii., p. 318).

One would have thought that so bitter an experience as this would have revealed the difficulty, or the practical impossibility, of coming to a satisfactory compromise with Napoleon. Yet in 1810 the attacks of the Opposition on the Ministry made it doubtful whether Wellington would not be recalled from the Lines of Torres Vedras. And when, in 1815, Napoleon escaped from Elba and sought to pose as the pacific ruler of a constitutional realm, the old Whig feeling in his favour led Mr. Whitbread to plead for a peaceful settlement on that impossible basis. True, he did not carry the bulk of the party with him. Wilberforce, who had voted against the war of 1806 in a speech remarkable for its unpractical idealism, now declared that "a peace with Bonaparte would be a peace only in name." And Mackintosh showed that, by breaking the convention that established him at Elba, Napoleon had forfeited all claim to consideration. Nevertheless, Whitbread carried seventy-one members with him; and we know that Napoleon's belief in the power of the English Opposition to overthrow the Ministry, if he gained one great victory, was one of the motives that led him to dare everything at Waterloo.

Even in his exile at St. Helena he retained the same ineradicable belief that the Opposition must soon defeat the Ministry, and then would come a message for his liberation. Gourgaud tells us, time after time, how eagerly the great man scanned the horizon for sails coming from Europe; and how, at every mail, his heart beat high with hope. A pathetic picture, this, of a mighty intellect lured on to impossible enterprises by belief in the weakness of his foes, and unable to shake off the old delusions even when the shadows of death were flitting near. But far more pathetic is the thought of the ruin of our great party of reform, wrecked by partisan obstinacy, so that the cause of popular progress was thrown back for fully a generation—until wiser leaders under happier auspices reverted to a programme that was at once progressive and profoundly national.

J. HOLLAND ROSE.

THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN

I

ALTHOUGH many among the artists and amateurs of art in Western countries have long been familiar with the merits of certain styles of most of the arts of Japan, and although we are indebted to that country for much suggestion and an influence especially healthy at a time when a false and uninspired materialism is too common a characteristic of our own arts, anything like a broad acquaintance with Japanese art in all its schools and periods is still very rare. Opportunities have been especially scarce, or wholly lacking, for the study of the earlier, and mostly greater, works in the art on which so many other arts depend—painting. The acquaintance of most of us has been limited perforce to the works of the later and more materialistic schools, the Ukiyô and the Shijô, and very few have been able to make first-hand acquaintance with the best productions even of these. They are, indeed, the styles which at first naturally attract us, on account of the nearer approximation of their outlook to our own, but they are far from being all that Japan has to show—far, indeed, from being even the more important part. The period of these schools, however, is comparatively so late, their existing productions, therefore, so much more numerous than those of the earlier academies, and their known history so much fuller, that it is inevitable that in these short papers they must occupy a space and an attention in some way out of proportion

to their relative importance. It is by an introductory study of the schools of Ukioy  and Shijo, as a rule, that the European amateur feels his way to an understanding of the works of the earlier painters, and in practice that is a very excellent path to take. For, beginning with works whose merits are plain to all with any sense of pictorial beauty—obvious merits of grace, colour, decorative arrangement and dramatic composition—one may trace their origins through generations of work, each more exotic than the last, to the beginnings in a system of thought and tradition wholly unlike our own. But in any written account such a reversed order of treatment is impracticable, and we must needs begin at the beginning. To the beginning, therefore, I address myself, with the postulate that whosoever would learn something of the work of the painters of old Japan, and would derive pleasure from its contemplation, must approach the subject with an open mind, unprejudiced by habits of thought induced by familiarity with art of another convention. It is, of course, very little to ask ; no more is demanded, in fact, by every other sort of art in the world, and, indeed, in some degree, by every individual performance. We must accept the conditions, limits, and conventions laid down by the artist himself, and we must look at his work, so far as is possible, through his own eyes ; in a word, we must not judge his conclusions by somebody else's premises.

Just as the painting and the sculpture in our own Western conventions have their derivation from the Greek, partly through Byzantine channels and partly in ways more direct, so Japanese painting, at any rate as we know it, owes its character to China, partly by direct teaching and partly by indirect influence coming by way of Corea. This is not to say, as so many have said, that the art of painting was actually introduced from China ; for, indeed, there is evidence, scarce but unmistakable, that the art was practised in certain forms long before the first appearance in Japan of any Chinese or Corean teachers. Coffins have been unearthed from a tomb of the second century of the Christian era, bearing painted decoration

obviously executed by the brush, the pigment being red lead; and upon one particular stone coffin of that period a picture has been found of warriors carrying arrows. The earliest recorded names of painters, also, are Japanese, but of their works nothing at all is known.

It was at about the end of the fifth or the beginning of the sixth century that Chinese and Corean artists first came to Japan. The first Corean to arrive was a painter whose name, in the Japanese reading of the characters, was Haku-Kwa, but he was preceded, it would seem, by one Nanriu, said to be a Chinese painter of royal descent, though another, and perhaps a more authentic account, describes him as little more than an importer of pigments. Others followed,¹ and the Chinese tradition was firmly established. Of the works of these missionaries nothing remains, but it is quite certain that in the course of the next three centuries the art of painting flourished

¹ The fullest account of which I am aware of the arrival of one of these teachers is contained in the *Nihongi*, one of the most ancient of Japanese chronicles, under the date corresponding to our year 612. It has so characteristic a flavour that I transcribe it, from Mr. W. G. Aston's scholarly translation. Pèkché, I may first explain, was an ancient Japanese name for Corea:

"This year a man emigrated from Pèkché whose face and body were all flecked with white, being perhaps affected with white ringworm. People disliking his extraordinary appearance, wished to cast him away on an island in the sea. But this man said: 'If you dislike my spotted skin, you should not breed horses or kine in this country which are spotted with white. Moreover, I have a small talent. I can make the figures of hills and mountains. If you kept me and made use of me, it would be to the advantage of the country. Why should you waste me by casting me away on an island of the sea?' Hereupon they gave ear to his words and did not cast him away. Accordingly he was made to draw the figures of Mount Sumi and of the Bridge of Wu in the Southern Court. The people of that time called him by the name of Michiko no Takumi, and he was also called Shikomaro."

Later in the same chronicle, under date A.D. 677, we read: "On this day Otokashi, the Yamato no Yeshi, was granted the rank of Lower Shosen and a fief of twenty houses." The words "Yamato no Yeshi" mean "Painter of Yamato," or practically, "Native Japanese Painter," and the note is interesting as showing that the art was held in high esteem at that time, Imperial rewards being bestowed on distinguished practitioners.

exceedingly in Japan. The convention then established has lasted in its essentials to our own day, though in the lapse of fourteen hundred years it has undergone many developments and changes, has been modified and adapted, and has been put in practice by schools of painters of very diverse styles. It owes its character, of course, partly to the materials wherewith the art was practised, but very largely—and equally of course—to the spirit, traditions, and beliefs of the people among whom it first took form. They were Buddhists, and they were, and are, a people as laggard and as careless in the pursuit of physical science, as forward and able in philosophy, literature, and art. Their habit of thought was synthetic, their religion and their philosophy taught them to regard the spiritual essence of things rather than their physical accidents, and their arts had little aid, and asked little, of the physical sciences: those sciences which have so abundantly helped Western art as to have given birth, and perhaps excuse, to the vulgar view of painting as a mere process of reproducing the external appearance of objects—a sort of laborious and clumsy makeshift for photography in colours. The Chinese convention in painting was one of restraint, simplicity, and of singular directness and sincerity. The process and the material, indeed, scarce admitted of anything else, and left no cheap means whereby the charlatan in the art might entrap the applause of the ignorant and the thoughtless. A wet brush was used on a sheet of paper or silk, on which the design must be placed boldly, rapidly, without hesitation, and once for all—for there was no recalling the touch once hazarded. In this respect, indeed, the conditions were even more stringent than those of true fresco. The fresco painter must also paint rapidly and firmly on his wet plaster, where the work once laid could never be altered or painted over with permanent colour; but he, at least, could cut away a mistaken piece of work and lay in fresh plaster. The Chinese or Japanese painter had no such resource. To interfere with the surface of fine-grained silk once painted on were to ruin the whole thing; and the fibrous paper, drinking the colour or ink as

deeply as the silk itself, was equally obdurate. With this one additional difficulty the limitations of Chinese painting were nearly those of true fresco, and it is interesting to observe how the like difficulties directed both arts into like channels. Certainty and decision of touch were the test of the master in both. Unity of design, disregard of unimportant detail, and the like, were characteristic of the one as of the other; and chiaroscuro had little or no part in the effects sought by either. In these material and ethical conditions the art of painting grew up in China, and was developed in Japan. The painter sought in each picture one effect and one effect only, and that effect he sought to achieve with the greatest economy of means. Well he knew that, as a poet in lines and colours, it was his mission to suggest rather than to realise; for, indeed, the aims of art are not only to please the mind and the senses, but, and perhaps this chiefly, to offer suggestion to the imagination. Art is not, as products taking its name too often are, given to the unimaginative as a substitute for the quality they lack; for the sense of art can never be with them. Not that imagination alone is sufficient; but, at any rate, it is for the imaginative, or some of them, that the marbles of the Parthenon exist: while for the rest a thoughtful provision is made at Madame Tussaud's.

So that the art of old Japan had a convention of suggestive restraint. The painter's materials could not compass the effects of richness and elaboration possible in the leisurely process of oil painting, and such effects he never attempted; but other effects were possible, and were achieved, which in their turn were beyond the scope of the material handled by his brother artist of later date in Europe. And yet the highest aim, the aim common to the painters of all the world, the expression of abstract beauty, was accomplished equally by both, though the Eastern artist worked by means so unfamiliar to us, with a habit of thought so foreign, that we are apt to misapprehend his achievement because of the unfamiliarity of his methods. Thus it is that the first of Japanese pictures to appeal to the occidental taste are those of the later and more materialistic

schools—the schools I have already spoken of—because their method of expression, while still a world's width sundered from our own, is, nevertheless, nearer it than that of the early masters. Still, for those who can see, the ancient painters offer that pictured poetry that can no more be translated into words than can a sonnet of Shakespeare's be translated into paint. It was this painter's poetry that the Japanese critic spoke of a hundred years ago, when he wrote unfavourably comparing the eighteenth-century painter Okio's landscapes to his more important work :

But in his landscapes there is less success, as he was so particular about insuring correctness of forms that they are lacking in high ideas and deep spirit. For a landscape painting is not loved because it is a facsimile of the natural scene, but because there is something in it greater than mere accurate representation of natural forms, which appeals to our feelings, but which we cannot express in words.

It was this "something greater" that was the sole aim of the old painters, whether they painted landscape, figure, birds, or flowers ; and since it is not to be conveyed, or even explained, in words, I am aware of the disadvantage at which I write these papers. For, although the illustrations are made with all the care and excellence that the available process permits, it is a curious fact that those oriental pictures somehow faithfully maintain their traditions of disregard for physical science to the extent of opposing the photographer with the greatest difficulties he has to encounter in the reproduction of pictures. The total loss of that wonderful colour that glorifies so many of them, and of the dependent interplay of values which the Japanese call *seiutsu*, is only the most obvious of many shortcomings. And the science takes its revenge upon the art, too, searching out invisible cracks and discolorations in the aged paper and silk, making them not only visible but conspicuous, exaggerating such as were visible already, and so spoiling the composition as far as it may ; turning, also, the brown tint of old silk into a black which confuses and obscures the picture. In consequence of these difficulties it is often

necessary to choose for illustration the less suitable of two pictures, because it can be reproduced with greater clearness. So that illustration, indispensable as it is, can at best supply explanatory diagrams, and the student must be referred to the originals if he is to witness their qualities for himself. Fortunately, many admirable examples are available for study in the print-room of the British Museum, though it is true that the catalogue, in its present edition, includes certain spurious pictures as genuine, and contains a number of mis-attributions. Further, although every European student of Japanese art will ever owe a great debt to the late Dr. Anderson for his admirable collection and collation of dates, facts, names, and other information from the many contradictory native authorities, it will be found better to trust to one's own judgment in matters of criticism than to take his opinions as authoritative.

In the exercise of this judgment there is one thing to bear in mind constantly, which is that the Japanese painter looks ever at the idea, and paints it, rather than the material fact. Just as the Chinese written characters, formed with the brush, were once hieroglyphics, and by modification and conventionalisation of form are now ideographs, expressing neither sounds nor words, but mental conceptions: so in Chinese and Japanese drawings—the product of that other “branch of calligraphy”—we must look for the spirit and the poetic sense of things rather than for a report of their external appearances. Art has its roots in matter, and, taking its sustenance therefrom, and being, moreover, an activity merely human, it can never shake itself wholly free of the material. But that art is the highest—I am stating the Sinico-Japanese view—that can express itself to the human intelligence with the least obtrusion of the material; that looks upward from the gross earth, singing such a song as that of the “damsel with the dulcimer” in Coleridge's vision. So it is that the painter spiritualises what he sees, and when Tanyu draws a horse, it is grace, strength and fleetness that he attempts to express by his lines, rather than the exact anatomical form of the animal, while Shiubun

and Sesshiu no more aimed at recording the precise physical features of a Chinese landscape than did Coleridge, in writing *Kubla Khan*, aim at the production of an auctioneer's description of an eligible summer residence, situate amid attractive and picturesque surroundings, replete with romantic interest, and provided with a constantly supplied fountain in perfect working order.¹

¹ And here I am struck with the fact that one European, and one only, so far as I know, has put into words the spirit and the feeling of the ancient masters of painting in China and Japan, and this was a man who could never have heard of those distant brother-poets. I mean Coleridge himself, in the same poem of *Kubla Khan*. The first part of it, indeed, might be almost word for word a description of a great landscape by Go Dōshi himself, or some other Chinese master of the Tang or Sung dynasties. So that to anybody anxious for an idea of an ancient Chinese landscape painting and unable to see the real thing—which in truth is a rarity—I would say read *Kubla Khan* once more, and imagine it painted in rich and sober colours on silk. Spirit, feeling—even the very objects in the composition—all are there as in some magical translation; the parallel is astonishing. And the latter part of the poem might be a glorification of the painter's genius, in the figure of the "damsel with the dulcimer." For:

*Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there—*

It is all so curious that one is almost tempted, for the sheer romance of the thing, to doubt if Coleridge's tale of *seeing* the poem in images during an unnatural sleep were a mere mystification, after all. That tale itself, indeed, has precisely the flavour of many of the legends of the old Chinese and Japanese painters; that for instance of the painting of a true portrait from a dream, and that of the passing away of Go Dōshi himself, after painting on a wall in the Imperial palace just such a vast landscape as Coleridge suggests. In a corner of this glorious picture appeared a cave, which opened at the clap of the painter's hands. The interior, he assured the Emperor, was beautiful beyond expression; and straightway, before the monarch's eyes, he stepped within, turned and made obeisance, and in a flash was gone for ever, himself and his great picture together, leaving but a white plastered wall where it had been.

The oldest picture in Japan of whose approximate date there can be no doubt, is painted on the plaster of the wall in the Buddhist temple Horiuji at Nara. The temple dates from A.D. 607, and the picture is of that date, or very nearly. For long it was believed to be the product of collaboration between Tori Busshi, a famous sculptor, and a Corean painter-priest; now, however, the best native authorities incline to the opinion that the sculptor had no hand in it, and that it was the work of the Corean alone. It is sadly damaged, as may be supposed, by the accidents of time, but enough remains to give it rank as a masterpiece of religious painting. A very well executed tracing of this picture (which is about ten feet square) is in the British Museum collection.

From this time till the middle of the ninth century many great works were executed, of which scarcely any survive; and of the few existing, the origin is matter of dispute. What is recorded of this period is of an interest almost purely historical. There are names—Doncho, Funato, Kobo Daishi, Kaku-sho, Kwanshojo and Kawanari are a few—there are doubtful dates, and there are more doubtful legends, but little else. Most of the painters whose names have come down to us were priests, and such works as survive are temple pictures. But with the ninth century we come upon firmer ground. This century seems to have witnessed the culmination of a great period in art and letters. The poets Narihira and Komachi (the latter a woman) were contemporaries of the great Kosé no Kanaoka, a painter whose fame is a national legend. The name of Kanaoka is familiar even in the nurseries of Japan, as the names of King Arthur and Robin Hood are familiar in our own, and tales are told of his feats of painting which are no doubt as authentic as those told of the very unlike exploits of our own heroes. But Kanaoka's reputation rests on something more substantial than legend. The records left by exacting contemporary critics, and the tributes paid by the great painters following him and familiar with his works, are alone sufficient to give him the place he holds as the greatest painter of Japan and the father

of the art. As to existing examples of his work, here we come again on doubt and confusion. There are said to be some dozen, all Buddhistic figure-pieces; but the authenticity of each and every one of them is doubted and disputed by one or another of all the chief Japanese experts. Not one of these pictures has ever left Japan. The reputed Kanaoka which was of late in Paris, though a magnificent work, is, I am assured by one of the best native authorities, without doubt the work of a somewhat later and inferior painter of Kanaoka's school. I have seen a painting also attributed to Kanaoka in England. It was very good indeed, but in the Takuma style, and of a period full three hundred years later than Kanaoka. I myself ventured to attribute it to Takuma Ho-in, but the same native authority, after consideration, placed it to the credit of that painter's brother, Takuma Ho-gen, and gave a certificate to that effect. Among the pictures long held to be the indisputable work of Kanaoka is the figure of Shotoku Daishi at the Ninnaji Temple in Kioto; but the latest Japanese criticism decides against that also, and declares it to be the work of a lesser artist, of a later date. I have not seen this picture, but I have seen the splendid copy of it in colours, given in the Japanese Government publication *Kokkwa*; and I can only say that if that work is not good enough for Kanaoka, then Kanaoka was an immense painter indeed.

As I have said, all the paintings now in existence attributed to Kanaoka are Buddhistic figure-pieces, but his genius was versatile, and he was famous for his portraits of Chinese sages, his animal paintings, and in particular for landscape. These latter works, at any rate, are lost for ever, doubtless chiefly by fire, the inveterate enemy of precious relics in Japan.

Kanaoka's descendants carried on his traditions for five centuries.¹ Kanaoka's son Aimi, his grandson Kintada,

¹ It must be remembered, when one reads of a Japanese painter's son, grandson, and great grandson succeeding him and painting as well, or better, that his children may be children by adoption. It was indeed a very common

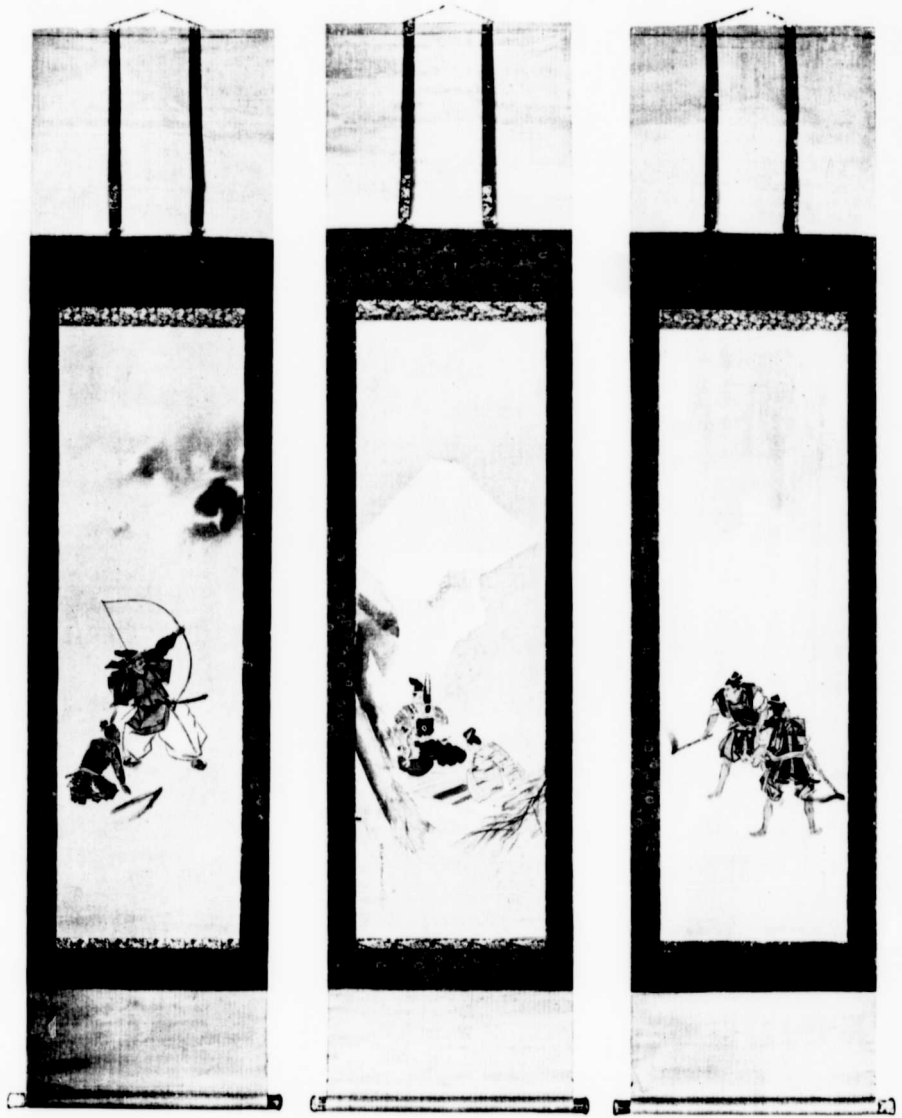
Kintada's son Kinmochi, Kinmochi's son Fuka-yé brought the line to Hirotaka, a painter of very great reputation, at the end of the tenth century.

With Kanaoka and his more immediate followers we leave the legendary period of the art—though legends in plenty remain of painters of later date—and come to those artists with whose work we may make ourselves more directly familiar.

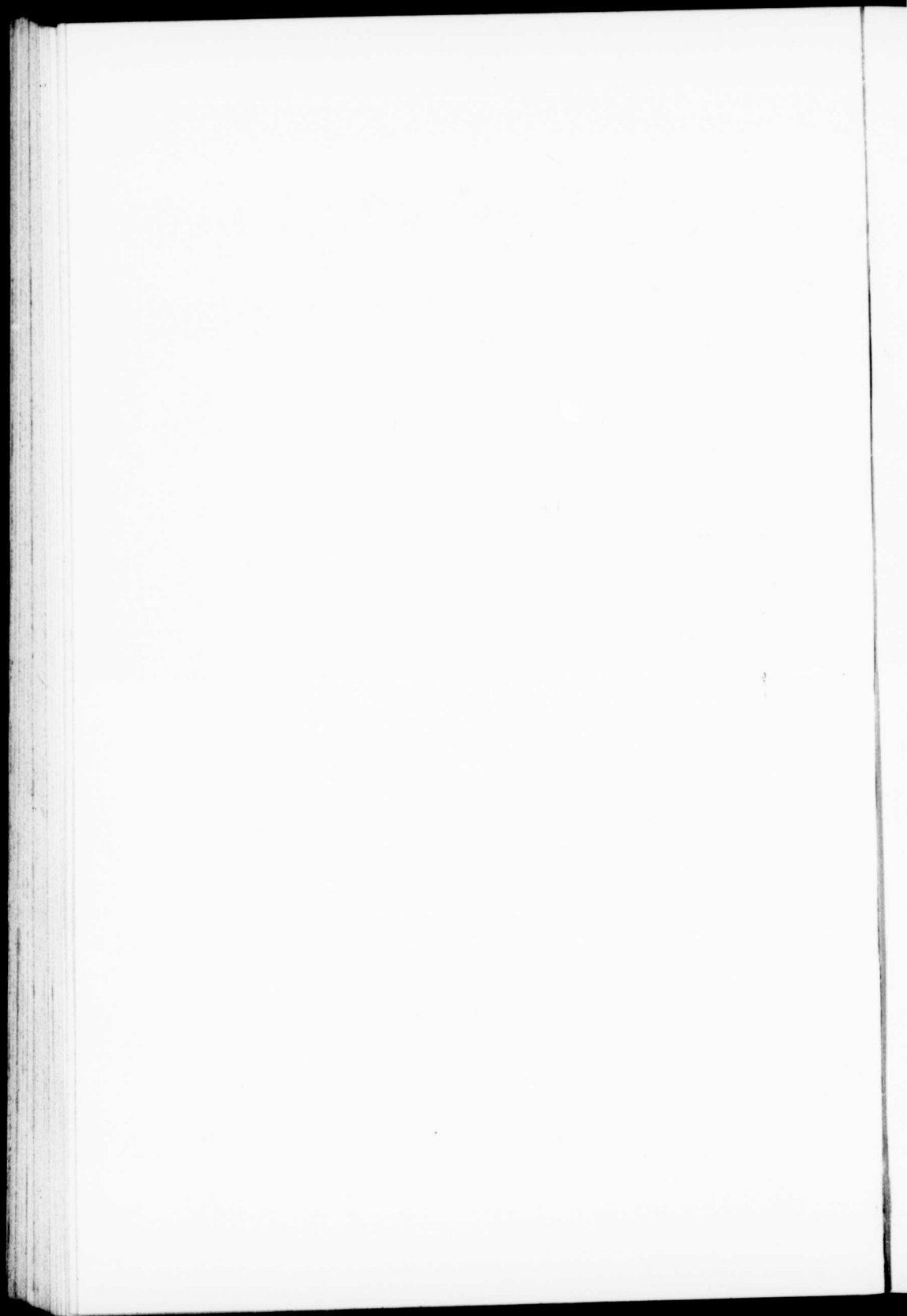
And here, perhaps, I may give a few words to the various forms in which pictures have been and are used in Japan. The typical form, and that with which we are least unfamiliar in this country, is that of the *kakemono*, or hanging picture, mounted on brocade, made to roll on a stick, and used to decorate a recess, being the one picture exposed in a Japanese room. When I say "the one picture" however, I am not strictly correct, for pairs of *kakemono* were frequently painted, and sets of three were also usual. Such a pair, or such a set, while they might quite well be used separately, were intended to be hung together, and while the pictures on each might bear no relation to the others in point of subject, the two, or the three, were so planned as to present a unity of composition when set in their places. By way of making the form of the *kakemono* understood by those who are unfamiliar with it, and of showing how three separate pictures are brought into one composition, I illustrate with a photograph of a set of three *kakemono* in my own collection. The painter is Kikuchi Yosai, the last of the great painters of Japan, who died in 1878, at the age of ninety-one, and he painted this set at the age of eighty-two, in the year 1869. The photographic reduction is very great, the originals being each six feet in extreme length. But enough is plain to show that, while each picture contains a complete composition in itself, the three compose perfectly as a whole, though the historical and legendary scenes thing for a painter to adopt as his son his most promising pupil, thus often causing hasty European assumptions in the matter of hereditary genius as exemplified in old Japan.

illustrated have nothing to do with each other, and, indeed, are separated in point of date by hundreds of years. The central picture shows the warrior-poet and musician, Shinra Saburo, at the foot of Fujisan, being about to die, playing on the *sho* intervals in the wild song of which none but he had the secret, in order that the composition might be written down and preserved. On the left, the hero Yorimasa is aiming at the cloud above him the arrow that brought down the fabled monster, called the Nuyé, while his henchman Hayata, who despatched the creature with his dagger when it fell, kneels and watches. And on the right are the Soga brothers, with loins girded up and torches in their hands, on the rainy evening seven hundred years ago, when they hacked to pieces in his own castle the murderer of their father.

The mounts are each of three sorts of silk, one plain and two brocaded, and are of the most usual pattern. Divers modifications are in use, from the plain mount of the Min style to the most elaborate sort of Butsu-gwa mount, as will be found explained at length and in detail in Dr. Anderson's "Pictorial Arts of Japan." The silk strips, called *futai*, two of which are seen to hang from the top of each kakemono, beside fulfilling the decorative purpose of agreeably dividing the uppermost space, had another use when in warm weather the picture was hanging in a house whereof the outer sliding panels were removed so as to admit the air freely on all sides. They flapped in the breeze and so deterred the birds from settling on the upper roller, and possibly causing damage. The practice of rolling was not a good one for the picture, which inevitably received injury in course of time, especially if executed in body-colour; but it was safest in the circumstances, since the rolled pictures were more readily removable in case of fire, and less liable to destruction if the fire chanced to reach them—no small consideration in the cities of Japan, where fires are as common as showers in spring. It will be observed that the larger part of the mount at the top, when rolled, interposes several close layers of silk and backing-paper



A Set of Three Kakemono, by Kikuchi Yosai (Writer's Collection)



between the picture and the peril of fire and water from without.

The next most common form in which pictures were mounted was the *makimono*, a roll opening from left to right, and carrying usually a number of pictures to be inspected in succession, but sometimes a long panoramic view of landscape or of a procession, or the like. Beside these there were *gaku* or pictures strained on frames, somewhat in our own fashion; though they were never covered with glass. Many important pictures also were painted on screens, both folding and sliding.

Before proceeding to consider the works thus set up, it may be well to give some little attention to a quality of great importance in their execution—the quality of calligraphic brushwork. The early Chinese writers spoke of painting as one of the branches of calligraphy. Perhaps it needs a long training in the use of the brush for writing and drawing alike—such a training in fact as every educated Chinese and Japanese undergoes—fully to appreciate the subtlety and beauty of the forceful brush-strokes of the masters; but it needs no more than intelligent study and comparison for the Western amateur to understand and admire. Just as the amateur who himself has never touched the instrument may understand the scratch and ripple of the etcher's needle, and learn the meaning of the line that seems to the ignorant no more than the hasty product of chance.

The beauty and significance of touch in the works of the great men must be learned from the works themselves, for photographic reduction and the grain of the plate are our enemies here also. But the amazing mastery of the brush shown by the Japanese painter may be illustrated by an example—an example not itself of a very exceptional sort. The photograph of a picture of a stem of bamboo is from a *kake-mono* by Kano Yasunobu, a painter of the seventeenth century. It is painted in monochrome on silk, and it is the whole of the picture, for the Japanese painter never fears to be "slight" where he can also be triumphant. In the original the bamboo

stem is three inches in diameter, yet each joint was painted with a single stroke of a wide brush. It was not, as one might suppose, first timidly outlined in pencil and then slowly filled in with careful "shading." The whole thing was the work of a few minutes—I had almost written seconds—and the method of execution was this, as demonstrated to me by a modern pupil of this same Kano school. The sheet of silk being extended on the floor before the painter, he took his flat brush, three inches wide, filled it with ink, and then, with a dexterous wipe upon a spare piece of paper, so distributed that ink that it lay thin in the middle and thicker at the sides of the brush, just as he needed it. This done, he straightway painted the short bottom joint, first with a quick lateral movement, and then with a firm downward stroke. To this he added the next joint above, again beginning with a lateral, rocking movement of the brush at the top, going on to draw the body of the tube with the steady down stroke, and finishing it with the cross stroke at the bottom. The next joint was added in precisely the same way; but the last was begun at the bottom, and the sweep carried upward, the brush lifting aside as it went, to break off the picture as the artist wished. Then, taking a small brush, he struck in the twig and leaves that spring from the bottom joint, and the astonishing rapidity of the whole performance is shown by the fact that the middle part of the stem—painted, remember, on absorbent silk—was still wet, for there the ink of the leaves and twigs has run! Not by accident—not at all; there are no accidents in the pictures of the Kano masters. Yasunobu calculated the softening and spreading of the lines above the second juncture, for the decorative purpose of the picture required it, as a moment's consideration will show. And withal, the character of bamboo, its strength and suppleness together, are expressed in these few strokes to the last degree.

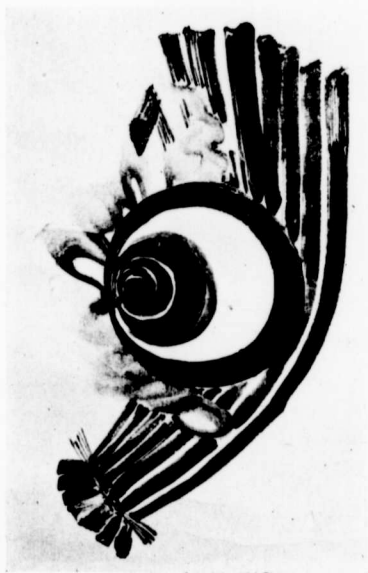
The picture is worthy of note, also, as an example of the simplicity of the means wherewith the Japanese painter was wont to produce a decorative composition, but I have had it



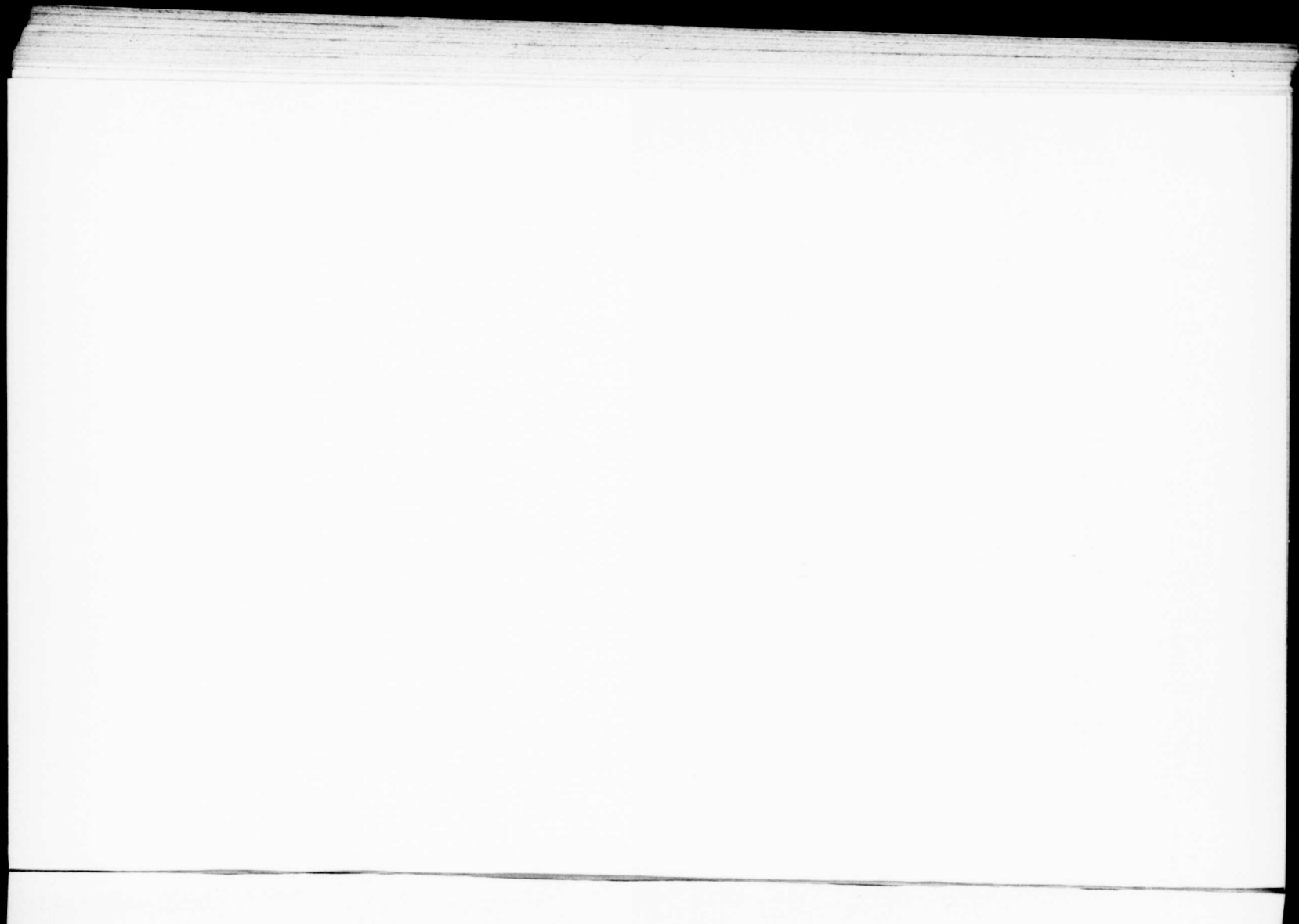
Bamboo, by Kano Yasunobu; from a
Kakemono in the Writer's Collection



First Exercise of a Kano Pupil



The Ho-ju Gem, drawn by Kiosai; from a makimono
in the Writer's Collection



photographed, as I have said, mainly to give an idea, by a fairly ordinary example, of the wonderfully trained touch of the Japanese painter. He commands his brush, and every hair in it, with a management such as no other painter has even attempted; he can fill each part of it with just so much or so little of colour, ink, or water as his purpose demands, and with a single bold stroke he can leave upon the paper or silk the accurately-suggested figure of a leaf, whole or broken; a feather, even a whole bird; or with a brush half-dried from thick ink he can drag a broad, broken line across his picture, expressing a gnarled branch, or, perhaps, a stony hillside. As a matter of some little interest, I have placed beside the bamboo drawing an example of the very first exercise in the firm handling of the brush which is given to a lad first beginning as pupil to a Kano master; the "pot-hook," in fact, of the Japanese painting-school. It is a conventional representation of the sacred Ho-jin gem, or crystal, and the beginner must work at it till, with a hand and wrist lifted clear of the paper, he can draw the firm, strong circle and the other strokes with one unhesitating sweep, whether with a full or a half-dry brush, and that with a *quality* of touch that only his master can adequately judge of. The diameter of the larger, uncompleted circle in the original is nearly $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Below I have shown a reduced copy of the exercise rapidly executed by Kawanabe Kiosai, a nineteenth-century artist. Here the gem rests on the emblematic flat tassel of *noshi* weed, and the diameter of the circle in the drawing is full $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches, the complete drawing being thirteen inches across.

I have given some little space to this matter—though, in fact, it deserves more—because of its importance, and because the recognition and discrimination of the personal touch of the great painters is the task and the triumph of the expert. When a European student can distinguish at a glance, with no reference to signature or seal, between the brush work, say, of the three brothers—Tanyu, Naonobu, and Yasunobu—then he may consider his judgment of some value, and he will be

unlikely to be deceived by the swarm of clever forgeries that must outnumber the genuine pictures of the masters by three to one at least. Also, he will begin to understand why some of the Japanese painters most appreciated in Europe, and that because of their undoubted great qualities, are held somewhat lower in the esteem of Japanese amateurs: Hokusai, for instance.

The work of Kanaoka's descendants and of the other painters in the Kosé style was largely Buddhistic; at any rate scarce a scrap of it has endured till to-day except the pictures preserved in the temples. But under their hands the early Yamato style was forming, the style perhaps most characteristic of Japan and least dominated by Chinese influence. Hirotaka, in particular, gave the art a new impulse, and from his time it is possible to separate the two schools of painting, the religious and the secular, because examples exist which exhibit the treatment accorded to each. Not as yet is it possible to separate the painters of the two schools, for indeed they were the same. For two or three hundred years still, and more, each painter employed either the Buddhist or the Yamato style, according to the work in hand, and it was only in later times that the painting of religious pictures fell into the hands of the priesthood alone.

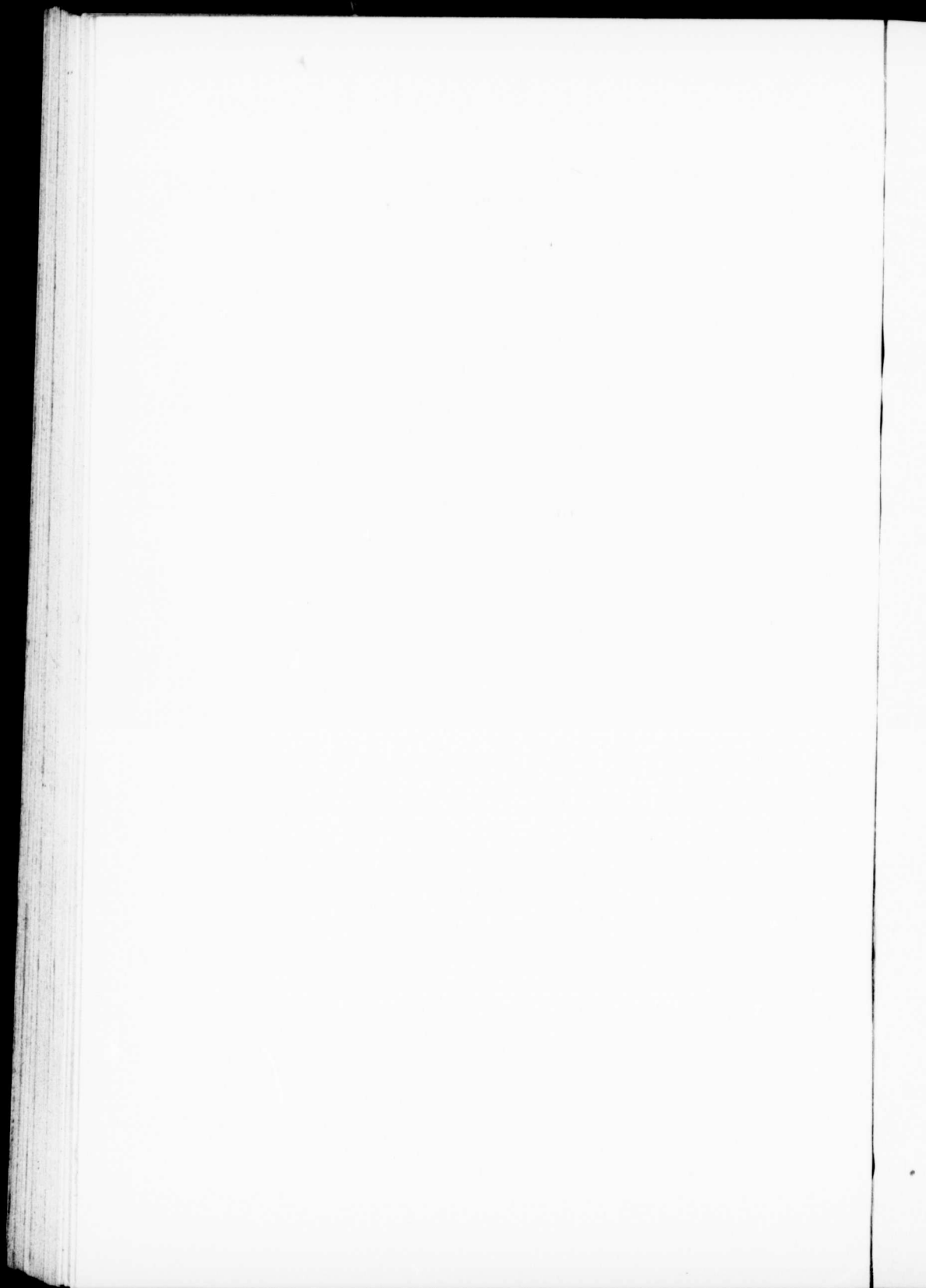
It is to Kasuga no Motomitsu that the honour is given of founding the Kasuga line of painters, who first practised the Yamato style in its purity. He lived in the tenth century, surviving, indeed, in the eleventh, and he was the pupil of Kinmochi, great-grandson of the great Kanaoka. Contemporary with Motomitsu was Takuma Tame-uji, founder of the Takuma line, which coalesced with the Kasuga line in the twelfth century. The followers of these great painters developed the Yamato style of painting in the eleventh century, and in the twelfth the school was strengthened by a number of painters of great eminence, the Kosé line joining those of the Kasuga and Takuma families in the formation of the most truly national style that Japan can show. Putting



Group, after Sumiyoshi Keion



A Single Combat, after Kōsō no Kōchisa (Writer's Collection)



aside the period of Kanaoka, there is no more glorious period in the crowded history of Japanese painting than this and the two centuries following. Painters in dozens and scores, almost all of the first flight, little more than whose names, and scarcely those, are known out of Japan, left works which the European student has small chance of even seeing. For they are most jealously guarded in the treasure-houses of Japanese nobles, are never sold, and can as a rule only be studied from copies. Certain Buddhist paintings of this time, it is true, have come to Europe, though they are few enough; but of the secular paintings of the Yamato school only one single makimono has ever been known to leave Japan, and that is, I believe, in an American museum. It is an historical roll by Sumiyoshi Keion, of the twelfth century. I am able to give a photograph of more than a copy of a single group by this painter—a copy made by Kawanabe Kiosai.

I have no space even to name a quarter of the famous painters of this great period; mention of many of them will be found in Dr. Anderson's book. Among those of the twelfth century Kasuga Mitsunaga, Kosé Genkei, Kasuga Takachika, Takuma Shoga, Sumiyoshi Keion, Toba Sojo, and Takuma Tamehisa come first to mind. A painting by Takuma Shoga may be seen at the British Museum, though it is not included in the printed catalogue. It is a Buddhist kakemono, so darkened by age that it is impossible to copy it by photography. The drawing is powerful, and the colour rich, but of course the strict prescriptions of Buddhist art permit no such display of the painter's individuality as would be observable in the free field of secular subject. The secular paintings of this period, it may here be mentioned, are almost wholly in the makimono form, the kakemono being used at the time almost exclusively as a temple hanging.

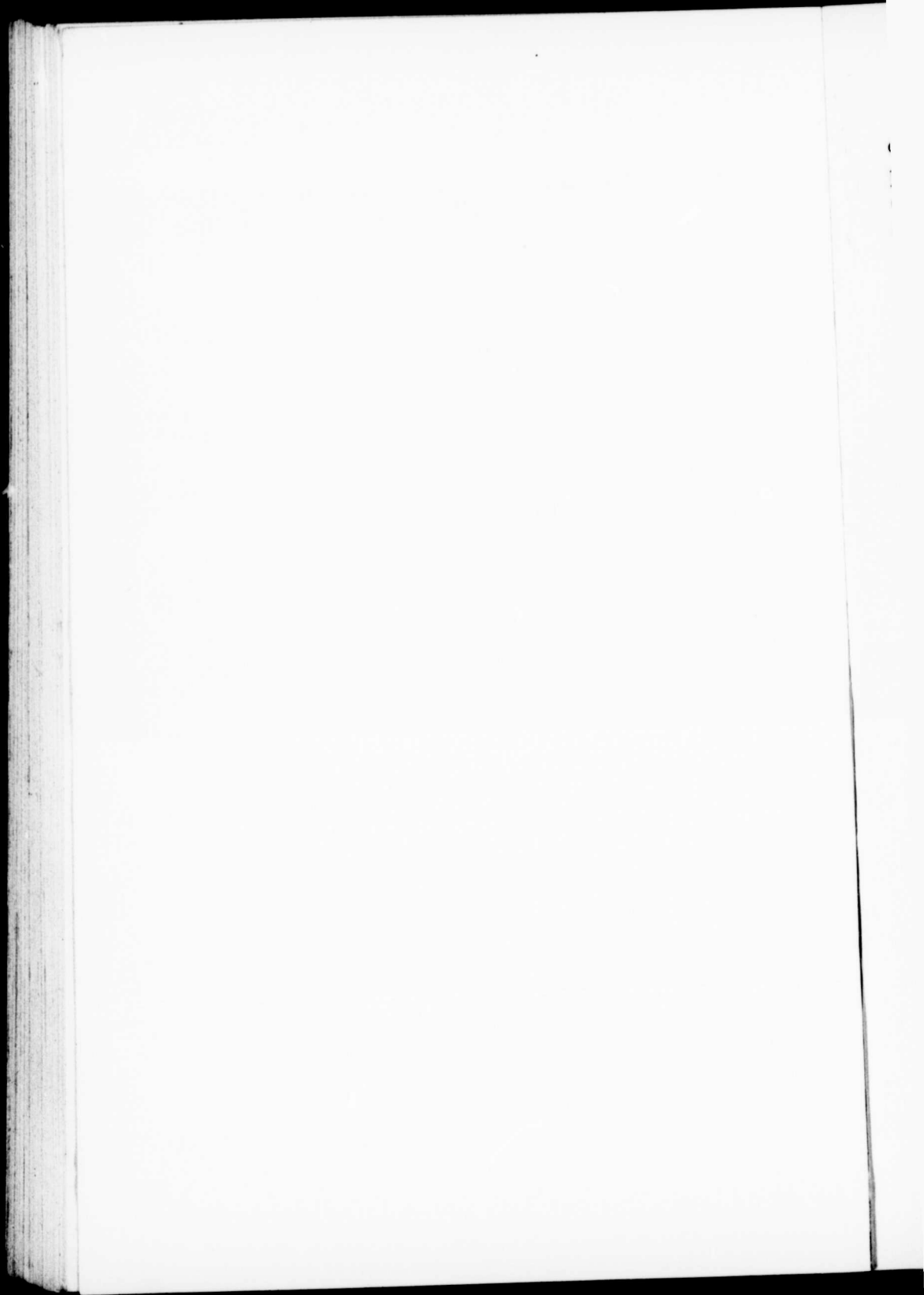
In the thirteenth century Tsunetaka, son of Kasuga Mitsunaga, assumed the surname of Tosa, and so gave to the Yamato school the name which it has since retained. It may, perhaps, be necessary to explain that a Japanese surname comes

first, so that the name of Tsunetaka's son was Tosa Kunitaka, the second being his personal name and the first the name of his family. Tosa Yoshimitsu was another great Yamato painter of this century, and another, still greater, was Fujiwara no Nobuzané. The British Museum collection includes a Buddhist painting by Nobuzané, a masterly piece of work, sadly blackened and damaged, however, by age and incense fumes. It is numbered 61 in the catalogue, "artist unknown;" but the work was identified as Nobuzané's by Kohitsu Rionin, the expert in paintings to the Tokyo Imperial Museum. Nobuzané was, without doubt, one of the chief painters of Japan. I have seen copies of a series of portraits of famous poets from his hand, that were astonishing in their force and character, as well as in their grace of execution. There is a Buddhist picture, by the way, numbered 82 in the British Museum collection, which must *not* be examined with a view to studying Nobuzané. Dr. Anderson has catalogued it as a copy, by Hoitsu, of a picture by Nobuzané, but it is, in fact, neither a copy of Nobuzané nor drawn by Hoitsu. It is a recent production, and Hoitsu's signature is forged.

In the fourteenth century the Yamato or Tosa school continued pre-eminent, and later representatives of the Kosé line helped to sustain its character. Chief among these was Kosé no Korehisa, the painter of a famous series of makimonos originally in the private collection of the Japanese empress, a series recording the *Go-san-nen Gun-ki*, or last three years of the five years' civil war in the eleventh century, when Minamoto no Yoshi-iyé, surnamed Hachimantaro, finally suppressed the rebels in Oshiu. This set of drawings, reputed to contain the best war-pictures Japanese art has produced, was presented to a Daimio of Hojo, and remained in his family till it passed by marriage, divorce, and re-marriage, first into the family of the Tokugawa Shoguns and then into that of Ikeda, in the collection of whose present representative, the Marquis Ikeda, it remains. It was at this time, in the seventeenth century, that a careful copy was made of the whole set, and since the

Group from the Historical Roll, "Go-sam-men Gun-ki," by Kose' no Korohisa; from an old copy in the Writer's Collection





copy is now in my own collection, I am able to give photographs of two groups from among the numbers which crowd the rolls from end to end. They are not what I should choose as the best, since the drawings have proved exceptionally difficult to photograph, and this circumstance has helped to govern the selection; as also has the fact that the rolls record the events of a very bloody war, and record them with a naïve simplicity and frankness of detail that might strike the nerves of many with something of a shock. A part which exhibits the scenes in and about a captured and burning castle is quite tremendous, but rather too terrible for publication in these lady-like days, as also are other parts presenting the pursuit and extermination of fugitives. War in the eleventh century in Japan, like war in other countries at the same period, was not a state of things in which the victors gave themselves any trouble in the matter of concentration camps.

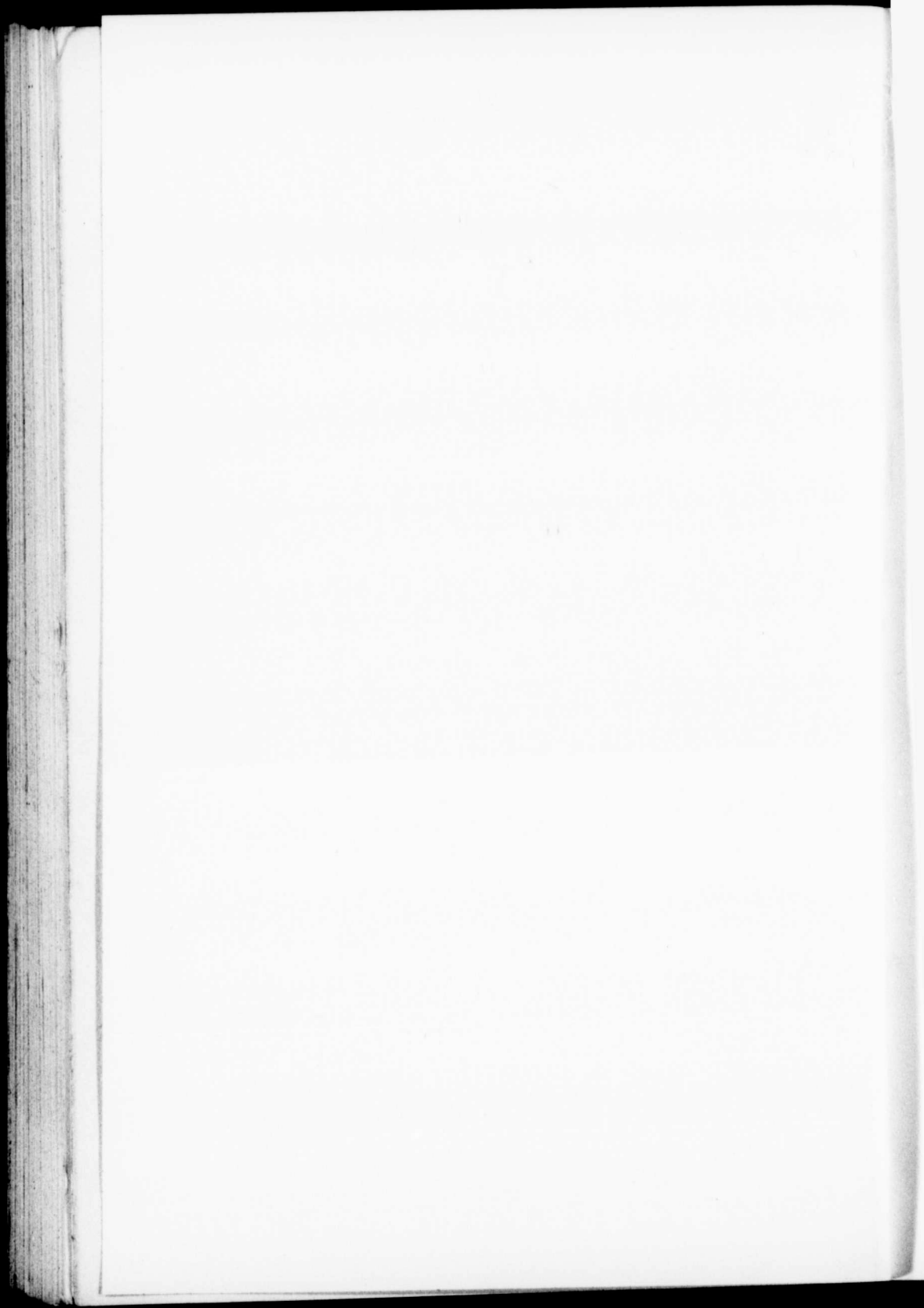
For the rest, these drawings of Korehisa show the simple mastery, the almost childlike *naïveté* and directness, and the large vision of the primitive in a great school of art. The horses, in particular, are admirable, and the significance of action and gesture in the human figures is often altogether startling. I had a photograph taken of one group wherein six women are being led captive, preceded by warriors bearing severed heads on the points of their swords. The bowed figures of the women are indicated merely by the outlines of the white mourning robes which cover them, but such an overpowering expression of hopeless grief and despair as is given to those mere lines of drapery I have never encountered in any other work of art, eastern or western. The hand of one woman alone is exposed, and that in a gesture of utter woe that is merely awful. Unfortunately it was found that the necessary reduction in scale wholly obliterated many lines in the drawing, so that I have been unable to reproduce the photograph here. The width of the roll, from top to bottom, is nearly eighteen inches; so that it will be seen that the reduc-

tion is considerable. The equestrian group which I have printed, where a prisoner is brought before Yoshi-iyé, has photographed better than most that were tried, but even here the brilliant pigments have so far defeated the camera, with all its isochromatic appliances, that the consequent mistranslation of colour has somewhat confused the fine composition.

I am loth to burden my pages with mere listed names, yet the Tosa school produced many eminent painters in Korehisa's century—Nagataka, Yukimitsu, Mitsuaki, Yeiga, Ari-iyé, and Takakane among them—to whom I can spare no space for comment. But in 1351 a painter was born whose name is put by the Japanese by the side of the greatest, even sometimes by the side of Kanaoka himself. This was Meicho, more usually called Cho Densu. He was a priest of the temple of Tofukuji at Kioto, and his life, his simple piety, and his power as a painter are the themes of as many marvellous stories as are told even of Kanaoka. He brought a new life into the religious painting of the temples, by now fallen too far into pattern and formula, and he saw with a new vision the saints and the sages whose figures embellished the temple walls. Largeness and originality of conception, force and freedom of drawing, were among his great qualities, as also was a mastery of colour remarkable even among the Japanese. His works are rare, and of such as survive the most numerous are temple pictures on silk. A photographic copy is here given, however, of a painting in his rarer secular style. It is of necessity the mere ghost of the original, but it will give at least some idea of the force of Meicho's design and execution. The picture is in colour on paper—a most wonderful harmony in brown, warm green and grey, dull pink, rich red and pale gold; the metal being used, as always, purely as a pigment. The paper has been repaired and remounted again and again, and although it has lost some of its outer edges, its condition is uncommonly good, considering its age. The height, exclusive of the mount, is nearly three feet, and the subject is the well-known one of Shoki, the legendary Chinese hero, conqueror and driver-out of demons.



Shoki and Demon, by *Cho Densu* (*Writer's Collection*)







Chinese Landscape, by Shiubun (*Writer's Collection*)

The master's seal on this picture reads *Sekkia-Kushi*, or Barefoot, a name assumed in allusion to his austere life as a priest.

Of his purely Buddhistic style of painting there is a fine specimen in the British Museum collection, numbered 3. It is painted in colours on silk, and it has been copied by chromolithography in Dr. Anderson's book. The pair of kakemono numbered 1 and 2, attributed to Cho Densu, are not his work, nor are they even in his style. They are, in fact, very fine Chinese paintings, though they have been mounted in Japan.

Kan Densu was Meicho's chief pupil, and among many others was Ashikaga no Yoshimochi, the Shogun, at the same time pupil and patron.

Cho Densu died at the age of seventy-six in the year 1427. But before his death another very important movement had begun; no less than a Chinese renaissance. For centuries the Chinese influence had been waning, and the national style of Yamato or Tosa held the field. The Tosa style continued to flourish exceedingly all through the fifteenth century and into the sixteenth, but it was side by side with the revived Chinese manner. Some revival had, indeed, been attempted before the birth of Cho Densu, when Nen Kawo was celebrated for his monochrome pictures in the style of the great Chinese artists of the Sung dynasty. Nen Kawo's influence, however, died with him, and though he had a few followers, it was not until the immigration of a Chinese painter, who settled in Japan in the first years of the fifteenth century and adopted the name of Josetsu, that the new movement really began. Of the work of Josetsu himself scarcely anything has survived. I myself have seen nothing but a photogravure of a pair of kakemono—landscapes—from his brush. These were undoubtedly good, but not nearly so good as some of the works of his pupils with which I am acquainted. It is, indeed, as a teacher that Josetsu is remembered, for from his school issued the painters whose example inspired the Chinese renaissance,

and who opened a new and a splendid chapter in Japanese art.

First of them, and Josetsu's favourite pupil, was Shiubun, called Sokukuji Shiubun from the temple to which he was attached as a Buddhist priest. Shiubun's pictures, usually landscapes, but sometimes figures and groups of Buddhist saints and sages, were either wholly in monochrome or strongly outlined in ink and very lightly tinted in one or two warm colours. His landscapes were always Chinese, and, of course, ideal. An excellent example is in the British Museum, and I reproduce another, of a somewhat broader and more summary execution, from my own collection. The dominating feature of the view here sketched is the group of rocky peaks, towering high above the mist that veils the base of the wooded eminence from which they spring. In the foreground a rocky cliff crowned with trees and bushes stands boldly out into the quiet lake on which floats a fisherman's boat; and the farther shore is suggested in all its dim mystery with a few slight touches. Rifts in the mist show clearly, here a hut-roof, there the roofs of a summer mansion; and the whole picture, produced with a few sweeps of the brush, is full of romantic suggestion and poetic fancy. True it is, as Dr. Anderson says in his remarks on the British Museum Shiubun, that such works "seem intended rather to note the vague conceptions and reminiscences of the poetic minds of the artists than to hand down the true features of any particular locality." But why apologise for that? We do not disturb ourselves to excuse Shakespeare for his failure to "hand down the true features" of—say the coast of Bohemia, in *The Winter's Tale*. So long as we get the "conceptions and reminiscences" of his poetic mind we are very well content, and the guide-book and the gazetteer stand on another shelf, and a lower.

With Shiubun must be mentioned his two greatest pupils, Oguri Sotan and No-ami. Little more is known of these painters in Europe than their bare names, and scarcely those; and even in Japan their works are very rare. Sotan was a priest in the same temple as his master, while by contrast the

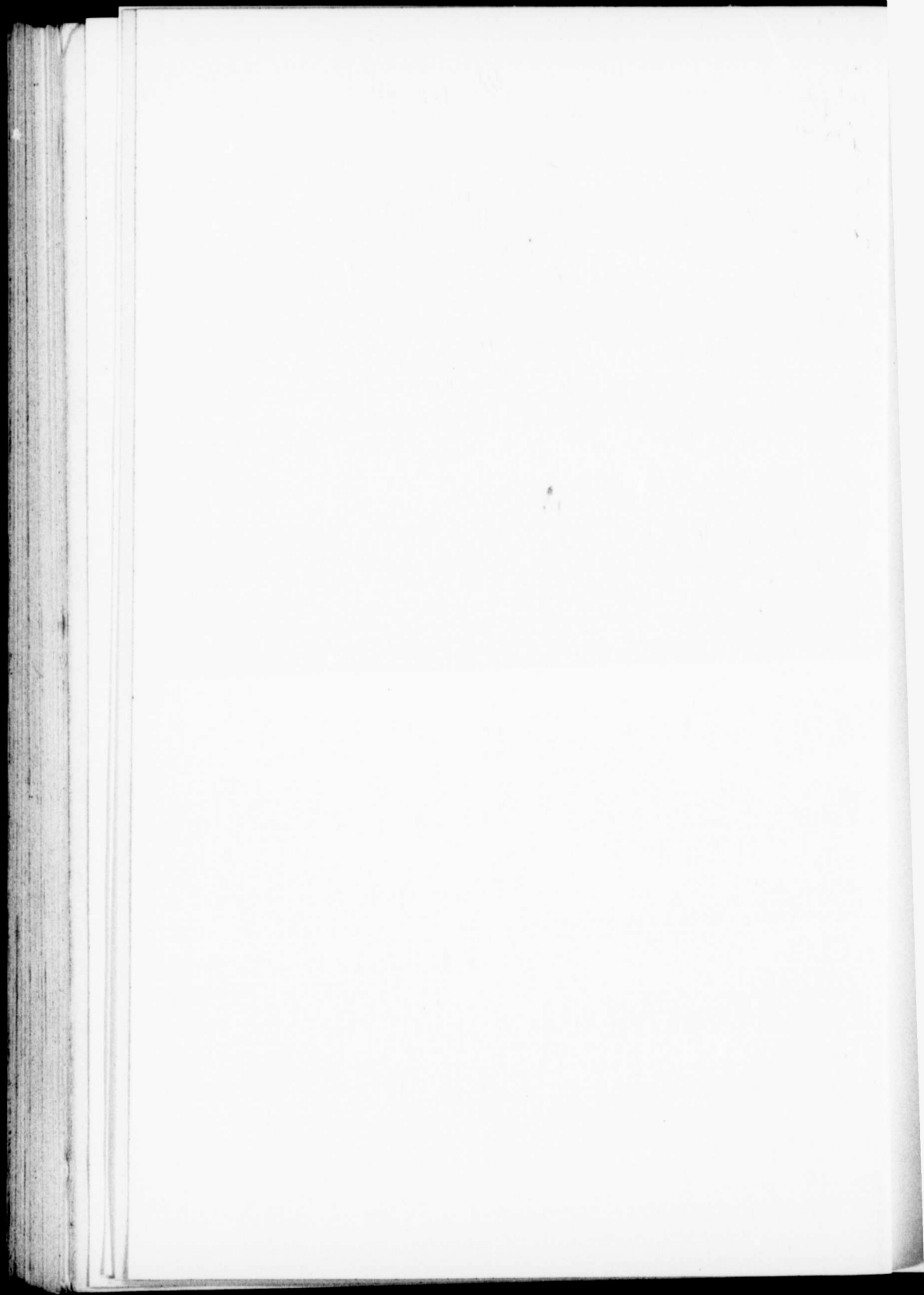
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Bird and Flowers, by Oguri Sotan (Writer's Collection)







Tiger, by No-ami (Writer's Collection)

brilliant No-ami, also called Shinno, was the admirable Crichton of the Shogan's court, famous at once as courtier, poet, calligraphist, critic, and painter. His pictures, such of them as remain, are in monochrome, characterised by an intense power both in conception and execution, his brush-work having all the characteristics of that of the Chinese masters of the Sung period, approximating very nearly, as far as one can judge with such scant opportunities, to that of Mokkei. Landscapes and figures were his usual subjects, though he sometimes executed animal studies of surprising vigour. Sotan, on the other hand, devoted himself largely to pictures of birds and flowers in colour, though there was nothing of mere finicking prettiness in his treatment. His colour was soft and harmonious to the last degree, and only an actual inspection of the original from which the accompanying photograph is made can give an idea of what has been lost in the translation to black and white.

The tiger, by No-ami, is a striking example of that unswerving attention to idea which characterised this painter as much as any and more than most of the Japanese masters. It is extremely unlikely that No-ami had ever seen a tiger, an animal foreign to Japan, but no amount of laborious observation and faithful copying could have inspired so intense a presentation of lithe, stealthy power, demoniac ferocity, and gloating menace as is here. The picture in its full size has an overpowering effect. Consider, too, what a part the composition plays. To have drawn the entire figure would have been to sacrifice much. The intrusion from without of this glaring, blood-licking creature, while some part of its form remains concealed, is one secret of the picture's effect.

The times of Shiubun, Sotan, and No-ami saw the Chinese renaissance fully established. With their coadjutors in the movement, and with its results, the next paper will deal.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

SI JEUNESSE VOULAIT

I SHOULD like to think that this paper will be read by those to whom it is addressed. This is, however, but a forlorn hope, for young people, as a rule, I fear, are not much given to reading in periodicals articles—especially such as may be called, in the elegant phraseology of the day, sermonettes—on the conduct of life.

However, on the chance that some may read them, I should like to say quite explicitly at the outset that my words are addressed to such average, and not exceptional, young men and women as are exposed by the condition of their life to the perils of too abundant leisure, and less likely therefore to fill up time to their advantage than those who have the safeguard of compulsory employment.

“Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait!” says the proverb, but, like all proverbs, it only fills about half the ground it attempts to cover. It is an outline sketch which resembles life about as much as does a child’s primitive drawing of two arms, two legs and a body, which passes well enough as a conventional representation of man, but would hardly be adequate if we wished to learn anatomy from it. It would be simpler, no doubt, if that outline drawing given by the proverb were accurate, and if we had only to put on the one side ignorant, energetic youth, and on the other all-wise and decrepit age. But the limning of our lives is a great deal more complicated than that: and we have to fill in the outline sketch for ourselves,

with a great deal of care, a great deal of thought, and an unceasing and unremitting effort if, when the moment of old age is arrived at, the whole is to present a pleasing picture. It is not only "si jeunesse savait" it is "si jeunesse voulait" "si jeunesse croyait" all the things that lie in the hands of youth.

It is while life is fluid that it is comparatively easy to pour it into one shape or another. When it has stiffened into one particular form, and that one perhaps not the most desirable, it is more difficult to alter it. Therefore is it important for men and women both, when they have arrived at the stage known as "grown-up," to see that their life is likely to flow along in the best channel. This is the moment when, if circumstances and surroundings have been propitious, the young should be ready to grasp life with both hands, to enjoy its opportunities of light-hearted unreasoning enjoyment while beginning to guess at its graver responsibilities. Now is the time to be wise as well as foolish—the wisdom of youth may sometimes consist in being both—the time to talk sense as well as nonsense, to want to move for the sheer pleasure of motion, of mind on occasion as well as of body; the time to have endless discussions on life and its problems and possibilities, to make the friendships—but of these more hereafter—that will be potent factors in our lives; the time to have existence and its incidents revolving round one particular person after another, sometimes the wrong person, sometimes the right.

There is not, and most happily, a definite halting-place in which we may say to ourselves, "Now I will say good-bye to light-hearted youth, I will turn down this road and begin to be old." No; twenty joins hands with twenty-five, twenty-five with thirty, thirty with thirty-five, and so ever onwards, until the deposit of years gradually, without our seeing at which moment, hides our youth from us, as in Wagner's opera the figure of Freya the Youthful is at last hidden by the piled up treasure of the Nibelung. They who look forward into the

future and begin in time to construct it may remain young in mind, in heart, and in purpose.

Bourget has defined the difference between riches and poverty to be that the "remediable margin" is so much greater in the former. And this holds good of the riches also of the soul. This is the immense, incalculable advantage of youth, to be rich in time, in possibility, in opportunity; it is then that we may look out with hope on the wideness of the Remediable. For it is in youth that each fresh discovery regarding life may be responded to by the instant thrill of possible endeavour; in youth that we contemplate that stretch of land, the field of our actions, as we are entering the harbour and not as we are leaving it.

We have lived in a time in which we have had to call upon the young to fight for us and for our country, and splendidly have they responded. But what about other trumpet calls, heard for so long that the sound has become dulled by custom, calls to duty less conspicuously heroic, to be accomplished by those who stay behind? The heroism of these less fortunate ones must be exercised, if at all, on a less glorious field; their endurance of hardship, should they wish to endure, must take the less palatable form of fulfilling in daily self-denying effort the less romantic though no less important duties of the son, the brother, the friend, the citizen—of being content to walk with a firm step in the rank and file of life if need be, and excel there in default of a nobler place. It has happily become a commonplace to us by this time that our young officers when at the front have known how to accept with uncomplaining cheerfulness every suffering and privation that has fallen to their lot, and we admire them for it from our hearts. But would it not be still more admirable if the robust and splendid self-denial that they all can display on occasion were exercised not only in periods of stress and excitement, and if on their return to their usual surroundings many of them did not take it for granted that they have earned the right to relapse into a state of unquestioning self-indulgence? The tendency to

self-indulgence in either sex and at any age is no doubt one of the characteristics of our time; it is part of the Spirit of the Age, that comfortable generalisation that so consolingly puts the blame on to everybody at once, instead of distributing it among individuals. But it is surprising with what ease that encroaching spirit can in reality be put to rout by any individual who chooses to stand up to it instead of lying flat before it.

Young people would feel themselves shamed if they allowed, without any offer of help, one who was older to walk beside them carrying a heavy burthen; but they allow the burthen of life to rest on those who are older, not only without protest, but with a very definite reluctance to shoulder it themselves unless they are compelled. What is being young? Is it by some great and deserved privilege to have become entitled, by coming into the world a certain number of years later than somebody else, to have precedence, to know better, to be more worthy? But what then about the subsequent people who are going to be born still later? are they also going to be superior to those formerly young, but now their elders? In that case why does not the world get better and better as it goes on? Why are human beings pretty much as they were a hundred, five hundred, a thousand years ago? At the Paris Exhibition of 1900 there was to be seen an interesting mechanical phenomenon which might well have passed for an allegory of existence. It was a moving road which went round and round an immense circuit, from which every side of Paris could successively be seen, and which carried along on its surface floods of human beings who all therefore during the circuit gazed upon the same spectacle one after another, whether or not they began or quitted the moving road at the same place. Some younger in travelling than those in front of them might pass the Eiffel Tower ten minutes later than others; were they for that reason more skilful, more gifted, more highly privileged? and above all, were they better able to judge of each successive spectacle that met their gaze than those who had begun earlier?

I should doubt it. They were probably less able to judge, as they had seen less to compare it with. Each one of us who joins this eternal moving road of life comes in time to the same place as the others who precede us on it, and those who follow come to the same place too. Let us therefore lay aside the strange delusion that possesses so many of us at the start, that we, and we only, shall presently come to some place to which no one has ever been before. Every one else, in reality, will have been there too: though every one, no doubt, and here is our individual opportunity, does not learn an equal amount from the various phases of the journey.

From the point of view of understanding, of mere quickness of apprehension, the mind between twenty and twenty-five is presumably just as good, to say the least of it, as the one of ten or fifteen years later; what is not so good is that it cannot have so definite a sense of proportion with regard to the importance of the incidents it meets on the way. That is the knowledge of a later period. Everything met for the first time is surprising; and therefore it is that older people are more likely to "know better," according to the occasionally offensive formula, as far as the lore of life is concerned, mainly because they have had the opportunity of learning so many lessons in it. The young are no doubt in possession of the rules of life's arithmetic, but the mastery of those rules gained by working many sums comes only with time. The sums should be worked early, nevertheless, and with application, that the right way of attacking the problems may be acquired in youth, when mental and moral habits are being determined, and the impulse of mind and will is fresh and strong. It is in youth that all human beings must determine for themselves on broad lines the path which they shall tread, although the variations of circumstance may determine it in detail in this or that direction. Take in your hand, then, at the beginning of life, certain fine and noble maxims which shall not be put away on a shelf as too precious to be brought out every day, but of which the daily contemplation and practice shall make a part

of your nature, a part of your instinct ; shall fill your outlook on life with lofty standards and possibilities. I am aware, of course, that there are many, many men and women, young as well as old, in whose life certain spiritual exercises, which should, if consistently acted on, keep them on the higher spiritual levels, form a daily part. But there are also many others whose aspirations and beliefs take a less definite form, and who therefore are apt, for want of daily or weekly prompting from outside, not so often to formulate in words certain precepts on which, if unconsciously, their general code of conduct is based. And yet the mere putting into words of such maxims is a help and a suggestion : the very limitation effected by defining our possibilities in speech seems to bring them more within our grasp, to make us see the path more clearly, to prevent us from stumbling along it haphazard, at the mercy of chance impulse and opportunity ; we find our way with more speedy and unerring certainty from a sign-post on which a few plain words are written than if we vaguely try to shape our course by the stars or the planets or any big eternal principles too tremendous to bring into play at every street corner.

It is good to have a daily breathing space, at any rate, in the purer air of Intention. This is no novel suggestion—woe to us, indeed, if it were not a commonplace!—and I make it, therefore, diffidently. But it bears repeating many times. Realise at the outset of your responsible life, and realise afresh every day, that there are some things you will consent to do, and others that you will not ; some things to which you will never stoop, others that you determine to attain. And the mere fact of clearly formulating these decisions to yourself is a step towards carrying them out.

Give a place in your daily Litany to the aspiration to be delivered from all ignoble ambitions ; from all dishonesty, pose, and pretence. Do not let your standards of conduct and intercourse become blurred. It is astonishing how soon, even with the fastidious, the frequentation of those governed by a

lower standard tends to deteriorate one's own. The trite story, which, however, is of such far-reaching significance that it may well be repeated, of the crowd which, looking on at the execution of a gang of criminals, turned away with a shudder of horror from the first head held up, gazed calmly upon the second, and derided the executioner when he let slip the third, holds good, in less ghastly contingencies, on many an occasion in daily life. The manifestation which gives us an unpleasant jar the first time (the exact and literal word "shock" has become so overlaid with convention and absurdity that I hesitate to employ it), is soon accepted as part of the personality of the offender. It ceases to give a jar; it is then tolerated, and finally imitated. But tolerance is not invariably a virtue. Tolerance of an honest opinion different from our own is one thing; tolerance of a deliberate lowering of the standards that we have proposed to ourselves is another. Keep a fine edge on your susceptibilities that you may not come to tolerate the inadmissible, and to this end "frequent the best company," as Thackeray has said, "in books as in life," in both of which the best companions are those who send you spinning forward with the sense that everything worth doing is more possible, that life lies open before you with great wide spaces in which to go forth. Choose the friend who will stimulate you, to whom you will look up instead of looking down, the friend with a large mind and quick perceptions, who is strong enough to seize life with a firm hold and whose example and companionship shall cheer you on to do the same. For that is one of the essentials of the spirit of youth: to live, live, and not stagnate. I would rather see young creatures, whether men or women, go forward headlong and fall into one mistake after another, if they are made of the stuff that will learn from those mistakes to walk without falling, than see them creep self-indulgently along, too slowly to stumble, without having in their nerveless uncertain grasp any valid hold on existence.

Science tells us that no one body approaches another in space without both being deflected more or less from their

original courses, the more powerful naturally acting the most on the other. So it is in life. Every one of us acts either for good or for evil on every other human being to whom we approach near enough. It is all-important, therefore, at that time of life when youthful friendships are formed with ardour and eagerness, that those we admit into our proximity should be likely to influence our course in the right direction. I am considering, for the purposes of argument, friendships between people of the same sex. Stimulating, valuable, interesting companionship is, of course, possible between different sexes, not to speak here of one special relationship into which that companionship is apt to drift, which also has many merits. But, putting that special relation aside, although men can compare notes with women on the exploration of life or books with added zest from the difference of point of view, yet it is precisely because the conditions are so entirely and eternally different, that in many ways — I speak prosaically — more direct help is to be gained from one of the same sex looking out on to life from under exactly the same conditions.

What are the chief essentials in a friend, then? Assuming, of course, as a foundation the indispensable sympathy which causes the friendship to exist at all. Our friend must be honest, must be intelligent, must be articulate, must be discreet. Honest, morally and intellectually, that intercourse may rest on a solid basis, and not on the shifting sand of pretence; intelligent, that his opinions may be worth hearing; articulate, that he may be able to put them before you to your profit; discreet, that your own self-revelations may be safe in his keeping. That absolute honesty of the intelligence which never pretends to think or to know something that is not really thought or known, is, in my opinion, the first essential in a friend. Every one who is a genuine human document, at whose ideas you really get, such as they are, whether adequate or not, is bound to be in some degree interesting. But, as a rule, those people are not interesting, except as a warning, who have constructed to themselves some kind of an idea of what they think

human beings should most effectively think and feel, and express deliberately made opinions in accordance with it. But this method, if merely from the point of view of expediency and feasibility, to put it on no higher ground, is a great mistake; it increases the complications of existence a hundredfold. It is already sufficiently difficult, and very often unpleasant, to be one's self; it is extremely difficult consistently to be some one else. I once sat at dinner by a young man of twenty-two who after enunciating, at second hand, of course, with a bright, boyish smile on his young face, what he considered were the laws of "getting on" in the world, in which manœuvring and titled influence played a large part, added with an air of ineffable complacency, "I am afraid you will think me a terrible cynic." "Cynic?" I should like to have replied: "Heaven forfend! I think you somewhat of a goose, perhaps, for generalising, and mostly on hearsay from some unfortunate instances that you must go through the world like a conspirator in a cloak. Drop that cloak and that slouching hat, and you will see much more clearly."

The habit of moral clear-sightedness can and should be acquired in youth, as much as the material eyesight can be cultivated to distinguish a brown deer among the bracken or a grey sail in the grey distance of the sea. That clear-sightedness should teach us to call that which is stupid, stupid; and that which is clever, clever; but not to mix them up. It is not clever, but rather stupid, to believe that discrimination lies chiefly in seeing the faults and the seamy side of life. It requires quite as much discrimination to see the good side, especially when you are looking for the other. The world is neither all good nor all bad. Do not make up your opinion of it on what people say, unless you are very sure of the speaker: the world as pictured in gossipy chatter about nothing at all does not sound a very desirable place. It is natural that if you talk about your neighbour and wish to be entertaining you will be unfavourably critical rather than the reverse. A caricature is more diverting to look at than an ordinary photo-

graph: it is more diverting to relate how Miss So-and-so remained out in the garden till nearly midnight with Lord Such-a-one than to say nothing about her at all. But it is possible that she did it out of heedlessness, and did not realise how the time was passing; and though it is no doubt to be regretted that she should have been so unwise, the most regrettable part of the affair may be that Lord Such-a-one, after inviting her to go into the garden, should have related the incident to his friends afterwards, and made a note for the delectation of the next young lady of the foolish confidences that the one of last night whispered under the moon. And let us remember, besides, that such a confidence, even if repeated verbatim, does not and cannot reach us truly. Uttered under totally different conditions, amid different surroundings, and probably led up to by something which brought it about quite naturally, it is bound by the time it reaches us at an afternoon tea-table to be as much distorted as a last ray of sunlight that comes through many layers of the atmosphere and reaches us in a more flaming intensity. Try not to found your imagined knowledge of men and women on such wretched materials as these. And for your own part be discreet about the doings and sayings of others, until such discretion becomes a habit and a priceless possession. To sit and chatter eternally of what some other man or woman has said in some like moment of chattering idleness is unworthy of intelligent human beings, whether they are twenty or whether they are fifty. It is one thing in discussing some question of life or conduct to instance this person or that in support of a theory or an argument; it is another to sit and call up the name of one after another and relate something which makes them appear in an unfavourable light. Women gossip, probably, more than men at every stage—and not only at the moment when they are beginning to mix on equal terms with the grown-up world—mainly because they have more time to do it in. Young men at the age of twenty, say, and for two or three years after that, have, happily for themselves, even

before they begin their permanent career, some very definite centre for their occupations and their thoughts, since they are mostly at that time *in statu pupillari*, still at what is probably the most fruitful and enthralling time for intelligent minds—that is, the time when they are provided by outward influence with occupation sufficient, and indeed almost to excess, without the responsibility of the next period. Here the young man has a distinct advantage over the young woman, for she, at the same age, with as much available energy, will in many cases not be provided as a matter of course with systematic mental occupation during that time, and it obviously requires more initiative, character, and invention to design and carry out a scheme of existence for one's self than it does simply and as a matter of course to comply with a scheme participated in by hundreds of others. It is at this phase that leisure becomes the greatest snare. The various ways in which it is filled up by both men and women are, I believe, a far greater test of character and aptitudes and education than is their way of dealing with the succession of inevitable duties and occupations with which the life of each one of us gradually becomes filled as time goes on. Some people—it was perhaps a hard and fast maxim of the last generation more than of this—make a sort of fetish of the ordinance that time should never be “wasted.” No doubt most of us would agree with that maxim, but we might differ a good deal as to what is meant by “waste.” It is not a waste to have quite frankly some spaces not spent in a determined occupation. It is good sometimes to have spare moments to take breath in, and not to be for ever on the rush from one thing to another. But it is pernicious to have so little definite to do of a permanent interest, apart from the encroaching flood of daily nothings, that if one has half an hour more than usual of spare time one has nothing joyfully to put into it which will make it a definite gain in the day instead of a loss.

The desultory people, especially women, whose occupations and therefore whose thoughts are mainly outside their walls

instead of within, not only suffer themselves but make other people suffer when they find some extra time on their hands to put away somehow. Such will eagerly grasp at some excuse for rushing out, for inflicting their own incapacity, their barren stretches of existence on somebody else, talking to no purpose and with no result, and spreading a contagion not of the healthy enjoyable leisure which succeeds interested occupation, but of a dragging superfluity of time which profits nobody. This should truly be counted among the unpardonable sins. If you are not so fortunate as to have been born with a hobby, started in life with that comfortable familiar spirit always beside you to fill up each nook and cranny of spare time and thought, try now while you are young to discover one; feel about, seek one, find it at any price. I do not mean only some favourite form of violent exercise, though that also has its great advantage. I mean something that shall have a permanent and enduring value with the years, and help to fill up thoughts and interests within doors as well as without. To have a handicraft which may at the same time employ the intelligence and invention seems to me the ideal hobby, or in default of that, some special study lying outside one's regular work, and not making too great demands on time and energy, while of interest enough to employ both. The saying, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," constantly flung without context or comment in the face of the would-be student as well as of the smatterer, is responsible for blocking the way to a great deal of salutary pleasure. The real danger, I should have thought, lies not in the little learning but in mistaking that little for a great deal, a peril which, unless we are on our guard against it, lies in wait for all of us at the rapturous moment of beginning to acquire any new piece of knowledge, whether from books or from life—rapture succeeded probably by naif astonishment, mingled perhaps with discomfiture, at finding that the said knowledge is new only to one's self. I once heard a young woman say approvingly of some one she had been talking to: "Extraordinarily well-read that man is! *I don't think I have mentioned*

a piece of prose or poetry that he did not know." This is simply a form of our eternal stumbling-block, the danger of being too self-centred, and of not realising that our neighbours at the same stage of existence as ourselves are probably going through much the same mental experiences. To be self-centred, indeed, to a certain degree, is not a fault but a virtue. It is an essential and inevitable requirement of our conditions, as much as it is essential that a gardener who wishes to be successful should pay more attention to his own garden than to any one else's. Let us try quite simply and frankly to recognise this, to realise we are each one of us shut up, so to speak, for the whole of our natural life with a being, a temperament, an intelligence, a character that we had no voice in choosing, but that we have a preponderating voice in making the best of; and that on that being, therefore, we must concentrate the main part of our thoughts, our energies, our struggles towards the light. And having realised this fact, let it make us less preoccupied with self instead of more so, let it teach us to understand the point of view of others, since it is probably the attitude of every human being, more or less, towards his own self; and above all let our concentration on our own path lead us to avoid the possible stumbling-blocks in it, and not to jostle others aside to secure our own desires.

There is a wider form of being self-centred which extends to the family as well as to the individual. The tendency displayed by many otherwise reasonable people to believe that their own race is of quite peculiar interest, their own family traits the most worthy of note, the school they have been to the only possible one, the quarter of London they live in the most agreeable, and their house the best in it, is an insidious peril to be striven against in youth. It is a quite misleading conviction that, even if we do not unfortunately always choose a thing because it is the best, it becomes in some mysterious way the best because we have chosen it.

Learn to distinguish then, you who are young: go and choose the best, you to whom choice is still possible, and so

arrange your lives that when you come to thirty-five, when you come to forty, you have something worth showing for it and not only a series of abortive beginnings. That man or woman of forty will be you, remember, the young man or woman of to-day, and not somebody quite different with whom you have no concern. It will still be you, with either the faults intensified that you may have left unchecked, or the qualities that you have had courage and determination enough to put into their place. The human being I am speaking of is the one you are gradually building up now, who by your doing will be entitled, or the reverse, to justify in the years to come the fact of his existence. See to it then that he arrives at that moment of full maturity, at that central point of life when every man or woman of worth is a power and an influence in the world, in possession of a good conscience, a good digestion, good manners, and a good understanding, all of which are within reach of those who set early enough about acquiring them. With such an equipment life ought to be, and is, well worth living for either man or woman. The young of to-day, and of every day, are busy fashioning the world anew for us; it is not too much to ask of them that they should make a conscious, constant effort to fashion it aright.

FLORENCE BELL.

THE CASE FOR NATIONAL THEATRES

THOUGH it is strange that the case for National Theatres should need to be stated at all, it is nevertheless true that the task of stating it is beset with difficulties. It is scarcely possible to find a single phrase that shall not be open to misunderstanding, especially by critics who set forth with an adverse bias. The number of such critics is, however, gradually diminishing; and I will do my best, in the following pages, to avoid placing stumbling-blocks of misapprehension in the way of any reader who approaches the subject with an open mind.

An ambiguity meets us on the threshold. What is a "National Theatre?" The phrase is vague and even misleading. To most people it conveys the idea of a great metropolitan building, like the Théâtre-Français, or a palace of art like the Burgtheater of Vienna. They think of it as subsidised by the State, and carried on with a total disregard of economy, and even of popularity. This is not my idea of a National Theatre; it is not that of any man who has carefully considered the subject. A dignified metropolitan building is, indeed, desirable, and will doubtless come in due time, though scarcely through any action of State. Of this anon. In the meantime it is sufficient to say that, for the purposes of this article, the phrase "National Theatre" means something quite different from any individual building.

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What, then, does it mean? Briefly, it means a principle and a system: the principle that the acted drama of the English language ought to rank high among the intellectual glories, and among the instruments of culture, of the nation, or rather of the race; the system of securing this end by giving public (not necessarily official) recognition and support to theatrical art.

Is there any reader who cavils at the principle I have laid down? If so, let me beg him to consider the facts. In every city of the United Kingdom, of America, of Australasia, there are from one to thirty or forty theatres, open seven or eight times a week, and many of them crowded night after night with audiences hungry and thirsty for the enjoyment, the stimulation, afforded by what is beyond all doubt the most fascinating and popularly attractive of the arts. Many people, of whom I speak with all respect, "disapprove" of the theatre altogether—not, as matters stand, without some reason. But their disapproval is absolutely impotent. To disapprove of the theatre is simply to disapprove of one of the most universal and ineradicable of human instincts, which leads men to take pleasure in the mimetic reproduction, idealisation, or caricature, of their own characters, manners, and passions. Year by year theatres multiply. There is very good reason to believe that not only the absolute number of those who frequent them, but the relative number in proportion to the whole population, is steadily increasing. Can it be doubted that, for good or evil—or rather for good *and* evil—they exercise an enormous influence? Can it be doubted that their influence for good, as places of intellectual recreation, stimulation, and invigoration, might easily be far greater than it is? And is not this end worth taking some trouble to attain? Of our splendid dramatic literature, why should some eight or ten plays of Shakespeare alone be commonly accessible to the ordinary playgoer? In modern drama, why should the frivolous West-End public of London be—as they practically are—the sole lawgivers? A play which is not on the face of it likely to

draw crowded houses of over-dressed, over-dined Londoners for at least a hundred nights has no chance of gaining a hearing. Under such conditions, how can the drama possibly represent what is worthiest in the thought and feeling of the nation? But if, on the other hand, there were but one playhouse in each of the great cities of the English-speaking world where the poetry and humour of the past, the thought and aspiration of the present, were enabled to attract to them the better elements in the public—now scattered and unorganised for want of any artistic rallying-point—can it be doubted that the theatre would be, what I have said it ought to be—a potent instrument of culture, and one of the intellectual glories of the race?

But I must guard against the ambiguity which lurks in the expression "the theatre." Used in this sense, it does not, of course, include all theatres, any more than the word "literature" includes all books. The most admirable system of National Theatres would not supplant or abolish the ordinary commercial playhouses of fashion and frivolity, sentimentality and cynicism. National Theatres would help the better order of commercial theatres by training actors for them and by augmenting the numbers of the intelligent public; but the lower class of playhouses they would leave practically untouched, or, at any rate, would affect no more than would any other institution tending to raise the general level of intelligence. The dramatic amusements of a people, taken as a whole, will always answer to their lower as well as to their higher instincts; just as the noblest efforts in poetry, philosophy, and fiction do not prevent the bookstalls from being crowded with vulgar and despicable trash. The defect of the English theatre—as distinguished from English literature and from the theatres of other great nations—is that while it ministers amply to the lower instincts of the race, it answers very imperfectly to the higher instincts. It is this quite needless inequality that the supporters of the National Theatre idea aim at correcting.

Having now tried to explain what is meant by the principle

that the theatre ought to be one of the intellectual glories of the English-speaking race, I go on to consider the system of promoting this end by the creation of certain theatres which—like the libraries, museums, and picture galleries of our great cities—shall be public institutions. By a “public” institution I do not mean one supported (like the British Museum) by the State, nor even—necessarily—one owned by a municipality, like a free library or a public bath and wash-house. Any theatre which is not conducted simply for the profit of individuals, but is held in trust for the public at large by some representative body which directly or indirectly controls it, would fulfil the definition which, for present purposes, I propose to adopt.

In considering the merits of any system, one naturally looks for concrete examples of it in operation. And here let me point to a significant fact. The great nations of Western Europe are five: France, Germany (which, for literary purposes, includes German-speaking Austria), Italy, Spain, and England. In two of these countries the theatre—as a home both of the national classics and of the drama of modern life—ranks high among the intellectual glories of the people. In three the theatre is rather a national reproach than a national glory, though two of these nations have in bygone centuries produced dramatic literatures of marvellous wealth and splendour. The two countries in which the theatre nobly fulfils its functions are France and Germany; the three countries in which it leaves its highest functions almost wholly unfulfilled are Italy, Spain, and England. Now, it cannot but seem, to say the least of it, a curious coincidence that France and Germany should be the countries in which the drama receives, and has for long received, all sorts of public recognition and support, while Italy, Spain, and England are the countries in which it has been left entirely in the hands of individual speculators. Is it altogether rash to divine some relation of cause and effect between these phenomena? Can it be a pure coincidence that, throughout Western Europe, wherever the drama is regarded as a matter of public concern—national or local—it flourishes: wherever it is given over

entirely to private enterprise, it more or less obviously falls short of the requirements of even the most modest ideal?

People try to get round this argument in several ingenious ways. Some contend that the superiority of the theatrical organisation of France and Germany is illusory, pointing to the attacks that are frequently made by French and German critics upon the Théâtre-Français and the German Court Theatres. This argument we may at once put aside. No human institution is flawless and unassailable. The criticisms which are levelled against the French and German theatres are, many of them, just enough; but they involve the application of an incomparably higher standard than can be possibly applied to the English stage. If the English theatre escapes such criticisms, it is only by not rising into the region where they come into force. Wherever it does rise into that region, it is open to ten times severer criticism than any competent and candid critic can urge against the leading French and German theatres. To argue that we should be content with the English theatre as it is, because French critics are sometimes discontented with the Théâtre-Français, is simply to argue against all progress on the ground that absolute perfection is unattainable. It is like saying "Let us stick to muzzle-loading guns because breech-loaders sometimes jam."

More plausible, at first sight, is another argument not infrequently advanced. "We English have no theatrical endowments," it is said, "because we are not a theatrical race. The excellence of the French and German theatres is not due to their endowments; on the contrary, the existence of these endowments is due to the fact that the French and the Germans are people of inborn theatrical proclivities, who, taking a profound national interest in the theatre, are naturally willing to give it national support. No endowment will instil into a race a non-existent theatrical instinct." There is a certain speciousness in this position, until we look into the facts, which are as follows: This wholly non-theatrical race has produced the greatest dramatist of modern times, and one

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of the richest of dramatic literatures ; for a century and a half (1660 to 1810, or thereabouts) its theatre rivalled the French theatre in excellence ; it produced one actor (Garrick) who was acknowledged by all Europe to be the most universal genius in his art that the world had seen, and countless actors and actresses of unquestionable greatness ; it not only possessed a rich and vigorous theatrical life for nearly two centuries before the Germans had anything worthy of the name, but it at two different periods fecundated the German drama, feebly in the early seventeenth century, potently and decisively in the latter half of the eighteenth ; even so lately as 1827 it gave the final impulse to the romantic movement in France ; and at this moment it manifests a passion for the theatre not inferior in strength to that of the French or German public, however inferior in intelligence and enlightenment. The truth is that this idea of an inherent disability for theatrical art in the Anglo-Saxon race is a superstition of very recent origin, begotten of the deep depression which overtook the theatrical life of the country in the middle years of the nineteenth century. It followed on the breakdown of the monopoly system which had since the Restoration (however imperfectly) performed the function which, in France and Germany, is now performed by endowments. We have in the past century fallen behind France and Germany in theatrical art, not because of any innate incapacity, but because, at a critical moment, we omitted to take any reasonable measures to keep abreast of them.

From whatever point of view we regard it, this "innate disability" argument will not bear examination. Let us take it from the racial point of view. The implication underlying it is that the English are a Teutonic people, and that the heavy Teuton is inferior to the gay and vivacious Gaul and Latin in mimetic capacity. Accepting for the sake of argument the usual race classifications (on which science has cast the gravest doubts) we cannot fail to observe that the English are a far less purely Teutonic race than the Germans, whose theatre certainly

rivals, and in many respects surpasses, that of the "lively Gaul." If pure Teutons exist at all, they are doubtless to be found in Germany; whereas the Gallic and Keltic intermixture in the English people is surely strong enough to correct the (hypothetical) sluggishness of the Teutonic blood. By the race argument, accordingly, we ought to be somewhat inferior, perhaps, to the French in mimetic endowment, but decidedly superior to the Germans. If then (and this is quite indubitable) the German theatre is greatly superior to ours, the race enthusiasts ought at the same time to be enthusiasts for endowment, since it is impossible to see what else can so effectually have counteracted the innate disadvantages of the (hypothetical) pure Teuton.

Again, the Latin race is assumed by the amateur ethnologist to be full of theatrical talent; and assuredly there can be no lack of it in the nation which has given us, during the past half century, such artists as Ristori, Salvini, Rossi, and Eleonora Duse. How comes it, then, that the theatre is in an even more unsatisfactory condition in Italy than in England? The one circumstance common to the two countries is the absence of theatrical endowments: is it unreasonable to conclude that this has something to do with the matter? Of Spain I cannot speak from personal knowledge, but I am given to understand that the Spanish theatre is in a more or less deplorable condition. It is impossible to conceive, however, that the countrymen of Lope and Calderon—the nation whose drama fecundated that of France, as the English drama fecundated that of Germany—can be deficient in innate capacity for dramatic art. We can only ask, "What is the circumstance in which Spain resembles Italy and England and differs from France and Germany?" And we can only answer, "The lack of theatrical endowment."

"But," say the champions of the innate-inferiority theory, "you forget Puritanism. Shakespeare and his contemporaries may have been—doubtless were—full of theatrical talent of all sorts; but presently the blight of Puritanism fell upon the

land, and rendered us an incurably untheatrical people." Far be it from me to underrate the influence of Puritanism. It is that which has begotten all the scepticism, pessimism, timidity, and inertia against which we are at present contending. It is that which has caused the indifference of the more serious and intelligent classes towards the theatre which it is one of the main objects of the present movement to overcome. But as for pretending that Puritanism has killed either the taste or the talent of the nation for theatrical art, nothing could be more remote from the truth. If the great days of the British drama—the age of Elizabeth and James—preceded the culmination of Puritanism in the seventeenth century, the great days of the British theatre—from Betterton to Edmund Kean—followed the reign of the Puritans, and co-existed with a Puritanism at least as influential as any that the theatre has now to contend with. It cannot be too often repeated that from the Restoration down to the first quarter of the nineteenth century, England and France shared, and shared equally, the undisputed primacy of theatrical Europe. No one dreamed in the eighteenth century of suggesting that Puritanism had killed the theatrical genius of the English. Neither in England nor in France, it is true, was the living drama in a wholly satisfactory condition. In both countries the dramatists of the eighteenth century were to some extent oppressed by the great legacies left by the seventeenth century. With few exceptions, they were an imitative, not an original, race. But in the matter of acting, England (by the testimony of the French themselves and of other European nations) fully held its own with France; while in Germany the theatre was as yet but painfully struggling into existence. Not until after the downfall of the Patent theatres did any one think of maintaining that Puritanism, or any other influence, had rendered the English race congenitally incapable of excelling in dramatic art. No such notion ever occurred to Lamb or Hazlitt, to Byron or Scott, even to such men as Dickens or George Henry Lewes, who lived far into the period of decline. The idea is

simply an outcome of the total disorganisation which followed the abolition, in 1843, of the privileges of the Patent theatres. The monopoly system had been moribund for many years before. It no longer answered to the needs of the time, and it had to go. The mistake lay, not in abolishing the monopoly, but in failing to provide any other form of theatrical organisation whereby the higher drama should be rescued from the deteriorating influences of unmitigated commercialism. That is the mistake we are trying to remedy; and when it is remedied we shall hear no more of Puritanism having strangled the dramatic genius of the Anglo-Saxon race.

It may be asked why "commercialism" should require to be "mitigated" by endowment in the case of the drama, and not in that of literature? The answer is very simple. It lies in the enormously greater capital required for the production of a play than for the production of a book. If the conditions of the publishing trade were such that no publisher would issue a new book, or new edition of an old book, that did not seem likely to find at least 50,000 purchasers in the course of three months from the date of publication, we should certainly have either to endow literature or to see it shrink into nothing but shop-girl romance and vulgar chromo-illustrated editions of some half-dozen popular classics.¹ As a matter of fact, books can be so cheaply produced, and the book-market is so wide, that no work of the slightest merit fails in the long run to find a publisher, and the highest forms of literary art, old and new, freely co-exist with the lowest and vulgarest, each form seeking out its elective affinities. Not so in the commercial theatre. There no play is ever produced (except by mistake) which does not seem likely to find, at the very least, its 50,000 spectators in the course of three months. A play is allowed no time to seek out its elective affinities. If it does not "catch on" in

¹ It is needless to enter here upon the reasons why the stage has not absolutely sunk into this condition. It is the condition towards which, under the long run system, it necessarily *tends*, though the tendency may, at certain points, be intermittently and imperfectly counteracted.

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the course of two or three weeks, its fate is sealed. It cannot, like a novel, bide its time, for its continued existence means continued outlay. Quite apart from the great initial expense of mounting, the sum which it costs a West-End manager to "send his curtain up" every evening is about equal to the whole cost of production of an ordinary novel. If in order to place a novel by Mr. Meredith or Mr. Hardy before the world, a publisher had to incur an initial outlay of from £1000 to £3000, and then to publish, so to speak, a fresh edition every day at the cost of £100 or so, how many novels of Mr. Meredith or Mr. Hardy would ever have seen the light? Their works, indeed, would never have been written. They would have despaired from the outset of the hopeless task of reaching the public under such conditions.¹

"Is endowment, then, to provide the sums necessary for producing dramatic Merediths and Hardys, and playing them to houses sparsely tenanted by 'intellectual' audiences?" Not at all. Endowment is to set in motion a wholly different system—the system which prevails wherever the theatre is in a truly healthy condition—whereby the cost of each individual production is kept within reasonable limits, so that it may be recouped by a reasonable number of performances; whereby a play is not compelled instantly to attain overwhelming

¹ We have here the answer to the objectors who declare that, even under the present system, no play of merit fails to get itself produced. This is not, to begin with, strictly true; but in any case the sterilising influence of the present system must not be measured by the number of good plays which are known actually to exist unacted. In the first place, many of the unacted bad plays are bad because the authors have unsuccessfully tried to meet the oppressive requirements of the long run and actor-manager system. In the second place, many plays remain unwritten, because the authors know that, under present conditions, there is not the slightest chance of their obtaining a hearing. The contemporary drama of Germany is vigorous and prolific in the highest degree; but how many of these plays would ever have been written had the authors known that the primary condition of success was that they should attract full houses for at least one hundred consecutive nights, in a single city? This is a test to which not one—not a single one—of the serious dramas of modern Germany has been subjected.

popularity, but is given time to seek out its elective affinities, by having its normal life spread out over years, instead of being exhausted in six weeks if it be a failure, in six months if it be a success; and whereby each theatre is enabled to attach to itself, and in some measure to educate, its own public, which takes an intelligent interest and pride in it, instead of merely flocking hither and thither in obedience to unreasoning vogue or blatant advertisement. It cannot be too frequently insisted that endowment does not mean the lavishing of money on unpopular art. Indeed it may be accepted as a principle that, after a few initial seasons, any national or municipal theatre whose outgoings considerably exceed its incomings is not performing its proper function. The theatre is popular or it is nothing. Esoteric forms of drama, appealing only to cliques and coteries, may be (and are) endowed by the coteries and cliques who affect them. Experiments made at coterie-theatres will sometimes influence and stimulate national theatres; but the national theatre is one thing, the coterie-theatre, the outpost stage, another. After the few initial seasons necessary to establish any institution and accustom the public mind to it, the function of endowment would be, not to meet a large annual deficit, but simply to ensure the theatre against the necessity, or even the temptation, of aiming, by injurious devices, at a large annual profit. In other words endowment would simply sanction and enforce an irreducible minimum of artistic (as opposed to profit-hunting) method—and, notably, would bar unbroken runs and the domination of the individual star. It would (quite rightly) be the object of the management to make both ends meet, as nearly as possible. One might almost say, indeed, that the ideal endowed theatre would be one which required no endowment. I mean, of course, no annual subsidy; the endowment would lie simply in the rent-free use of a playhouse belonging to the community, whether built at the public expense, or (as is frequently the case in Germany) erected by the subscriptions of public-spirited citizens on a site allotted by the town.

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If we can but think of it without letting habit dull our perceptions, it must seem well-nigh incredible that any community which professes to care for the intellectual development of its members should neglect to avail itself of so potent an instrument as the theatre. Whether we like it or not, the theatre is a school of manners, good or bad; and it ought also to be a school of poetry, psychology, humour—in a word, of literature. Its direct moral influence may easily be overrated. No competent observer believes much in the theory of “guilty creatures sitting at a play.” The human mind has a highly developed faculty for ignoring the personal application of a moral apologue. Nathan, as we know, had to say unto David, “Thou art the man!” before that otherwise intelligent monarch saw the point of his scathing parable. Even if we discern the analogy between the fictitious case and our own, we can always hug to our souls the extenuating circumstances, omitted by the dramatist, which place a wholly different complexion on our conduct. It is quite possible to be high-minded, honest, virtuous, benevolent in the theatre, and mean-spirited, shifty, vicious, and cruel out of it. But if individual parables are of no great effect in individual cases, the diffusive influence of the ideals suggested in a popular play or series of plays can scarcely be exaggerated; and, under present conditions, the influences which make for thoughtlessness and triviality, and often for absolute demoralisation, have a disquieting preponderance.

Can it be doubted, for instance, that “musical comedy,” English and American, does more than ten thousand pulpits can undo to glorify and enforce the sporting, gambling, bar-haunting, champagne-drinking, flashy and dissolute ideal of life which dominates that class of production? Do we not see whole regiments of young men modelling themselves in dress, manners, vocabulary, and, as far as possible, in morals, upon this or that popular comedian whose leering inanities they regard as the last word of human wit? Have we not in England and America a shoal of widely circulated papers

devoted to the dissemination of this ideal, with the aid of innumerable photographic illustrations of so-called "chorus-girls," approaching as near to flagrant indecency as the police will permit.¹ Here, if you like, is a canker of the commonwealth! The very children of our slums and suburbs, nay, of our remotest villages, are brought up on these flagrant and revolting vulgarities, which largely emanate from the popular stage, which advertise it, and which entirely harmonise with its spirit. To us, in London, the evil does not come home so forcibly as it does to observers in the provinces and in the colonies. In London there are, after all, a few theatres that have not succumbed to the contagion of musical farce. It is always possible for people of intelligence and taste to find something, at this theatre or at that, to interest them; though it is depressing to observe how often people of intelligence and taste in all other matters deliberately hold these qualities in abeyance with regard to the theatre, and frequent the tawdriest and vulgarest entertainments. But in provincial and colonial cities it is comparatively seldom that any choice is offered to the playgoer. Musical extravaganza has almost completely swamped the higher forms of drama. It is a political force of no small importance. It draws the whole English-speaking world together in the bonds of a racial vulgarity. The slang of the London music-halls is wafted with incredible rapidity over the bush, the veldt, and the prairie,² and with it the ideals which it symbolises. I am far from entirely deploring this. I think we could very ill dispense with the influence of the theatre in maintaining a certain homogeneity of language and sentiment throughout the vast expanse of Anglo-Saxondom. But I do not see why musical farce, and still more debased and

¹ Police censorship is practically powerless to check this evil, for it is precisely by stopping short of actual indecency that these pictures emphasise their indecency of intention. They are the journalistic counterpart of the comedian's leer.

² America, of course, exports as well as imports musical farce; but the balance of trade is, in this particular, still in favour of England.

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deleterious melodrama, should be almost the sole medium through which this influence is exerted.

Why has Germany which, in the eighteenth century, looked up to England as a model for imitation in things theatrical, so far outstripped us during the nineteenth century? Simply because during that century every German city of any importance has possessed a theatre, belonging either to the reigning prince or to the municipality, at which it was clearly understood that mere money-making was not the beginning and end of the enterprise, but that a certain standard of artistic dignity was to be kept steadily in view. Many of the municipal theatres received no subsidy; some were not even held rent free by the managers; but all enjoyed certain privileges which gave the community a right to insist that the manager should not think solely of profit-hunting. There have been many disasters in the history of the German stage, and, on the other hand, many gross sacrifices of art to the interests of the treasury have been made even in theatres of high repute. But after all checks, after all backslidings, the ideal of the theatre as a public institution, not a private money-making machine, has always triumphed and pulled things together. The result is that the German theatre of to-day keeps the classics of German literature constantly before the people; treats Shakespeare far more intelligently than we do ourselves; and has produced an extraordinarily rich and varied contemporary drama, vying with that of France, and incomparably more important, in every point of view, than the contemporary drama of England and America.

I suggest, then, that the establishment of a Repertory Theatre, on the lines of the German city theatres, in every considerable town (say, of 150,000 inhabitants and upwards) in the English-speaking world,¹ would be a magnificent national and racial investment, even if each theatre involved a considerable annual outlay. At the same time, I am convinced that no such

¹ The several municipalities of London and Greater New York would, of course, rank as separate cities.

outlay would in fact be required. The initial expense of setting the new mechanism in motion, and especially of providing theatrical edifices worthy to rank as public institutions and homes of national dramatic art, would, indeed, be far from inconsiderable. But is this an obstacle to deter the two richest nations in the world? Are not millions going a-begging every day in search of objects of public utility on which to employ themselves? And could there be an object of greater public utility than that of rendering the most fascinating and universally popular of the arts a source of intellectual and emotional, as well as of merely sensuous and sensational, pleasure?

The realisation is gradually spreading among us Anglo-Saxons that a well-ordered theatre stands high on the list of institutions indispensable to an enlightened community. When once this idea has found practical expression in some pioneer city (probably, as in Germany, through the co-operation of private munificence with public intelligence), other cities, all the world over, will make haste to follow the luminous example. Think of the time when throughout the British Empire (as now throughout the German Empire) there shall be in every great centre of population at least one spacious and seemly theatre, where—along with much that makes simply for innocent recreation—the noblest achievements of the national genius, and whatever is worthiest in contemporary drama, shall find a permanent home! Surely this is no mere vision of the irresponsible man of letters, but a conception which should appeal to the statesman, the patriot, and all who have at heart the social and intellectual development of the race.

When this system of local repertory theatres is well under way, it will then be time enough, in my estimation, to think of the great central institution, like the Théâtre-Français or the Vienna Burgtheater, which ought to be one of the chief ornaments and attractions of the national capital. One can foresee the day, perhaps not so very far distant, when London and New York shall vie with each other in establishing, beautifying,

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and perfecting each its National Theatre, and thereby vindicating its claim to rank as the metropolis of the English-speaking race. But this central Palace of Art would be, after all, an article of luxury rather than of necessity; whereas the dissemination of all that is at once ennobling and wholesomely recreative in the national dramatic literature, by means of theatres owned by, or held in trust for, the community, is a matter of imperative public policy, no longer to be neglected save at our peril.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

BAILE AND AILLINN¹

ARGUMENT

Baile and Aillinn were lovers, but Aengus, the Master of Love, wishing them to be happy in his own land among the dead, told to each a story of the other's death, so that their hearts were broken and they died.

*I HARDLY hear the curlew cry
Nor the grey rush when wind is high
Before my thoughts begin to run
On the heir of Ulad, Buan's son,
Baile who had the honey mouth,
And that mild woman of the south,
Aillinn, who was King Lugaid's heir.
Their love was never drowned in care*

¹ It is better, I think, to explain at once some of the allusions to mythological people and things, instead of breaking up the reader's attention with a series of foot-notes. What the "long wars for the White Horn and the Brown Bull" were, and who "Deirdre the harper's daughter" was, and why Cuchullain was called "the Hound of Ulad," I shall not explain. The reader will find all that he need know about them, and about the story of Baile and Aillinn itself, in Lady Gregory's "Cuchullain of Muirthemne," the most important book that has come out of Ireland in my time. "The great Plain" is the Land of the Dead and of the Happy; it is called also "The Land of the Living Heart," and many beautiful names besides. And Findrias and Falias and Gorias and Murias were the four mysterious cities

*Of this or that thing, or grew cold
Because their bodies had grown old ;
Being forbid to marry on earth
They blossomed to immortal mirth.*

About the time when Christ was born,
When the long wars for the White Horn
And the Brown Bull had not yet come,
Young Baile Honey Mouth, whom some
Called rather Baile Little Land,
Rode out of Emain, with a band
Of harpers and young men, and they
Imagined, as they struck the way
To many pastured Muirthemne,
That all things fell out happily
And there—for all that fools had said—
Baile and Aillinn would be wed.

They found an old man running there,
He had ragged, long grass-yellow hair ;

whence the Tuatha De Danaan, the divine race, came to Ireland, cities of learning out of sight of the world, where they found their four talismans, the spear, the stone, the cauldron, and the sword. The birds that flutter over the head of Aengus are four birds that he made out of his kisses ; and when Baile and Aillinn take the shape of swans linked with a golden chain, they take the shape that other enchanted lovers took before them in the old stories. Midhir was a king of the Sidhe, or people of faery, and Etain his wife, when driven away by a jealous woman, took refuge once upon a time with Aengus in a house of glass, and there I have imagined her weaving harp-strings out of Aengus' hair. I have brought the harp-strings into "The Shadowy Waters," where I interpret the myth in my own way.—W. B. Y.

He had knees that stuck out out of his hose ;
 He had puddle water in his shoes ;
 He had half a cloak to keep him dry ;
 Although he had a squirrel's eye.

*O wandering birds and rushy beds
 You put such folly in our heads
 With all this crying in the wind
 No common love is to our mind,
 And our poor Kate or Nan is less
 Than any whose unhappiness
 Awoke the harp strings long ago.
 Yet they that know all things but know
 That all life has to give us is
 A child's laughter, a woman's kiss.
 Who was it put so great a scorn
 In the grey reeds that night and morn
 Are trodden and broken by the herds,
 And in the light bodies of birds
 That north wind tumbles to and fro
 And pinches among hail and snow ?*

That runner said, " I am from the south ;
 I run to Baile Honey Mouth
 To tell him how the girl Aillinn
 Rode from the country of her kin
 And old and young men rode with her :
 For all that country had been astir

If anybody half as fair
Had chosen a husband anywhere
But where it could see her every day.
When they had ridden a little way
An old man caught the horse's head
With ' You must home again and wed
With somebody in your own land.'
A young man cried and kissed her hand
' O lady, wed with one of us,'
And when no face grew piteous
For any gentle thing she spake
She fell and died of the heart-break."

Because a lover's heart's worn out
Being tumbled and blown about
By its own blind imagining,
And will believe that anything
That is bad enough to be true, is true,
Baile's heart was broken in two ;
And he being laid upon green boughs
Was carried to the goodly house
Where the Hound of Ulad sat before
The brazen pillars of his door.
His face bowed low to weep the end
Of the harper's daughter and her friend ;
For although years had passed away
He always wept them on that day,
For on that day they had been betrayed ;
And now that Honey Mouth is laid

Under a cairn of sleepy stone
 Before his eyes, he has tears for none,
 Although he is carrying stone, but two
 For whom the cairn's but heaped anew.

*We hold because our memory is
 So full of that thing and of this
 That out of sight is out of mind.
 But the grey rush under the wind
 And the grey bird with crooked bill
 Have such long memories that they still
 Remember Deirdre and her man,
 And when we walk with Kate or Nan
 About the windy water side
 Our heart can hear the voices chide.
 How could we be so soon content
 Who know the way that Naoise went?
 And they have news of Deirdre's eyes
 Who being lovely was so wise—
 Ah wise, my heart knows well how wise.*

Now had that old gaunt crafty one,
 Gathering his cloak about him, run
 Where Aillinn rode with waiting maids
 Who amid leafy lights and shades
 Dreamed of the hands that would unlace
 Their bodices in some dim place
 When they had come to the marriage bed;
 And harpers pondering with bowed head

A music that had thought enough
Of the ebb of all things to make love
Grow gentle without sorrowings ;
And leather-coated men with slings
Who peered about on every side ;
And amid leafy light he cried,
" He is well out of wind and wave,
They have heaped the stones above his grave
In Muirthemne and over it
In changeless Ogham letters writ
Baile that was of Rury's seed.
But the gods long ago decreed
No waiting maid should ever spread
Baile and Aillinn's marriage bed,
For they should clip and clip again
Where wild bees hive on the Great Plain.
Therefore it is but little news
That put this hurry in my shoes."

And hurrying to the south he came
To that high hill the herdsmen name
The Hill Seat of Leighin, because
Some god or king had made the laws
That held the land together there
In old times among the clouds of the air.

That old man climbed ; the day grew dim ;
Two swans came flying up to him

Linked by a gold chain each to each
And with low murmuring laughing speech
Alighted on the windy grass.
They knew him : his changed body was
Tall, proud and ruddy, and light wings
Were hovering over the harp strings
That Etain, Midhir's wife, had wove
In the hid place, being crazed by love.

What shall I call them ? fish that swim
Scale rubbing scale where light is dim
By a broad water-lily leaf ;
Or mice in the one wheaten sheaf
Forgotten at the threshing place ;
Or birds lost in one clear space
Of morning light in a dim sky ;
Or, it may be, the eyelids of one eye
Or the door pillars of one house,
Or two sweet blossoming apple boughs
That have one shadow on the ground ;
Or the two strings that made one sound
Where that wise harper's fingers ran ;
For this young girl and this young man
Have happiness without an end
Because they have made so good a friend.
They know all wonders, for they pass
The towery gates of Gorias
And Findrias and Falias
And long-forgotten Murias,

Among the giant kings whose hoard—
Cauldron and spear and stone and sword—
Was robbed before Earth gave the wheat ;
Wandering from broken street to street
They come where some huge watcher is
And tremble with their love and kiss.

They know undying things, for they
Wander where earth withers away,
Though nothing troubles the great streams
But light from the pale stars and gleams
From the holy orchards, where there is none
But fruit that is of precious stone,
Or apples of the sun and moon.

What were our praise to them : they eat
Quiet's wild heart, like daily meat,
Who when night thickens are afloat
On dappled skins in a glass boat
Far out under a windless sky,
While over them birds of Aengus fly,
And over the tiller and the prow,
And waving white wings to and fro
Awaken wanderings of light air
To stir their coverlet and their hair.

And poets found, old writers say,
A yew tree where his body lay,

But a wild apple hid the grass
With its sweet blossom where hers was ;
And being in good heart, because
A better time had come again
After the deaths of many men,
And that long fighting at the ford,
They wrote on tablets of thin board,
Made of the apple and the yew,
All the love stories that they knew.

*Let rush and bird cry out their fill
Of the harper's daughter if they will,
Beloved, I am not afraid of her
She is not wiser nor lovelier,
And you are more high of heart than she
For all her wanderings over-sea ;
But I would have bird and rush forget
Those other two, for never yet
Has lover lived but longed to weave
Like them that are no more alive.*

W. B. YEATS.

DANNY

XXX

ON WINDY-HOPE

TWELVE miles away across steep scaurs and sudden cleughs, and many a little sodden moss, rises Windy-hope, a bulwark between the moors and insetting sea.

Half-way up the hill-side stands the stump of an old fir, solitary, moody, desolate, like the deserted throne of some king who has fallen, and in his ruin been deserted of his Court. All about on the hill-side stands this same Court in routed disarray: here a group of age-bowed birches, shaking grey heads; there a stripling rowan malapert, apart; a flight of wind-driven oaks with lifted skirts tailing down the hill-side; and far away beneath, Burnwater serene and pale.

This is that they call the Forest, clothing the hill-side in shreds and patches; and here beside the fir-tree throne two stood and talked.

One was a burly man and brown with a face like the autumn sun, and an Englishman's hogged beard; the other a lank youth with flaming head, pale eyes, and the air of one who is afraid.

Whispering, this one told a tale, his fingers ever at his mouth, his eyes everywhere; while the other huge, frank, open-eyed as heaven, hearkened.

Simon at last made end, and stood looking at the other.

"What think ye?" he said at last.

The Englishman thought a little, spat a little, and replied briefly.

"It's a dom lie—that's what A think."

"Ye said the same about the otter, Mr. Joliff," replied the lank youth eagerly. "Was I wrong that time?"

The Englishman spat gloomily.

"I put ye on to him fair enough," continued Simon, "and however you came to miss him——"

The Englishman turned on him.

"Shut gab o' thee!" he roared.

Simon retreated out of fist-reach. He had touched on a sore, and he knew it.

A fortnight before Simon had fallen alive into the hands of this same loud Englishman, and had only saved himself by swearing to deliver to Joliff in his place the Arch-Spoiler himself; telling a tale of a certain otter lady who had her hold in the wee lochan on the top of the hill with whom, so Simon affirmed, he of the coat of tarnished silver and lover's eyes had a friendly feud to death.

Joliff, loud-tongued, tempestuous, had mocked.

"Yon lil terrier mix it oop wi' her like!" he had jeered. Yet, Simon persisting, he had lain out at night beside the silver-splashing shallows where the waters of the lochan dimple before falling in laden tresses down the hill-side; and there night after night had beheld the lady otter crossing the sand bar on her going forth to the chase; and there six nights in mist and misery of soft weather had awaited his enemy, the Reiver with the lover's eyes.

As the seventh dawn broke the Englishman rose and went home. In his clothes, as he was, he threw himself down upon his bed and slept; and at high noon was waked from a dream of fit vengeance executed on Simon by a sudden voice, deep, familiar, challenging, swinging over the Forest from afar.

Joliff had snatched his gun, and hurried down the hill towards the sound; had met by happy chance the fool-man,

his Master, out at exercise with old Maida, and the terrier-pack ; had put them on to drive the Reiver, while he, himself, running furiously, had come to that spot whither of old he knew his enemy, when hard pressed, would come, on his way to taking the water and passing over to his island refuge Sillerholm.

He had not to wait long. On the hill-side above him he heard the boom of Maida, as she hit the line, the scream of the terrier-pack in full chase, and his master's ecstatic cheer, and then had come to him not him he awaited, a calm-eyed cavalier in grey, but a lady flying, with scared eyes—his mistress.

What then had happened Simon never rightly knew. He had asked Joliff, and been answered first with violent words and then with a violent blow that had knocked the words clean out of his already riddled mind. This much, however, he did know ; that it was here in the clearing, where they now stood, that Maida had lost the scent as completely as though the fugitive had been rapt up to heaven.

“ And it was here yo' seyn him ? ” asked the Englishman, moodily.

“ It was so, ” said Simon, nibbling, nodding.

“ What night ? ” asked the Englishman suddenly.

“ Tuesday night, ” said Simon glibly, “ Thursday night again, Sunday— ”

The Englishman rounded on him, thundering, and would know by this and that how Simon came in *his* forest then on these or any other nights.

Simon tittered, nibbled his nails, looked at the Englishman's feet, and—

“ What's yon ? ” he asked, pointing suddenly.

“ Wheer ? ”

“ Just there, ” said Simon, pointing beside the fir-tree throne— “ whitey. ”

The Englishman bent, picked up a gossamer-rag, soiled but lady-dainty, and folded it with careful fingers.

"Her handkercher," he said shortly.

"Whose?"

"Missus's."

"Missie's?" cried Simon fearfully.

"Ay," said the Englishman, "the Missus'. She's all for this figurin' and picturin' and that'n. Gie 'er some bits o' paint, and a splash-brush, and a glass o' watter to slop with, and she's happy as a bairn. There!" he added apologetically, "she's nobbut a lass-like, though," he added, "a lady born."

"Would she be at it here?" asked Simon, pointing to the fir-tree throne.

"Betimes," said the Englishman surlily. "She was figurin' here the time——"

"Will yon be her?" whispered Simon, suddenly.

The Englishman turned and looked up the hill.

On the brow of Windy-hope a girl stood against the sunset, slender, tall, the dying splendour on her hair.

"Ay," he answered shortly.

Simon looked long.

"Hoo!" he said, sucking in his cheeks, "hoo!"

The Englishman looked at him, then came in upon him, savage, huge.

"None o' that'n!" he shouted.

"What?" cried Simon, cowering away.

"Puttin' thy spells and foreign devilments on t' Missus."

"I'm none for spellin' her," whimpered Simon. "See here, Mr. Joliff," and taking his courage in his hand, approached. "Just lend yon here a bit."

"Her handkercher?" cried the Englishman.

"Ay," said Simon, nibbling, nodding.

"That yo' may snuffle on it!" stormed the other, and came on again. "Ma guy! A'll learn thee! A'll bang thee!"

"Na," said Simon, retreating, "na. I'm none for snufflin' on it. I have my sleeve."

The Englishman halted.

"What's 'ta' want with it then?" he asked, glowering.
"See," said Simon. "So," said Simon; and showed him.

XXXI

THE CRY TO THE WELL-BELOVED

THAT night Simon watched on the brow of Windy-hope.

Beneath him lay the dark hill-side, and at his feet, hemmed about with hills, Burnwater like a lady sleeping in the moon, pale, serene, and for ever unafraid because of those still sentinels that God has set about her to keep her while she slept; and like a swarthy jewel set in her bosom dark Siller-holm.

Long he watched; and the moon lay like a silver tide upon the Forest, hoary-headed in the night, on many a patch of wine-dark heather, tawny bracken-bed, and sombre juniper. At midnight, when the moon was at its height, and all in earth and in heaven save Simon slept, out from the dark island across the moon-wan waters of the lake thrust an arrow with dark tip, making towards the shore with silent, slow inexorable flight, as it might be the Arrow-head of Death.

Simon arose and ran furiously down the hill. At the edge of that clearing, where in the afternoon he had talked with the Englishman, he flung himself down behind a juniper to wait.

The clearing was before him naked in the moon, and in its centre, solitary, moody, forlorn, the fir-tree throne.

About him lay the Forest, wrapped in magic sleep; beneath him, seen through ranks of silent stems, the shining bosom of the lake.

As he lay panting and with pale eyes, he heard the sound of far splashing. Lifting his head, snake-like, he peered. About the fringes of the lake he beheld a stir and flashing as of a school of stars dipping at play; then on the margin of the land, as it were a sudden shower of diamonds flung with lavish hand; followed stillness, save for the tiny rippling wash of stirred waters.

The snake of the pale eyes cowered beneath the juniper to wait ; nor waited long.

Out of the darkness of the Forest into the glamour of the moon there came a lover, rapt in search.

Pausing never, he came across the open glade, treading softly, straight for the fir-tree throne ; and the moon was on his eyes, which shone like anxious stars.

So he came to the throne and mounted it, and there with muzzle lifted to the moon, cried out his heart ; and his voice was now not that of the challenger swinging as of old over the Forest, crying to a long-loved enemy to come forth and comfort him, but that of the love-lorn knight, pleading to his lady dead to come to him from heaven, to come to him and tell him all there was well.

The water dripping from him, flashed like falling diamonds in the night ; and in the anguish of his crying his fore-feet ever lifted as though he strained upwards to throw his voice into the uttermost recesses of the dark.

Long he cried ; and at last was still, waiting for the Well-Beloved to reply.

The white owls floated overhead on dream-wings ; a far deer bellowed ; the wan moon never moved ; the Well-Beloved would not hear.

At last he seemed to understand, crept to the edge of the throne, crouched to leap down, and stood at sudden gaze.

Beneath him on the turf, fallen from the stars, a white rose lay. The night wind stirred it ; and with it stirred faint echoes of forgotten minstrelsy. He rose and stood with wide nostrils and blind eyes, breathing in deep draughts of the night air, fragrant with familiar memories. Stirred to his soul, he looked again and looked.

He had loved ; he had lost ; he had sought ; and now at last had come to him not she, indeed, his lady dead, but a message from the dark—a Rose of Love, plucked in the Garden of the Stars, tossed to him across the night and yet smelling sweet of the dear fingers that had gathered it.

Crumpled, fragrant, fair, it lay there at his feet, pleading to him to pick it; and to pick it he had but to leap into the long blind alley that leads no whither but to Death.

So much he saw: his Rose, the blind alley leading to it, inviting him to enter with wide mouth, and hedged on either side with gossamer meshes woven from Delilah's hair, impenetrable.

But what cared he? Now he had found his Rose after long search should he refrain from plucking it for fear of the fugitive thorn-prick of Death?

Not blind, nor for a moment wavering, he made his choice; and leaped.

At that one arose on the edge of the dark, lank, blinking, red-eyed, and came out into the shining of the moon.

He bowed; he laughed; he staggered to and fro, shaking his head as though to shake off some huge clinging joke; and there in the still cold majesty of night under the moon, he danced a drunken reel, flinging his heels and screaming riotously—

“There's one wee devil who is whinin' to get out,
Rowtin', shoutin'!
Cries the old daddy Devil gaily stirrin' him about,
You *are* out, dearie devil, on an outin'!”

Danny paid no heed; nor struggled. He sat there, the meshes of the purse net about him, nor moved for any mockery of man; for in his mouth was his lady's handkerchief, and in his eyes was peace.

Simon approached.

XXXII

SIMON AND THE ENGLISHMAN

SIMON stood at the door of the Englishman's lodge in the dawn.

“Danny will trouble you never more, Mr. Joliff,” he smirked.

“Hast' caught him then?” asked the other.

"I have so," said Simon, "and more," and leered.

The Englishman hearkened, grim-mouthed.

"Let's see the body, ma lad," said he. "Seein's believin'.
Wheer the body? A'm none o' yer milky-mouth'd 'uns."

"Back in the clearing," said Simon, nibbling.

"The carkiss?"

"Ay," said Simon. "Gie me my penny-fee, and I will be away."

"Plenty time enough to talk o' that, ma lad," said the Englishman. "A bid yo' snare him; A never bid yo' kill him. Think A'd trust the killin' of a Christian beast to your heathen hands?" cried he in scorn. "Likely!" and strode down the hill, Simon, lurcher-like, at his heels.

So they came to the clearing on Windy-hope.

There beside the fir-tree throne one sat, enmeshed; and in his mouth a handkerchief.

The Englishman turned.

"Yon thy carkiss?" he asked, grimly.

"There's the body," said Simon, "and the breath in it, and a'," and tittered.

Burly, sun-bearded, grim, the Englishman strode across the clearing, released his prisoner and held him at arm's length.

Danny hung quite still; in his eyes were dreams, and in his mouth a handkerchief.

"It's a rum 'un," said the Englishman; "it's a rum 'un," and holding his prisoner at arm's length eyed him.

Here was the villain of half the tragedies of Joliff's later life, who had haunted him these several seasons like a guilty conscience. A thousand of his ancient darings crossed the Englishman's slow mind—how the Reiver would cross a ride under his very nose, frankly unafraid; how he would back out of a badger's earth on the hill-side just out of shot, and hearken with demure mirth to the bellowed blasphemies of the out-witted Englishman.

Now that at last he had his enemy in his hand he could not but admire. Long he had known him bold in peril, daring in

plot, flaming in battle; and now in adversity found him strong to endure, and loved him for it, as a brave man loves a gallant enemy; yet there came no thought of pity into his heart.

"A've gotten thee at last, ma lad," said he, and shook him, not unkindly, "yo've had your run, and a rare run too; and now yo' mun pay."

He slanted across Windy-hope.

"Where away?" asked Simon at his heels.

"If yo' follow," said the Englishman, "happen yo'll see," and strode on for the stream that trips and slips and leaps from the wee lochan on the hill-top to the lake below.

Half-way down the hill-side it runs through a birch-ambushed ravine; and here falls in a straight white plume through a throat of rock into a pool—deep, delicious, green-eyed, set in rocks, and screened by birches hanging over it to hide the fairy ladies bathing there from the lewd eyes of the sun.

Here in that lonely hollow, remote from man, silent save for the babble of the stream and cry of a white-breasted water-ouzel beneath, on the rock above the pool, the Englishman stayed.

"What!" cried Simon. "Will ye drown him?"

"Less'n yo' will," said the Englishman, bent over his prisoner and busied himself.

Simon watched, aghast.

Only Danny, sitting on the rock, in his eyes dreams and in his mouth a handkerchief, seemed unmoved.

The Englishman rose.

In his left hand was a stone, in his right hung Danny; and a rope attached the two.

Simon drew near, wide-eyed.

The Englishman strode to the edge of the rock.

Beneath him lay the pool, cat-like, crouching, with green eyes, awaiting its prey.

"Noo, ma lad!" said the Englishman. "Say thy prayers!" and began to swing him.

"Hi!" protested an urgent voice. "Bide a bit."

The Englishman turned.

Simon was standing behind him, the picture of protest.

"Are you for drowning him, Mr. Joliff?" he protested.

"What's that to you?" scowled the Englishman.

Simon shifted, nibbled.

"Ye swore to crucify him," he said, and sniggered.

The Englishman breathed deep.

"Drowning's none good enough, eh?" he asked.

Simon, with sideways head like a coy child, tittered.

"A-well," he said, "may be crucifyin's the more laffable."

"Happen so," mused the Englishman, measuring the distance between Simon and himself.

"And it lasts longer," continued Simon, gathering courage.

"Happen it does," said the Englishman! "Here!" and held out the prisoner.

Simon slipped a yard back.

"What is it?" he cried.

"Kill him," said the Englishman. "And I'll crucify him."

"Kill him!" shrilled Simon, "and where will be the sport in crucifyin' the dead? Na," he cried, "there is little laffableness in that at all that I can see."

The Englishman regarded him.

"Art 'fear'd?" he scoffed.

Simon giggled.

"Minnie bid me not handle him," said he.

"Yo' dursena!" scoffed the Englishman. "A proper mak' o' man surely!" and turned in scorn.

"See here, Mr. Joliff!" urged Simon at his back.

"If you will crucify him as you swore, I will kill him," said Simon, "after just a bit," coaxingly.

The Englishman turned slow-eyed.

"Is that a bargain?" he asked.

Simon nodded.

"Strike hands on that!" said the Englishman, and came to him with huge frank hand stretched forth.

Simon clutched it eagerly.

"Ay," he said, gathering courage, "I will do that for you, Mr. Joliff, and just for love and a'."

"And A'll do that for thee!" said the still Englishman, jerked him into half-arm reach, and smote him like thunder—"Just for love and a'!"

He dropped Danny and fell upon the other like a tempest, smiting hugely.

"Call yo' sen an Englishman!" he bellowed. "Ma guy! ma gosh! A'll learn thee!" (blow) "yo' bloody-minded" (blow) "double-dutch" (blow) "Frenchified" (blow) "Roosian Prooshian" (blow) "made in Gummanee," and felled him.

"Stan' oop!" roared the Englishman. "Stan' oop! A ain't reetly begun on thee yet! Stan' oop, I say!"

"What for?" whined Simon, wriggling.

"That A may fell thee!" roared the Englishman.

"I'd liefer lay," whimpered Simon, "if it's the same to you."

"Get oop!" stormed the other. "Get oop! ma guy! or A'll tread thee," and he began to.

Simon wriggled, rose, and shifty as lightning, slipped out of fist reach.

Then he turned, babbling, blubbering.

"Ye shall hang for this, ye bloody Englisher!" he screamed. "Ye've murdered me past mendin'! Ye've banged me sore! You are not his Honour that you can murder folks when you've the mind!—ye bloody foreign Englisher!"

"Hod awa' wi' thee!" stormed the Englishman, coming on. "Ma guy! ma gosh! If A lay hand to thee, it'll like to be t' end o' thee, yo' miserable, mangy, all mak' o' mongrel!"

"Pay me my penny fee!" screamed Simon, dancing out of reach, "and I will away and tell his Honour I am murdered quite, and he will hang you."

The Englishman thrust his hand into a huge pocket, pulled out a penny, spat on it, and slammed it at Simon's face.

"Tak' it!" he roared. "It's the price o' blood. And may it bring thee the luck o' Judas!"

XXXIII

MA LAD

It was evening. In the dim hall of the shooting-lodge of Altyre two met under the stairs; and the two were conspirators. The loud whispering from the one and the louder "hush-hush!" from the other, the obvious stealth and fearfulness of both were sure signs and not to be mistaken.

One of the plotters, pale-haired, with wisp of pale moustache and nervous wandering eyes, was hearkening; the other, surly, burly, sun-bearded, was speaking in huge hushed voice, twisting his cap between his hands.

"And so," he was saying, "the stone being fast A swung him; and he nowther grat nor grunt nor let on 'twas his last swing and all, though well he knew it; and just as A was for castin', t' young otter from the tarn a top showed head oot o' t' dub¹ anunder us. T' lil chap in my arms seyn him. And, ma guy!" said the Englishman, "ma guy!" and wiped a huge hand across his mouth, "ma guy!" and was dumb.

"Go on," whispered the other nervously. "Go on! what! what!" and glanced behind him.

"He cock'd hissen all of a start!" went on the other, louder ever as he told. "He seemed changed all of a suddint! He cried and cried! He wrastled fit to throw you, and him, lusty as a bull! Yo'd never believe."

"Hush, man! for heaven's sake, hush!" cried the other fearfully.

"So one road and anudder," continued the Englishman, "him wrigglin' and wragglin', and young otter in t' dub, and me havin' heerd tell as how t' lil chap 'd tackle an otter, and me not belivin' it——"

"You slipped him?" snapped the other.

"He slipped hissen," said the Englishman shortly.

"Ha! thought so," sneered the other. "And having

¹ Dub, pool.

slipped him like a fool, instead of going for the otter, he up and legged it for his life, what !”

“He didna,” said the other loudly. “He was in t’ watter, and heft on to the otter ’fore ever she could dive. And then”—his hand was to his mouth again—“ma guy !”—he breathed deep—“ma’ guy !”

“What !” said the other, nervous, irritable, his eyes over his shoulder, “what ! Go on ! what happened ? what ?”

“They fowt,” said the slow Englishman, and paused.

“Go on, man ! go on ! go on !”

“They fowt,” said the slow Englishman, “they fowt—and fowt—and they”—he paused and looked round him—“fowt.” His tongue came back to him, and his eyes began to glow. “They fowt it oop, and they fowt it down. Such a wranglin’ and wrestlin’, such a lashin’ and splashin’, such a snarlie-tarlie-tangle—A niver see ! First on land, then in t’ watter, then under it ! She was all for drowning him,” said the Englishman with upraised fist, “but ma lad——”

“The dog, d’ye mean ?”

“In t’ watter or under, it was nowt to him. He was theer, and theer he meant staying, did ma lad. And she couldna get shut of him ! She couldna get shut of him ! She couldna get shut of him, try all roads.” He paused to breathe.

“At last they coom along under bank, and A lay flat and tailed ma lad. Theer he hung from ma hand by the tail—so !” said the Englishman, and held out an arm shoulder-high, “and she hung from his mouth—all in a string like. And the weight of them at arm’s length ! Yo’d never believe !” He went off into roars of tempestuous laughter, and was still again, as he caught his master’s eye, and went on in hushed voice. “So A cop’d t’otter a bat with ma stick ; and that kept her quiet, but ma lad niver let quit his holt, till A grupp’d him by the throat, and nigh throttled him. Then the otter dropp’d. A thowt she’d be dead, but theer’s no killin’ one o’ them ! and she was oop and off and into t’ dub fore A could settle her.”

"And what about the dog?" asked his master.

"He's right enough," said the Englishman surlily.

"What!" cried the other shrilly, "you ain't put him away? What!"

The big man drew his hand across his mouth, sheepish, surly, and was dumb.

His master approached him.

"Ass," he whispered, "ass! understand—ASS—A-S-S!"

The big man said nothing, cowed as a badgered bull.

"Ain't you told me, once you got your paws on him, you'd skin him alive, and no tales told?" continued his master. "And when you do get him, first thing you do is to go on like a bally gal, and next is to come flappin' around to let all the world know all about it."

"Reckon'd happen yo'd like to see him," said Joliff, surly, sheepish. "He's a proper little chap and all."

"I'd like to see his carcass," snapped his master.

"Then it's your orders, sir, I shoots him?"

"You have your orders," said the other shortly.

"To shoot him, sir?" asked the big man doggedly.

"To do your duty," said the master, and turned on his heel.

"Beg pardon, sir!"

The other snapped round.

Joliff was following him, surly, burly, dogged.

"Is it my duty to shoot him, sir?"

His master came back to him.

"Look here you!" he said earnestly. "Either you know your duty or you don't. If you don't, then you ain't the man for me. If you do, then *do it*, and be damned."

He turned again.

"Excuse me, sir," said Joliff at his heels, dogged, respectful, "am I to shoot him, or——"

"Shoot who?" asked a still voice.

XXXIV

PATIENT LADY

THE fool-man started round.

In the door of the billiard-room behind him stood one, tall and slim and maidenly.

"Shoot who?" asked this one, looking with large eyes.

"What!" stuttered the fool-man, "what! Joliff'll tell you what!"

"Joliff has gone," said the lady.

"Has he?" said the other—"what? Well, I must be going too," and was withdrawing hastily.

"One minute, Tony," said the lady.

"What?" said Tony testily. "What—what?"

"Don't quack so," reproved the lady. "Just answer nicely. Shoot who?"

"What!" said the other nervously, "shoot—what? Only shoot some rubbish."

"What's Joliff got to do with rubbish?" asked the lady.

"What!" said Tony, "who said he had—what?"

"You did," said the lady.

"Me!" said Tony. "Never!"

"Don't equivocate, Tony," said the lady gravely. "It was Joliff you were talking to. He slunk through the swing door when I came."

"Was that Joliff?" said Tony—"what?"

"You know it was," said the lady.

"Well, what about him if it was?" said Tony—"what?"

"What were you talking to him about?" asked the lady.

"What!" said Tony. "Can't tell you; can't reelly!"

"Why not?"

"I've forgotten," said Tony weakly; "my memory's so blame rocky."

She looked at him with large eyes. "Tony," she said, gravely, "don't lie."

"I ain't," said Tony, sullen as a school-boy. "You shouldn't say a feller's lyin' when he ain't. Reelly you shouldn't."

"I don't," said the lady; and went on patiently, "Shoot who?"

"It's no business of yours anyway," snapped Tony. "The shootin's my job—the shootin' and the lush. You see to the maids and the milk and your back hair—that's plenty enough for one little gal," and he ran off up the stairs.

The lady followed across the hall. "You may as well tell me now, Tony," she persisted patiently.

"Why?" halting on a stair.

"Because you know you'll have to in the end."

"O shall I?" snorted the other, hopping up the stairs one at a time.

"Yes," said patient lady at the stair-foot.

"Why?" turning.

"Because I'll make you," said patient lady.

"Make me?" scoffed the other. "I like that! How?"

"Same as usual," said patient lady.

"Ha! she'll nag!" said the other bitterly. "Good old nagster! I know you women. She'll nag."

"I shall be very kind," said patient lady, "and very firm. I know you men."

She stood at the stair-foot, patient, remorseless.

"Shoot who?" she asked.

"What d'you want to know for?" snapped the other.

"Because you won't tell."

"O rats!" said Tony.

"And because you and Joliff looked so sheepy and conspiratory when I caught you. Now, tell me, Tony."

"Won't," said Tony.

"Yes, Tony," said patient lady. "Tony must. Tony be good; there's a Tony."

She stood at the stair-foot, large-eyed, reproving, very fair to see. He hovered, hesitated, he then came slipping down the stairs.

"Don't be a silly little juggins," he said, and put his arm about her. "There's lots o' things little gals like you are best not knowin'! Come! let's do a caper! I'll sing.

"The goat's got in the brandy, O!
The devil's got the dandy, O!
So prance with me
To France with me——"

She put his arm away, took his two wrists in her hands, and looked him gravely in the eyes.

"Shoot who?" she asked.

"O confound!" snapped Tony furiously; and gave in. "It's only some beast of a poaching cur," he said.

"To be shot?" cried the lady.

"What! shot!" stuttered Tony. "What! well! yes, sort o' shot. You see it's sort o' tit for tat. His master sort o' shot a man once, see?"

"No," said the lady, sharp as a shot, "I don't see."

"What," stuttered Tony. "Well you see I thought if I shot his dog back for him, it'd sort o' square up for his shootin' this Johnny, see, what?"

"Shot a man?" cried the lady. "Not Mr. Hepburn?" and looked at him with growing eyes. "You—you don't mean—you *can't*—O *Tony*—not Danny?"

"What," stuttered Tony. "Well, ye see, only a precaution——"

"What is?"

"The shootin'."

"Precaution. What against?"

"Against his comin' again," said Tony, and giggled frightened.

She dropped his wrists.

"And you promised!" she cried.

"What! O, I say! My dear little gal——"

"Liar!" panted the lady.

"Don't get in such a tear, what——"

"Is it done, Liar? *Quick!*"

"No," said Tony, beaten and abashed, "it's—well, it's bein' done."

"Where?" cried the lady. "Quick, Liar, quick!"

"Don't know."

"Who does, Liar?"

"Joliff, I suppose."

"And you let him!" she cried, and stabbed him with her eyes. "Wretch!" swept up her skirts and fled.

XXXV

THE KNIGHT AND THE ENGLISHMAN

At the foot of an old black fir on Windy-hope above Burn-water sat a doomed knight; in his eyes were dreams, and in his mouth a handkerchief.

At his feet was a new-dug grave; and round his neck a halter tied to the stem of the fir, ruddy-glowing in the evening.

Across the grave stood Joliff, handling a gun.

The knight sat sedately beside his grave; and was politely bored.

The sun had westered behind dark Windy-hope; and was no more seen. Still he sat, the dreams asleep in his eyes, gazing steadfastly to where, on the brow of a hill, a gap in the Forest made a gate of gold with pillars of dark pine.

Joliff clapped the gun to his shoulder.

Tranquil as the evening sat the little knight, a still small majesty of grey, and ever gazed towards that gate of gold with pillars of dark as though through those fair portals, out of that western wonderland of stars and pale illimitable lakes of gold, should come to him his Well-Beloved from searching of lost suns.

Joliff dropped his barrel. Then he blew his nose rudely, expectorated, swore; withdrew the cartridge, peered down the barrel, blew down it, expectorated, swore; pulled forth another

cartridge, polished the brass end, weighed it, expectorated, swore; and shoved it home.

Then he took another sight.

The doomed knight looked up the muzzle of the gun with eyes of grave interest.

Joliff dropped his barrel; drew his fist across his mouth to wipe away an oath; bent his hands on his great thighs, and said in the other's ear and confidentially:

"Dom thy eyes, lad!"

Danny wagged, and his air was that of the fine lady who smiles to show how bored she is.

Joliff snatched up his gun.

"Dooty's dooty!" he said, "and to be done;" and kneeled, with blind eyes. "Art theer, lad?" he hoarsed, and pressed the muzzle of his gun against the other's heart.

For answer, Danny yawned.

Joliff heard, groaned, and looked.

Danny was licking the gun-barrel.

Joliff clenched his eyelids. "Steady, old lad!" he hoarsed as Danny began to stir. "It's none o' my doin', mind!" His finger on the trigger, "'Twon't be long," and fired.

There was a little startled yelp and not of pain.

"I'd as lief ha' killed a lad," gulped the great man, and opened his eyes to find before him no grey-and-bloody-dabbled corpse, but at his side, at full stretch of the halter, one who had waited long and beheld at last her he had sought.

Joliff, still on his knees, swung about to see.

Over the brow of the hill, through the gate of gold between pillars of dark pine, there came one on white wings; and the gossamers swung across her path to stay her as she sped.

Out of the pure heart of the West she came, the Well-Beloved from searching of lost suns, like Gabriel with eyes for flaming sword, and as she came she cried:

"*You beast!*"

XXXVI

LILY AND OAK

JOLIFF rose from his knees and dusted them.

She stood at his side like a lily in flames.

"*You dared?*" she panted.

Joliff touched his cap, stolid, respectful oak of the Forest.

"Orders, 'M," he said, surly and not at all ashamed.

"*Whose orders?*" passionately.

"And orders bein' orders, 'M," said the oak, who was nothing if not loyal—

"Did the Master order this *murder?*" cried the lily in flames. "*Did he? did he?*"

"And that bein' so," continued the oak.

"*No, Joliff! It's no good! You shall tell me. You shall!*"

"No, I won't!"

"You shall."

"I mun carry em out," continued the oak, unmoved; and loaded his gun. "Will yo' please to step aside, 'M?" he said, inexorable.

She did not understand, pale still with passion.

"*You-actually-were-going to—*"

"I were, 'M," said the oak, "and I are, 'M," said the oak. "Will yo' please to step aside, 'M?" and began to circle round her.

Then she understood and was dumb.

"If yo' please, 'M," said the oak, circling round.

She stood before him pale as a sword.

"By your leave, 'M." He thrust out an arm like an iron bar to sweep her aside.

Like a lily she bowed to the sweep of his arm, bent beneath it, and sprung erect again.

Then she faced him, snow-cold and still; and Danny in her arms.

"And now!" she said.

XXXVII

LADY AND THE ENGLISHMAN

JOLIFF unloaded gloomily.

“One road or ’tudder,” said he, “reck’n A’ll lose my place over this ’ere job.”

“It will be my fault,” panted the lady, Danny in her arms, “if you don’t.”

“That’s wheer it is,” said Joliff, gloomy as a thunder-cloud. “It’s a rum ’un when Master bids, and Missus forbids.”

“Did the Master bid you?” cried the Mistress, flashing on him. “That’s what I want to get at. Did he? Did he? Yes or no—did he? No! Yes *or* no—did he?”

“Orders is orders, ’M,” said Joliff, and touched his hat.

“Then what of my orders?” passionately.

“Excuse me ’M, but Master’s orders for men, ’M,” said Joliff, touching his hat. “Missus’ orders for maids.”

She faced him, flaming.

“Then the Master *did* order it?”

“A niver said he did,” said Joliff, surly as loyal.

“Then how *dared* you?” cried the lady. “How you *dared*!”

“It’s nowt to do with me, ’M,” said Joliff, doggedly; and touched his hat.

“But you’ve just said you had no orders!”

“Nor I had, ’M,” said Joliff, hopelessly, “like.”

“Then how *dared* you?” she cried; “how *dared* you? And when I’d forbidden you positively. How—how—*dared* you?”

Joliff looked up and down and on every side.

“Dooty’s dooty,” he said, sullen, cowed, “and to be done.”

“And is it one of your duties to do what you’re not told to do by the Master, and forbidden to do by the Mistress? Is it? Answer me, Joliff. Yes or no—Answer me.”

“Seems not,” grunted Joliff, quite cowed.

The lady regarded him, surly loyal oak of the Forest. She recalled that dark conspiracy of two under the stairs; and divined something of the truth.

"I'm exceedingly angry with you, Joliff," she said, beginning to relent, "*exceedingly*—d'you see?"

"You're welcome, 'M," said the mighty man, resignedly, and hugely sighed.

"And now you can go," said the lady, cold as a March sun. "And I shall never think quite the same of you again, Joliff," and turned her back on him, "never again."

Joliff touched his hat, nor moved to go.

She stood with her back to him and waited.

"Beg pardon, 'M."

She turned. He had not moved, but stood surly, sheepish, the gun in the hollow of his arm.

"Well!" coldly.

Joliff fidgeted.

"Master's a despart particular gentleman," said he at length, playing with the lock of his gun. "And A'm well suited; and if so be I give satisfaction——"

"You don't," said the lady remorselessly.

"To Master, 'M," said Joliff. "Excuse me, 'M," and touching his hat.

"O him!" snorted the lady.

"And seeing as 'ow he give satisfaction to me, 'M, so to say," continued the keeper, "and my missus but poorly, as yo' know, 'M, and four children," said he, "not to say five——"

"I don't want to hear about that now, Joliff," quickly.

"Or six," continued Joliff, "as yo' might say, if so be it was twins," said Joliff gloomily, "which it most is," he said, "with my missus, them takin' after their mother, which was one herself."

The lady began to giggle.

"And that bein' so," continued Joliff, "if it's all the same to you, 'M, excuse me, 'M, A'd liefer not lose my place, 'M. And that's wheer it is."

Lady stood with her back to him, Danny in her arms, and said after a pause and coldly :

" Perhaps, I'll see what I'll say," and added, kitten like, " perhaps not."

Joliff touched his cap.

" Thank you, 'M," he said, " but it ain't that. Excuse me, 'M, but A don't 'eed what yo' say, beggin' your pardon, 'M. It's Master."

" What about him ?" coldly.

" What'll A say to him when he asks me ?"

She swept round on him.

" Asks you what ?"

" If it's a-done !"

" What's done ?" sharp as a sword.

Joliff licked his lips.

" Ma dooty," said he.

" Well, you can say yes—if it's true," said the lady. " If it's not—well, you'd better say whatever comes into your head."

The keeper shook his head.

" He'll ha' heard 't shot," he said. " He'll ask——"

" What ?" sword sharp.

" If A've shot owt ?" said Joliff, drawing his hand across his mouth.

" Well," said the lady, with high nose, " tell him you haven't. Tell him you had a little dog tied to the end of a string and were practising at it—and you missed."

Joliff shook his head.

" A couldna tell him that, 'M."

" Then, I'll tell him for you," said the lady brightly.

" He'll say, ' If yo' canna hit a dog at t' end o' string yo're none the man for me,' he'll say."

" Then," said the lady and looked at him with straight eyes, " you'll just say you had no orders to shoot a dog at the end of a string or otherwise."

" Then he'll just say, ' Yo' can take your month,' he'll say."

" Then you'll say, ' What for ?' "

“Then he'll say, ‘Because I'm none satisfied with thee.’”

“Then you'll just say, ‘Why not?’”

Joliff licked his lips.

“Then he'll say, ‘Because, ma lad, yo' ain't done your duty.’ And then what'll I do?”

“Then,” said the lady, cold as a star, “you'll refer him to me.”

The gloom on the big man's face broke up. He grinned like a pleased mastiff.

“Thank you kindly, 'M,” he said, touched his hat and turned.

She stood where she was in the hush and holiness of the falling evening, Danny in her arms, hearkening to the noise of mighty feet tramping through crisp bracken.

Then the noise ceased.

“Beg pardon, 'M,” came a far voice.

She half turned.

On the brow of Windy-hope, in the gate of gold between pillars of dark pine, stood the Englishman, big and black and burly, against the perfect West.

“A was none for it, 'M,” he said, touched his hat, and was gone the way of the lost sun.

XXXVIII

DANNY DOUBTS

“O, MY *dear* Danny!” said lady, and sat down beside the grave. “May Lady never have to live through *that* again!” and sat then awhile under the dark-browed fir panting like a hind late-escaped from the snare of the hunter.

Then with tender fingers she loosed the cord from the neck of the prisoner, kissed him on the eye-lids, crooning over him, set him free, and rose.

“Good-bye, Danny!” kissing her hand to him. “Hie away home! and if you love Lady *ever* so little don't—*don't*—*don't* come again.”

Danny shook himself. Then he came in upon her with lowered tail and sniffed the hem of her garments.

She watched him, wondering.

"What is it, little man?" she asked, mother-tender.

At the sound of her voice he lifted a grey face, and looked at her with troubled eyes.

Night was falling all about her now. A horror that among these trees and silent creeping shadows her husband might be lurking seized her.

"Home!" she cried, and waved to him urgently. "Home to your ogre!" turned and flitted away, and turned again to see.

He stood beneath the dark-browed fir, looking after her; with eyes as stars.

"Home!" she cried, peremptorily. "Hepburn! home! Home to your murderer!" turned and sped away, and again looked round.

He was following her at fifty yards. As she turned, he made halt with lifted head and tail that drooped; and his soul was in his eyes.

"O *Danny!*" she cried, "I'm not your murderer! home! home! home to him;" picked up a little stone and flung it at him.

It struck him in the flank; he started, looked, then crept to her feet guiltily and lay there.

"So sorry, Danny?" she cried, remorsefully. "Did it hurt? Lady didn't mean. *Won't* you go? . . . Then this way, silly," and led him to the height of Windy-hope whence across Burnwater and miles of mist-wrapt moors she showed him old Lammer-more large-looming underneath the night.

Standing beneath the peeping stars she pointed.

In vain. His eyes were on hers and not upon that white, imperious hand.

"O *you!*" she cried; and then in the growing darkness fell upon her knees beside him in the heather, took his face between her hands, set his face for home and held it there.

"Look!" she ordered. "*Will* you look!" But he would not, bent on caressing her wrists with tender tongue.

"O I shall loose off soon!" she cried, and shook him. "I really shall. Home! Hepburn! home to your Laird! Murder-man Laird! Keep-his-kirks Laird! Over there—see! No, you *must*, Danny. . . . It's no good slobbering me. I mean it. You must. Now—are you ready? One-two-go!"

She thrust him violently down the hill, arose and fled swiftly; and at her feet, with eyes like stars, fled Danny.

She stopped.

"Now really!" she cried, near to tears. "It's too bad. . . . Naughty, Danny! E-r-r-r!" plucked a sprig of heather and threatened him with it. "Do what Lady tells. Lady very cross. E-r-r-r!"

He sat on a mound a little way apart and eyed her anxiously with side-ways head.

She went back to him and begged upon her knees.

"Now, Danny! Now do—to please kind Lady! O oo might! Oo must! There's a pet-a! . . . Lady saved Danny's life. . . . Danny oblige Lady!"

He crept in to her and lay at her feet with upward eyes.

"O!" she groaned, "*you are! you really are!*" snatched him up desperately, and fled down the hill, through the dew-laden garden heavy with the scent of honeysuckle in the night, in at the side door, up the back stairs, with scared eyes, and so to her own white room; and locked the door.

(*To be continued.*)